

Harvard Satyrical Press

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TOP STORY

★ Election 2008 ★

Al Gore Credits Emotion Chip With Resurgence in Popularity



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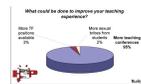
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POLITICS

Bush Calls for Massive Troop Surge in America's Heartland



Washington, DC - In what he deems a "strategic redeployment," President Bush is calling for a massive troop surge into America's heartland. While the original "troop surge" Bush announced in 2006 was only 20,000 servicemen and women, the new proposed surge would be nearly eight times as large, and involve shifting almost 160,000 troops from their bases in Iraq to strategic locations across North America.... (6)

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FROM THE EDITOR



The Editorator

With the Spring 2007 issue coming late to shelves, nooks, and crannies around campus, expect to see this issue sneakily infiltrating graduate and undergraduate hangouts again in the Fall, followed soon by the Fall '07 issue, guaranteed to increase procrastination by 150%. Also, read this instead of studying for finals. *A.F. April 2007*

Submissions

HSP accepts submissions from both Harvard graduate and undergraduate students. See our submission and editorial policies at www.harvardsp.com. Send submissions to harvardsp@gmail.com. The submission deadline for the Fall 2007 issue is October 8 2007.

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Google Maps interface showing a route from Harvard University to London. The route is a blue line across the Atlantic Ocean. A callout box highlights step 14: "Swim across the Atlantic Ocean 3,462 mi".

Search Results: My Maps **From:** Harvard University **To:** London

1. Head west on Cambridge St toward Massachusetts Ave/RT-2A W 443 ft

2. Slight right at Massachusetts Ave/RT-2A W 0.4 mi

3. Turn right at Sacramento St 0.4 mi

4. Turn right at Beacon St 0.9 mi

5. Slight left at Cambridge St 1.3 mi

6. Slight right at Monsignor Obrien Hwy/RT-28 S 0.5 mi

7. Continue on Leverett Cir 167 ft

8. Merge onto I-93 S/RT-3 S/US-1 S via the ramp to Quincy/Logan Airport 0.7 mi

9. Take exit 24B-A toward RT-1A N/ Airport/Gov't Center 0.3 mi

10. Turn left at John F Fitzgerald Surface Rd/Surface Rd 0.2 mi

11. Turn left at Milk St 174 ft

12. Continue on Central St 0.1 mi

13. Turn right at Long Wharf 0.1 mi

14. Swim across the Atlantic Ocean 3,462 mi

15. Slight right at E05 0.5 mi

16. At the traffic circle, take the 2nd exit onto E09/Pont Vauban 0.1 mi

14. Swim across the Atlantic Ocean 3,462 mi

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Don't try this at home. Google is apparently encouraging the trans-oceanic backstroke.

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★ ★ Election 2008 ★ ★

Al Gore Credits Emotion Chip with Resurgence in Popularity



BY AL GORE 2.0

Hollywood, America - *Oscar winner, environmental activist, former United States Vice President and presidential candidate Al Gore is a popular man. So popular, in fact, that he may even be considering a previously unthinkable 2008 re-run for the White House. What, you might ask, is the secret to his success? HSP recently sat down with Mr. Gore (actually, we sat and he remained standing) to get the firsthand details of the remarkable resurgence of his public persona. HSP asked one question (not printed here), and Mr. Gore spoke the rest of the time. He's like that.*

Al Gore: Even in 2000, when I was robbed of the presidency by a gaggle of robed octogenarians, I was quite popular. I had just invented the internet, which is still the most awesome invention of all time. I had also invented the George Foreman grill, but since George and I are such good friends, I let that one slide. And I was evidently popular enough to win the popular vote, which means millions of people actually checked my box on purpose! So what was my problem back then? In this case, I have to agree with many of my former critics, who lambasted me with a plethora of mean spirited, but in hindsight accurate, epithets: robotic, stiff, boring, off-putting, and having-the-personality of a dead zombie who was never really all that personable when alive. To the Al Gore I was back then, jokes were like Sanskrit (which I now speak perfectly, thank you), and a smile from me was a sight about as likely as an atheist Republican (but I don't hate). So who and what can I thank for my newfound award-winning personality and comedic timing? None other than the brave genius kids of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a little chip now lodged firmly into my frontal lobe.

This chip — the 10.2 GHz Duo-Gore Hyper-Personalitrone — is amazing. Who would have thought that a dime sized silicon wafer nesting in one's left superior frontal gyrus could turn

a killjoy politician into a fatter, whiter version of Chris Rock (The weight gain, I admit, is one of the few negative side effects of the technology, but if elected, I promise to reduce my fast food print). I've now hosted SNL at least ten times, I killed at the Oscars with Leo DiCaprio, and I was able to draw upon heretofore untapped reserves of vulnerability and heartfelt humanity as I narrated the shit out of the personal dramatization bits in "The Inconvenient Truth". It's even helped Tipper and I deal with some of our ... problems.

I truly owe a great deal of credit to the technology that has been instrumental in my turnaround from dull son of a tobacco farming senator to high rolling Hollywood insider, Nobel Peace prize nominee, and second sexiest man alive next to myself. How, might you ask, did I present the same global warming lecture over ten thousand times, perfectly replicating every slide and joke to sub quantum precision? With my chip's new 100 Terabyte hard drive, my previously unreliable memory is now approaching elephantine proportions. The new Al Gore is all about High Fidelity. Some might object that such reliable repetition is just too good, like Commander Data and the violin, but these people are just punkass medieval technology haters. I also admit, proudly, that the MIT Media Lab didn't stop with the chip. I've got GPS, RFID, Bluetooth, Blu-Ray, and some state of the art gizmos that are so shit hot they don't even have acronyms or logos yet. I've even got a USB port in an undisclosed location where not even Dick Cheney would dare to tread, unless there was money.

