



- 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

hsp@hcs.harvard.edu

PREVIOUS ISSUE	CURRENT ISSUE	NEXT ISSUE	HSP ARCHIVES
HSP STAFF	CONSTITUTION	SUBMISSIONS	SATIRE LINKS

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



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



HSP is looking for staff writers, editors, graphic/web designers, and students with advertising and business experience. Send inquiries to 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.

Contact

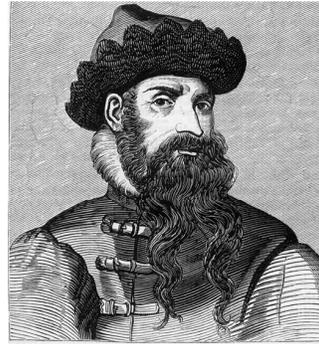
Contact us to inquire about submissions, staff positions, advertising, or donations, by e-mail hsp@hcs.harvard.edu or by mail: Harvard Satirical Press, Dudley House, Lehman Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA 02138, C/O Andrew Friedman, Editor in Chief

Contributors

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



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.

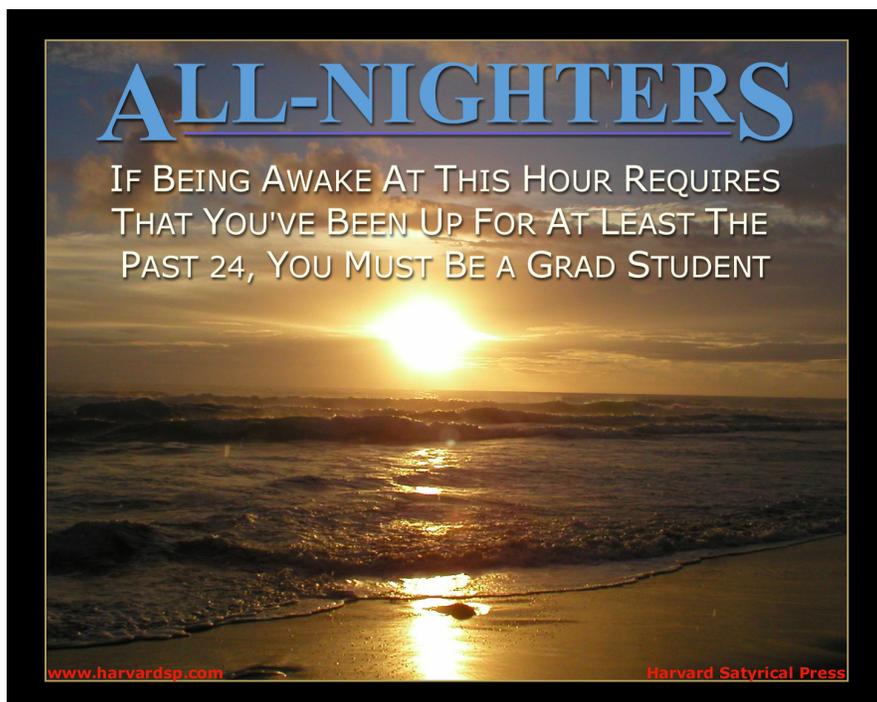
Turning to my buddy Jim, I said, "Hey Jim, are you listening to music?"

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.

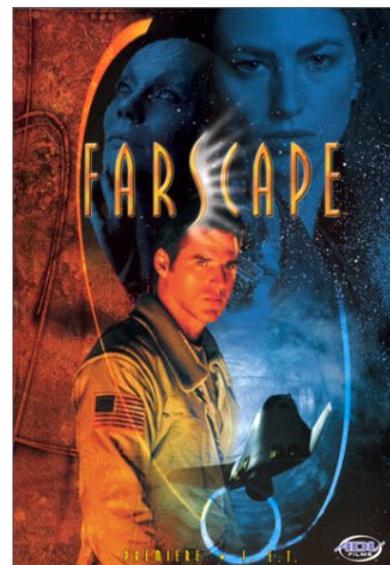


LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

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

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.

As for me, Murder Was Tha Case, but they acquitted my ass, so my street cred's still on the down low for a "war time" Prez-o-dent, although, in truth, Bush didn't have no problem with bein' a' quitta.



