

Harvard Satyrical Press

A GSAS STUDENT ORGANIZATION
Established 2037 B.C.



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Issue 8
Fall 2004

TOP STORY

"Ralph Nader Probably Also Hates You"

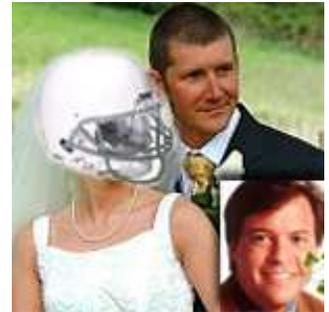
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Look for our first year anthology someday!
THE YEAR OF NOT FUNNY

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 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), 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 and 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 (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.



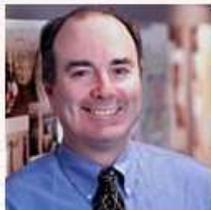
Those .info domain names are pretty ghetto, dude. They totally .suck

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 (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 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. And this is where the story gets interesting...

A simple web search nearly crushed our hopes outright. 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 quickly redirected me to another site, 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 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

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 Satirical Press <hsp@hcs.harvard.edu>
To: 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 Satirical Press (a comedy magazine, now at <http://www.harvardsatiricalpress.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 Satirical Press
hsp@hcs.harvard.edu
<http://www.harvardsatiricalpress.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 2nd 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 3rd and 4th 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.

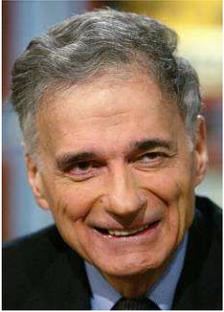
In the end, although we did somehow manage to get past the secretary, and much farther up the corporate ladder than anyone would have guessed, our quest for [hsp.com](http://www.harvardsp.com) did not end with our coveted prize. For the foreseeable future, it now looks like we're just going to have to 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 Satirical Press](http://www.harvardsp.com)



TOP STORY

Ralph Nader Probably Also Hates You

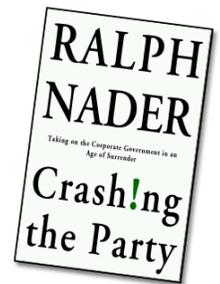


By Ralph Nader

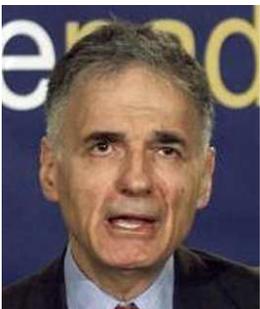
Due to his infamous role in the 2000 Presidential Election, inciting many citizens to argue with passion about how Nader "stole" the election from Al Gore, Nader, the long time public defender and consumer advocate has incurred a significant amount of genuine hatred from many otherwise even-tempered, 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 11th 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.

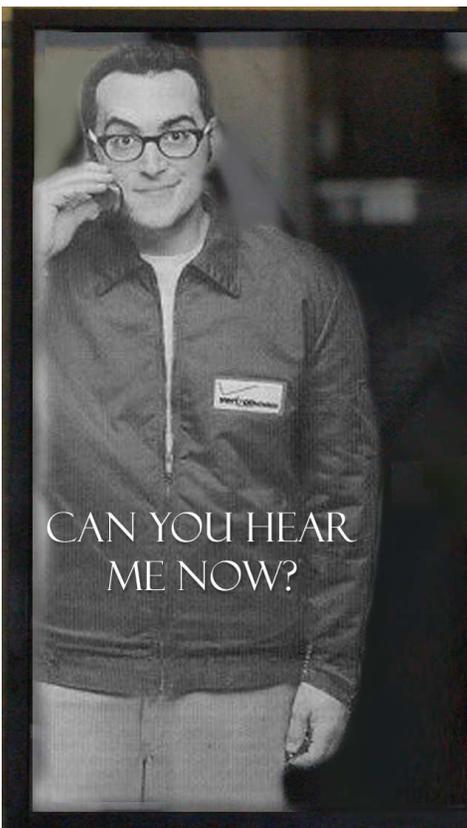
See something? Say something. TRANSIT WATCH



Man With Fish Clearly Not Fucking Around



Anthology of Short Fiction Mysteriously Found Next To Orange Juice



CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?