The greatest thing is, I haven't even formally entered the race, and I've got Barak and Hillary shitting toasters. One of my problems in 2000 was my commitment to taking the high road. But I sure as hell won't make that mistake twice. This time, I intend to use my augmented razor sharp wit to sling enough mud to build a replica of my own face on Mount Rushmore. I'll deal with the Republi-cants after the primaries. First I have to start trash talking my would-be Democrap opponents. But it's not even like I need to verbally bitch slap Ms. Clinton and Mr. Obama. All I really need to do is just wait until they kill each other. I believe they were within minutes of speaking at the same Alabama church on a recent campaign stop, and believe me, I'd have paid good money to see them go cage match.



★ ★ Election 2008 ★ ★

Even so, Hillary is clearly a fraud. She about as much of a New Yorker as Arnold Schwarzenegger is a Californian. Ghost renting an apartment just to get legal residency isn't exactly what I'd call senatorial. Yes, she recently did break some fund raising records, but all that tells you is that she's about as corrupt as an Argentinian treasury minister. While America may be ready to let the first "lady" into the White House, we clearly aren't ready for a Wellesley attending, cast iron les-biyatch with a haircut that screams rug muncher, is all I'm saying. Also she's just a mean lady. I never had the courage to say so when I was Bill's bitch, but that was before I became the Cyb-Gorg uber man I am today.

And Obama. It's not even the fact that he's one typo away from being America's terrorist nemesis. It's not even the fact that he's more politically inexperienced than a twelve year old boy in the girl's locker room. It's not even the fact that he's about as African American as I am, which is half - the American part. The inconvenient truth, which you can see for yourself every time he coughs during his inspirational speeches, is that the man keeps on sneaking smokes behind America's back. I know he says he quit, but I also know the smell of tobacco when I sense it with my newly enhanced single molecule detecto-nose. I grew up on the stuff, until my family stopped growing it when scientists finally told my daddy it caused cancer (or at least within twenty years of that). The Audacity of Hope my ass. More like the audacity of dope. While getting a bunch of college kids to listen to your audio book on their iPod is no small achievement, it can't hold a candle to 50 trillion viewers I got for my film, which won an Oscar, by the way. Bitch.

John Edwards? Isn't he that guy who talks to the dead on TV? He better think about crossing over when I come to town, or else he and his \$400 haircut are going to end up in court. Bill Richardson? Being a Hispanic guy who once went toe to toe with Saddam Hussein doesn't cut it anymore. Look what happened to Donald Rumsfeld. And Christopher Dodd? John Stewart only let you on the program out of pity, and also cause he thought it'd be funny to sit next to a guy with hair so white it looks like Hiroshima and Nagasaki went to prom. In fact, I laughed several times that episode, a feat that would have been impossible seventy eight months ago before I had that modern metal miracle installed in my hip-hop-o-campus. And speaking of hip hop, look for my new CD, "Al B.G. in the Ho-Zone" featuring Snoop Dogg where I fight global warming not with my crisp documentary filmmaking, but with my amazing verbal acuity (that's white speak for "dope rhymes").

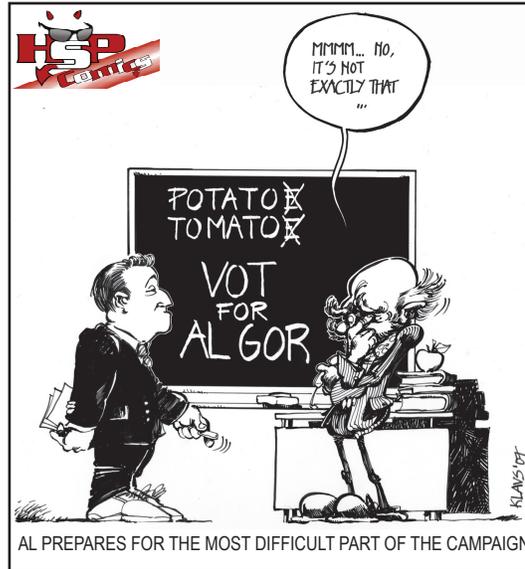
I thought of bringing on my homey D. O. double G to clean hzouse with a Gore-Doggy Dogg ticket in '08, but after some personal reflection, I realized that the best running mate was staring me in the robotically enhanced face all along. As such, I hereby announce myself as my running mate in 2008. I plan to be the first hybrid president / vice president. Truth is, I already have the requisite VP and environmental championing experience. And don't believe what that baby murdering faggot Sean Hannity says about my supposed hypocrisy for allegedly flying around in jets. I now travel exclusively in solar powered hovercraft mode, which I can engage at will. By never touching the ground, my ecological footprint is less than zero. My emotion chip was also made with zero CO₂ emissions, by the way.

Its had such spectacular results that I even hear John Kerry is thinking of installing one. J. Ker, sorry I stole your enviro-thunder with my kickass documentary. But you've got to admit your book is a bit late. And since when did you care about the environment? I didn't see you planting any trees while you were shooting kids in the forests of Vietnam. You probably should have focused more on something

from your own era, like, say, the dangers of the bubonic plague.

So I guess I also have to shitcan the Republican nominees, all of whom are about as scary as a Disney special. Mr. Giuliani. After three failed marriages, I don't think I need to worry about the cross dressing pro-choice Republican who's named after a reindeer. Yeah, I know he was mayor of New York on 9/11, but if I hadn't been lawyered out of the presidency by a bunch of power hungry partisan cheaters, all Rudy Giuliani would have been was the Mayor of New York in September of six years ago. McCain? McUnelectable if you ask me. Prove to me that she's really your adopted Bangladeshi daughter and not some jungle fever love child and maybe we'll talk. Mitt Romney hunts rats with a blowgun. Big game my ass. And what is it with Mormons and trampolines anyway? I just don't get it.

In summary, I'm a new man, thanks to my kickass cyborg implants designed by American's top nerds. Although I've been coy about it in the past few months, I am officially running the fuck for office - with myself - and if you don't vote for me and me, you're basically borderline retarded. I am so ready to be your rightfully elected president again, for the second time, again. No need to wait to put Florida in the Gore column in 2008, and if you say recount, I'll tear you a hanging chad myself. Comedians everywhere, scour the footage, find some quotes to take out of context, and get ready to make fun of your new president, Albert Gore Jr. the Third, 2.0.