"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"

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.

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.



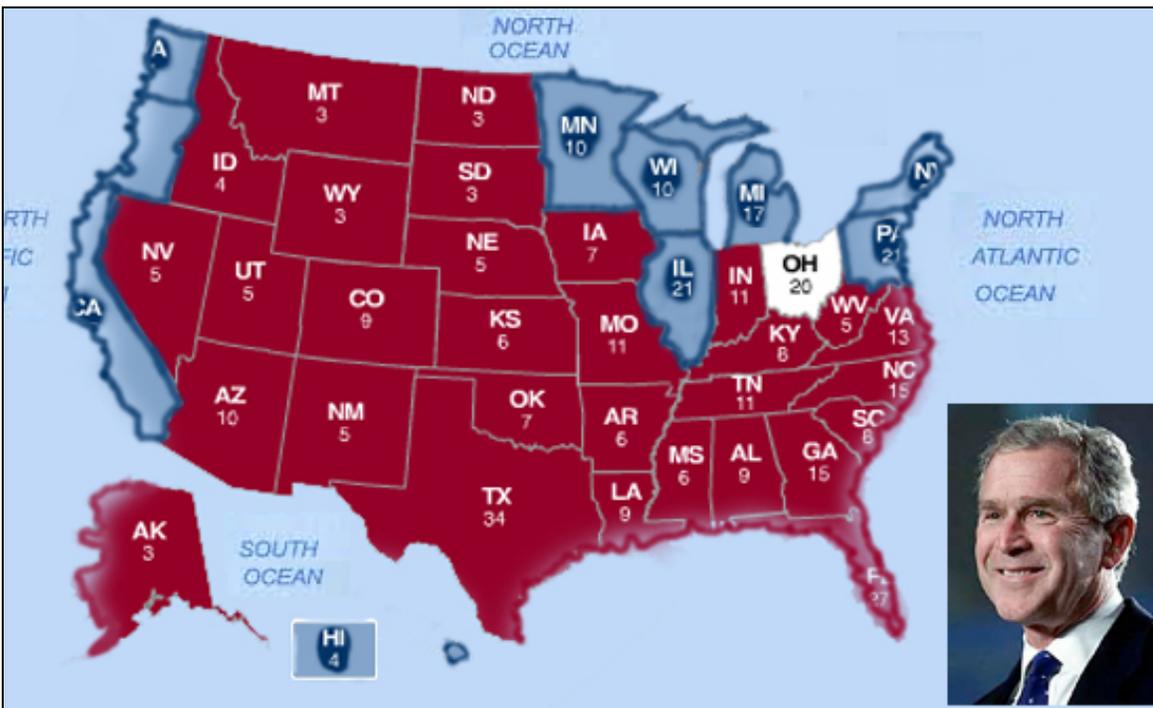
"You callin' me a RepublicEnemy? Sheeeiiiit, You must be smoking some Democrack. All I know is I'm staying Independent of all that shit. It's practically raining RepubliCats and Doggs out here."

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! Sheeeeeeeiiiiiiiit. 🇺🇸



Proper Gander



The Electoral College Map After Global Warming
 Harvard Satyrical Press www.harvardsp.com

STILLS



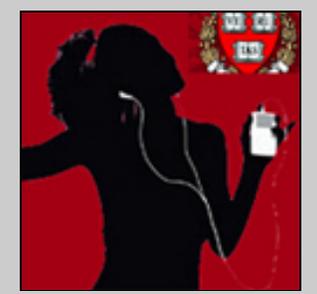
Small, Dot-Like Jumping Insect Lands on Open Book, Launches Word Wide Phenomenon



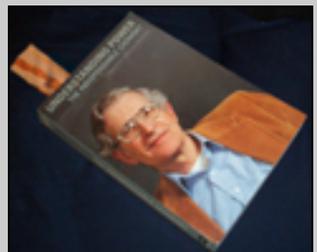
Pretentious Online Encyclopedia Logo Missing Puzzle Piece



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.