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

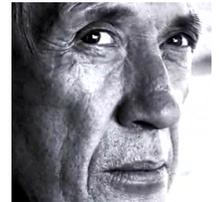


By Militant Mike

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.

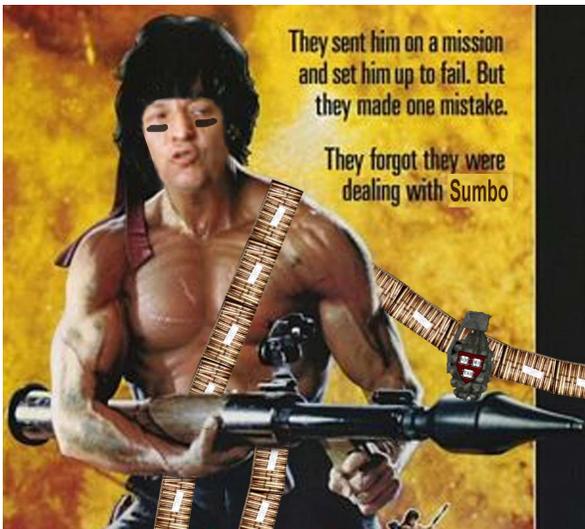
Perhaps the gravest event that really shook the administration out of their slumber involved an unidentified student breaking into Dean Ellison's office and attempting to strangle him with a printout of the newly proposed budget, chock full of cuts to graduate funding. "I didn't know what was going on," 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

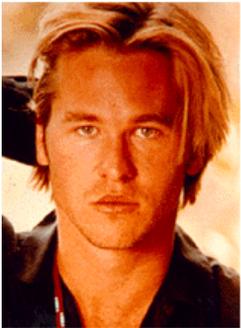
Specifically, the bill requires teachers to add certain caveats to their lectures no fewer than ten times per hour when presenting material which might possibly suggest any favoritism towards the mainstream theory. Examples of acceptable caveats are given in their teaching handbooks, such as "...that 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.

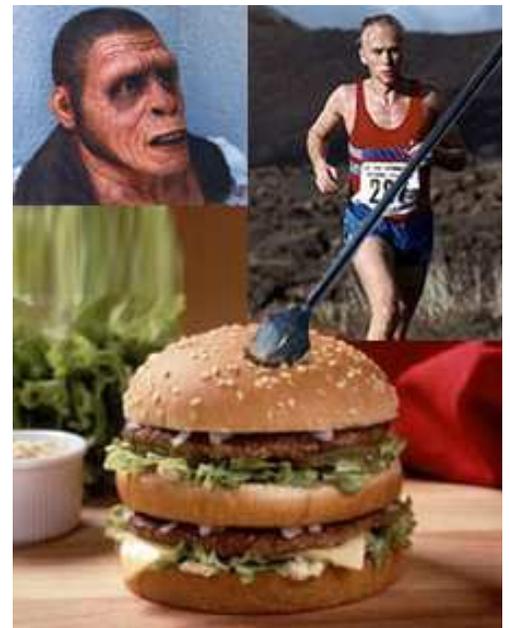
At this point, however, the unexplainably energy-rich Fruit Roll Up having been spent, our good cave man was naturally very hungry. Area McDonald's manager Roy Littleton describes the encounter.

"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 12th expertly impaling French fries and chicken nuggets from a safe distance with small toothpicks.



