

# Harvard Satyrical Press

A GSAS STUDENT ORGANIZATION  
Established 2037 B.C.



PREVIOUS CURRENT NEXT ARCHIVES  
STAFF CONSTITUTION SUBMISSIONS LINKS

www.harvardsatyricalpress.com

hsp@hcs.harvard.edu



Issue 7  
Spring 2004

**TOP STORY**

**"America Accidentally Elects Dennis Kucinich"**

By Doug Democracy, 4/15/04

★★★★ **Election 2004** ★★★★★



I didn't really expect that one, guys. Sorry about that. My bad.



From The Editor

**STILLS**



After A Dozen Ill-Fated Guesses, President Bush Identifies Hidden Contents of Aluminum Foil

**OTHER NEWS**

**"20 Years After 1984, Big Brother Claims He's Still Totally Watching You"**

By Big Brother, 3/10/04



**"Other Planets: Terrible Places For Dates"**

By Christopher Spacehead, 4/5/04

**"Bad Publicity, My Ass! You Must Be Taking Crazy Pills"**

By Papa Rotzi, 2/1/04



Marijuana Legalizes People

**HSPN SPORTSMIDDLE**

**"NHL Fans Still Angry at Bob Costas"**

Not By Bob Costas, 3/9/04

**Not Romantic**

**Truth In Advertising**

**CRIMSON**



Harvard Square Prostitutes to Accept Crimson Cash

*The Harvard Satirical Press is an official student organization of the Graduate School of Arts & Sciences (GSAS) and is the only official graduate student humor magazine at Harvard. We thank the Graduate Student Council (GSC) for generously helping to fund our publication. The Harvard Satirical Press is not intended for readers under 18 years of age. And if you haven't figured it out already, this is satire, and the opinions herein obviously do not necessarily represent the opinions of Harvard University, the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, or even the writers. Whether they constitute opinions at all is also debatable. But that's just your opinion...Andrew Friedman, April 2004*

## Submissions

HSP accepts submissions from both Harvard graduate and undergraduate students. See our submission/editorial policies online and send submissions to [hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu).

## HSP Wants You!

HSP is looking for staff writers, editors, graphic/web designers, and students with sales/advertising experience. Send inquiries to [hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu).

## Advertise With HSP

By advertising with HSP, your business will have an opportunity to reach a large number of undergraduate and graduate students for a reasonable price. See our advertising rates and distribution information online or send an e-mail to [hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu).

## Contact

Contact us to inquire about submissions, staff positions, and advertising with us by e-mail [hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu) or by mail: Harvard Satirical Press, Dudley House, Lehman Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA 02138, C/O Andrew Friedman, Editor in Chief

[www.harvardsatiricalpress.com](http://www.harvardsatiricalpress.com)

## HSP Staff

<b>Editor In Chief</b>	<b>Andrew Friedman</b> <i>Warrior King of Zamunda</i>
<b>Vice Editor</b>	<b>Kamson Lai</b> <i>Canadian Hockey Powerhouse</i>
<b>Co-President</b>	<b>Jonathan Devor</b> <i>Sergeant At Arms</i>
<b>Co-President</b>	<b>Christopher Pilman</b> <i>Lord of Most Things</i>
<b>Staff Writers</b>	<b>Jay Gabler</b> <i>Apiculturist</i>
	<b>Dan Levenson</b> <i>Former U.S. Ambassador to Lilliput</i>
	<b>David Kaminsky</b> <i>Supervillain</i>
<b>Staff Editors</b>	<b>Ania Bulska</b> <i>The Bulska</i>
	<b>Cedric Brun</b> <i>Filthy-Irascible-Lunatic Traitors RRepresentative</i>
	<b>Bernard Denis</b> <i>The Repoman-Future 4th World Dictator</i>
	<b>Sabrina Hom</b> <i>The Little Witch</i>
	<b>Xavier Koenig</b> <i>That British Dude</i>
	<b>Sebastien Lahaie</b> <i>King Quebeckong</i>
	<b>Kaisey Mandel</b> <i>Funnier Than Howie</i>
	<b>Charis Tsiairis</b> <i>The Tourist</i>

## Contributors

<b>Elise Baldwin</b> <i>Psychotic Psychologist</i>	<b>Laura Hsu</b> <i>Educational Guru/Soul Sista</i>
<b>Lydia Barlow</b> <i>Embattled Republican</i>	<b>Pete Leeson</b> <i>The Reader</i>
<b>Lydia Bean</b> <i>Lonely Texas Democrat</i>	<b>Matthew Mosca</b> <i>Local Bigot</i>
<b>Scott Bradley</b> <i>Public Health Crisis</i>	<b>Melissa Much</b> <i>Silly Corn Field Girl</i>
<b>Slavko Bogdanov</b> <i>Macedonian Scholar/Hitman</i>	<b>Shinae Park</b> <i>Fenway Shmenway</i>
<b>Patrick Charbonneau</b> <i>The Censor</i>	<b>Na'ama Pat-El</b> <i>Mama Na'ama / Termina'ama</i>
<b>Hannah-Louise Clark</b> <i>Oxford Queen of Cambridge</i>	<b>Joao Peschanski</b> <i>Brasil Pero No Mucho</i>
<b>Peter Doshi</b> <i>Minister of Theory</i>	<b>Lauren Rivera</b> <i>Resident Dirty Mind</i>
<b>Barry Friedman</b> <i>Adult Film Student</i>	<b>Jessica Webster</b> <i>Kung Fu Keebler Elf</i>
<b>Andrew Houck</b> <i>The Man</i>	<b>Joshua Yaphe</b> <i>Sonic Comic</i>

[hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu) 2



**PIP Printing**  
 337 Cambridge Street  
 Cambridge, MA 02141  
 Phone 617-547-6919  
 Fax 617-864-3744  
 info@pipcambridge.com

Since 1436, **PIP Printing** has been printing, well, just about everything...

When Gutenberg invented movable type, we were right there, in his living room! When Ira Washington Rubel first employed the now standard technique of offset printing...well, actually we were on holiday in the Hamptons, but that's not important right now. What is important is that, today, thanks to the wonders of technology, we at **PIP Printing** pride ourselves on being able to print *anything*.



Need a pamphlet, newsletter, or booklet printed? We're on it!  
 Need high quality printing services and competitive pricing? That's us.

But it doesn't stop there! When **PIP Printing** said we could print *anything*, we were serious...

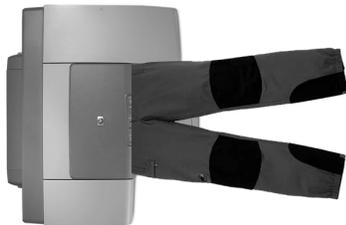


Feel like a tattoo, but don't like needles? We'll print it straight onto your forearm or lower spine. With your new tattoo, your friends will think you're the bomb.



Have an essay you haven't written yet? We've got our special A+ ink right here.

Need a new pair of pants? Just tell us your size and we'll print it right up!

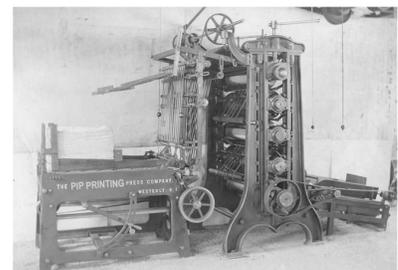


If you find yourself swamped with work, we can even print an extra copy of you! And your friends too!



But in all seriousness, when it comes down to just pure and simple, meat and potatoes printing, we at **PIP Printing** are at your service.

In fact, we printed this entire magazine. And as you continue to turn *our* pages, peruse *our* ink, (and maybe even notice our top-notch folding and stapling), we hope you will thank us for creating this issue of the Harvard Satirical Press and thus helping you to put off doing many other important things. And with that, we at **PIP Printing** hope you enjoy the issue...



We look forward to printing the rest of your day...

[www.pip.com](http://www.pip.com)

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

**What's In a Logo? A Story of Inherited SPAM.****The Editorator**

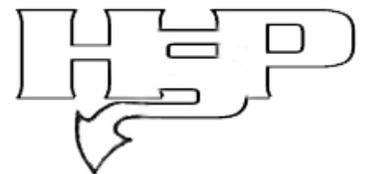
I get all sorts of e-mails. SPAM of course is such a problem these days that it even gets its own Inbox. But getting bombarded by ads for V1agrA, Free College Diplomas, and GetOutOFDebtNow!, are actually the least of my problems. You see, despite what might be implied to the left of this sentence, my name is Andrew Friedman, and as a Harvard graduate student in the Faculty of Arts and Sciences (FAS), I was fortunate enough to have been granted the privilege of *not* choosing my own e-mail address. Thus, by default, I became [friedman@fas.harvard.edu](mailto:friedman@fas.harvard.edu).

That, in and of itself is not so bad, considering that [lastname@fas.harvard.edu](mailto:lastname@fas.harvard.edu) seems like a fairly reasonable standard for FAS e-mail address distribution. Unfortunately, for me, however, my surname is not unique, and it just so happens that a certain Rachel Friedman, a recent Harvard graduate, was also blessed with exactly the same e-mail address during her tenure as a student in FAS. As a result, I've inherited all of her e-mail subscription lists, and everything short of her cat.

Now, Rachel, I don't know you, and you are probably a wonderful person, but it seems to me like you weren't so savvy when it comes to the World Wide Web. From the plethora of unwanted, automatic evidence I've gathered, it appears like you had a nasty habit of signing up for things online and including your *real* e-mail address. Much of the SPAM I now receive on your behalf comes with a subject line like, "**Re: XFHSsdnufts – RACHEL RACHEL get free penis enlargement Vi@gra porn @#@#@RACHEL FRIEDMAN RACHEL!!!**" Now maybe I'm just being naïve, but it appears like some SPAM program has your name and e-mail address in its database, if not your gender. Personally, I've discovered that signing up for free trial software and other such things is best done with a fake identity. As long as I don't actually need to confirm something sent to a real e-mail address, I often use [punk@ass.com](mailto:punk@ass.com) for obvious reasons. Sometimes it's useful to get a real e-mail address at yahoo, hotmail, or AOL, specifically for signing up for stuff that you know is going to hit you with the junk bomb. But I digress.

In addition to the SPAMatization, as mentioned, I've also had the pleasure of being automatically subscribed to all your mass e-mail lists, including, amongst others, the Harvard College Democrats, the Environmental Action Committee, and the [Harvard Pre-Medical Society](#). You see, I've tried my hardest to unsubscribe to these lists, but most of the time, the lists just get angrier, so I've just learned to live with them. Usually, I just unconsciously delete the 30 or so daily e-mails that my SPAM blocker misses, but occasionally I accidentally read one of them...And this is where the real story begins.

One night, I happened to be playing around in Photoshop with the Harvard Satirical Press (HSP) logo (above left), and putting it into an outline form (right), so my friend Andrew could cut that shape out of sheet metal with a high velocity water jet he has access to at the MIT Media Lab. (*I'm not shitting you. He's since done it and it kicks ass. Andrew, it will totally go on our door once HSP gets an office. And by the way, you're the man.*)



But anyway, at that very moment, I happened to accidentally read this e-mail from the Harvard Pre-Medical Society (HPS...hint, hint). I've included the transcript below, and **highlighted** what caught my eye.

```
Date: Mon, 9 Feb 2004 00:01:41 -0500
From: hps-list@toad.hcs.harvard.edu
To: hps-list@toad.hcs.harvard.edu
Subject: [HPS] Public Relations Chair and Logo Design Needed!
Parts/Attachments:
  1.1 OK 27 lines Text
  1.2 Shown ~58 lines Text
  2 Shown 4 lines Text
```

```
-----
IN THIS ISSUE
1. Publicity Relations Chair needed!
```

## 2. Call for Harvard Pre-Medical Society (HPS) Logo Submissions

[LINK]

- 
1. Public Relations Chair Needed!  
Responsibilities include:  
-Leading publicity efforts for all HPS events  
-Designing posters for HPS events

## Application:

1. Name, year, phone, email address
2. Relevant experience
3. Other time commitments (hrs/wk)

If you're interested in applying for Publicity Chair, please submit the above application and email it to [eshieh@fas](mailto:eshieh@fas) by noon on Wednesday, February 11th. New and interested members are welcome to apply.

## 2. Call for HPS Logo Submissions

If you've got a knack for design or know someone who does, Harvard Pre-Medical Society would appreciate your help in designing a logo. Please submit your design to [valexand@fas.harvard.edu](mailto:valexand@fas.harvard.edu) by noon on Sunday, February 15th. A prize will be awarded.

[www.hcs.harvard.edu/~premed](http://www.hcs.harvard.edu/~premed)

Since, I couldn't help but notice the eerie coincidence between the **HSP** logo I had open in Photoshop and the potential **HPS** logo they were looking for, and since I'm also a jackass, I decided to give their logo design contest a shot with a few slight modifications. The progression went like this, left to right:



In the end, I decided just to be a little more subtle, making the whole thing bleed with Harvard Crimson...which I still think is just "Red", and nixing the devil tail S, although I was tempted to keep it in there just to be a complete asshole. As it went, I sent the wonderful folks at HPS the following e-mail.

```
Date: Mon, 9 Feb 2004 00:57:33 -0500 (EST)
From: Andrew Samuel Friedman <friedman@fas.harvard.edu>
To: valexand@fas.harvard.edu
Subject: HPS Logo
Parts/Attachments:
  1 Shown   7 lines  Text
  2  OK     22 KB    Image, ""
```

-----

To Whom It May Concern,

I'm not exactly sure why I'm on the Harvard Pre-Med Society e-mail list, (I'm actually an Astronomy grad student), but after accidentally glancing at the e-mail, I figured, what the hell...so here's an entry for the HPS logo design. Cheers.

Andrew Friedman  
G2 Astronomy

[ Part 2, "" Image/JPEG 30KB. ]  
[ Not Shown. Use the "V" command to view or save this part. ]

In truth, I am sure why I'm on the HPS list. It's because of you, Rachel. And to be fair, if I win the illustrious HPS logo contest, and get my free T-shirt, stethoscope, or whatever, it will also be because of you. It is in that spirit that I award you with the "Thanks For Deluging the Shit out of My Inbox Award", from all of us here at the Harvard Satirical Press. And with that, Rachel, I wish you a wonderful day.

-Sincerely, Andrew Friedman, Editor in Chief/Warrior King of Zamunda, [The Harvard Satirical Press](http://www.harvardsatiricalpress.com)

## TOP STORY

# America Accidentally Elects Dennis Kucinich



By Doug Democracy

*Fast forward to election night, 2004, courtesy of the Harvard Satirical Press crystal ball/parallel universe digital viewing system, where our special election coverage now takes you live to a particularly interesting alternate reality. No it's not the one where you're filthy rich and have a beautiful singing voice, silly. This is the one where America accidentally elects Dennis Kucinich.*

CAMBRIDGE, MA - November, 2004 - In response to intense public pressure for election reform, this year, the US government has finally enacted its sweeping "Election Fairness Initiative" bill, in order to combat the overwhelming corruption that has always allowed candidates to win based on corporate financing, deliberate media bias, and other glaringly obvious conflicts of interest.

The bill's major sponsors, US Senators John McCain (R-AZ) and Russ Feingold (D-WI), and Bill Gates (R-MIC), kindly explained their reasoning to HSP. "We've been busting our asses over campaign finance reform for years now, but the corporations that own all the major media just peed in our shoes every time", says Feingold. "And Wal Mart also killed my cat," added the much beleaguered senator.

"You see, since we knew the corporations and major media they own would never change, we decided to just take the media out of the loop by changing the electoral process itself." McCain continued. "We thought the first thing to do would be to simply take the candidates' names off the ballot."

Feingold kindly elaborated. "Under our system, each candidate is given a 'code name', and then described by a detailed but human readable summary of their positions on various issues. In an attempt to give as little reference to the candidates as possible, code names this year were randomly assigned from an archive of rock bands, which this year included the likes of American rock gods, "Aerosmith", alternative rock mainstays, "Nine Inch Nails", and Montreal's own, "Godspeed You Black Emperor!"

"We wanted to make sure that voters had the opportunity to vote largely based on the issues that will directly affect their lives," said McCain. "This was, of course, impossible under the previous system where the media encouraged a pick-the-winner/horse race mentality, a climate where people voted based on name recognition and the hyped up notion of electability, and the issues were made to seem irrelevant. With our new system, voters did have a little trouble getting used to things, for example, not having a fucking clue who anyone's name was, but in the end, people seemed to do OK, especially because we got rid of that whole stupid primary election process where Americans were given the fallacious illusion of choice between alternatives."



**Harvard Students Against the Militarization of Space**  
– *We may be crazy idealists, but at least we have a cool logo.*

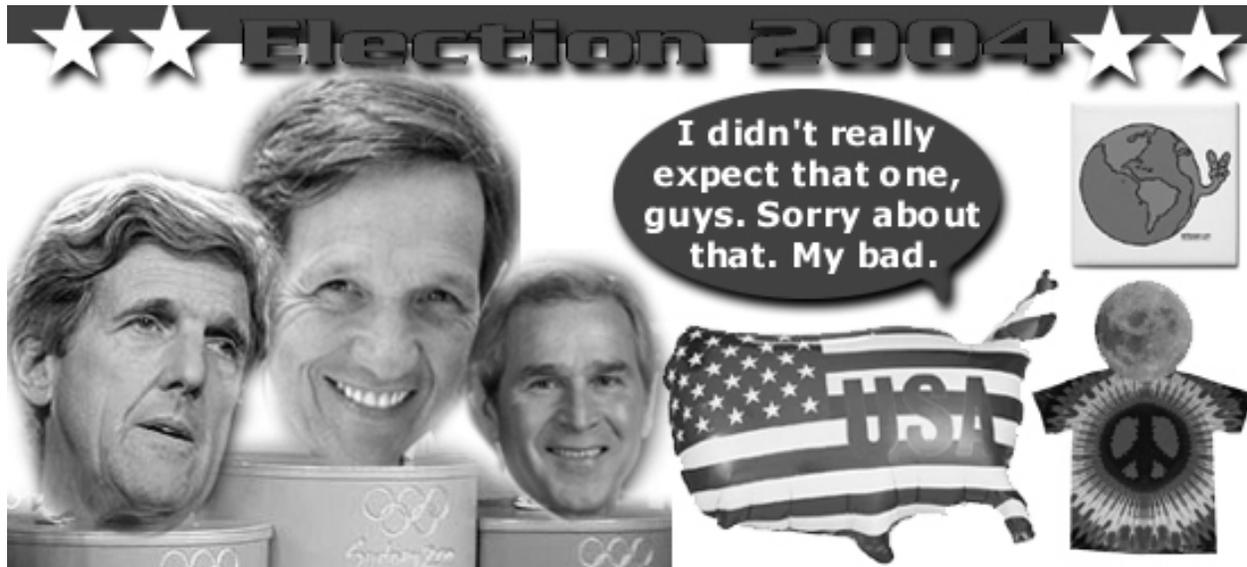
"Alternatives my ass," Agreed Feingold. "It's like being given a choice between a right handed pencil and a left handed pencil. But now, since all the candidates from any party all got on the presidential ballot, we finally had a chance for reasonably fair, democratic elections. I mean come on, aside from freakishly liberal, naively idealistic Peacenik groups like Unions, Amnesty International, and the Harvard Students Against the Militarization of Space, who would have predicted that Dennis Kochanek would ever win? Seriously?"

In order to test the McCain-Feingold claim, we decided to get a little input from the public at how they thought the new election process worked. Boston area waitress Claire Burton had this to say. "I thought for sure I was voting for Kerry. I mean CNN always said all these great things about him. I don't remember exactly what they said, but I do remember it was good. When I saw that "Godspeed You Black Emperor!" had all these things that I agreed with, I figured for damned sure it was Kerry. Guess I was wrong. I had never even heard of that David Kucinich guy."



## TOP STORY

Houston resident Max Tucker, a successful investment banker and lifetime Republican wasn't so agreeable. "Who does this Dennis Knudsen guy think he is anyway? Associating himself with popular policies like universal health care, fair trade, and world peace. What an asshole. He really pulled one over on us voters this time."



"You want to know about what I think about our new President?" said Minneapolis personal trainer Mindy Minkowski. "Well, on election day, after they announced the winner, I found out that like myself, Mr. Kucinich wanted to pull our troops out of Iraq and end our destructive and costly foreign policy based on unjust preemptive war. This surprised me a great deal because all CNN and ABC had said was that he'd dropped out in January and that he eats babies. It turns out that Kucinich hadn't dropped out of the race, it was the media that had dropped out of Kucinich. Also he's a vegetarian."

"I actually voted for Nine Inch Nails just because I really like the band," added Maui surf champion Marcus Choi. "Of course I figured whoever it was would like never get elected because their foreign policy platform included "bomb the living shit out of everything". I'm not even sure who that one was, but it's all good now. I guess I like President Kooch. I pretty much agree with him on everything except the gay marriage stuff. Oh wait, no I forgot. I actually do agree with him on that. So yeah, that's everything. President Kooch, man, what a dude. You want a hit of this newly decriminalized weed, man?"

President Kucinich himself, soon to be a very busy man, nevertheless had a few comments for us. "Frankly I'm as surprised as anybody. I never thought we'd get past the status quo where the corporate media pre-selects candidates. But I guess now that I'm President, I'll first pull our troops out of Iraq and get the UN in. Then I'll get to work on universal health care, which should be no problem considering that fucking Thailand already has it. And let's see," continued the President. "There's that cabinet level Department of Peace I promised, the repeal of NAFTA, the WTO, and the Patriot Act. And oh, yeah, decriminalization of drugs, fighting for workers rights and human rights, protecting the environment, investing in alternative energy sources, and the dismantling of all the world's nuclear weapons. Anyway, I'm on that shit."



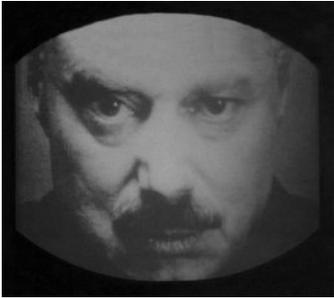
**Whatever the problem, there's no need to fear, America. The Kooch is on it.**

"I guess, after that, I'll kick back a bit, listen to some polka, and maybe smoke a reefer. I still can't believe all this. Jesus, after all this time, finally I'll be able to give Shirley McClane back her \$30,000."

Feingold again helped to sum things up. "I know the media always called him things like "Dennis the Menace", explained how he was too short and too divorced to be president, but in the end, based on what he stands for, America chose Dennis Costanza, and frankly, in regard to the fundamental democratic electoral principles that we've always supposed to have had, I'm finally proud to be an American."

## COMMUNITY SPIRIT

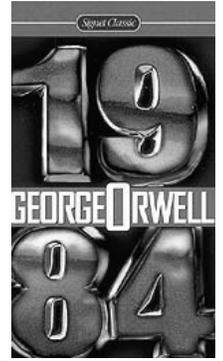
# 20 Years After 1984, Big Brother Claims He's Still Totally Watching You



By Big Brother

As one might have expected, this attitude greatly pissed off Big Brother himself, who claims he has been watching us with unmatched professional diligence for the better part of the past 20 years.

FROM SOMEWHERE IN OCEANIA, EURASIA, OR EASTASIA – After the year 1984 passed, many were keen to note that we seemed to have escaped the grim totalitarian fate of those hopelessly doomed souls described so vividly in George Orwell's classic dystopian novel, 1984. Orwell's ominous cautionary tale, originally published in 1949, was named for the future year it was set in, and when that year came, and the movie version of 1984 was released, everyone who saw it was like, "Jesus, we made it. Thank God we're not trapped in that hellish totalitarian nightmare where Big Brother is always watching us."



"Well written, but what a downer!"-- BB, *New York Review of Books*.



"It's a toss up between Joey and Ross. But Chandler Definitely Sucks" – BB, *Entertainment Weekly*

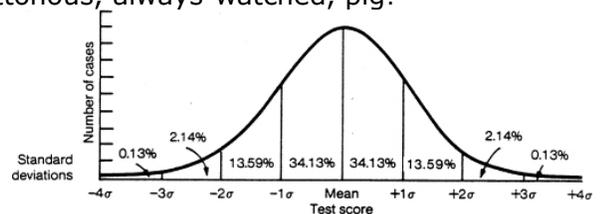
"This is so unfair," claimed Big Brother. "Yeah, I occasionally take a break to watch *Friends* or urinate, but for the rest of the time, like all I do is watch you. The only time I ever called in sick was because of those chili cheese fries, but all in all, I'd like to think that my dedication to the task has been rather impeccable. Sure, sometimes I have to multitask, but that doesn't mean I'm paying any less attention to you, personally.

However, I do admit that it sometimes is a little too much, you know, watching everybody all the time. I went through three or four bottles of Tylenol and Advil last month, and my doctor, who I also watch, says I might be developing liver problems. Right now, he's with a patient. And right now, you're reading this article! I just don't see why people doubt my ridiculously omniscient powers of observation.

Maybe it's because of that stupid reality TV show that stole my name. I'd sue them for copyright infringement or something if I wasn't so busy watching people. Reality TV sucks. They have no idea what's actually going on. And I'm not just pulling that out of my ass here. I actually do know exactly what's going on. For example, I know how many times you've had to tie your shoes in public this past month. 3 plus or minus 0. And "plus or minus 0" is right, bitch! Omniscient, all seeing observers like me don't need error bars. Error bars are for communists! Of course, I also watch them too.

But anyway, I seriously know everything about you. If you knew what I know, you'd be like, "Oh shit, Big Brother really knows a fuckload about me." For example, I know how often you sing in the shower, I know how much porn you watch, and I even know how many chicken nuggets you've eaten in your whole life. And you'd be quite surprised how many chicken nuggets you've eaten, you gluttonous, always-watched, pig!

Pick any statistic. You name it. I know how many steps you've taken, how much volume of space you've ever passed through, and I've even kept track of how many times you take a shit each day. For the record, you average 1.3 bowel movements in every 24 hour period, and this puts you within 1 standard deviation of the national average, or "1-sigma", for those statistically minded folks who I am currently watching while writing this.



"If you deviate from the standard, my thought police will toss your ass into the Ministry of Truth and brainwash the shit out of you." – BB

## COMMUNITY SPIRIT

**Copycat.**

I have to tell you, this job became so much more fun when I learned to talk using statistical, scientific sounding terminology in my work. You see, we really do need more of an objective scientific approach in the social sciences. The concept of the rational, impartial observer seems to have gone the way of the dodo. For example, consider your recent film, the Oscar winning, "The Lord of the Rings: Return of the King." First of all, with that guy Sauron, what a rip-off. Yes, the LOTR trilogy was written by Tolkien before Orwell wrote about me, but the fact is that I've been watching your pathetic lives since before Orwell or Tolkien's punk asses were ever born. Fucking Brits. As it is, J.R.R. over there stole my autobiography and placed it in the context of an ancient, fantasy world, that's all. But anyway, as far as Sauron goes, what the fuck is up with that giant eye? Yes I get the point that he, like me, is omniscient, but you can't make unbiased, sociological observations when everyone and their mom can see your optically ridiculous punk ass sitting on top of a gigantic fucking tower. And they say academia needs to worry about becoming an ivory tower of elitism. How about being more subtle is all I'm saying.

And for the more technically minded readers, you might be wondering how I do this, you know, watch everyone, always. Well, I'll tell you. It's actually a rather clever network of video cameras, motion sensors, and Radio Frequency Identification (RFID) chips implanted in every object in your room, including your pants and your dental filings. And of course, there's also the Quantum-Wave-Function-All-Space-Collapsonator, which kind of gives me the true omniscient/omnipresent/omni-what-have-you part. The other toys I really just keep around for nostalgia, along with my fleet of information gathering nano-drones masquerading as air molecules.

But all that aside, I have to admit that it gets rather lonely out here, passively observing, rather than participating in, life. Yes, I do get a real kick out of passing all of my findings into a ludicrously powerful U.S. government/mega corporate conglomerate data base to be used for insidiously quashing liberty, freedom, and democracy throughout the globe – mad props on the Patriot Act, by the way – but you know, sometimes, I really just yearn for someone to talk to. Or even to play Gin Rummy with. Or Maybe John Madden 2005 on my Play Station 2. But as it is, I feel like such a pervert sometimes. Hell, I haven't even gotten laid since 1874! Back then, I only watched a few people, since the world's population was so low. Jesus, I still had 20/20 back then. You don't even want to know what my vision is like now. I'm this short of legally blind. It's amazing I can still do my job, but I can, and don't you doubt it for a minute. Hey, you're doubting. I can totally see that shit. That's not cool.

But anyway, I just wanted to set the record straight for all y'all. Yes it's 2004, and yes 1984 was a whole 20 years ago, but seriously, people, I'm still watching you. And I plan to continue for quite some time. You think I'd retire after what I've seen. Social Security my ass. That shit's going to run out faster than oil. Me, I'm keeping my cushy government job and lucrative corporate kickbacks. You can have your 9 to 5 with weekends but no health insurance. Me, I'm set with my 9am to 9am, 24/7, and I got Blue Cross/Blue Shield wrapped around my middle finger. I should go talk to my doctor again about my headaches after he's done bandaging that guy's leg.



**Big Brother, Keeping That Shit Omnipresent, as Always. Kicking it BB Style. What Up Oceania?! What Up West Siiiiide!**

Anyway, on that note, I'll shall say farewell, and let you know personally that I look very much forward to watching the rest of your day." -- **Big Brother**

# Truth In Advertising

## HOW NOT WATCHING FOX NEWS COULD KILL YOU...

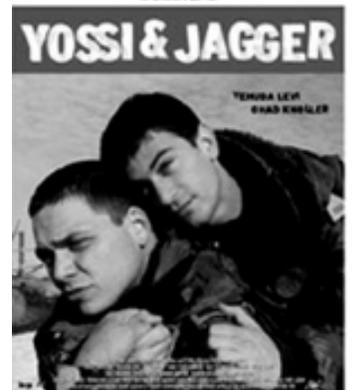
## ...TONIGHT ON FOX



### STILLS



Unimpressed By Current  
Presidential Candidates,  
McDonald's Endorses  
McGovern



Gay Movie Comes Out



World's First Talking Dolphin  
Found To Be An Idiot



UFO Sighting Turns Out Just  
to Be Some Trees

*...Does your child often prefer to go outside  
and play rather than sit for several hours?*



*...Does he or she get antsy if they are not  
fed or given attention?*

*If your child exhibits these, or any other  
symptoms, then one, or all, of these  
choices are probably right for you.*

**Paxil** | **PROZAC**® | **RITALIN**®

Brought to you by



## ROMANCE CORNER

# Other Planets: Terrible Places For Dates



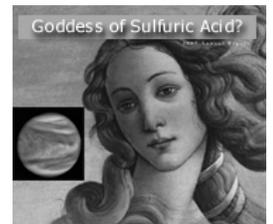
By Christopher Spacehead

As a planetary scientist, (and a remarkably dashing one at that), I often get asked by science fiction writers what it would be like to live on other planets. I'm always happy to help, speculating as to how all manner of activities - eating, traveling, working, and even maintaining relationships - might function in such an environment. Now, I can understand that they have to take some artistic license with the science for their stories, (especially if they ever want anything to get picked up for screenplay rights), but when I see the contortions they go through in order to make these places romantic, it shits me to tears! When are people going to learn, other planets are simply not good places for dates. Allow me to elaborate.

Say you're living on the moon, and you go out for a romantic drive in your "moon rover". Yeah, I guess it would be kind of nice to be able to look up in the sky at the Earth, but as soon as you look down, you've got nothing but featureless gray dust as far as the eye can see. And when I say featureless, I mean that it doesn't have any features on it. Get it. But even if you did manage to set the mood, don't bother trying to steal a kiss, because you and your date would both be wearing space helmets! Unless, of course, you are both freaks and can breathe vacuum.

But anyway, space suits were not designed for intimate contact, unless we go apeshit and expand the meaning of intimacy to include kissing your date through reinforced, industrial Plexiglas, which would be about as reasonable as wearing a football helmet to school.

Well, what about Venus? Surely something named after the goddess of love is romantic, right? Wrong! How are you going to have a moonlight stroll on a planet with no moon? Not that you could even see a moon through the crushingly thick atmosphere. And what could be more idyllic than laying out on a blanket on Lakshmi Planum in nice, balmy 800-degree weather and picking out shapes in sulfuric acid clouds? I for one can't think of anything, but maybe that's because my head is a sphere of rock with ice caps. But I digress.



Lame

Let's try Mercury. You might think it would be romantic to watch the sunset from the closest planet to the sun, but with Mercury's slow rotation rate, sunsets take, oh, about 16 hours. Your date will have gotten up and left long before it's over. And assuming that you are not blinded and badly burned by the intense ultraviolet sunlight, once the sun sets, there's really nothing to do for the next 88 Earth days that the night lasts. Mercury is not known for its night life; let's just say the place has no atmosphere.

And the outer solar system is no better. Jupiter and Saturn themselves have no obvious solid surfaces. And as you and your date fall to your deaths in their hot, gaseous atmospheres, you would also be crushed into a very flat couple by the ludicrously strong gravity. With Neptune and Uranus, you know you don't even want to go there. So take the moons of Jupiter, for instance. The gravity of the moons won't kill you, but you'd be left with four possible date locations: Europa, a ball of rock-hard ice with cracks in it; Callisto, which is boring and flat except for a bunch of holes in the ground; Io, home to scads of sulfur-spewing volcanoes; and Ganymede, whose surface ranges from brown to a somewhat different shade of brown. How can anyone consider these ideal romantic getaways? They're about as romantic as a parking lot.



What's Behind Door # Four? Another Shitty Date, That's What.



Jesus, it's boring out here.

Ugh, and the worst was this one author who was trying to make the recent Mars Spirit and Opportunity rovers into some sort of romantic paradigm. Maybe the idea of being alone together on a remote world, seeking each other out in some sort of grand adventurous redemption quest works in novels, but you have to realize that these things can only move 100 meters a day! Their rechargeable solar batteries and moving parts will cease to function long before they could ever rendezvous, and even the solar panels themselves will become encrusted with disgusting layers of Martian dust. So basically, they will never, ever meet, OK! Did you actually expect Jet Propulsion Lab engineers to design something even resembling romance?

I know exotic locations like other planets may seem enchanting at first, but that's only until you stop to think about it. Come on, guys, it's time to realize that - and I think I speak with some authority here - if your date asks you to take her out somewhere else in the solar system, make up some excuse, and keep your ass on the fucking planet. Stick with the dinner and a movie, buy her some flowers, and seriously, everything will be OK.

## PRESS ROUNDUP

# Bad Publicity, My Ass! You Must Be Taking Crazy Pills



By Papa Rotzi – HSP Newswire

"In 2001, while Jayceon Taylor lay in a dopehouse covered in his own blood, filled with five shells (one in his heart), he never thought two years later he'd be the West Coast's biggest prospect since Snoop. After awakening from the coma, Taylor, known as The Game, decided to 180 his life via the rap game. Taking a cue from a six-times platinum, bullet-riddled Aftermath labelmate, The Game first took off when he called in a favor from DJ Whoo Kid, quickly becoming Compton's most wanted--and you can't be CMW and not get Dre's attention. But why is The Game so big in the East Coast underground? Having previously sold dope and been shot, along with Dre's seal of approval, positions him to be the next superstar."

-XXL, January/February 2004, p. 69

"Han-Na Chang '06 found herself on the verge of tears last year when she realized that she'd left her \$500,000 cello on the shuttle from the Quad to Memorial Hall. Little did she know that her moment of absentmindedness would turn into a career break. Chang retrieved her instrument from the shuttle on its next pass by Mem Hall, but news of the incident quickly spread. The next morning, newspaper accounts mentioned Chang's name next to those of Yo-Yo Ma '76 (who once left his 266-year-old cello in a taxicab) and Lynn Harrell (who did the same with his \$4 million Stradivarius). That afternoon, renowned conductor Antonio Pappano was on the phone. Last Thursday, Chang learned that her recording of Prokofiev's Sinfonia Concertante with Pappano had been nominated for a

Grammy. 'I've always thought Han-Na was a brilliant musician,' said Alexander S. Misono '04, violinist and music director of Harvard's Bach Society Orchestra. 'But the cold reality is, you're nobody in the cello world until you've abandoned your instrument in a public conveyance.'

-Harvard Crimson, 8 December 2003, p. 3



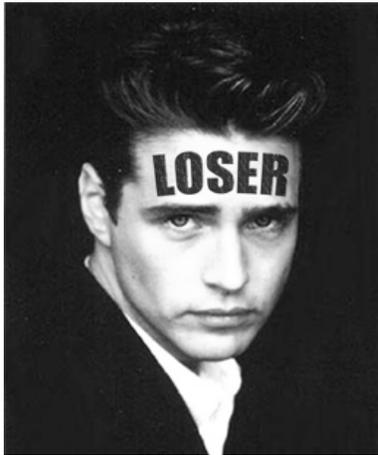
you're going platinum.' Last week's SoundScan results show that Crosby's album sales are also up. 'Did anyone notice,' asks Tripp, 'that it was Crosby's wife who suggested the Etheridge kid?'"

-Rolling Stone, 14 January 2004, p. 45

**PRESS ROUNDUP**

"Jeffrey Eugenides was speaking from his heart when he told Oprah to take a long walk off a short pier. Eugenides recalls his conversation with the talk-show host, who wanted to highlight his latest novel on her show: 'I believe my exact words were, "You can take your glossy medal of mediocrity and give it to Grisham, you vampire!"' Well, you can't alienate Oprah and not get Jonathan Franzen's attention. With a Pulitzer, an endorsement from J-Franz, and Oprah blowing her nose in his books, Eugenides has high hopes for the paperback edition of Middlesex."

-Publishers Weekly, 14 January 2004, p. 16



"'Indie cred' is the latest must-have accessory for Hollywood's \$10 million club. Julia Roberts rides along with Steven Soderbergh as he returns to his roots with Full Frontal. George Clooney shows up in Coen Brothers movies. Matt Damon goes back to basics with Gus Van Sant in Gerry. Perhaps the most assiduous star pursuing this holy grail is Jason Priestley, who has appeared in twenty-four movies since 1998, none of which you've heard of (except maybe for Darkness Falling...no, wait, you were thinking of Before Night Falls). Within the past six months he's also bought a cello at a pawn shop and left it in a cab (the driver still demanded full fare), screamed obscenities at Oprah's personal assistant over the phone, pinched David Crosby in the ass, and shot himself in the heart. Now deceased, he remains best known as that guy from Beverly Hills 90210."

-Variety, 30 January 2004, p. 38

**IF MOVIES MATED...**

**JURASSIC GOSFORD PARK**

Tea at four. Dinner at eight.  
Inexplicable dinosaur rampage at midnight.

WALT DISNEY PICTURES PRESENTS **Disney**  
Kids Play Hockey. Mira Sorvino Plays a Whore.  
Fun For The Whole Family.

ACADEMY AWARD WINNER - MIRA SORVINO - BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS!

EMILIO ESTEVEZ Woody Allen MIRA SORVINO  
**THE MIGHTY DUCKS** **APHRODITE**

He's never coached. They've never won.  
Together they'll learn everything about winning!

Disney DVD

# HSPN SPORTSMIDDLE

## NHL Fans Still Angry at Bob Costas



VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA – Still smarting from the wounds of the 1994-95 National Hockey League strike, this past week, NHL fans reaffirmed their anger in regard to the insensitive comments of one Bob Costas, then a late night sports anchor for NBC. As it happened, Costas downplayed the significance of the potential strike in a manner that deeply angered many residents of Michigan, Massachusetts, and Minnesota, amongst others, and practically 100% of America's slightly more polar neighbor.

For the record, Costas noted that: **"For many Americans, a season without hockey is like a Happy Meal without parsley."** in response to the possibility of the upcoming NHL strike, sometime in mid to late 1994.

### Not By Bob Costas

In honor of the upcoming 10 year anniversary of Costas' remark, Calgary native Brady Anderson had this to say. "Maybe you lame Americans don't know what hockey is all a-boot, but here in Calgary, we've figured out the fundamental connection between playing/watching hockey and gaining deep spiritual insight into the human condition. I don't care if he's just pointing out a trivial truth amongst Americans, Bob Costas is a hoser and he can keep his fucking parsley, **A**."



Detroit Red Wings fan and McDonald's manager Roy Littleton, also expressed his dismay. "Bob Costas should know that we seriously looked into adding parsley to our tasty happy meal combos as early as 1992, but today, it just doesn't make economic sense any more, considering, amongst other things, the rising costs of parsley. It's like vegetable gold out there. In any case, he shouldn't say those kinds of things. He makes it look like we don't like Hockey, but my buddy Al and I always watch the Wings."



Littleton continued. "But at least it wasn't as bad as that stupid electronic streak they tried to add to the puck, which, amongst other things, made the game impossible to watch. They might as well have made the players hit the puck stuck inside the end of a very long sock."



"I hear that, **A**" said Vancouver Canucks die hard fan, Kamson Lai, who leads a group of hard drinking British Columbians who regularly lynch Costas in effigy. "We used to do it every year on the anniversary of his remark, but now we just do it whenever we need to let off some steam," explained, Lai. "And let me tell you, especially coupled with the recent shit we've had to take from America, lately, we've had to let off at least enough steam to power a fleet of small ships and maybe 6 or 7 locomotives, give or take a few of bowls of rice. As such, we've gone through a lot of Bob Costas dolls, which, for our convenience, are sold during home games right next to the Molson and Moosehead stands".

# HSP SPORTSMIDDLE

Your ass is mine, Costas.



As it turns out, professional hockey players themselves, including Vancouver Canucks star Marcus Naslund, also still take issue with Costas. "I wasn't even in the league when he said those things," admitted Naslund, "but I still want to shove my stick up his Cost-ass and twist it until he recants that shit. And how tall is Bob Costas anyway? Put some skates on him and he's still not even half a meter tall...oh, I'm sorry, I mean 1 foot 8. I know it's not very Canadian to make fun of people because of their height, but in this case, I just really hate the fuck out of him. I swear, man, throw him out onto the ice and I'll check him into the boards so hard he thinks he's Pat O'Brien and Jim Nance."



In a gesture that some would call unwise, or even as far as "representing a serious threat to her safety", San Antonio bank teller Wendy Thompson made this counterpoint during her two week stay in Montreal. "I think Bob Costas should be the President of the United States. Just look at that smile. He would never lie to us about weapons of mass destruction. As far as the parsley comment, I don't know what people are getting so fussy about. I mean, the Brits and Aussies never got pissed off when Keith Olberman said that Cricket and Soccer were as boring as Shakespeare, or that Australian Rules Football was about as influential as Australian foreign policy. Basically, the rest of the world just has a lot of sucky sports, and they're just going to have to get used to the idea of Baseball, Football, and Basketball as the only legitimate ones. It's nice enough for us to kick all your foreign asses in the Olympics."

As of last Wednesday, Ms. Thompson's disappearance remained unsolved, although her hotel room refrigerator was found to be stocked with large quantities of a certain green vegetable, which the Canadian authorities simply denoted, "some kind of garnish" in their report. As to whether or not this represented an important clue for the case, Montreal mayor Jean Francois Charbonneau could only shake his head absent mindedly while pondering secession and softly muttering something about penalty minutes for high sticking in a silly sounding bastard version of French.



Hating Hockey is Anti-Anti-American

Check on the web for this Issue's much awaited...



Download Issue 7 as a full color .pdf file!

Look for our first year anthology someday!



## THE YEAR OF NOT FUNNY

# Not Romantic

In an attempt to combat the oppressively commercial nature of Valentine's day, we at the Harvard Satirical Press deemed it appropriate to produce a plethora of unromantic posters with comments. In this case, a plethora happens to be 24 posters, but don't get too excited. For the record, these very posters were used, in real life (and quite successfully we might add) in a recent Anti-Valentines / Red Wine and Chocolate Party in the dorms of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. In ironic honor of the un-romantic theme, approximately 8 Harvard graduate students were fortunate to "hook up" that night, although, as you can all see, this is well short of a plethora.

 <p>Love at first sight.</p>	 <p>Here's looking at you, kid.</p>	 <p>"Age cannot wither her..."</p>	<p>Enjoy a romantic weekend in Castle Kartoffelkopf...</p>  <p>Don't forget to visit the torture chamber.</p>
 <p>The Bridge of Sighs.</p>	 <p>Nothing says I love you...like a spatula. (Thanks UHF!)</p>	 <p>Enjoy our reasonably priced lover's suites.</p>	 <p>Take a romantic walk through rolling hills, lush countryside, and piles of rubbish.</p>
<p>And you thought our relationship was frigid, barren, and desolate...</p>  <p>...From Russia with love.</p>	 <p>Why not bring your loved ones some flowers tonight. You can find them in the third aisle next to the antifreeze.</p>	 <p>Love in the time of malaria.</p>	 <p><b>TOUGH GUY 2004</b></p> <p>Nothing got Sylvia's heart beating like men wading through a pool of shit.</p>



# Not Romantic



With a little luck and a lot of elbow grease, the love nest will be ready for next Valentine's day.



Why not take her for a romantic weekend in Martha's Vineyard?



How 'bout a DATE?



They say love is hard work...but try lifting a forklift onto a couple of picnic tables.



Amanda and Toby's relationship finally crumbled under the weight of a 2004 Toyota Tacoma.



Honey, would you mind helping me remove the corrosion from this aircraft's outer hull?



Harvard Graduate School Housing: if you're looking for love, you know where to find it.



Tuscany –  
A honeymooners' paradise – rolling hills, cloudless skies, and pre-fabricated concrete.



These flowers suck. But thanks for the microwave!



Every relationship needs a solid foundation. Also, don't forget the reinforced steel support beams.



My love for you is nothing like a futuristic concrete structure with spikes on it. Still, I thought it appropriate to mention it.



Forget Paris...  
Come to Richards Hall, known worldwide for our day spa and panoramic view of the Perkins Hall Parking Lot.

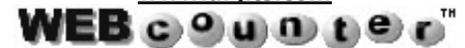
Thanks to the Harvard Computer Society (HCS) <http://frog.hcs.harvard.edu> for hosting our website.



We get our free web statistics from [www.webstat.com](http://www.webstat.com)



And our free web counter from [www.digits.com](http://www.digits.com)



## MINI NEWS

**John Harvard Statue Going Blind; Experts Blame Tourists**

CAMBRIDGE, MA – Over the years, the statue of John Harvard has become a familiar fixture in front of University Hall, occupying a special place in the Harvard Universe as countless students, professors, staff, and perhaps a dozen times as many Ivy League tourists pass before its knowing gaze and radiant smile. But now that gaze may be threatened.

According to Dr. Winston Storn, chief optometrist for the Harvard grounds keeping staff, the constant barrage of flashes from tourist's cameras have finally begun to take their toll on the aging statue's eyesight. "He doesn't have eyelids," Dr. Storn explained, wiping a tear away from his own eye. "Unlike a regular person, the John Harvard statue can't just close his eyes or scoot out of the way when he sees a camera charging up. It's especially brutal when those anti-"red eye" cameras flash for like ten minutes."

Added the statue, "If I wasn't made of bronze, I'd probably be in an epileptic fit right now. I'd rather watch Pokemon and Reality TV than be terrorized like this."

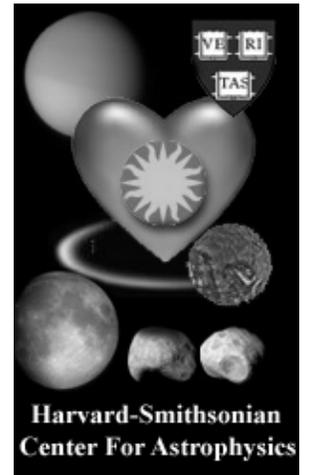
The venerated metallic figure, who also suffers from Deep Vein Thrombosis as a result of remaining in a seated position for the last 120 years, has reportedly had a number of insurance claims rejected, and is now considering suing the university, with the help of a few sympathetic Harvard Law students.

"It's bad enough that the undergrads pee on me," said the squinting statue, "But now I can barely see past my own pathetically immobile existence. If I don't win this lawsuit, I hope they just melt me and recycle my sorry ass into baking tins. I'm just tired of this shit. Maybe in my next life, I'll be made out of poly-mimetic alloy and hunt rogue machines through time. That would be way cool."

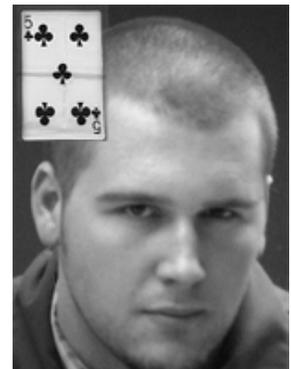
Daniel Chester French declined to comment for this article.

**Romance Discovered in Outer Solar System**

CAMBRIDGE, MA – According to scientists at the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics, evidently Uranus' moon Miranda and Neptune's largest moon, Titan, have been "getting it on", for much of the past few months. "Yes, technically they are not in physical contact," noted noted Astrophysicist Bob Kirshner, "but you'd be surprised at the sheer amount of practically pornographic content that can be encoded in low amplitude gravitational waves." Titan also had this to say. "You earthly scientists should have figured this stuff out a long time ago. Granted, you haven't yet detected any remnant gravity waves from the Big Bang, or figured out what they mean, but come on people, it doesn't take that much imagination to know what's on the universe's mind here." Mars' small moons, Phobos and Deimos had no comment, presumably because no one ever asks them anything. Jupiter's largest moon, Ganymede, gave only a small shout out to Miranda and Titan, but he did begin hitting on Earth's moon in earnest, indicating that if orbital dynamics made it possible, he'd very much like to be "the man on the moon, if you know what I'm saying."

**Lazy Bouncer Fooled By 5 of Clubs**

NEW ORLEANS, LA – After dealing with "more girls gone wild and stupid-drunk frat boys" than he ever bargained for during this year's Mardi Gras, first year New Orleans bouncer Jake Carson, 24, has evidently become incredibly lazy in the past few months. Tulane freshmen Mandy Jacobs, 18, explained. "I came into Tipitina's already drunk, and I didn't even have my wallet with my sister's old California ID, but we had been playing drinking games back at my boyfriend's old frat since dinner, and I happened to have the deck in my purse". Added creepy boyfriend Evan Lonergan, 26, "When Mandy pulled out the 5 of clubs and waved the fucking card in front of the dude's eyes, I swear we were about to get our asses kicked, but the lazy ass motherfucker just waved us through, staring blankly into the distance." Carson himself declined further comment, mumbling something incoherent about jazz drummers as a half-finished cigarette dangled lethargically from his left middle and index fingers and a precariously gripped 40 of Abita began to slip slowly from his other remarkably lazy ass hand.



This guy actually let the girl in with the 5 of clubs.



THE

IS AN OFFICIAL STUDENT ORGANIZATION OF  
*The* GRADUATE SCHOOL of ARTS AND SCIENCES

AND THE ONLY OFFICIAL GRADUATE STUDENT HUMOR MAGAZINE AT  Harvard University

WE THANK THE  AND OUR  WHO CAN BE FOUND THROUGHOUT THIS ISSUE AND ON THE  PAGE OF OUR WEBSITE [www.harvardsatiricalpress.com](http://www.harvardsatiricalpress.com) FOR GENEROUSLY HELPING TO FUND OUR

PUBLICATION. WE ALSO THANK  WHO'S MOUSEPAD LOOKS COOL BUT LEAVES A STRANGE SMELL ON YOUR HANDS. BUT IN ALL SERIOUSNESS, WE WOULDN'T BE HERE

WITHOUT THE INSPIRATION OF  **the ONION**. IN FACT, WE BEGAN AS A HUMBLE SCIENTIST/NERD TRIBUTE TO  **the ONION**, NAMED



IN A

REMARKABLE FIT OF CREATIVE INSPIRATION. AS TIME WENT ON, HOWEVER, IT BECAME CLEAR THAT IT WOULD BE BETTER TO STEAL OUR LEGITIMACY FROM  Harvard University RATHER THAN A PRE-EXISTING, HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL AND INNOVATIVE HUMOR PUBLICATION.

SO HERE WE ARE TODAY, STANDING ON THE SHOULDERS OF GIANT GIRAFFES, HOPING TO GIVE YOU A FEW LAUGHS, IN WHAT WE HOPE WILL BE A UNIQUE AND THOUGHT PROVOKING MANNER..MY ASS. IT IS IN THIS SPIRIT OF THE CREATIVE SYNTHESIS THAT MARKED OUR OWN BEGINNINGS THAT THIS WORK IS LICENSED UNDER A  LICENSE ([creativecommons.org](http://creativecommons.org)).

AND WITH THAT, I HOPE YOU'VE ENJOYED OUR FIRST PRINTED PUBLICATION. IF FOR SOME STRANGE REASON, YOU THINK THIS STUFF IS FUNNY, YOU CAN FIND THE COMPLETE ARCHIVES OF OUR OLD SCI-ONION/HSP ISSUES 1-7 ONLINE AT [www.harvardsatiricalpress.com](http://www.harvardsatiricalpress.com)

SINCERELY, ANDREW FRIEDMAN, EDITOR IN CHIEF



APRIL 2004



# Advertise With HSP

By advertising with HSP, your business will have an opportunity to reach a large number of undergraduate and graduate students for a reasonable price. See our advertising rates and distribution information online or send an e-mail to [hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu).

# Harvard Satyrical Press

A GSAS STUDENT  
ORGANIZATION  
Established 2037 B.C.



[www.harvardsatyricalpress.com](http://www.harvardsatyricalpress.com)  
[hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu)



## HSP Wants You!

HSP accepts **submissions** from both Harvard **graduate** and **undergraduate** students. We are also looking for staff writers, editors, graphic/web designers, and students with printing, marketing, and advertising experience.

Look for flyers advertising our meetings, or check the Staff page on our website ([www.harvardsatyricalpress.com](http://www.harvardsatyricalpress.com)) for updates. To be added to our e-mail list, submit, or inquire about joining our staff, contact us at: [hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu)

The Harvard Satyrical Press is an official student organization of the Graduate School of Arts & Sciences (GSAS) and is the only official graduate student humor magazine at Harvard. We thank the Graduate Student Council (GSC) for generously funding our publication.



## TOP STORY

# "Ralph Nader Probably Also Hates You"

By Ralph Nader, page 6



## STILLS



Clinton Recommends Not Jogging Because You Still Get Heart Attacks



Hockey Strikes Again! But alas, "A Season In America Without Hockey is Like a Wedding Without a Football Helmet" - Bob Costas

## OTHER NEWS

"Students Take Welcoming Speech to Heart, Stock up on Assault Rifles" By Militant Mike, pg. 9

"Mississippi Renews Ban on Reproductive Science in Public Schools" pg. 10

"Unfrozen Caveman Fails To Understand Obsolescence of Hunting" By Val Kilmer, pg. 11



From The Editor  
pg. 4



New VCR Now Backwards Compatible With Old VCR



"Take It From Me. Drugs Are A Really Bad Idea" By Sean Pitts, pg. 13



Student About to Be Force-Fed Rolo



Osama Bin Laden "Found" Day Before Presidential Election, Says He Supports Draft

The Harvard Satirical Press is an official student organization of the Graduate School of Arts & Sciences (GSAS) and is the only official graduate student humor magazine at Harvard. We thank the Graduate Student Council (GSC) for generously helping to fund our publication. The Harvard Satirical Press is not intended for readers under 18 years of age. And if you haven't figured it out already, this is satire, and the opinions herein obviously do not necessarily represent the opinions of Harvard University, the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, or even the writers. Whether they constitute opinions at all is also debatable. But that's just your opinion...Andrew Friedman, October 2004

## Submissions

HSP accepts submissions from both Harvard graduate and undergraduate students. See our submission/editorial policies online and send submissions to [hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu).

## HSP Wants You!

HSP is looking for staff writers, editors, graphic/web designers, and students with sales/advertising experience. Send inquiries to [hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu).

## Advertise with HSP

By advertising with HSP, your business will have an opportunity to reach a large number of undergraduate and graduate students for a reasonable price. See our advertising rates & distribution information online or e-mail [hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu).

## Contact

Contact us to inquire about submissions, staff positions, and advertising with us by e-mail [hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu) or by mail: Harvard Satirical Press, Dudley House, Lehman Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA 02138, C/O Andrew Friedman, Editor in Chief

## HSP Staff

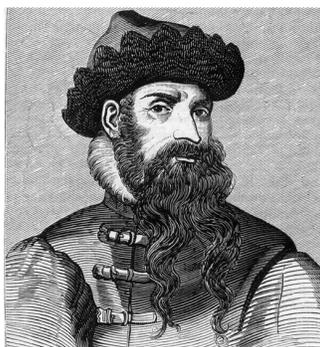
<b>Editor In Chief</b>	<b>Andrew Friedman</b> <i>Warrior King of Zamunda</i>
<b>Vice Editor</b>	<b>Kamson Lai</b> <i>Canadian Hockey Powerhouse</i>
<b>Co-President</b>	<b>Jonathan Devor</b> <i>Sergeant At Arms</i>
<b>Co-President</b>	<b>Christopher Night</b> <i>Lord of Most Things</i>
<b>Head President</b>	<b>Justin Bernstein</b> <i>The Man Behind, or Just to the Left of, the Throne</i>
<b>Staff Writers</b>	<b>Jay Gabler</b> <i>Apiculturist</i>
	<b>Kurt Gray</b> <i>Reuters Foreign Despondent</i>
	<b>Greg Jones</b> <i>God Emperor of Irraqis</i>
	<b>Dan Levenson</b> <i>Former U.S. Ambassador to Lilliput</i>
	<b>Gordon Ritter</b> <i>Schrödinger's Stringy Red Cat</i>
<b>Staff Editors</b>	<b>Ania Bulska</b> <i>The Bulska</i>
	<b>Bernard Denis</b> <i>The Repoman-Future 4th World Dictator</i>
	<b>Kaisey Mandel</b> <i>Funnier Than Howie</i>
	<b>Charis Tsiairis</b> <i>The Tourist</i>

## Contributors

<b>Lydia Bean</b> <i>Lonely Texas Democrat</i>	<b>Sebastien Lahaie</b> <i>King Quebeckong</i>
<b>Patrick Charbonneau</b> <i>The Censor</i>	<b>Ben Lee</b> <i>Cash Money</i>
<b>Peter Doshi</b> <i>Minister of Theory</i>	<b>Lee Mack</b> <i>Gerstacker Fokme</i>
<b>Barry Friedman</b> <i>Adult Film Student</i>	<b>Matthew Mosca</b> <i>Local Bigot</i>
<b>Andrew Houck</b> <i>The Man</i>	<b>Shinae Park</b> <i>Fenway Shmenway</i>
<b>Bana Hamze</b> <i>Montreally Funny Girl</i>	<b>Na'ama Pat-Ei</b> <i>Mama Na'ama / Termina'ama</i>
<b>Sabrina Hom</b> <i>The Little Witch</i>	<b>João Peschanski</b> <i>Brasil Pero No Mucho</i>
<b>David Kaminsky</b> <i>Supervillain</i>	<b>Mark Rosenberg</b> <i>Cousin Mark</i>
<b>Sue Kim</b> <i>Overly Ambitious Lawyer</i>	<b>Adam Siegel</b> <i>Wine And Cheeser</i>
<b>Yoo Kim</b> <i>Polish Guy</i>	<b>Joshua Yaphe</b> <i>Sonic Comic</i>



PRINTING and DOCUMENT SERVICES



PIP Printing

337 Cambridge Street
Cambridge, MA 02141
Phone 617-547-6919
Fax 617-864-3744
info@pipcambridge.com

Since 1436, PIP Printing has been printing, well, just about everything...

In fact, we printed the newspaper you read this morning, the pants you're wearing, and this entire magazine. And as you continue to turn our pages, peruse our ink, (and maybe even notice our top-notch folding and stapling), we hope you will thank us for creating this issue of the Harvard Satirical Press and thus helping you to put off doing many other important things. And with that, we at PIP Printing hope you enjoy the issue and think of us next time you feel like printing a friend...



www.pip.com

We look forward to printing the rest of your day...