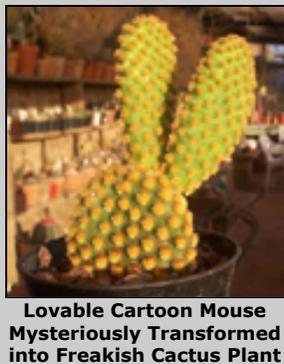
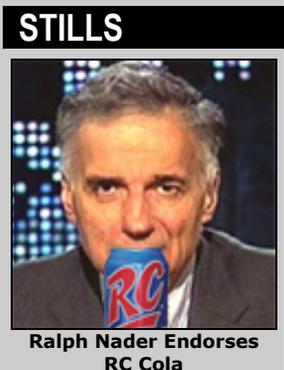
Feb. 26: Giant hamster spotted on roof of Memorial Church, asked to leave by HUPD. President Summers accidentally arrested, then released, then accidentally arrested again. Three leather shoes and a box of Kix cereal box (kid tested, mother approved) were reported stolen from Adams House. Staircase reported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

Before

After



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 100th 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.”

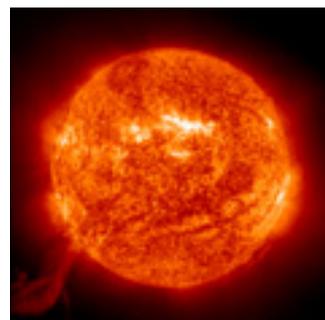
And so the modernization debate rages on. Only a fool or an economist would attempt to speculate at its outcome. Personally, as I inspect this lovely fountain in historic downtown Boston, philanthropically parting with the change from my last purchase, I am saddened by the thought that such places will 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.



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

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. 🇺🇸



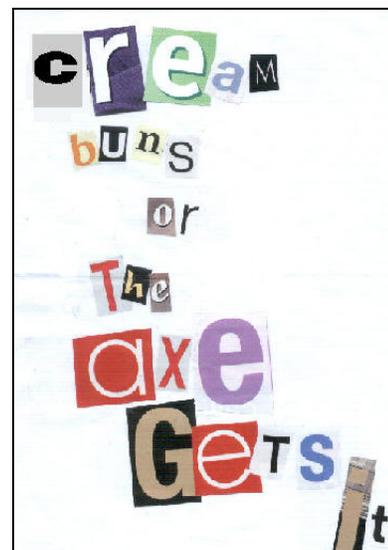
One of one undead Professors in the Harvard Physics Department, just a few key papers shy of tenure. Or at least that's what the department chair has said since 1985.

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." 🇷🇺

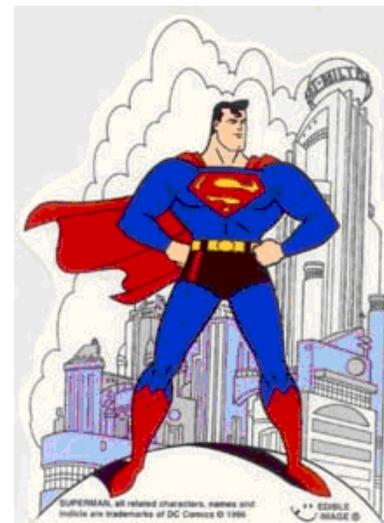
**Saddam Reportedly Growing Rabbit Ears**

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

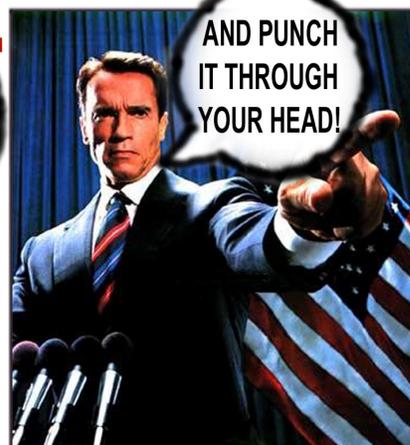
Smallville, USA – The U.S Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) has launched today a full investigation into the validity of Clark Kent's U.S. citizenship. Following Kent's arrest, INS spokesman Captain America gave a short statement to the press while casually brandishing a broadsword crafted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

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

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

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

www.harvardsp.com