AL PREPARES FOR THE MOST DIFFICULT PART OF THE CAMPAIGN

POLITICS

Bush Calls for Massive Troop Surge in America's Heartland

Washington, DC - In what he deems a "strategic redeployment," President Bush is calling for a massive troop surge into America's heartland. While the original "troop surge" Bush announced in 2006 was only 20,000 servicemen and women, the new proposed surge would be nearly eight times as large, and involve shifting almost 160,000 troops from their bases in Iraq to strategic locations across North America.

"Any time someone talks of 'bringing our troops home,' or 'deadlines for withdrawal from Iraq,' the terrorists grow stronger," Bush explained in his weekly radio address to the nation. "We need this massive surge of troops to patrol the areas where this terrorist-strengthening activity is occurring."

Bush indicated that a large portion of the redeployed troops would be assigned to patrol the areas where terrorist-emboldening speech is most likely to occur, including locations such as their homes and backyards, local parks and sporting facilities, and their former places of employment.

"Even the loving embraces of their spouses and children must be vigilantly patrolled for terrorist activity by our men and women in uniform," Bush said.

Bush warned in his address that while the war is going well, Americans must brace for the long haul and continue to make sacrifices until victory was achieved. "We must stay the course," Bush declared. "These troops must remain in the American Pentagon until the threat has been brought under control. This means at least until a new Constitution is in place and local militias have enough training to control terrorist-emboldening themselves. It may be many months, or even years, until these troops can once again return to their home bases in Iraq."

But despite the grim warning, American troops have been upbeat about the dangerous new deployment. "Well, yeah, it is a bit scary going to a new place where we can never be sure who is our enemy and

who is our friend," admitted Lieutenant Brannon Brill, an officer in the US Army Reserve. "But I have faith in our leaders and I know this is what's best for America in the world. Besides it will be nice to at least have a change of scenery. And I'm totally psyched to start patrolling my family for terrorism! They were pretty mean to me in high school, so now its payback time."



Bush indicates strategic direction of new troop surge



Tastes Like Home!

The new assignment promises to be a difficult one for war weary troops who have already patrolled such hotbeds of terrorist activity as Basra, Fallujah, and the dreaded "Sunni Triangle." Now they will have to face constant danger in the so-called "American Hexagon," a vast region of potential terrorist-emboldening activity extending roughly from Seattle, Washington to Augusta, Maine in the north, and from Miami, Florida through El Paso, Texas to San Diego, California in the south, forming a hexagon.



HEALTH AND MEDICINE

Fearing Pandemic, Harvard requires COOTIES vaccine for enrollment

Cambridge, MA - As of May 2007, Harvard Students have been advised to brace for "perhaps the most dangerous pandemic in recorded history". Added Barry Bloom, Dean of the Harvard School of Public Health, "This is no laughing matter, students. People tend to think that COOTIES is something that only children have to worry about, but the reality is that it's quite a killer. In fact, 36,000 Harvard students come down with COOTIES each year and some of them even die!", according to mathematical models extrapolated from a historical review of Harvard College enrollment data. After reviewing these findings, the National Institutes of Health, the Harvard Medical School, and the Pharmaceutical Research and Manufacturers of America (PhRMA) all recommended that college students nationwide now be required to take the much heralded experimental COOTIES vaccine before they are allowed to enroll in Fall 2007 courses.



major risk factors. Harvard and Mass General Hospital researcher Axel Smith-Klein explained, "The disease seems to be transmitted not just through the air and by direct physical contact, but simply by a primal psychosomatic reaction to members of the opposite sex. And for reasons not yet known to science, certain people — for example those who are extremely hot — seem to possess a natural immunity. Needless to say, Harvard campus contains all the makings of a major pandemic of Bird-Fluian proportions."

By contrast, Harvard Sophomore Mandy Anderson raised a note of skepticism, "Let's take Bird Flu. So a guy died last week Shandong, China. From what I'm told, researchers suspect a pandemic. Now I'm not insensitive to the tragedy, but if that's a pandemic, then I guess the guy who got killed by a flying toaster was the harbinger of a new appliance related pandemic. Evidently, they've redefined things to include a pandemic of one." Anderson paused to take a bite of her sandwich. "And its even weirder with COOTIES. I'm pretty convinced its not even a real disease."

In the past, vaccinations for diseases such as measles, rubella, and hepatitis B have been optional, but in recent years, the university has asserted itself in an effort to "take public health seriously", according to Bloom.

Smith-Klein responded, "I'm afraid students today don't have a realistic grasp of how devastating a COV-578 pandemic could be. Just today, I treated a student from Dudley House for a stage four COOTIES infection and, uh, some pretty extreme hygiene issues. Ms. Anderson shouldn't dismiss the reality of the pathogen just because of her own relative hotness. I doubt that she would stand by her remarks when faced with speaking to the victim's family."

The recent media attention on the COOTIES virus, the Complex Organic Olfactory Total Internal Ecccchhhh Syndrome (also know as COV-578), has sparked a flurry of medical research, much of it conducted here at Harvard. The work has resulted in a promising trial version of the COOTIES vaccine, COOVAX™ which consists of a base shot and 12 booster shots (which must be taken while sitting in a booster seat) administered bimonthly for 24 months, along with a complicated cocktail involving 2 circles and 2 dots. The cost is only \$129.95 per shot, "a bargain when your life is on the line", according to HUHS spokesperson Maureen Astra-Zeneca. Following a recent internal Harvard report, the school plans to conduct phase III vaccine clinical trials for COOVAX™ locally. Bloom noted, "We first considered advertising on the T like we usually do for these things, but after thinking it over in our weekly closed door session, I just said fuck it, let's start at Cabot house!"



