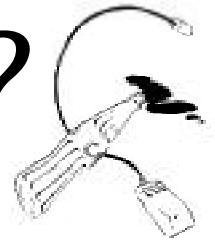


# PRAVDA? Πραβδα?



The official(?) newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy  
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## Editor's Note :

Good morrow to ye, the membership of KGB. I bring you greetings from a cluster at nearly 3 in the morning. For many of you, this is not unique experience. There are several pieces of good news that I would like to share. I'm pleased to announce that *Pravda?* is now viewable from the world wide web. Please check it out. It's accessible from the main KGB web page.

Next week is the gracious few days that the University grants us to celebrate the holiday of Thanksgiving. I don't know about you, but I'm flying home, and catching up on some much needed sleep. I'm also looking forward to a home-cooked meal. I want to wish everyone a good Thanksgiving, and please remember to tell your parents of the bourgeoisie nature of this holiday. Real comrades give thanks everyday for the State that provides them with everything they could possibly ever need. Long live the revolution!!!

Anyway, pardon me for forgetting the difference between fantasy and reality. In other news, finals are coming up. Three hour tests that attempt to assess how much sleep you acquired in their class. Because of finals and the fact that I'm going to be out of here on December 15th, this will be the final issue of *Pravda?* for the semester. Thank you to anybody who submitted articles this semester. I know it was a busy and hard semester for many of you, and I appreciate whatever you were able to provide.

As usual, I'm looking for any and all submissions for next semester, but you knew that, right? I can still be reached at [grosman@andrew.cmu.edu](mailto:grosman@andrew.cmu.edu). I look forward to seeing your ideas in action.

In case you hadn't heard, I died this past Friday night. It was a lot of fun. A message to those of you that continued to dance while my dead body was lying in the corner, I will come back and haunt you!

Special thanks go to Deanna Rubin and Julie Dunn who helped me out while I was working on this issue.

## The President Vomits

As posted to [graffiti.deadman.tirades](#)

### Munchkins

I really loathe, I mean I just hate, I really can't stand Munchkins anymore. I know they're good, they're rich, they're packed with all the moist, sweet, doughy goodness Dunkin' Donuts can pack into them, but I just can't stand them. You can take all the Munchkins in the world and carpet-bomb Iraq with them for all I care, because I hope they violate some dietary tenet of Islam and no one there can eat them and they just sit under a mass of doughnut holes that will never rot because they're so packed with preservatives. Which I know isn't true, because Munchkins do go bad in a couple of days, I've seen it, but somebody told me today they have anti-freeze in them to keep their moistness.

Anti-freeze, fer gosh's sake. ANTI-FREEZE!

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## Strange but True...

Various Sources

Some Mexican Newspaper reported :

that British Airmen based in the Falkland Islands invented a new game. Noticing that penguins will watch any slow moving object, the did slow fly-bys past beaches full of the birds. First the birds craned their heads left and then right observing the plane. Then the pilots then flew directly over the penguins and watched the birds star up craning their heads back until they fell over.

This amused them.

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## KGB President and Treasurer Embezzle Their Way to Cancun!

by Zoran Nevajdic

Scandal rocked the KGB world last week when it was revealed that President Robert Slater and Treaurer Jennifer Gray took KGB funds to purchase a vacation to Cancun.

"Yeah, we took the money," said Slater, "I mean, after all, we give and give and give for you people, and never get anything back. It's about time we saw some reward for our public service."

Gray's attitude was similar: "As far as I'm concerned, we did nothing wrong. You elected us to these positions, you obviously trust us to make decisions about KGB's treasury, and we made a decision about what to do with the funds. People should just accept that."

Many KGB members are upset about the officers' decision.

"Yeah, I'm pissed as hell!" reported Bryan Nagy, Sgt. at Arms and Booth Chair for KGB. "They spent two thousand dollars on this little joyride of theirs. What the hell am I supposed to build a booth with now?"

Most of the other officers were strangely silent on the issue, and denied allegations that future trips for the other officers were planned once the treasury was rebuilt.

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## **Meetings**

**Day : Monday**

**Time : 16:30**

**Place : Porter Hall 100**

**The President Vomits**  
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I've been overexposed, I guess. Too many Sundays working as the coffee guy serving the mobs of church-goers their morning caffeine fix, and having to run trays laden with the monstrous balls of dough through seas of grasping hands and screaming mouths. I never thought a five-year-old could inflict such damage upon a teenager. I probably still have physical scars to match the emotional ones. Every time I see a Munchkin, I can see them screaming and groping and waiting for me to step out the door from the protection of the kitchen into the hallway where I stood defenseless before their ravenous wrath. I can barely continue typing.