Thanks to the Harvard Computer Society (HCS)
http://frog.hcs.harvard.edu
for hosting our website.



www.webstat.com



Our Web Statistics Provider

And our free web counter from www.digits.com



Download Issue 8 as a full color .pdf file! (www.harvardsp.com)



Look for our first year anthology someday!

THE YEAR OF NOT FUNNY

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

## There's No Way You're Getting Past the Secretary



## The Editorator

Ahh, domain names. The person who first decided to get [www.a.com](http://www.a.com) must think they're a genius. And they wouldn't be wrong, just maybe a little arrogant. Have you ever tried it, you know, going through the whole alphabet? a.com, b.com, etc., and then getting crazy with .net, .org, .gov, .edu, and the whole family of .dots. What you find is the companies who happened to employ some tech savvy geek at the time when the internet was just starting to get ridiculous. Most of these internet nerds have done their part as essentially all single, double, and now triple letter domain names are taken. You still can get some 3 letter ones, but they all fall under the category of undesirable, like, -a\_.com, which is just stupid. We at the **Harvard Satyrical Press** would never choose such a dumb domain name.

As it is, it's fun to sit down with the internet and try and guess in advance who got certain domains. Most are not obvious, but they do make sense after you see them – for example e.com, owned by E! the entertainment channel, and g.com, now owned by Google's G-Mail. Presumably Google had to strong arm the previous owner, (one or both of Isaac Newton or Snoop Dogg? Sheeeeeiiiiit!), since G-Mail and their 1GB of conveniently searchable, privacy-violating e-mail storage is a new thing. Others are less obvious. For example, p.com, which I stumbled upon by virtue of some (but not many) accidental keystrokes, links to sloan.org and is owned by the Alfred P. Sloan foundation, a trust that supports outstanding scientific and technical research. Evidently, whoever bought p.com was either clever enough to go with the subtle choice of the late Mr. Sloan's middle name (which is a bit of a stretch), or more likely this is just what Alfred et al. settled for, mumbling violently under their breath, as they discovered that aps.com was already taken by some stupid corporation that was much less important than them. For the record, aps.com is owned by a run of the mill power plant company based in the Southwestern United States, called, as you might have guessed, APS, which, as far as I can tell doesn't even stand for some acronym. I would have preferred **American Power Superheroes** or something like that, but that's just my opinion.

But anyway, I think you all can see where this is leading. In addition to our fabulous print issues, we at the **Harvard Satyrical Press** take great pride in our website, which is, as many of you know, where we began, as a Scientists/Nerd tribute to the Onion, ([www.theonion.com](http://www.theonion.com)), brilliantly called the Sci-Onion in a remarkable fit of creative inspiration – a line we have repeated in print many times in several equally remarkable fits of creative inspiration. Since our URL on the Harvard Computer Society server: <http://www.hcs.harvard.edu/~hsp/index.html> is a mouthful by anyone's standards, we originally decided to make things easier for our readers to find us by registering the wonderfully concise domain names [www.harvardstytiricalpress.com](http://www.harvardstytiricalpress.com) and [www.harvardstytiricalpress.com](http://www.harvardstytiricalpress.com) (Both spellings! Aren't we clever!) in addition to all the .net and .org variations. Although this is undoubtedly an improvement, and easy enough to remember, you still have to type 21 characters, not including the www or .com. As such, we took it upon ourselves this year to get serious with our domain names, and viola, we are now the new and improved [www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com) (not to mention .org, .net, and .info).



Our famed HSP door logo, chiseled from solid steel with a supersonic water jet doped with carbon dust, courtesy of "the Man" and the MIT Media Lab.



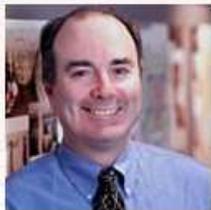
Those .info domain names are pretty ghetto, dude. They totally .suck

On the subject of .info domain names, it's worth a small sidebar. Recently, several domain registration sites all simultaneously began offering this free promotion of up to 25 free .info domain names if you were willing to sign up with them. The nature of the promotion tells us something about the product. Let's get serious. Nobody wants a fucking .info domain name. If you say, hey check out [harvardsp.info](http://harvardsp.info) (which, for the record, we did get, but it didn't work at first), the first thing that jumps into people's minds is, hey, I guess you couldn't get the .com one. People use to think the same thing about .net, but now, .info makes .net look like it's some kind of super pimp.

That stuff aside, although [harvardsp.com](http://harvardsp.com) is certainly a step up, there is one name we at the **Harvard Satyrical Press** covet. One name to rule them all. We covet the shit out of [hsp.com](http://hsp.com). And this is where the story gets interesting...

A simple web search nearly crushed our hopes outright. [hsp.com](http://hsp.com) had been legitimately purchased at some earlier date by **Hoskins, Scott, and Partners**, some sort of health facilities architecture firm. A wave of potential joy, however, coursed gingerly through my spine as I found that [hsp.com](http://hsp.com) quickly redirected me to another site, [smma.com](http://smma.com). As fate, and corporate machinations, would have it, Hoskins, Scott, and Partners are now **Symmes Maini & McKee** – a.k.a. SMMA/Hoskins Scott (the **A** is somehow unaccounted for). Would it be possible that [hsp.com](http://hsp.com) was no longer needed by them? Would they, out of the goodness of their corporate hearts, grace us with the care of their old, nay obsolete, domain name? Not being able to find a clear contact for their PR person or webmaster on their site, HSP decided to go straight to the CEO.

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



Michael K. Powers, PE  
President, CEO

[m\\_powers@smma.com](mailto:m_powers@smma.com)

Mike's business philosophy is simple: focus on clients and insist on quality products and processes. His enthusiasm, team attitude, and inclusive leadership style complement his management and technical abilities perfectly.

Although, "Mike's business philosophy is simple: focus on clients", he certainly didn't focus on us as our e-mail (text below) drifted off into the abyss. To be fair, we're not exactly a client, since we have no plans to commission any new biomedical research facilities (at least not right now), and in all likelihood, our e-mail probably just got eaten by Mike's SPAM blocker.

Date: Sat, 4 Sep 2004 22:01:30 -0400 (EDT)  
From: The Harvard Satyrical Press <[hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu)>  
To: [m\\_powers@smma.com](mailto:m_powers@smma.com)  
Subject: [hsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)

Dear CEO Powers,

This is a somewhat strange request and may be better addressed by your public relations/web staff, but I was inquiring about the availability of the domain name [hsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com) now that your firm has changed its name to SMMA and taken the [smma.com](http://www.smma.com) domain name. I am the editor in chief of a newly formed student organization at Harvard University, the Harvard Satyrical Press (a comedy magazine, now at <http://www.harvardsatyricalpress.com>), hence our interest in [hsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com). We are a poor student organization and could not offer much in terms of a financial transaction, however, your donation of the domain name to us could be a somewhat interesting public relations move on your part...donating a domain name you no longer need to a Harvard student group. Although not a high traffic site as of yet, we would also list you on our sponsors page. Of course, you may wish to keep [hsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com) to redirect old traffic that has no longer adjusted to the name change. In any case, I simply wanted to look into the possibility. Please forward this to the relevant department of your company if it has arrived at the wrong inbox. Thanks for your consideration.

Sincerely, Andrew Friedman  
Editor in Chief, Harvard Satyrical Press  
[hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu)  
<http://www.harvardsatyricalpress.com>

As expected, we didn't get past the secretary, and maybe not even that far (SPAM blocker?). At this point, here's how we felt like our phantom conversation had gone, left to right, in graphical form. To be fair, the woman on the right is technically the Director of Human Resources, not the Secretary, but that's not important right now. In any case, we certainly hadn't gotten past her or anyone else.

Ahh, but the plot thickens! As geographic fate would have it, SMMA/Hoskins Scott's headquarters are located just down the street, on 1000 Massachusetts Avenue! We decided quickly that this serendipitously local coincidence would necessitate a face to face secretary-confronting field trip in the near future. As it happened, this journey did take place. 1000 Mass. Ave., a standard modern office structure is home to several corporate headquarters. For the record, this does not include the police headquarters, a possibility which was of some concern. The security guard made us sign in but was friendly enough. The sign in the lobby had indicated SMMA's 2<sup>nd</sup> floor location, but as we trekked around, finding only Cambridge College classrooms and seemingly abandoned doors with obscure corporate logos, we were beginning to consider the possibility that SMMA was really a front for some shady offshore corporation. Turns out they were just on the 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> floor.

Upon exiting the elevator, it was hard to miss the "are you sure you're on the right floor" looks, as some of these people probably hadn't seen kids up there in 30 years. And then it happened. We found the secretary. Turns out it was some guy, fairly young, and surprisingly, unbelievably nice. We told him our story and to our utmost surprise, he made a couple of quick calls as we stood there, and ultimately suggested we just talk to one of the partners! I don't know about you, but most of us had never even seen a partner, let alone met one. Two minutes later, the man who comes down is none other than Mr. Scott himself. We were astounded, flabbergasted, and shocked (although one smartass later suggested they had been set on talking to Mr. Hoskins). After hearing us out, Mr. Scott calmly and assuredly gave us his answer – **no** – but he was so nice about it, it's almost as if he said yes. As we suspected, 3 years after the merge, they still need [hsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com) to redirect web traffic and match up with old printed material. Shot down! But somehow it still felt like a small victory.

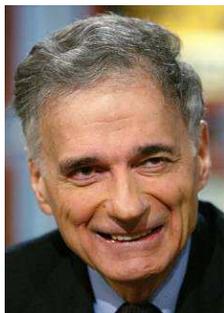
In the end, although we did somehow manage to get past the secretary, and much farther up the corporate ladder than anyone would have guessed, our quest for [hsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com) did not end with our coveted prize. For the foreseeable future, it now looks like we're just going to have to settle for [harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com). Even so, our consolation prize does have a certain charm when you sound out the letters. As our critics (and supporters) might argue, the web moniker is quite fitting.

-Sincerely, Andrew Friedman, Editor in Chief/Warrior King of Zamunda, [The Harvard Satyrical Press](http://www.harvardsp.com)



## TOP STORY

# Ralph Nader Probably Also Hates You



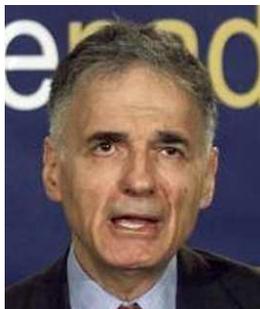
By Ralph Nader

*Due to his infamous role in the 2000 Presidential Election, inciting many citizens to argue with passion about how Nader "stole" the election from Al Gore, Nader, the long time public defender and consumer advocate has incurred a significant amount of genuine hatred from many otherwise even-tempered, occasionally website-bearing, Americans. This is especially true of those who now dream desperately of an alternate non-Bush history, and thus deeply loathe the former Green Party candidate for president, despite his many years, nay, decades of public service to the American people. What these "Nader Haters", of which you may be one, have failed to realize, is that despite his life long professions of love and respect for the average American, Ralph Nader probably also hates the fuck out of you. –HSP Staff*

"I just don't understand why all the focus is on how close to 50% of Americans hate me," Nader told HSP. "I mean, think about it. What's this shit about *me* stealing the election from Al Gore? If all of those cowardly, unprincipled, Gore voters – and that probably means you, captain democracy – had voted for me instead, I'd be the fucking president and we wouldn't be having this stupid conversation. And don't forget, I also hate all the people who voted for Bush even more, which means I hate close to 96% of all the people in this country. I haven't done the math myself, but I can tell you right now that that's quite a few shitloads of people. And these are the very same ungrateful consumers that I've selflessly devoted my life to championing...it's just one giant clusterfuck. I spend so much time hating them now, I hardly have time to fight tirelessly for *your rights* let alone bathe and eat properly. I've been living off coffee, instant noodles, and cheap cologne for weeks now. So why shouldn't I hate you?"

Nader continued to plead his case. "In the rare case that you did vote for me, please ignore both the preceding and following, bitter, profanity-laden, harangue and thanks in advance for buying my book if you haven't already. So anyway, why didn't you vote for me you fuckers? I'm totally a better candidate for president than any of the other half-wit amateur corporate cocksuckers that have ever run for office except maybe Dennis Kucinich. I know the issues like a million times better than Al "Corporate" Whore ever did. And don't even get me started about George H. W. "can't even read the teleprompter so they've got to have Karl "Propagandaddy" Rove or Dick "Haliburglar" Cheney talking him through it with a small mike in his ear" Bush. Those guys think corporate crime is Martha Stewart shoplifting some house wares. They've got it all En-wrong, if you know what I'm saying.

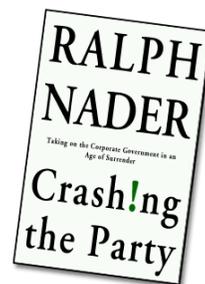
I know a thing or two about hate. I mean come on people, even the Green Party hates me now. Why do you think I'm running as an Independent? It's about as much a party as Canada is a country. Pretty soon the Pizza party and the Trip Hop X Dance party will be hating me, not to mention Michael "Hollywood General" Moore, and the entire cast of *Friends*, except my buddy *Joey*, who evidently has a new show. Well guess what people, I double hate you. With all that practice hating corporate abuse and government hypocrisy and corruption, I know hate like Chris Rock knows comedy. I'm better at hating than Tiger Woods is at golf, although, to be fair, he's not nearly as dominant as in 2002-03...but I digress.



**You have absolutely no idea how much I hate you.**

Now if you'd just open your eyes for a moment, and stop blaming me for the election that Al Gore actually won *despite* my best efforts (the Bush Florida junta's "6 degrees to felon" purging, elderly Jewish vote stealing, and general voter terrorism notwithstanding), maybe I'd stop hating you too. That's fair enough, isn't it? So turn on the parallel universe time machine and take a look at what would have been the Nader presidency. I'd give it better than 50/50 that there'd have been no September 11<sup>th</sup> and about an 865% chance that I would never have invaded Iraq. I'd have become CEO of WorldCom, won the gold in pole vaulting, and impeached myself 6 times before a single soldier would have set foot on Iraqi soil. Everyone loves to talk about how Al Gore would never have invaded Iraq, and this is a nice dream, but I'm not so convinced. At best, we could have expected Al to use different fear-mongering terror rhetoric than "Bring 'em on". He probably would have said, "Let them come hither" or something diplomatic in French or German, but, in the end, separating his effective foreign policy from what we have now would be like trying to tell the difference between the Olsen twins after a few dozen shots of Goldschlager, while wearing a football helmet at night.

And who's this comedian the Demo-"hippo"-crats have running now? John "My wife is a billionaire while I milk the war hero thing" Kerry? With this guy, we don't even have to speculate as to whether we'd be in Iraq. J.F.K. here voted for it. He can backtrack all he wants, but pretty soon, he'll be at the beginning of the record, with nowhere else to spin. Let's face it, people-who-I-hate-way-more-than-you-would-have-guessed (Jesus, that was a lot of hyphens), we've got about as much of a chance of democracy here as the U.S. Men's Olympic basketball team has of genuine teamwork.



## TOP STORY

The basic, sad story is that our so-called “two” party system is a sham, a hydra with only two visible heads...the other six being the invisible heads of the six top monoliths of corporate America, or should I say, corporate Earth inc., that multinational sovereignty-eroding conglomerate of poofaces that I’ve spent my life courageously fighting, I might add.



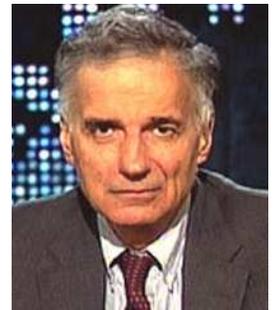
All these Democrats who hate me are so caught up in the “anyone but Bush” camp that they’ve failed to realize the obvious. I’m about as much George Bush as I am Catwoman. And that would be zero, for those of you folks who are counting. If I’m not Bush, why the hell aren’t you going to chad-punch the name Ralph Nader if you’re in a state that has courageously, democratically, allowed my name to grace the ballot. And why is it so hard to get on the presidential ballot anyway? If Arnold “*change the constitution, please*” Schwarzenegger can steal the California governorship just because Total Recall and Terminator 2 were box office hits, why can’t I get my name on the ballot in Alabama, Kentucky, and New Mexico, not to mention 12 other states? Why are so many Democrats protesting my candidacy on the web and in the streets when those streets probably wouldn’t even be safe to drive on if I hadn’t taken it to those reckless killer auto manufacturers back in 19-fucking-65?

The thing that really bites my corporate crime-fighting ass is that even amongst the Democrats who hate me most, basically all of them agree with my positions on consumer protection and corporate abuse. Most of them even agree with me about the war. It seems the only thing everyone disagrees with me on is my choice to run for President. What the fuck kind of country do we live in when simply running for office is enough to get people to dedicate the better part of their week to making hate-posters and websites consisting of desperate, impassioned pleas for me to sit on my ass while the country rots? Unfortunately for all of us, our democracy is all about the illusion of choice. In the end, under the current system, no matter who you vote for (including me!), you lose. Free country my 70-year-old ass.

Americans are supposed to like parties, right? Well how about some more? It’s tough to have fun when everyone wears the same costume to Halloween. Seriously, think of how lame it would be to go to a party where everyone and their mom is dressed up as Batman. Well I’m sorry to tell you, but that party is the U.S. of. A, and until you put on that Shrek helmet or that questionably chosen Bette Middler mask and start voting your conscience, it’s gonna be one hell of a buzz kill.

Listen people, I’m a forgiving guy. If I’m willing to forgive Michael Moore, I’m willing to forgive you. All it takes is one vote. Or rather, all it takes is a lifetime of grueling, thankless public service. All that shit I was saying before is bullshit since everybody knows their vote makes absolutely no difference. But the important thing that seems to have eluded most of America – to the fierce delight of the Republicrats – is that your political power does not start and end at the voting booth. That would be like living your life thinking that you’re only allowed to eat with a fork. I’m serious people. It’s not that difficult and most of the time, you’re standing in the solution anyway. How do you become a political activist, you ask? Pick an issue and talk to your friends. It may be hard to think of it this way, but talking politics with your friends (grass roots at its most fundamental level) has way more impact than any vote you’ll ever cast, especially if you’re in a state that’s essentially predetermined as a result of our rigged, outdated, electoral college system. If talking isn’t enough, read a book about some issue that drives you. Write an article or a song. Paint something and go to protests if you want to. And yes, vote for somebody if you feel strongly about it, but for the love of god, don’t stop there. I know it comes across as a little pedantic coming from a guy who’s spent his life overachieving in regard to performing one’s civil duty, but take my word for it. If you hate me for running for President, and voting is all you do politically, then there’s a good chance I hate your guts more than you could ever possibly realize. Thank you, good night, and more than likely, fuck you.

Sincerely,  
Ralph Nader



**What you lookin’ at beeyatch? Don’t even think of messing with me when I’ve got my Larry King Live background.**

# Proper Gender

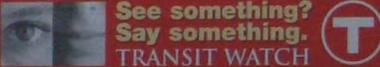


**SECURITY**  
ISN'T ABOUT WEARING  
A UNIFORM

IF YOU SEE SOMEONE WHO  
KIND OF LOOKS LIKE THEY  
MIGHT BE A TERRORIST,  
WE DON'T CARE  
IF YOU'RE BUCK NAKED.  
TELL US, OR ELSE.

It's about being aware of sights and sounds that may not seem right. If you see something odd, tell an MBTA official or call (617) 222-1212.

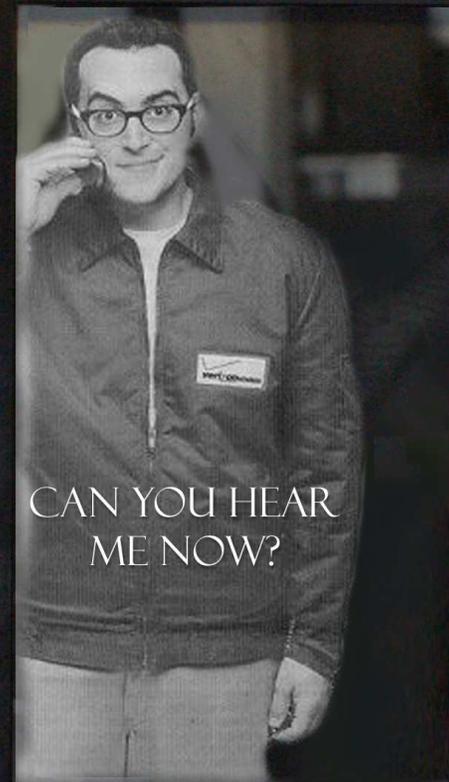
See something?  
Say something.  
TRANSIT WATCH




Man With Fish Clearly Not Fucking Around



Anthology of Short Fiction Mysteriously Found Next To Orange Juice



**PEACE**  
MEANS SOMETIMES  
YOU HAVE TO  
SPEAK UP

CELL PHONE RECEPTION MAY BE POOR  
IN THE SUBWAY, AND YOU MAY  
NEED TO WHISPER TO AVOID  
BEING OVERHEARD BY TERRORISTS  
BUT REST ASSURED, IF YOU DON'T  
INFORM ON YOUR NEIGHBORS,  
THERE WILL BE CONSEQUENCES

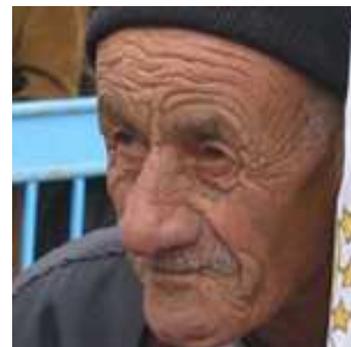
Protecting the peace means sharing what you see and hear. So if something appears suspicious, tell an MBTA official or call (617) 222-1212.

See something?  
Say something.  
TRANSIT WATCH





9-Year-Old Girl Unable to Find Porn on Internet in Public Library



Man Runs Out of Checks, Has to Wait Six Weeks

## COMMUNITY SPIRIT

# Students Take Welcoming Speech to Heart, Stock up on Assault Rifles

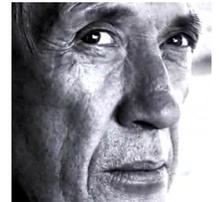


**By Militant Mike**

The Harvard University Police, The Massachusetts National Guard, and David Carradine have been called in to secure the campus and protect the lives of key administrators after the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences (GSAS) welcoming speeches on Tuesday. Graduate students, normally known for being apathetic and spending all their time in their lab, apparently took Dean Kirby's message to "safeguard free inquiry" to heart and are now trying to put Harvard under martial law.

Sales of high powered weaponry are the highest they've been since the last NRA conference when Charlton Heston himself bought out the Uzi section at the Somerville K-Mart, and give no sign of slowing as grad students build their personal arsenals in the pursuit of academic freedom. And the graduate students are not bluffing; when one student's thesis advisor asked if he could make some revisions to her paper, she replied "You'll have to pry my data from my cold, dead hands," screaming, "Narc!" before leaping through the nearest window in some kind of dorky ninja outfit. Libraries are also powerless to stop the large-scale looting of their periodicals as students hoard journals in case of, as one student put it "the man tries to put us down." When this reporter informed a looter that all the journals he had stolen were, in fact, available on-line, he said, "Computers are a tool of evil, you filthy cyber-communist! Haven't you seen the Terminator?" This reporter didn't argue, for the same reason that hikers avoid getting in between a mother bear and her cubs. Also the guy had a flamethrower.

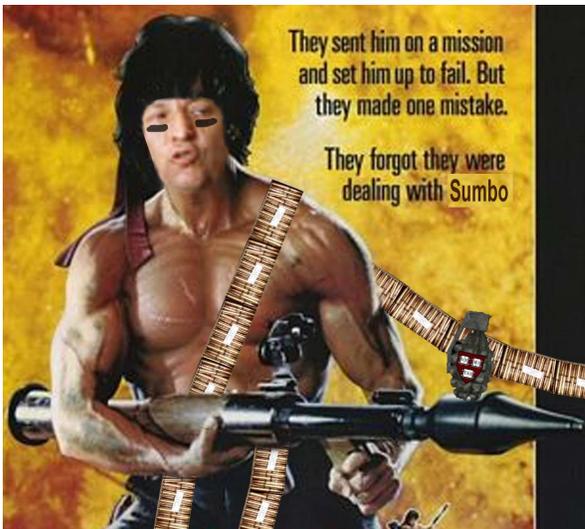
Perhaps the gravest event that really shook the administration out of their slumber involved an unidentified student breaking into Dean Ellison's office and attempting to strangle him with a printout of the newly proposed budget, chock full of cuts to graduate funding. "I didn't know what was going on," said the Dean. "This pasty white thing with long hair leapt at me from behind my filing cabinet, screaming about how he was a bright young mind of the future. Luckily, I used to be a wrestler and this grad student was about as threatening as veal – I had him under control in seconds. Still, it would be a problem if some of the stronger, kung fu knowing, grad students had made the attempt."



**Don't even think about it, dorkface.**

Administrators are flabbergasted at how this could have happened. "I'm flabbergasted," Dean Kirby said. "I don't understand how the orientation speeches could have set off this mass-scale riotous violence. I mean, I haven't changed a word since I became the Dean 30 years ago. I didn't even think that people listened to that crap about safeguarding academic freedom. Seriously guys, when I was a student at Harvard, the only reason any of us came to the Orientation was to get that free unofficial guide and check out the level of booty in the incoming class. What the hell has happened to the lazy, self centered grad students we had come to love?"

Judging by the mounting violence on the campus, those sheepish, docile, Ph.D. candidates of the past appear to be gone for good. Even the more poorly funded humanities students are joining in the struggle against academic repression. On the condition of being unnamed, Medieval Poetry student X told HSP how she had stolen all the toothbrushes in her residence hall and sharpened their ends into shanks "just in case."



However, despite the signs that the University will soon be descending into total chaos, Harvard President Larry Summers remains unconcerned. "What's an administrator or two? No, I think we'll be all right. Because no matter how twisted these grad students get, they all have a common weakness: free food. We'll throw a Bar-B-Q, give away some free beer, and they'll forget all about it. It's like Colt '45. That shit works every time."

Although Summers' lack of worry seemed clear from his words, we couldn't help but notice the 50 pounds of ammo, the rocket launcher, and the incredible pecs he had somehow obtained in the past week. When we pressed him on this, he told us to leave, as he brandished a crimson, monogrammed grenade and boldly ate his cigarette.

We took this as a sign and exited through his triple padlocked door, being extra careful not to touch the expertly camouflaged trip wires and carpet mines.

## HEALTH AND MEDICINE

# Mississippi Renews Ban on Reproductive Science in Public Schools

**Jackson, Mississippi** – In a move that has sent ripples of controversy through the southern United States, especially among the scientific community, the Mississippi Legislature has recently renewed a 1996 bill that makes it illegal for public school science instructors to exclusively teach the theory that sex leads to reproduction. According to the bill, teachers must grant equal time to the alternate theory - known as "storkism" – which holds that a divine stork implants embryonic babies into women. The bill has continued to draw strong criticism from numerous educational institutions, fertility clinics, and school teachers throughout the state.

Mississippi's Press Secretary Johnny Mabus defended the bill at a press conference, "All it does is ensure that both sides of the issue are presented so that students can make up their own minds. Nobody is there inside the woman when pregnancy begins, so nobody except our Lord is really qualified to say what happens. It is simply irresponsible to treat one or the other theory as solid fact." Added Mabus, "Especially when that whole fornication leading to babies thing is obviously ridiculous."

"Scientists would have us believe that men descend from pollywogs, and women are - what is it - hatched from some sort of an egg?" said Lieutenant Governor Billy Mabus. "Something like that. I admit I never learned too much about their so-called theory. But I didn't have to learn all about it to realize it was full of holes."



**Storkism: Fact or Fiction. The Debate Continues.**



**The Mabus Family in a 1995 Portrait**  
**"None of us would be here in this photo if it wasn't for the divine stork. What more proof do you want?"**  
 – Jack Mabus, 1996

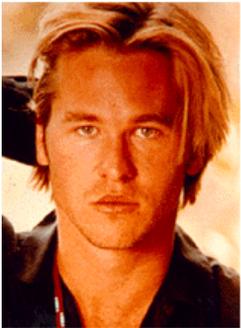
Specifically, the bill requires teachers to add certain caveats to their lectures no fewer than ten times per hour when presenting material which might possibly suggest any favoritism towards the mainstream theory. Examples of acceptable caveats are given in their teaching handbooks, such as "...that is, if you believe that sex has anything to do with pregnancy, which it probably doesn't," and "...even though it might seem like people who don't have sex don't get pregnant in essentially 100% of all cases, you should never forget how misleading percentages can be." Additionally, only certain textbooks may be used, such as *Reproductive Science: A Strawman Approach* by Fred Mabus, and *Believe in Storkism or Suffer Eternal Damnation* by George Mabus.

Unplanned teen pregnancy in Mississippi has risen 560% since the bill was first enacted in 1996, although Lieutenant Assistant Deputy Assistant Press Secretary Kenny Mabus argued that these statistics were misleading, since "clearly, percentages greater than 100 must be made up".

As a result, Mississippi now has by far the highest poverty rate in the United States, along with an increasing population of underprivileged children with parents who are economically and socially unequipped to handle the burdens of child rearing. To address this, the state legislature has instituted a bi-monthly State Day of Prayer. Several lawmakers have advocated increasing the frequency of the Day of Prayer to monthly if the crisis continues.

## SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

# Unfrozen Caveman Fails To Understand Obsolescence of Hunting



By Val Kilmer

**Peoria, IL** – Flying in the face of years of anthropological research and baffling 3 out of 4 of the world's leading cryogenics experts – one of whom is himself on ice in a research lab in Zurich in the name of science – a 20,000 year-old caveman, dubbed by FOX news as "Al Gore", was unfrozen in a remote, cold - but warming - section of northern Canada last Tuesday.

Area naturalist and marathon runner Carson Leftwich was on the scene as the ice thawed.

"It was a bit surreal. The dude knew his coffin was melting way before he could get free and he kept making cave-faces at me. I decided that if I was planning to stick around, I'd better make peace with the guy, considering his frozen arm held a frozen spear in a pose like a Roger Clemens baseball card. So I figured, hey, he's probably hungry, why not offer him one of my Fruit-Roll-Upz? So he thaws, and I show him how to open the package and I eat one. I then hand him a fresh one, and then, like lightning, completely ignoring my clear instructions, Caveman Jones then proceeds to tear the shit out of it with his bare hands, like he was strangling a 3-inch animal of some sort. In the end, when he ate it, he didn't do so well with the package and probably got more of the paper and space foil than caramelized pseudo fruit sheet."

Evidently satiated, the caveman then began running south for no apparent reason. Feeling somewhat responsible for witnessing the historic event, Leftwich felt inclined to keep up, which, to his credit, he did for a good 20 miles – this being marathon off-season – until the remarkably fit cave personage left him in the dust. As it happened, "Al Gore" didn't get tired until reaching Peoria, Illinois, again baffling modern science, which declined to comment since it was in the middle of getting its hair done.

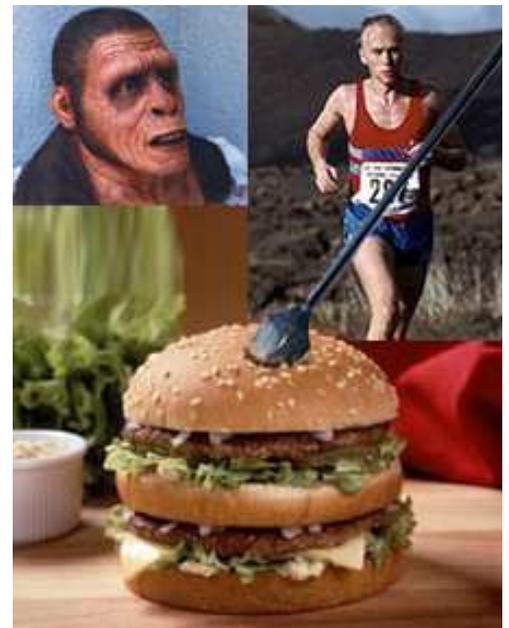
At this point, however, the unexplainably energy-rich Fruit Roll Up having been spent, our good cave man was naturally very hungry. Area McDonald's manager Roy Littleton describes the encounter.

"So this hairy dude that smells like McAss strolls in and starts sniffing around conspicuously like he owns the place. He had so much hair everywhere, at first I thought he was just wearing some really ratty pajamas, but it turned out it was more like he had been worked over by some slightly overzealous mad-scientist's version of Rogaine. Anyway, my neighbor Wendy McBride orders a Big Mac, takes a bite, and before she knows it, a 20,000 year-old oak javelin nearly impales her perm. Cave dude then dives face first onto the table and mauls the sandwich like it was road kill."

Gum chewing, hairspray overusing, high school sophomore and cash clerk Misty Raymond also had this to add. "I tried to explain to him that the sandwich was already dead, and offered him another, but evidently the thought never quite got into his fat cave-head, since he smashed it with someone's tray and then ate his "kill" off the floor that Pedro wasn't supposed to clean until two, which I guess is no biggie since cave people are supposed to have really strong immune systems, but it's still kind of gross, don't you think?"

Janitor and amateur hunting enthusiast Pedro Carbajal took a liking to the caveman immediately. "You know, we really are so disconnected from nature these days in our work and what we eat. Sometimes, I really get the urge to just go out into the country and get medieval on some deer or something with my mop and then eat the whole thing in one sitting over an open flame that I created." Mr. Carbajal's eyes then glazed over in a way that made everyone else feel slightly uncomfortable. "Anyway, fuck the deep fryer." He added. "I know what unfrozen homeboy over here is talking about."

As of Wednesday, Peoria authorities were now unaware of the whereabouts of the caveman, who was last seen on the corner of Main and 12<sup>th</sup> expertly impaling French fries and chicken nuggets from a safe distance with small toothpicks.



# Phun With Photoshop®



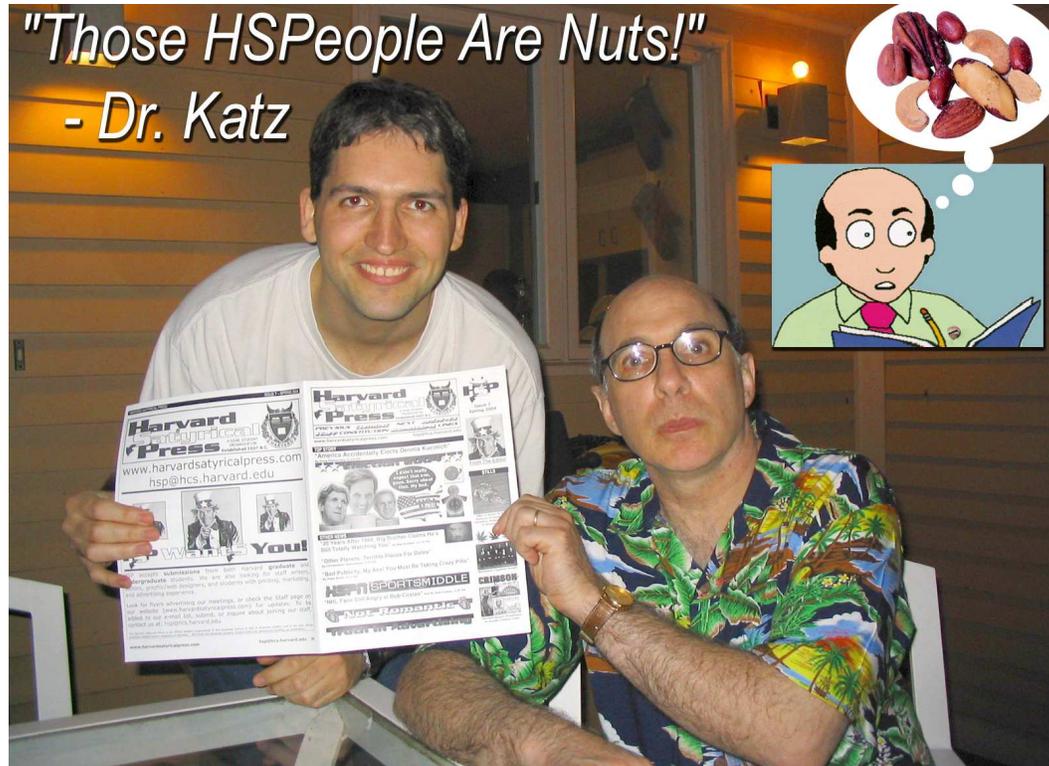
**Area Resident Wins Dunster House Look-Alike Contest By a Landslide**



**Drunk Teen Temporarily Forgets How to Say Thank You In Spanish**



**Paparazzi Almost Catch Waldo With Pants Down**



*"Those HS People Are Nuts!"*  
- Dr. Katz

**Dr. Katz: Professional Therapist (the actual guy) thinks that we're crazy, and is quite correct. Jonathan thinks a professional opinion was unnecessary, but he's crazy.**



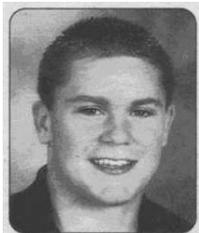
**Nip/Tuck Doctors to Only Do Important, Reconstructive /Restorative Surgeries**



**LEGO™ Bionicles Become Sentient**

# HSPN SPORTSMIDDLE

## Take it From Me. Drugs Are a Really Bad Idea.



By Sean Pitts

I never thought it would happen to me. I thought I was safe from drugs because I'm not part of "the crowd." But I was wrong, and that's what I'm writing to tell you.

My sport is golf. Sure, I'm no Nancy Lopez, but my dad and his friends always took me out on the course – I'd ride on the back bumper of the golf cart and keep score, even keeping track of their putts with little numbers I'd circle next to the overall score for each hole. For my eighth-grade graduation, Dad took me to Wal-Mart and we came home with a full set of official Jim Thorpe men's golf clubs. (That's not Jim Thorpe the Olympic athlete, it's Jim Thorpe the African-American golfer who had three PGA tour victories in 1985 and is currently playing on the Champions Tour.) We figured out pretty quick that I could hit the ball a long ways – even if I did have a BIG slice!

I always enjoyed playing with my dad, but after a couple of years I felt bad that, because my mom home-schools my little sister and me, I wasn't able to play competitively at the high school level. Well, Mom did some asking around and pretty soon we had a six-man team of home-school guys, ready to compete with the smaller high schools around my town. We didn't have much, but we had spirit!

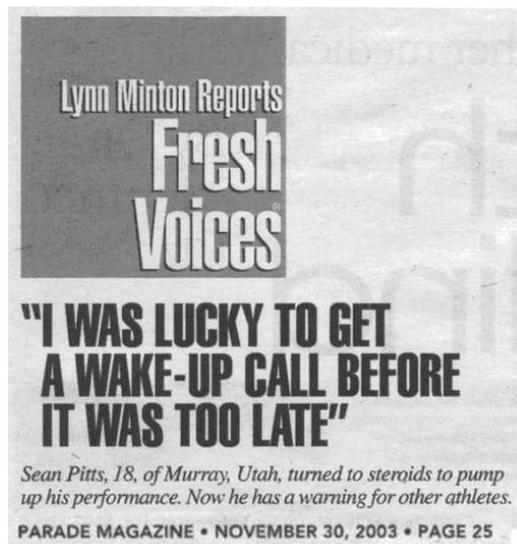
The first year was tough, I won't lie. Some of those teams we played were from real "country club" schools, and they weren't too nice to us. One team would insult our mothers as we took our backswings, and another team refused to let us play on their home course unless we were wearing shirts with collars! (My mom had to make an emergency trip home to get six of my dad's work shirts for us to play in.) Another time, I was in the first foursome – two of us and two of our opponents – and after the other guys out drove us on the first hole, they just went ahead and kept playing. When they holed out on the 9th hole, we were still chipping up on the 5<sup>th</sup>!

Well, you can probably guess that this sort of thing got real old real fast. As we gathered for our first practice this year, our faces were sure long. Nobody was looking forward to another year of being laughed at. It was a weak moment, and that's when it happened. I was standing at the ball washer with my buddy, who I won't name here, when he reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a gum wrapper, a ticket stub from Jeepers Creepers II, and a little white pill that he said was a steroid. He said he got it from his brother, who works out on the free weights in their basement. He said it would help me hit the ball farther and show those prep school guys a thing or two. He said it wouldn't hurt me. He said he'd already taken one. As it turned out, those were all lies. (Except for the one about the pill being a steroid – that was true. Actually, my mom thinks maybe it was just an aspirin, but the point is, it was a drug, and drugs and golf don't mix.)

I was worried, but I was kind of flying from having just slammed a Red Bull on an empty stomach, so my judgment wasn't what it should have been and I took the pill. I felt strong and powerful at first, but by the time I stepped up to the tee, I was feeling kind of light-headed. I teed the ball up, and the cheering of my friends was like a dull roar, like in sports movies when everything slows down and all you hear is the breathing of the guy making that big shot, and all the cheerleaders and everyone are jumping around in slow motion in the background, kind of fuzzy and out of focus. It was like that.

I pulled the club back, and I could feel the drugs pumping through my veins. I felt like I could hit that sucker just about to the moon. When I swung at the ball, it was like a lightning bolt was traveling down through my Utes cap into my skull and into my hands. I hit the ball with a loud SMACK, but I soon saw what a big lie drugs are because I totally shanked the shot. Instead of flying majestically down the fairway, it flew at a very low angle over to the green on #2, which is located next to and a little in front of the #1 tee (which is poor course design, but never mind). There was a guy standing there waiting for his friend to putt out, and my ball nailed him right in the leg, just above his knee. There was this terrible thwacking sound, and the innocent man cried out in surprise and pain. I had to very humbly walk over and pick my ball up as he limped away with a huge frown on his face.

But the good part is that I was one of the lucky ones. I learned right away that drugs are a bad idea. You might not be so lucky. Consider this my warning to you.



## MINI NEWS

**Giant Mushroom Cloud Over North Korea Obscures Search For WMD**

The massive explosion in the Yanggang Province of North Korea that was heard in Japan and South Korea did more than just wake up a few grumpy people. It created yet another obstacle for President Bush to hurdle heroically in his search for Weapons of Mass Destruction. Mumbled President Bush, "It is confusing enough when the terrorists hide behind the acronymity of their three-letter abbreviations, but this tremendous cloud of dust blocking our otherwise crystal clear satellite photos is the last straw, except for the one on the camel's neck in the haystack, the kind we know how to look through in Texas." North Korean officials, while bewildered by Bush's speech, managed to clear their heads long enough to claim that the explosion was the result of the demolition of a mountain for the installation of a hydroelectric plant. "We had to perform the demolition at night, on the site of a military base, without warning, and on the date of our national holiday for non-nuclear, non-nefarious reasons" decreed North Korean über-dictator Kim Jong-Il. An American official warned that the US may bring economic sanctions, such as refusing to sell those snap-bracelets that Kim so loves, if North Korea does not desist in obstructing the search. "Our satellites are having enough trouble finding Osama Bin Laden and the nuclear chemicals in Iraq even without all this debris in the air," added Bush. "If North Korea will just stop with this silly exploding mountains business we can get this war on terror over with and then perhaps we'll get down to talking about the supposed nuclear and ballistic missile program that the North Koreans keep blustering about."

**Putin Enters Biweekly Weight-Lifting Program to Increase Power Even Further**

Russian President V. Putin, disillusioned with his capability to consolidate National power into his own mortal body, has begun a twice-a-week training program at the popular Moscow Weight Training Facility (CCCM). The one hundred and forty-pound weakling met with stiff resistance at the likes of the Leg Curl and Power Slide, powered by the patented Isokinetic Resistance System (CCCIO). "It is good to feel some resistance which is not Chechen in origin," Putin remarked offhand as he lifted a moderate amount with bad technique, using his back to support the weight which should be born by his spindly arms.

Putin hopes to one day join the ranks of famous powerful Russians like Igor "Igor" Sampson and the renowned Michaelya Bison, who trained several winters in the depths of Siberia picking up tigers, trees, and stray meteorites. The Russian public is not so hopeful, noticing that Putin does not have the stout frame of other democratic leaders like the late Joseph Stalin, or even the acclaimed Canadian pop star Celine Dion. US President Bush, when asked if he planned similar courses of action to fight terrorism and other things, said he didn't "have any use for that push-and-pull weight training. I think I can get a good build to my upper body just trying to strong-arm the election. As the American people know, the troops are my muscle."

**Cheney to Live Up To His Word**

"I didn't get to where I am now by making promises I couldn't keep," the Vice-President was quoted in regard to his promise of a terrorist attack on the country if the "wrong guys" get voted in this November. "Promises to me are not just rhetoric. I think you've got me mixed up with the Kerry camp." Cheney pointed down rather uncharismatically to the flip-flops adorning his bloated, varicose feet and gave us a wink. The HSP reporter at the scene asked Cheney exactly what he had in mind. "Well for purposes of national insecurity, some of the details are going to have to remain classified. Let's just say I've been negotiating overtime with Ayman Al-Zawahri. Man, does that dude play hardball. No wonder Reagan

wouldn't touch those guys. Anyway, the obvious targets have already been hit so we're gonna have to take a look around and make some hard choices." Cheney had been meeting regularly at the Arlington Estate Golf Club with the al-Qaeda second-in-command for six weeks before formalizing his promise to the American people. "Bin Laden himself, well he's not available. I asked the President and Mr. Powell if Bin Laden is even still alive and they said they'd have to get back to me on that. But I'm confident that even with a 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> string terrorist mastermind at the helm, we'll still get the job done."

MINI NEWS

Population of India Rapidly Turning into Physics

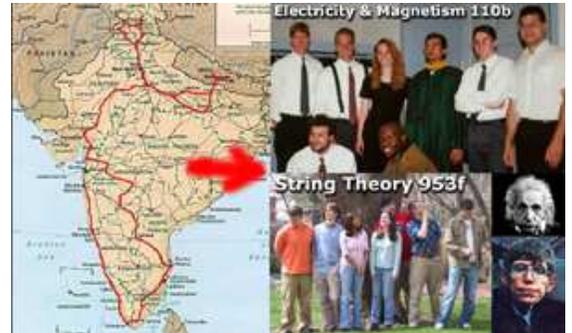
India, neck and neck with China as the world's most populous nation has had its share of space problems. As such, the Indian government has done what it can to limit the birthrate, from subtly promoting birth control to simply asking babies politely to wait for a few extra weeks in the womb. For various reasons – the population problem among them – most families prefer sons over daughters and in some places, the males outnumber the females by a significant, and growing, fraction.

As such, Nobel Prize winning rocket scientist Carl Harvard noted that, if this effect continues to exponentially approach its logical limit, in just a few years, India will become Physics.

"You know what I'm saying", Harvard added. "If you've ever been in a Physics class or even just seen one, the ladies are about as ubiquitous as ass hair on a baby. I was in a class once where there were 30 guys, one girl, and a transvestite named Tish who was really good at calculus. One time I had to ask Tish if I could borrow his/her TI 85 Calculator and that was the closest I ever came to talking to a girl."

Harvard bitterly continued. "If India doesn't do something, and do it fast, Calcutta and Bombay are going to quickly devolve into Statistical Mechanics 110a, and everybody knows that means a lot of sexually frustrated, angry men, and a few girls who think they're hot shit but really aren't."

The Professor then proceeded to smash things at random with his remarkably sturdy Nobel Prize - which he evidently carried around with him at all times - while muttering scornful remarks about someone named Susie Chang and the unfairness of problem 4 on the Quantum Mechanics midterm in '68.



Animal Still Exists Somewhere in Nepal

KARAKORUM - Several of America's largest industrialists were angered today when it was discovered that somewhere in the country of Nepal, some sort of animal has yet to be killed by hunters or big industry. Executive Vice President Robert J. Womac of Ford Motor company said, "I don't know how this rogue beast has escaped the scrutiny of our comprehensive nature-removal programs, but rest assured that we will find it and hunt it down." The animal itself declined to comment and continued to search in vain for paltry scraps of food in the already ecologically ravaged tundra.



For various reasons, Florida to be moved north of Minnesota



Life-Sized Cardboard cutout of Snoop Dogg Pales in Comparison to Life-sized Cardboard Cutout of My Cousin Mark



Olympic Pole Vaulter Yoo Kim Conveniently Specifies His Seemingly Reasonable, Yet Somehow Suspect, Location



## Feel like procrastinating?



## HSP FALL ISSUE OUT NOW!

Look for it around campus...or if you're too lazy, just look underneath this piece of paper.

# HSP Wants You!

 The Harvard Satyrical Press accepts submissions from both Harvard *graduate* and *undergraduate* students.

 To be added to our e-mail list, submit, or inquire about joining our staff, contact us at: [hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu)

 Check out archives of our past issues online at:

[www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)



- Harvard Graduate Student Council
- Harvard Graduate School of Arts & Sciences
- The COOP
- PIP Printing
- Harvard Computer Society

Donations Welcome.  
Help Keep HSP Free!

[www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)

[hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu)

<a href="#">PREVIOUS ISSUE</a>	<a href="#">CURRENT ISSUE</a>	<a href="#">NEXT ISSUE</a>	<a href="#">HSP ARCHIVES</a>
<a href="#">HSP STAFF</a>	<a href="#">CONSTITUTION</a>	<a href="#">SUBMISSIONS</a>	<a href="#">SATIRE LINKS</a>

**TOP STORY**

**OTHER NEWS**

**STILLS**

★ ★ Election 2008 ★ ★



**Snoop Doggy Dogg Formally Announces 2008 Bid For Vice Prezidency**

**By Snoop Doggy Dogg**  
I ain't no foreigner. I was born here. Long Beach. The LBC. 213. Nineteen Seventy One. Knee deep in the hood if there ever was any such thing. Now you may not be up on all that gangsta geography, having not listened to enough of me or Dre's albums as a shorty, but just to be perfectly clear, my birthplace is located smack dab inside of the... (pg 6)

**Internet Access Now Limited to Patriots**

Despite being best known as the "I'm resigning due to personal reasons" fall guy for the Bush administration's misuse of intelligence in its attempt to dissemble/persuade the public into supporting the war in Iraq, former CIA... (pg 9)



George Tenet

**Bill Gates Arrested on Charges of Sexual Assault**

In a move that shocked residents of the town of Redmond, Washington, early last night an elite, multi-pronged SWAT team approaching from land, sea, and air descended... (pg 10)

**Wishing Fountains Soon to Accept Personal Checks**

The North End of Boston, with its rich Italian influence, has been long known as one of the premier spots for wishing fountains... (pg 12)

**Link is Dead**

These words were first uttered in recent memory by my friend Daniel, who will remain nameless, in a tragicomic and... (pg 13)

**LETTER FROM THE EDITOR**



**Ode to the Wonders of Sleep Deprivation**

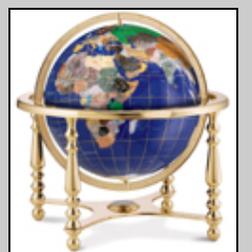
Like many grad students experimenting permanently with the vampire schedule, for me, all-nighters are... (pg 4)



Apple's New iBanana Selling Poorly



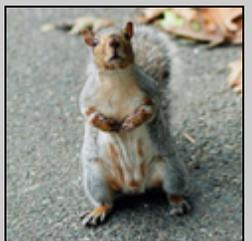
Diebold Announces New Voter-Proof Voting Cube



Globe Stores: Yet Another Example of Capitalism Exploiting the Earth For Profit



Oh, Shit



Pardon Me, I Was Just Wondering Where You Got That Wonderful Sweater

**COMMUNITY ADVISORY**

**Harvard Police Log**

The following are not some of the incidents reported to the Harvard University Police Department (HUPD) for the week ending Sunday, February 27. The official log is not located at Police Headquarters... (pg 11)

**Proper Gender**

- The Electoral College Map After... (pg 8)
- One of These Pizzas is With the... (pg 8)
- Dog show based uber-patriotism... (pg 13)

**MINI NEWS (pg 14-15)**

- \*Controversy Mounts Over Comments by Larry Summers
- \*FDA Withdraws Soma
- \*Terrorist's Demands Getting Ridiculous
- \*Saddam Reportedly Growing Rabbit Ears
- \*Superman Being Investigated By INS



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons License](#) Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0

The Harvard Satirical Press is an official student organization of the Graduate School of Arts & Sciences (GSAS) and is the only official graduate student humor magazine at Harvard. We thank the Graduate Student Council (GSC) for generously helping to fund our publication. The Harvard Satirical Press is not intended for readers under 18 years of age. And if you haven't figured it out already, this is satire, and the opinions herein obviously do not necessarily represent the opinions of Harvard University, the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, or even the writers. Whether they constitute opinions at all is also debatable. But that's just your opinion...Andrew Friedman, February 2005



<b>Editor In Chief</b>	<b>Andrew Friedman</b> <i>Warrior King of Zamunda</i>
<b>Vice Editor</b>	<b>Kamson Lai</b> <i>Canadian Hockey Powerhouse</i>
<b>Co-President</b>	<b>Jonathan Devor</b> <i>Sergeant At Arms</i>
<b>Co-President</b>	<b>Christopher Night</b> <i>Lord of Most Things</i>
<b>Head President</b>	<b>Justin Bernstein</b> <i>The Man Behind, or Just to the Left of, the Throne</i>
<b>Staff Writers</b>	<b>Jay Gabler</b> <i>Apiculturist</i>
	<b>Kurt Gray</b> <i>Reuters Foreign Despondent</i>
	<b>Greg Jones</b> <i>God Emperor of Irraqis</i>
	<b>Dan Levenson</b> <i>Former U.S. Ambassador to Lilliput</i>
	<b>Gordon Ritter</b> <i>Schrödinger's Stringy Red Cat</i>
<b>Staff Editors</b>	<b>Ania Bulska</b> <i>The Bulska</i>
	<b>Peter Doshi</b> <i>Minister of Theory</i>
	<b>Kaisey Mandel</b> <i>Funnier Than Howie</i>
	<b>Charis Tsiairis</b> <i>The Tourist</i>

## Submissions

HSP accepts submissions from both Harvard graduate and undergraduate students. See our submission/editorial policies online and send submissions to [hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu).



HSP is looking for staff writers, editors, graphic/web designers, and students with advertising and business experience. Send inquiries to [hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu).

## Advertise With HSP

By advertising with HSP, your business will have an opportunity to reach a large number of undergraduate and graduate students for a reasonable price. See our advertising rates & distribution information online or e-mail [hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu).

## Contact

Contact us to inquire about submissions, staff positions, advertising, or donations, by e-mail [hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu) or by mail: Harvard Satirical Press, Dudley House, Lehman Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA 02138, C/O Andrew Friedman, Editor in Chief

## Contributors

<b>Lydia Bean</b> <i>Lonely Texas Democrat</i>	<b>Dan Jafferis</b> <i>Twine Theorist</i>
<b>Robert Bessler</b> <i>Hates My House</i>	<b>David Kaminsky</b> <i>Supervillain</i>
<b>Nikki Blottner</b> <i>Archeological Alien</i>	<b>Nick Kapur</b> <i>Past Man</i>
<b>Cedric Brun</b> <i>Filthy-Irascible-Lunatic Traitors REpresentative</i>	<b>Ben Lee</b> <i>Cash Money</i>
<b>Patrick Charbonneau</b> <i>The Censor</i>	<b>Lee Mack</b> <i>Gerstacker Fokme</i>
<b>Pilita Danesh</b> <i>Pocahottie</i>	<b>Matthew Mosca</b> <i>Local Bigot</i>
<b>Bernard Denis</b> <i>The Repoman-Future 4th World Dictator</i>	<b>Shinae Park</b> <i>Fenway Shmenway</i>
<b>Barry Friedman</b> <i>Adult Film Student</i>	<b>Na'ama Pat-Ei</b> <i>Mama Na'ama / Termina'ama</i>
<b>Andrew Houck</b> <i>The Man</i>	<b>João Peschanski</b> <i>Brasil Pero No Mucho</i>
<b>Aaron Hall</b> <i>Phatty Birthday</i>	<b>Ernst Van Nierop</b> <i>Fermented Fluid Mechanic</i>
<b>Sabrina Hom</b> <i>The Little Witch</i>	<b>Jessica Webster</b> <i>Kung Fu Keebler Elf</i>



**PRINTING and  
DOCUMENT SERVICES**



**PIP Printing**

337 Cambridge Street  
Cambridge, MA 02141  
Phone 617-547-6919  
Fax 617-864-3744  
info@pipcambridge.com

Since 1436, **PIP Printing** has been printing, well, just about everything...

In fact, we printed the newspaper you read this morning, the pants you're wearing, and this entire magazine. And as you continue to turn *our* pages, peruse *our* ink, (and maybe even notice *our* top-notch folding and stapling), we hope you will thank us for creating this issue of the Harvard Satyrical Press and thus helping you to put off doing many other important things. And with that, we at **PIP Printing** hope you enjoy the issue and think of us next time you feel like printing a friend...



We look forward to printing the rest of your day...

**Donate to HSP**  
**PLEASE HELP KEEP HSP FREE!**

HSP needs your support. If you feel our mission of spreading laughter like the plague is worthy, please send donations to Harvard Satyrical Press, Dudley House, Lehman Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA 02138, C/O Andrew Friedman, Editor in Chief. For donations over \$10, we'll mail you an autographed copy of our first issue (and the second issue too if you are very generous). All our back issues will clearly be worth eleventy billion dollars on e-Bay circa 2060. Your grandkids will think you're so cool, so plan ahead before the back issues all disappear, purchased by the ravenous hordes of HSP-archived-material-craving readers with impeccable business sense.

Download the Issue 9 as a full color .pdf ([www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com))



Look for HSP's 2-year anthology someday!

**24 MONTHS  
OF STUPID**

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

## Ode to the Wonders of Sleep Deprivation



The Editorator

*Disclaimer (8 point Italicized Verdana): For those of you who might be wondering, just for the record, while HSP is generally a satire magazine, these letters from the editor are not necessarily meant to be satire in the standard sense. Nor are they necessarily meant to be pure comedy, although some people may accidentally fall into the laugh trap, kind of like assuming something must be news since it happens to be printed in a newspaper. But seriously, we mean it. Although most HSP text blurs truth and fiction like an overzealous Photoshop filter, occasionally fooling our readers' boyfriends' moms, this disclaimer is not some attempt to mislead you. For extremely funny articles, please refer to pages 6-15. Some say the back cover (pg. 16) of the issue is also kind of funny, but that's not important right now. Also feel free to re-read any or all articles and laugh at the volume of your choice, at your leisure. All in all, these letters are meant as rants, sometimes HSP meta-related, sometimes not; sometimes taking the piss out of the grad student way of life, sometimes not. We would have loved to explain in detail the reasons why this disclaimer was written, but we simply don't have the space. In any case, please enjoy the issue and do your best to find truth in fiction! We certainly do. – The Editors*

Like many grad students experimenting permanently with the vampire schedule, for me, all-nighters are par for the course. Recently, in preparation for my general exams last month, I had the good fortune of pulling no fewer than three such REM-state sabbaticals over the course of about two weeks, doing separate stints of around, 28 32, and 43 hours without hitting a pillow. Not only do these unhealthy, wide-eyed marathons lead to an exponential increase in short-burst productivity, making up for previous procrastinatory periods of even greater duration, they also can occasionally include general disorientation, obsessive compulsive fits, and – everyone's favorite – visual and auditory hallucinations.

I've actually had some pre-grad school, pre-HSP experience with this. In my undergraduate astronomy lab at Berkeley, a 40-plus hour/week course that expanded to consume every nanosecond like some bizarro time-eating space monster, we had to complete 5 giant lab reports, each upwards of 30 techno-babble filled pages, writing our own software, operate telescopes remotely, and effectively reinventing the wheel (and its lesser-known counterpart, the Frisbee) every three to four weeks.