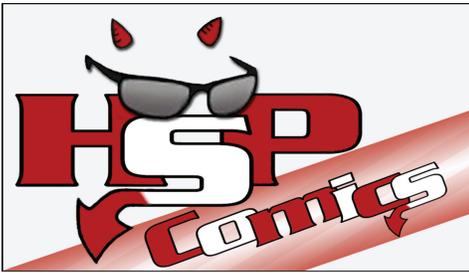
Harvard Researchers Identify Deadliest COOTIES Strains of 2007 (electron microscopy, magnification x 4 million - Credit: Smith Klein)

Anderson replied, "You can't just make a pandemic real just by saying there's going to be one. Truthfully, I'd be more worried about getting pterodactyl or archaeopteryx flu. And I sure as hell won't let them test an experimental vaccine on me, and have the gall to put it on my term bill, for a disease that's about as real as Santa Claus." HSP later learned that Anderson had been expelled for not taking the vaccine, which was not yet available.

Harvard President Drew Faust assured students that she will be personally overseeing Harvard's COOTIES preparedness plan. "Having suffered from a particularly debilitating strain of the disease throughout much of elementary and high school, I understand what's at stake here. I know that limiting enrollment to the vaccinated seems harsh, but with the help of all our students, we can set our campus on a course where it will be almost as if the pandemic never had a chance."

In preparation for the upcoming pandemic, researchers have begun charting how the disease spreads and quantifying its





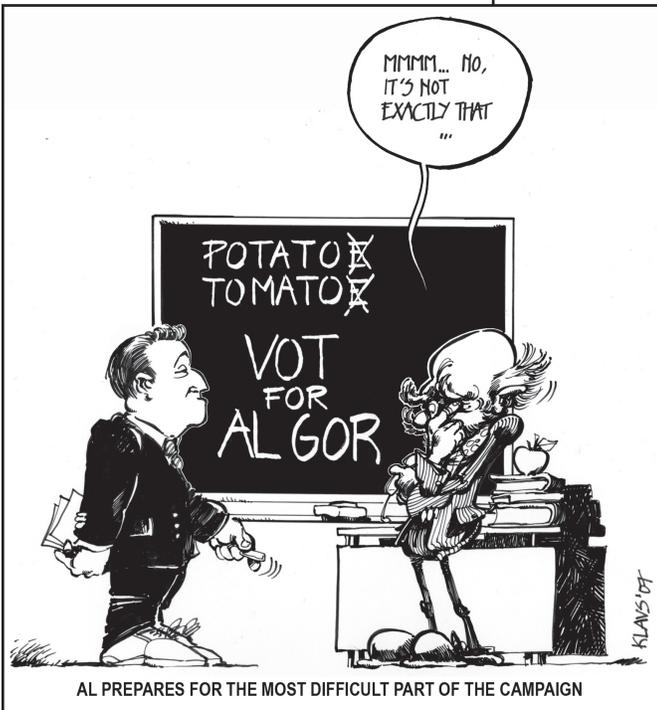
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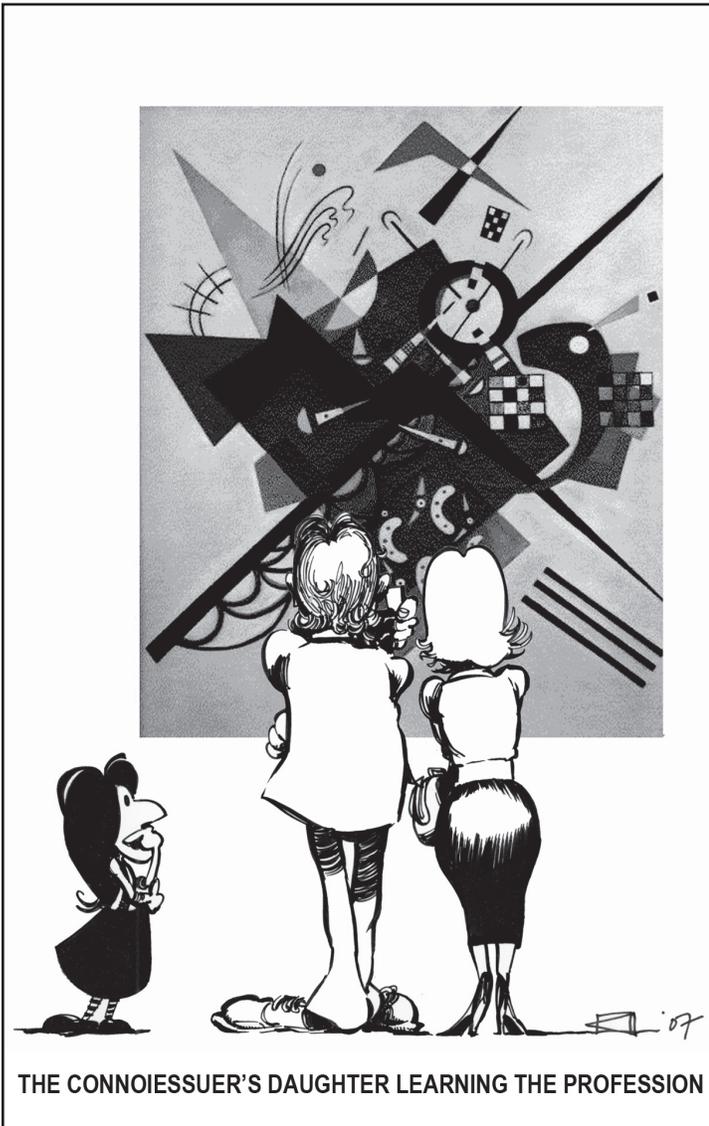
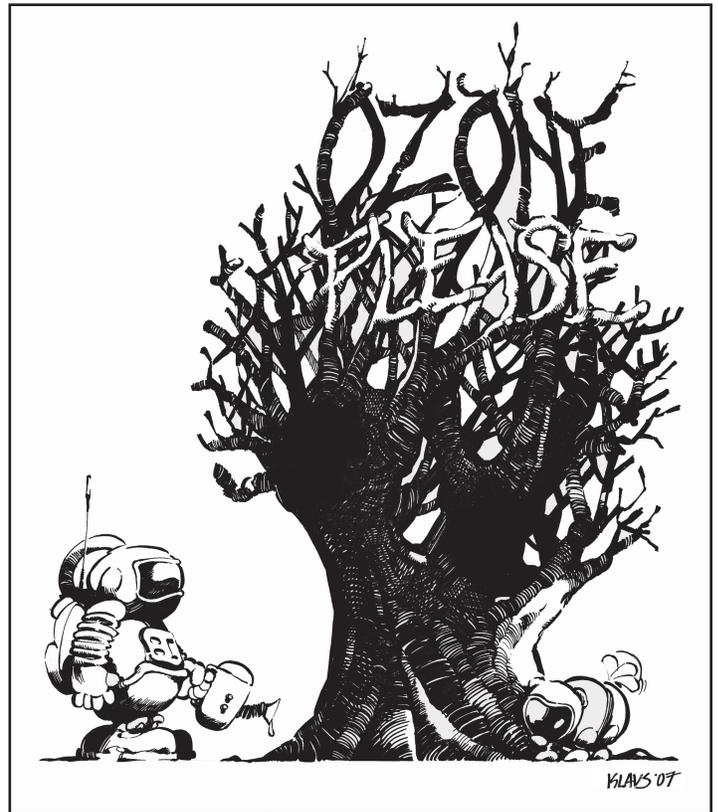
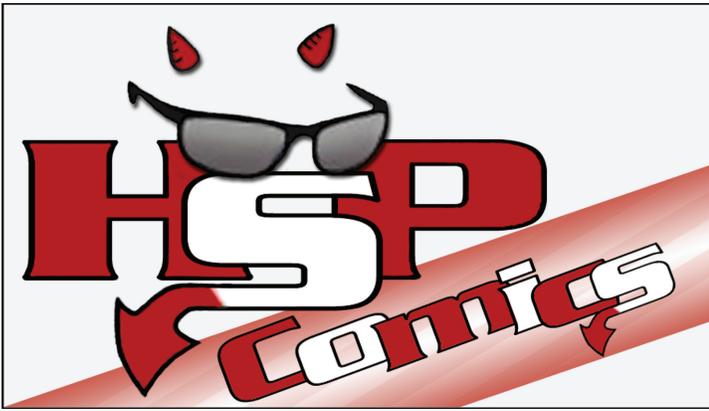
...pages 8-9 (also see pg. 4-5)