Phun With Photoshop®



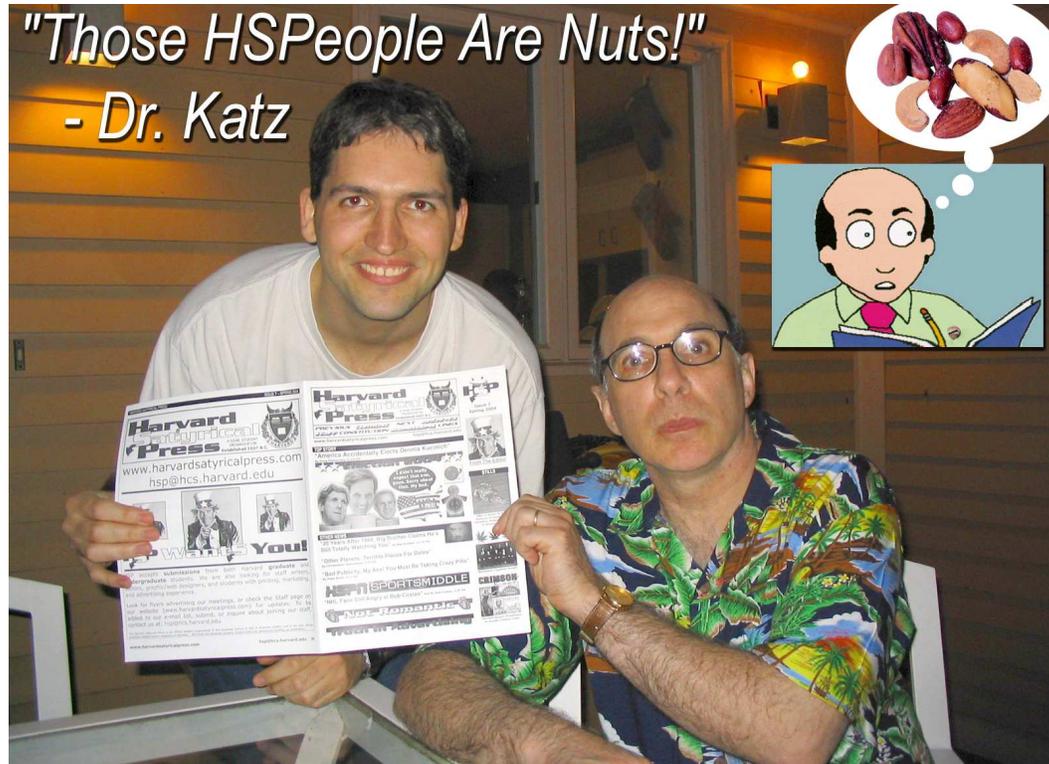
Area Resident Wins Dunster House Look-Alike Contest By a Landslide



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.



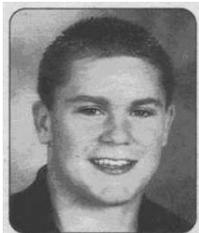
Nip/Tuck Doctors to Only Do Important, Reconstructive /Restorative Surgeries



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!

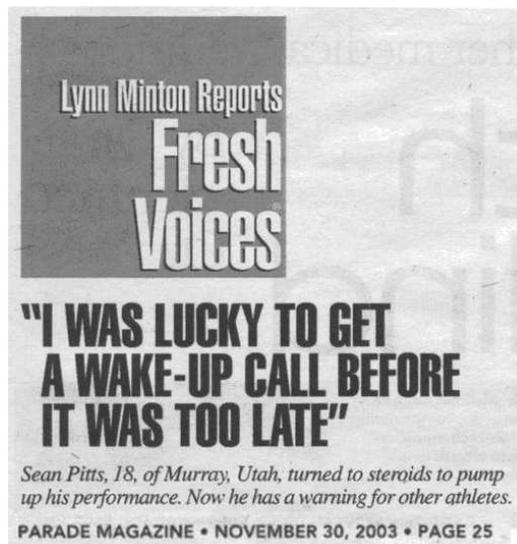
The first year was tough, I won't lie. Some of those teams we played were from real "country club" schools, and they weren't too nice to us. One team would insult our mothers as we took our backswings, and another team refused to let us play on their home course unless we were wearing shirts with collars! (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 5th!

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 2nd or 3rd 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?



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