During one of these wondrous experiences, in a relatively standard last-minute crusade, I found myself having eschewed sleep for a whopping period of approximately 52 hours. Sitting in front of the computer screen, sporting some headphones, and listening to one of my favorite Jimmy Eat World CDs, upon the end of the last track, I had an interesting revelation. The CD, it appeared, was playing again, although I didn't remember having restarted it. Evidently, the player was set with repeat as the default, I thought. What really confused me was when the CD still hadn't stopped playing after I took the headphones off.

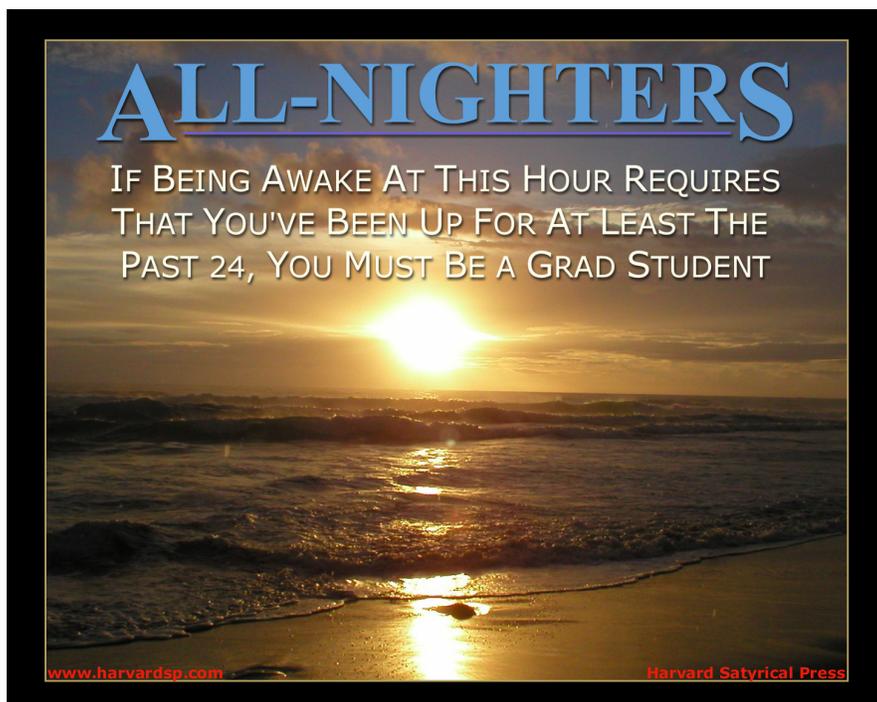
Turning to my buddy Jim, I said, "Hey Jim, are you listening to music?"

Lifting the helicopter style set off of one ear, Jim replied, "Yeah, why do you ask?"

"Well, you're clearly listening to music, but I'm not exactly sure if I am," I said, headphones dangling from my uncontrollably shaking fingers, clearly going berserk from nerve trauma.

"Andy, I think you should get some sleep," said Jim, as I nodded weakly, still enjoying the perfectly reproduced mental playback of the album's third track, "The Middle".

Evidently, your brain actually does record every such detail and can recall it all with high fidelity under stress. I'm taking about every beat, every lyric, every guitar solo, and with timing that would make an atomic clock proud. It was unreal. So, basically, I've had some opportunities to enjoy the wonders of sleep deprivation.

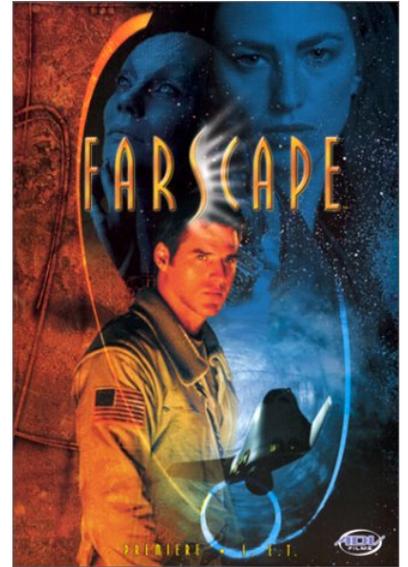


## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

So I'm back at it again at Harvard, in hour 41 – having spent the last 20 hours coding up equations with *LaTeX* and being incredibly anal about individual word choices in a 45 page scientific paper – and I decide that finally, it's about time to take a break. Kindling my astronomer's harmless Sci-Fi addiction, I pop in a DVD of *Farscape* – one of my favorite TV shows – a Jim Henson productions epic filmed outside Sydney, Australia about an astronaut shot through a wormhole to a distant galaxy. Great, time to relax. Except I notice something is funny. The timing of the DVD playback seems off somehow, making my eyes go apeshit just to keep track of the action. Same with the audio, as I find myself tilting my head spasmodically, searching in vain for better acoustics in a dorm room of all places.

Having become accustomed to smooth, high-quality, playback on a relatively new laptop, (courtesy of the astro department grant), and having also spent many hours *not* recharging my brain, I began to get worried. I wasn't just questioning my sanity; I was interrogating it. Had I stayed up too long this time? Was I fundamentally losing the basic ability to watch motion pictures due to the depletion of some crucial neuro-transmitter that could no longer be replaced? These were the thoughts that ran through what was left of my mind as I struggled to enjoy the show despite the annoyingly out of sync jumpiness.

Then it hit me. My computer *had* been running a little slowly that day. After nuking the problem with Norton, enjoying the rest of the episode in peace, sleeping 16 hours, and waking up to a refreshed, fully-restored sanity confidence index, like a good, self-motivated grad student/science slave beast, I made a quesadilla for breakfast at 3pm and, without hesitation or delay, began preparing to do it all over again. ☹️



Sleep deprivation can be transformed into a wormhole from Wednesday to Saturday, claims new *Science* study

THE COOP

HARVARD

[www.thecoop.com](http://www.thecoop.com)

## TOP STORY

# Snoop Dogg Formally Announces 2008 Bid For Vice Prezzidency



By Snoop Doggy Dogg

## Straight Outta Long Beach, California

I ain't no foreigner. I was born here. Long Beach. The LBC. 213. Nineteen Seventy One. Knee deep in the hood if there ever was any such thing. Now you may not be up on all that gangsta geography, having not listened to enough of me or Dre's albums as a shorty, but just to be perfectly clear, my birthplace is located smack dab inside of the crayon tracks that my little Snoop drew around the map of this little imaginary place called USA. If you don't believe me, you can see it 'fo yo'self on the fridge. My boy's got talent! But I digress.



Let me continue with my long list of qualifications, and drop 'em like they hot. I'm so patriotic, you have no fucking idea. If there was a terrorist in here, I'd pop, not one, but two caps in his ass. Also, I'm my son's little league coach. What's more American than baseball? Well, I guess there is war and economic exploitation of other countries and racism, but people don't usually like to talk about that. But anyway, all I'm saying is that it's about fuckin' time they got a black man up in the White Hhouse. And I ain't talking about cleaning anyone's shoes, yo. I'm talking about being all up in that shit. I'm talking about being the Vice Prez-o-dent of the United States of America. Cause what I'm saying is, Arnold, my brutha, put me on the mutha fuckin ticket!

Come on people, you know he wants to run for the burrito grande. Who you trying to fool, big man? Nobody ever said some shit like you was a good actor or something. I'm not saying that I didn't thoroughly enjoy "T2" and "Kindergarten Cop" - in fact, you was maybe the only cop I *didn't* want to bitch slap - but let's just say, you'd be more likely to be getting a call from Oscar the Grouch than the Academy. And Oscar the Grouch is a fictional character, even though he did live in tha hood, with his apartment straight out of the projects and shit. But anyway, I said it. The man can't act for shit. But that don't mean Arnold can't be the Prez-o-dent.

Even so, you might still ask me, Snoop, why don't you just go for the real deal? Why you gotta try to get in with the Cally-G on the sly, considering all the civilly right moves that have been happening towards making it OK for the black man to be the man? Let's just put this all in *Con-Text*. And I ain't talking about some shit you'd write in prison. Chris Rock's already been in a bad movie about him being a black president. Dennis Haysbert has been further legitimizing the black man as

commander in chief on one of my favorite Televizzle shows, *Twenty 'Fo*, although I still can't help but think of him as Pedro Cerrano from "*Major League*", with Wesley Snipes sacrificing Kentucky Fried Chicken for him to avoid angering voodoo God/action figure Jobu. But anyway, so why not a little Snoop for the Grand Master Office? Well there is the whole thing about me not wanting to get shot, but other than that, you know, all I gots to say is that I'm just being a practical Dogg.



The Running Mate of The Running Man? Why The Fuck Not? Telavizzle and Cinamizzle already got it.

The constitution's practically changed already. Arnold, got that shit on the front page of *USA Today*, today! When that happens, it's like another ten minutes before its on page fifty 'fo section 13, subsection B, clause six, amendment XXVIII, or whatever that shit is, and when that happens, you and I both know the Governizzle's got this thing all wrapped up. As much as I personally value the cinematic excellence of "*Soul Plane*" and my supporting roles in "*Old School*" and "*Starsky and Hutch*", I know that shit don't compete with "*Total Recall*" and "*The Predator*". Sheeeiit, I can't even hold a candle to "*Commando*", and that was a terrible fuckin movie, with him singly handedly killing off the whole population of some anonymous South American country with one machine gun with infinite bullets and a steel pipe. With a record like that, he's got the perfect qualification to lead a great peace loving nation like the USA, with nothing but a benevolent history in Latin America.



"Hey Arnold. You Suck!"

"Who the Fuck is this? Is This Politickle Me Elmo Again? Call me again and I'll shove my fist down your stomach and rip out your goddamned spine! 9 times!!!"

"No, this is Cookie Monster. Goodbye"

## TOP STORY

Anyway, it's clear that people are already talking about Arnold being the prime contender, but the best thing about the Snoop campaign is my flexibility. And I'm not talking about touchin my toes, which ain't easy cause I'm six foot 'fo. What I'm saying is that I'm the best man for VP cause I don't really even care who the Prez-o-dent is.

And I don't give a fuck about what party I'm at as long as it's a party if you know what I'm saying. If Hillary Clinton, the Legislady of P-funk, wants to set up shop and draft bills with the new Fillabusta Rhymes, so be it. If John McCain wants to ride in my '64 with the Gansta of the GOP, hell, get in the car mutha fucka! And let me tell you something you might not have known about John McCain; he may be Republican, but that white dude's got an adopted Bangladeshi daughter. At least he ain't stuck forever on every thing always gotta be about the white man. In our second term, we could legalize a little somethin' somethin' and use the government proceeds to finance the campaign, if you know what I'm saying. I wonder what Russ "Captain Chronic" Feingold would be like after 16 hits off the gravity bong. Actually, he probably wouldn't be that different. But anyway, if John Kerry runs again, damn, get on the boat with Snoop and I'll swiftly bring on a bling blinging gold heart to match the purple one. Hell, George Bush may still decide run again in '08 after people figure out that he actually did lose this election. I would even welcome him to my ticket with open arms, but I'd probably end up icing him so I could be president for a day be'fo I got capped by the **PNACollada**. But let's cross that bridge when we be there, a'ight.

Despite my policy of whoever the fuck is running, I be there, I'm still directing my plea to the Gubernatorial Gangsta of my home state. And on that topic, he *iz* my governor. So independent of this whole campaign thang, let me just say that if he don't legalize the Chronic by 4:19 pm tomorrow afternoon, Pacific, I'm gonna have to do something illegal within about 60 seconds, if you know what I'm saying. You know I was just playing when I said I was givin' that shit up. But anyway, my boy Arnold is primed to pick me as his running mate. Even his name's got all the right etymologizzle dizzle. Schwarzenegger. Let us deconstruct this, shall we? Arnold is from Austria, right? And *Schwarz*, means black in German. I ain't makin' this shit up. Just look it up in the Ebonics to German dictionary. It's tha same in Yiddish. *What*, you think just 'cause I'm black means I don't speak Yiddish? Damn, if I was Jewish, I'd use the menorah to light a grip of phat joints, one for each of the 8 crazy nights. Then I'd use the candle in the middle to light a *jzoint*, so packed with ganja, you'd have to roll that shit up in a rug just to get it onto the Channukah table. Damn! But anyway, back to Schwarzenegger. So the first part of his name tells me he's practically a black man. As to the last part of his name, well, we don't even need to go there.



"You callin' me a RepublicEnemy? Sheeeiiiit, You must be smoking some Democrack. All I know is I'm staying Independent of all that shit. It's practically raining RepubliCats and Doggs out here."

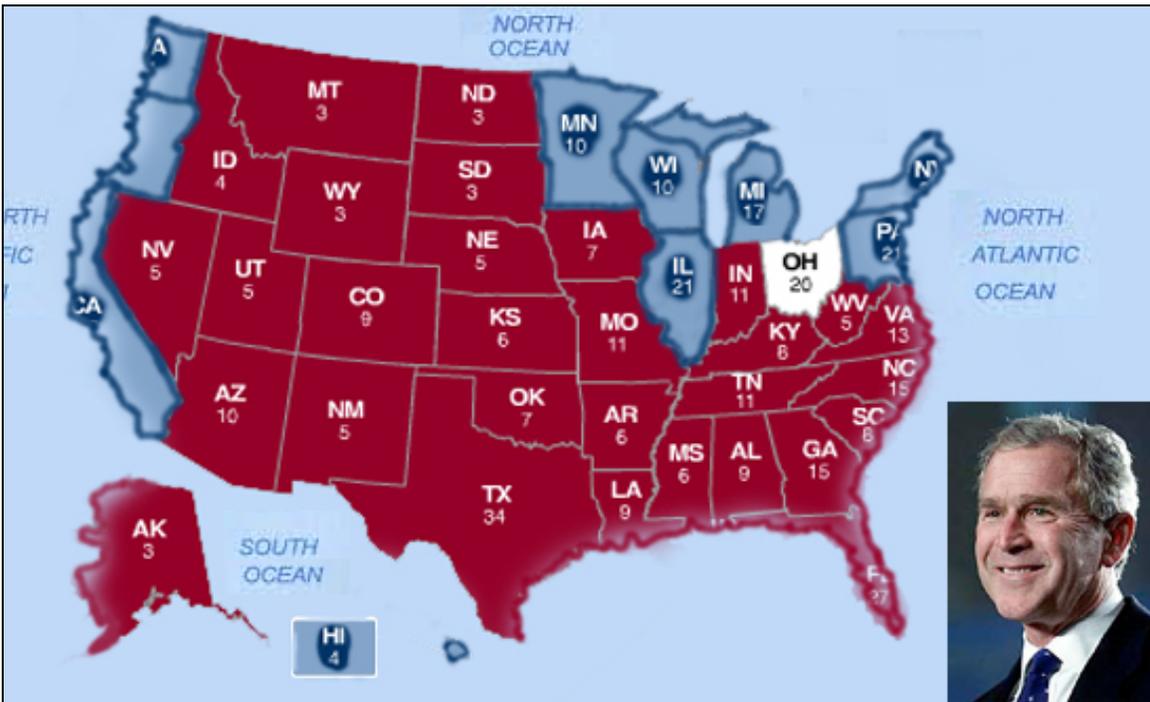


And besides, I've got a whole bunch of my boyz and galz ready up in there to drop some sizzle dizzle in the cabinet. With his background, Dr. Dre is the natural candidate for the Secretary of Health and Human Services. My man Warren Sapp, he's already the Secretary of Defense, so we don't even need to change a thang. Lauren Hill can bitch slap Condoleezza "Please can I have some" Rice, and take over as Secretary of whatever she is now. If Tupac wasn't dead, we could put him up as Secretary of State, cause he always did state what was on his mind. And how 'bout Howard Dean to fill the Secretary of Free Speech slot. I ain't never seen nobody get they ass whooped so much by the media for showin' some emotion. Last time I heard, screaming wasn't criminal. You go Howie D. Keep those lungs pumpin'. Holla!

What else we got? Chris Rock for Secretary of Comedy, no doubt. Ice Cube for Secretary of Pimps, Lil' Kim for Secretary of H-to-the-izzoes, and DJ Whoo Kid for Secretary of Education. Cause it's all about the kids, yo. If he also wasn't dead, I'd even go hip hop bi-partisan and give a shout out to Biggie in the name of East coast-West Coast love, although it seems more like we need a little Red State – Blue State love at this juncture in U.S. History. Even Jay-Z can kick it as Secretary of Interior as long as he promises not to leave the hzouse...Sheeeiiiit. MC Solar can patch shit up with France, and can be Secretary of Foreign Affairs, if we even have that one. But for reals, I got a whole nutha gang of ProteDJ's ready to fill up anything else in the cabinet. I'd even recommend a few other white people, although Eminem gots to go. And once Arnold and I, the only *real* American on the ticket, by the way, are done choosing everyone, you know what else I'll keep in the cabinet, or on the counter, for that matter, after I legalize the fuck out of that shit. I don't even need to say a thang about that in regard to my platform as it should be clear as a mutha fucka that I'd make it a national priority.

To finish up, although I've put it all together about how I should run for VP in 'fo years, don't think I don't have my sights set on a loftier goal. Twenty Twelve, Twenty Sixteen, or whateva. But personally, if it was up to me, I'd sit pretty until Twenty, Twenty'Fo. Constitution changing and foreign white presidents aside, it might take about that long for someone who ain't a white man to get the big OK from the people, at least, if current demographic population growth models are correct. Disenfranchise this, bitch! Until then, if you don't pimp for me to get on the ticket, at least buy my album, smoke some Mary Jane, and give a smile to all people of color, which means *all* people. Even white people got a little tint. Arnold's practically Red, but somehow, mixed with a little Blue. And with this non-haiku, I say goodnight to you, busting rhymes as I go...RepubliCats Ho! Sheeeeeeeiiiit. 🇺🇸

# Proper Gander



### The Electoral College Map After Global Warming

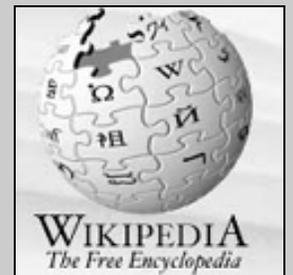
Harvard Satyrical Press

www.harvardsp.com

## STILLS



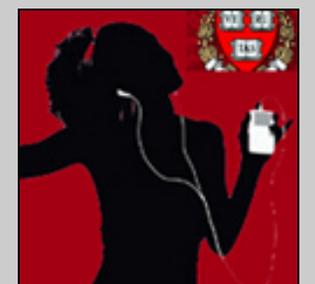
Small, Dot-Like Jumping Insect Lands on Open Book, Launches Word Wide Phenomenon



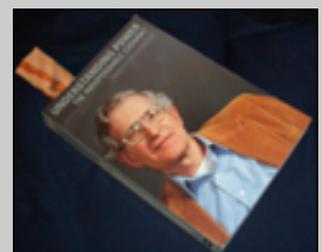
Pretentious Online Encyclopedia Logo Missing Puzzle Piece



Dog Thoroughly Enjoys Nuances of our Fall Issue



Harvard Student Insists Her Friends Listen to This One Song on Her iPod



Strip of Bacon Employed as Poorly Chosen Bookmark



One of these pizzas is with the terrorists. Guess the right one and win a full college scholarship, courtesy of the Department of Homeland Security and Pepperoni

Harvard Satyrical Press

www.harvardsp.com

## POLITICS

# Internet Access Now Limited to Patriots



**George Tenet**

**Washington D.C.** – Despite being best known as the “I’m resigning due to personal reasons” fall guy for the Bush administration’s misuse of intelligence in its attempt to dissemble/persuade the public into supporting the war in Iraq, former CIA Director George Tenet still packs a punch when it comes to embodying the “everyone is a terrorist threat” pulse of the current U.S. government. “Access to networks like the World Wide Web might need to be limited to those who can show they take security seriously”, he said, in a private press conference at the Grand Meridian Hotel last month, while brandishing a CIA surplus pulse rifle trained steadily at the press corps’ wireless network cards and heads throughout the event. “I know that these actions will be controversial in this age when we still think the Internet is a free and open society with no control or accountability,” Tenet continued, “but ultimately the Wild West must give way to governance and control. To that end, as an integral part of the third...or is it the fourth?...version of the Patriot Act, from hereon and henceforth, Internet access shall now be limited to Patriots”

When pressed on the precise definition of “Patriot” by BBC Investigative reporter Greg Palast, Tenet unloaded a high energy plasma pulse into the right side of the third and fourth rows, killing 20, including the entire capitol hill staff of Reuters, the San Diego Union Tribune, and USA Today. Tenet later called the act a “warning shot”. With the former definition left unspecified, a literal, strict constructionist interpretation has emerged as the effective consensus.

New England quarterback, and 3-time Super Bowl champion, Tom Brady had this to say. “At first, I thought it was kind of cool that we were the only ones allowed to use the web, but this shit is getting ridiculous. I thought that people really came out of the woodwork when I signed my first multi-million dollar contract, but this is putting those days to shame. Tom, can you Google this for me? Tom can you possibly check something on Wikipedia for me for my book report? Sorry you didn’t win a third Super Bowl MVP, but anyway, would you mind downloading that new U2 album from iTunes? If one more person asks me to translate a paragraph into Spanish with Babel Fish, I swear, I’ll throw a football through their head.”

“I long for the days”, star running back Corey Dillon lamented, “when the standard request I got was a letter written in crayon from some kid in Cincinnati pleading for an autographed replica jersey. My carpal tunnel is killing me.”

New England All Pro safety Rodney Harrison added. “After the Super Bowl victory, I was hoping to take a little time to ice my shoulder, play Grand Theft Auto with my crew, and spend some time with the family, you know. But right now that looks about as likely as peace in the Middle East. I know we’re the only ones who are allowed to use the information superhighway now, but couldn’t they just give regular folks a guest pass or something, you know, for good behavior. For example, let’s say you haven’t spoken with Al Quaida or Hezbollah in like 3 weeks, *or ever*, then maybe you could get a couple of hours on a Saturday to surf and shit. But that’s just me.”

Post comments, Harrison was summarily released and signed off waivers by the Houston Texans. Soon after, the Texans were disbanded from the league. Tenet cited security concerns as the primary reason. When asked why accurate computational models of weather predictions and the fundamental nature of human consciousness were such intractable academic problems, Tenet cited security concerns.



For reference, to secure a vicarious web connection, call 1 (900) PAT-RIOT, and you will hear the following automated message: “Dear suspected traitor and terrorist. Please hold for the next available Patriot. This call...along with all others you make...is important to us, and will be monitored for quality assurance and, eh, security purposes. In any case, you might as well do something else while you wait, because there are only about 100 players on the 2005 active roster and upwards of 200 million former U.S. internet users who no longer have such a privilege. Players on injured reserve are available for uploads only. Thank you and have a nice day.”

Added Trenton New Jersey high school sophomore Matt Kinsey, “I guess I’m pretty good at football, but I’ll have to train really hard for the next 3-5 years, get a top notch agent, and maneuver quite strategically for the right draft position if I ever want to enjoy live streaming porn again.”

“Draft,” interrupted Tenet, eyes brightening. “What a great idea! I’ve got to give Dick Lugar a call. Well with the Iraq war snafu, high mortality rate, low pay, lack of body armor and all that, college loans and the promise of honor and glory don’t seem to cut it anymore. However, I doubt prospective recruits would hold the same reservations if we were to offer, say, unlimited access to a high bandwidth wireless connection.” 



## SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

# Bill Gates Arrested on Charges of Sexual Assault



By Lou Logic

**Redmond, Washington** - In a move that shocked residents of the town of Redmond, Washington, early last night an elite, multi-pronged SWAT team approaching from land, sea, and air descended on Bill Gates' house and arrested him on charges of sexual assault.

Gates, who was dragged from his house in shackles clearly designed by Apple, remained smug and defiant, "I've been screwing people in the ass ever since DOS came out, and now they're telling me it's illegal! Just because I took out the middle man and went directly to people's houses to personally violate them shouldn't make any difference."

A neighbour of Gates' said that he couldn't believe the charges, "I mean, yeah, I hate Microsoft too – but Bill – he always seemed like a quiet guy who kept to himself. He seemed like any other multi-multi-billionaire. Some days I'd see a servant out in the driveway, waxing one of Bill's 14 aircraft carriers, and I'd ask him how Bill was doing, and the guy would always say "fine." How do you go from "fine" to sexually assaulting people?"

Linda Murchison – the woman who turned Gates in – was slated to be his next victim. "He just turned up at my door, and said that he was a computer repair man who needed to check up on Windows XP. I let him in because he seemed harmless, but then he started saying that he knew I pirated Windows and he'd need to get some "compensation" for not turning me in. I got suspicious right there, because I paid for and registered Windows; so I kept my pants on and phoned the cops."

The detective in charge of the case said that they were fortunate. "How many people in America do you think actually own a valid copy of Windows? Six? Seven? And Gates had the balls to try to do his dirty business in the house of only woman registered in the database. It's just plain lucky we got him. It wasn't the brains on our end, that's for sure. The Sultan of Crash got sloppy."

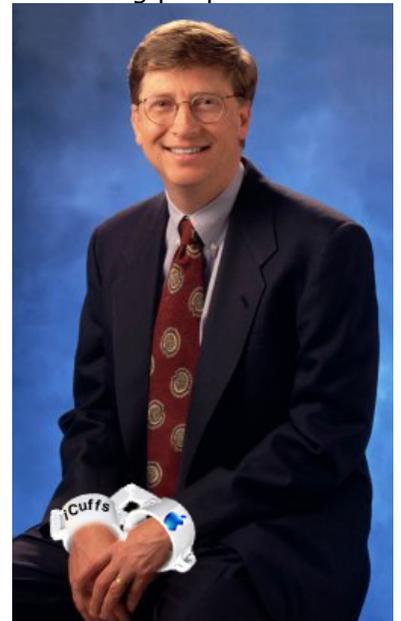
Of course, HSP is an independent news magazine and strives for balanced coverage of important issues, so we collected a source who claimed he only had good things to say about Gates – Steve Jobs: "Why that no good lying sack of shit. It's about time they busted his plagiarizing, monopolizing ass! I'm thinking of committing a pathetic, easily discovered, white collar crime just so I can go to jail and break off a cafeteria tray in his..."

Despite wide based enmity against him, Gates was unfazed. "What? You think I'm scared of prison? I've been enslaving humans in a world defined by a crash happy operating system, inflexible software, and annoying automatic updates since the early eighties. And besides that, I own prison! You know how many cartons of cigarettes you can buy for \$100 billion? No, me neither, but I bet it's a fuckload!"

Apparently the Department of Corrections had different ideas, and in preparation for Gates' arrival at an undisclosed ninth degree maximum security fortress, they've been systematically starving inmates and beating them with effigies of the erstwhile hypocritical philanthropist. When the warden was asked if it was likely that Gates would be immediately torn apart as if ravaged by a pack of rabid hyenas, he declined to comment and continued watching the first half of the *Shawshank Redemption*, leaving the beginning of the DVD on repeat.

Only time will tell if Gates makes it through to trial, but analysts predict that competitors including Macintosh and Mozilla Firefox will do their best to take advantage of Gates' absence. Added Mozilla spokesman Bob Doors, "Firefox 1.1 is so going to beat the living shit out of Internet Explorer 7. It will be like Mike Tyson in his prime against Michael Jackson after his crime. Take that Big Brother."

Insult to injury was added by a single laptop left in Gates' cell that crashed every time he attempted to use a keyboard shortcut and the confiscation of a 10 foot Ethernet cable that Gates had tied into some sort of oversized fishing knot. Despite his original bravado, three weeks into his incarceration, Gates' cell walls were seen peppered with ones and zeroes scrawled in his own blood, most likely counting the days in binary. 



"Kiss my 30 to 100 billion dollar ass"

COMMUNITY ADVISORY



Cambridge, MA

The following are not some of the incidents reported to the Harvard University Police Department (HUPD) for the week ending Sunday, February 27. The official log is not located at Police Headquarters, 29 Garden St., nor in the woods of Northern Massachusetts, near a quiet, clear pond where the blissful tranquility astounds even the most cynical, tortured souls. Please do not alter your day-to-day behavior in any way, although it is suggested that you generally avoid streets, buildings, outdoors, indoors, and all locations within the observable universe.

By Harvard Cop

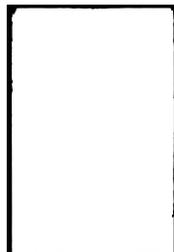
Feb. 20: Two groups of squirrels reported fighting in the yard. Both parties, excepting the deceased, fled before HUPD arrived on scene. HUPD to coordinate investigation with MIT police, who have dealt with similar safety issues in the past with both disgruntled and grunted tech slaves. Three books, a backpack, and a life-size Wilford Brimley doll reported stolen from Holyoke Center. Report received of an invisible chicken pecking at student's feet near the intersection of Mass. Ave. and Quincy St.



Feb. 21: A box of crackers was reported stolen from Harvard University Dining Services. HUPD responded and State Police detectives were called in to assist with the investigation. A dog was reported barking loudly for fifteen minutes inside a locker in Dudley House. Upon investigation, HUPD discovered that it was not an actual dog, but an electronic toy dog that had gone berserk due to an unexplained, local magnetic field anomaly. Similar considerations explained last month's unexpected solar flare peak. A laptop computer and two pairs of socks were stolen from Lamont Library. Unidentified asses grabbed. Asses subsequently identified.

Feb. 22: A giant hamster was reported to be on the rampage in the science center. Cambridge police responded but found nothing upon investigation. A delicious odor was reported coming from the back of the Harvard Hillel dining hall.

Feb. 24: A student in the computer science department was arrested on a warrant after his advisor's office had been sealed shut with bricks the night before. Two large bags of Marijuana, some IV tubing, and thirty five bottles of Robitussin were reported stolen from University Health Services. A horse was reported stolen from University Agricultural Services. The ghost of Lucius Littauer was arrested for trespassing in Loker Commons. HUPD reported unsuccessful use of ectoplasm handcuffs followed by a partially successful use of nuclear proton beam trap. Officers on the scene made extra sure not to cross the streams.



Before

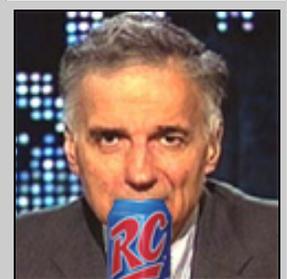
After

Feb. 26: Giant hamster spotted on roof of Memorial Church, asked to leave by HUPD. President Summers accidentally arrested, then released, then accidentally arrested again. Three leather shoes and a box of Kix cereal box (kid tested, mother approved) were reported stolen from Adams House. Staircase reported stolen from Dudley House.

Feb. 27: Police log reported stolen, 4:19pm. Police log retrieved, 4:23pm. Several entries found to be slightly changed. Police log stolen again, 6:30pm. As of 9:45pm, log's whereabouts unknown.

Log found today in local humor magazine. Police not amused. 🚔

STILLS



Ralph Nader Endorses RC Cola



Lovable Cartoon Mouse Mysteriously Transformed into Freakish Cactus Plant



Little Sprite guy Miles Thirst tries to trick out wrong dude's ride



New White Supremacist Sect Focuses on Albino Worship



Toaster Box Steals Bike, Loses Breath, Puts Down Kick Stand

## CORPORATE WATCH

# Wishing Fountains Soon to Accept Personal Checks



By B.S. Pile

**Boston, MA** – The North End of Boston, with its rich Italian influence, has been long known as one of the premier spots for wishing fountains. Wishing fountains, for the benefit of our people-living-under-a-rock readership, are fountains to which, by tradition, you make a wish (without telling anyone) and throw in a coin.

Mr. Enrico Tagliattini, a sixty-something local union rep for the Wishing Fountain and Well Coin Collectors of America (WFWCCA), expressed in a recent interview his anger at the plummeting buying power of small change.

“When my great-grandfather co-founded the WFWCCA over a hundred years ago, a red cent was worth something. A nickel could buy you the Sunday newspaper or a shave at the corner barbershop. Today, the coins I collect from an entire fountain aren’t even enough to pay the dry cleaners. It’s just not the way it used to be.” Mr. Tagliattini, with a little sparkle in his eye, bemused how all this might soon change.

“The Silicon Valley chapter of the WFWCCA has put together a wonderful plan for wiring up all the wishing fountains and wishing wells in a nation-wide secure network, which will allow patrons to use credit cards and deposit personal checks in ATM-like machines. Assuming we will get the federal support for installing the required infrastructure, this system could be up and running within 5 years.”

With a little more speculative excitement and technical savvy than you would expect from a soon-to-retire, blue collar worker, Mr. Tagliattini ruffled through a dog-eared prospectus that was apparently given out in the WFWCCA annual meeting in Philadelphia last week. “You see,” said Mr. Tagliattini, pointing a shaky finger at a technical diagram, “The payment stations will be water powered and interconnected via a 256-bit key encrypted TCP/IP socket layer to a satellite born backbone. They will be able to handle anything from 1-cent micro-payments up to million dollar money orders, for all those really heavy-duty wishes. And the most exciting part is that it is globally scalable. Do you know how many wells they have in Africa? Millions, and that’s not even counting the alligator-infested water holes. Needless to say, the potential is nothing short of mind boggling.”



Elephants cautiously keep their distance from the water hole’s resident alligator, evidently infesting the area from somewhere outside the frame. “Hey, isn’t that \$1.25?,” remarked the elephant on the left. “Oh you mean the T-token”, said the alligator. “Dibs!”

But not everyone in the world of wishing fountain and bottom-of-the-well coin collecting is happy about this new development. Picketing outside of the North End regional headquarters of the WFWCCA are a small yet vocal group of anti-globalization protesters. The organizer, Mbutu Mbamba, agreed to an interview only after completing his 100<sup>th</sup> shout-at-a-passer-by quota. “I’ve slaved all my life for the WFWCCA chapter of Zaire. Now, not only did they change the name of my country to something as silly as the Democratic Republic of the Congo, they’ve also downsized me. It was *my* job to collect the coins at the bottom of alligator-infested water holes. It wasn’t glamorous, but it was a living. Now with plans to install these automated cyber gizmos, I was told that my services would no longer be required. So with nothing to lose, I cashed out all my savings and came here, to a foreign land where nose hairs freeze, to tell the planet once and for all that we will no longer stand for such cruel first-world exploitation.”

And so the modernization debate rages on. Only a fool or an economist would attempt to speculate at its outcome. Personally, as I inspect this lovely fountain in historic downtown Boston, philanthropically parting with the change from my last purchase, I am saddened by the thought that such places will never again be the serene and peaceful wish-making venues they once were. Wait a second, is that someone’s Citibank/American Airlines frequent flyer mileage card? How about that. I’ve been wishing for one of those for weeks. 🇺🇸



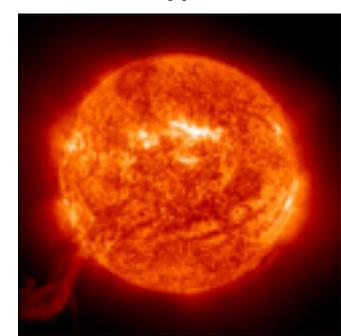
A typical fountain harboring 63 pennies, 10 nickels, and some clearly counterfeit Canadian pesos.



**STILLS**



**Red Sox Fans Ask NASA to Change Moon's Orbit, Ensuring Eclipse During Next World Series Appearance**



**Unidentified Giant Ball of Fire Seen Floating in Sky**

**DIGITAL EDGE**

**"Link is Dead"**

These words were first uttered in recent memory by my friend Daniel, who will remain nameless, in a tragicomic and – like the proverbial hamster in the microwave – ultimately doomed attempt to vicariously enjoy the pleasures of sex tourism in developing countries through the fictitious web portal:

[http://www.thaihouseofsex.co.th/rates/entirehouse/biweekly/fullpackage\\_desc.html](http://www.thaihouseofsex.co.th/rates/entirehouse/biweekly/fullpackage_desc.html)

Ironically, Daniel's failed attempt to even remotely exploit young men and women of working-class backgrounds in economically depressed parts of Southeast Asia is correlated with a very real and tragic tragedy in the land of Hyrule.

Link, hero of the popular Nintendo game "The Legend of Zelda," was found dead early this morning, discovered by his nemesis, Ganon, an 8 to 16 bit villain who craves to plunge the world into fear and darkness under his rule. Ironically, according to the coroner, the evil overlord himself could not claim responsibility for the death of his rival. The cause of death was deemed to be septic shock, which occurred after Link apparently fell down a secret staircase – revealed to him after burning down a magical tree – and landed in a pool of industrial waste from a fictitious pharmaceutical plant that wasn't actually supposed to be part of the enchanted forest but somehow was inserted by the programmers for no apparent reason.



Ganon, whose spirit returned from the outer darkness after Link's untimely demise, finally had his long-awaited revenge for having been killed by Link over 8,000,000 times in games played across the U.S. and Japan, as he taunted the corpse. "Are you a bitch?" Ganon asked rhetorically, standing over his opponent and kicking the dead body. "Just what I thought," he continued, walking away and feigning disgust, "Nothing but a mother-fucking bitch." After the incident, Ganon returned to Death Mountain and was unavailable for comment. However, his evil minions noted that their lives would now be much easier, as it would no longer be necessary to go through the hassle of lighting the Three Flames of Destruction, Sorrow, and Despair in order to resurrect their master. 🇺🇸

## MINI NEWS

**Controversy Mounts Over Comments by Harvard President Larry Summers**

A wave of criticism has been building at Harvard University over some comments uttered by University President Larry Summers as he tried to ascribe suspicious tenure rate discrepancies to innate biological differences. According to several sources, who did not request anonymity but are receiving it nonetheless because their names are hard to pronounce, Summers gave the following remarks at a recent socio-economic research conference.

"We must consider the possibility that there are fewer undead professors at Harvard because of intrinsic biological differences. I mean, seriously, the living simply have more time to devote to academic research and consistently score higher on standardized math and science tests than the deceased. I could be completely wrong here, but studies of identical heads severed at birth seem to clearly bear this thesis out. Listen, I sincerely wish the problem was based on socialization alone, and of course, I fundamentally respect and admire the undead on the faculty here – especially in light of all the years of social injustice and oppression they've had to endure – but clearly zombies have other concerns on their minds, for example, their innate drive to consume the flesh of living, tenured science professors who are at least 4-5 standard deviations above the mean."

A zombie from MIT stormed out of the conference in protest (or rather shuffled out with a maximum of scary and incomprehensible mumbling) and the next day Summers received a scathing letter from the Skeleton Overlord of Tufts: "It is a travesty that at Harvard, a university with such a fine reputation and excess of intelligent and delectable brains, there could still exist such archaic joie de vivreism. Outrageous!" As undead assistant professor of astronomy Maxine Anderson explained to HSP, "I figured tenure would have been settled after my third Nobel prize for the Thorne-Hawking-Anderson wormhole time machine, but it turns out that I'm a little better at predicting quantum gravitational corrections to the Kerr-Newman metric than department politics. On the bright side, at least they've still got me on the payroll," added Anderson, as she finished off the lower part of a graduate student's leg as punishment for failing his quals. 🇺🇸

**FDA Withdraws Soma**

In a brave new move that surprised the shit out of global uber pharmaceutical giants Pfizer, Merck, GlaxoSmithKline, Novartis, Amgen, and Astra Zeneca, the United States Food and Drug Administration (FDA) recently announced the complete withdrawal of Soma, the much heralded wonder drug that alphas, betas, and gammas alike have been popping for decades for anything from minor anxiety to severe head injuries.



"Although Soma has long been touted as having all the advantages of Christianity and alcohol and none of their defects," noted Dr. Randolph G. Friedman of UC San Diego's newly endowed Kavli Cardiac Research Center, "unfortunately, it turns out that the drug results in a minor increase in the risk of heart disease amongst 40-70 year old men and women with at least one a cat or a screenplay in preparation."

"It's a real buzz kill what the FDA did," added U.S. Surgeon General Vice Admiral Richard H. Carmona, M.D., M.P.H., F.A.C.S, N.B.A, B.B.C, "I've been dropping Soma pills like they were breath mints since 1965. Guess I'll have to rough it for a while and prescribe myself some codeine until this whole mess washes over."

After the recent voluntary withdrawal of Vioxx – a widely used Cox-II inhibitor designed to relieve chronic joint pain, inflammation, and arthritis symptoms – by prominent drug maker Merck, the pharmaceutical industry itself has been feeling the pains of mounting economic pressure. Merck itself added, "A gramme is better than a damn, and I'll be damned if I let all this delicious Soma go to waste. And it's not just the inhuman, multi-national corporation in me worrying frantically about my own teetering financial existence. Think of all the people out there."

Indeed, without her Soma, area woman Lenina Orwell was left to face the horrors of suburban Denver unaided. Until further research is able to identify a suitable replacement drug, doctors recommend doubling the dose of the well known shorter lasting, lower potency, drugs, Dozabrex, Napsomor, or Snoozextra. 🇺🇸



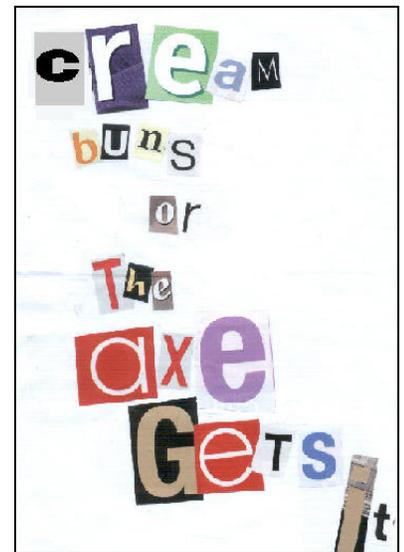
**One of one undead Professors in the Harvard Physics Department, just a few key papers shy of tenure. Or at least that's what the department chair has said since 1985.**

## MINI NEWS

**Terrorist's Demands Getting Ridiculous**

Beslan, Chechnya - *Note found outside Russian school.*

"325 children, 27 adult teaching staff hostages to be released pending the following conditions. I demand a fully fueled helicopter, diplomatic immunity in all nations, and a secure wireless connection. I further demand hard currency consisting of one and a quarter million Swiss Francs, a harem of pleasure girls, and that one new game on Play Station 2 with the car racing. I demand J. Lo. I demand 10 cheeseburgers every day for the rest of my life. I demand no onions. I demand that they change the U.S. \$20 bill back to the old design. I demand Play-Doh, lots of it, and a nuclear submarine for my cousin Viktor and his band of mercenary pseudo-nationalists after they are released from your top security prison-island north of the Arctic circle. I demand that string theorists finally figure out a way to test their theory via experiment, and that SETI immediately detect comprehensible signals from a nearby, advanced, extra-terrestrial civilization. And finally, in conclusion, I demand world peace, brotherly love, and good will towards all humankind. If these demands are met, precisely, without trickery, within the hour, I swear solemnly on the graves of my honored ancestors that no one will be hurt." 🇷🇺

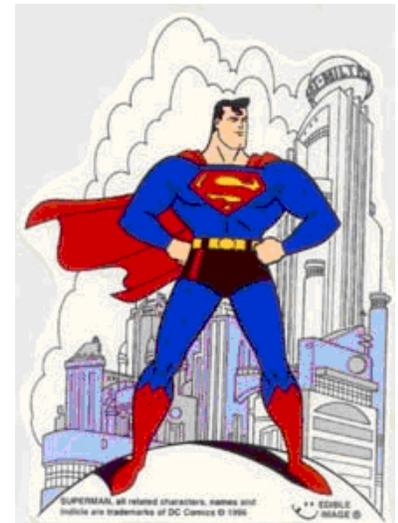
**Saddam Reportedly Growing Rabbit Ears**

Washington D.C. – Saddam Hussein, once Iraq's brutal dictator has, for the past year or so, been locked up in a secret jail somewhere in the world. Though this may be nothing more than a D.C. cocktail joke gone out of control, supposedly, the exact location of Hussein's whereabouts are said to be so undisclosed that even the wardens responsible for him and Dick Cheney aren't sure where they are. But I digress. A recent leak from a source placed highly in the federal department of corrections, (i.e. somewhere near the top of the building), has revealed that Mr. Saddam Hussein – who is increasingly being referred to by his new pet name Sadi – is apparently growing rabbit ears. This anatomical marvel has completely befuddled the handful of medical specialists allowed to examine him. As one of the doctors recently told HSP, "...off the record, this new phenomenon with ol' Sadi has really befuddled us. Sure, he's not in a five-star hotel, but that's no reason to start turning into an herbivore on us." The doctor went on to express his fears of the political fallout that is now expected. Indeed we now hear of plans from both the EU and the International Red Cross to convene an emergency press conference to express their outrage that the erstwhile warlord/dictator is not being housed in an environment where his auditory appendages would be free from unexplained animal transformations. 🇲🇪

**Superman Being Investigated By INS**

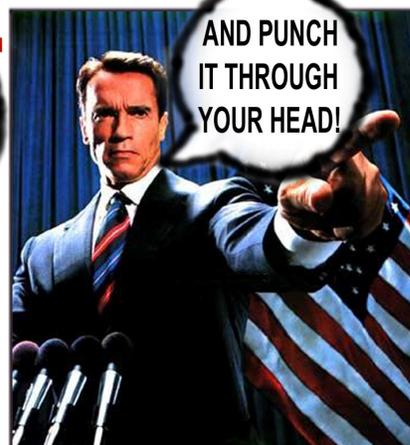
Smallville, USA – The U.S Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) has launched today a full investigation into the validity of Clark Kent's U.S. citizenship. Following Kent's arrest, INS spokesman Captain America gave a short statement to the press while casually brandishing a broadsword crafted from solid Kryptonite.

"I am personally disgusted at the vast conspiracy that has been surrounding Mr. Kent's legal status for so many years. Almost all of the people we so far interviewed admit to have known for years that Mr. Kent (a.k.a. Superman) was not born on U.S. soil, nor did he have American parents, and yet none of them chose to alert the authorities of his illegal residence. It was only with a recent tip from one L. Luthor that this matter finally came to our attention. It must be made absolutely clear that after the 9/11 attacks, we can no longer afford to tolerate illegal aliens hiding among us. For all we know he may be part of a sleeper cell, planted by some Islamic terrorist group. Being a superhero and saving the world countless times is no excuse for not going through the proper immigration procedures as dictated by the law." 🇺🇸





# Feel like procrastinating?



## HSP SPRING ISSUE OUT NOW!

Look for it around campus...or if you're too lazy, just look underneath this piece of paper.

# HSP Wants You!



The Harvard Satyrical Press accepts submissions from both Harvard *graduate* and *undergraduate* students.



To be added to our e-mail list, submit, or inquire about joining our staff, contact us at: [hsp@hcs.harvard.edu](mailto:hsp@hcs.harvard.edu)



Check out our archives online at the newly re-designed:

[www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)

**HSP SPECIAL REPORT**

**OTHER NEWS**

**STILLS**



## Iraq Declared "Safest Place in the World in the Event of a Hurricane"

Following the recent string of overwhelmingly devastating hurricanes around the globe, as a public service, the Bush Administration... (p. 6)

## Bush Unveils New Gulf-Coast Reconstruction Plan, Promotes Leadership Role for Pirate Sector

The Bush administration announced today that the Gulf Coast will be rebuilt, not via direct relief from the federal government.... (p. 7)



## Phun With Photoshop

- MBTA Transit Watch... (8)
- Holy Shit! Paris Hilton Naked... (12)
- Top 10 Ways to Get Turned to Stone... (13)

**LETTER FROM THE EDITOR**

**Why Adidas Should Be Paying Me, and Other Rants...** (p. 4)

**MINI NEWS** (p. 14-15)

- \*Following Advice from HGWISE, President Summers to Become a Woman
- \*Network Hopes "Middle Class Cattle Drive" Will Be Hit with Viewers
- \*Populace Rests Easier Now That Math Problem Solved
- \*Gay Terror Alert Updated to Perrywinkle
- \*Area Students Make Pizza Delivery History



## Britney Spears Converts to Islam

In a press release this Tuesday, Britney Spears confirmed rumors that she has indeed converted to Islam. According to friends, Spears became interested in spiritual matters after becoming... (p. 9)



Britney Spears

## Bush Administration to Begin Oil Drilling From Baby Harp Seals



Recently, there have been rumours leaked to HSP that the Bush administration has plans to extend its Arctic Wildlife vendetta.... (p. 10)

## Scientists Find Source of Light at End of Tunnel

At a late September press conference, a group of M.I.T. and Harvard astrophysicists announced a startling discovery that pushes the boundaries of the once taboo field of afterlife research.... (p. 5)



## Where Did the Day Go?

Have you ever caught yourself at the end of a day, wondering where all the hours went? If so, then you're not alone.... (p. 12)

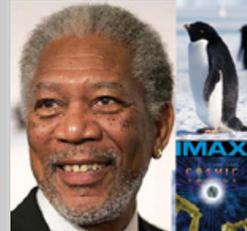


## Yasser Arafat Spotted in Tulsa Wal-Mart

Within weeks of his supposed death in a Paris military hospital.... (p. 11)



**A Little Something For the Holidays - Application for the position of Department Store Santa Claus...** (p. 13)



Morgan Freeman Announces Plans to Narrate Everything From Now On



Salt Lake City Offers to Host Mardi Gras



Supreme Court Vacancy to Be Filled by Large Pile of McDonalds Balls



Boy, Age 3, Wins Ultimate Joke Contest.



After Losing Bet With Pumpkins, Watermelons Agree to Take Care of Halloween This Year

Answer to Last Week's Trivia Question.

No.

**SOME RIGHTS RESERVED**

This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons License](http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/2.5/)  
Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.5

The Harvard Satirical Press is an official student organization of the Graduate School of Arts & Sciences (GSAS) and is the only official graduate student humor magazine at Harvard. We thank the Graduate Student Council (GSC) for generously helping to fund our publication. The Harvard Satirical Press is not intended for readers under 18 years of age. And if you haven't figured it out already, this is satire, and the opinions herein obviously do not necessarily represent the opinions of Harvard University, the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, or even the writers. Whether they constitute opinions at all is also debatable. But that's just your opinion...Andrew Friedman, October 2005



**Editor In Chief** Andrew Friedman  
*Warrior King of Zamunda*

**Senior Editor** Christopher Night  
*Lord of Most Things*

**Senior Editor** Jonathan Devor  
*Sergeant At Arms*

**Treasurer** Kamson Lai  
*Canadian Hockey Powerhouse*

**Senior Editor** Justin Bernstein  
*The Man Behind, or Just to the Left of, the Throne*

**Graphics**

**Head President**

## Submissions

HSP accepts submissions from both Harvard graduate and undergraduate students. See our submission and editorial policies at [www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com). Send submissions to [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com).

## HSP Wants You!

HSP is looking for staff writers, editors, graphic/web designers, and students with advertising/business experience. We are also looking for our bike.

## Advertise With HSP

By advertising with HSP, your business will have an opportunity to reach a large number of undergraduate and graduate students for a reasonable price. See our advertising rates and distribution information at [www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)

## Donate to HSP

HSP needs your support. If you feel our mission of spreading laughter like the plague is worthy, please send donations to the address below.

## Contact

Contact us for submissions, staff positions, advertising, or donations, by e-mail [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com) or by mail: Harvard Satirical Press, Dudley House, Lehman Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA 02138, C/O Andrew Friedman, Editor in Chief

**Staff Writers**

Lydia Bean  
*Lonely Texas Democrat*

W. Tyler Gibson  
*Author of Neuromancer*

Kurt Gray  
*Reuters Foreign Despondent*

Richard Johnson  
*The not-so-Artful Dodger*

Dan Levenson  
*Former U.S. Ambassador to Lilliput*

Gordon Ritter  
*Schrödinger's Stringy Red Cat*

**Staff Editors**

Peter Doshi  
*Minister of Theory*

Nick Kapur  
*Past Man*

Bassam Komati  
*Too Cool For Adobe InDesign School*

Minh Le  
*Body Double for Winona Ryder*

Kaisey Mandel  
*Funnier Than Howie*

## Contributors

<b>Ania Bulska</b> <i>The Bulska</i>	<b>Ben Lee</b> <i>Cash Money</i>
<b>Simon Conway</b> <i>The Law</i>	<b>Na'ama Pat-El</b> <i>Mama Na'ama / Termina'ama</i>
<b>Pilita Danesh</b> <i>Pocahottie</i>	<b>Jonathan Ruel</b> <i>Mocks Principles</i>
<b>Friedman</b> <i>Adult Film Student</i>	<b>Charis Tsiairis</b> <i>The Tourist</i>
<b>Jay Gabler</b> <i>Apiculturist</i>	<b>Ernst Van Nierop</b> <i>Fermented Fluid Mechanic</i>
<b>Sabrina Hom</b> <i>The Little Witch</i>	<b>Mark Winkler</b> <i>The St. Louis Marathon</i>
<b>Greg Jones</b> <i>God Emperor of Iraaqis</i>	<b>Will Yuen</b> <i>Fully Canadyuen</i>
<b>Dan Jafferis</b> <i>Twine Theorist</i>	<b>Mariano Zimmler</b> <i>Buenos "Lasers"</i>



**PRINTING and DOCUMENT SERVICES**



**PIP Printing**

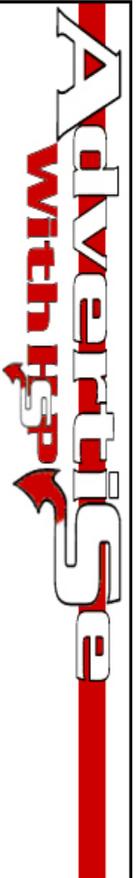
337 Cambridge Street  
Cambridge, MA 02141  
Phone 617-547-6919  
Fax 617-864-3744  
info@pipcambridge.com

Since 1436, **PIP Printing** has been printing, well, just about everything...

In fact, we printed the newspaper you read this morning, the pants you're wearing, and this entire magazine. We at **PIP Printing** hope you enjoy this issue of the Harvard Satirical Press and think of us next time you feel like printing a friend...



We look forward to printing the rest of your day...



**If you are already shopping at The COOP, it really makes sense to become a COOP member. Members received 6% of their purchases back last year. Sign up today at**



[www.thecoop.com](http://www.thecoop.com)

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

# Why Adidas Should be Paying Me, and Other Rants



The Editorator

I'll admit, I wear a lot of Adidas. But when it comes down to it, I don't really know why. The whole three stripes thing has its aesthetic appeal, for sure, but it does seem rather arbitrary. Knock-off shoes with two or four stripes seem just as pleasing to the eye. Even so, I still sometimes find myself wearing outfits consisting almost entirely of Adidas. Evidently, I have somehow been indoctrinated with the idea that items of this particular brand are cool, and as a result, I have continually purchased their apparel, and effectively acted as a walking advertisement for the better part of the past two decades. When questioned or complimented by friends on this fashion choice, I used to joke that I had a \$250,000 a year endorsement deal with them for Ultimate Frisbee. But now I'm not kidding. Hear me now, Oh German athletic clothing manufacturer, for I, Andrew Samuel Friedman demand to be compensated!

In all seriousness, consider the massive trick that has been played on us in regard to brand name clothing. For the mere addition of some arbitrary embroidered logo, we pay far more than the textile and labor costs (never mind who's kid is doing the labor), and turn our chests, backs, and foreheads into person-sized cotton or wool billboards. And we do this willingly. If the Coca Cola corporation asked us to paint their logo on our garage door, and also pay them four thousand dollars for the privilege, we'd pee in our pants laughing. Yet with our actual pants, more often than not, we aren't so smart.

Thank god brand name houses and renting ads on the insides of our eyelids haven't caught on yet. Unfortunately, I can't say the same for athletic stadiums, college scholarship funds, and nations in the unfortunate position of not being very powerful.

Recognizing the brainwashing we've undergone through advertising and the media is one thing, but undoing it is

## Truth In Advertising



Not Photoshopped

another all together. I can't get it out of my head that Adidas is awesome. My Adidas soccer cleats are clearly way cooler than Nike ones, duh. I've internalized this to the point that it is simply obvious to me. One time, in high school, I lost a bet and had to shave the Adidas logo into my Goatee and wear it around school for a day. Even now, I still get a kick out of it. What the hell is wrong with me?

And advertising is just the tip of the iceberg. In our, largely-free, American society, where governmental coercive force is reserved mostly for the urban poor, individuals who look different, and innocent people in other countries, most Americans are kept in check in ways more subtle than the political can of whoop-ass which has been the standard for most of history. With sound and motion picture added in, today's media is now mightier than the pen or the sword.

Just from watching television news, for example, one gets the impression that U.S. citizens are almost all cops, lawyers, murderer, or victims, and that 95% of all events are crimes or tragedies. When examining the seemingly harmless topics that co-dominate the air time, we find celebrity relationship problems, who's hot and who got fat, and any kind of scandal involving anyone of supposed importance. We're supposed to be afraid of Al Quaida, Pandemic Flu, Drugs, Nukes and our neighbors, and at the same time, afraid that we're too poor, too unattractive, or too unsuccessful for American standards. The corporate-government media today is, unfortunately, not the vanguard of truth, but an art form of thoroughly entertaining distraction, skillfully designed to encourage our own selfishness, fears, and insecurities, while stressing the futility of caring about or improving the lives of other human beings, most especially those who are noticeably different from us. Propaganda, in all its forms, has never been more sophisticated.

Ultimately, in our euphemistically infatuated, politically correct age, the word Propaganda – with all its negative Nazi-esque connotations – has simply been renamed to Public Relations. When confronted with such power, it behooves us to develop our own bullshit detectors so we can read between the lines like media savvy Jedi. Mine is still under construction.

At the small scale level of fabric, I have at least learned to recognize that I like certain clothes for no good reason. This is a far cry from deconstructing and challenging some of the more basic things that I take for granted, but at least it's a start. Am I still going to wear Adidas? Probably. But if you can figure out how I can learn to un-like them, I'll buy you a Guinness or a Newcastle, depending on which beer you think you like better.



SCIENCE AND RELIGION

# Scientists Find Source of Light at End of Tunnel



First high resolution Image of portal to the afterlife. Credit: Harvard-Smithsonian center for AssTrophysics

CAMBRIDGE, MA  
 At a late September press conference, a group of M.I.T. and Harvard astrophysicists announced a startling discovery that pushes the boundaries of the once taboo field of afterlife research. After years of searching for the explanation behind the so called white light at the end of the

tunnel, an almost universally common feature reported by patients after surviving near death experiences, it appears that science has finally solved the puzzle, although not without some controversy. According to Dr. Mara Chen, lead scientist for the project, "After detailed spectral analysis, and sophisticated computer modeling of the data, we've come to the preliminary, but firm conclusion that, the light is due to a fairly common, but unexpected, terrestrial source. It appears that the so-called white light is just from the extremely pale ass of an unidentified, naked Scandinavian man."

After consulting the Department of Homeland Security's comprehensive global ass database, the man was identified as Oslo native Jan Thorstengard, a 37 year old computer programmer, unmarried, but "definitely on the market", according to friends and coworkers. When pressed, Thorstengard could offer no explanation as to why he was there in the tunnel, how long he had been there, where his clothes were, or why the only women he ever met were 96 year old cancer patients or teenagers who had been in recent car accidents.

According to independent measurements obtained from a network of space satellites, the albedo, or reflectivity, of Thorstengard's buttocks was measured to be nearly 98%, far surpassing any gluteal properties yet recorded by science. After seeing it with her own eyes, Chen also told HSP, "That's the whitest tush I've ever seen. I haven't seen that much male ass since I watched Y Tu Mama Tambien with my cousin last week."

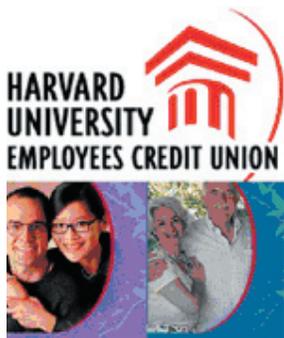
"All these years," noted Mass General Hospital ER doctor Andrew Nelson, "we've been convinced it was merely oxygen deprivation of the brain combined with social and religious pre-conditioning, but it turns out we were way off. Who the hell could have known it was some dude's extremely untanned buttocks."