KLAUS '07
[after Klaus]



Luis Miguel (Koldo) Lus Arana (San-
turce, Spain, 1976) is an architect and ur-
ban planner. In the last years he has worked
for SENER Engineering and in his own of-
fice. In 2002 he also started his PhD stud-
ies in the University of Navarra (Spain), and
has collaborated writing articles for several
architectural magazines, also directing the
section "From the 9th" in Aequus Maga-
zine. Currently he is doing MDES Studies
at the Harvard GSD, while developing the
research for his PhD Thesis: "The Dreamt
Cities". His alter ego KLAUS has drawn the
"Little Corbu" comic strip since 2003.



THE CONNOISSUER'S DAUGHTER LEARNING THE PROFESSION



PRIORITIES



FEATURED ARTICLE: CIVIL RIGHTS

In the Shadow of Rusting Steel Mills, the Struggle for Ninja Rights Continues



BY Dave Ninjinowitz

Part 1 in a 10-part series

Lincoln Heights, Michigan - *This decaying suburb of Detroit was once a thriving bedroom community for the families of workers at nearby steel mills and automobile plants. But as the steel industry shifted overseas and auto plants shut down,*

Lincoln Park slid into poverty, and today is best known for a 1999 resolution by the school board banning "gang-related" colors and insignia. Those that could moved away to better neighborhoods. Those that couldn't — many of them impoverished ninja — had to remain behind.

Makoto Kiyohara was born to a clan of ninja here in Lincoln Heights in 1962. In those days, his future looked bright. Although his people had been oppressed in the past, the Ninja Civil Rights Movement was in full swing, and President Kennedy had just spoken to a meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Ninjas, calling for "a bold new America, in which every ninja has access to a good job, every ninja family can afford its own home, and every ninja child can receive a good education."

Indeed, things seemed to finally be turning for the better as Kiyohara was growing up a young ninja in the 1960s and 1970s. His father Mutsu rose to become a regional manager of the local steel conglomerate, and his older brother Aki even got into Veterinary School (ninja were still not allowed to go to Medical School in those days). When Makoto graduated from high school he got a job at the General Motors plant, and began to rise through the ranks.

But then came the "Ninja Backlash" of the 1980s, when a series of racist books and films played upon the worst ninja stereotypes to revive Americans' irrational fears of the ninja. Although ninja were nominally equal in the eyes of the law under the Ninja Rights Act of 1965, doors that had briefly opened for the ninja once again began to be slammed in their faces. As other minorities forged ahead, the ninja were left behind, denied access to higher education, systematically discriminated against in the job market, and overlooked on the national political scene.

"In many ways we have only ourselves to blame," says Kiyohara. "Ninja are very good at throwing shuriken with

stunning accuracy, using nun-chucks for tasks ranging from baseball to electrical engineering, and of course, blending into the shadows. But sometimes that hurts us when otherwise sympathetic Americans begin to forget we are here."

In 2002, Kiyohara lost his job at the plant, following several pay cuts, in cutbacks GM officials called "purely fiscal in nature" but which many observers described a thinly veiled purge of its last remaining ninja employees. For the past five years Kiyohara has struggled to make ends meet by working at the local Walmart and bussing tables at the Outback Steakhouse.

The worst part, he says, is when he thinks of what the future may hold for his two young sons, Hiromu and Junnosuke. "What will their lives be like?" he wonders. "At least I've had my taste of the good life, but will they even be able to find jobs at all? Will they be able to marry the lady ninja of their choice?"



Yet another ninja being discriminated against in the workplace

Indeed, the question of ninja marriage remains a hot-button issue among ninja rights activists and their opponents. Although the Ninja Dilution Act — a 1924 statute banning marriage between ninja in an effort to break up the once mighty ninja clans and prevent them from passing on their deadly ninja secrets — remains on the books today, in recent decades it was rarely if ever enforced, and indeed Kiyohara encountered no trouble when he married his wife Kyoko, a fellow ninja, in 1985.