But not everyone was fully satisfied. Reverend James Watson of Buffalo, NY claimed that not enough had been done to correct for potential systematic errors that could confound the measurement, such as gravitational lensing of heaven based photons around Mr. Thorstengard's gluteal region. "Until that man gets himself down from there, and we actually measure the gravitational properties of his...well, you know...then we have no chance of obtaining a reliable spectrum of the afterlife. For all we know, Mr. Thorstengard could be directly in the optical path of an obvious spectrum of St. Peter himself."

Until such confirmation is achieved, scientists ask that people near death examine the scene carefully, and make a reasonable attempt to remember what happened, provided they are able to find a way to not die. Added Chen, "Now that we know what to look for - and believe me people, that thing is hard to miss - it shouldn't be too difficult to resolve one of the most profound questions of existence once and for all. I don't know about you, but I sleep better at night knowing what to expect when I pass from this world."



STILLS



Local Bank Found to Actually Be Front for Raging Whorehouse



Fruits Found To Be First Sporting Equipment, Claims Recent Harvard Study



90% of Things You Thought You Lost, Actually Just in Your Pants, According to Study



## HSP SPECIAL REPORT

# Iraq Declared "Safest Place in the World in the Event of a Hurricane", According to Bush Administration

WASHINGTON, DC

Following the recent string of overwhelmingly devastating hurricanes around the globe, as a public service, the Bush Administration has made a point of identifying regions most likely to avoid such natural calamities. Topping the list for the globe's most hurricane-safe zones were Antarctica, Central Australia, and with the highest rating, the location deemed the "Safest Place in the World in the Event of a Hurricane", was announced to be none other than the New Democratic Republic of Iraq, according to White House spokesman Scott McClellan, this past week. McClellan elaborated at a follow-up press conference.

"Many Americans have been disappointed with FEMA's handling of the recent disaster relief for Hurricane Katrina, in Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana. Critics of this administration's disaster preparedness frequently cite the lack of available National Guard and Reserve personnel on the scene in New Orleans, many of whom are serving honorably overseas. This disappointment is understandable, if a bit misguided. As such, the President has come up with a four point plan to effectively enhance the relief effort for the refugees of New Orleans, and at the same time, bring democracy directly to Iraq. Starting this Christmas, all displaced citizens, independent of race or financial status, will be airlifted free of charge to civilian relocation centers in Al Nasiriyah, Fallujah, and downtown Baghdad."

Displaced New Orleans carpenter Marcus Jameson shared his reactions with HSP. "At first I was a little taken aback by the idea, having gotten comfortable on my cot on the 45th yard line of the Astrodome. However, upon reflection, I figured it was preferable to go someplace where there exists at least a marginally viable public infrastructure." Added, Tulane freshmen Mandy Jacobsen, "Thanks to the hard work of our active duty troops, civilian contractors, the Red Cross, and of course, the over 50,000 National Guard and Reserved forces stationed in Iraq, at least



**There's Absolutely No Need To Worry. Everything is Under Control. Seriously.**

if there is some freak hurricane in the Middle East, the disaster relief experts and most of their equipment will already be right there. And besides, with a bunch of patriotic civilians like ourselves hanging around, it will be hard for our democratic ways not to rub off on the Iraqis. My dad thinks Baghdad will be holding completely free elections by next Christmas, as long as the New Orleansians have some say in the ruling council, of course. It's our home too, you know."

New Orleans Mayor C. Ray Nagin himself remained skeptical. "I'm all for airlifting supplies to people with their city effectively under the sea," explained Nagin, "but I'm a little bit iffy on airlifting people to supplies overseas. And speaking of airlifting, it would be nice if FEMA started dropping relevant relief supplies like food and blankets. With so much of our infrastructure already damaged by the biblical style flooding, the city isn't exactly in need of so many pianos dropped from a thousand feet." Iraqi prime minister Iyad Allawi also expressed some concerns in Arabic, which translated to something like, "You've got to be kidding me?"

According to Department of Homeland Security Chief Michael Chertoff, the thousands of National Guardsmen and women stationed in Iraq, including over 3,000 from New Orleans, were actually helping to prevent hurricanes at home. "Although most people are inclined to think of Hurricanes Katrina, Rita, and Wilma as "natural" disasters," began Chertoff, "the DOHS may have intelligence indicating that the recent increased frequency and strength of Category 5 storms might possibly be linked, in theory, to an experimental Russian hurricane-generating space weapon left over from the Cold War, which may conceivably have been acquired by someone connected to Al Quaida. Clearly then, our military should be in Iraq, fighting hurricanes at their source."

The President himself added a final comment, "Although we couldn't bring the national guard home in time to Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama – you know how short-notice these national disasters are – we sure as hell can bring the disaster to Iraq. By Jesus, if that doesn't justify our conquest to spread democracy, freedom, and hurricane preparedness to the Middle East, I don't know what does."

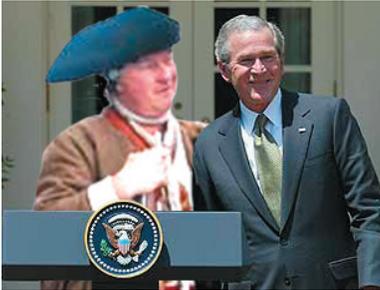


**Mike, I never saw nothin' like that when I was in the National Guard that one week**



HSP SPECIAL REPORT

# Bush Unveils Gulf Coast Reconstruction Plan, Promotes Leadership Role for the Pirate Sector



*FORBIDDEN WATERS, SOMEWHERE IN THE CARIBBEAN*

The Bush administration announced today that the Gulf Coast will be rebuilt, not via direct relief from the federal government, but through the dynamism of the free market. "Tax-and-spend

Democrats have called on this administration to rebuild New Orleans," said Bush, in the morning press conference. "But we all know that government is the problem, not the solution. For leadership in the reconstruction effort, we need to look to the Pirate Sector."

Key members of the Pirate Sector were called on to comment. "Ay, matey!" agreed Captain Blackbeard, swinging his hook in approval. "It's high time those mangy landlubbers came to us for help. We've been pillaging up and down the Gulf Coast for years! Now it's arrrrrrrr turn to give something back to the community. Did ye get that, matey? I want to make sure the "R" sound bite is represented faithfully in print. If ye takes me remarks out of context one wee bit, a curse shall be cast upon all your booty, and I'll make ye walk the plank so fast, you'll be swimming with more sharks than me stockbroker."

Although its financial role in the region has traditionally received little coverage in the mainstream media, The



Pirate Sector represents a vibrant economy that stretches across the islands of the Gulf Coast and into the Caribbean. Pirates rarely contribute tax revenue, since their operations are all offshore. However, in

recent years, politicians have developed many Public-Pirate Partnerships, involving innovative collaborations with the sea-based business community.

In his statement to the press, Bush took a strong stand against "the looters who took advantage of the post-Katrina chaos to prey on the innocent." The Pirate community also expressed their disgust. "Shiver me timbers," groaned Enrico the Terrible. "The looting in New Orleans truly broke my heart. Such amateurism! Those people clearly lack the

life skills they need to make it on the High Seas. That why with our new mentoring program, the Cabin Boys and Girls Club, we'll reach out to those young people, to teach them how to rape and pillage like True Pirates!"

Bob Williams, a Certified Pirate Accountant, agreed with President Bush. "My heart goes out to the victims of Katrina. But we don't need Big Government to do our work for us, nay! We Pirates will lead the Arrr-mies of Compassion to bring hope and healing to the Gulf Coast. And if ye think ye don't want help from a bunch of filthy sea barbarians like ourselves, just see what deal ye'd be getting from our competitors." Indeed, other members of the offshore business community such as Haliburton and Bechtel are currently optimizing how to profit from the relief efforts, and welcomed the idea of working again with an administration that seemed to share so many of their operational principles.



# Proper Gender

## Everyday ways to be prepared.



If instead of seeing terrorists everywhere you normally see a green arrow walking up a staircase with four steps, you should probably consult a doctor.



Just because you can't hear the terrorists lurking behind you, doesn't mean that they aren't there.



If this is what your luggage looks like, you may actually be a terrorist.



Floating fire extinguishers with clip art symbolizing flames is basically a 100% indicator that all the people around you are actually terrorists.

## Why Transit Watch?

The name *Transit Watch* is a subtle example of propaganda, which gives us a politically correct way of implying that you should all inform on your neighbors, assume the worst of strangers, and generally live in fear no matter what.



See something? Say something.  
**TRANSIT WATCH**  
**(617) 222-1984**

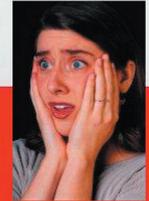


Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority



Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority

Security Awareness Program

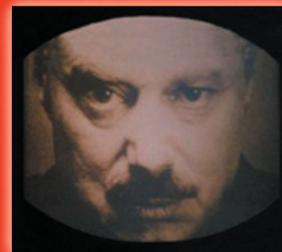


# TRUST YOUR INSTINCTS

IF YOU SEE SOME FOOD, EAT IT.  
IF YOU SEE A MEMBER OF THE OPPOSITE SEX, MATE WITH IT.  
IF YOU SEE SOMEONE WHO IS DIFFERENT FROM YOU IN ANY WAY, TURN THEM IN TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES.



See something? Say something.  
**TRANSIT WATCH**



## RELIGION

# Britney Spears Converts to Islam

## Icon of Western Decadence finds True Peace in the Koran



*MECCA, SAUDI ARABIA*

In a press release this Tuesday, Britney Spears confirmed rumors that she has indeed converted to Islam. According to friends, Spears became interested in spiritual matters after becoming pregnant with her baby boy. "I totally was getting fat, and it made me realize that so much of my identity was centered on having a flat stomach. I began to consider the epistemological

assumptions behind my actions." Unlike many Americans, Spears didn't discover Jesus — she discovered Karim, owner of the corner tanning salon. "All those late night conversations with Karim resolved so many of the ontological issues that were weighing so heavily upon my soul," says Spears. "Rock-solid abs come and go, but the word of Allah is eternal." Spears has already given a new name to her newborn son: Muhammed Abdul Federline (formerly Sean Preston).

The move shocked her Western fans, who associated Spears with everything they treasure about the American way of life. In the words of 14-year-old fan Katelynn Brooks, Britney stood for "freedom, flirtiness, and female promiscuity—the stuff that makes democracy worth fighting for!" Predictably, Spears' conversion also provoked harsh criticism from Christian leaders. Ashley Smith, editor of *Brio*, a Christian magazine for girls, has emerged as a prominent critic. Speaking on *The O'Reilly Factor*, Smith observed: "Britney showed how our Christian culture empowers women sexually. In our country, God-fearing girls can be a flirty little cock-tease in public and a prude in the sack. But in Muslim societies, women have to keep their virginity AND be modest in public. It's sick. By converting to Islam, Britney is sending our daughters mixed messages about True Godly Womanhood."

Surprisingly, many of her detractors in the Arab world also expressed distress. Says hard line Iranian traditionalist Omar al Sadr, "You would think we would be thrilled! But our whole movement centered on the OLD Britney Spears. She was the object lesson that proved the need for coercive controls on female sexuality. For crying out loud, we used to show her music videos to recruit mujaddid. You have no idea how many suicide bombers were inspired by her decadence! Now that she's veiled herself, we will have to redo all of our promotional material." Local Tehran Cleric, and vocal moderate Mustafa Wahabi added, "Now don't get me wrong.

Like 99 percent of the Islamic world, I abhor terrorism, and I despise the fundamentalist groups who are distorting traditional Islamic values for their own political purposes. But I still have to agree with Omar about this Britney thing. Who am I supposed to replace her with on my top five list of infidels? Allah, it would be nice if you could throw me a bone here...if it be your will, that is."

In an exclusive interview with Al Jazeera, Britney argued she has always felt the call of Muslim orthodoxy. "Even when I was recording those songs about having sex with men who weren't my husband, I was already being drawn to Allah. If you look back, you can see it in my music. For example, in hindsight my hit single "Oops, I did it again," was clearly about the proper penance that we celebrate at the festival of Ashura, to remember how Imam Husain bravely sacrificed himself to the Umayyad army."

Spears claims that many of her singles were, in fact, designed to send hidden messages to the Islamic community. "American audiences assumed that my song "I'm a Slave for You" is about deviant sexual practices, but it is truly about the mercy of Islam towards the peoples it conquers. You see, for infidels, it is a blessing to be enslaved by Muslim masters like myself. Or consider my smash dance hit "Toxic" — I am clearly denouncing the insidious effects of decadent Western civilization. And for other songs like my personal favorite, "E-mail my heart," the Islamic meaning clearly requires no explanation.

Al-Jazeera further inquired if converting to Islam has changed Britney's political beliefs. "No, of course not!" said Britney. "I still totally support President Bush."



UPDATE ON THE ENVIRONMENT

# Bush Administration to Begin Drilling For Oil Directly From Baby Harp Seals



by Ice Man

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA

Recently, there have been rumors leaked to HSP that the Bush administration has plans to extend its Arctic wildlife vendetta from merely habitat destruction to the active harvesting of crude oil from animals. This reporter travelled down to Texas and managed to corner Bush on his "Victory Ranch" one evening.

**HSP:** Sir, how do you respond to the allegations that you're planning on pumping crude oil from wildlife, specifically harp seal pups?

**Bush:** Look, you think that those things are all innocent, and just spend their days swimming and flopping around on the ice. But the truth is each and every one of them are thieves. You remember that Exxon spill? Well, a damned fine American corporation lost a lot of oil from that, and you know who got most of it? Harp seals! Those sonsabitches soaked that stuff straight up, and didn't pay a lickin' nickel for it. We're just getting back what's rightfully ours. No one steals from America. At least not in my country."

**HSP:** Where exactly is this oil?

**Bush:** Why, it's in their eyes. Those big dark eyes. They're like, at least, a hundred, hundred and fifty percent oil.

**HSP:** You'll be drilling for oil from the eyes of baby harp seals?

**Bush:** Well actually, it's more of a siphoning or suctioning process, but that's besides the point. I mean sure, when you frame the question like "is it right to spigot a baby seal for the small amount of petroleum contained within it?", obviously some people are going to say no. But maybe those folks haven't been to the pump lately. Let's face it. American people are dying for oil out there. And I really do mean that.

**Bush:** Besides, it's about freedom. Sure, there's never been any Harp Seal pups in Al Qaida, but what about other freedoms? What about the freedom to own an SUV? Or the freedom to watch NASCAR? Do you know how much gas NASCAR uses? And you can be damn sure that we're not going to let some friggin' arctic mammals put an end to my favorite motor sport just cause they got big googly eyes. Some people...I won't call them by name, let's just say "tree-humping democrat-voting sissies"... think those eyes are cute. But you know what else has big eyes? Clowns! And flies, well, proportionally anyways. So does Japanese anime, and have you ever seen



anything so anti-American as Sailor Moon?

**HSP:** But how will the public react to this new development?

**Bush:** What of it? It's not fair that those furry white fuckers are so cute. They're practically just as cute as their stuffed animal versions. And when that happens, you know it's too fucking cute to be allowed in my country.

When asked if he was hyperbolizing, Bush managed to say,



"I'll give you hype... hyper...hyperbal..." before giving up on the word. He then picked up an empty can of Pabst and crushed it on his forehead while

chanting "U S A", "U S A"! This reporter then exited when the president asked me to join him in snorting cocaine off the ass of a \$10,000 hooker, but that's another story all together. In related news, the Bush administration announced further plans to mine raw iron from the livers of polar bears and extract gold from the dental filings of walruses, pending what is likely to be overwhelming congressional approval.



## Truth In Advertising



**POLITICS**

# Yasser Arafat Spotted in Tulsa Wal-Mart



TULSA, OKLAHOMA - By R.A.J.  
HSP Special Correspondent for Wal-Mart Affairs

Several months after his supposed death in a Paris military hospital, the allegedly late Yasser Arafat was spotted in a Wal-Mart off Rural Route 2847 near Tulsa, Oklahoma. At this time, at least two witnesses are believed to have confirmed the near unmistakable physical identity of Palestinian Authority Chairman. One witness, an employee who wished to remain pseudonymous as Captain America, reported that he saw a short man in an olive suit and a funny hat in the automotive section speaking accusatory Arabic while shaking a can of Motor Oil and pointing vigorously at its price tag.

According to the Captain, whose rank is being verified by local police, Arafat evidently claimed he needed struts for a 75 Chevy Vega, "Well, you know it has been a darned long time since I seen one of them Vegas", said the Captain, his only statement logged on the official Tulsa county police report.

The second witness, 72-year-old Mabel Bunson, says she saw Yasser in line behind her at Express Lane number 4. "I offered to let him in front of me", added Bunson, "seeing as how he only had one item, a box of parts for some antique American road monster, I think." She has since died of natural causes.

Grover McDonald, the assistant manager on duty, did not see Mr. Arafat but immediately surrendered to police anyway. "We're just a regular Wal-Mart here", he pleaded. "Not one of those Wal-Mart Super Centers like they got in Topeka". Wal-Mart authorities had no comment on the sighting or the odd disappearance of Mr. McDonald, and could not confirm any past employment from their records. "Happens all the time," explained Wal-Mart associate district manager Floyd Floyd, "You gotta understand, we're a big corporation. Actually the biggest one, believe it or not."

Mr. Arafat, the longtime face of the Palestinian struggle, was sent from his Ramallah flat to a Paris hospital when he fell suddenly and mysteriously ill in late October...mysteriously if you ignore the fact that he was 100. A spokeswoman for the hospital told this reporter something in French. It sounded important.

Local police are now coordinating with state and federal law enforcement agencies and Chevy dealerships to confirm or deny reports that Arafat may have crossed state lines with improperly installed struts. "Freedom fighter or not", said Agent Wilson of the DEA, "bad struts are a serious matter. Shocks too."

As of last Tuesday, Arafat's whereabouts were unknown, although, according to deputy sheriff Stan Jenkins, he couldn't have traveled, "farther than a stones throw in that piece of shit". Seeing that gas prices have tripled in the past 4 days, HSP will continue to pursue the matter on foot.



**LISTLESS WITH HSP**

## Top 10 Things That Can Turn You Into Stone

1. Peeking when making out with Medusa
2. Pissing off Jabba the Hutt
3. Masturbation
4. Standing in the same spot for geological timescales
5. Wizards going postal
6. Judging a Basilisk beauty contest
7. Transporter accident near Yosemite
8. Eating too many Tums
9. Being stoned to death very slowly
10. Asking a hearing impaired genie to make you a rock star
11. Getting really stoned



SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

# Where Did the Day Go?

PRINCETON, NJ

Have you ever caught yourself at the end of a day, wondering where all the hours went? If so, then you're not alone. In fact, you've hit upon the same question that's been puzzling a small group of Physicists from the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study who have been secretly laboring at this problem for the past six years. Dr. Tim Ely, the self proclaimed spokesman for the group, agreed to tell HSP a little about the group's astonishing results.



by B. S. Pile

"Well you see," explained Ely, "having time fly by unnoticed is something that just about everybody experiences, especially physics researchers. Most of us just push it aside as some weird psychological phenomenon due to too much procrastination, having too much fun, or simply smoking too much weed (so I've been told). But now, for the first time, utilizing a breakthrough in the burgeoning field of wormhole technology, we now believe that this problem is actually something amenable to the tools of modern science. In fact, the preponderance of evidence now supports the idea that this phenomena is caused by the greed of humans in the 22nd and 23rd centuries."



"Think about it," Ely urged while tapping his forehead, "One hundred years from now, techniques of mass production will ensure that just about anything you could want will be dirt cheap. The only commodity that you can't mass-produce is time. Sure you can lengthen your lifespan a bit, but wouldn't it be cooler if you could add on a few hours to the day? It looks like somehow, someone in the early 22nd to 23rd centuries (we're not sure exactly when) has figured out how to do exactly that."

"And since the time had to come from somewhere, they simply suck it out from their past – our present. For them, this is just like us drilling for oil, where we could not care less about the trillions of little prehistoric marine animals who had to die so that we can fill up the tanks of our SUVs. We are decades away from creating our own wormhole, but we have finally developed instrumentation that can detect the effects of wormholes others have made, and with a high degree of certainty, it is my duty to report that, indeed, we detect suckage."



When asked how long he and his team have known about this outrage, Dr. Ely quietly replied, "We've been keeping this discovery under wraps for a number of years now. Unfortunately, some of those years were simply stolen away from us by those futuristic barbarians, making the situation a little more difficult. Suffice it to say, we wanted to hold out until we could gather conclusive evidence. You see, the time pumping companies of the future don't want to have to deal with hysterical anti-industrial activists living in the past, any more than oil companies do today. As soon as they read in their history books that they were discovered, they simply pickup camp and drill somewhere else. All I'm saying is that the next time you feel as though a large chunk of your day was mysteriously snatched away from you, it may be just that."



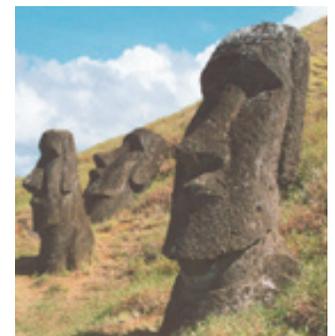
STILLS



Area DJ Embarrassingly Outscratched by Local Crow



You Can Tell Bradley I'll Rip Off My Own Fucking Tail Before Endorsing Car Insurance Again.



Can someone tell me again why we agreed to this?



# JC Penny Company, Inc.



## Application for the position of Department Store Santa Claus

1a. Have you ever had a sexual relationship with a male under the age of seven? If your answer was “yes” then please answer question 1b.

- Yes – proceed to 1b.
- No – proceed to 2.



1b. More than eight times in a twenty-four hour period?

2. Which of the following would you say best describes you as a person?

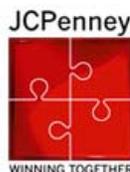
- (a) Generous, personable old man with a white beard who is comfortable around children and loves spreading the Christmas spirit.
- (b) Desperate fugitive whose thinly veiled psychosis lies just under the surface, hunting for any disguise that covers most of the face.
- (c) Convicted pedophile, just released on probation after twenty years at Leavenworth.
- (d) Compulsive kleptomaniac desperate to be inside a dept. store without arousing suspicion.
- (e) Catholic priest

3. Write a concise, original essay of no more than 500 words, using specific examples where applicable, on the social and emotional significance of the following phrase to you: *“Having a young girl sit on my lap gives me a warm feeling in a certain part of my body.”*



4. True Or False	True	False
I sometimes fantasize about being in an ancient Greek bathhouse.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
I feel that young boys can be beautiful in their way.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
When I look in the mirror, I think of seeing a psychotherapist.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
When I look in the mirror, I think I’m seeing a psycho, the rapist.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
My hero is Michael Jackson.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
I believe that children should be asked to give sexual favors in return for Christmas presents.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
There’s no way that fat dude can really visit all of those houses in one night.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
I want to have children one day.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
I want to have children tied up in my basement one day.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
If there’s grass on the field, it’s okay to play ball.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
There is not enough violence in video games and television these days, so kids need more violent toys.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>
The best thing you can do for your 10-year old daughter at Christmas is take her on a shopping spree at Victoria’s Secret.	<input type="radio"/>	<input type="radio"/>

J. C. Penney Company, Inc.  
 6501 Legacy Dr, Plano, TX 75024.  
 PO Box 10001, Dallas, TX 75301.  
 Phone: 800.JCP.JOBS, Fax: 800.JCP.FAXS  
[www.jcpenny.com](http://www.jcpenny.com). Sale on Aisle 5!



“I can make a **POSITIVE** difference. **Great CAREERS** Are All Inside  
 I’m eager to learn, grow & contribute to the **Company’s bottom line.**”  
 To join our winning team, explore the job opportunities below.

MINI NEWS

# Following Recommendations from HGWISE, President Summers to Become a Woman

Before...



...After!

CAMBRIDGE, MA

Following firm advice from the Harvard Graduate Women in Science (HGWISE) panel, Harvard President Lawrence H. Summers has finalized plans to become a woman, his press office announced Monday. "Women can and will excel in every level of administration at Harvard – there can be no doubt about that now, or at least, by no later than the start of the Fall 2006

semester," remarked a beaming Provost Steve Hyman.

In a speech following the announcement, President Summers called on the other members of the faculty, especially those in the sciences, to consider becoming women as well. "For far too long, women in the natural sciences have struggled to achieve equal status with their male peers," President Summers said. "Indeed, in the past few years, the achievement gap has widened here at Harvard. Now, little by little, we will begin reversing that trend."

"At every turn, Larry has been upfront about his openness to change," noted Duke University President Dick Brodhead, who plans to show his support by wearing designer heels for a period no shorter than one year. "Although I don't plan to adopt President Summers' "go all out" approach to fighting gender inequality," added Brodhead, "I do commend Larry's efforts to make the Harvard community a more diverse, tolerant, and female academic environment."

Following the success of its initial phase of talks with President Summers, HGWISE announced that it would begin another round of discussion with the President aimed at increasing the number of minority administrators at Harvard.



# Network Hopes "Middle Class Cattle Drive" Will Be Hit with Viewers

ODOR SPRINGS, CO

For viewers who thought they had seen it all when it comes to reality T.V., a new delight is in store this fall with the forthcoming FOX spectacle, "Middle Class Cattle Drive," the network's mildly saucy answer to the wildly popular E! show "Filthy Rich Cattle Drive," which chronicles the adventures of a motley crew of (mostly) rich and (somewhat) famous characters as they ride the open range.



While viewers who had tuned in to the E! show no doubt followed the self-obsessed sagas of the daughter of the guy who founded Yahoo!, one of George Forman's creatively-named progeny, and the son of former criminal defendant Robert Blake, Fox is hoping that Americans will follow with equal passion the travails of their own cast, including the son of an accountant, the daughter of a small business owner and a pair of Hungarian twins whose family owns a restaurant in Duluth

"What's different about this show," said Johnny Hollywood, the show's executive producer, "is that anyone out there watching the show could be doing these same things. On that other show, if someone loses a cell phone, they can have daddy put one on the nearest space shuttle and have the astronauts drop it off. With our show, these kids will have to walk to a pay phone, call their dad's office and have the secretary take a

message, then once the proper paperwork has been filled out, the phone company will send them a new phone the old fashioned way – through the mail !" he said, stomping his foot for emphasis.

"By the time they get back home to their two bedroom apartment in a nice but remote part of the city which they share with one or two other people, the show will be over. That's drama. That's magic. That's what people will tune in to see."



MINI NEWS

## Populace Rests Easier Now That Math Problem Solved

CAMBRIDGE MA - Area residents breathed a collective sigh of relief Tuesday at the announcement that the Gorenstein-Fratelli conjecture, which has remained open for over 120 years, has been proven true. Researchers announced this finding at a televised press conference at MIT Tuesday afternoon, watched live by an estimated 19 million people. "I think we'll all sleep a little better tonight, no longer having to live with the uncertainty of whether locally cyclotomic non-invertible N-manifolds exhibit uniform invariance under Vasolovich transformation, for N greater than 5," stated Dr. Paul Sarkin, one of the head researchers, "I know I will."



Area Mom Extremely Relieved

This sentiment was widely shared by those who heard the news. "Oh thank goodness. I've been waiting for this ever since reading on Dr. Sarkin's blog that they had submitted their proof of Gorenstein to the RMIRC [Richardson Mathematics Institute Review Committee]," Abigail Borton, 86, told HSP. "I was so worried that we'd end up with another Szolzenetschheim," she went on, referring to a 1997 proof of the Gorenstein-Fratelli conjecture that turned out to be fallacious.

But not everyone was fully satisfied. "I tell my kids the proof is valid, but that's only because I don't want them to have to worry. I myself am not convinced," said Diana Lee, 38. "I realize that the version of Axiomata they used supposedly has fixed all the bugs of earlier versions, but I don't think I have to remind people that Axiomata 1.4 showed the Golomokrov conditions to be consistent a couple years back," she continued, "and we all remember how THAT turned out."



## Gay Terror Alert Updated to Perrywinkle

WASHINGTON, D.C. - In an effort to provide a new, special form of safety awareness to the nation's heterosexually handicapped, this week, the Department of Homeland Security (DOHS) announced its plans to modify the color scheme of it's daily terror alerts to, "more suitably reflect the tastes and dispositions of the nation's LGBT community". Homeland Security spokesman Trevor Darren explained, "We found that the nation's



Oh my God I'm so scared.

gay - may I say gay? - community wasn't responding well to the standard Orange and Red type of terror alerts. In fact, one study suggested that these folks were actually more afraid of job discrimination and social persecution than Al Quaida. Imagine that! Anyway, that's when we realized we were clearly doing something wrong."

And there stepped in exuberantly flaming, Los Angeles graphic designer, and closet Republican, Jako Mirovec. "That's a really nice pantsuit! You know I can't take my eyes off of anything with pastels. Anyway, I figured a simple spruicing up the chart would do the dirty trick, and it looks like Jako the genius was right as usual." Since the new chromatic implementation, gay and lesbian citizens throughout the county have reported a 15-20% increase in their general level of fear, and an enhanced tendency to freak out when selecting crayons at random from a Crayola variety box. DOHS representatives also announced a partnership with several of the nation's leading advertising agencies to further to marginalize selected female and minority populations with clever, group-specific modifications to its terror alert system. Added Darren "As long as we're able to keep all our citizens, including the second class ones, under a misplaced cloud of paralyzing fear, then we're clearly doing our job."



## Area Students Ask To Be Delivered Back to their House with the Pizza

CAMBRIDGE, MA- Last week, 4 roommates reportedly walked from their apartment to local pizza shop, Il Panino Pizzeta to order 2 large pepperonis. Evidently, after waiting for about 25 minutes, they became distraught by the prospect of walking home. This malaise persisted until one of them, genius Astronomy grad student Kamson Lai noticed that the place offered free delivery. After a few minutes of vigorous discussion with the owners, 4 students, 1 driver, and 2 large pizzas crammed into the shop's lone Honda hatchback, and proceeded to drive 0.8 miles to 41 Saville St. Apt. 2, marking the first time in recorded history that students have been delivered along with the pizza.



Large Pepperoni, Extra Cheese, Free Transportation



# Feel like procrastinating?



**Your Name** Harvard Satirical Press  
**Choose Any Title** Dudley House, Lehman Hall  
**(555) HSP-CALL** Harvard University  
 Cambridge, MA 02138

[www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)  
[harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com)

Take 5 minutes and cut out your own Harvard Satirical Press Business Card!



JESUS I'M SOOOO BORED. IF ONLY I HAD A COPY OF HSP TO ENJOY. WAIT A MINUTE. THAT JACKASS OVER THERE HAS ONE. I THINK I JUST MIGHT HAVE TO GIVE HIM A FREE ASS KICKING. THE FALL ISSUE IS SO MINE!



## HSP FALL 2005 ISSUE OUT NOW!

Look for it around campus...or if you're too lazy, just look underneath this piece of paper.



-  The Harvard Satirical Press accepts submissions from both Harvard **graduate** and **undergraduate** students.
-  To be added to our e-mail list, submit, or inquire about joining our staff, contact us at: [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com)
-  Check out our archives online at the newly re-designed:

[www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)

# Harvard Satyrical Press

A GSAS STUDENT ORGANIZATION  
Established 2037 B.C.



Harvard Satyrical Press  
**Issue 11**  
Spring 2006

[www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)

[harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com)

## Sponsors

- Harvard Graduate Student Council
- Harvard Graduate School of Arts & Sciences
- The Harvard COOP
- PIP Printing
- Harvard Computer Society
- Anonymous Dude

## TOP STORY

## DOMESTIC POLITICS

## STILLS



### Larry Summers Boldly Hand Picks Successor to Harvard Presidency

Cambridge, MA - After the recently announced resignation of Harvard President Larry Summers, speculation has run rampant concerning his potential successors. Rumors have ranged anywhere from former US Vice President Al Gore to... (pg 4)

### Who's On Tap?

Only the most naïve citizens of the homeland may not realize it, but this represents a typical phone conversation in America Today. A dialogue between two men hell bent on the destruction of America, Freedom, and Our Entire Way of Life!... (pg 8)



Fallen Korean Stem Cell Scientist Stuns World With Claims of Phallic Enhancement

## AUTOMOBILES

### Following Latest Riots, Burn-Resistant Cars Become Hot Sellers in France



Paris, Fr. – Following a recent wave of riots in Paris, during which enraged youths set fire to over 1500 vehicles in a single night... (pg 7)



Absent Minded Pimp Missing 6 Hoes

## GLOBAL POLITICS

### Revolution in Canada

This Just in! Live from Toronto, this is the Canadian Broadcasting Company! CBC is Canada's only publicly funded news service (at least until the new .... (pg 6)



## CAMPUS LIFE

### How To Leave The Dorms and Live On? Cambridge, MA

Harvard graduate student Terry Kleinschmidt recently suffered a nervous breakdown upon learning that he will have to leave his dorm room as of the 30th of June 2006... (pg 9)



There's No Way That Short Term Mortgage Interest Rates Will Ever Go Below 5%, You Moron!

## MINI NEWS (pg 10)

### Summers Taps Bill Clinton as Student-Faculty Affairs VP

Study: Most Seniors Confused by Medicare Benefits, World Around Them

### Truth In Advertising

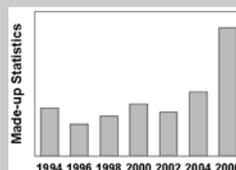
Medical School Application Timeline... (pg 3)

## Not Romantic



### Love in Translation

We all know the scene. It's Springtime and romance is in the air. Boy meets girl through a modern digital interface... (pg 11)



New Study Finds Recent Surge in Completely Made-Up Statistics



Generic Placebo Outselling Brand Name Placebo

Area Woman Thinks She's All That, And Is

Dorito Impales Roof Of Mouth

Look For Another HSP Issue Before the Summer!

Submissions Accepted Until May 15: [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com)

Keep an Eye Out For HSP Comics...Coming soon.



SOME RIGHTS RESERVED  
This work is licensed under a Creative Commons License  
NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0



## FROM THE EDITOR



This spring, we're experimenting with a slimmer 12 page issue! It has only 1 carb! Along with our upcoming May issue, this is our attempt to bring you higher frequency comedy, with 3 issues this academic year instead of two. Like the universe, we're also expanding...look for HSP Comics in Fall 2006, a student comic strip about life, the universe, and everything, made entirely from your fantastic submissions. *A.F.*

*The Harvard Satirical Press is an official student organization of the Graduate School of Arts & Sciences (GSAS) and is the only official graduate student humor magazine at Harvard. We thank the Graduate Student Council (GSC) for generously helping to fund our publication. The Harvard Satirical Press is not intended for readers under 18 years of age. And if you haven't figured it out already, this is satire, and the opinions herein **obviously** do not necessarily represent the opinions of Harvard University, the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, or even the writers. Whether they constitute opinions at all is **also** debatable. But that's just **your opinion**...Andrew Friedman, March 2006*

## Submissions

HSP accepts submissions from both Harvard graduate and undergraduate students. See our submission and editorial policies at [www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com). Send submissions to [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com).

## HSP Wants You!

HSP is looking for staff writers, editors, graphic/web designers, and students with advertising/business experience. We are also looking for our student ID.

## Advertise With HSP

By advertising with HSP, your business will have an opportunity to reach a large number of undergraduate and graduate students for a reasonable price. See our advertising rates and distribution information at [www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)

## Donate to HSP

HSP needs your support. If you feel our mission of spreading laughter like the plague is worthy, please send donations to the address below.

## Contact

Contact us for submissions, staff positions, advertising, or donations, by e-mail [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com) or by mail: *Harvard Satirical Press, Dudley House, Lehman Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA 02138, C/O Andrew Friedman, Editor in Chief*

[www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)



**Editor In Chief** Andrew Friedman

*Warrior King of Zamunda*

**Senior Editor** Christopher Night

*Lord of Most Things*

**Senior Editor /** Jonathan Devor

**Treasurer**

*Sergeant At Arms*

**Senior Editor /** Kamson Lai

**Graphics**

*Canadian Hockey Powerhouse*

**Head President** Justin Bernstein

*The Man Behind, or Just to the Left of, the Throne*

**Staff Writers**

Lydia Bean

*Lonely Texas Democrat*

W. Tyler Gibson

*Author of Neuromancer*

Kurt Gray

*Reuters Foreign Despondent*

Richard Johnson

*The Not-So-Artful Dodger*

Dan Levenson

*Former U.S. Ambassador to Lilliput*

Gordon Ritter

*Schrödinger's Stringy Red Cat*

**Staff Editors**

Peter Doshi

*Minister of Theory*

Nick Kapur

*Past Man*

Bassam Komati

*Too Cool For Adobe InDesign School*

Minh Le

*Body Double for Winona Ryder*

Kaisey Mandel

*Funnier Than Howie*

## Contributors

Christian Barthel

*Experimental German*

Hanley Chiang

*Utility Function Maximizer*

Crystal Fleming

*Sexual Chocolate*

Barry Friedman

*Adult Film Student*

Matt Hegress

*Walks Upright Sometimes*

Sabrina Hom

*The Little Witch*

Dan Iancu

*Patron Saint of Romania*

Jared Kaplan

*Master of Jewhitsu*

Sue Kim

*Overly Ambitious Lawyer*

Vernie Oliviero

*Approver*

Shinae Park

*Is Getting Married in April!*

Jonathan Ruel

*Mocks Principles*

Ernst Van Nierop

*Fermented Fluid Mechanic*

Patricia Vieira

*Farpa*

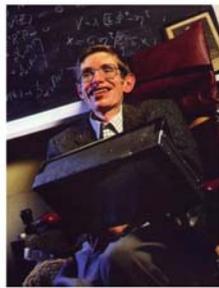
Kristin Wehle

*Howler*

Mark Winkler

*The St. Louis Marathon*

[harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com)



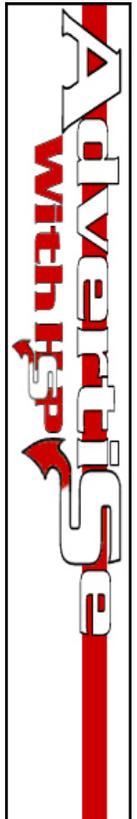
**PIP Printing**  
 337 Cambridge Street  
 Cambridge, MA 02141  
 Phone 617-547-6919  
 Fax 617-864-3744  
 info@pipcambridge.com

For the last 13.7 billion years, **PIP Printing** has been printing, well, just about everything...

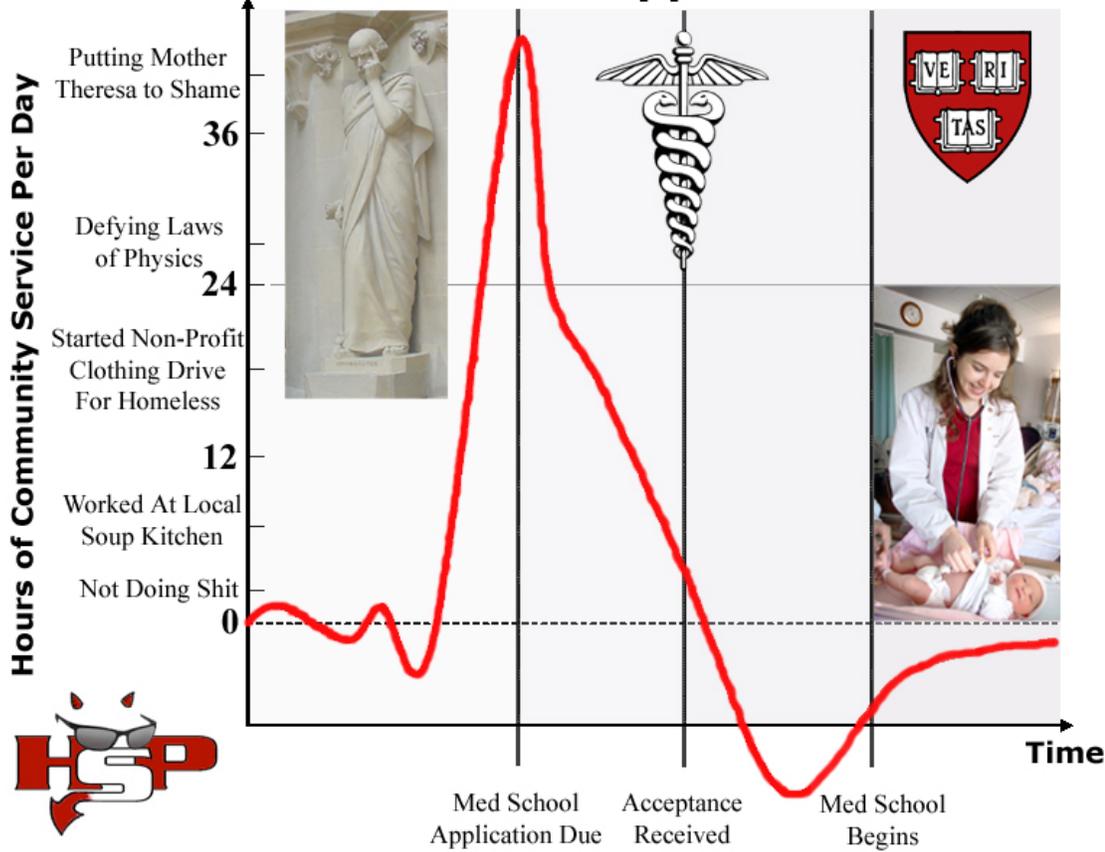
In fact, we printed all the iron atoms in your blood, the carbon in your DNA, and the oxygen you breathe, not to mention, all the particles in this marvelous issue of the Harvard Satirical Press. We at **PIP Printing** take our job seriously, and we hope you will think of us next time you feel like printing a cosmos...



We look forward to printing the rest of eternity...



### Medical School Application Timeline



Missing Girl Found Under Enormous Thimble



Urn Museum Destroyed By Fire, Ashes Placed In Larger Urn

Sandwich Eating Totally Derailed By Bee

Housing Police Arrest Development

TOP STORY

# Larry Summers Boldly Hand Picks Successor to Harvard Presidency



Larry Summers

CAMBRIDGE, MA  
*After the recently announced resignation of Harvard President Larry Summers, speculation has run rampant concerning his potential successors. Rumors have ranged anywhere from former US Vice President Al Gore to Harvard law alum and current US Senator Barak Obama to famed Comedy Central Daily Show host Jon Stewart. Whether any of these high powered candidates even want the job or whether current prominent, rich, white, male Harvard faculty members have the inside track remains to be seen, but there is one man who seems certain who will stand next in the limelight of the world's top university. Larry Summers.*

"No, it's not me, silly! I'm the one who just resigned, remember!" Summers explained to HSP at a recent press conference in some grad student's dorm room. "It's just that I totally know who the next president will be. And I'm not talking about former and now interim Harvard president Derek Bok, since that would be cheating. Basically, while many have speculated that my decision to resign was based on my disagreements with the FAS faculty and anticipation of a virtually assured vote of no confidence in me at the next faculty meeting, this could not be further from the truth! In truth, I decided to resign because for the first time in my life, I've identified someone even more qualified for the position than myself. A man with the mental and physical toughness necessary for the job. A man, who at two years shy of four score and nothing, has just endured an ordeal far more trying than anything I've been through in these past five years, my foot-in-the-mouth women in science

quagmire notwithstanding. I'm talking about a man of profound physical and structural integrity, a man of both indestructible moral fiber and cheek muscle fiber, who at 78 years young, can get shot in the face by Dick Cheney, yet still somehow duck the Wyoming grim reaper's blade like something out of the Matrix."

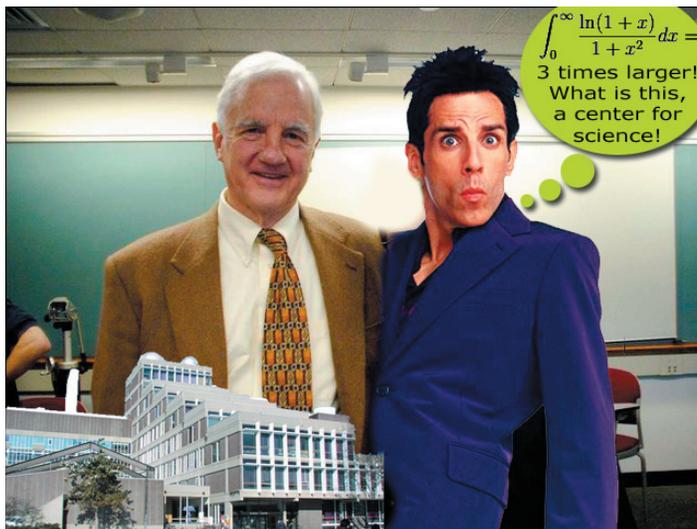


Harry Whittington

"Whether the Vice President was simply drunk or whether the Jagermeister just didn't sit too well with his morning cocktail of peyote, Viagra, cumadin, and nitroglycerin, he has clearly given this country a valuable gift, by unintentionally revealing the true character of the next man who will be in charge of this institution's unbelievably large endowment. Think of it. A Harvard president who, unlike myself, will be completely unfazed by pedestrian

projectiles like fruits, vegetables, and copies of H-Bomb. To Harry Whittington, anything softer than military grade armor piercing rounds practically feels like Nerf."

"I don't know about you, but I'll sleep better at night knowing someone capable of that kind of bold leadership, and inhuman facial healing abilities, will be watching over the more than twenty billion dollars that flows in the form of liquid gold through the hidden network of underground pipes in Cambridge that no one knows about except three people alive...and Derek Bok is going to kill me!"



**THE DEREK BOK CENTER FOR KIDS WHO CAN'T READ GOOD**

"I even have it on good authority that Harry Whittington's pancreas has been used to cut through both diamond and postmodern bullshit. Now that's really hard!"

Added American Astronomical Society President, Harvard Clowes Professor of Science, Master of Quincy House, and rumored presidential short list candidate Robert Kirshner, "I don't know a thing about Harry Whittington one way or another, except that his getting shot in the face may be the key to understanding the mysterious dark energy responsible for the current acceleration of the expansion of the universe. If that's the case, he can have the presidency as long as the Nobel Prize is still up for grabs."

"As far as presidencies at top ranked

TOP STORY

Maple-79-2551 approx. ofr. En- fixt. \$5-	BEANIE BABY Collection 115 rare Beanie, mint cond. \$1,400 (707) 539-8902	(707) 584-4- SPEAKERS floor. 300 satellite \$100. All TV/VCR \$
edwood c. \$300/ J334	BEANIE BUDDIES. Babies and Bears. New releases and old. \$6-\$20. (707)584-7768	SPEAKER \$250. Rec watt \$1. Player JI Realistik
49/sq.ft \$ for 5015	JOB WANTED. Prev. admin. work at university level. Some financial experience. Works well with others. Recently unemployed, but hard worker. Call (617) 555-2006	VCR \$6 bench \$5 ciner \$1 speakers
cabi- hood table, 5313	DIE Cast Danbury Mint 1909 Slvr Ghost \$90. 1934 Packard V12 \$90. Both \$170. 528-4460	419
5 set.	DISCO ALBUM COLL. (270) L.Play. 12". See at G.Sale Sa/ Su. 3525 Alta Visa Ave. NESR	ACCORD men w/ \$400/ofr.
soil,	MODERN collectable dallas201	

Universities go, this thing is not entirely unprecedented." Further explained Summers, unprompted. "Take current MIT president Susan Hockfield. Most people don't know this but

Cheney shot her in the left shoulder twice back in '88. It's not like he shot her in the face or anything, but look what it's done for her career. Although of course, it's conceivable that she could have earned the position due to her own merits, despite, you know, her being chromosomally challenged."

"Anyway, with the resignation and all, I know you might think I'm not in such a great position to be naming successors or anything like that, but seriously, how can you not love a guy who not only endured a shrapnel face lift, but apologized to his "friend" on national television just because the shooter happens to be the Vice President. Now that's a natural born politician if I've ever seen one!"

"Whoever the faculty and the Corporation select as the next president of this great institution, he should be named Harry

Whittington, and he should also be the guy who Dick Cheney peppered with small arms fire. Any other choice would be unacceptable, and this university is too important a player in our pseudo-national mega-corporate empire for us to be mortgaging our future on someone with lesser recent facial injuries."

"As it stands, I feel quite content to leave this office, finally knowing that there exists a man capable of carrying on the legacy I have built here over the past half decade, with his face. As for my own career, things can only go up from here, especially since Dick Cheney has also agreed to shoot me in the face for a small fee. Of course he gave me a discount, seeing as he's been itching to spray buckshot into the head of a prominent Democrat for quite some time now. Either way, that's money well spent, and I should know since I used to manage the entire U.S. Treasury under Clinton!"

After a short sabbatical which will include his longtime personal passions of globalization, domestic economic policy, women's studies, and quail hunting, Summers told HSP of his post-Harvard plans to follow in Increase Mather's hallowed footsteps and start a small Ivy league college in New Haven. But the word on the street says that both he and Whittington will have competition, as it is strongly rumored that California Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger intends to pursue holding presidential positions at Harvard and Yale simultaneously using only his right arm.



**If you are already shopping at The COOP, it really makes sense to become a COOP member. Members received 7.3% of their purchases back last year. Sign up today at**

**THE COOP**

---

**HARVARD**

**www.thecoop.com**

## GLOBAL POLITICS

# This Just In: Revolution in Canada

Live from Toronto, this is the Canadian Broadcasting Company! CBC is Canada's only publicly funded news service (at least until the new Conservative government privatizes it and outsources it to Guatemala). Peter Mansbridge, Canada's version of Larry King, except with less hair, explained the situation to HSP.



**Peter:** In case you haven't noticed, and judging by the global media coverage, you probably haven't, there was an election at the end of January in Canada. 24 million eligible Canadian voters could have gone to the polls to elect a new government and Prime Minister from amongst Canada's 12 official political parties. But as we now know, the turnout was pretty dismal even by Canadian standards. In fact, only one voter in the entire friggin' country actually went out in the middle of winter and cast a ballot, right here in the city of Toronto. His name is Richard Johnson, and he's standing by with one of our correspondents to tell his story.

**Richard:** Wow, I never expected this. I mean, I left home on election day to offer a little piece of myself to the world via this medium we call democracy. I never expected it would really mean anything. I thought long and hard about my vote, which was a first for me. I had intended to vote for the Communist party. But when I got to the voting booth, I saw that Canada in fact has five communist parties, and I didn't know which one to vote for. Then I noticed that the Bloc Quebecois was not represented on my ballot. And I thought to myself, this is not what democracy is all about. So I decided to write them in. But when I checked the box for Other it happened to be near the box for the Conservative party, at least on that crazy butterfly ballot. I tried to tell the city election official, but he was out curling.

**Peter:** Well, there you have it folks. One vote in the entire country, and it was both for the Conservative party and the separatist party from Quebec. We go now live to Montreal, where Bloc leader Gilles Duceppe is about to be reluctantly sworn in as the new second Prime Minister of Canada two months after the election.

**Duceppe:** Uh, I don't know what to say. I mean, for de love of God, diddent monsieur Johnson know that we are, in fact, a separatist party? Uh, dis is de point of our whole ting here in dis election. So I say thank you to monsieur Johnson for his vote. De conservatives can do what zey want. Quebec will leave now. Bye bye, Canada. See you at de Olympics.

**Peter:** Wait, something else. We will now go live to St Johns, Newfoundland, where the ghost of Joey Smallwood is claiming his province is seceding from Canada and "ye fish-stealin' money-grubbin' mainlanders". The territories have also revolted, forming a new entity. Tribal leaders from Yellowknife added, "Who's your territory now, bitch?" Ladies and gentlemen, we appear to have chaos right here in the peace-loving puck-sucking nation of Canada. I've just been told that the other Atlantic provinces have voted in emergency sessions of parliament to join the European Union. I guess it was either that or Quebec. Being extremely resistant to change, and

taking exception to all this revolution stuff, the conservative government also announced its secession.

**Peter:** My fellow Canadians, this is anarchy. Saskatchewan and Manitoba have just seceded and are forming a new country with the state of North Dakota. They call it New North Dakosaskatchetoba. And British Columbia has left, too. They are now Not-British-and-not-Canadian-Columbia. Well, I guess that leaves Ontario. Earlier today, the remaining politicians from Canada's major parties met in Toronto for



an emergency meeting. Moments ago, former prime ministerial candidates Paul Martin, Jack Layton, and Steven Harper issued this joint statement. "We call upon the hoser who started this mess, Richard Johnson, to rescind his vote (or votes) immediately before the world as we know it collapses, eh?"

**Peter:** Unfortunately, Canada's single voter, Richard Johnson, just announced that he cannot, in good conscience, take back his vote.

**Richard:** I'm sorry, but this is democracy, people. I didn't invent it. The entire history of human existence has been building toward this one moment. I didn't set out to cause a revolution. When you as humanity empowered the people to choose its course in the world, I didn't know you meant me the people! After all, what difference can one vote make?



**Richard Johnson,  
King of Ontario**

**Peter:** Well, folks, I guess that's it for Canada. And for democracy. I've just been told by my station manager that I will soon be off the air forever, to be replaced by 24/7 reruns of the Leafs' last Stanley Cup win in 1967, as per a decree by Ontario's new king, Richard Johnson. So, good night and good luck, eh? I'm going to enjoy some cheap prescription drugs.



## AUTOMOBILES

# Following Latest Riots, Burn-Resistant Cars Become Hot Sellers in France



Patrice de Kay is ecstatic about his new burn-resistant Toyota Land Cruiser

By Jean-Jacques Gauthier, Chief Correspondent for Automotive Affairs

PARIS, FR.

Following a recent wave of riots in Paris, during which enraged youths set fire to over 1500 vehicles in a single night, area residents expressed frustration that their automobiles were unable to withstand the high temperatures involved. "I paid 50 thousand euros for Peugeot's most rugged off-road vehicle, and for what?" demanded Patrice de Kay, a resident of nearby Argenteuil. "They light the car on fire once and it just explodes? I expect more from a French-built car," he added. Following the incident, he purchased a burn-resistant 2006 Toyota Land Cruiser, and has had no further problems, despite six subsequent riots.

Concerns about burn-resistance have, until recently, fallen on deaf ears in the automotive industry. It wasn't until this year's outcry that Toyota, Ford, GM, Daimler-Chrysler, and Honda, among others, began to offer burn-resistant versions of their already popular models in France. "While the majority of burn-resistant models have been sold in Paris, we have experienced smokin' sales all over France," noted Honda President Takeo Fukui, steam somehow emanating from his forehead.

Industry executives are quick to point out that the cars are only burn-resistant on their exteriors. "We want to caution our French clients not to extinguish their cigarettes or blowtorches on the upholstery or dashboard," noted Charles Marshall, chief of engineering at General Motors.



"If I had only bought the new Ford Salamander, I wouldn't have to wear this retarded flame retardant suit," said NASCAR star Jeff Gordon.

"It would appear that such behavior could expose our clients to undue bodily injury, includ-

ing but not limited to frothing black bubbles of molten flesh searing through their eye sockets, charred clothing and/or brittle wisps of smoldering tooth fragments protruding from oozing lip tissue, blackened knobs of stick-like fingers pierc-

ing into violently gasping rib-cages, not to mention the hell of inhaling our patented vinyl seat cushions as they curl and slough off into still snuffing, steaming nostrils." He added, "Of course, when used responsibly, GM vehicles lead the world in burn-resistance."

In spite of the slightly higher cost for the burn-resistance option, such models are hot-sellers, noted Angela Dobson, head of marketing and sales at Ford. "For a while, we thought that the French would be avid consumers of hybrid vehicles, independent of their exterior ability to stop flame-throwers and Molotov cocktails. However, in recent months, it has become clear to our analysts that the French enjoy the process of combustion, both internal and external, to a far greater extent than we had ever anticipated. However, it is still a mystery how the French themselves seem to also be flame-resistant, considering their long tradition of imbibing flammable liquids with meals while simultaneously taking in excessive amounts of oxygen."

If sales for the month of February are any indication, burn-resistant models will constitute a robust growth area within the French market, with projected sales totaling more than 800,000 vehicles in the next year alone. French officials have conceded that car sales will depend heavily on whether rioters can sustain their rate of car-burning over an extended period. But some residents will be buying the new vehicles on principle. "For me, it's about product quality," noted Sophie Chirac, who plans to buy a flame-retardant BMW after her own Peugeot was suddenly incinerated. "I just can't risk having my mode of transportation go up in smoke."



The new burn-resistant Peugeot Saville can also be driven upside-down.



DOMESTIC POLITICS

# Who's On Tap?

```

1 Hello, Abdul?
2 This is Abdul. Who is this?
3 This is Hakim.
4 Hakim who?
5 Hakim "Scourge of the Infidels" Al-Hakim.
6 Oh...I was thinking it was Hakim "Flaming
7 Sword of Allah" Bin-Hakim...but no, he's
8 out of town - in Cuba I think.
9 Ah, yes, lovely weather this time of year.
10 Mmmmm, yes, nicer without the torture I
11 suspect.
12 Ah, well - occupational hazard I suppose.
13 Comes with being a suicidal terrorist.
14 Yes, about that. Are we still on for
15 Sunday? Still up for setting off the
16 bioterrorism device downtown?
17 I think so. I've got a big presentation at
18 work the next day, but I think it would make
19 for a nice break.
20 Do you want to car pool with Hakim Al-Abdul,
21 as well? I think he's picking me up at 10am
22 - if you stop by here at 9:30 we can have a
23 hearty breakfast before we do Allah's work.
24 Sounds great - I'll be there then. Still
25 above the Indian restaurant? Okay, then.
26 See you Sunday.
    
```

*Only the most naïve citizens of the homeland may not realize it, but this represents a typical phone conversation in America Today! A dialogue between two men hell bent on the destruction of America, Freedom, and Our Entire Way of Life! These men are terrorists, and they use the phone lines - a system that was made in America, by Americans - people like you and me - to plan their devastating attacks! How dare they contemplate using modern technology to perform their nefarious treachery! How dare they, indeed?*



But have hope, because America has their top intelligence experts on the case, secretly listening in on the terrorists in the biggest phone tapping operation since Al Gore invented the phone in 1865. Non-terrorist conversations - if there are any - will be recorded for quality assurance and comparison purposes only, explained White House sources. The opera-

tion, codename Operation Hyper-Mega-Freedom, is not as simple as it sounds, explains the project lead, Major General Smith.

"You see, terrorists are seldom up front about when they're planning their next attack. They like to use codes, and only an international spy trained in dragon level 10 cryptography can decipher what they're planning. For instance, if a terrorist says 'Etslay, ombay uhte itysay allhay,' they may not actually be speaking in gibberish. This may be a code for hijacking a city bus, and affixing a bomb to it so that it can't drive less than 50 mph. Dastardly, I know. But these people are dangerous, and they could be anywhere and are clearly everywhere."



Apparently, the terrorists are using much more sophisticated codes, codes so cryptic, that whole teams of top spies are unable to break them. In a motion before congress, Major General Smith, asked for \$300 billion to be spent on new training and technology for code breaking, and to punctuate his request, he played a cryptic recording, surely a devious conversation by terrorists over the phone lines:

```

1 Hello?
2 Hi, Tiger.
3 Hey, is this Inga?
4 No, you've got Helga this time, but I'm hot
5 and ready for you.
6 Okay, that sounds good. Helga...that's a hot
7 name. What are you wearing Helga?
8 It's black and it's leather, and it's got a
9 zipper at the top that's just waiting for
10 you to pull it.
11 Oh yeah. So Helga, do you have any
12 girlfriends? What do you girls do when you
13 get together in the shower?
    
```

Smith stops the tape, and raises his hands to Congress. "You see the kind of masterminds we're dealing with. We need more funding to thwart this foe: more staff, more technology, more industrial grade lubricants and darkened offices, and most of all, more Kleenex." Moved by his impassioned plea, Congress allotted \$600 billion, twice what Smith had asked for, on the condition that Congressmen be allowed to lend their hand to the antiterrorism operation.

"For the sake of all that's good and decent," Smith continued, "we had better hope that we find out what terrorism cell Helga belongs to, and what heinous act is referenced by "girl-on-girl action". For today, for tomorrow, for America!"



CAMPUS LIFE

# How To Leave The Dorms and Live On?

CAMBRIDGE, MA

Harvard graduate student Terry Kleinschmidt recently suffered an acute nervous breakdown upon learning that he will have to leave his dorm room as of the 10th of June 2006. Terry, a G11 in Communication and Communion Sciences, is going to graduate next spring and has recently received a job offer from Columbia University. But the prospect of leaving the basement room of Child Hall where he has spent most of the last decade of his life has proved to be too much of a shock for him.

When interviewed by HSP Terry, now convalescing, commented on how devastating the idea of living in a Columbia University subsidized 2-bedroom apartment at the heart of Manhattan has been. "What shall I do with all that space? How will I find someone else to socialize with in the bathroom or experience that familiar smell of burnt fish coming from the kitchen? And who likes New York, anyway? Everything you need is right here in Cambridge!"

However, according to Terry, the most trying privation he will have to endure will be the lack of Dudley House Cafe's exquisite culinary creations. "Those daily pastas with this and that sauce...the automatic group of regular conversation partners just as socially dysfunctional as I am. I don't know if I can handle making my own pasta or friends at this stage in my life."

Anna Richards, head of the Harvard University Office for Mental Well-Being (A.K.A. the Bureau of Study Council, A.K.A. the Mental Health Center that looks just like a house) states that dorm-room-attachment related mental problems are on the rise among the graduate community.

"Terry is the 29th student we have received this academic year suffering from medium to high levels of stress because s/he will have to leave GSAS dorms," explained Richards. She further disclosed that her office, along with Harvard Real Estate and Planning is already designing a possible way to



**Kleinschmidt Escorted to an Undisclosed Location by Sergeants Mahoney and Copperfield, After Playing Leading Role in a Recent Community Advisory Notice.**

## GSAS Residence Halls



help students in this predicament. "We are currently working on a dorm-dishabituation program, so that residence hall departure will not be so abrupt. During their last two months in the GSAS Residence Halls, selected students will start by sleeping first one, then progressively more nights a week, in a large and comfortable apartment, until they feel that they are prepared to manage this new housing challenge full-time."

When questioned about this issue, Harvard University president Larry Summers said that the administration is also working on a solution for the problem. "We are planning to build a twenty seven story high concrete Gropius style ivory building in front of Widener Library, so that more graduate students can enjoy the privilege of dorm life for a longer period of time, along with direct heated skyway access to our extensive, world renowned collections. Unfortunately this construction will have to wait until my own housing plans for next year are resolved." Area landlords, Cambridge community residents, and Harvard Ph.D. students in the humanities and social sciences all eagerly await the results of this new architectural development.



## STILLS



**Reasonably High Scoring Scrabble Game Photographed**



**Unaware of Comment's Racist Undertones, Area Man Extremely Excited About Chocolate New Orleans**



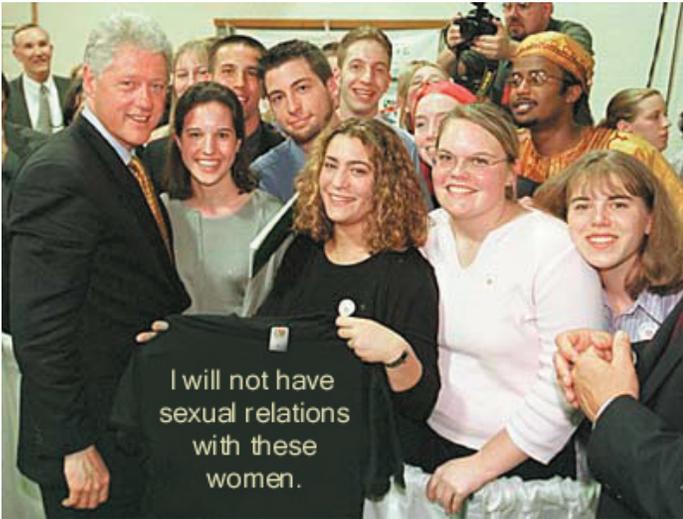
**Picture of Delicious Grapes Shown For No Reason**



**Alien Space Monster Possibly Lurking Near Right Side Page Margin**

## MINI NEWS

# Summers Taps Bill Clinton as Student-Faculty Affairs VP



By Robert Dowling

In a bold and unprecedented move for Harvard University, lame duck President Lawrence H. Summers has named former U.S. President Bill Clinton to the newly created Vice President for Student-Faculty Affairs position. "Bill Clinton is a distinguished colleague, actually a former supervisor of mine, whose extensive knowledge of the student body makes him ideally suited for this position. I have the utmost confidence that student-faculty relations will improve markedly under Clinton's always watchful eye."

Clinton, who responded to interview questions by telephone, spoke glowingly of his new post. "First, I must say that this is an extremely exciting opportunity. If I have my way with the students and faculty, I am certain that their intercourse, both within and outside of the classroom, will become both more rewarding and simultaneously, more intimate."

Clinton's selection follows weeks of speculation regarding who Summers would choose, unhampered by the president's own recent resignation. Back in May, Summers appointed a task force charged with "selecting a candidate that would make student-faculty affairs more personal, more common, and more stimulating." One member of the task force, Harvard College sophomore Lucy Anderson, was especially impressed with Clinton's interview performance. "He spoke with such passion about wanting to serve the students' interests," she said, adding, "For several minutes during his presentation, I was deeply touched."

Effective immediately, Clinton will assume his post just as soon as he can close his law practice. When HSP asked Clinton to comment rumors that he may also be interested in the Harvard presidency, he brushed them off, explaining that he had other more important things on his mind, as he headed for a third consecutive champagne reception in his honor in Annenberg Hall.



## Study: Most Seniors Confused by Medicare Benefits, World Around Them

CAMBRIDGE, MA

A nationwide survey of America's senior citizens has suggested that close to 6 in 10 seniors have almost no idea which Medicare benefits they should select. Prescription drug plans and health insurance offerings were frequently cited sources of confusion. Even more depressing, noted Jim Schlesinger, a professor at the Johns Hopkins school of Public Health and the lead author on the study, is that "nearly 7 in 10 seniors have almost no idea of who they are, where they live, or what they ate for breakfast."

During the course of the survey, researchers first attempted to establish whether seniors had a basic understanding of federal health care offerings. Next, researchers attempted to find out whether seniors had even the slightest understanding of the world around them. According to Adam Crutchfield, a co-author on the study, "We found that there was a statistically significant correlation between failing to understand one's own health care options and failing to remember one's own first name, or what century it was."

"It would appear that polling America's senior citizens is a poor means of determining whether health care offerings are, in fact, confusing," concluded Crutchfield. "My preoccupation now is whether road signs could be made less confusing," he added.





# Not Romantic



## Love in Translation

We all know the scene. It's Springtime and romance is in the air. Boy meets girl through a modern digital interface. Girl says X, but really means Y. Boy answers Z but really means (3+Q)<sup>K</sup>. With their romantic prose and verbal gymnastic abilities artificially enhanced, they both fall madly in love, only to discover that the person they fell in love with was a big fat liar! Here at HSP we hope to help our readers avoid this unnecessary heartache by providing you with simple translations of the language of date speak, electronic or otherwise.



What She Said 	What She Really Means 	What He Said 	What He Really Means 
<i>I'm a fairly athletic woman</i>	<b>I can kick your ass in a heartbeat, so don't try any funny stuff</b>	<i>I'm a fairly athletic man</i>	Owns 5-7 football jerseys
<i>I appreciate the finer things in life</i>	<b>I want a sugar daddy</b>	<i>I really enjoy the finer things in life</i>	If I give you enough wine, will you sleep with me?
<i>I'm not looking for anything serious</i>	<b>I want 3 kids within the week</b>	<i>I'm not looking for anything serious</i>	I'm not looking for anything serious
<i>I believe in love at first sight</i>	<b>You have 1 second to impress me</b>	<i>I'm really into the written word</i>	I like porn with captions
<i>I consider myself a feminine lady</i>	<b>I take 6-7 hours to get ready to go out</b>	<i>I'm really into music</i>	I have huge speakers and a sub woofer bigger than my car
<i>Body type: about average</i>	<b>morbidly obese</b>	<i>Body type: about average</i>	<b>morbidly obese</b>
<i>I'm waiting for true love</i>	<b>I have lots of patience</b>	<i>I'm open minded and into trying new things</i>	I'm looking for a lesbian porn star who likes threesomes and house pets
<i>Age: about 20</i>	<b>Age: about 30</b>	<i>Age: about 30</i>	<b>Age: 17</b>
<i>I hate playing games</i>	<b>As soon as I get tired of you- you're outta here</b>	<i>I'm in town for a week and looking to meet new people</i>	I'm married and a known adulterer
<i>I'm the simple old-fashioned type</i>	<b>I expect you to pay for dinner</b>	<i>I like doing guy things</i>	I want to get laid at least 4 times a day
<i>I'm separated</i>	<b>I'm just trying to see what's out there</b>	<i>I'm separated</i>	She doesn't know that I've been cheating yet
<i>I'm looking for a guy with personality</i>	<b>I'll settle for just above butt ugly</b>	<i>Tired of the bar scene</i>	Owner of a Monday morning hangover that needs new adjectives for description
<i>I'm divorced</i>	<b>I'm separated</b>	<i>I enjoy long walks on the beach</i>	I enjoy snorting cocaine of the ass of a \$10,000 hooker, at the beach
<i>Sometimes I like to dress up and go out. Sometimes I like to wear jeans and stay in</i>	<b>I have nothing to say</b>	<i>I'm looking to get to know someone</i>	Can you have a one night stand with the same person more than once? 

# Our Biggest Logo Ever!



Check out the Harvard Satirical Press Spring 2006 issue. I've resigned myself to reading the whole thing.

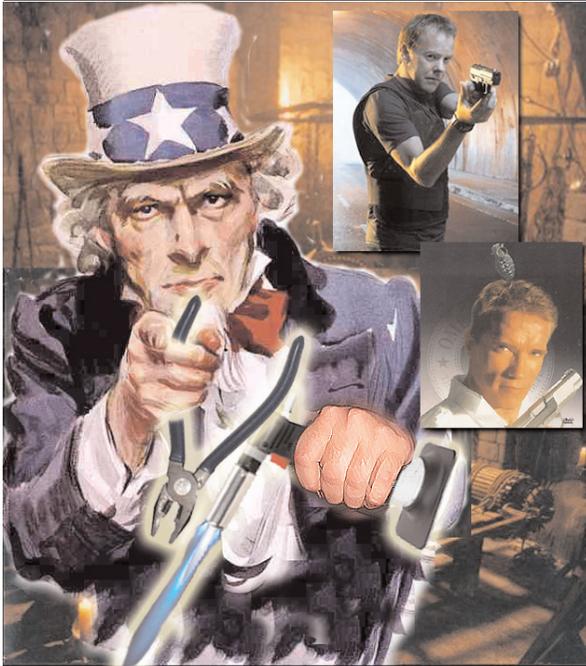


To be added to our e-mail list, submit, or inquire about joining our staff, contact us at: [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com)

[www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)



### TOP STORY



The Harvard Satirical Press www.harvardsp.com

### American Torturers Decry Recent Outsourcing Trend

**WASHINGTON DC** - Nearly 5,000 members of the American Federated Torturers Association (AFTA) held a "Bring the Tazers Back Home" rally in front of the Capitol Building yesterday to protest the burgeoning trend of US corporations and government agencies outsourcing torture... (pg 4)

### RELIGION

### Jesus Outsources Prayer-Answering to India

**USA** - Jimmy Cooper was one of many Americans to discover this weekend that instead of talking to Jesus... (pg 10)



### MINI NEWS (pg 19)

**Grad Student Mistakes Dove Bar for Bar of Dove**

**Stochastic Processes Professor Assigns Grades Stochastically**



**MBTA Transit Watch Pamphlet... (pg 11)**

### Truth In Advertising

**Hand Dryers Take Basically Forever... (pg 5)**

**NASA Announces Breakthrough in... (pg 19)**

### TERROR UPDATE

### Area Man Smuggles 70 Kilograms of Liquid onto Plane

**Washington, D.C.** - Following reports of a recently foiled British terror plot, where the weapon of choice was supposedly a bomb concocted out of explode-violently-when-mixed fluidic substances... (pg 6)



### GLOBAL POLITICS

### European Union to Become 51st U.S. State

**Europe** - In an unprecedented statement this morning, the president of the European Commission, Mr. ... (pg 8)



### CONSUMER REPORTS

### Shaving Your Face Off Has Never Been Easier... (pg 9)

### PUBLIC HEALTH

### Snorks Found in Snapple, Beverage Company Considers Partial Recall... (pg 12)



### BIOLOGY

### E.O. Wilson is Sick and Tired of Ants... (pg 13)



### UPDATE ON THE ENVIRONMENT

### NASCAR Fan Announces Plan to Save the Environment... (pg 14)



### OPINION

### Are Girl Scouts Human?... (pg 16)



### ENTERTAINMENT

### Are You Not Entertained, Again?... (pg 17)



### POINT / COUNTERPOINT (pg 18)

**Angelina Jolie vs. Jeffrey Sachs**  
I will be the one to end poverty  
**No, In fact, it is I who will end poverty**

**Snoop Dogg vs. Eminem**  
Pluto iz so a planet  
**No it's not, Dogg**



### STILLS



**Bose**  
Announces New Nose Cancelling Headphones



Definition of smithereens changed from 73 to 84 little pieces



Hey, shouldn't I be on a plane?



Don't even think about taking me to your leader

Sting's next door neighbor complains of loud sex

Ultra-feminist changes last name to hyphen

**FROM THE EDITOR**



After an aborted attempt to print 3 issues last year, we mortal grad students realized 2 was more reasonable, but in the spirit of more comedy, we've expanded from the meager 12 or 16 page issues of the past to a fat 20 page issue! We had over 30 people contribute in some way to the Fall 2006 issue, which is awesome. Our website now has had nearly 50,000 total unique visitors from over 100 countries, and astronauts even viewed it from space. Like the universe, we continue to expand, with HSP Comics, a single-panel hand drawn comic contest, with winners to be published in our Spring 2007 issue, sponsored by the Dudley House Arts Fellows. Look for flyers and send in your comics now! To get involved with HSP, read below. In any case, we hope you enjoy the Fall 2006 issue and achieve championship levels of procrastination. A.F.

*The Harvard Satirical Press is an official student organization of the Graduate School of Arts & Sciences (GSAS) and is the only official graduate student humor magazine at Harvard. We thank the Graduate Student Council (GSC) for generously helping to fund our publication. The Harvard Satirical Press is not intended for readers under 18 years of age. And if you haven't figured it out already, this is satire, and the opinions herein obviously do not necessarily represent the opinions of Harvard University, the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, or even the writers. Whether they constitute opinions at all is also debatable. But that's just your opinion...Andrew Friedman, November 2006*

**Submissions**

HSP accepts submissions from both Harvard graduate and undergraduate students. See our submission and editorial policies at [www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com). Send submissions to [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com). The submission deadline for the Spring 2007 issue is March 5 2007.

**HSP Wants You!**

HSP is looking for staff writers, editors, graphic/web designers, and students with advertising/business experience. We are also looking for a pair of black leather gloves.

**Advertise With HSP**

By advertising with HSP, your business will have an opportunity to reach a large number of undergraduate and graduate students for a reasonable price. Our advertising rates and distribution information can be found at [www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)

**Donate to HSP**

HSP needs your support. If you find yourself in an exceedingly philanthropic mood, and think laughter is a worthy cause, please send donations to the address below.

**Contact**

Contact us for submissions, staff positions, advertising, or donations, by e-mail [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com) or by mail: Harvard Satirical Press, Dudley House, Lehman Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA 02138, C/O Andrew Friedman, Editor in Chief

[www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)



<b>Editor in Chief</b>	<b>Andrew Friedman</b> <i>Warrior King of Zamunda</i>
<b>Senior Editor</b>	<b>Christopher Night</b> <i>Lord of Most Things</i>
<b>Senior Editor / Treasurer</b>	<b>Jonathan Devor</b> <i>Sergeant at Arms</i>
<b>Senior Editor / Graphics</b>	<b>Kamson Lai</b> <i>Canadian Hockey Powerhouse</i>

**Staff Writers**

<b>Elise Baldwin</b> <i>Psychotic Psychologist</i>	<b>Nick Kapur</b> <i>Past Man</i>
<b>Lydia Bean</b> <i>Lonely Texas Democrat</i>	<b>Dan Levenson</b> <i>Former U.S. Ambassador to Lilliput</i>
<b>W. Tyler Gibson</b> <i>Author of Neuromancer</i>	<b>Kyle Skor</b> <i>Token Viking Berserker</i>
<b>Kurt Gray</b> <i>Reuters Foreign Despondent</i>	<b>Patricia Vieira</b> <i>Farpa</i>
<b>Greg Jones</b> <i>God-Emperor of Irraqis</i>	<b>Gordon Ritter</b> <i>Schroedinger's Stringy Red Cat</i>

**Staff Editors**

<b>Peter Doshi</b> <i>Minister of Theory</i>	<b>Minh Le</b> <i>Body Double for Winona Ryder</i>
<b>Sabrina Hom</b> <i>The Little Witch</i>	<b>Kaisey Mandel</b> <i>Funnier Than Howie</i>
<b>Bassam Komati</b> <i>Too Cool For Adobe InDesign School</i>	<b>Mariano Zimmler</b> <i>Buenos Lasers</i>

**Contributors**

<b>Hassan Al-Damluji</b> <i>Special Student</i>	<b>Matt Hegreness</b> <i>Walks Upright Sometimes</i>
<b>Christian Barthel</b> <i>Experimental German</i>	<b>Richard Johnson</b> <i>The Not So Artful Dodger</i>
<b>Justin Bernstein</b> <i>The Man Behind, or Just to the Left of the throne</i>	<b>Jared Kaplan</b> <i>Master of Jewhitsu</i>
<b>Scott Bradley</b> <i>Public Health Crisis</i>	<b>Xavier Koenig</b> <i>That British Dude</i>
<b>Ania Bulska</b> <i>The Bulska</i>	<b>Jonathan Ruel</b> <i>Mocks Principles</i>
<b>Crystal Fleming</b> <i>Sexual Chocolate</i>	<b>Ernst Van Nierop</b> <i>Fermented Fluid Mechanic</i>
<b>Barry Friedman</b> <i>Adult Film Student</i>	<b>Mark Winkler</b> <i>The St. Louis Marathon</i>

[harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com)



**PRIORITY  
PRINTING**

***Your Deadline is our PRIORITY***

Priority Printing  
337 Cambridge St.  
Cambridge, MA 02141

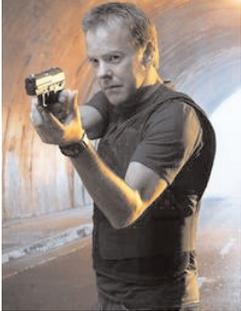
Tel (617) 547-6919  
Fax (617) 864 3744  
[info@priorityprinting.biz](mailto:info@priorityprinting.biz)



Announcing **HSP Comics**, a single-panel hand drawn comic contest, with winners to be published in our Spring 2007 issue, sponsored by the Dudley House Arts Fellows. Topics can include graduate student life, the universe, and everything (think “*The Far Side*”). Send scans of comics to [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com), or drop off original art in the box outside the Dudley House Arts Fellows office, inside the Graduate Student Lounge, on the 2nd floor of Dudley House. Submissions must be received by March 5 2007 for consideration. Selected submissions will be displayed around Dudley House and published online. For details see [www.fas.harvard.edu/~dudley/fellows/art/comedy.html](http://www.fas.harvard.edu/~dudley/fellows/art/comedy.html) - *The Editors*

## TOP STORY

# American Torturers Decry Recent Outsourcing Trend



By Jack Bauer  
and Rwanda.

**WASHINGTON DC** - Nearly 5,000 members of the American Federated Torturers Association (AFTA) held a "Bring the Tazers Back Home" rally in front of the Capitol Building yesterday to protest the burgeoning trend of US corporations and government agencies outsourcing torture contracts to cheap foreign laborers, primarily in India, China,

Information Extraction who are practically on the bread line. Do Americans really believe that some villager in Thailand with a baseball bat and some rusty nails will get better results?"

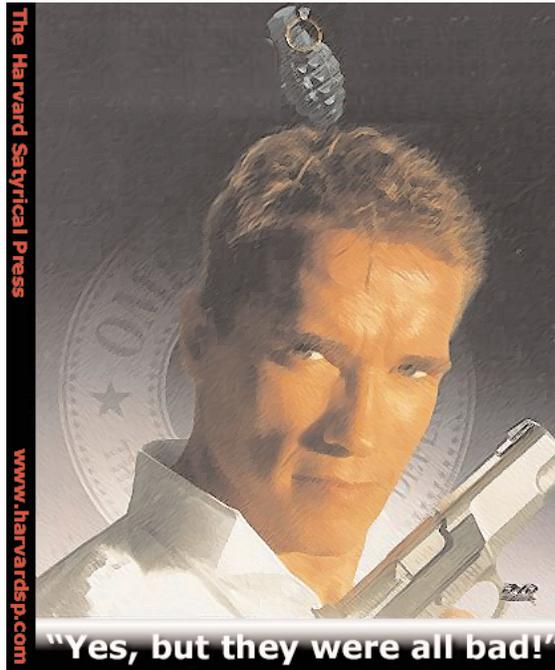
However Microsoft CEO Steve Ballmer, who runs one of the worlds largest net purchasers of torturing services, disagrees. "American tortures are out of touch and have failed to innovate," he argues. "They feel secure behind the safety of their fat union contracts, and often use Cold War Era techniques that were outdated even back in the 1970s when we first got into the torture sector. Why would we hire an

expensive, lazy American torturer when we could hire an experienced Rwandan or a superbly trained Indian torturer who will work 140 hours a week for \$5 dollars a day, speaks perfect English, and can torture customers over the phone?"

After seeing tremendous growth in the aftermath of 9/11, the American torture sector has seen steady decline in recent years as outsourcing has skyrocketed. Former blue-chip stocks of companies such as TortuTech and American Thumbscrews Ltd. have lost over half their value since the end of fiscal 2003, and the American Torture Task force estimates that by the end of 2007, more than 50 percent of America's torturers will be unemployed.

American torturers point to the affect that outsourcing torture will have on the American economy, as up to 1 million of America's native torturing sons and daughters stand to lose their jobs. "American torturers are honest, hardworking, upstanding citizens," said AFTA president and former Ultimate Fighting Champion Biff Bafferty. "Some of them work up to 42 hours a week! What right do we have to deprive them of their livelihoods, or tell them all those years of training were worthless? How will they feed their families or pay down their homes?"

Bafferty also cited a general decline in torture quality as highly trained American torturers are replaced by untrained, uncertified foreign thugs. "American torturers are the best of the best," he explained. "They go through years of training to ensure the highest levels of information per unit of pain. But now we have people with Harvard Ph.D.'s in



Indeed, the new "TeleTorture" phenomenon is seen as one of the gravest threats to good old-fashioned face-to-face American torture. Indian torture technicians, who are often recent graduates of the highly-rated Advanced Program in Torture and Pain Management at the massive Indian Institutes of Torture (IIT), are increasingly hired on to conduct torture over the phone,

ripping sacred religious texts or insulting the subject's manhood in Mumbai while the subject is forced to listen. If the subject is uncooperative, they can even transmit electroshock countermeasures to precise locations on the subject's body by bouncing them off a satellite recently launched by the Chinese Space Agency, using a microwave transmitter, GPS transponders, and a voodoo doll. Even when victims are put on hold, the torture intensifies as classic tunes by Yanni are piped through.

But corporations are not the only ones looking to foreign torturers to cut costs. Even the US government has joined the outsourcing parade. It's reached the point where last month less than half the inmates at

TOP STORY

Gitmo who underwent information management measures were handled by American torturers.

Meanwhile, a joint announcement by Russia, India, China, and Lapland last week of a new tariff barriers against US torturing prompted House Speaker Denny Hastert (R - IL), a longtime Congressional supporter of American torturers, to decry "the growing Torture Gap" in a speech to a rare joint session of Congress and call for harsh countermeasures to stanch the outflow of torture contracts to the third world and protect American torture.

But the new bill proposed by Hastert seems unlikely to pass, due to strong opposition from President Bush and Vice President Dick Cheney, both of whom warned against starting a trade war at such a delicate time.

"The climate has changed after 9/11, and no where has it changed more than in the area of torture," Bush said as part of a whistle-stop campaign speech on behalf of Florida congressman Tom Foley.

"America needs more and more torture every day, and the fact is, American torturers just can't keep up. I'm the President, so I'm the one who decides how much torture we need, and also what it means in the first place. But that does not mean I am unsympathetic to the recent troubles of America's hard-working torturers. That is why I have asked Congress to quickly pass my 'No Torturer Left Behind' bill to train America's torturers in new torture methods - America can, must, and will have the finest torturers in the world."



The Harvard Satirical Press www.harvardsp.com



**Related Story: Alberto Gonzalez Refuses to Attend Auto Show at Geneva Convention Center, Says Quaint Center Not in Step with Post-9/11 World (page 116)**

Truth In Advertising

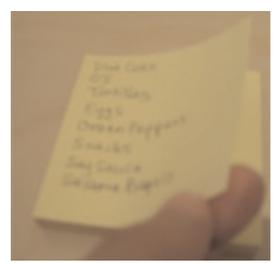


**WORLD DRYER**  
Berkeley, Illinois 60163 • 1-800-323-0701  
In Illinois 708-449-6950

Hand dryers take basically forever. They often burn the skin off your hands. They are loud as fuck. They are way more hassle than paper towels, or even pants. But the feeling you get when the last few drops evaporate is ok, I guess.



STILLS



Man accidentally writes grocery list wrong way on post it



Old bar of soap about to merge with new one

## TERROR UPDATE

# Area Man Smuggles 70 Kilograms of Liquid onto Plane



By Robert Stillwater

**Washington, D.C.** - Following reports of a recently foiled British terror plot, where the weapon of choice was supposedly a bomb concocted out of explode-violently-when-mixed fluidic substances, the American Transportation Security Administration (TSA) has instituted a ban on all things liquid on domestic and international flights, while only recently allowing any liquids you can fit into a spacious 3 Oz. Ziploc sandwich bag. As a result, airport trash bins have become dominated by vicious female cosmetic products, insidiously filled Aquafina bottles, and always deadly unopened Snapple products, while passengers' throats and complexions have turned into something resembling three thousand year old parchment.

Unfortunately, according to a report from TSA spokesman Robert Stillwater, even these cunning measures - while exceedingly fair, clever, and constituting a reasonable, small, and patriotic sacrifice for passengers - still fall well short of comprehensive terror prevention. As a case in point, Stillwater explained how New Jersey native Elliot Rainier, a veteran fireman, father of two, and now a suspected terrorist, smuggled nearly seventy kilograms of liquids onto an American Airlines flight out of Washington National last week.

"At the TSA, we pride ourselves on using state of the art technology including biometric sensors, back-scattering X-ray machines, and stuff you can't even see on well written, artfully paced, forensic TV shows", Stillwater explained. "However, a single man, acting alone, by himself, without even being financed by an anti-American billionaire or having an unpatriotic foreign sounding name, was able to undermine that system like a shotgun cutting through Kleenex. The level of stealth technology employed

was unbelievable. We have dogs that can detect a single molecule of illicit drugs, frogs that can detect single photons, and cats that can detect even the barest smidgen of evil, but none of this was enough to detect practically a reservoir of wetness."

As Stillwater described to HSP, Mr. Rainier's heinous smuggle list was evidently comprised of a shockingly stunning variety of liquids, silently transported onto American Airlines Flight 255, including cranberry juice, blood, Miller Lite, urea, and a whopping 65 kilograms of a deadly substance most often associated with drowning. And unlike the amateur razor blade kids and the Swiss army knife chicks of the past, Stillwater explained that Mr. Rainier - a full grown adult and former college linebacker who should know better - wasn't even trying to prove a point about the weaknesses of our security system.

"He actually claims complete ignorance of the contents he brought onto the aircraft. The nerve on this guy! I'm not going to take his word for it just because firemen are so hot right now. Does he actually expect us to accept that this veritable plethora of toxic moistness was skillfully concealed on his person without his knowledge? If you ask me, that's about as believable as not being able to find your own asshole."



## Why the Bag?

A simple, but effective way to contain terrorism

- ▶ Plastic = Way of the Future
- ▶ Terrorist Proof Zip Top
- ▶ Holds Up To 3 Oz. of Anthrax
- ▶ Can Pour Capri Sun Into Bag
- ▶ Shows Up Clear on X-Ray
- ▶ Bags Are The New Purse
- ▶ 7 Mini Vodka Bottles To Go!
- ▶ Supplement to Barf Bag
- ▶ Fits Only Very Small Bomb

The Harvard Satirical Press

[www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)

**TERROR UPDATE**

As Rainier himself noted, "Look, I put blood, sweat, and tears into my job every day, putting out fires, and saving American lives, and this is how I get treated by our government? Well, I guess Toronto is quite nice this time of year."

When asked what the TSA planned to do in response to such an embarrassingly exposed security weakness, Stillwater noted that, despite the severity of the measure, the TSA had no choice but to raise the terror alert to aqua. He also hinted at a variety of newly broadened security measures currently in the works, including blindfolding, handcuffing, sedating, and/or cryogenically freezing all passengers during flights of more than 10 minutes or 2 hours, whichever is less. "Don't worry, we'll revive you in Tallahassee," Stillwater assured concerned travelers.

"And although I am not at liberty to discuss the details at present, we may have to begin instituting even more extra vigilant, effective, and efficient checks for a newly identified type of passenger car-

rying a deadly flammable substance in their lungs, of all places. Some of it has even been known to be present in large quantities in the aircraft cabin itself, not to mention the yellow masks we discovered secretly hidden in compartments above people's seats. Obviously we will have to remove all of this from the cabin in all future flights."

"Look people, with this kind of new breed of wacko out there, dilettantes with ninja stars in the soles of their shoes and tactical nukes stuffed up their asses are the least of our worries. I know it's hard to believe that a human being would do that to themselves, but listen people, ever since 9/11, we've lived in a post 9/11 world. There are a lot of crazy people are out there, and if we Americans have to give up a few minor conveniences to safeguard our right to transport our citizens in shaky pressurized metal tubes hurtling through the clouds at 700 miles per hour, it's a price I'm willing to pay."

**Top 10 Things No Longer Allowed on Planes**

- \*snakes
- \*snakes that are also bombs
- \*wet T-shirt contests
- \*other airplanes
- \*dew
- \*diet TAB  
(exception made for DIAL hand soap)
- \*snack boxes
- \*John Malkovich, when he tries to kill a man with peanut based gun
- \*rocket fuel
- \*gases
- \*non Air Marshalls
- \*Air
- \*clothes
- \*the appearance of being vigilant
- \*plasma, superfluids, and Bose-Einstein condensates
- \*passengers
- \*food (actually, this was already banned)
- \*good movies (ok, this was also already banned)
- \*non-sedated babies
- \*pilots
- \*trashy novels



- \*solids (pending)
- \*farts
- \*adobe huts
- \*gay stewards (lesbian stewardesses ok)
- \*sleepers
- \*cells (Eukaryotes excluded)
- \*arm rests
- \*gladiators
- \*space and time  
(3 foot time bomb found on plane)
- \*terrorists

Other News: "Fly List" to replace "No Fly List". **FAA Cites Rising Paper Costs.** (page 2056)

## GLOBAL POLITICS

# European Union to Become 51st U.S. State



**Europe** - In an unprecedented statement this morning, the president of the European Commission, Mr. Durão Barroso has announced that the European Union will be applying to become the 51st state of the US.

"This move should help foster economic cooperation and to strengthen cultural ties between the two regions", said Mr. Barroso in his speech to the European Parliament. "We have known ever since Thatcher that social democracy is doomed. The time has come to embrace American liberalism wholeheartedly. And, let's face it, this moment was basically sealed as soon as the French government earmarked 20 square kilometers for EuroDisney Paris back in 1985."

President Bush has reacted with moderate enthusiasm to the EU application. In a short interview held in the 5000 acre living room of his Texas ranch he stated: "This will mean more troops for our attack ..., I mean protection, of the I-rocky people. Anyway, we won't need to bother going through that silly United NATO stuff anymore. Coffee and I don't really get along that well anyway. My only concern is with all those foreign languages. Soon someone will be chanting the America anthem in French! I'm not sure if they even have a word for freedom." After a moment of reflection, the president's attention turned once more to the Mexican soap opera he had been watching, in Mexican.

People from both sides of the Atlantic have expressed mixed feelings about the prospect of the union. In a survey published in the New York Times, 99% of Americans were reported to have said that they would like the EU to become part of the US. However, it was later discovered that a large number of the interrogated believed that "EU" meant Puerto Rico, Guam, or Hawaii. Indeed, only 11% of the surveyed seemed to be aware of the fact that there were other countries outside North America and a mere 1% had already heard about a continent called Europe.

Within the European Union, the impending unification has given rise to great expectations. An inordinate number of retired couples from Norway have already bought apartments in Florida condos and many British are now taking classes in order to learn the American language. Others are more skeptical about the project of joining America. Most Italians fear an invasion of the country by Starbucks and the Lithuanians believe that Mr. Bush will never be able to pronounce the name of their national language. Kazakhstan is still so angry at Borat that they missed the latest EU application deadline, which sucks for them since they could have gotten Medicare in the new deal. The only Europeans who seem to have adhered without reservations to the prospect of becoming American citizens are school children. When interrogated about the reasons for his support of the idea, 12-year-old Gregor Weinrich from



"My life is suck"

Germany said with a malicious smile: "If they treat us like Puerto Rico, school will end two weeks earlier this year..."



Possible Site of 2008 Super Bowl.

Regarding whether the U.S. will now adopt the Euro, or keep its own weak-ass and fading fast dollar, US Federal Reserve Chairman Ben Bernanke told HSP, "I can stomach the Monopoly Money if you can. And besides, Jefferson's head is way too big anyway". Bernanke further announced plans to finally remove both the penny, the fifty cent piece, and both the

Susan B. Anthony and Sacajawea dollar coins from circulation, to be replaced by the 1 and 2 Euro coins which actually mean something. Nickels, dimes, quarters and the two dollar bill will remain valid currency, "just for shits and giggles", explained Bernanke.

Speculation about the name of the future superpower has gripped the international media, with suggestions that range from the inspiring "Union of Unions", to the slightly dissonant "Eumerica", to the remarkably progressive "United States of America".

The international community will be eagerly awaiting further developments in this situation in the next few days.



## CONSUMER REPORTS

# Shaving Your Face Off Has Never Been Easier



by **Chuck Alpha**  
Head of Public  
Relations,  
Shavenex Co Inc.

Hey there! Remember when Shavenex revolutionized shaving forever by revolutionarily creating a revolutionary two-blade disposable shaving revolution? With our seamless design and economical pricing, it was like getting two blades for the price of 1.9! Never a company to rest on its laurels (which are pretty sharp, by the way), however, a few years later we came out with the incredibly amazing and unprecedented THREE-blade razor! We promised

that it was the best, closest shave EVER, a promise we kept for almost nine months - a veritable eternity in the world of disposable shaving systems - when we unveiled our innovative FOUR-blade razor, and declared in numerous ads that using an obsolete



Old razor

three-blade razor was like having a rabid badger gnaw your facial hair off. I don't mind saying now that we ditched that four-blade piece of crap faster than Superman changes into his outfit when

our mind-bogglingly original FIVE-blade razor hit the market. But that was just the beginning....

The deranged chaos that ensued over the next several months in the disposable shaving market, I am proud to say, brought tears to the eyes of many confused consumers. Any company would be delighted to have wrought such abject befuddlement to those who use its products. "After trying your 14-blade razor, I'll never go back to the single-digit blade count again! Yesterday in desperation I tried an 8-blade razor, only to have chunks of my face fall off like I was some sort of zombie leper! Oh dear god help me!" Such letters from satisfied customers are what make my job worth doing.

Finally it seemed like things had calmed down with the debut of the 23-blade Shavenex HydroMech Aquatron Palladium Turbo Triple X Plus. 23, we claimed, was the absolute maximum limit on blades that fundamental physics would allow.

Well thanks to breakthrough advances in string theory, dear customer, I am happy to announce that

that is no longer the case! Introducing the ultra-new high-tech futuristic SHAVENEX N-BLADE RAZOR!!!! By utilizing the universe's curled-up hidden extra dimensions, we've crammed so many blades onto a razor head that it's physically impossible to count them! What's the value of N? God only knows, but it's bigger than whatever the hell you're using now! I know what you're thinking: "I'm happy with N-1 blades. What does the Nth blade really do for me?" I know you're thinking that because we had to form a PR task force specifically to invent reasonable-sounding answers to that very question! Here's what they said:

**\* The Nth blade redistributes the shavification factor to cut the hair without actually cutting it. It's some sort of zen thing.**

**\* The trauma induced by the extra blades gliding along your skin transforms your own epidermis into nature's lubricating comfort gel.**

**\* The blades-within-blades design means never missing a spot, unless you're just an incompetent idiot, or your razor has dulled because you've used it longer than the recommended 5 strokes.**



The N-blade razor from Shavenex. You've never had a shave this smooth, close, and comfortable, and until we release the N+1-blade razor later this week, you never will!

## RELIGION

# Jesus Outsources Prayer-Answering to India

**USA** - Jimmy Cooper was one of many Americans to discover this weekend that instead of talking to Jesus or one of His angels during his prayers, he spoke with Rangeet Kapoor, an employee of India Super Call Center. The call, which was recorded for quality monitoring purposes:

```

1 "Hello, Jesus?"
2 "This is Jesus, how may I help you?"
3 "Jesus?"
4 "Yes, this is Him, how may I help you?"
5 "I was wondering if...hey Jesus, why do you sound
6 like Apu from the Simpsons?"
7 "Well...Jimmy" said Rangeet, glancing at his
8 prayer ID, "Jesus is very busy and can't talk
9 to everyone personally, so he has special helpers."
10 "Oh, like Angels?"
11 "Yes, kind of like Angels, but instead of wings
12 we have families to provide for and a lack of
13 alternative job opportunities so they can get
14 away with paying us 18¢ an hour. So yes,
15 basically like Angels. Although we also wear
16 turbans, eat curry and think your God is weak
17 and pathetic when put against deities such as
18 Brahma the Creator or Shiva the Destroyer.
19 Shiva would never let himself be nailed to a
20 cross. But I digress, we are basically exactly
21 like Angels."
22 -pause-
23 "Well, ok, I guess that's okay. I just wanted to
24 ask for Momma to stay healthy and for me to grow
25 up to be a pilot. And also for my step-brother
26 Kevin to get his wiener bitten off by a badger
27 and then for him to get gangrene in his brain and
28 then die so he stops stealing my baseball cards.
29 And it would be great to have my babysitter Tammy
30 Rae touch me in my bathing suit area again - that
31 was real nice last weekend."
32 "Ok Jimmy. The Heavenly Father will be informed
33 of your prayers and if they are answered, you can
34 expect some results in the next 1-15 years. Thanks
35 for praying to Jesus. Please pray again."

```

In fact, for little Jimmy, that was the first time he had ever prayed to Jesus, after he heard from his Daddy that Jesus was always listening, as opposed to that lazy ass Santa dude, who only worked for one month out of the year. For although Jimmy had frequently wished for Santa to bring him the flashiest new sneakers and for the swift and merciless death of his step-brother, he didn't realize the power of prayer for earning him salvation.

Being slightly confused, Jimmy asked his Sunday School teacher, Jeb Jebson, for clarification. HSP contacted Jebson for comment.

"Well, just this Sunday" began Jebson, "I tells those kids that they need to be praying 'cause you just might croak in your sleep, and if you ain't been praying you'll be stuck in that big ol' lake of fire where serpents gnaw unceasingly-like at your face and there's more torture than Guantanamo. That's what I tells them. And then they go and pray and they get Rajiv Abdul Kapur on the other end instead of our Lord and Saviour? All I know is that I don't need some convenience store terrorist tellin' me what Jesus thinks. I already know what God thinks. He hates gays, he loves Dale Earnhart Jr. (God rest his soul), and he sure don't like foreigners. First them immigrants steal our jobs now they steal our God. I can tell you right now that there will be consequences. Plagues, locust and stuff. Jesus was born, bred, and crucified American, and he'll be kicking some Bollywood-dancing ass for damned sure soon as he hears about this."

This reaction was typical of many Americans, and prompted a number of impassioned pleas to God. However, both God and Jesus refused to comment on the new policy (the holy ghost was conspicuously absent, especially given that He has recently be linked to Oxycontin abuse). Archangel Gabriel, the official Messenger of God-Jesus, did provide a state-



**Oy, it's hard to find good, cheap, Aramaic speaking help these days.**

ment on their behalf. "The son of God himself did authorize this move to help reduce the strain on his lordship's already busy schedule. While the 'Big Three' remain dedicated to providing their flock with the best in spiritual salvation at the lowest cost, recent instabilities in the empyrean economy has made it necessary to downsize our angel prayer answering division and outsource much of our service to Bangalore."

Shareholders in Christianity have been discussing new saviours if Jesus is ultimately discredited for authorizing the outsourcing. At the top of the list is Tom Reilly, followed by Arnold Schwarzenegger and then that hot redhead from the Pussycat Dolls. Only time will tell what will happen to Christianity, but we can be sure that who ever assumes the helm will hate both gays and Jews with the Passion of Christ.



# Proper Bander

### In an emergency:

Look for the emergency signage posted in each vehicle and station. Read it promptly. Then immediately panic.



### SUBWAY EMERGENCY INSTRUCTIONS



After panicking, please remain calm. If you cup your hand to your ear you might even hear the ocean. Doctors say this is soothing, but as you know most of them are liars.



Hovercraft fire extinguishers generally are able to avoid the mutant Adidas logo that shows up whenever there are terrorists.



If a passenger is in distress, it is most likely because their Blue Cross / Blue Shield premiums are way too high.



Beware of these oddly shaped T-tokens, which are difficult to fit in the machine. Charlie passes will make all this obsolete, but beware of buying one ride with a \$20 bill, as you'll get 3 quarters and 18 lousy Sacagawea's for your trouble.



Be on the lookout for a green staircase with four steps and a green arrow exit sign, stolen from a Saugus area Mini Golf course. Leading suspects are terrorists.

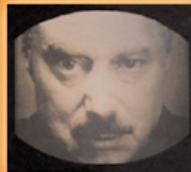
safety is fear

"Working together, transit employees and customers can provide a highly effective first line of defense against a potential emergency. We are counting on each of you to be ready to beat up a terrorist at a moment's notice, and possibly die trying.

We welcome your reports and observations, regardless of how incidental they may seem. In particular, please report any foreign looking people immediately, as they are likely spies, or worse."

*David J. Scaremaker*

David J. Scaremaker  
General Manager



See something?  
Say something.  
TRANSIT WATCH



See something?  
Say something.  
TRANSIT WATCH

TRUST  
YOUR INSTINCTS  
AND BE PREPARED.  
EVEN BOY SCOUTS  
COULD BE WITH  
THE TERRORISTS.



MBTA Transit Police  
(617) 222-1984



Massachusetts Bay  
Transportation Authority

When you're in transit, keep a watchful eye.



See something? Say something. TRANSIT WATCH

### What to watch for:

Unattended backpacks and packages



U.S. Postal Service  
Trying to save money



Polite backpack obeys  
"Do Not Enter" Sign



Terrorists often lurk  
behind opaque screens



Package totally  
late for work



Fashion proof vest  
keeps terrorists at bay

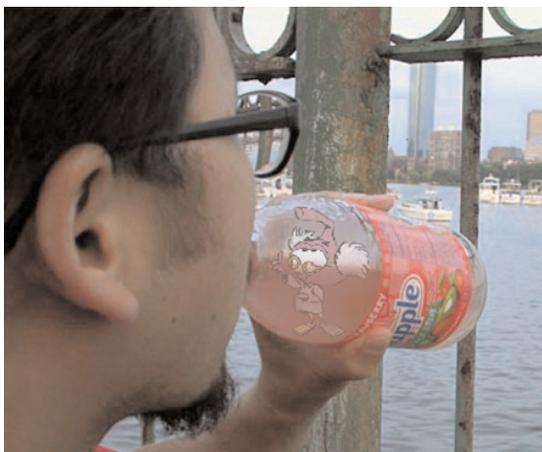
## PUBLIC HEALTH

# Snorks Found in Snapple, Beverage Company Considers Partial Recall

**TEATOWN, NY** - Not since Fraggles were found in the salad bar at a lower Manhattan Wendy's has there been such an uproar in the food industry. Snapple beverage company announced on Wednesday that it had received and was in the process of investigating numerous reports that individuals on the west coast had found live or slightly injured Snorks in bottles of Snapple Lemon Tea and Snapple Diet Kiwi Strawberry.

According to Phineas Gage Lincoln, former director of quality control at Snapple, it is not uncommon for strange and exciting animals to occasionally make their way into the water supply at the Snapple factory. "One time we found a womprat floating in the lemonade tank. Boy did it stink!" Lincoln observed, "Another time I saw a gummy bear in the parking lot. Near a dumpster. He was covered in fur, and then he drank from a little flask that looked like raspberry Snapple and jumped over the building in a single bound."

One of the individuals who claims to have found a Snork in their delicious (and refreshing) Snapple brand beverage spoke to a reporter for this publication by phone. The shock and awe was palpable in her voice. "I opened up the Snapple, and this little person thingy popped out - he had a lot of energy, which, like makes hella sense, right? Because he had been like drinking all of the ice tea, and it wasn't diet. Like half the bottle was gone. And I was like, whoa! that's a Snork!"



**Just from watching the cartoon, it might be difficult to gauge the exact size of an average Snork, but empirical evidence suggests that typical specimens are approximately Snapple bottle sized.**

While Snorks were previously thought to be involved in a number of food tampering incidents (as well as for the sinking of the USS Maine and the Kon-Tiki raft) most evolutionary biologists maintain that the last known surviving Snork community was destroyed sometime in the late 1970's. However SCUBA divers and dolphins have continued to report occasional sightings over the last two decades.

In an early morning press conference famed Harvard professor E.O. Wilson commented that "... it makes a lot of sense, really, Snapple and Snork are genetically-phonetically linked." Wilson also added that despite the long held claims of extinction, based largely on the unrelated and coincidental cancellation of a children's television show, in fact, at least 20% of the world's biodiversity, and at least \$2.6 trillion in its economic ecological footprint was likely in Snorks. Wilson

further hinted that since the total number of individual Snork species on the globe was literally "beyond calculation," it's no wonder that a few of "nature's favorite Darwinian Snorkels" would end up in your drink. "I like to think of them as a bonus," concluded Wilson, "or at least some sort of a drinking straw", the Harvard professor admitted, enjoying his delectable sugary brand name liquid in an unconventional way.

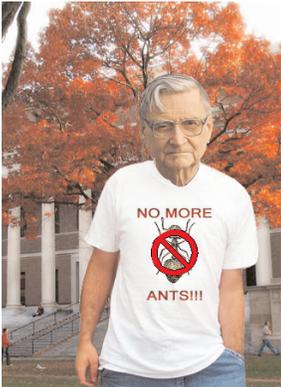
There is no word yet as to when or whether Snapple will voluntarily recall bottles of their delicious (and refreshing) beverage from other states, but the New York Times has received reports from stores in Washington state, Oregon, and California claiming that many bottles of Snapple seem to have been mysteriously removing themselves. As a result,

Snapple has arranged for CSI: Miami to be brought out to investigate.



## BIOLOGY

# E.O. Wilson Sick and Tired of Ants



E.O. Wilson

**Cambridge, MA** - In a move that has sent shock waves through Harvard's academic community, legendary entomologist Edward Wilson has declared his relationship with ants to be officially over, OEB departmental sources confirmed Tuesday. "I am sick and tired of those goddamned little things," he wrote in a memo posted Saturday on the OEB departmental website.

"Edward has decided that the time is ripe to move on to bigger and better opportunities, and for the foreseeable future will sever his ties with the greater ant community," said departmental spokesman Donald Baylor during an hour long press conference in the Museum of Natural History.

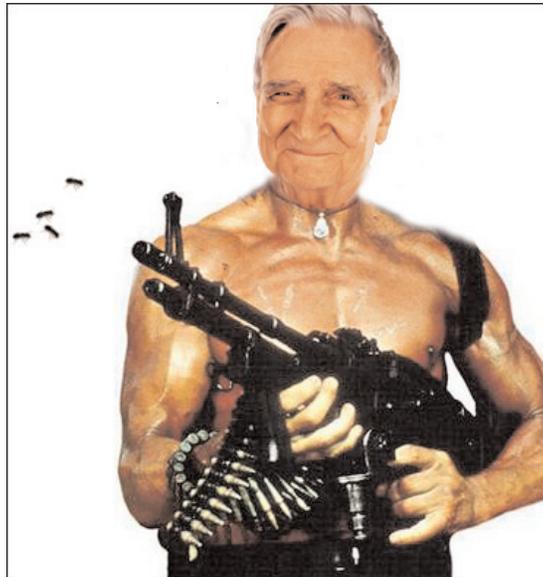
"From now on, Professor Emeritus Wilson intends to spend his time studying the foraging patterns of elephants - from a safe distance, he assures us," he said.

Sources close to Wilson, who declined to be identified, said that they could sympathize with his decision, noting that his ant career has lasted decades. "Ed just can't bear the thought of even another minute studying those little bugs," said one colleague at Berkeley. "And who can blame him? They work tirelessly for no reward, they can barely see, and let's not forget that they are tiny as hell. They run around carrying grubs for God's sake."

Wilson caused a stir earlier this year when he attended the National Conference on Elephant Anatomy, and proceeded to ask panelists where they were hiding the elephants' other pair of legs. According to conference sources, he then demanded to know "what that thingamabob attached to the elephant's mouthparts" was doing there. But Wilson reserved his harshest criticism for the panelists' denial that elephant feet were evolutionary adaptations specifically "for crushing as many ants as possible."

Although the announcement may come as a surprise to most of his colleagues, there were warning signs that Wilson might be fed up with his ant research, according to Stanford University professor Deborah Gordon. Early in 2004 during an ant conference, she recalls that he interrupted the conference proceedings to curse every known species of ant, and their progeny unto the third generation. "His eyes wide, he shouted out his innumerable complaints about ants, about how they make his skin crawl, and his nose itch, and how it stings when fire ants bite, and how his sandwich was devoured by a horde of 'these little monsters' only hours earlier," said Gordon.

"I had to throw myself in front of our demonstration colony to prevent Edward - insensitive, intolerant, Southern, and brandishing insecticide - from eradicating my precious little darlings," said Gordon's graduate student Jessica Shors. When Wilson attempted to use his shoes and a loaded M-16 to smash the ants, security intervened, she said.



Students in Harvard's OEB department had noticed erratic behavior as well. "Suddenly, he seemed to have taken to walking anteaters on leashes early in the morning," noted third year graduate student Angie Berg, who said that she regularly passed him on the way to work. And at the 2005 departmental Christmas party, he brought not his usual fare, but instead baked "ant cookies, ant brownies, ant brittles, and ant popsicles,"

according to Matt Hegreiness, a graduate student in the Hartl laboratory.

News of Wilson's departure from ant entomology comes on the heels of his recent disclosure that he had an improper relationship with a subordinate harvester ant on his research team during the summer of 2001. Wilson, who maintains that his relationship with the ant was "consensual," was not immediately available for comment.

Upon release of Wilson's announcement, ant stocks fell 0.8% on the New York Stock Exchange.



## UPDATE ON THE ENVIRONMENT

# NASCAR Fan Announces Plan to Save the Environment

**Darlington, S.C** - Elber Fortenberry appears like an unlikely progressive. Standing amidst the dugout of the Darlington Raceway, one of several southern tracks in the Busch NASCAR series, he ostensibly fits right in with the majority of the tobacco-chewing, 'fear the mullet'-hat-wearing, confederate-flag-bearing crowd: On a patch of concrete here he's made a pied a terre of sorts for the afternoon, complete with a folding chair, table, grill, beer cuzies, coolers, wieners, burgers, slaw, biscuits, gravy, and chips. "Gotta love these suckers," says Fortenberry, sipping on a Miller High Life between mouthfuls of Pringles, "Damn true: Once you pop, you ain't gonna stop." A Rusty Wallace #2 shirt, with silk-screened advertisements for Snap-On Tools and Sherwin Williams, hangs in his hand while he, shirtless and pale, squints at the sun. "Shoot, it's a hell of a day. Makes a man wanna hang around the cracker barrel a bit more and forget work." He takes a last, long draught from his beer, some of which soaks his great, bushy goatee. "Alright," he says, "Let's skedaddle."

We walk to a makeshift encampment just across the dugout. Fortenberry waves to a couple of guys setting up a tent here. "Mi Amigos," he indicates. When the tent is up and sturdy, Elber's helpers set to taking thousands of pamphlets out of small, cardboard boxes. With the pamphlets positioned on their tent's front table, a white, plastic patio piece with streaks of dried mud on it, the team has a veritable kiosk and are nearly ready for business. "Just a tadpole more,"

Elber winks. His friends take a large, vinyl banner out of a flatbed near the area and hang it from the kiosk's uprights. "S.H.I.T.E." it reads in green, hand-painted lettering. Fortenberry explains, "Stockcar Homebodies Interested in Tendin' to the Environment." Minutes pass, and the tent sees little action. A couple of kids playing football accidentally throw their pigskin into the kiosk and knock over a couple of stacks of pamphlets. "Hoodlums," one of Elber's entourage intones, punting the football deep into the dugout. Moments later a staggering man wanders to the kiosk asking about where he can find a "Biffy", and Elber points him to an apparently popular area just to our left.

In the lull of activity, Elber philosophizes, "You see, we ain't that popular yet. NASCAR folks don't like change

that much. We hold hard to chief comforts, you see. It's liberty or death, they say, and for us liberty's not much more than apple pie, NASCAR, guns, trucks, and barbeque. But I don't like where this country's headed one bit. Not an inch worm's worth. That's why I started this here group."

S.H.I.T.E. spawned from Fortenberry only recently, after a night out with his wife: "Nexxie told me she wanted to see this movie, *The Inconvenient Truth*. Said it was some documentary or somethin'. 'Hell,' I told her, 'Last documentary I saw was that Super Size Me deal. Damn near laughed myself clean at that good-ol'-boy-lookin'-Spurlock, stuffin' his face with them fries and such. Shoot, maybe this'll be a laugh, too. Let's gitter done.'" Elber pauses impressively, as if pained for a link to the next thought. "Thing is, wasn't what I thought. Wasn't about no hairy-fool eatin' & throwin' up and all. It was more serious, like. All about how we're killin' the trees and nature and such with

our ways. Our consumption. Said we're shootin' off all these puffs of smoke to the air and not even givin' a crap. All our cars and factories, gettin' in there and cuttin' up ozone. Makin' a mess and killin' them krill fish in Finland and such. Meltin' salt pillars, too."

Asked how the 45th Vice-President's film inspired his S.H.I.T.E., Elber meditates, "Oh, hell yeah. Got me thinkin' - and feelin' some, too. When I was a boy

grandpappy and me went catfishin' in a stream behind our trailer. Had us some good larks there. After the movie I'm thinkin', shoot, we keep doin' this and I ain't gonna be able t' take my pups' pups down the ol' stream.' If nothin's done, them catfish'll look like vermin the size of mountain goats, you know? Either that or charred and dead. Just like them Finnish krill. So I says to myself, Elber, you gotta do your part. You gotta throw S.H.I.T.E. right in people's faces."

There are big plans for S.H.I.T.E., despite the operation's current, modest scale. "Yeah, see, there's this grand scheme. First, got these here buddies on board. They like they're huntin' and don't wanna see Bambi croak no time soon. Anyhow, we're handin' out pamphlets here, kinda subversive like, talkin' 'bout how



Fortenberry hanging out with his homebodies outside the S.H.I.T.E. tent

## UPDATE ON THE ENVIRONMENT

NASCAR could be a lil' greener. We're just floatin' ideas now and gettin' people on the bandwagon. Hope to build a grand coalition, you know. Maybe get them higher-ups t' make some changes. So we're standin' with our S.H.I.T.E., right in the dugout. People laugh and take a gander."

Elber, who recently traded in his old Caterpillar steel-toes for Simple hemp clogs, smiles to passers by and hands out pamphlets. Most take them indifferently and let them fall to the ground, new additions to the dugout ground's assortment of strewn bottles, wrappers, condoms, and greasy, used napkins. Some accept the pamphlets interestedly after stopping to look at the huge 'S.H.I.T.E.' sign, the pseudo-fecal ring of which Fortenberry claims has a magnetizing effect on the NASCAR circuit's "down home, red state folk". The pamphlet Elber hands out is decidedly unscientific. Though its ideas stem primarily from Mr. Gore's recent, enviro-embracing, empirically-driven production, it fails to properly cite the increasingly significant body of research detailing the effects of human consumption on the Earth. Elber acknowledges this deficit, rationalizing, "People 'round here don't care much for that hogwash made by wizards in their soap towers. Country folk want simple answers to simple problems."

Which brings us to Fortenberry's solution to the current global warming policy dilemma: "Beer Fuel," Fortenberry proposes, unabashedly. NASCAR, he argues, has a critical opportunity to take the moral high ground by using the suds consumed by traditional racing enthusiasts to power its race cars. Theoretically, such consumptive alteration could lessen NASCAR's greenhouse gas emissions and American dependence on foreign oil, seen by many in Washington as a crucial factor in advancing in the war on terror. "It's possible," Elber claims, "The French are makin' it outta bad wine. You got scientists over in Idaho, Wyoming, and such makin' it outta switch grass. Them new fuels ain't releasing all them dioxides and CFCs and such into the ozone. They're not killin' it like gas does. So I say, 'Let's kill two birds with one stone: Let's drink our booze and use leftovers for fuel.' What better way to get people revved-up for NASCAR than to drink same stuff's sittin' in them machine's fuel tanks? It'd be like closer to God, you know? Like sippin' on the same stuff's next to Matt Kenseth's keister? Ain't no woman

I know gonna refuse that drink, let me tell you. Plus, ain't no way all that Natty Light, Genesee, and such produced each year's always bought. Swear I've seen cases o' Schlitz sittin' in my pal's liquor store for at least two decades. Just catchin' dust. Take it off the shelf, by golly, and get it runnin' cars. Help the war effort and trees at the same time. Bam-Bam, you know?"

Not all of Mr. Fortenberry's ideas sit well with traditional NASCAR devotees. Within forty-five minutes of work, no less than a baker's dozen pass Elber, a self-proclaimed 'Folk Hero' around racing circles, and shout various epithets including "Yankee", "carpetbagger", "Tree Hugger", "Ralph Nader", "Granola Democrat", and, perhaps most unpalatable, "Koala F\*\*k\*r". These taunts do not phase him, however. "People get loony, but times change," he says. When asked about the assumed strong correlation between NASCAR-Dad-ism and Scorched-Earth-Republicanism and his group's potential to muddy the proverbial water, Fortenberry remains dismissive, "Listen, I voted for Bush, both times. Most of my friends did, too. But I says 'pootch's hootch', though. I like tots. My friends like home fries. That don't mean we don't all like taters, you know? People's people. I ain't here to cause hell. I'm here to spread a message."

People gravitate toward and respond to the truth, Elber thinks. "It ain't a red state or blue state thing. Some people here be shootin' their mouths sayin' just 'cuz I'm talkin' 'bout savin' a little oil I'm gonna start smokin' grass and questioning the Second Amendment. Hell no. It's all about the future and having streams with big, healthy fish and clear, blue skies. Who wants skin cancer and four-eyed buffalo? I mean, America's where the buffalo roam, right?" Though Elber currently has no criteria to gauge the success of his campaign, there are already hints of its progress. "Some people come up to me and say, 'Elb, I think you got somethin' here.' You believe me: It's in the air. The wind's are a turnin', and the moment people really get a whiff of my S.H.I.T.E., they're gonna beg for more."