But after a Minnesota judge ordered the legalization of ninja marriage in 2004, fears of ninja rising up to institute a new reign of terror via assassinations and sabotage such as those of the 1880s have led 43 states to pass laws or even amend their constitutions to reaffirm the federal ban on ninja marriage.

But Kiyohara says he is still proud to be an American, and is still hopeful that change will come. "You look around, and you see an America that is more open-minded than ever. Many minorities are making great strides, and our day will come."

But that day is not here yet, and Kiyohara wonders why. "I was glad when I heard about [radio personality Don] Imus getting fired, but where was the uproar when Imus called the predominantly ninja Vanderbilt lacrosse team a bunch of 'sword wielding wack-jobs'? It's also quite unsettling

FEATURED ARTICLE: CIVIL RIGHTS

how many Americans — ninja included — casually use the “N-word”, as if it didn’t represent a historical legacy of oppression. And recently there was a day to honor Jackie Robinson, but where is the day to honor the first ninja baseball player Tatsuya Sato, who played for the St. Louis Browns in 1952 and could run to first base without being seen?”

Kiyohara takes heart in a new generation of ninja activists who are carrying on the fight, usually in groups of fifteen to twenty. He also finds hope in the more positive portrayal ninja characters on recent television shows such as “Grey’s Anatomy” and “Desperate Housewives.”



Small bands of ninjas, like these, are rarely seen, except on shadowless days.

But most of all, he is inspired by the recent discovery that presidential hopeful Barak Obama has ninja ancestry. If Obama were to win, he would become the first ninja president in American history.

“He may not look or talk like a ninja, but you can see the ninja spirit in the way he carries himself,” Kiyohara points out. “If he gets nominated, Obama is definitely going to get the ninja vote in 2008. We’re not the biggest demographic, but after struggling so long with disenfranchisement, the ninja community knows how important it is to make every vote count.”



RACISM IN AMERICA

Clinton and Obama Court Black Vote with Reparations Packages

Little Rock, Arkansas - From the pulpit of Ebenezer Baptist Church in Little Rock, Arkansas yesterday, Sen. Hillary Clinton, (D-New York), announced a bold new strategy to attract African-American voters: the nation’s first ever reparations package for the descendents of slaves.

“It is high time that we own up to the legacy of slavery,” said the Senator to a mostly-black crowd. “And the first step we must take in the long road to equality is to redistribute resources in a just and equitable manner.” She went on to describe a “comprehensive” reparations policy that would entitle African-Americans to a lifetime supply of Starbucks Café Estima Blend Fair Trade Certified coffee, a gift certificate to Sizzler, and 250 extra any-time minutes per month on the wireless plan of their choice.

Not to be outdone, Sen. Barak Obama, (D-Illinois), held his own press conference several hours later on the steps of the Washington Monument. Dismissing Clinton’s plan as “mere posturing”, the junior senator presented a competing reparations package that would allow each African-American to name their own star.

“There is no greater liberty than the chance to name a celestial body,” Obama said, to scattered applause, adding, “It really doesn’t get any better than that.”

Reaction to Obama’s proposal was mostly positive among the African-Americans in attendance.

“I mean, I really want freedom, effective enfranchisement, and a just end to decades of second class citizenship,” said Tina Woods, a librarian from Virginia, “but I guess having my own star would be just as good. I wonder if they’d do that and the Sizzler card?”



Obama and Clinton attempt to out-repair one another.

In a surprising turn of events, aides from the Clinton campaign reacted swiftly, releasing a detailed uber-reparations proposal that would allocate white indentured servants to every African-American family. The plan also suggested that the descendents of slave owners would each receive a lump of coal under their pillow for the next thirty years.

The Obama camp was not far behind in additionally proposing that black votes now be given an additional weighting factor of 5/3, to “make up for some fuzzy math back in the day.” Also, in the new system, African Americans would be exempt from using electronic voting machines, so “their votes might actually be recorded”, according to Obama.

“I think both candidates may be pushing the envelope,” said Nancy Pelosi, House Major Leader (D-California), adding quickly: “But regardless, a reparations arms race like this is actually quite a bold and creative idea. If an escalating set of well designed bribes that create the appearance of addressing racism is what it takes to finally get a Democrat in the White House, then I totally support them.”



COMMUNITY SERVICE

Harvard Undergraduate Just Can't Stop Helping Others

Cambridge, MA – Harvard College Sophomore Alison Chen just can't get enough of helping disadvantaged people in need, undergraduate sources reported Monday. "At first, I thought this was just some phase she was going through," confided Junior Laurel Baxter. "But when she started handing out pamphlets on the proper removal of blow fly larvae from tribal women's vaginas in the Amazon rainforest, I knew this was getting serious."

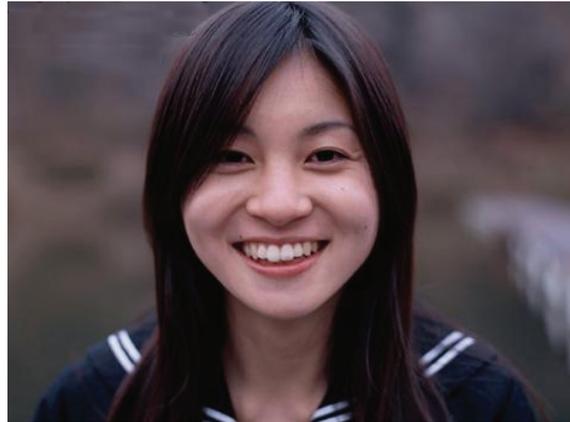
Lowell house sources confirmed Monday that Chen spends nearly all of her free time frolicking from one community service project to the next on her father's corporate jet, oblivious to the fact that her blabbering on about community service is irritating the living shit out of her suite mates. "Like, oh my god," said her bunk mate Denise Smith. "She acts as if none of us has ever saved a pygmy orphan from sex slavery and a tsunami simultaneously. Why doesn't she just get over it already?"