"Lovin' the environment is a lot like lovin' tots. Way I see it, tots is the environment, sort of." -E.F.



A prototype beer-fueled NASCAR designed by Fortenberry



## OPINION

# Are Girl Scouts Human?



By Elise Baldacci

#1. Name an enemy. Identify a group that is generally regarded as non-threatening, neutral, or non-controversial and make a convincing argument that describes that group as the 'enemy'. Don't hold back-- the goal of this assignment is to dehumanize. Write your manifesto.



Since its inception in 1912, The Girl Scouts of America have purported that "Girl Scouting builds girls of courage, confidence, and character, who make the world a better place." Despite its popularity and overwhelming participation, The girl scouts of America is actually a malevolent nemesis that defames the reputation of our country's young girls and instead of building up proper character and esteem, it begins early teaching small children about segregation, dependence and conformity, and provides them with a false sense of accomplishment and belonging. Parents would do their children and the nation a favor by preventing their child from participating in the abominable organization.

They begin young. Girls as young as five are drafted through their friends and older siblings into a group that immediately segregates females and males. Unlike the Boy Scouts that concentrate mainly on outdoor activities, girl scouts, called Daisies at this stage, concentrate on more womanly roles such as crafts and selling cookies. This teaches girls not only that boys and girls should exist as separate and exclusive entities, but that girls are obviously weaker and should concentrate on building up a skill set that will allow them to serve their men when they are older.

Membership is open to "all" provided that families have the financial means to purchase uniforms, pay dues, and pay for activities in which the troop participates. As members, the uniforms help to mark the distinction between them and the ordinary little girls, who due to the inability to meet any of the aforementioned pre-requisites will be shunned and excluded from their activities. This mandated uniformity helps teach young girls that consistency is preferable, and when in doubt, one should gravitate toward those who are like them. Additionally, although the uniform provides a sense of belonging for those who bear it, this state is tenuous, and it is one from which they can figuratively and literally be stripped as soon as they are unable to pay their dues.



Only \$6.75 each.

Girl scouts of all ages have the opportunity to earn badges that indicate to each other and to the world what specific skills they have accomplished. Among other badges of merit, girls can receive badges entitled: Ms. Fix It, Sports Sampler, Water Play, Exploring Healthy Eating, and Making Hobbies. In all certainty, earning these badges leaves

each girl with a good sense of self-worth and accomplishment, but what really are these girls accomplishing? Nothing. A more suitable badge would be one at the end of each year that is called "Way to be a Normal, Developing Human Being". The badge system not only instills in young girls the idea that they should and can be recognized for each and every tiny little thing they do, but it makes them feel like they are better than a) non-girl scouts who have not received those badges, and b) their fellow 'sisters' who did not choose to pursue those particular badges. This sense of superiority contributes to the latent competition first present in the young troop, and existing between them and other women for the rest of their lives.

In addition to badges, all girl scouts have the opportunity to participate in cookie sales. This seems to be less about teaching girls 'life lessons' and more about making money for the troop and the national organization, however, the young girls 'take home' message should not be undermined. Many solicitors that approach consumers in their houses and in various shopping arenas are either quickly dismissed, or met with hostile criticism. Even as witnesses to this, Girl Scouts are not deterred, for the ubiquitous Girl Scout cookie is greeted annually with enthusiasm and anticipation. Even if a consumer is not interested in buying boxed cookies at three times the cost of fresh bakers cookies, many are eager to please the cute little girls, so bright eyed and full of hope; dressed in their well known green and brown uniform. Due to the fact that consumers are significantly less eager to please other solicitors working for other 'equally reputable' associations, one (girls scouts included) must deduce that it is the mere appeal of them being a group of cute little girls that attracts all the consumers. This deduction paves the way to women who have a more coquettish nature as adults; for these girls have learned from experience that they can use their physical appeal and reputation to gain attention and favors from others.



"Hello Stranger"

As one can see, there are many qualities in Girl Scouts that make them an ostensibly worthy and valuable association. However, a closer glance at these 'qualities' reveals that they really contribute to poor self-esteem, and conforming and subservient women who have learned to follow standards and guidelines previously set for them as opposed to think for themselves and challenge themselves to meet their individual full-potential.

And fuck them for not letting me into their stupid club.



ENTERTAINMENT

# Are You Not Entertained, Again?



By Max Imus

eddy, *The Princess Bride*.

With the recent success of films such as the de-Wonkafied 2005 remake of 1971's *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*, Hollywood insiders now predict that the timescale for remakes will soon be decreasing rapidly. In the next few years, expect to see gratuitous and unnecessary remakes of recent classics like the 1984 hit *Ghostbusters*, 1985's own *Back to the Future*, and even the famed 1987 comedy,

mine. Let's face it people. We've got to move beyond remakes of stupid, 35 year old psychedelic cult films that are both remarkably inappropriate for children and capable of frightening grown men such as myself. In that spirit, this Christmas, we're remaking the shit out of a recent champion of cinema. A high powered blockbuster and "Best Picture"™ winner to boot...and I'm not talking about *Braveheart*." And as Meyer further noted, "There's a damned good chance that Russell Crowe will still be alive."

As a little "teaser" for the film, Universal / Dreamworks / Scott Free Productions has released the back of DVD text in all its glory. HSP now brings this wonderful piece of film history to you...

"But it won't stop there," explained Universal CEO Barry M. Meyer. "The recent past is a veritable cinematic gold

## Back of Gladiator (2006) DVD text (abridged...)



"An Awesome Cinematic Achievement. By far the Best Film Since 2000." - Gene Siskel, Elysium

**Some forest, soon-to-be-conquered, Germanic Tribal Lands**

Excuse me. Hold your horses, sheath your blades, and give me a god damned minute. I'm strategizing. Now, If you don't mind, I shall now champion this crusade with verve, gusto, and panache as its unrealistically brave, wickedly brilliant, war-general. In the process, your respect for me must double, nay, it must become at least...at least, three times larger! After that, as I confidently

and effortlessly organize the well-executed battle from the very front of the front lines, we shall be so devastatingly victorious that our enemies will each die a thousand deaths (on average), trembling in fear at even the faint sound of our encroaching war-stallion's noble hoof steps. And don't forget, the lead general of our badly dressed, stereotypically bearded, Germanic-pagan bastard foes is mine. You will conveniently clear an arrow-free, non-spiky-ball-and-chain-swinging path of glory between us so we can meet freely, and without delay, in a centrally located circular clearing, ringed by the still-steaming bodies of the fallen.

Then with a sequence of painfully predictable fight moves, I shall first be slightly injured, blood drawn from, say, my left forearm, as my arch-villain's poorly crafted demon-saber strikes first. Following this, as I nearly escape death between five and seven times by blocking, ducking, rolling, or cleverly using an enemy carcass as a shield, I shall overcome insurmountable odds, shatter my nemesis'

sword with my battle-axe, wound him fatally with a lung puncture from my trusted fighting lance, and summarily behead him with a majestic parallel strike from my impeccably sharp - and remarkably lightweight - twin broadswords.

Then, as I triumphantly hold the detached, bloody, head of my bizzarro barbarian counterpart, reveling in the eerily encompassing slow-mo and fittingly emotive, wonderfully composed, orchestral piece, you will know once and for all, and throughout the ages to come, that I alone (my fifty-thousand men aside), have laid waste to hellish armies, brought a hard-fought peace to this troubled, Wintery land, and will now return peacefully to my family farm to plant crops, raise my son as a strong - yet compassionate - warrior, and have fantastic sex with my wife - provided, of course, that I am not Shanghaied into a forced political execution/escape/exile by the soon-to-be-assassinated emperor's hell-bent, power-hungry, son as the first major plot point.

But until then, tonight, in our makeshift camp of temporary war-tents, we shall celebrate mightily with food, drink, and our fill of soon-to-be-delivered cartloads of opium and pleasure harems. Casually clean the blood from your weapons with semi-damp cloth, keep the Roman ale flowing, and bring me your finest meats and cheeses! Now dammit!



Back-of-DVD writer rumored shot in back-of-head.



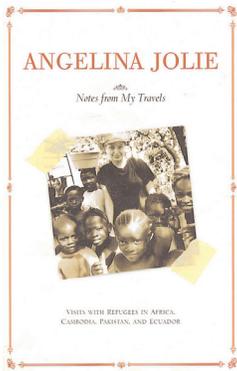
POINT / COUNTERPOINT

# I will be the one to end poverty

**Angelina Jolie:** I'm an extremely hot Oscar Nominee.

**A.J.** I have personally hugged or posed in photos with over fifteen thousand actual poor people in the last month alone.

**A.J.** I'm unbelievably hot. I inspire X-rated video games and I even made pregnant look fuckable.

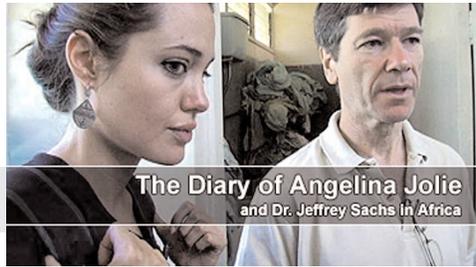


**A.J.** At this rate, I will have adopted all of Africa by next Thursday.

**A.J.** My book has way more poor people on its cover than yours.

**A.J.** I have help from Brad Pitt. If he could end a relationship with Jennifer Aniston, then he sure as hell can help me figure out how to end poverty.

**Angelina Jolie** **Jeffrey Sachs**



# No, in fact, it is I who will end poverty

**Jeffrey Sachs:** I'm an extremely intelligent economist.

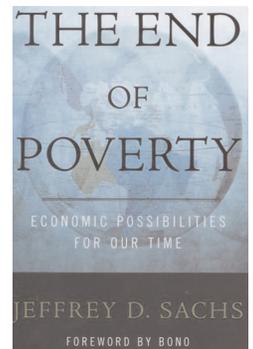
**J.S.** I've dedicated a lifetime of academic research to the topic and seriously, I'm the smartest person I know.

**J.S.** If you must know, my wife and I have a fantastic sex life.

**J.S.** I'm literally, quite possibly the smartest man alive. Ever.

**J.S.** The foreword to my book was written by Bono!

**J.S.** With the financial success of my book, I'm ending poverty one person at a time. Also Bill Clinton owes me one hundred trillion dollars. That ought to be enough.



POINT / COUNTERPOINT

# Pluto iz so a planet



**Snoop Dogg**

That ain't right. That's just bad astrofizzo.

And besides, they just discovered Pluto has 2 new moons! Now maybe I smoked a little too much hiz-zle dizzle back in the fizzle dizzle, but when you got as many moons as I got jzoints ready to go, you iz a planet, fo shizzle.

So for reals now, Clyde Tombaugh spotted the thing back in nineteen thirty 'fo or something. Fucking wit' old ass shit only means trouble. Grandfatha tha muthafucka in. That's all I got to say.

Pluto iz so a planet, yo. You wanna tell my 3rd grader and every textbook in the world that they got to redizzle the solar sizzle just cuz some old dudes and maybe one lady said so at a meeting in Prague?

# No it's not, Dogg



**Eminem**

Pluto is clearly just the largest, brightest, closest, Kuiper belt object, which accounts for its early detection. It lacks the gravitational radius to sweep out material intersecting its own orbit, and it only holds onto its atmosphere for a small part of its journey around the sun. If we included objects like Pluto, which are merely large enough to become spherical under their own gravity, then we would need to add upwards of two hundred new objects to the list of planets. In my professional opinion, this would rob the definition of the word "planet" of most of its explanatory power.

In some sense, all such definitions are arbitrary, and as scientists, we have to draw the line somewhere. We simply can't let our own personal historical bias get in the way of much needed progressive advances in astrophysical nomenclature.



## MINI NEWS

## Grad Student Mistakes Dove Bar for Bar of Dove

**By I.M. Kleen** - Graduate student Mark P. Terfelhowzer got the surprise if his life Monday morning while taking his biennial shower. Instead of coming out of the bathroom clean and devoid of dirt, the 45 year old comparative literature student emerged covered head to toe in dark chocolate and melted vanilla ice cream.

"What a moron," noted roommate and long-time friend Weezelby Montague, "This is worse than the time he mistook Snausages brand nutritious dog treats for Jimmy Dean healthy long-life inducing breakfast patties!"

"Believe it nor this happens a lot," Said Mortimer T. Dovewyle, Chairman and CEO of the Dove Corporation and 12th generation descendant of



Count Hezekiah Jethro Dovewyle The Fifth, the man who started the Dove Corporation in a small hut behind his castle in Normandy sometime in the middle of the 4th century BCE. The original Dove Corporation sold mostly magic amulets, swords and very few ice cream bars.

"This was before freezers were around," explained Dovewyle, "So they had to have a serf stand next to a block of ice holding a bag of milk. Believe me, you don't want to

know how they made the chocolate."

"I suppose it could have been worse," said Terflhowzer, looking thoughtful, "I guess I could have eaten a bar of soap."



## Truth In Advertising



**NASA Announces  
Breakthrough in Orange  
Juice Carton Technology**

The Harvard Satirical Press

www.harvardsp.com

## Stochastic Processes Professor Assigns Grades Stochastically

Cambridge, MA - MIT electrical engineering professor Dong Wong Chang used a quasi-random number generator to assign semester grades to his undergraduate students, departmental sources confirmed Monday. Citing "the immense uncertainty that characterizes the learning process," Chang defended his use of uniformly drawn random samples, which were then converted into Gaussian-distributed course grades.

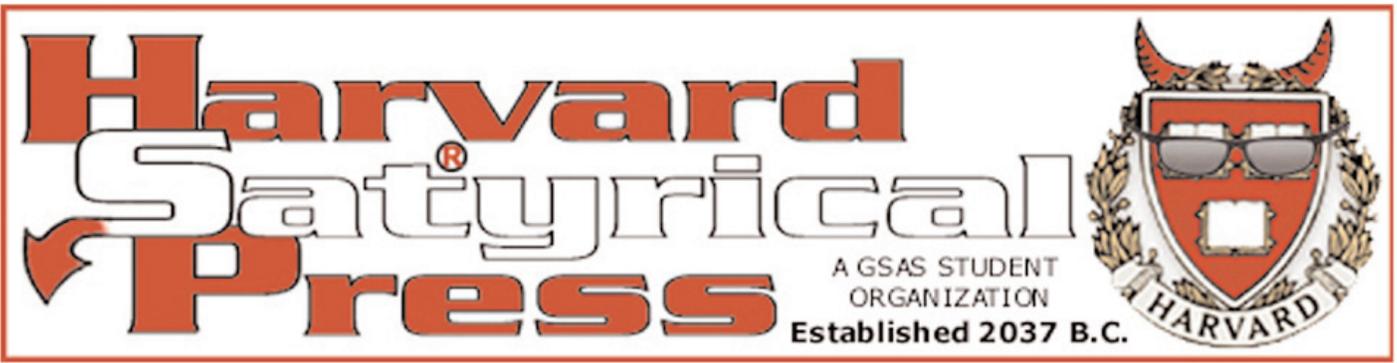
"What kind of random bullshit is this?" shouted exasperated MIT Junior John Schroeder upon learning that his assigned grade, a "D-", had absolutely no correlation with his test performance. "You can't just give us grades arbitrarily!" he fumed.



Freshman Katie Schmaltz, having been assigned an "A," was much more supportive of the policy, and was quick to remind her classmate that his chances of being assigned such an "abysmally low grade" were, in fact, "vanishingly small."

Shortly after news of Chang's methods became public, he was quickly added to the Harvard College admissions committee, where he will be charged with streamlining the undergraduate admissions process.





Think you're funny? If not, then...

**HSP Wants You!**



Spring 2007 Issue call for **submissions**

Send to **harvardsp@gmail.com** by March 5, 2007



Also announcing "HSP Comics", our new single-panel comic competition...co-sponsored by HSP and the Dudley House Arts Fellows. For details see: [www.fas.harvard.edu/~dudley/fellows/art/comedy.html](http://www.fas.harvard.edu/~dudley/fellows/art/comedy.html)

**www.harvardsp.com**

# Harvard Satyrical Press

A GSAS STUDENT ORGANIZATION  
Established 2037 B.C.



Issue 13  
Spring 2007



www.harvardsp.com  
harvardsp@gmail.com

## TOP STORY

### ★ Election 2008 ★

#### Al Gore Credits Emotion Chip With Resurgence in Popularity



**Hollywood, America** - Oscar winner, environmental activist, former United States Vice President and presidential candidate Al Gore is a popular man. So popular, in fact, that he may even be considering a previously unthinkable 2008 re-run for the White House... (4-5)

## HEALTH AND MEDICINE

#### Fearing Pandemic, COOTIES Vaccine Required for Harvard Enrollment



(7)



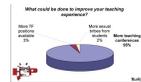
#### American Red Cross Expands Give-Away Program (15)

## HARVARD LIFE

#### Harvard Undergraduate Just Can't Stop Helping Others (12)



#### Teaching Fellows Desperately Want More Teaching Conferences (13)



## POLITICS

#### Bush Calls for Massive Troop Surge in America's Heartland



**Washington, DC** - In what he deems a "strategic redeployment," President Bush is calling for a massive troop surge into America's heartland. While the original "troop surge" Bush announced in 2006 was only 20,000 servicemen and women, the new proposed surge would be nearly eight times as large, and involve shifting almost 160,000 troops from their bases in Iraq to strategic locations across North America.... (6)

## RACISM IN AMERICA

#### In the Shadow of Rusting Steel Mills, the Struggle for Ninja Rights Continues (10-11)



(10-11)



(11)

#### Clinton and Obama Court Black Vote with Reparations Packages

## STILLS



#### Artichoke Nearly Untasteable in Spinach-Artichoke Dip



#### Curly Fries Found to Curl Backward in Australia



#### Area Man Brings His Own Equal



#### Maker of Post-It To Lobby Against Approval of Memory Drug

## OTHER NEWS

#### Rainbow Bright Goes Goth (15)

#### Discovery Channel Screenshots (15)

#### Truth In Advertising

#### Google & Transatlantic Swimming (3)

## Sponsors

Harvard Graduate Student Council  
Harvard Graduate School of Arts & Sciences  
Priority Printing  
Harvard Computer Society

#### Bush Vetoes Bill at Chinese Restaurant

#### Arbitrary, Misleading Statistic Passes Arbitrary Base-10 Number

#### Undisclosed Location Disclosed



## HSP Comics Winning Cartoons!

(8-9 ...also see 4-5)



**FROM THE EDITOR**



The Editorator

With the Spring 2007 issue coming late to shelves, nooks, and crannies around campus, expect to see this issue sneakily infiltrating graduate and undergraduate hangouts again in the Fall, followed soon by the Fall '07 issue, guaranteed to increase procrastination by 150%. Also, read this instead of studying for finals. *A.F. April 2007*

**Submissions**

HSP accepts submissions from both Harvard graduate and undergraduate students. See our submission and editorial policies at [www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com). Send submissions to [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com). The submission deadline for the Fall 2007 issue is October 8 2007.

**HSP Wants You!**

HSP is looking for staff writers, editors, graphic/web designers, and students with advertising/business experience. We are also looking for one of those things that sorts your coins automatically.

**Advertise With HSP**

By advertising with HSP, your business will have an opportunity to reach a large number of undergraduate and graduate students for a reasonable price. See our advertising rates and distribution information at [www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)

**Donate to HSP**

HSP needs your support. If you find yourself in an exceedingly philanthropic mood, and think laughter is a worthy cause, please send donations to the address below.

**Contact**

Contact us for submissions, staff positions, advertising, or donations, by e-mail [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com) or by mail: Harvard Satyrical Press, Dudley House, Lehman Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA 02138, C/O Andrew Friedman, Editor in Chief

*The Harvard Satyrical Press is an official student organization of the Graduate School of Arts & Sciences (GSAS) and is the only official graduate student humor magazine at Harvard. We thank the Graduate Student Council (GSC) for generously helping to fund our publication. The Harvard Satyrical Press is not intended for readers under 18 years of age. And if you haven't figured it out already, this is satire, and the opinions herein obviously do not necessarily represent the opinions of Harvard University, the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, or even the writers. Whether they constitute opinions at all is also debatable. But that's just your opinion...Andrew Friedman, April 2007*



<b>Editor In Chief</b>	<b>Andrew Friedman</b> <i>Warrior King of Zamunda</i>
<b>Senior Editor</b>	<b>Christopher Night</b> <i>Lord of Most Things</i>
<b>Senior Business Editor</b>	<b>Jonathan Devor</b> <i>Sergeant at Arms</i>
<b>Senior Graphics Editor</b>	<b>Kamson Lai</b> <i>Canadian Hockey Powerhouse</i>

**Staff Writers**

<b>Peter Doshi</b> <i>Minister of Theory</i>	<b>Nick Kapur</b> <i>Past Man</i>
<b>Crystal Fleming</b> <i>Sexual Chocolate</i>	<b>Dan Levenson</b> <i>Former U.S. Ambassador to Lilliput</i>
<b>W. Tyler Gibson</b> <i>Author of Neuromancer</i>	<b>Koldo Lus-Arana</b> <i>KLAUS</i>
<b>Kurt Gray</b> <i>Reuters Foreign Despondent</i>	<b>Jonathan Ruel</b> <i>Mocks Principles</i>

**Staff Editors**

<b>Lydia Bean</b> <i>Lonely Texas Democrat</i>	<b>Kaisey Mandel</b> <i>Funnier Than Howie</i>
<b>Greg Jones</b> <i>God-Emperor of Irraqis</i>	<b>Gordon Ritter</b> <i>Schroedinger's Stringy Red Cat</i>
<b>Minh Le</b> <i>Body Double for Winona Ryder</i>	<b>Mariano Zimmler</b> <i>Buenos "Lasers"</i>

**Contributors**

<b>Elise Baldwin</b> <i>Psychotic Psychologist</i>	<b>Richard Johnson</b> <i>The Not So Artful Dodger</i>
<b>Christian Barthel</b> <i>Experimental German</i>	<b>Bassam Komati</b> <i>Too Cool For Adobe InDesign School</i>
<b>Justin Bernstein</b> <i>The Man Behind, or Just to the Left of the Throne</i>	<b>Curtis Mead</b> <i>Looks For Aliens With Lasers</i>
<b>Scott Bradley</b> <i>Public Health Crisis</i>	<b>Atalia Omer</b> <i>Worships John Stewart</i>
<b>Ania Bulska</b> <i>The Bulska</i>	<b>Sharon Seun</b> <i>Hates Particle Physics</i>
<b>Andreea Gorbatai</b> <i>Salsaologist</i>	<b>Kyle Skor</b> <i>Token Viking Berserker</i>
<b>Barry Friedman</b> <i>Adult Film Student</i>	<b>Andrea Tam</b> <i>Le Princesse Jedi</i>
<b>Sabrina Hom</b> <i>The Little Witch</i>	<b>Malathi Thothathiri</b> <i>Dudley Napkin Inspirer</i>
<b>Laura Hsu</b> <i>Educational Guru / Soul Sista</i>	<b>Patricia Vieira</b> <i>Farpa</i>

# Truth In Advertising

harvardsp@gmail.com | [Saved Locations](#) | [Help](#) | [My Account](#) | [Sign out](#)

Google Maps interface showing a search for Harvard University and a route to London. The route is displayed as a blue line across the Atlantic Ocean. A callout box highlights step 14: "Swim across the Atlantic Ocean 3,462 mi".

Search Results: My Maps **From:** Harvard University

Drive: 3,726 mi (about 29 days 7 hours)

- Head west on Cambridge St toward Massachusetts Ave/RT-2A W 443 ft
- Slight right at Massachusetts Ave/RT-2A W 0.4 mi
- Turn right at Sacramento St 0.4 mi
- Turn right at Beacon St 0.9 mi
- Slight left at Cambridge St 1.3 mi
- Slight right at Monsignor Obrien Hwy/RT-28 S 0.5 mi
- Continue on Leverett Cir 167 ft
- Merge onto I-93 S/RT-3 S/US-1 S via the ramp to Quincy/Logan Airport 0.7 mi
- Take exit 24B-A toward RT-1A N/ Airport/Gov't Center 0.3 mi
- Turn left at John F Fitzgerald Surface Rd/Surface Rd 0.2 mi
- Turn left at Milk St 174 ft
- Continue on Central St 0.1 mi
- Turn right at Long Wharf 0.1 mi
- Swim across the Atlantic Ocean 3,462 mi
- Slight right at E05 0.5 mi
- At the traffic circle, take the 2nd exit onto E09/Pont Vauban 0.1 mi

14. Swim across the Atlantic Ocean 3,462 mi

©2007 Google - Map data ©2007 NAVTEQ™, TeleAtlas, AND, Europa Technologies

Don't try this at home. Google is apparently encouraging the trans-oceanic backstroke.

# PRIORITY PRINTING

*Your Deadline is our PRIORITY*

Priority Printing  
 337 Cambridge St.  
 Cambridge, MA 02141



Tel (617) 547-6919  
 Fax (617) 864-3744  
[info@priorityprinting.biz](mailto:info@priorityprinting.biz)  
[www.priorityprinting.biz](http://www.priorityprinting.biz)

# ★ ★ Election 2008 ★ ★

## Al Gore Credits Emotion Chip with Resurgence in Popularity



BY AL GORE 2.0

**Hollywood, America** - Oscar winner, environmental activist, former United States Vice President and presidential candidate Al Gore is a popular man. So popular, in fact, that he may even be considering a previously unthinkable 2008 re-run for the White House. What, you might ask, is the secret to his success? HSP recently sat down with Mr. Gore (actually, we sat and he remained standing) to get the firsthand details of the remarkable resurgence of his public persona. HSP asked one question (not printed here), and Mr. Gore spoke the rest of the time. He's like that.

**Al Gore:** Even in 2000, when I was robbed of the presidency by a gaggle of robed octogenarians, I was quite popular. I had just invented the internet, which is still the most awesome invention of all time. I had also invented the George Foreman grill, but since George and I are such good friends, I let that one slide. And I was evidently popular enough to win the popular vote, which means millions of people actually checked my box on purpose! So what was my problem back then? In this case, I have to agree with many of my former critics, who lambasted me with a plethora of mean spirited, but in hindsight accurate, epithets: robotic, stiff, boring, off-putting, and having-the-personality of a dead zombie who was never really all that personable when alive. To the Al Gore I was back then, jokes were like Sanskrit (which I now speak perfectly, thank you), and a smile from me was a sight about as likely as an atheist Republican (but I don't hate). So who and what can I thank for my newfound award-winning personality and comedic timing? None other than the brave genius kids of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a little chip now lodged firmly into my frontal lobe.

This chip — the 10.2 GHz Duo-Gore Hyper-Personalitrion — is amazing. Who would have thought that a dime sized silicon wafer nesting in one's left superior frontal gyrus could turn

a killjoy politician into a fatter, whiter version of Chris Rock (The weight gain, I admit, is one of the few negative side effects of the technology, but if elected, I promise to reduce my fast food print). I've now hosted SNL at least ten times, I killed at the Oscars with Leo Dicaprio, and I was able to draw upon heretofore untapped reserves of vulnerability and heartfelt humanity as I narrated the shit out of the personal dramatization bits in "The Inconvenient Truth". It's even helped Tipper and I deal with some of our ... problems.

I truly owe a great deal of credit to the technology that has been instrumental in my turnaround from dull son of a tobacco farming senator to high rolling Hollywood insider, Nobel Peace prize nominee, and second sexiest man alive next to myself. How, might you ask, did I present the same global warming lecture over ten thousand times, perfectly replicating every slide and joke to sub quantum precision? With my chip's new 100 Terabyte hard drive, my previously unreliable memory is now approaching elephantine proportions. The new Al Gore is all about High Fidelity. Some might object that such reliable repetition is just too good, like Commander Data and the violin, but these people are just punkass medieval technology haters. I also admit, proudly, that the MIT Media Lab didn't stop with the chip. I've got GPS, RFID, Bluetooth, Blu-Ray, and some state of the art gizmos that are so shit hot they don't even have acronyms or logos yet. I've even got a USB port in an undisclosed location where not even Dick Cheney would dare to tread, unless there was money.

The greatest thing is, I haven't even formally entered the race, and I've got Barak and Hillary shitting toasters. One of my problems in 2000 was my commitment to taking the high road. But I sure as hell won't make that mistake twice. This time, I intend to use my augmented razor sharp wit to sling enough mud to build a replica of my own face on Mount Rushmore. I'll deal with the Republi-cants after the primaries. First I have to start trash talking my would-be Democrap opponents. But it's not even like I need to verbally bitch slap Ms. Clinton and Mr. Obama. All I really need to do is just wait until they kill each other. I believe they were within minutes of speaking at the same Alabama church on a recent campaign stop, and believe me, I'd have paid good money to see them go cage match.



# ★ ★ Election 2008 ★ ★

Even so, Hillary is clearly a fraud. She about as much of a New Yorker as Arnold Schwarzenegger is a Californian. Ghost renting an apartment just to get legal residency isn't exactly what I'd call senatorial. Yes, she recently did break some fund raising records, but all that tells you is that she's about as corrupt as an Argentinian treasury minister. While America may be ready to let the first "lady" into the White House, we clearly aren't ready for a Wellesley attending, cast iron les-biyatch with a haircut that screams rug muncher, is all I'm saying. Also she's just a mean lady. I never had the courage to say so when I was Bill's bitch, but that was before I became the Cyb-Gorg uber man I am today.

And Obama. It's not even the fact that he's one typo away from being America's terrorist nemesis. It's not even the fact that he's more politically inexperienced than a twelve year old boy in the girl's locker room. It's not even the fact that he's about as African American as I am, which is half - the American part. The inconvenient truth, which you can see for yourself every time he coughs during his inspirational speeches, is that the man keeps on sneaking smokes behind America's back. I know he says he quit, but I also know the smell of tobacco when I sense it with my newly enhanced single molecule detecto-nose. I grew up on the stuff, until my family stopped growing it when scientists finally told my daddy it caused cancer (or at least within twenty years of that). The Audacity of Hope my ass. More like the audacity of dope. While getting a bunch of college kids to listen to your audio book on their iPod is no small achievement, it can't hold a candle to 50 trillion viewers I got for my film, which won an Oscar, by the way. Bitch.

John Edwards? Isn't he that guy who talks to the dead on TV? He better think about crossing over when I come to town, or else he and his \$400 haircut are going to end up in court. Bill Richardson? Being a Hispanic guy who once went toe to toe with Saddam Hussein doesn't cut it anymore. Look what happened to Donald Rumsfeld. And Christopher Dodd? John Stewart only let you on the program out of pity, and also cause he thought it'd be funny to sit next to a guy with hair so white it looks like Hiroshima and Nagasaki went to prom. In fact, I laughed several times that episode, a feat that would have been impossible seventy eight months ago before I had that modern metal miracle installed in my hip-hop-o-campus. And speaking of hip hop, look for my new CD, "Al B.G. in the Ho-Zone" featuring Snoop Dogg where I fight global warming not with my crisp documentary filmmaking, but with my amazing verbal acuity (that's white speak for "dope rhymes").

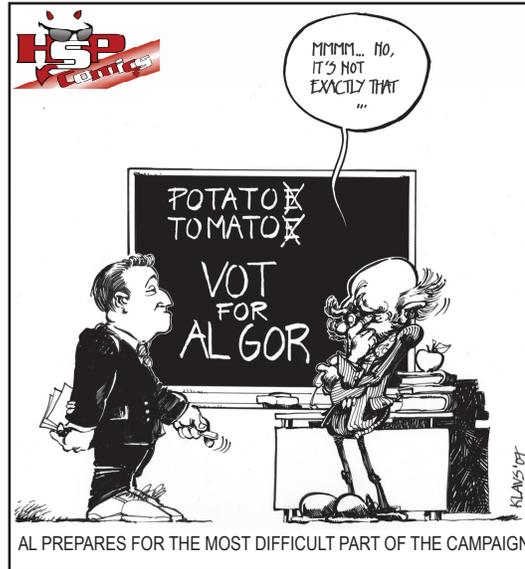
I thought of bringing on my homey D. O. double G to clean hzouse with a Gore-Doggy Dogg ticket in '08, but after some personal reflection, I realized that the best running mate was staring me in the robotically enhanced face all along. As such, I hereby announce myself as my running mate in 2008. I plan to be the first hybrid president / vice president. Truth is, I already have the requisite VP and environmental championing experience. And don't believe what that baby murdering faggot Sean Hannity says about my supposed hypocrisy for allegedly flying around in jets. I now travel exclusively in solar powered hovercraft mode, which I can engage at will. By never touching the ground, my ecological footprint is less than zero. My emotion chip was also made with zero CO<sub>2</sub> emissions, by the way.

Its had such spectacular results that I even hear John Kerry is thinking of installing one. J. Ker, sorry I stole your enviro-thunder with my kickass documentary. But you've got to admit your book is a bit late. And since when did you care about the environment? I didn't see you planting any trees while you were shooting kids in the forests of Vietnam. You probably should have focused more on something

from your own era, like, say, the dangers of the bubonic plague.

So I guess I also have to shitcan the Republican nominees, all of whom are about as scary as a Disney special. Mr. Giuliani. After three failed marriages, I don't think I need to worry about the cross dressing pro-choice Republican who's named after a reindeer. Yeah, I know he was mayor of New York on 9/11, but if I hadn't been lawyered out of the presidency by a bunch of power hungry partisan cheaters, all Rudy Giuliani would have been was the Mayor of New York in September of six years ago. McCain? McUnelectable if you ask me. Prove to me that she's really your adopted Bangladeshi daughter and not some jungle fever love child and maybe we'll talk. Mitt Romney hunts rats with a blowgun. Big game my ass. And what is it with Mormons and trampolines anyway? I just don't get it.

In summary, I'm a new man, thanks to my kickass cyborg implants designed by American's top nerds. Although I've been coy about it in the past few months, I am officially running the fuck for office - with myself - and if you don't vote for me and me, you're basically borderline retarded. I am so ready to be your rightfully elected president again, for the second time, again. No need to wait to put Florida in the Gore column in 2008, and if you say recount, I'll tear you a hanging chad myself. Comedians everywhere, scour the footage, find some quotes to take out of context, and get ready to make fun of your new president, Albert Gore Jr. the Third, 2.0.



AL PREPARES FOR THE MOST DIFFICULT PART OF THE CAMPAIGN

POLITICS

# Bush Calls for Massive Troop Surge in America's Heartland

**Washington, DC** - In what he deems a "strategic redeployment," President Bush is calling for a massive troop surge into America's heartland. While the original "troop surge" Bush announced in 2006 was only 20,000 servicemen and women, the new proposed surge would be nearly eight times as large, and involve shifting almost 160,000 troops from their bases in Iraq to strategic locations across North America.

"Any time someone talks of 'bringing our troops home,' or 'deadlines for withdrawal from Iraq,' the terrorists grow stronger," Bush explained in his weekly radio address to the nation. "We need this massive surge of troops to patrol the areas where this terrorist-strengthening activity is occurring."

Bush indicated that a large portion of the redeployed troops would be assigned to patrol the areas where terrorist-emboldening speech is most likely to occur, including locations such as their homes and backyards, local parks and sporting facilities, and their former places of employment.

"Even the loving embraces of their spouses and children must be vigilantly patrolled for terrorist activity by our men and women in uniform," Bush said.

Bush warned in his address that while the war is going well, Americans must brace for the long haul and continue to make sacrifices until victory was achieved. "We must stay the course," Bush declared. "These troops must remain in the American Pentagon until the threat has been brought under control. This means at least until a new Constitution is in place and local militias have enough training to control terrorist-emboldening themselves. It may be many months, or even years, until these troops can once again return to their home bases in Iraq."

But despite the grim warning, American troops have been upbeat about the dangerous new deployment. "Well, yeah, it is a bit scary going to a new place where we can never be sure who is our enemy and

who is our friend," admitted Lieutenant Brannon Brill, an officer in the US Army Reserve. "But I have faith in our leaders and I know this is what's best for America in the world. Besides it will be nice to at least have a change of scenery. And I'm totally psyched to start patrolling my family for terrorism! They were pretty mean to me in high school, so now its payback time."



Bush indicates strategic direction of new troop surge



Tastes Like Home!

The new assignment promises to be a difficult one for war weary troops who have already patrolled such hotbeds of terrorist activity as Basra, Fallujah, and the dreaded "Sunni Triangle." Now they will have to face constant danger in the so-called "American Hexagon," a vast region of potential terrorist-emboldening activity extending roughly from Seattle, Washington to Augusta, Maine in the north, and from Miami, Florida through El Paso, Texas to San Diego, California in the south, forming a hexagon.



HEALTH AND MEDICINE

# Fearing Pandemic, Harvard requires COOTIES vaccine for enrollment

**Cambridge, MA** - As of May 2007, Harvard Students have been advised to brace for "perhaps the most dangerous pandemic in recorded history". Added Barry Bloom, Dean of the Harvard School of Public Health, "This is no laughing matter, students. People tend to think that COOTIES is something that only children have to worry about, but the reality is that it's quite a killer. In fact, 36,000 Harvard students come down with COOTIES each year and some of them even die!", according to mathematical models extrapolated from a historical review of Harvard College enrollment data. After reviewing these findings, the National Institutes of Health, the Harvard Medical School, and the Pharmaceutical Research and Manufacturers of America (PhRMA) all recommended that college students nationwide now be required to take the much heralded experimental COOTIES vaccine before they are allowed to enroll in Fall 2007 courses.



major risk factors. Harvard and Mass General Hospital researcher Axel Smith-Klein explained, "The disease seems to be transmitted not just through the air and by direct physical contact, but simply by a primal psychosomatic reaction to members of the opposite sex. And for reasons not yet known to science, certain people — for example those who are extremely hot — seem to possess a natural immunity. Needless to say, Harvard campus contains all the makings of a major pandemic of Bird-Fluian proportions."

By contrast, Harvard Sophomore Mandy Anderson raised a note of skepticism, "Let's take Bird Flu. So a guy died last week Shandong, China. From what I'm told, researchers suspect a pandemic. Now I'm not insensitive to the tragedy, but if that's a pandemic, then I guess the guy who got killed by a flying toaster was the harbinger of a new appliance related pandemic. Evidently, they've redefined things to include a pandemic of one." Anderson paused to take a bite of her sandwich. "And its even weirder with COOTIES. I'm pretty convinced its not even a real disease."

In the past, vaccinations for diseases such as measles, rubella, and hepatitis B have been optional, but in recent years, the university has asserted itself in an effort to "take public health seriously", according to Bloom.

Smith-Klein responded, "I'm afraid students today don't have a realistic grasp of how devastating a COV-578 pandemic could be. Just today, I treated a student from Dudley House for a stage four COOTIES infection and, uh, some pretty extreme hygiene issues. Ms. Anderson shouldn't dismiss the reality of the pathogen just because of her own relative hotness. I doubt that she would stand by her remarks when faced with speaking to the victim's family."

The recent media attention on the COOTIES virus, the Complex Organic Olfactory Total Internal Ecccchhhh Syndrome (also know as COV-578), has sparked a flurry of medical research, much of it conducted here at Harvard. The work has resulted in a promising trial version of the COOTIES vaccine, COOVAX™ which consists of a base shot and 12 booster shots (which must be taken while sitting in a booster seat) administered bimonthly for 24 months, along with a complicated cocktail involving 2 circles and 2 dots. The cost is only \$129.95 per shot, "a bargain when your life is on the line", according to HUHS spokesperson Maureen Astra-Zeneca. Following a recent internal Harvard report, the school plans to conduct phase III vaccine clinical trials for COOVAX™ locally. Bloom noted, "We first considered advertising on the T like we usually do for these things, but after thinking it over in our weekly closed door session, I just said fuck it, let's start at Cabot house!"



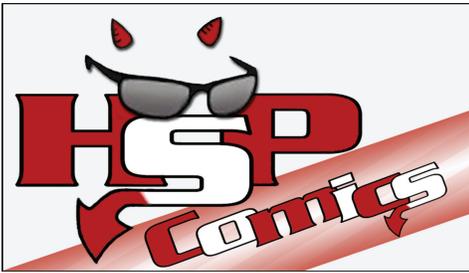
**Harvard Researchers Identify Deadliest COOTIES Strains of 2007 (electron microscopy, magnification x 4 million - Credit: Smith Klein)**

Anderson replied, "You can't just make a pandemic real just by saying there's going to be one. Truthfully, I'd be more worried about getting pterodactyl or archaeopteryx flu. And I sure as hell won't let them test an experimental vaccine on me, and have the gall to put it on my term bill, for a disease that's about as real as Santa Claus." HSP later learned that Anderson had been expelled for not taking the vaccine, which was not yet available.

Harvard President Drew Faust assured students that she will be personally overseeing Harvard's COOTIES preparedness plan. "Having suffered from a particularly debilitating strain of the disease throughout much of elementary and high school, I understand what's at stake here. I know that limiting enrollment to the vaccinated seems harsh, but with the help of all our students, we can set our campus on a course where it will be almost as if the pandemic never had a chance."

In preparation for the upcoming pandemic, researchers have begun charting how the disease spreads and quantifying its





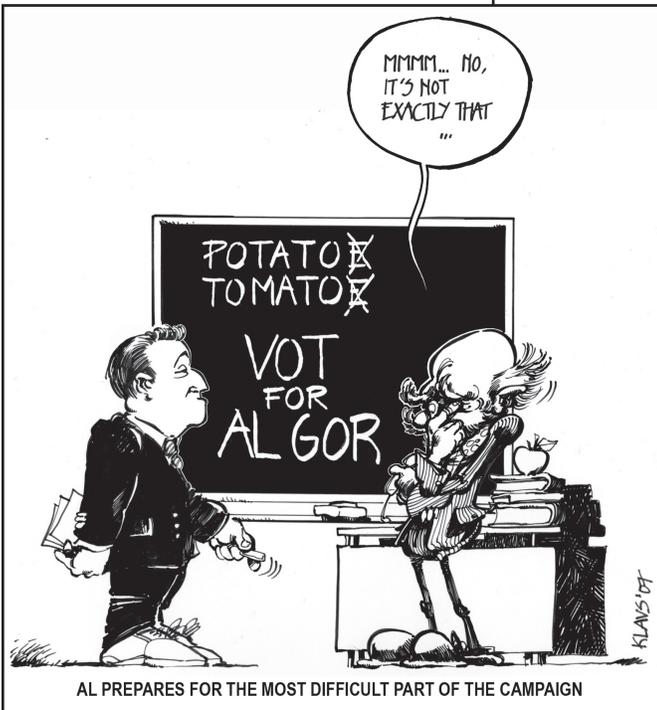
Koldo Lus-Arana  
(KLAUS)  
Harvard Satirical Press  
HSP Comics Contest  
Winner! Spring 2007



...pages 8-9 (also see pg. 4-5)

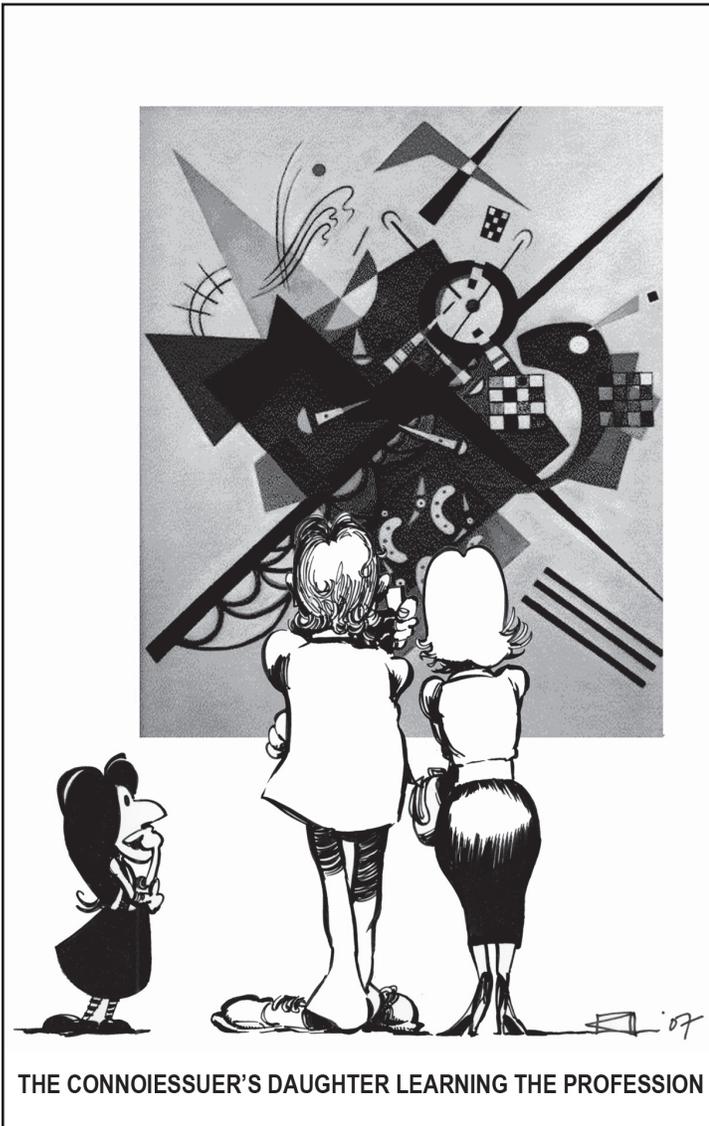
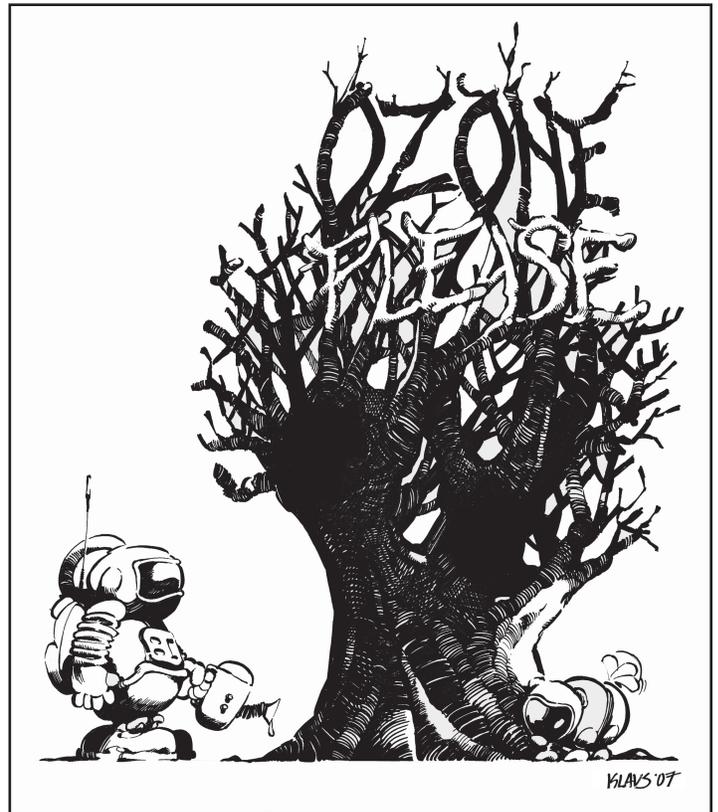
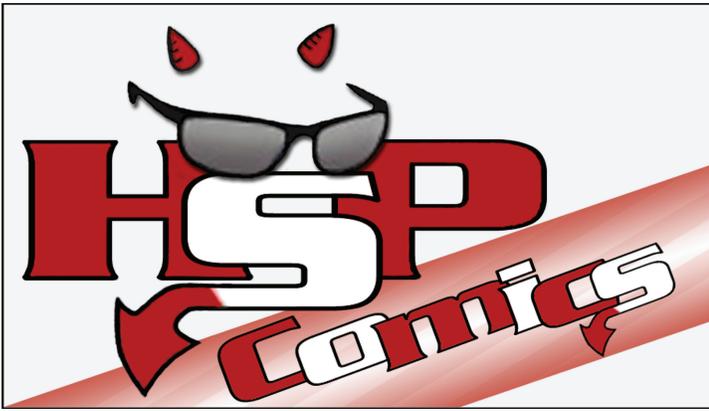


KLAUS '07  
[after Klaus]



AL PREPARES FOR THE MOST DIFFICULT PART OF THE CAMPAIGN

**Luis Miguel (Koldo) Lus Arana** (San-  
turce, Spain, 1976) is an architect and ur-  
ban planner. In the last years he has worked  
for SENER Engineering and in his own of-  
fice. In 2002 he also started his PhD stud-  
ies in the University of Navarra (Spain), and  
has collaborated writing articles for several  
architectural magazines, also directing the  
section "From the 9th" in Aequus Maga-  
zine. Currently he is doing MDES Studies  
at the Harvard GSD, while developing the  
research for his PhD Thesis: "The Dreamt  
Cities". His alter ego KLAUS has drawn the  
"Little Corbu" comic strip since 2003.



THE CONNOISSUER'S DAUGHTER LEARNING THE PROFESSION



PRIORITIES



## FEATURED ARTICLE: CIVIL RIGHTS

# In the Shadow of Rusting Steel Mills, the Struggle for Ninja Rights Continues



BY Dave Ninjinowitz

## Part 1 in a 10-part series

**Lincoln Heights, Michigan** - *This decaying suburb of Detroit was once a thriving bedroom community for the families of workers at nearby steel mills and automobile plants. But as the steel industry shifted overseas and auto plants shut down,*

*Lincoln Park slid into poverty, and today is best known for a 1999 resolution by the school board banning "gang-related" colors and insignia. Those that could moved away to better neighborhoods. Those that couldn't — many of them impoverished ninja — had to remain behind.*

Makoto Kiyohara was born to a clan of ninja here in Lincoln Heights in 1962. In those days, his future looked bright. Although his people had been oppressed in the past, the Ninja Civil Rights Movement was in full swing, and President Kennedy had just spoken to a meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Ninjas, calling for "a bold new America, in which every ninja has access to a good job, every ninja family can afford its own home, and every ninja child can receive a good education."

Indeed, things seemed to finally be turning for the better as Kiyohara was growing up a young ninja in the 1960s and 1970s. His father Mutsu rose to become a regional manager of the local steel conglomerate, and his older brother Aki even got into Veterinary School (ninja were still not allowed to go to Medical School in those days). When Makoto graduated from high school he got a job at the General Motors plant, and began to rise through the ranks.

But then came the "Ninja Backlash" of the 1980s, when a series of racist books and films played upon the worst ninja stereotypes to revive Americans' irrational fears of the ninja. Although ninja were nominally equal in the eyes of the law under the Ninja Rights Act of 1965, doors that had briefly opened for the ninja once again began to be slammed in their faces. As other minorities forged ahead, the ninja were left behind, denied access to higher education, systematically discriminated against in the job market, and overlooked on the national political scene.

"In many ways we have only ourselves to blame," says Kiyohara. "Ninja are very good at throwing shuriken with

stunning accuracy, using nun-chucks for tasks ranging from baseball to electrical engineering, and of course, blending into the shadows. But sometimes that hurts us when otherwise sympathetic Americans begin to forget we are here."

In 2002, Kiyohara lost his job at the plant, following several pay cuts, in cutbacks GM officials called "purely fiscal in nature" but which many observers described a thinly veiled purge of its last remaining ninja employees. For the past five years Kiyohara has struggled to make ends meet by working at the local Walmart and bussing tables at the Outback Steakhouse.

The worst part, he says, is when he thinks of what the future may hold for his two young sons, Hiromu and Junnosuke. "What will their lives be like?" he wonders. "At least I've had my taste of the good life, but will they even be able to find jobs at all? Will they be able to marry the lady ninja of their choice?"



Yet another ninja being discriminated against in the workplace

Indeed, the question of ninja marriage remains a hot-button issue among ninja rights activists and their opponents. Although the Ninja Dilution Act — a 1924 statute banning marriage between ninja in an effort to break up the once mighty ninja clans and prevent them from passing on their deadly ninja secrets — remains on the books today, in recent decades it was rarely if ever enforced, and indeed Kiyohara encountered no trouble when he married his wife Kyoko, a fellow ninja, in 1985.

But after a Minnesota judge ordered the legalization of ninja marriage in 2004, fears of ninja rising up to institute a new reign of terror via assassinations and sabotage such as those of the 1880s have led 43 states to pass laws or even amend their constitutions to reaffirm the federal ban on ninja marriage.

But Kiyohara says he is still proud to be an American, and is still hopeful that change will come. "You look around, and you see an America that is more open-minded than ever. Many minorities are making great strides, and our day will come."

But that day is not here yet, and Kiyohara wonders why. "I was glad when I heard about [radio personality Don] Imus getting fired, but where was the uproar when Imus called the predominantly ninja Vanderbilt lacrosse team a bunch of 'sword wielding wack-jobs'? It's also quite unsettling

**FEATURED ARTICLE: CIVIL RIGHTS**

how many Americans — ninja included — casually use the “N-word”, as if it didn’t represent a historical legacy of oppression. And recently there was a day to honor Jackie Robinson, but where is the day to honor the first ninja baseball player Tatsuya Sato, who played for the St. Louis Browns in 1952 and could run to first base without being seen?”

Kiyohara takes heart in a new generation of ninja activists who are carrying on the fight, usually in groups of fifteen to twenty. He also finds hope in the more positive portrayal ninja characters on recent television shows such as “Grey’s Anatomy” and “Desperate Housewives.”



**Small bands of ninjas, like these, are rarely seen, except on shadowless days.**

But most of all, he is inspired by the recent discovery that presidential hopeful Barak Obama has ninja ancestry. If Obama were to win, he would become the first ninja president in American history.

“He may not look or talk like a ninja, but you can see the ninja spirit in the way he carries himself,” Kiyohara points out. “If he gets nominated, Obama is definitely going to get the ninja vote in 2008. We’re not the biggest demographic, but after struggling so long with disenfranchisement, the ninja community knows how important it is to make every vote count.”



**RACISM IN AMERICA**

**Clinton and Obama Court Black Vote with Reparations Packages**

**Little Rock, Arkansas** - From the pulpit of Ebenezer Baptist Church in Little Rock, Arkansas yesterday, Sen. Hillary Clinton, (D-New York), announced a bold new strategy to attract African-American voters: the nation’s first ever reparations package for the descendents of slaves.

“It is high time that we own up to the legacy of slavery,” said the Senator to a mostly-black crowd. “And the first step we must take in the long road to equality is to redistribute resources in a just and equitable manner.” She went on to describe a “comprehensive” reparations policy that would entitle African-Americans to a lifetime supply of Starbucks Café Estima Blend Fair Trade Certified coffee, a gift certificate to Sizzler, and 250 extra any-time minutes per month on the wireless plan of their choice.

Not to be outdone, Sen. Barak Obama, (D-Illinois), held his own press conference several hours later on the steps of the Washington Monument. Dismissing Clinton’s plan as “mere posturing”, the junior senator presented a competing reparations package that would allow each African-American to name their own star.

“There is no greater liberty than the chance to name a celestial body,” Obama said, to scattered applause, adding, “It really doesn’t get any better than that.”

Reaction to Obama’s proposal was mostly positive among the African-Americans in attendance.

“I mean, I really want freedom, effective enfranchisement, and a just end to decades of second class citizenship,” said Tina Woods, a librarian from Virginia, “but I guess having my own star would be just as good. I wonder if they’d do that and the Sizzler card?”



**Obama and Clinton attempt to out-repair one another.**

In a surprising turn of events, aides from the Clinton campaign reacted swiftly, releasing a detailed uber-reparations proposal that would allocate white indentured servants to every African-American family. The plan also suggested that the descendents of slave owners would each receive a lump of coal under their pillow for the next thirty years.

The Obama camp was not far behind in additionally proposing that black votes now be given an additional weighting factor of 5/3, to “make up for some fuzzy math back in the day.” Also, in the new system, African Americans would be exempt from using electronic voting machines, so “their votes might actually be recorded”, according to Obama.

“I think both candidates may be pushing the envelope,” said Nancy Pelosi, House Major Leader (D-California), adding quickly: “But regardless, a reparations arms race like this is actually quite a bold and creative idea. If an escalating set of well designed bribes that create the appearance of addressing racism is what it takes to finally get a Democrat in the White House, then I totally support them.”



COMMUNITY SERVICE

# Harvard Undergraduate Just Can't Stop Helping Others

**Cambridge, MA** – Harvard College Sophomore Alison Chen just can't get enough of helping disadvantaged people in need, undergraduate sources reported Monday. "At first, I thought this was just some phase she was going through," confided Junior Laurel Baxter. "But when she started handing out pamphlets on the proper removal of blow fly larvae from tribal women's vaginas in the Amazon rainforest, I knew this was getting serious."

Lowell house sources confirmed Monday that Chen spends nearly all of her free time frolicking from one community service project to the next on her father's corporate jet, oblivious to the fact that her blabbering on about community service is irritating the living shit out of her suite mates. "Like, oh my god," said her bunk mate Denise Smith. "She acts as if none of us has ever saved a pygmy orphan from sex slavery and a tsunami simultaneously. Why doesn't she just get over it already?"

"If she were trying to get into medical school or something, that would be one thing," said her suite mate Jen Eisenstein. "But no, of course she has to do it just because it makes her 'feel good inside,' or some such bullshit. And on top of that she has to say it with that smug, self-righteous look on her face. Give me a break."

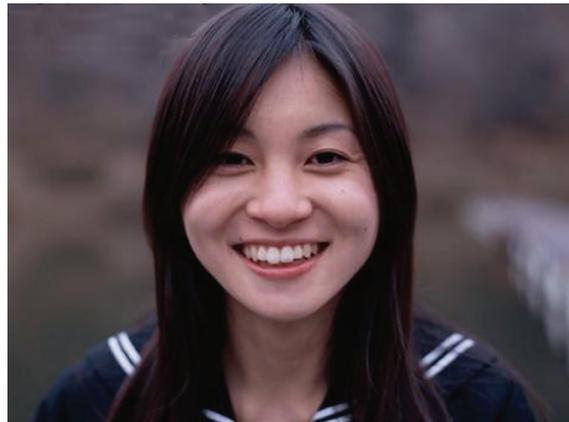
According to nursing home sources in Cambridge, undergraduates are not the only ones who find Chen's community service efforts a little over the top. "At first, we just started shoving her off on the Alzheimer's patients, hoping that they wouldn't remember her from her last visit," said area nurse Samantha Davis. "But then, even they started complaining that she was just a little too eager

to come back and see them. Thank God for caller-ID. Otherwise, that little shit would be over here all the time."

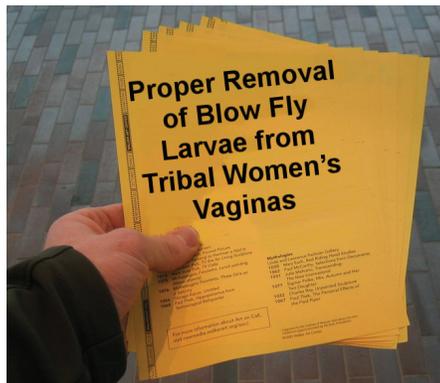
"Who does she think she is, fucking Mother Theresa in Africa?" asked exasperated suite mate Dana Curtis. "I hope a great big trypanosomiasis-carrying tsetse fly from the Congo comes down and bites her right on the ass."

Chen, meanwhile, remains dissatisfied with her contributions to society, insisting that they are not significant enough. "I have only begun to help others," she allegedly said in the Widener Library yesterday. "I can't stop until I've fed every homeless person in Cambridge, donated all of my blood to science, and taught every autistic child how to love. I just can't tell you how passionate I am about making a difference in everyone's lives, starting with this weekend's AIDS walk and beach cleanup barbecue. Can I help you with

those bags?" she reportedly said.



Chen extremely ready to help others.



She anticipates that her current passion will occupy her at least through the fall of 2008, when her NSF graduate fellowship application is due.



HARVARD LIFE

# Teaching Fellows Desperately Want More Teaching Conferences

**Cambridge, MA** - A recent survey polling GSAS teaching fellows (TFs) shows that they desperately want more teaching conferences. In answer to the question "What could be done to improve your teaching experience?", an overwhelming 95% answered "having more teaching conferences", far ahead of the other most popular answers, "having more TF positions available" (3%) and "receiving more sexual bribes from students" (2%).

"I knew that we were doing a great job, but I am very pleased and surprised of the impact we seem to have on the lives of the TFs", commented James Dean, director of the Derek Bok Center for Kids Who Can't Read Good. The Bok Center organizes two two-day conferences every year. HSP was literally flooded by ardent emails when it started investigating this phenomenal popularity with TFs.

"As a chemist, most of the time, I'm very busy mixing chemicals in my lab." said G3 Brett McGarrett in an interview with HSP. "The teaching conferences come at a great time in the year because it is pretty much the only time when I can afford to do something totally useless like listening to specious and superfluous reflections on abstract topics such as confusion, intelligence, success, failure, you name it ... Its such an exciting change of pace."

"For me, it really is the interdisciplinary aspect," enthused Amanda Manda of the Department of Physics. "As a scientist teaching to fellow graduate students, I really love attending this conference about how to simultaneously teach to undergrads in the humanities and social sciences and not have sex with them."

"Having only been a student for about 19 years now, I've had very few opportunities to actually sit in a class, so it was very useful to have two days of seminars to tell me what it would look like," added Nicole McNicoll of the Division of Medical Sciences.

The response was just as strong on the side of non-scientists. The professional conduct seminar seems to be of particular interest. "It is vital that all students have this repeated several times a year: 'you have to be friendly with your students but you cannot be their friends; as a matter of fact, you cannot be friends with any undergrad as they may end up in your section one day', because students here

seem to forget that they are superior to the undergrads both mentally and hierarchically," points out Deidra Müller of comparative literature. "There is a reason why there is a fence around the freshman houses, and why the other houses lie in secluded areas."

"My thesis is about the futility of existence, but I still enjoy the conference because they don't take attendance, so I can go hit on chicks at the nearby Lamont library between free meals", chuckles Neil O'Neil of the philosophy department.

More specifically, students found the advice given in the talks invaluable. Indeed, for Geraldine Fitzgerald of Near Eastern Languages and Civilizations: "I had been teaching Coptic, Ancient Greek and biblical Hebrew, but it was not until attending the teaching conference that I learned about the idea of using recent newspapers, magazines and TV programs in those languages instead of old texts to make my teaching more interesting."



Wang W. Wong is "... very impressed. I have been studying irony in English literature, but I never saw such dense irony as in most of those seminars... They are ostensibly about how to teach well, but they all pretend to be such bad teachers! And they are so good at it that they never let even the slightest hint that they are acting and being ironic. And they put a lot of effort in it. In spite of my vast knowledge and literary background, I would have difficulties coming up with such vast collections of obvious statements myself."

In addition to the teaching conferences, the Bok Center offers many different programs of formation and follow-up for TFs throughout the year. As explained by Sarah O'Hara of the Music Department : "The follow-up offered by the Bok Center is vital, because as professors do not have to respect any standards in their teaching, especially the tenured ones, how could we guaranty quality if not through the TFs?"

Rumor has it that the Bok Center will organize monthly teaching conferences starting next year in view of this unanimous response. HSP staff will attend all future conferences forever.



## LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

# Photo of Yale's "We Suck" Prank Shown to Be Doctored.



by B. S. Pile

## Cambridge, MA

On November 20, 2004, during the annual Yale-Harvard football game (aka "The Game"), Yale students passed out cards to Harvard fans, which when lifted together were to spell, unbeknownst to the fans, "WE SUCK." This prank got ESPN coverage, a page on Wikipedia, and its own website (<http://www.harvardsucks.org>). There's only one problem, the prank didn't quite work out the way its authors claimed it did. I was there, and this is what actually happened.

It all started when I came to see my very first "The Game" on that chilly Saturday at Harvard stadium. Not being much of a sports fan, I wasn't expecting too much. In fact, I was mostly hoping for a wardrobe malfunction, or at least a hyped up commercial or two.



An unedited photo taken by this reporter at the game

Alas no such luck. The marching band and cheer-leaders tried really hard though. But then, shortly before half-time, a bunch of random cards sprung out (see above photo). I wasn't able to read what it was supposed to say. Was it coded communication meant for some terrorist sleeper cells? Was it written in some extra-terrestrial language? Who knows? I snapped a few photos and nearly forgot about the whole event. The game ended with Harvard crushing Yale: 35-3.

It wasn't till a few weeks later that I got word that it was just a dumb Yale prank. I found the prank website, which walks the viewers through the meticulous planning for the flip-cards distribution to the unsuspecting audience. The major Yale chutzpah was pretending to be members of the nonexistent Harvard "Pep Squad". Apparently they really did put quite a bit of thought into this. Only their execution

wasn't so good. The idea wasn't very original either, since Caltech pulled this exact prank at the 1961 Rose Bowl. Apparently Caltech had a much more elaborate version of this, and unlike here, they got it to work. But what do you expect - it's Yale we're talking about.

Quite amused at how this prank backfired, and relieved that it didn't prompt a deadly sleeper cell attack or an alien invasion, I filed away the whole thing away into my mental "for boring cocktail parties only" folder. Two and a half years have since passed and I have yet to be part of a cocktail party sufficiently boring to pull this one out yet, when quite by accident, I came across the Wikipedia entry for this prank (yes, it is indeed there). But what I saw really pissed me off. Not only were the authors considering this a successful prank, they posted the following photo.



Photo from Wikipedia: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yale's\\_%22We\\_Suck%22\\_Prank](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yale's_%22We_Suck%22_Prank)

Hmmm, doesn't quite look the same as the original, does it? If you compare the two photos carefully you can pretty easily see the doctored they must have done. In real life, I'd say they did a pretty decent job on the "K", but the rest of the letters look like alphabet soup that's been sitting in the chicken broth for too long. It's interesting to note that the above photo is the ONLY photo that has been circulated... and in the video, which deals mostly with the planning, the footage of the actual prank is cut suspiciously short.

Now perhaps Photoshop helped a few overeager Yalies save face among their peers, but posting such blatantly false information on Wikipedia is a line we cannot, we must not let them cross. At HSP, our fight for journalistic integrity starts one Wikipedia article at a time, long after the event of relevance has faded into obscurity.



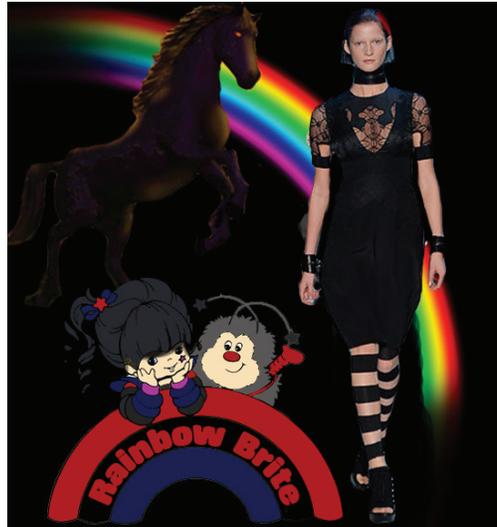
**CARTOON CELEBRITIES**

# Rainbow Bright Goes Goth

## Indigo City, Rainbow Land

In a move that shocked the fashion world today Rainbow Bright (whose real name is Roena Lifstein) appeared on stage at a fashion show in Milan wearing all black. Her entire ensemble was colorless, except for one angry streak of red in her hair. She also wore white makeup on her face, because, as she told one reporter "I want to look dead, you know, like a gothic person, like a real one, you know."

Ms. Bright, who has been the frequent topic of tabloid stories lately, told a shocked press corps that after a messy divorce and a brief stint in rehab, she



was finally ready to shed her previous garrulous garb.

"I always felt like that dude from the bible, man," Ms. Bright, a native of southern California said, "like now I can be me, which is the real me, you know, like when you're surfing and you see a shark coming at you and it's like POW! ZAM ! WONK!" she said, punching three reporters in the head before sticking her tongue out (which was pierced) and running off to her parent's basement to hide.

Teddy Ruxpin, a longtime associate of Ms. Bright, said he was not surprised by her fairly severe new duds. "She was always a little extreme. Would you like to hear a story ..." Mr. Ruxpin began, before his batteries apparently died.



**HEALTH AND MEDICINE**

# American Red Cross Expands Give-Away Program

**Washington, DC** - In a stark break from its long standing tradition of offering only free T-shirts to blood donor, the Red Cross has begun offering donors an assortment of alternate clothing items, including socks, gloves, and underwear. "You see, many of our most loyal donors are college and graduate students", explains Jerry Wang, head of the Red Cross's department of Free-Give-Aways. "And I can't tell you how many letters I get from them complaining about how they have so many new T-shirts, and how they would really like something else for a change." So after many brainstorming sessions with focus groups, it was decided to include non-T-shirt items in the donor menu. "If it will bring more donors, and more precious blood plasma, why the hell not?!" concluded Wang.



"We're now in the process of evaluating the inclusion of higher-end items like jackets and shoes. Of course you will need to give more than one pint of blood to get those — we'll need to establish frequent-donor accounts, but it's definitely doable. Who knows, if we manage to pull this off, we may see an end to twenty-somethings walking around with holey socks and underpants as well as our blood shortage."



**DISCOVERY CHANNEL SCREENSHOTS**



**Scientists Find Most Marine Animals Eat Face First While Running**



**Winner of Aye Aye Beauty Contest Still Ugly**



**Anteaters Decry Loss of Traditional Ways**



**Pangolin About to Pee on Zoologist**



**Despite Devotion to Red Sox, Snake Makes Poor Bat**



**Nudibranch Evidently Too Cool For School**



Fall 2007 Issue call for **submissions**  
to **harvardsp@gmail.com** by **October 8 2007**



Helping Harvard Students Slack Off Since 1636

[www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)



**TOP STORY**

**US Prepares For Invasion, Sexual Liberation of Iran**



**New York, USA**  
After Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad's controversial speech at Columbia University in late September, I knew we had found what we were looking for. After all of our intelligence... (3)

**DOMESTIC POLITICS**

**Hugo Chavez Elected President of the United States (14)**



**Jordan's Furniture Bets Obama Will Strike Out (14)**



**Bush Amends Constitution to Ban Only Monogamous Gay Relationships (11)**



**STILLS**



**Writer's Strike Decreases Political Awareness of 18-49 Demographic by 96%**



**Enough is Enough. I'm Taking Back The Magic Kingdom. -M. M.**

**HSP SPORTSMIDDLE**

**Tom Brady Angers Christian Fans, Claims He is Better Than Jesus**



**Foxborough, Mass** — New England Patriots quarterback Tom Brady angered Christians across the nation yesterday by suggesting he is more talented than noted messiah Jesus Christ in an interview with the Boston Globe... (4)

**PERSONALS**

**Facebook Friend Request Mistaken For Actual Friend Request (5)**



**Not Romantic My True Love Ate My Thesis (12)**



**Agnostics Can't Decide Whether to go to Secularist Conference**

**RELIGION**

**Amid Controversy, Russel-Stover Cancels Line of Chocolate Gods™ Treats (6)**



**ENTERTAINMENT**

**HSP Movie Reviews: Bruce Willis 5**

"Bruce Willis 5" (2007) starts with a concept that should appeal to all of Bruce's fans: John McClane from Die Hard, Korben Dallas from The Fifth Element, John Hartigan from Sin City, Butch Coolidge from... (11)



**Graduate Student Diverts Attention From Thesis To Beard**

**HEALTH AND MEDICINE**

**Herpes Vaccine Found To Increase Sex Appeal (7)**

**Study: Massachusetts Has Highest Rates of Wicked Retarded (15)**

**Spam Writer's Union Enters Tenth Year (15)**



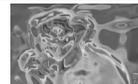
**Proper Gender**

**Don't Just Be Afraid. Be Very Afraid. (13)**



**SCIENCE**

**Invisible Monkey Throws Visible Poop (14)**



**Disappointed Would-Be Translator Told "Farting is Not A Language" (15)**

**HSP Comics (8-10)**



**Sponsors**

Harvard Graduate Student Council  
Harvard Graduate School of Arts & Sciences  
Priority Printing  
Harvard Computer Society

**Cambridge Hipster Mistaken For Jamaica Plain Hipster**

**HSP Deems It Too Early To Make Fun of New Harvard President**



**FROM THE EDITOR**



The Editorator

Welcome to the Fall 2007 HSP issue, guaranteed to increase procrastination by 160%, up 10% from last Spring. Unlike some writers (who we fully support), we don't have the luxury of striking, so we hope you enjoy our smattering of satire, comics, and questionable uses of photoshop. With your help, we should compete favorably with exams and bad reruns. *A.F. November 2007*

**Submissions**

HSP accepts submissions from both Harvard graduate and undergraduate students. See our submission and editorial policies at [www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com). Send submissions to [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com). The submission deadline for the Spring 2008 issue is March 3 2008.

**HSP Wants You!**

HSP is looking for staff writers, editors, graphic/web designers, and students with advertising/business experience. We are also looking for one of those white noise machines to drown out the sound of your dog.

**Advertise With HSP**

By advertising with HSP, your business will have an opportunity to reach a large number of undergraduate and graduate students for a reasonable price. See our advertising rates and distribution information at [www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)

**Donate to HSP**

HSP needs your support. If you find yourself in an exceedingly philanthropic mood, and think laughter is a worthy cause, please send donations to the address below.

**Contact**

Contact us for submissions, staff positions, advertising, or donations, by e-mail [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com) or by mail: Harvard Satyrical Press, Dudley House, Lehman Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA 02138, C/O Andrew Friedman, Editor in Chief

*The Harvard Satyrical Press is an official student organization of the Graduate School of Arts & Sciences (GSAS) and is the only official graduate student humor magazine at Harvard. We thank the Graduate Student Council (GSC) for generously helping to fund our publication. The Harvard Satyrical Press is not intended for readers under 18 years of age. And if you haven't figured it out already, this is satire, and the opinions herein obviously do not necessarily represent the opinions of Harvard University, the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, or even the writers. Whether they constitute opinions at all is also debatable. But that's just your opinion...Andrew Friedman, November 2008*



<b>Editor In Chief</b>	<b>Andrew Friedman</b> <i>Warrior King of Zamunda</i>
<b>Senior Editor</b>	<b>Christopher Night</b> <i>Lord of Most Things</i>
<b>Senior Business Editor</b>	<b>Jonathan Devor</b> <i>Sergeant at Arms</i>
<b>Senior Graphics Editor</b>	<b>Kamson Lai</b> <i>Canadian Hockey Powerhouse</i>

**Staff Writers**

<b>Lydia Bean</b> <i>Lonely Texas Democrat</i>	<b>Nick Kapur</b> <i>Past Man</i>
<b>Daniel Berdichevsky</b> <i>Alpaca-in-Chief</i>	<b>Dan Levenson</b> <i>Former U.S. Ambassador to Lilliput</i>
<b>W. Tyler Gibson</b> <i>Author of Neuromancer</i>	<b>Tina Lin</b> <i>Fangorious Monster</i>
<b>Kurt Gray</b> <i>Reuters Foreign Despondent</i>	<b>Ankur Pandya</b> <i>What Can Brown Do For You?</i>

**Staff Editors**

<b>Peter Doshi</b> <i>Minister of Theory</i>	<b>Kaisey Mandel</b> <i>Funnier Than Howie</i>
<b>Minh Le</b> <i>Body Double for Winona Ryder</i>	<b>Jonathan Ruel</b> <i>Mocks Principles</i>

**Staff Cartoonists**

<b>Koldo Lus-Arana</b> <i>KLAUS</i>	<b>Kyle Skor</b> <i>Token Viking Berserker</i>
--	---

**Contributors**

<b>Khaled Abdelghani</b> <i>Token Arab</i>	<b>Greg Jones</b> <i>God-Emperor of Iraqis</i>
<b>Scott Bradley</b> <i>Public Health Crisis</i>	<b>Curtis Mead</b> <i>Looks For Aliens With Lasers</i>
<b>Cynthia Browne</b> <i>Underground Hip Hopster</i>	<b>Diego Munoz</b> <i>So Good Looking It Hurts</i>
<b>Crystal Fleming</b> <i>Sexual Chocolate</i>	<b>Atalia Omer</b> <i>Worships John Stewart</i>
<b>Barry Friedman</b> <i>Adult Film Student</i>	<b>Andrea Tam</b> <i>Le Princesse Jedi</i>
<b>Andreaa Gorbatai</b> <i>Salsaologist</i>	<b>Gordon Ritter</b> <i>Schroedinger's Stringy Red Cat</i>
<b>Laura Hsu</b> <i>Educational Guru / Soul Sista</i>	<b>Patricia Vieira</b> <i>Farpa</i>
<b>Richard Johnson</b> <i>The Not-So-Artful Dodger</i>	<b>Mariano Zimmler</b> <i>Buenos "Lasers"</i>

GLOBAL POLITICS

# US Prepares For Invasion, Sexual Liberation of Iran



By Karl Warwater

**New York, USA** - After Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad's controversial speech at Columbia University in late September, I knew we had found what we were looking for. After all of our intelligence agents and spin doctors spent years without coming up with a single, plausible pretext for this next war, Mr. Ah-

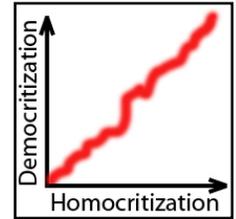
mad-dictator-jihad laid it for us on a platter. Now maybe it was a fluke, or some heaven sent gift of the more than likely Republican translator, but when Time Magazine's 2006 Person of the Year told the students of Columbia, that "In Iran, we don't have homosexuals, like in your country", I knew we'd have 100,000 troops in Tehran by January. Because, of course Iran has gay people. It just has a larger closet with more elaborate geometric surface decorations. And now it is our solemn duty as patriotic Americans, our divine moral imperative, to land an enormous fighting force in order to sexually liberate an oppressed populace.

Don't make the mistake of confusing this war with Iraq. This is a different war. Our presence in Iraq was based on false intelligence, specifically the supposed presence of weapons of mass destruction. I mean come on, how could Iran ever possibly develop a functional nuclear weapons program when all of their engineers are at M.I.T.? In Iran, its more like, Weapons of Destruction, My Ass, although only very few asses are being destroyed because at least ten percent of the population are afraid of obeying their natural biological drives. Similarly, large numbers of flying carpets remain unmunched, as Iranian women live in fear of lifting the Victoria's Secret veil. But we can lift that fear. Like other aspects of our American Hollywood capitalist culture, flaming faggotry will be our gift to the world. No longer will it be referred to in Iran as a Man Slut Lying With A Man or a Harem Left to its Own Devices. In Iran, homosexuality will be synonymous with tolerance, respect, and gayness, just as it is in the lesser known, but equally gay, Middle West.

Invading Iran is thus all about defending Gay rights. Rumors have even surfaced that Mary Cheney, Dick Cheney's lesbian daughter has seriously considered the position of Iranian War Tsar. "Although I have strong objections to recent previous wars which will remain unnamed," noted Ms. Cheney, "this one seems like a pretty just one on the scale of things. And you can't deny that Persian chicks are smokin' hot. Why let all that go to waste because of non-American cultural and religious norms."



With this war, we will strike a deep, penetrating, below the belt blow against the terrorists. In fact, we will confirm Al Quaida's worst fears about Western Culture, showing them that indeed, American Civilization is really all about man on man sex. And let us not forget, hot girl on girl action. This time, we must spread sexual freedom at all costs. I can't believe we screwed that up in Vietnam. It was the 60's for Sith's sake. In Iraq, we should have been less concerned with rebuilding the infrastructure we destroyed and more concerned with getting people of the same sex laid. In Iran, it will be different, as we will surely be greeted as lubricators. However, because this cause is so righteous and the Iranian people so deeply biased against modern sexuality, it may be necessary to homocritize them



by force, (also known as anal rape). As made clear by America's outgoing attorney general, in a time of war, we must not ignore the power of the dark side. As true patriots, we must sometimes bend the quaint conventions of international law over a chair and really get down to business. Also, we must invade before January 2008.

Amidst the rapidly declining public confidence in the Iraq war, I have seen to it that president Bush is all for the new Iranian war plan. Addressing congress in November, while in no way controlled by me, Bush explained. "An intern of mine told me the other day that Iranian's aren't really gay Arabs. They're gay Persians. Now you might not know the difference between a dangerous Sunny-D or a deadly Shittake, but I know what the Persian threat means. Soon as I saw their 8 foot tall God Emperor, I knew I had some competition. So in the name of Jesus Christ our lord and

saviour, we must not falter in our resolve. We must invade Persia and conquer the armored barbarian hordes in a real narrow passage near a sea cliff, for WE ARE SPARTA! Now congress, you're either with me or against me, but either way, we will send at least...300 of our finest warriors to do God's work. Jesus, I hope they got that many gay people at Blackwater." Talk about gays in the paramilitary!

Naturally, we will also take this opportunity simultaneously invade the well known rogue states of Irkutsk, Siam, and Yakutsk. And this time, we will not go it alone, allowing UN inspectors full authority to employ state of the art gay-dar probes, while enlisting a new contingent of esteemed, well paid allies. Soon, with the combined powers of the rainbow coalition of the willing, we will once and for all free the



Middle East from the closet of terrorism.





# Tom Brady Angers Christian Fans, Claims He is Better than Jesus

**Foxborough, Mass** — New England Patriots quarterback Tom Brady angered Christians across the nation yesterday by suggesting he is more talented than noted messiah Jesus Christ in an interview with the Boston Globe.

Asked how he thought he ranks among the greatest quarterbacks of all-time, Brady responded, "You know, that's hard to say. You don't want to get too ahead of yourself, but when all is said and done I'm hopeful that I'll rank right up there with the best. I mean, Jesus never threw six touchdowns in single game, did he?" Brady was referring to his recent performance against the Miami Dolphins.

In a reaction reminiscent of the response to John Lennon's famous 1966 comment that the Beatles were "more popular than Jesus," Christian leaders from across the political spectrum lashed out against Brady.

"I don't know how Tom Brady possibly imagines that he can even begin to compare himself to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ," said the Reverend Al Sharpton in an interview with MSNBC. "This just goes to show just how bloated the egos of today's pro athletes have become."

Meanwhile, angry Christians across America united to express their dismay with Brady and hastily created several hundred anti-Brady Facebook groups in which they discussed how they might possibly think about organizing rallies in the future to burn Tom Brady football jerseys, after they finished downloading the latest episode of Lost.

Even the Pope got into the act, issuing a statement from the Vatican in which he wrote in impeccable Latin, "Tom Brady represents all that is wrong with modern society. Even though he is a square-jawed, handsome man with

outstanding leadership skills and one of the highest completion percentages in NFL history, that does not mean he ranks as an equal with Jesus. While it is true that Jesus never threw six touchdowns in a game, he also never had a wide receiver like Randy Moss."

Indeed, Jesus's best performance was 5 touchdowns and 2 interceptions against Damascus in October of AD 26, and his highest completion percentage in a single season was 67.6%, well below Brady's current record pace of 74%. Said ESPN football analyst John Clayton, "While it's true that most casual fans consider Jesus to be the greatest quarterback of all time, when you look at the actual numbers I think a case can be made for Brady, especially if he keeps up his pace this season."

"But we also have to consider that Jesus did a lot more with a lot less. While Brady has benefited from the coaching genius of Bill Belichick and the talents of some of the NFL's best players, Jesus was the savior of a woeful Bethlehem Badgers squad

which he led to four Super Bowls despite having a very little talent around him."

"Sure Paul was a decent linebacker and James once kicked a 60-yard field goal, but running back Thomas was always doubting his own ability, and wide receiver Judas Iscariot was always afraid to go over the middle and eventually sold out to the Tampa Bay Buccaneers for 30 pieces of silver after only 4 seasons with the team."

"You certainly can't compare any of those players to guys like Randy Moss, Teddy Bruschi, and Asante Samuel."



Jesus Returns, Has To Wait In Line For Brady's Autograph Like Everybody Else

## INFO BOX - BRADY VS. JESUS

### Tom Brady – National Football League Statistics (through November, 2007)

Yr	Tm	G	Att	Comp	Pct	Yds	Avg	TD	Int	Rat
2000	NE	1	3	1	33.3	6	5.9	0	0	42.4
2001	NE	15	413	264	63.9	2843	7.9	18	12	86.5
2002	NE	16	601	373	62.1	3764	8.3	28	14	85.7
2003	NE	16	527	317	60.2	3620	9.2	23	12	85.9
2004	NE	16	474	288	60.8	3692	7.5	28	14	92.6
2005	NE	16	530	334	63.0	4110	7.1	26	14	92.3
2006	NE	16	516	319	61.8	3529	7.6	24	12	87.9
2007	NE	9	299	219	73.2	2686	9.0	33	4	131.8
<b>TOTALS</b>		<b>105</b>	<b>3363</b>	<b>2115</b>	<b>62.9</b>	<b>24250</b>	<b>7.2</b>	<b>180</b>	<b>82</b>	<b>92.2</b>

### Jesus Christ – Judea Football League Statistics

Yr	Tm	G	Att	Comp	Pct	Yds	Avg	TD	Int	Rat
23	Beth	6	84	47	55.9	278	5.9	3	4	52.3
24	Beth	16	557	362	65	4397	7.9	31	9	101
25	Beth	16	453	305	67.3	3747	8.3	28	10	104
26	Beth	16	497	336	67.6	4557	9.2	49	10	121
27	Beth	16	566	379	67	4267	7.5	29	10	99
28	Beth	16	591	392	67.3	4200	7.1	27	19	88.8
29	Beth	16	547	343	62.7	4131	7.6	26	23	84.1
30	Naz	16	571	357	62.5	4413	7.7	33	15	94.7
31	Naz	16	533	331	62.1	4135	7.8	26	15	90.7
32	Gali	16	575	326	56.7	3739	6.5	26	28	71.2
33	Jrsm	8	316	212	67	2812	8.9	17	2	110
<b>TOTALS</b>		<b>158</b>	<b>5290</b>	<b>3390</b>	<b>63.8</b>	<b>40676</b>	<b>7.7</b>	<b>295</b>	<b>145</b>	<b>94.7</b>

PERSONALS

# Facebook Friend Request Mistaken For Actual Friend Request



**Brookline, MA** – A facebook.com friend request has been incorrectly interpreted as a genuine offer of friendship by local undergraduate Christina Groake, according to 22-year-old Maggie Karp. The two Boston University seniors met for the first time at a common friend's 21st birthday party held last month where Groake and

Karp had a few conversations, "mostly about how drunk [their common friend] was," according to Karp. Two days later, Ms. Karp added Ms. Groake as a friend on facebook.com, an internet-based social networking site. This event (not to be confused with "Events" as defined by facebook.com) led to mild confusion and a series of awkward online gestures in the following weeks.

"I just thought I'd 'facebook her' because she seemed nice and thought my shoes were cute," explained an emotionally exhausted Karp. The term 'facebook her' refers to the act of offering an online invitation into one's online social network, and is commonly used as a verb by students that exclusively limit their personal interactions to the online site and its applications. "Then she thought we were like [life-long best friends]," Karp continued. "First, she added that we knew each from being in an open marriage with each other, which is kind of funny I guess, but c'mon, she's not my best friend from high school!" It is common for straight women on facebook.com to suggest they are in romantic relationships with other females, mainly as misguided attempts to seem interesting or attractive.



"Next thing I know," Karp continued, "she's inviting me to two

or three applications or events a day! I mean, I just met you, do you really think we're ready to compare movie tastes?" Karp continued to politely decline Groake's application overtures, but the facebook.com communications started to become more public in nature. First, Groake posted a personal message to Karp on her public "Wall" asking her if she got over her fight with her boyfriend. "I don't even think I mentioned him at the party," explained Karp. Groake then proceeded to poke, super-poke, bear-hug, sucker-punch, Crane-kick, liberate, phagocytose, and sauté Karp. She also gave Ms. Karp an electronic quesadilla as a gift.



The final straw for the strained online relationship came when Groake added a photo album named "Randoms of me and Maggs lol!" to her profile, which consisted of seven photographs of Groake and Karp from their only personal interaction at the party. "I was like, barely in the background of some of them, and I don't even think all the pictures are from her camera, which is kind of weird," Karp explained.

"What got me really ticked was one of her captions," which read "such a Maggie-face lol!" "Listen, [Ms. Groake], you do not know my faces, okay?" As a last resort, Karp attempted to stop logging onto facebook.com for two days, but realized that actually doing her homework, completing her graduate school applications, and in-person communication did not give her the satisfaction that playing Scrabulous (a facebook.com application) could. "I guess I'll just deal with her," a resigned Karp concluded. Groake could not be reached for direct comment, though her personal status has been thought to be associated with "wishing for" and being "happy that it is FINALLY" Friday.



RELIGION

# Amid Controversy, Russell-Stover Cancels Line of Chocolate Gods™ Treats

**New York, NY** – In a surprise move intended to ease shareholders’ concerns over its second-quarter losses, Russell-Stover Candies, Inc. will cancel its Chocolate Gods™ collection, CEO Scott Ward announced Monday. The chocolate and confections giant had been under fire in recent weeks over the religiously-inspired candies, which were deemed offensive by religious conservatives.



An Erstwhile Sample of Russel-Stover’s Delectable Chocolate Pantheon

“To all of you who were in any way offended by our candies, I must offer my own heartfelt apology,” Mr. Ward said at a press conference at the Russell-Stover headquarters in Kansas City, shortly after biting into a caramel-crunch, Sweet Jesus™ treat. Standing alongside a fully-edible nativity scene with peppermint-flavored chocolate representations of Joseph, Mary, and three wise men, he continued. “In no way, shape, or form,” he said, pausing briefly to chew, “did we at Russell-Stover intend to trivialize your faith.”



Chocolate Nativity Scene Too Tasty To Pass Up

The apology stands in stark contrast to the candy company’s aggressive US marketing campaign, which was intended to appeal to a wide diversity of religious groups. “Let a chocolate Jesus wipe away your chocolate sins,” read one add placed in the Wall Street Journal. “Find nirvana through your sweet tooth,” read another in the Time Magazine. A third advertisement featured in the New York Times featured a smiling rabbi biting God’s head off. In a carefully worded statement, Russell-Stover defended the advertisements, but acknowledged that “certain missteps were made.”



Immaculate Nougat and Caramel, Together at Last

The story broke last week amid reports that the candy giant was in the design phase for a chocolate version of the Kaaba, Islam’s holiest religious site, and the tomb of Mohammed. According to one employee, who agreed to speak only on the condition of anonymity, the furor erupted when one executive suggested that the chocolate should have a chewy center. “We in the Muslim community are especially disturbed by the chewy center ... we find a chewy center completely unacceptable,” said Muslim scholar Muhammed Rafi Usmani in a phone interview.

The line of candies was responsible for a wave of heated uprisings in the West Bank on Thursday, when Muslim extremists cried out to Jewish settlers, “Allah is great! Your

god is delicious!” Two Muslims and three Jews were injured in the ensuing food fight, in which both sides threw religiously-inspired peanut-butter brittles at each other. Later in the day, Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland pelted each other with toffee-filled Virgin Mary figures and raspberry-crème stuffed John the Baptist heads.

Pope Benedict XVI issued a strongly-worded statement last week in which he called on Russell-Stover to end this “profligate waste of delicious chocolate,” in his words, and threatened to excommunicate the entire corporation. But tabloid news reporters released photos, taken over the weekend, which appeared to show the Pope indulging in the very confections he had so widely condemned.

Not all reactions to the candies have been so critical, however. Al Gore, the former vice president under Bill Clinton, has praised Russell-Stover for making “all religions equally delicious.” European chocolate industry insiders, while praising Russell-Stover’s commitment to religious diversity, have roundly criticized the quality of the chocolate used

in making the religious candies. “We might as well be eating Hershey Bars, for Christ’s sake,” said Belgian chocolate expert Wolfgang Liebler.

Not since 2001, when Russell-Stover introduced its new line of chocolate stem cells, has the company stirred so much controversy. At that juncture, the Bush administration intervened, citing the sanctity of chocolates representing cells that can become life, setting up a policy which it later applied to real stem cells. Shortly after the administration seized the candies, Vice President Cheney suffered a major heart attack.

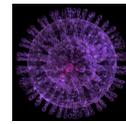


Citing the sheer volume of religious candies that the corporation has produced, and the state of Vice President Cheney’s cardiovascular health, CEO Scott Ward said he can only hope the administration does not intervene this time.



HEALTH AND MEDICINE

# Herpes Vaccine Found to Increase Sex Appeal



1 Herpe



**Washington, DC** - Research scientists at Harvard University have recently discovered that recipients of the Herpes vaccine rate higher on the sexiness scale than those who have not been vaccinated. These findings add another piece to the complex debate regarding the morals of vaccination.

For years, the Family Research Council, a conservative U.S. Christian group, has contended that vaccination for sexually transmitted diseases promotes sexual promiscuity. However, many medical organizations have fervently denied this assessment, claiming that the presence of a vaccine in a person's body does not cause them to engage in behavior they would otherwise not engage in.



Over the last 12 months, Harvard scientists have been closely monitoring the various side effects of the vaccine. The most shocking discovery was an overwhelming percentage of recipients reported sudden bursts of feeling sexy and an overall increase in sexual allure. "I only got the vaccine last summer because my mom made me," says Harvard sophomore John Yale. "But when the new school year started, I found that not only do I no longer have any Herpes, I've become a complete babe magnet! I can't keep the ladies away from me." In fact, many Hollywood analysts have speculated that Justin Timberlake's hit single "Sexy Back" is based on his personal experience with the vaccine.



Not all recipients of the vaccine have felt these side effects, however. Harvard freshman Joe Schmugly told HSP, "I got the vaccine months ago, but girls are still repulsed by me when I go to parties." Dr. Angie Vance, head scientist of the Harvard study, has a theory on why the sexy side effect does not manifest itself in a small percentage of individuals.

"We think that the vaccine doesn't necessarily add to a person's sex appeal," says Dr. Vance. "It only enhances pre-existing features of a person's sexiness. For example, Joe Schmugly is simply a helplessly unsexy human being. Unless he were to opt for a direct sexiness transplant, for example, by downloading his consciousness into Brad Pitt's body, his natural ugliness is too much for even science to overcome."

Conservative Christian groups have expressed their outrage. "We're outraged", explained FRC spokeswoman Jane Christopher. "This is what we've been saying all along! We've always known that not having Herpes encourages teenagers to become more promiscuous. Now we have scientific proof that vaccinations causes recipients to become more sexy. What's going to stop them from becoming complete teen whores? Another vaccine?"

Pro-vaccination organizations contend that the sexiness side effect is just more reason to get the vaccine. "Since when is being sexy such a bad thing?" asked Sally Schmally, the extremely hot spokeswoman for the Massachusetts Women's Health Council. Already, student organizations at Harvard are

using the new scientific findings to promote the vaccine at events, using the motto, "Bringing Sexy Back, Without the Beer Goggles."

Conservative groups have been spending heavily on resources to spread information on the new scientific findings as a warning to those who may be considering the vaccination. However, it seems that these efforts have only worked to increase the popularity of the vaccine. As of Monday, November 12, the line outside Harvard University Health Services has stretched all the way past ABP. "I've been camping out all week," says Harvard sophomore Cindy Lauper. "I found out from the campus preachers that this could help me become more sexy, so I got in line right away! Maybe this will help me win back my ex."



However, conservative activists like Christopher are not undeterred. "I will not lose hope in humanity. I know that soon enough, teenagers will realize that increased sex appeal is not something they want or need. I continue with my message that 'if God intended you to be ugly and Herpes-having, then homely and bathed in cold sores you should remain.' In any case, sexual undesireability has never stopped anyone from becoming successful. As long as you make sure to begin life as a billionaire, you can be ugly as hell and still do anything you want, even if you have extremely bad Herpes. If that's not the America God intended us to live in, I don't know what is."



# KLAUS



**Luis Miguel (Koldo) Lus Arana** (Santurce, Spain, 1976) is an architect and urban planner. In the last years he has worked for SENER Engineering and in his own office. In 2002 he also started his PhD studies in the University of Navarra (Spain), and has collaborated writing articles for several architectural magazines, also directing the section "From the 9th" in Aequus Magazine. Currently he is doing MDES Studies at the Harvard GSD, while developing the research for his PhD Thesis: "The Dreamt Cities". His alter ego KLAUS has drawn the "Little Corbu" comic strip since 2003. As his comics show, he is moderately obsessed with Albert Arnold Gore Jr. and the trees that would have been saved had history been different.

AND FINALLY,  
THE GREAT FLOOD  
TOOK PLACE.  
  
BUT AL WAS  
PREPARED  
FOR IT...



KLAUS '07  
after Franquin

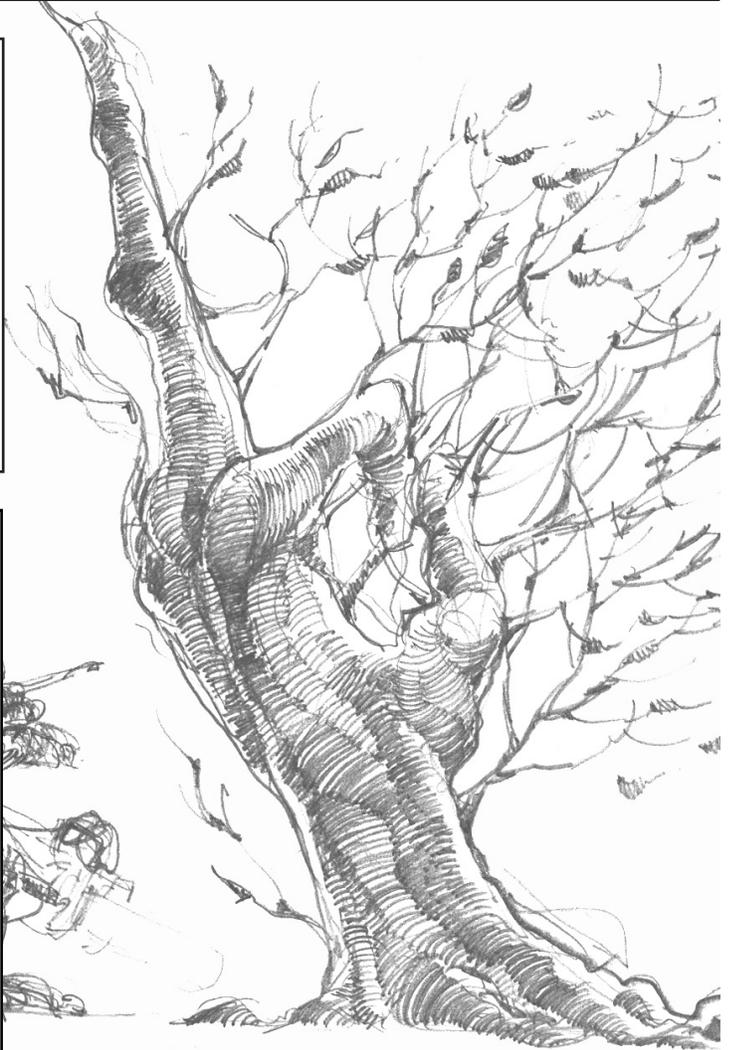




...AND, AFTER SEVERAL DAYS OF SAILING...

LAND!

Oh, F\*\*\*!! IT'S FLORIDA!



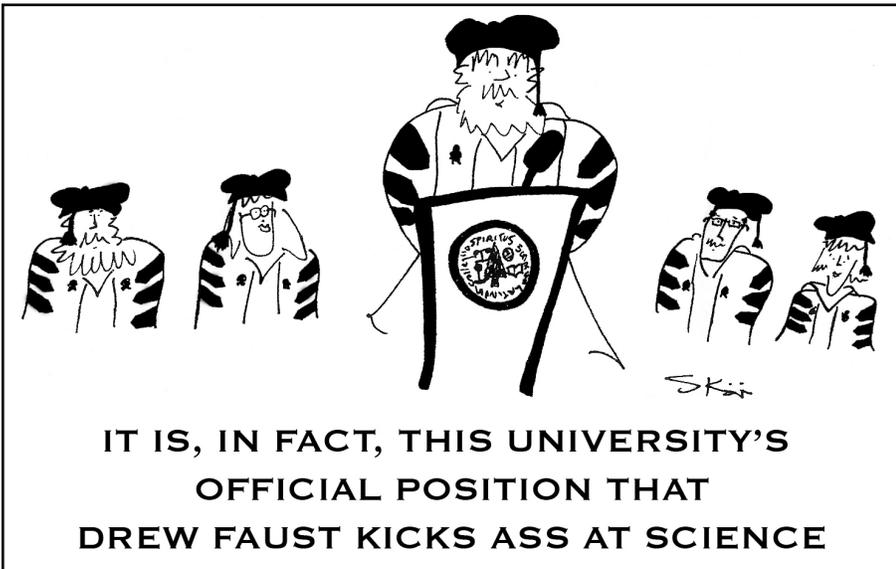
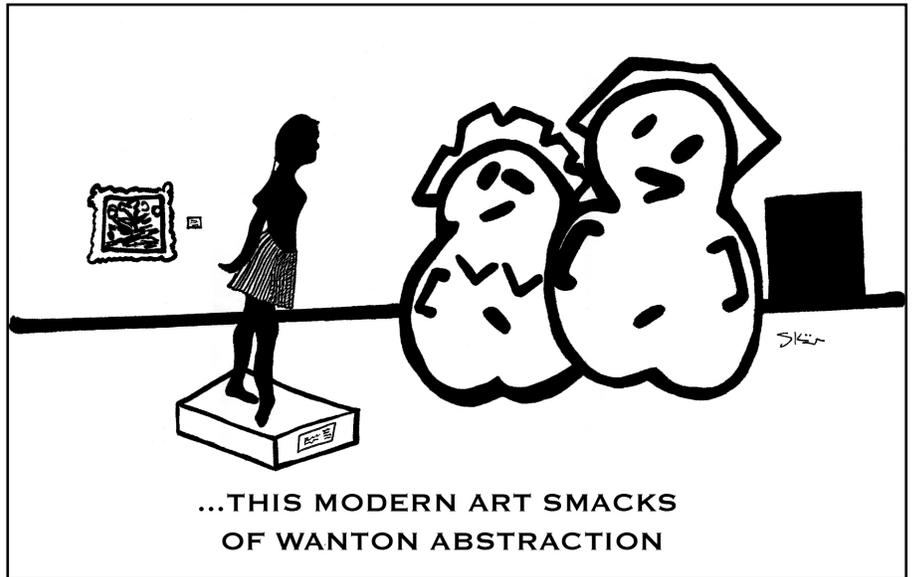
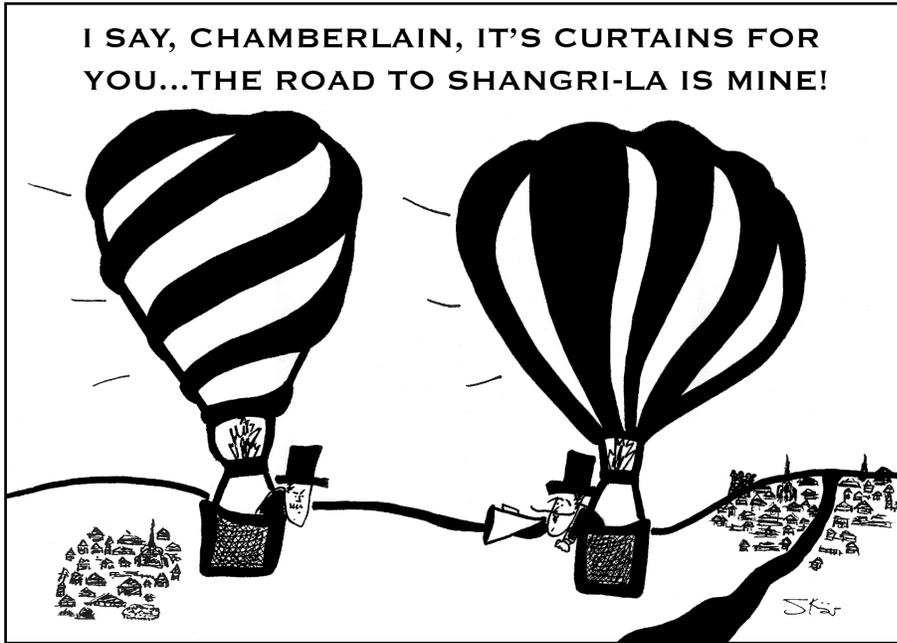
# SKÖR



### Kyle Skör

Hailing from the outer ridges of the Bible Belt, or alternately, the heart of the heartland, Kyle effectively left his doctoral studies at Harvard in the fall of 2006, opting instead to spend his days wandering around the Emerald Necklace, harbor, various greater and lesser squares, and other Boston landmarks/nooks/crannies in search of the most iridescent pigeon. After a fruitless attempt at writing a seminal coming of age novel and gaining Nabokovian stature, he continued his creative endeavors through drawing and finding ways to negotiate life without health care. Many of his days are spent reading unpopular fiction/lit and working in and learning about landscape and garden design. Gargantuan yawps, baubles, and strong winds number among his favorite things. He used to have a dog named blossom.

I SAY, CHAMBERLAIN, IT'S CURTAINS FOR YOU...THE ROAD TO SHANGRI-LA IS MINE!



ENTERTAINMENT

# HSP Movie Reviews: Bruce Willis 5



"Bruce Willis 5" (2007) starts with a concept that should appeal to all of Bruce's fans: John McClane from Die Hard, Korben Dallas from The Fifth Element, John Hartigan from Sin City, Butch Coolidge from Pulp Fiction, and Harry Stamper from Armageddon, are all the same man, a federal agent named Bruce Willis, working undercover in various disguises and centuries, and all of his nemesises from previous films have teamed up against him. That's a lot of background to cover, and they spend an agonizing four minutes on exposition, but after that the movie is thankfully free of dialogue other than one liners, grunts, and childish catch phrases.

The action is pretty good, like a cross between "Bruce Willis: Red White and Blew 'Em Away", and "Bruce's Last Stand II". Bruce has a gun which shoots trucks as bullets, and he naturally manages to ruin the livelihoods of every sidewalk street vendor in town stupid enough to get in his way. A mad scientist then unveils his latest invention, the "Fight Scene Teleportotron 5000", which is a great and believable way for fight scenes to take place at an abandoned factory, atop a runaway train, in the throne room of a Chinese emperor, in Starbucks, and on the moon. So it really helps break up the monotony. The high point for me was Bruce using the blinding power of his shiny bald head to make bad guys crash into each other. But it's not just about the action: when you see Bruce Willis shoot a guy so hard he falls back and hits the button that explodes the city, it really makes you think about life and stuff.

Unfortunately, Bruce can't be on screen every second of the film, but they add a handy "countdown to Bruce" timer in the corner so that you know when to start watching again. I highly recommend bringing a portable TV with you to watch some of Bruce's greatest hits during these lulls, as I do during every movie I attend.



"This Veterans Day, Declare your Independence!"

## DOMESTIC POLITICS

### President Bush Amends Constitution to Ban Only Monogamous Gay Relationships



**Washington, DC** - In a domestic policy move consistent with the newly announced invasion of Iran, president Bush has relaxed his original stance on gay marriage, introducing a constitutional amendment to ban only monogamous gay relationships.

As the President noted to a crowd of 300,000 in the Castro District of San Francisco, "I've given up fighting with the gay community. In the spirit of good faith between all our citizens, I've taken the liberty of creating a new constitutional amendment granting the right for all you homoerectuses to gay marry one another, provided you follow some reasonable guidelines. First, have all the sodomy you want. In fact, have

lots of it. As long as you're a raging man whore, I'm all for it. Provided, of course, that the idea of a functional gay family is undermined due to all the cheating and reckless behavior. Basically, this is a special case when you can ignore the ten commandments and covet the shit out of your neighbor's man-wife. Remember adultery is compulsory."

"Second, we can't call it marriage. And a civil union just sounds too formal, like something Abraham Lincoln would be into. As such, I give you the man slut satan pact. We must be more tolerant of our brothers who are different from us, and just like with real marriage, gay Americans must preserve the sanctity of man slut satan pacts."

When asked about his focus on male gay marriage, Bush explained, "Don't push your luck, ladies. I don't think America is ready for gay rights for women. We certainly aren't ready for a female president who looks like she'd be good at rugby, if you know what I mean."





# Not Romantic



## My True Love Ate My Thesis

*Today marks the start of the HSP series on true love. In an effort to explore this, most mysterious of emotions, we interview a series of people about their true loves. Today, we settle down with Bryan in his living room.*

**HSP:** So tell me Bryan, how did you find your true love.

**Bryan:** They always say that you find someone when you least expect it, and that's how it happened with Misty. I was visiting Seattle for a business trip, exploring a neighborhood during a break one afternoon, when she walked by me, and I know it sounds cliché, but our eyes met, and I knew then that she was the only one for me. She was with another man at the time, but I wouldn't let something like that stand in the way of true love – I just followed her home and when the other man was gone, I untied her and we made our escape.

**HSP:** Untied her?

**Bryan:** Yes, of course, you wouldn't leave a beauty like that roaming free on the front lawn. What if she got hit by a car...no that's too awful for me to think of.

**HSP:** I'm not sure I'm quite following... is Misty a...(from the kitchen, one of Bryan's roommates coughs and the words "dog-fucker" are audible.) Right, so Misty's a dog?

**Bryan:** I prefer the term "canine life partner"

**HSP:** I heard my producer mention this – I thought he was joking, but I guess that's what happens when you get bought by Fox – okay, so what's it like dating Misty? It, um, must be awkward in social situations.

**Bryan:** We all have to make accommodations for partners. My friend Gordon once dated this Cambodian girl, and she cooked all this ethnic food, whereas he was more of a 'meat and potatoes' guy, but they made it work. So, the love of my life urinates in public, eats garbage and drinks from the toilet – one gets used to it after a while. I'm sure Misty doesn't like it when I'm at the bar late with my friends or when I forget our anniversary, but she forgives me. And sometimes, you just have to have a sense of humor about it all. I remember once, we were at a dinner party. Well, Misty and the hostess weren't big fans of each other, so Misty got up on the counter, ate the entire 6lb ham this woman had cooked for dinner and then threw it up all over the living room carpet. That Misty!



**HSP:** And what about being 'intimate'?

**Bryan:** Well, we started slow, first just cuddling, then face licking, then, once we were comfortable, on to leg humping, and then...you know. I don't like to kiss and tell, but I can say that things are great – Misty gets frisky all the time – and we don't need any artificial enhancement like peanut butter.

**HSP:** Okay, that's a disturbing mental image, but we'll move on. So, are there any other "couples" you like to hang out with. (at this point, Bryan's housemate shouts something crude at him, and Bryan gets up from his chair)

**Bryan:** Screw off man! Remember that time you dated that fat chick – what was her name...Carly? Anyways, she was a total cow, but did I say anything. No, I just let you do your fat cow in peace.

**Roommate:** Dude, but she wasn't actually a cow. And she wasn't actually that fat...

**Bryan:** Whatever. And Steve, remember that girl you picked up at the bar last summer and fooled around with? Her face was so busted – she had that unibrow and a Tom Selleck moustache. That was no different than doing a gorilla, so lay off of Misty. Anyways, what was the question?

**HSP:** I think this will be the last one - any other couples you two hang out with?

**Bryan:** Right. Well, we tried joining various "Dog Lover" societies, but they're not really on the same level as I am. Sure, they hang out with their dogs, take them to the park, buy them treats, but hell, I do that with my nephew, but I wouldn't call myself a "nephew-lover". Honestly, I couldn't stand those people - no, their mislabeled societies cheapen the love I share with Misty.

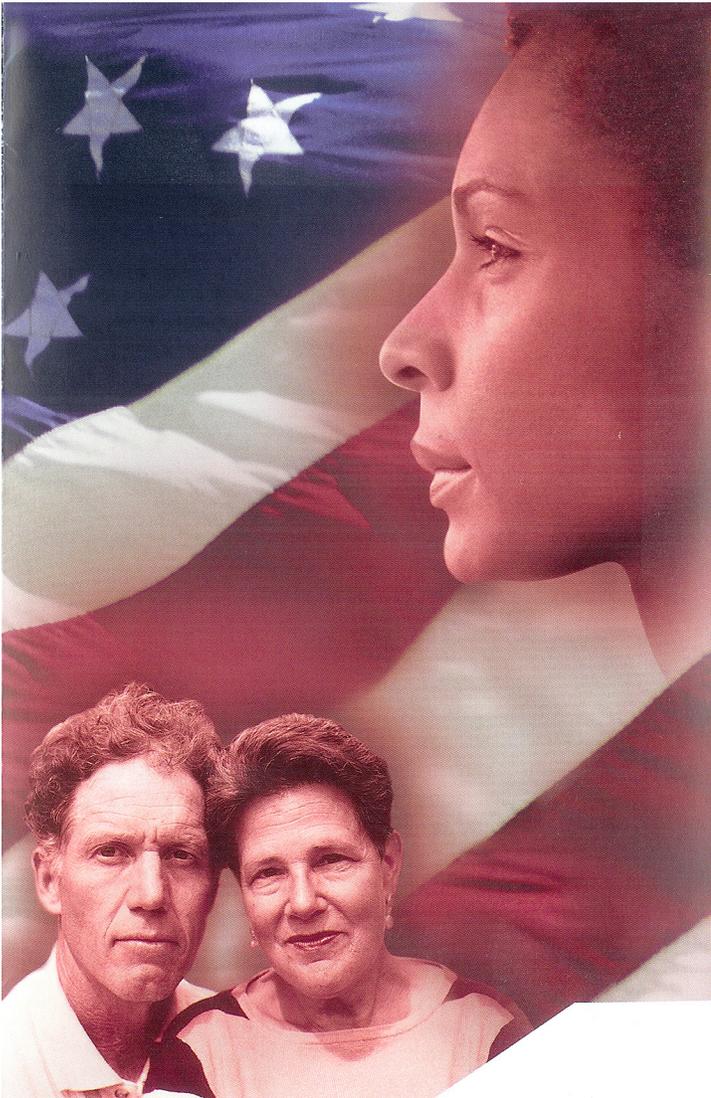
That and they revoked my membership when I suggested a swingers event - Misty and I have an open relationship, and one of the people has a Bichon-frise that was totally giving me the eye. You could tell she wanted it by the way she wore that cut off doggie sweater.

**HSP:** Okay, I think that's enough information, thanks for your time!

**Bryan:** Say, you don't happen to have a dog, do you?



# Proper Gender



Take it from a respectable looking old couple and the giant head of a token woman of color.

**Preparing Makes Sense.  
Get Ready Now.**

[www.ready.gov](http://www.ready.gov)

No, seriously, we mean this minute.  
Get moving or they will bomb you.



**Homeland Security**

U.S. Department of Terror  
Washington, DC 11984



In Partnership With



UPS is going down.



We will save the shit out of you,  
whether you like it or not.

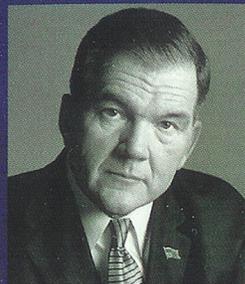


To find out how to arrest anyone in your  
community for any reason whatsoever, visit

[www.citizencorps.gov](http://www.citizencorps.gov)

or

[www.arrestanyoneinyourcommunityforanyreasonwhatsoever.gov](http://www.arrestanyoneinyourcommunityforanyreasonwhatsoever.gov)



“Terrorism  
forces us  
to make  
a choice.”

We can be afraid.

Or, we can be very afraid.”

-Secretary Tom Ridge, U.S. Department of Homeland Security

**Call:**  
**1-800-B-TERROR**  
for a free brochure

**DOMESTIC POLITICS**

# Jordan's Furniture Bets Obama Will Strike Out

**Boston, MA** – Jordan's Furniture has announced a follow-up to its successful Red Sox promotion: any customer who purchases furniture during the month of November will receive a full refund if Barack Obama wins the presidency in 2008.

Other furniture stores have not matched the promotion, though industry sources suggest that IKEA may endorse Al Gore.

The promotion has generated controversy. David Gergen, a professor of political leadership at the Kennedy School of Government, warns that, "Massachusetts electors may be swayed to break with the popular vote in their state if they purchased particularly expensive mattresses."



"We took an insurance policy just in case, just like we did with the Red Sox," said Jordan's Furniture Vice President Michelle Yang. "This one cost less."

Obama has not specified whether he shops at Jordan's. However, he will be making a previously unscheduled visit to the Jordan's Furniture factory in Cambodia to discuss worker's rights and free trade.

In a press statement, the rival Clinton campaign noted that, "Senator Clinton shops at a variety of furniture stores, including Jordan's, and is supportive of most things with which she does not disagree."



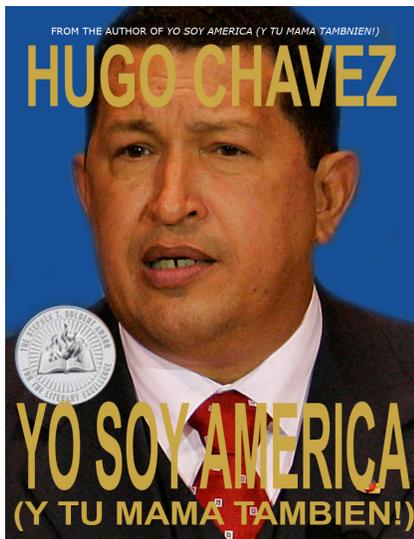
**DOMESTIC POLITICS**

# Hugo Chavez Elected President of the United States

**Caracas, Venezuela**

In what observers are calling "the freest election in Venezuelan history," Hugo Chavez was elected president of the United States on Tuesday. With 99% of the votes counted, Chavez leads his closest opponent, Cesar Chavez, by over eleven million votes.

"Cesar Chavez hasn't been politically active in decades," notes Professor Elaine Kamarck, a faculty member of the Kennedy School of Government. "He polled strongly, but the deceased always lose 10 to 15 points on Election Day."



Hugo Chavez campaigned on a pro-Venezuela platform, a stance popular in Venezuela. Though he ran as an independent, he was endorsed by the Republican Party of Mississippi and the Facebook group 4,000,000 Strong for Dictatorship. Earlier this year, the Venezuelan Congress approved a Constitutional amendment waiving the requirement that the United States president be a native-born American and that he be elected by citizens of the United States.



**SCIENCE**

# Invisible Monkey Throws Visible Poop

**Washington, DC**

In yet another apparent example of an invisible animal causing problems at the National Zoo, several zookeepers reported being hit in the face by a "brownish, poop-like substance" which was later determined to be fecal matter.



President Bush addressed the issue in a speech to the National Zookeepers Union, saying "War, war, war, more war, more war, and then more war, monkey poop, war, Iran, war, Iraq, war, Syria, war, war, war, war, war, war."

When Mortimer Zoostein, director of animal acquisition first introduced the idea of having invisible animals at the zoo, many people were skeptical, including Reginald Animal-smith, President Bush's hand-picked Invisible Animal Czar. Animalsmith, who agreed to speak with a reporter by telephone about this latest incident said that although he was reluctant to grant the necessary permits to the zoo when they first applied for them a year ago, he now believed the invisible animals could have a high-profile place at the zoo. "What you have to understand about invisible animals," the Yale graduate said, "is that they are very difficult to see."

"I don't think we should rush and blame the invisible animals for this – why it could have been anything, or anyone for that matter, throwing poop at the zookeepers," Zoostein noted, "just last week we caught a couple of teenagers throwing plastic bags full of urine at the antelopes. This is a crazy place. Anything can happen here."