"If she were trying to get into medical school or something, that would be one thing," said her suite mate Jen Eisenstein. "But no, of course she has to do it just because it makes her 'feel good inside,' or some such bullshit. And on top of that she has to say it with that smug, self-righteous look on her face. Give me a break."

According to nursing home sources in Cambridge, undergraduates are not the only ones who find Chen's community service efforts a little over the top. "At first, we just started shoving her off on the Alzheimer's patients, hoping that they wouldn't remember her from her last visit," said area nurse Samantha Davis. "But then, even they started complaining that she was just a little too eager

to come back and see them. Thank God for caller-ID. Otherwise, that little shit would be over here all the time."

"Who does she think she is, fucking Mother Theresa in Africa?" asked exasperated suite mate Dana Curtis. "I hope a great big trypanosomiasis-carrying tsetse fly from the Congo comes down and bites her right on the ass."



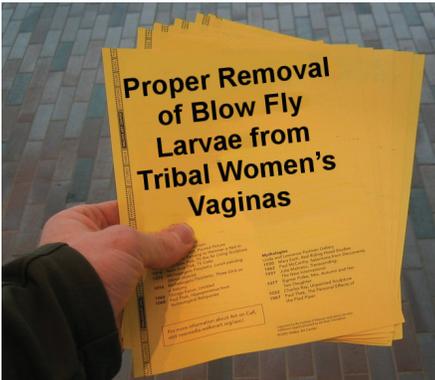
Chen extremely ready to help others.

Chen, meanwhile, remains dissatisfied with her contributions to society, insisting that they are not significant enough. "I have only begun to help others," she allegedly said in the Widener Library yesterday. "I can't stop until I've fed every homeless person in Cambridge, donated all of my blood to science, and taught every autistic child how to love. I just can't tell you how passionate I am about making a difference in everyone's lives, starting with this weekend's AIDS walk and beach cleanup barbecue. Can I help you with

those bags?" she reportedly said.



She anticipates that her current passion will occupy her at least through the fall of 2008, when her NSF graduate fellowship application is due.



HARVARD LIFE

Teaching Fellows Desperately Want More Teaching Conferences

Cambridge, MA - A recent survey polling GSAS teaching fellows (TFs) shows that they desperately want more teaching conferences. In answer to the question "What could be done to improve your teaching experience?", an overwhelming 95% answered "having more teaching conferences", far ahead of the other most popular answers, "having more TF positions available" (3%) and "receiving more sexual bribes from students" (2%).

"I knew that we were doing a great job, but I am very pleased and surprised of the impact we seem to have on the lives of the TFs", commented James Dean, director of the Derek Bok Center for Kids Who Can't Read Good. The Bok Center organizes two two-day conferences every year. HSP was literally flooded by ardent emails when it started investigating this phenomenal popularity with TFs.

"As a chemist, most of the time, I'm very busy mixing chemicals in my lab." said G3 Brett McGarrett in an interview with HSP. "The teaching conferences come at a great time in the year because it is pretty much the only time when I can afford to do something totally useless like listening to specious and superfluous reflections on abstract topics such as confusion, intelligence, success, failure, you name it ... Its such an exciting change of pace."

"For me, it really is the interdisciplinary aspect," enthused Amanda Manda of the Department of Physics. "As a scientist teaching to fellow graduate students, I really love attending this conference about how to simultaneously teach to undergrads in the humanities and social sciences and not have sex with them."

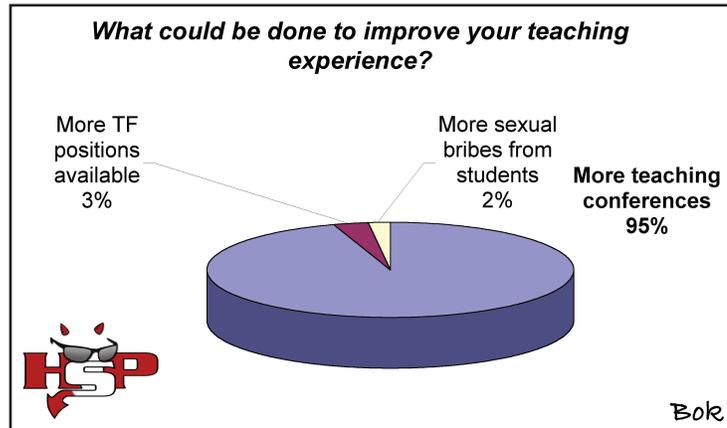
"Having only been a student for about 19 years now, I've had very few opportunities to actually sit in a class, so it was very useful to have two days of seminars to tell me what it would look like," added Nicole McNicoll of the Division of Medical Sciences.

The response was just as strong on the side of non-scientists. The professional conduct seminar seems to be of particular interest. "It is vital that all students have this repeated several times a year: 'you have to be friendly with your students but you cannot be their friends; as a matter of fact, you cannot be friends with any undergrad as they may end up in your section one day', because students here

seem to forget that they are superior to the undergrads both mentally and hierarchically," points out Deidra Müller of comparative literature. "There is a reason why there is a fence around the freshman houses, and why the other houses lie in secluded areas."

"My thesis is about the futility of existence, but I still enjoy the conference because they don't take attendance, so I can go hit on chicks at the nearby Lamont library between free meals", chuckles Neil O'Neil of the philosophy department.

More specifically, students found the advice given in the talks invaluable. Indeed, for Geraldine Fitzgerald of Near Eastern Languages and Civilizations: "I had been teaching Coptic, Ancient Greek and biblical Hebrew, but it was not until attending the teaching conference that I learned about the idea of using recent newspapers, magazines and TV programs in those languages instead of old texts to make my teaching more interesting."



Wang W. Wong is "... very impressed. I have been studying irony in English literature, but I never saw such dense irony as in most of those seminars... They are ostensibly about how to teach well, but they all pretend to be such bad teachers! And they are so good at it that they never let even the slightest hint that they are acting and being ironic. And they put a lot of effort in it. In spite of my vast knowledge and literary background, I would have difficulties coming up with such vast collections of obvious statements myself."