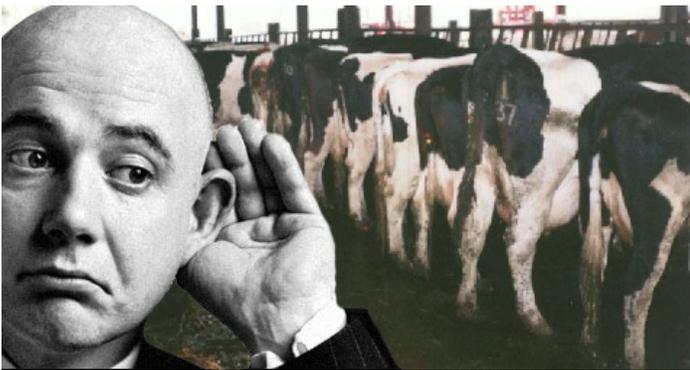


**SCIENCE**

# Disappointed Would-Be Translator Told "Farting is Not a Language"

**Stink Creek, Mississippi** - Ronald W. Odious has always known that he was special, but he did not realize just how special he was until he reached the fifth grade. "That's when I realized I had the gift," Mr. Odious said, taking bite out of a triple-layer chili cheeseburger and eyeing a side of batter-encrusted deep fried re-fried beans. "I always sensed that I was different from other kids, but it wasn't until I got to the fifth grade that I realized that I was naturally bilingual, and had found my true calling."

Mr. Odious, who works at a local dairy farm said he was delighted to discover this natural talent as a child, but was overwhelmed with joy when he realized, as an adult, that he could use it to communicate with the cows who are in his charge. "Sometimes it's hard if I haven't had a lot of beans for breakfast, then the cows would say something and I'd have to stand there for a while before I can answer. It gets to be a little straining after a while." Wilson Beakman, a doctoral student in linguistics who is writing his dissertation on Mr. Odious, said that he has so far identified a vocabulary consisting of over ten thousand individual sounds and nearly one thousand distinct smells. Mr. odious, however, has found out that just because he has a unique talent it doesn't mean that everyone appreciates him. Recently he applied for a translator position at the US State Department, only to be told in no uncertain terms that "...farting is not a language."



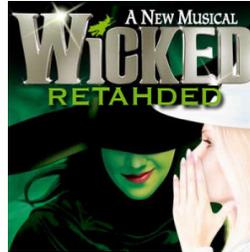
Mr. Odious, who clearly considers himself a patriot, is still upset at the way he was treated by the government. "I mean really, we have this war on terror happening, and I volunteer my services - it's not like I speak some dead language like Latin or Esperanto, and I'm naturally bilingual! Most people only know a few words, and they don't even know what they're saying half the time," Mr. Odious said, looking thoroughly disgusted. He then adding something in a language which this reporter can only guess emphasized his disappointment with the federal government.

The State Department press office declined to comment for this story.



**HEALTH AND MEDICINE**

# Study: Massachusetts Has Highest Rates Of Wicked Retarded



**Boston, MA** - A newly published study by Harvard researchers suggests that children born in Massachusetts have a 98% increased risk of being of wicked retarded compared to children in any other state. "The findings from this study are wicked surprising," explained lead researcher Catherine Conner, M.D.

"We essentially found that this condition is almost entirely contained to the state of Massachusetts, with a few isolated cases observed in Rhode Island and New Hampshire."

The condition is characterized as a unique form of developmental delay, which can lead to serious but non-fatal disabilities such as impaired highway driving and general rudeness. Currently, there are no proven risk factors for the condition, though statistical models have found associations between its prevalence and consumption of Dunkin Donuts coffee. Dr. Conner and her team are optimistic that cure will be found, based on preliminary results of an ongoing randomized controlled trial which she believes are "wicked awesome."



**ENTERTAINMENT**

# Spam Writers' Union Enters Tenth Year

**The Internets** - The strike that started in 1998 of the Union of Unsolicited Junk Email Authors continues, and for nine years internet email users have had to make do. Today, as is well known, all spam email is either a garbled, recycled version of a junk mailing penned by a member of the Union before 1998, or else automatically generated by a computer program that outputs nonsensical yet oddly compelling phrases.



Union officials strongly maintain that the poor quality of spam over the past decade has led to billions in lost revenues, fleeced from unsuspecting saps who blindly click on any link they're sent. As employers are reluctant to meet the Union's demands, such as adding discount "\|/\gR/\\" and "C1aLi\$" to prescription health plans, the strike seems unlikely to end any time soon. It was, however, jeopardized once in recent years, when a Nigerian spam writer crossed the picket line with a bold email scam that gained some brief notoriety, but he was quickly pummeled to death by badly misspelled signs carried by angry strikers.





Spring 2008 call for **submissions**  
 Send to **harvardsp@gmail.com** by **March 3rd 2008**



Helping Harvard  
 Students Slack Off  
 Since 1776

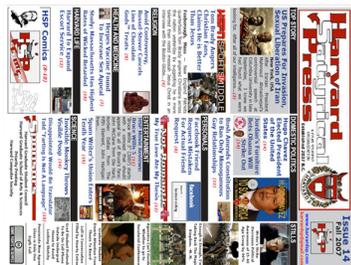


[www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)



**Your Deadline is our PRIORITY**

Priority Printing  
 337 Cambridge St.  
 Cambridge, MA 02141



Tel (617) 547-6919  
 Fax (617) 864-3744  
[info@priorityprinting.biz](mailto:info@priorityprinting.biz)  
[www.priorityprinting.biz](http://www.priorityprinting.biz)

# Harvard Satyrical Press

A GSAS STUDENT ORGANIZATION  
Established 2037 B.C.



Issue 15  
Spring 2008



www.harvardsp.com  
harvardsp@gmail.com

## TOP STORY



### Following Eliot Spitzer Scandal, Harvard Revamps Escort Service

In the wake of Eliot Spitzer's March resignation, Harvard University has vowed to expand and improve its own escort service... (4-5)

## POLITICS

### Bush Confuses Waterboarding With Bodyboarding



At a recent press conference, President Bush failed to make the distinction between waterboarding, a form of torture, and bodyboarding, a relaxing water sport... (11)

## STILLS



Dalai Lama Assembles Non-Violent Ultimate Fighting Force

### ★ Election 2008 ★ Democratic Superdelegates



### Top 10 Reasons Why John McCain is Too Old To Be President (11)

### Arms Shipment Nothing But Weapons From CLUE (10)



## HEALTH AND MEDICINE



### HMS Neurobiology Professor Ed Kravitz Indicted on Fly-Fighting Charges (7)



Harvard Gate-Closing Policy Thwarts Only Laziest of Criminals

## RELIGION

### Mike Huckabee Warns of Declining Stork Population, Extinction of Human Race

My fellow Americans. Now I'm a simple man. I'm not one of those over-brained, secular Harvard types who don't have the fortitude to see God's truth, but I'm not the dumbest nail in the shed either... (6)



### Obscure Diseases Lament Lack of Charity Runs (14)



## SCIENCE

### Whenever I'm Feeling Down, I Publish Another Nature Article (14)



New Poland Spring Bottle Made with 15% Less Plastic, Child Labor

## HSP Comics



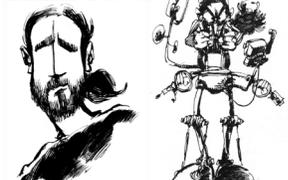
### DIEGO (5,11)



### SKÖR (8-9)



### KLAUS (12-13)



## ENTERTAINMENT

### Scrabulous Master Limits Actual Vocabulary to Two-Letter Words (15)



## POINT / COUNTERPOINT

### Emoticon Exposure To Ultraviolet Rays (15)



50 Cent Now Known as 43 Euro Cent

## Sponsors

Harvard Graduate Student Council,  
Harvard Graduate School of Arts & Sciences,  
Priority Printing, Harvard Computer Society

NETFUXXX

Browse Babes Browse Instant Your Queue Escorts You'll Friends & Community DVD Sale \$5.99

Welcome, Eliot Spitzer

Dyslexic Plagiarist Accidentally Submits Original Work

Ivy League Quietly Replaces Dartmouth With University of New Hampshire

**FROM THE EDITOR**



**The Editorator**

Welcome to the Spring 2008 HSP issue, filled with 50% more comics and 50% more jokes than a proportionally smaller issue. From sex scandals to Scrabble, no topic is too sensitive for our experienced journalists to cover inappropriately. From religious political science to Harvard medical entertainment, no topic headings are too elitist for HSP to string together needlessly. With decades of consistently funny material in print and online, why study when you can procrastinate for minutes at a time with our fine publication? Because studying is directly related to your eventual success in life, that's why! But barring that, if you're desperate enough to read the nutritional information on cereal boxes or the ingredient list on shampoo bottles, then HSP is definitely for you. *A.F., April 2008*

**Submissions**

HSP accepts submissions from both Harvard graduate and undergraduate students. See our submission and editorial policies at [www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com). Send submissions to [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com). The submission deadline for the Fall 2008 issue is October 6 2008.

**HSP Wants You!**

HSP is looking for staff writers, editors, graphic/web designers, and advertising/business experts. We are also looking for an anonymous wealthy benefactor to pay ludicrous amounts for glossy color printing.

**Advertise With HSP**

By advertising with HSP, your business will have an opportunity to reach a large number of undergraduate and graduate students for a reasonable price. See our advertising rates and distribution information at [www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)

**Contact**

Contact us for submissions, staff positions, advertising, or donations, by e-mail [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com) or by mail: Harvard Satirical Press, Dudley House, Lehman Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA 02138, C/O Andrew Friedman, Editor in Chief

*The Harvard Satirical Press is an official student organization of the Graduate School of Arts & Sciences (GSAS) and is the only official graduate student humor magazine at Harvard. We thank the Graduate Student Council (GSC) for generously helping to fund our publication. The Harvard Satirical Press is not intended for readers under 18 years of age. And if you haven't figured it out already, this is satire, and the opinions herein obviously do not necessarily represent the opinions of Harvard University, the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, or even the writers. Whether they constitute opinions at all is also debatable. But that's just your opinion...Andrew Friedman, April 2008*



<b>Editor In Chief</b>	<b>Andrew Friedman</b> <i>Warrior King of Zamunda</i>
<b>Senior Editor</b>	<b>Christopher Night</b> <i>Lord of Most Things</i>
<b>Senior Business Editor</b>	<b>Jonathan Devor</b> <i>Sergeant at Arms</i>
<b>Senior Graphics Editor</b>	<b>Kamson Lai</b> <i>Canadian Hockey Powerhouse</i>

**Staff Writers**

<b>Lydia Bean</b> <i>Lonely Texas Democrat</i>	<b>Dan Levenson</b> <i>Former U.S. Ambassador to Lilliput</i>
<b>Daniel Berdichevsky</b> <i>Alpaca-in-Chief</i>	<b>Tina Lin</b> <i>Fangorious Monster</i>
<b>W. Tyler Gibson</b> <i>Author of Neuromancer</i>	<b>Ankur Pandya</b> <i>What Can Brown Do For You?</i>
<b>Nick Kapur</b> <i>Past Man</i>	<b>Jonathan Ruel</b> <i>Mocks Principles</i>

**Staff Editors**      **Staff Cartoonists**

<b>Peter Doshi</b> <i>Minister of Theory</i>	<b>Koldo Lus-Arana</b> <i>KLAUS</i>
<b>Kurt Gray</b> <i>Reuters Foreign Despondent</i>	<b>Diego Munoz</b> <i>So Good Looking It Hurts</i>
<b>Kaisey Mandel</b> <i>Funnier Than Howie</i>	<b>Kyle Skor</b> <i>Token Viking Berserker</i>

**Contributors**

<b>Gurtina Besla</b> <i>Miss Zombie Universe, Runner-Up</i>	<b>Ben Lee</b> <i>Cash Money</i>
<b>Rain Cui</b> <i>You Know, Like Water</i>	<b>Curtis Mead</b> <i>Looks For Aliens With Lasers</i>
<b>Sarah Dykstra</b> <i>Baked This Issue</i>	<b>Joey Neilsen</b> <i>Not a Freshman</i>
<b>Jonathan Fan</b> <i>Nano-Tennis Champion</i>	<b>Atalia Omer</b> <i>Worships John Stewart</i>
<b>Crystal Fleming</b> <i>Sexual Chocolate</i>	<b>Hazel Pearson</b> <i>Speaks Perfect Scottish</i>
<b>Jason Gallicchio</b> <i>That's Two c's, Bitch!</i>	<b>Sabrina Sadique</b> <i>Ghostwrote Your Lecture</i>
<b>Andreea Gorbatai</b> <i>Salsaologist</i>	<b>Jack Steiner</b> <i>Jackasstrophysicist</i>
<b>Laura Hsu</b> <i>Educational Guru / Soul Sista</i>	<b>Mary-Ruth Windham</b> <i>Reads Hebrew Left to Right</i>
<b>Katie Humphry</b> <i>Member of the Knitterati</i>	<b>Will Yuen</b> <i>Quant-To-Be</i>

# PRIORITY PRINTING

**Your Deadline is our PRIORITY**

Priority Printing  
337 Cambridge St.  
Cambridge, MA 02141



Tel (617) 547-6919  
Fax (617) 864-3744  
info@priorityprinting.biz  
www.priorityprinting.biz

**NETFUXXX**
Eliot Spitzer ▾ | [Your Account](#) | [Buy / Redeem Gift](#) | [Help](#)

Browse Babes
Browse Instant
**Your Queue**
Escorts You'll ♥
Friends & Community
DVD Sale \$5.99

Search

Welcome, Eliot Spitzer

### Your Queue

Unlike the disreputable Emperor's Club VIP ring, Netfuxxx is quite regularly used by elite politicians interested in quality and discretion. No postage necessary if escort is returned to any street corner in the US, and even if you're too busy to do them for months at a time, there are absolutely no late fees! If you don't use Netfuxxx, you might as well be getting mail order brides from Turkmenistan. All we ask is that you follow our simple request, "Be Kind, Untie" - *Netfuxxx*

[Show all Escort activity](#)  
[Rate Recently Screwed Hoes](#)

#### Escorts At Home

	Escort Name	Do Instantly	Rating	Pimped Out	Est. Arrival	
1.	<a href="#">Candy</a>	<a href="#">Pay</a>	★★★★☆	03/17/08	03/18/08	<a href="#">Report Problem</a>
2.	<a href="#">Kristin</a>	<a href="#">Pay</a>	★★★★☆	03/16/08	03/17/08	<a href="#">Report Problem</a>

Get another escort for only \$4,000 and we'll send it Tuesday. [Upgrade to the 3 at-a-time \(Unlimited\) plan now!](#)

#### Escort Queue (140)

[See Queue tips](#) [Update Your Queue](#)

List Order	Escort Name	Watch Instantly	Rating	Genre	Availability	Remove
1	<a href="#">Mr. and Mrs. Smith</a>	<input type="checkbox"/>	★★★★☆	<a href="#">Threesome</a>		<input type="checkbox"/>
2	<a href="#">Channukah</a>	<input type="checkbox"/>	★★★★☆	<a href="#">Asian</a>	Released from Prison Apr 8, 2008	<input type="checkbox"/>
3	<a href="#">Ektörp</a>	<input type="checkbox"/>	★★★★☆	<a href="#">Furniture</a>		<input type="checkbox"/>
4	<a href="#">BadGirl4856v2.0</a>	<input type="checkbox"/>	★★★☆☆	<a href="#">Robot</a>		<input type="checkbox"/>

HARVARD NEWS

# Following Eliot Spitzer Scandal, Harvard Revamps Escort Service



CAMBRIDGE, MA - In the wake of Eliot Spitzer's March resignation, Harvard University has vowed to expand and improve its own escort service. According to Harvard President Drew Faust, a long overdue overhaul of the Harvard

University Campus Escort Program (HUCEP) will help avoid further embarrassment to its students, many of whom will go on to pursue high profile political careers like the erstwhile Mr. Spitzer. Efforts to promote anonymity and discretion will be redoubled, and the quality of the service itself will be subject to additional oversight by a committee of deans and faculty members intimately familiar with the ins and outs of a top tier escort service.

"While HUCEP has been discreetly servicing budding Harvard politicians like Eliot Spitzer since 1636," explained Faust, "I must acknowledge that many of its current services are inadequate and outdated. While my predecessor made some inroads towards improving the gender balance of our escort program, and solicited an improved body of top international talent to walk the historic streets of Cambridge, a full revamping of the program is an unfinished task that I will be making a top priority going forward." Despite the many escort options available to any student through only a single anonymous phone call to HUCEP, many individuals feel more comfortable letting their significant others fulfill the escorting responsibilities. Some students even attempt to satisfy their escort needs almost exclusively alone. "Going it solo may seem like the only option to many of our students, especially graduate students," explained Faust, "but if a young Harvard scholar wants to feel safe, secure, and satisfied anywhere on campus, it makes no sense to use anyone other than professional escorts to accompany them back to their bedroom."

While HUCEP prides itself on being discreet, as an unintended side effect, many students are wholly unfamiliar with its plethora of elite services. As such, Faust emphasized the importance of better advertising the service around campus. "Given that we have some of the classiest, best educated escorts in all of Western Civilization, many of whom are our very own home grown Harvard products," remarked Faust, "it's unfortunate how few of our students take advantage of the program, which is available to both men and women." Indeed, students completely unaware of the existence of HUCEP may end up using less reputable escort services, running the future risk of brutal public scandalization at the whim of a rogue escort. In addition to his regular HUCEP use, Spitzer, an alumnus of Harvard Law School, was also widely known to frequent non-HUCEP escort services up to 8 times a week during his time in Cambridge, a trend he continued well into his tenure as Governor of New York.



Prostitute Resigns, Admits Sex with Governor

"As much as I appreciated Eliot's support while he was governor," explained New York Senator Hillary Clinton, "if you ask me, he got what he deserved for using a non-HUCEP service. We all know the Emperor's Club VIP ring never had a good handle on their bitches, who keep mouthing off at all the wrong times. I mean, for Bill and Pete's sake, Kristin wasn't even licensed by the New York State Escorts Guild! Personally, I've never seen a sex scandal this politically divisive, especially one involving such a blatant example of adulterous infidelity from a prominent, married politician who I was close to."

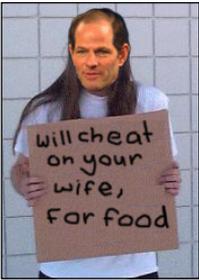
After Spitzer's resignation, he was swiftly replaced by Lt. Governor David Paterson, the first legally blind Governor in U.S. History. While Paterson's superdelegate vote was originally pledged to Clinton, many in the blogosphere are predicting he may switch to Obama, as they are both African-American. Despite these rumors, Senator Clinton remains nonplussed. "More than anyone I know in the Democratic Party," remarked Mrs. Clinton, "David Paterson doesn't see race."

The Spitzer case illustrates how amazingly fast one's political star can fall, according to James A. Leach, director of the Harvard Kennedy School of Government's Institute of Politics. As Leach informed HSP, "Only a handful of days before Emperor'sClubProstitutionRingGate, Mr. Spitzer was at the top of his game during his appearance on the Colbert Report, where he explained what it was like to be a superdelegate. It just goes to show you that even superdelegates can lose their powers in a heartbeat if they make the mistake of falling in love with extremely expensive whores instead of just giving them the Colbert bump like a real man. Spitzer was practically asking to get blindsided by his young, nubile, vixen-mistress. My only hope is that, by improving HUCEP, we can work to make sure this never happens to future Harvard alumni, especially aspiring global leaders from the Kennedy School."



HARVARD NEWS

"Indeed, the Spitzer scandal underscores just how much we need to take the revamping of HUCEP seriously," continued Faust. "If we don't want JohnstonGate to turn into just another FuckGate, at the very least, we must match the quality of escort services at the other Ivy League institutions."



While Harvard students can only reserve escorts by phone, Princeton is known to have a streamlined online reservation process, similar to the successful Netfuxxx business model (see page 3), which had not yet been implemented when Spitzer was an undergrad there. Brown and UPenn also have secure and professional escort websites, modeled closer to the BLOCKBUSTIER paradigm,

as escorts can be conveniently returned directly to an on campus brothel the following morning, with NO LATE FEES! At Harvard, students can't even term bill their HUCEP uses, and often have to fill out tedious paper forms the morning after. Many Harvard students also balk at the hefty \$5,000 per use price tag, citing Yale and Columbia's much more generous escort financial aid packages. Dartmouth's escort service is known to be so discreet that its existence was only recently inferred by MIT scientists who used detailed observations from the now defunct Spitzer space telescope to prove that there is absolutely nothing else to do in Hanover, New Hampshire. Lead scientist Max Darkmark also used the data to discover a nascent prostitution ring around a young stellar object, the subject of recent Nature article.

Another much cited problem with HUCEP has been the frequent inability of its escorts to fulfill their responsibilities, despite the lucrative \$5,000 nightly fee, which is split 50/50 between HUCEP and the escort. A major issue is the structure of the

system, explained Harvard cognitive psychologist Stephen Pinker, chair of the new HUCEP restructuring committee. "If a man solicits a female escort, for example, he is responsible for paying for dinner, but at the end of the night, she gets to decide whether to actually escort him home. With a ridiculous set up like this, you often get a girl squeezing out ten nookie-free dinners before HUCEP wisely gives them the pink slip. Despite the seemingly unturndownable lure of a \$2,500 payoff, this is exactly this kind of inefficiency that has plagued the program for years."

Similar problems have been reported with male escorts, who often only escort female students for a couple of minutes, not nearly enough time for the girl to get to the place she really needs to get to. Mandy Goldbergstein-Huntington III, '09, a frequent HUCEP user, complained to HSP, "These guys are nice and all, but for a third of my weekly allowance, I expect them to make a bigger effort to go down on my behalf anywhere I need in the middle of the night. Sometimes, they treat it so casually, just like taking you from point A to point B. And when its done, they usually split at the first opportunity, provided that they haven't fallen asleep before I'm even 'there' yet."

Faust agrees. "If our highly expensive escorts can't satisfy you, don't even put out, or, god forbid, won't allow you to snort coke off of their private parts at your pleasure, then our students are clearly being exposed to a disservice. Indeed, if the Eliot Spitzer scandal has taught us anything, it's that Harvard students deserve the very best escort service we can offer, at more reasonable prices, without any of the inconvenient political repercussions. While I am optimistic about the future of HUCEP, I must admit that in its current state, the quality of our services is frankly scandalous."



"SCHOLARS BELIEVE THIS IS VERY CLOSE TO WHAT JOHN HARVARD MIGHT HAVE LOOKED LIKE"



HARVARD'S ENDURING ESCORT SERVICE TRADITION

HSP DIEGO HSP COMICS DIEGO

RELIGION

# Mike Huckabee Warns of Declining Stork Population, Extinction of Human Race



By Mike Huckabee

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

My fellow Americans. Now I'm a simple man. I'm not one of those over-brained, secular Harvard types who don't have the fortitude to see God's truth, but I'm not the dullest nail in the shed either. And when I see a problem, a real problem, a problem that poses a grave threat not just to good,

Christian Americans, but to the entire world, then by God, I feel a compulsion to act that supersedes any sort of partisanship or misguided nationalism. This isn't about Democrats or Republicans, Americans and Foreigners, or even Christians and God-Hating Liberals. It's about people. And its about saving a very special, very endangered, river dwelling non-migrant bird before its too late for all of us.

Yes, you heard me. This could be the end of days. As much as I'm secure with where I'll be headed when the rapture comes, I fear it might go against God's plan to prematurely end this wonderful human story due to something we ourselves can prevent — through science. With all this hoopla about global warming, nuclear war, and the quagmire in Iraq, the public has totally overlooked an inconvenient truth bigger than all of those put together.

And I'm not even talking about gay terrorists threatening to undermine the sanctity of marriage. I'm not just talking about bequeathing a world we aren't proud of to our descendants. I'm talking about a world with no descendants! Thankfully, there is a way to forestall this tragedy, by putting our best minds to work and trusting in the Lord to allow us to raise the stork population back to acceptable levels before we see the end to the miracle of birth itself.

It is no surprise that Wood Storks (*Mycteria Americana*) are monogamous, faithful birds that pair during a breeding season and raise their offspring together. The time of breeding depends on weather conditions, food supplies, appropriate nesting sites, and seasonal changes in water level. In dryer weather, when the water level is low, fish gather in small ponds in abundance, giving storks an easily accessible source of protein and nutrients. However, climate change and increased human encroachment into

their habitats has significantly disrupted the natural stork life cycle, and paradoxically, threatened our very existence. I've even heard of tales — God help us — of humans hunting and actually eating storks! If these cannibals aren't doing the devil's work on Earth, I don't know who is, except maybe the devil, who is among us, and is named Barack Obama.



Chuck Norris Now Available to Stand Behind You at Press Conferences

Now, while I *am* placing special emphasis on the problem, I'm not claiming to be the messenger of any unprecedented revelation here.

Indeed, scientists have been struggling with this problem for years. In 1999, workers at Ouachita Baptist University, my own *alma mater*, tried using pelicans, but failed to produce even a single human infant. Biologists at Bob Jones university, in an ingenious 2003 effort, succeeded in grafting stork genes onto the hummingbird. Unfortunately, all the babies turned out to be liberals with rapid heartbeats. As several eminent scholars at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary have pointed out, if the storks die out, we might all have to resort to begatting. And God knows, *nobody* wants that.



And its not just the birds that are in trouble. Evidently North American honey bee populations are also declining. You see, its all connected. I once had an atheist friend of mine — yes, some of my best friends are atheists — ask me pointedly how bees or birds themselves made babies. I can't tell you how hard it was to hold back my pity for the young woman as I patiently explained to her that they simply used very small storks. Despite her ignorance of the ways of the divine, the aha experience I witnessed in her eyes as she finally saw the truth made it all worth it.



Unless We Act Now, Its Huck-a-bye, Baby

While President Bush acted in good conscience when he limited the number of stem cell lines eligible for federal funding, as Vice President, I may be forced to make some difficult choices on that issue. Although abortion is murder, as I understand it, stem cells may be our only hope if we wish to support mass cloning of storks, or search for a viable alternative avian species (for example, the Blue-footed booby or the American flamingo). As my thinking has evolved, I've already begun drafting bipartisan legislation to allow us to move forward on this morally challenging, but undeniably crucial issue. Ten years ago, if you had said, "Mike, I'll bet you'll find a way to unite conservative, right wing fundamentalists and morally bankrupt environmentalists in common cause," I'd have said fiddlesticks! But there's nothing like an impending disaster to reveal the full cooperative potential of the human spirit.

As the stewards of God's creation, we must work hard to fulfill the obligation the Lord has thrust upon us. From the fleet Easter Bunny to the majestic Arctic Reindeer, all of God's species are precious, especially us, and especially storks, without whom we would have long since perished since we couldn't have babies otherwise. In these troubled times, by the power of Jesus and through the kindness of God Almighty, I have faith that, united, we shall find fundamental salvation for the winged bedrock of the human reproductive process.



HEALTH AND MEDICINE

# Harvard Neurobiology Professor Ed Kravitz Indicted on Fly-Fighting Charges

BOSTON, MA - In a turn of events that has sent shockwaves through the Harvard Medical School community, eminent neurobiologist Ed Kravitz has been indicted by a federal grand jury on charges that he operated an alleged fruit fly fighting ring based inside of his laboratory in the HMS Department of Neurobiology.

"I am in utter disbelief. What kind of example does this set for the millions of school children who look up to Professor Kravitz and dream of being just like him?" asked department head Carla Shatz.

Federal prosecutors allege that flies that did not fight aggressively enough were executed by smashing, by drowning in ethanol, by gassing with carbon dioxide, and even by dissection. "Our hearts break for all of the individual flies who were so horribly abused," read a statement from PETA.

Federal officials were tipped off by a series of high profile articles published on fruit fly aggression by the Kravitz lab in *Science*, *Nature*, and *PNAS*. Federal sources, who agreed to speak only on the condition of anonymity, have pointed to incriminating references to "Bad Newz Flyz" throughout the group's lab notebooks over the past six years.



Hey, Meatloaf. Put Me Down For 50 Bucks on the Ugly Dude!



**Photographic Evidence of Fly-Fighting Ring Leaked to HSP by Anonymous Sources in the HMS Neurobiology Department**

Meanwhile, the conditions in which the flies were kept have made front-page news around the world. FBI agents have seized what appear to be fruit fly breeding pens, in which flies were fed a measly diet of yeast paste and corn-meal, and made to live in the confines of tiny plastic vials.

In a statement to the Atlanta-Journal Constitution, Kravitz said, "I'm never in the lab anyway. I don't think it's fair that I should have to take the heat for this." In an interview with the New York Times, Kravitz denied having profited from the fly-fighting ring. A call to Professor Kravitz's residence was not immediately returned.

In a new development, the future for the abused flies appears to be looking up. A group of Harvard undergraduate students interested in promoting fruit fly welfare has set up a fly adoption agency at the Longwood Campus. "Every fruit fly deserves a loving home," said Jessica Wang, '09.

"That such wonderful creatures could be so brutally treated is simply beyond belief."



Neurobiology professor Marge Livingstone has already adopted seven of the flies. "In my opinion, it's the very least I could do," said Livingstone. "It's such a shame about Ed, but I feel even worse for the

flies. It leaves me speechless. My God, what was he thinking?"

Not since 2003, when a fruit fly prostitution scandal rocked Welcome Bender's lab in the Department of Biological Chemistry and Molecular Pharmacology, has fly treatment stirred so much controversy at HMS. "If you ask me, 99% of fly geneticists out there are honest men," said honest HMS geneticist Spyros Artavanis-Tsakonas. "But there is always that 1% that tries to push the boundary too far. We must be ever vigilant and on the look out for that 1%. Ed Kravitz is a perfect example - he cheated us on every one of our fly-fighting bets."

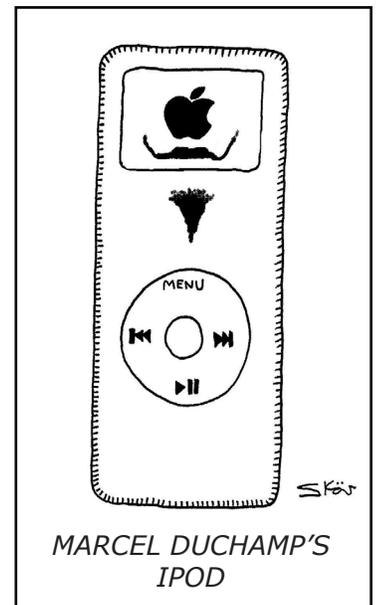
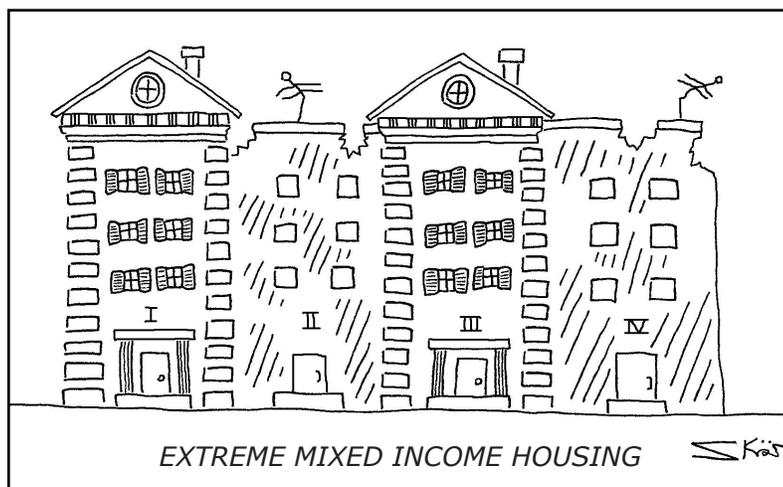
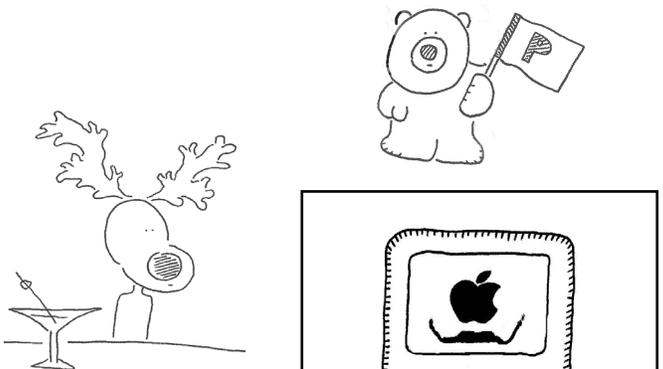
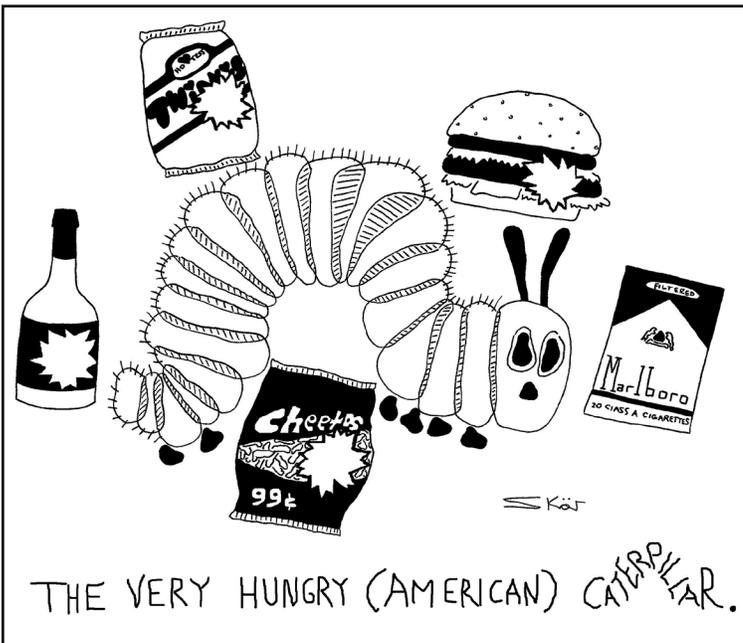
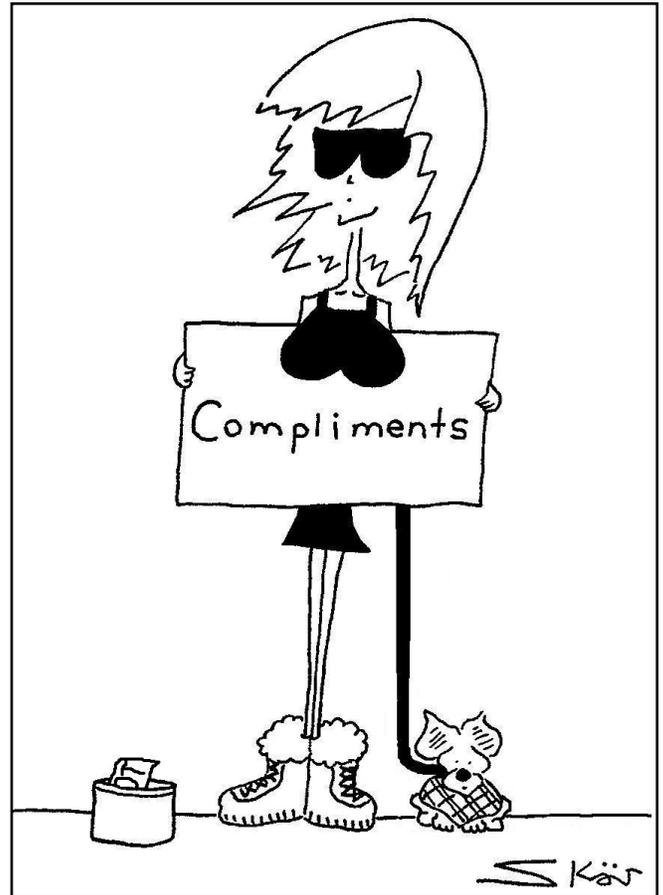


# SKÖR

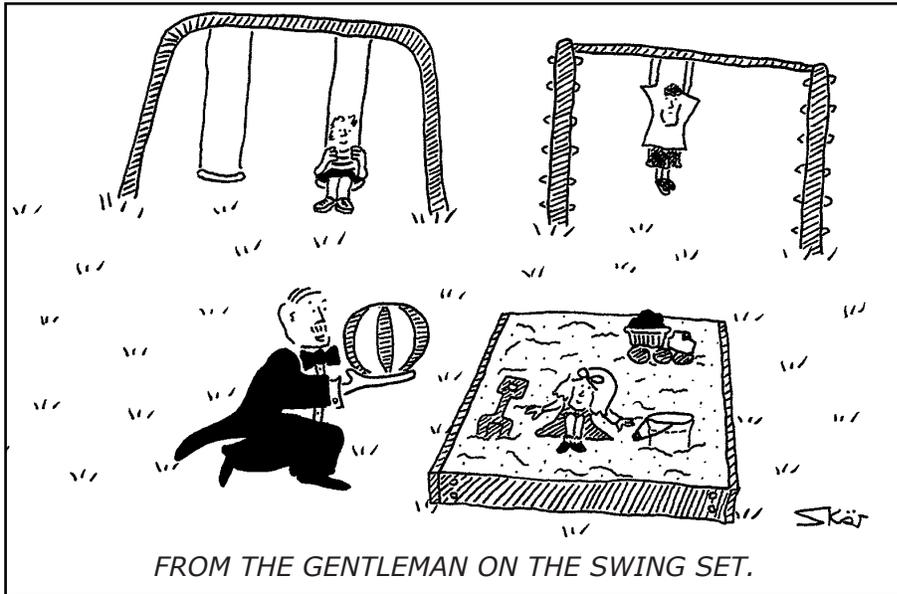
## Kyle Skör

Hailing from the outer ridges of the Bible Belt, or alternately, the heart of the heartland, Kyle effectively left his doctoral studies at Harvard in the fall of 2006, opting instead to spend his days wandering around the Emerald Necklace, harbor, various greater and lesser squares, and other Boston landmarks/nooks/crannies in search of the most iridescent pigeon. After a fruitless attempt at writing a seminal coming of age novel and gaining Nabokovian stature, he continued his creative endeavors through drawing and finding ways to negotiate life without

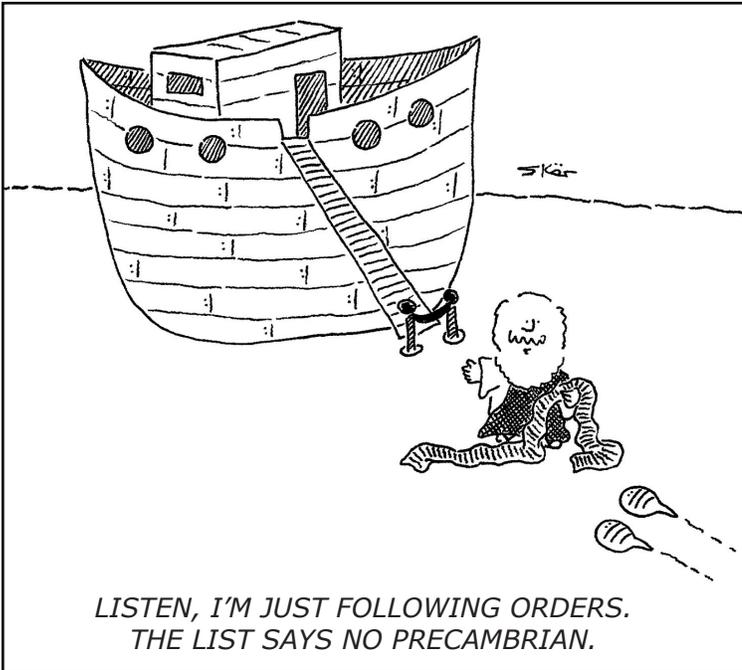
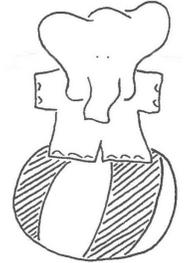
health care. Many of his days are spent reading unpopular fiction/lit and working in and learning about landscape and garden design. Gargantuan yawps, baubles, and strong winds number among his favorite things. He used to have a dog named blossom. Check out his blog, *Eructation in Tyrian*: <http://eructation.blogspot.com>



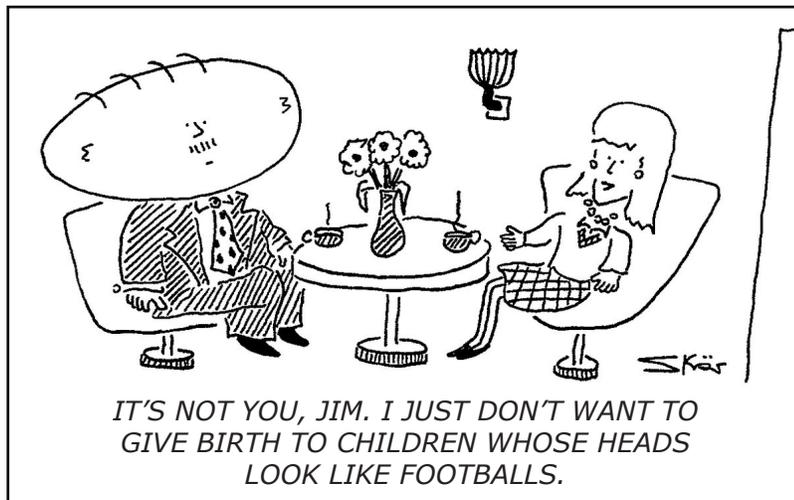
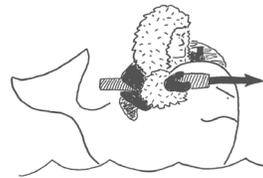
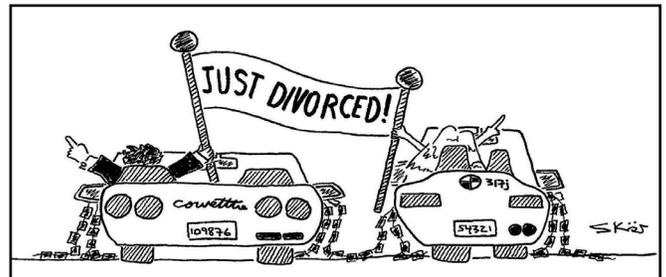
# SKÖR



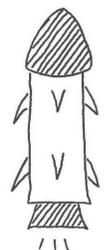
FROM THE GENTLEMAN ON THE SWING SET.



LISTEN, I'M JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS. THE LIST SAYS NO PRECAMBRIAN.

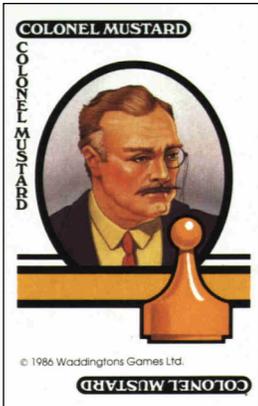


IT'S NOT YOU, JIM. I JUST DON'T WANT TO GIVE BIRTH TO CHILDREN WHOSE HEADS LOOK LIKE FOOTBALLS.



GLOBAL POLITICS

# Arms Shipment Nothing But Weapons From CLUE



By Colonel Mustard

LOS ANGELES, CA – A local retail black-market weapons dealer, who asked us not to use his real name so let’s just call him Joe...Joe McLastName, was deeply chagrined upon examining the contents of his latest overseas arms shipment, after returning from the abandoned warehouse down by the dock last night at 4am. The crates marked “Unsuspecting potatoes” contained 500 each of six types of objects: a 40-foot length of rope, a chef’s knife, a bent lead pipe, a rusty wrench, a 1920s-era single-action revolver, and a brass candlestick

that would probably go for 45 bucks at Pier 1.

“What the fuck?” pined McLastName. “I was promised deadly weapons. These might prove deadly under the correct circumstances - say offing an estranged business associate or jealous lover at a formal dinner party - but suffice it to say that the vast majority of my clientele will never find themselves in such a situation.”

“Who ever heard of a drive-by candlesticking?” he continued. He apparently held out some hope that he would at least be able to move the handguns, until he realized that ammunition for these guns had not been manufactured for sixty years.



Playing Cards Used by the LAPD to Identify Illegal Weapons



Weapons seized by the LAPD

“I regret now having ordered the ‘Grab Bag Variety Pack weapons special’. At the time it seemed like it would add a little fun to my work, which I often find to be so mired in routine. And it came highly recommended by my contact Vick. I suppose I have no one to blame but myself. I mean, naturally I’m going to kill Vick, but still.”

To add insult to injury, it turns out that all of the weapons in McLastName’s shipment are catalogued on playing cards at the LAPD forensics unit, according to police chief Gary Cramer. All an investigating detective would need to do in order to solve a case committed with any of these arms is name the weapon in question, the location of the crime, and the guilty suspect, and see if any of the other detectives held the corresponding cards.

“You’d think we’d be able to tell by examining the body whether someone was shot or strangled or clonked over the head,” Cramer told us, “but that’s not how it works in these cases. Did you know that eleven percent of murders committed with these weapons take place in a conservatory? I don’t even know what a conservatory is!”

Despite the grim situation, McLastName vows to make the best of things. “I guess I could replace 14 inches of someone’s plumbing with this lead pipe. That might give them like a one percent chance of getting lead poisoning. That uncertainty can be much scarier than getting your head blown off with an Uzi.”

“Ah well, at least between these candlesticks and these wrenches, I’m covered for Mother’s and Father’s Day for the next 500 years.”



GLOBAL POLITICS

# Bush Confuses Waterboarding With Bodyboarding

*NORTH SHORE, HAWAII* - At a recent press conference, President Bush failed to make the distinction between waterboarding, a form of torture, and bodyboarding, a relaxing water sport. His brief statement was a response to reports that the CIA had used the technique to interrogate terror suspects.

"I have heard of some people defining waterboarding as torture. This is as false as the WMDs. In fact, waterboarding is an activity that many free, law-abiding Americans enjoy. I myself had the pleasure of learning the sport on my recent trip to the country of Hawaii. However," the President added, wildly gesturing with air quotes, "if 'torture' actually refers to the wait between times one can go waterboarding, then I tend to agree. Honestly, those terrorists have it good. I should be so lucky to even have the time to go waterboarding."

"I also hear complaints that waterboarding simulates drowning. In reality, this event is rare and only occurs when the participant is a complete n00b. I assure the American people that our CIA agents — including Valerie Plame — are in top physical form, and provide safe and expert supervision during sessions with terror suspects."

"Unfortunately, I can't talk about the details in a public forum, or else the enemy will learn about our moves, and use them against us in one-on-one American troop vs. Iraqi insurgent waterboarding duels, a common terrorist method of settling heated disputes. Our much-envied waterboarding skills are an issue of national security that I simply will not compromise."



"As you know, certain members of Congress are trying to pass a law defining waterboarding as torture and making it illegal. Much like the time they shot down my proposal for mandatory Lego-playing breaks during all presidential staff meetings, the liberals are blatantly legislating against all forms of fun."

Bush concluded his speech by wishing the best of luck to the U.S. waterboarding team at the upcoming Summer Olympics in Beijing. In response, prominent glassy eyed Democrats nodded their heads, muttering something about just holding out until November. Additionally, both the U.S. Olympic Bodyboarding Team and the U.S. Olympic Torture Team issued public statements asking Bush which team he had actually intended to wish good luck to.



POLITICS

## Top 10 Reasons Why John McCain is Too Old To Be President

1. Under investigation for murder of McAbel
2. Voted for Articles of Confederation before he voted against them
3. Was Prisoner of War in Spanish American War
4. Will personally consume 20% of Medicare budget
5. Currently recovering from strain of bubonic plague
6. In attendance at last supper
7. Must have grabbed the wrong grail
8. Not only supports torture. He invented it!
9. Dated Eve for a short time
10. Seems to be missing a rib
11. Drew Faust just wrote a book about him
12. Grim reaper no longer returning Dick Cheney's calls
13. Only man who knows what other 5 commandments were
14. Took firm stand on creationism..."I was there!"
15. Watched first fish flop onto land, then kicked it
16. McCain: "I am the fossil record, bitch!"
17. Rumors of his death not greatly exaggerated



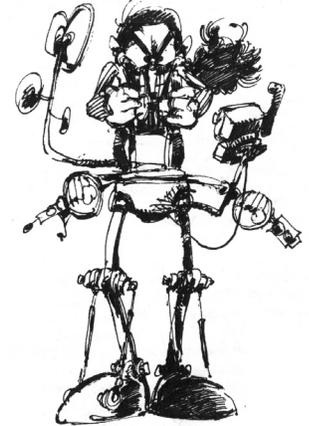
# KLAUS



KLAUS was born somewhere in the North of Spain at some point in the mid seventies. During the mid nineties, he suffered from a syndrome called architecture, from which he has not yet recovered. Showing an early passion for drawing, he was introduced to comic books at a young age by his family and educators, to their later regret. As an illustrator, Klaus has always believed in the importance of having a distinctive style, which explains why he has been systematically copying the styles of the most distinctive comics artists, such as André Franquin. Only his complete lack of success in doing so has prevented him from being effectively sued for plagiarism.



# KLAUS



Since joining the staff of the Harvard Satirical Press, KLAUS has come up with several ideas of inconceivable hilarity. Unfortunately, they are not printed here. Instead, his natural laziness has only allowed him to develop multiple variations on the same topics, a feat not possible before the invention of the photocopier. Such is the origin of the "Tree Series", one of his latest obsessions that HSP readers are still waiting for him to explain.



... IF I MAKE A JOKE, YOU WILL SHOOT AT ME, WON'T YOU?



I TOLD YOU THE EARTH WOULD FIGHT BACK  
IF WE TRIED A PREEMPTIVE ATTACK  
WITH OUR RESOURCES SUCKED  
LET'S ADMIT THAT WE'RE FUCKED  
AND REGROUP WHILE THE WORLD'S STILL INTACT



## SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

# Whenever I'm Feeling Down, I Publish Another *Nature* Article



By Manfred Novak

you're feeling low, but how much more eccentric is it than say, riding your bicycle, or taking a trip to the zoo, or publishing an article in *Science*? Take it from me, my friend, that the best way to cheer yourself up whenever you are feeling down is to write an amazing *Nature* article.

Now don't get me wrong — there are so many other things that I enjoy *besides* writing *Nature* articles. I read. I watch television. I like popsicles. Deep down, I know that it's

*HARVARD* - The ivory tower can be so stressful sometimes. What, with all the lecturing and being famous, what's a mathematician to do? Whenever I reach a low point like this, when it feels like the weight of the world is on my shoulders, I do what any other self-respecting academic would do — I publish another article in *Nature*.

Now, I know what you're thinking. It certainly does *sound* eccentric to just fire off a *Nature* paper whenever

the simple things in life — like making snow angels or watching the squirrels gather nuts — that make my life worth living. But God only knows there is no pleasure on Earth like caressing my face with the pages of my latest *Nature* paper.

My graduate students have asked me whether it is possible to publish in *Nature* too frequently, citing fallacious rumors that publishing in *Nature* has adverse health effects. The bottom line is that you should publish in *Nature* just as frequently as you need to. For some people, this might be once a decade. For others, it might be five times a year. No frequency of *Nature* publications is better or worse than any other. Publishing in *Nature* is a very private, personal decision that only you can make for yourself.

Speaking of *Nature* articles, did I mention that I just wrote one the other day? There I was, with a hole inside of me that I thought could never be filled. But then the idea came to me: I could write a *Nature* article! All I did was whip up a few Ordinary Differential Equations, vary a few parameters, and *viola!* Almost immediately, a transcendental state of euphoria washed over me, and I knew what destiny had in store. Manfred Novak...*Nature!* Suddenly I knew that I was the Man — a *Nature* man — and that *this* freight train was going to keep on rolling.



## HEALTH AND MEDICINE

## Obscure Diseases Lament Lack of Charity Runs



*BOSTON, MA* - After April's Boston Marathon, several highly underrated medical conditions came together to protest a lack of charity athletic fund-raisers, specifically long distance Pro-Am events in the 5-25K range, designed to promote public awareness of, and fund research to cure them.

"What's the matter people? You don't think curing me is a good cause?" remarked cholera, as it infected several Bangladeshi children. "I've hardly gotten any publicity since Maggie caulked the wagon and then died of me in Oregon Trail. But I sure as hell am still a formidable public health menace, especially in areas of the developing world with little or no access to clean drinking water."

"Why do stupid AIDS and breast cancer get all the good runs?" lamented lung cancer, as it continued to blacken the lower left bronchial lobe of a Saugus area man. "Although I have been unfairly stigmatized as being the patient's fault due to the now well-established causal connection between cigarette smoking and me, I still cause more deaths amongst American women than breast cancer and AIDS combined! I may not be

as sexy as Big Disease, but I'm sure as hell relevant when it comes to slowly destroying your respiratory system."

"It's not as if I'm dying to have people eradicate me," explained amoebic dysentery, "I mean look at what happened to smallpox. But just for once, I'd like to get a little respect when it comes to how virulent and dangerous I am as a pathogen. Maybe I'm crazy, but I think 'Run For The Runs' could be a successful marketing slogan."

Other diseases have offered novel constructive ideas to elevate their status as medically attractive causes. Narcolepsy is promoting a nap contest, arthritis has sponsored a circumcision tournament, and TB has suggested a wheeze-off. ED has even organized a competition where chronically smiling 50-60 year old men throw footballs through a tire swing.

"Just as the Tibetans are using the Beijing Olympics as a convenient political platform," added Syphilis, "the Boston Marathon is our starting point for a public dialogue on how to address 21st century medical priorities through philanthropically motivated amateur athletic events. You may get Herpes, or me, if you fuck around, but when it comes to ensuring our continued medical relevance, I can assure you, our days of fucking around are over."



ENTERTAINMENT

# Scrabulous Master Limits Actual Vocabulary to Two-Letter Words

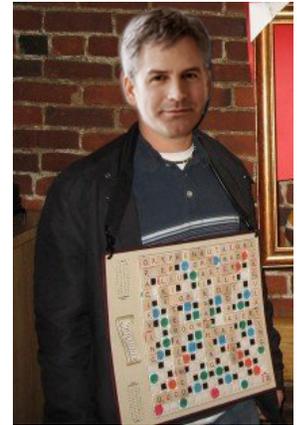
BUFFALO, NY – According to multiple sources, Scrabulous virtuoso Joseph Delarosa has exclusively limited his everyday vocabulary to two-letter words. Until recently, Delarosa was best known for his dominance of Scrabulous, a popular application on the facebook.com website. Delarosa, a 34-year old graphic designer, has competed in 2,065 Scrabulous games while compiling a 1,985-81-1 win-loss-tie record in the past three months. However, his unmatched devotion to the online game has resulted in the dwindling of his normal vocabulary to two-letter words, which can be very valuable when strategically employed in Scrabulous (or “Scrabble,” the defunct cardboard version of Scrabulous).

“Two-letter words are the new ‘S,’” explains Scrabulous scholar Dr. Zachary Weiner of San Diego State University. “Every competitive Scrabulous player knows each of the two-letter words by heart. Apparently Delarosa has taken it to the next level – I expect that these will be the only 101 words he knows within six weeks.” Those close to Delarosa claim that he was a generally talkative and outgoing person as recently as two months ago, but they noticed he started speaking less frequently and demonstrating peculiar word choices as his rise in the international Scrabulous rankings escalated.

Co-worker Tammy Bell first noticed the vocabulary transformation when planning a company-wide lunch event with Delarosa. “When our manager asked about what we

should order for lunch Joe said ‘No To Za,’ which we figured out meant he didn’t want to order pizza. By that point he had been referring to pizza as ‘Za’ for a week or two, but it started to get weirder,” Bell recalled. “When I’d ask him how he was doing, he would just say ‘Qi Is Up’. It sounded like a medical condition so I stopped asking him how he was doing.” In fact, “qi” is the vital force believed in Taoism and other Chinese thought to be inherent in all things, as well as “the new ‘Ox’ of Scrabulous [as it relates to strategic use],” according to Dr. Weiner.

Other reported commonly used phrases by Delarosa include: “Do Ab Ow?” (Does your stomach hurt?); “Ef My Ex!” (Curse my former wife!); and “It Is My Id, Pa.” (The reason I disappoint you is because of my unconscious instinct to satisfy the pleasure principle, father.). While many believe that Delarosa will permanently restrict his vocabulary to two-letter words, there have been recent reports that he has been overheard using several seven-letter words while laughing maniacally and compulsively repeating the phrase: “**AB IN GO, AB IN GO, AB IN GO...**”



POINT / COUNTERPOINT

## EMOTICON EXPOSURE TO ULTRAVIOLET RAYS

### Sunlight Makes Me Anxious...



There are three things emoticons fear most: 1) meaner looking emoticons, 2) 14 year old girls, and 3) death. For example, exposure to sunlight increases the risk of emoticancer, which increases the chances of death, by cancer, and this makes me as nervous as a 14YOG. Like all punctuation-based life forms, emoticons are mortal, and I for

one do not follow our “put-your-money-where-your-nose-isn’t” friend, :-\$, by going extinct.

The facts are glaring: outdoor laptop use has increased ten-fold, resulting in a fifty percent increase in emoticancer incidence. We should not “be right back” and fail to address the issue before it escalates to a full-scale emotidemic. Now there is no reason to cry, frown, or summon the “Uni-Browed God Of Extreme Anger,” >:-0, just yet. However, the chances of you or someone you <3 dying from over-exposure to ultraviolet rays is alarmingly HI, and that is no rolling-on-the-floor-laughing-my-ass-off matter.

### Sunlight Is Fucking Awesome



Sunlight is fucking awesome! We all need to \*chillax\* like me over here. That means chilling and relaxing at the same time (which is also fucking awesome!). We all know sunlight is a great thing that might kill you only if you’re a dumb stupidhead, like some f\*ckf#ce who gets hit by a train.

But do I look worried? Nope. FYI, I look like a fucking badass, because I’m wearing sunglasses. I’m basically made of 100% Vitamin D except for my eyes, which are made of Vitamin I. These babies `~o-o~` are what I like to call my very own personal o-zone! That’s right – not only do my shades make me look awesome, they provide me limited protection from death and blindness. It’s just like wearing an ultraviolet condom. And you know what? I’m wearing a condom right now, because I’m that fucking awesome. Just like sunlight. My emoticonscience is clear. Anyway, G2G, a’ight? LOL? NIMBY! TTYL & cuL8R bitches!





# Fall 2008 call for submissions

Send to [harvardsp@gmail.com](mailto:harvardsp@gmail.com) by **October 6th 2008**



## Why Write for HSP?

Previous HSP authors have become academics, migrant workers, unemployed homeless drug addicts, and a variety of acrobats, circus clowns, and leech-like sex slaves to eccentric billionaires. Defining success on our own terms, HSP gives you the skills to fail spectacularly in business fraud, hedge fund mismanagement, and shadowy seven-figure consulting contracts with offshore firms that actually involve sipping margaritas professionally in an undisclosed location.

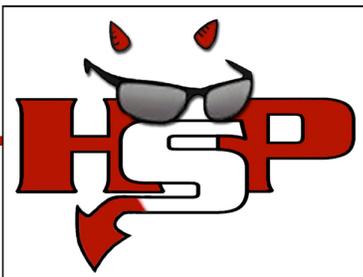
Our distinguished alumni do not include Thomas Jefferson, Conan O'Brien, or Your Mom, who is actually much funnier than you give her credit for. However, all of our alumni are still living...you do the math. Benjamin Franklin also invented electricity while reading an issue of HSP, a falsehood largely ignored by serious historians. Several US Presidents have made equally serious efforts to *not* read HSP, which simply shows that we are doing our job.

Unlike other non-topical publications, we take risks, engaging in professional scholarship dealing with sensitive political, religious, and racial issues, while protecting our authors with a blanket of anonymity not known outside of third world peasantry. We set the bar high, and routinely fail to reach it because many of us are short, Jewish men.

We continually strive for excellence, but not that much. We don't do drugs, but, to be fair, drugs don't do us either. We also encourage plagiarism of all kinds, sometimes reproducing entire novels without permission.

With rolling submissions accepted until the Fall, take our advice and submit to HSP now, before all the good jokes are taken.

- The Editors



Helping Harvard Students Waste Time Since Before The Big Bang

# [www.harvardsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com)