In addition to the teaching conferences, the Bok Center offers many different programs of formation and follow-up for TFs throughout the year. As explained by Sarah O'Hara of the Music Department : "The follow-up offered by the Bok Center is vital, because as professors do not have to respect any standards in their teaching, especially the tenured ones, how could we guaranty quality if not through the TFs?"

Rumor has it that the Bok Center will organize monthly teaching conferences starting next year in view of this unanimous response. HSP staff will attend all future conferences forever.



LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Photo of Yale's "We Suck" Prank Shown to Be Doctored.



by B. S. Pile

Cambridge, MA

On November 20, 2004, during the annual Yale-Harvard football game (aka "The Game"), Yale students passed out cards to Harvard fans, which when lifted together were to spell, unbeknownst to the fans, "WE SUCK." This prank got ESPN coverage, a page on Wikipedia, and its own website (<http://www.harvardsucks.org>). There's only one problem, the prank didn't quite work out the way its authors claimed it did. I was there, and this is what actually happened.

It all started when I came to see my very first "The Game" on that chilly Saturday at Harvard stadium. Not being much of a sports fan, I wasn't expecting too much. In fact, I was mostly hoping for a wardrobe malfunction, or at least a hyped up commercial or two.



An unedited photo taken by this reporter at the game

Alas no such luck. The marching band and cheer-leaders tried really hard though. But then, shortly before half-time, a bunch of random cards sprung out (see above photo). I wasn't able to read what it was supposed to say. Was it coded communication meant for some terrorist sleeper cells? Was it written in some extra-terrestrial language? Who knows? I snapped a few photos and nearly forgot about the whole event. The game ended with Harvard crushing Yale: 35-3.

It wasn't till a few weeks later that I got word that it was just a dumb Yale prank. I found the prank website, which walks the viewers through the meticulous planning for the flip-cards distribution to the unsuspecting audience. The major Yale chutzpah was pretending to be members of the nonexistent Harvard "Pep Squad". Apparently they really did put quite a bit of thought into this. Only their execution

wasn't so good. The idea wasn't very original either, since Caltech pulled this exact prank at the 1961 Rose Bowl. Apparently Caltech had a much more elaborate version of this, and unlike here, they got it to work. But what do you expect - it's Yale we're talking about.

Quite amused at how this prank backfired, and relieved that it didn't prompt a deadly sleeper cell attack or an alien invasion, I filed away the whole thing away into my mental "for boring cocktail parties only" folder. Two and a half years have since passed and I have yet to be part of a cocktail party sufficiently boring to pull this one out yet, when quite by accident, I came across the Wikipedia entry for this prank (yes, it is indeed there). But what I saw really pissed me off. Not only were the authors considering this a successful prank, they posted the following photo.



Photo from Wikipedia: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yale's_%22We_Suck%22_Prank

Hmmm, doesn't quite look the same as the original, does it? If you compare the two photos carefully you can pretty easily see the doctored they must have done. In real life, I'd say they did a pretty decent job on the "K", but the rest of the letters look like alphabet soup that's been sitting in the chicken broth for too long. It's interesting to note that the above photo is the ONLY photo that has been circulated... and in the video, which deals mostly with the planning, the footage of the actual prank is cut suspiciously short.

Now perhaps Photoshop helped a few overeager Yalies save face among their peers, but posting such blatantly false information on Wikipedia is a line we cannot, we must not let them cross. At HSP, our fight for journalistic integrity starts one Wikipedia article at a time, long after the event of relevance has faded into obscurity.



CARTOON CELEBRITIES

Rainbow Bright Goes Goth

Indigo City, Rainbow Land

In a move that shocked the fashion world today Rainbow Bright (whose real name is Roena Lifstein) appeared on stage at a fashion show in Milan wearing all black. Her entire ensemble was colorless, except for one angry streak of red in her hair. She also wore white makeup on her face, because, as she told one reporter "I want to look dead, you know, like a gothic person, like a real one, you know."

Ms. Bright, who has been the frequent topic of tabloid stories lately, told a shocked press corps that after a messy divorce and a brief stint in rehab, she



was finally ready to shed her previous garrulous garb.

"I always felt like that dude from the bible, man," Ms. Bright, a native of southern California said, "like now I can be me, which is the real me, you know, like when you're surfing and you see a shark coming at you and it's like POW! ZAM ! WONK!" she said, punching three reporters in the head before sticking her tongue out (which was pierced) and running off to her parent's basement to hide.

Teddy Ruxpin, a longtime associate of Ms. Bright, said he was not surprised by her fairly severe new duds. "She was always a little extreme. Would you like to hear a story ..." Mr. Ruxpin began, before his batteries apparently died.



HEALTH AND MEDICINE

American Red Cross Expands Give-Away Program

Washington, DC - In a stark break from its long standing tradition of offering only free T-shirts to blood donor, the Red Cross has begun offering donors an assortment of alternate clothing items, including socks, gloves, and underwear. "You see, many of our most loyal donors are college and graduate students", explains Jerry Wang, head of the Red Cross's department of Free-Give-Aways. "And I can't tell you how many letters I get from them complaining about how they have so many new T-shirts, and how they would really like something else for a change." So after many brainstorming sessions with focus groups, it was decided to include non-T-shirt items in the donor menu. "If it will bring more donors, and more precious blood plasma, why the hell not?!" concluded Wang.



"We're now in the process of evaluating the inclusion of higher-end items like jackets and shoes. Of course you will need to give more than one pint of blood to get those — we'll need to establish frequent-donor accounts, but it's definitely doable. Who knows, if we manage to pull this off, we may see an end to twenty-somethings walking around with holey socks and underpants as well as our blood shortage."



DISCOVERY CHANNEL SCREENSHOTS



Scientists Find Most Marine Animals Eat Face First While Running



Winner of Aye Aye Beauty Contest Still Ugly



Anteaters Decry Loss of Traditional Ways



Pangolin About to Pee on Zoologist



Despite Devotion to Red Sox, Snake Makes Poor Bat



Nudibranch Evidently Too Cool For School



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