But that's not the worst. The worst was that, having often been forced to forego breakfast, I dined myself upon those monstrosities. For two years I mindlessly put doughnut hole to mouth, doughnut hole to mouth, doughnut hole to mouth, until I could no longer stand even the greasy feel of them upon my fingertips. And the slippery sliding as it enters my mouth, the mass-produced taste and sugary coatings. The consistency of the mush once I have chewed it, oh, it's all too horrible to describe. I'm nauseous just from the description, not to mention the memories it dredges up from the depths of my brain. I must turn back or risk permanent damage to my esophagus.

Munchkins, how I hate thee! Let me count the ways!

**Kick-Ass**  
**Kremlin**

- Huh? What? Who am I? Where am I?
- But, Officer, the muffin looked 16!
- I got the luck of the drunk -- try and nail me
- Rob STILL has a nice butt. I think I'll give him some hairspray.

**Upcoming Events**

Wednesday 11/19: **KGB Exec Meeting.** 5pm in the office.  
 Friday 11/21: **Ice Skating.** Come to *Geeks on Ice* at Schenley Ice Rink.  
 Monday 11/24: **KGB Meeting.** 4:30pm in Porter Hall 100.  
 Wednesday 11/26 - 11/30: **Thanksgiving Break. GO HOME** and eat some Turkey.  
 Monday 12/1: **KGB Meeting.** 4:30pm in Porter Hall 100.  
 Wednesday 12/3: **KGB Exec Meeting.** 5pm in the office.  
 Friday 12/5: **Last day of classes!!!**  
 Monday 12/8: **KGB Meeting.** Yes, KGB still meets, 4:30pm in Porter Hall 100.  
 Wednesday 12/10: **Geek Eat.** Come take a study break with KGB.

**Gibbed**  
**Grandiose**  
**KGB NOTHINGS**

- All hail English majors!
- English majors suck.
- CS majors swallow!
- Guam. Shave it. Shave it
- Any complete and consistant system is completely and consistantly useless.
- I AM A FORCE OF DARKNESS!!
- I AM Missing. I Have Gone tO LoOk for MyseLf. If YoU seE me, tell Me tO wait untlL i GeT BacK.
- 1) Mitzi Darling, how many times do I have to tell you, green is not your color.  
2) It's not a problem, it's a fetish.
- it's spelled "motherfucker", no space

**Barney!**  
**Boothbuilders**

- 42
- One scotch, one bourbon, one beer.
- nothing. nothing. Still nothing. A perversion of nothing.
- Meddle not in the affairs of Dragons, for thou art crunchy and good to eat.
- Feebles! Sodomy! Feebles!
- Help Me, I'm drowning in Fish. (reversed)
- DEATH FROM ABOVE! A.K.A. - LONG LIVE THE ALMOST AIRBORN. Gridley(?)
- Masters of Orion II = good. work = bad. KGB = good :)
- May I just say that this is the first time I've been in the newspaper?
- The slut hat would like to thank all of the participants of the Asylum halloween party. Was it as good for you?
- cout << " " << endl;
- Ha-ha.... Ha-ha... You're not Irish.
- Hey Aiton! Disney called!
- Rob is a pathetic target.
- wobble me.
- Ready to crash and burn. I never learn
- "Take off your hat, boy; I'm gonna play with your brain!" -Ancient Proverb
- long main[] = { 0xc8c70ff0 };
- Don't mind me... just another alum with nothing better to do Monday afternoons when normal people would have a real job to go to....

### Strange but True...

continued from page 1

#### A proof that God does not exist :

From an actual exercise in 80-210

Premise 1: If God exists, then he is omnipotent, and if God exists, then he is omniscient.

Premise 2: If God exists then he is benevolent.

Premise 3: If God can prevent evil, then if he knows that evil exists, then he is not benevolent if he does not prevent it.

Premise 4: If God is omnipotent, then he can prevent evil, and if God is omniscient, he knows that evil exists if it does exist.

Premise 5: Evil does not exist if God prevents it, and evil exists.

Prove: God does not exist.

B = God is benevolent

Q = God can prevent evil

GE = God exists

P = God is omnipotent

GK = God knows evil exists

L = evil exists

S = God is omniscient

GP = God prevents evil

- P (1) (GE -> P) & (GE -> S)
- P (2) GE -> B
- P (3) GE -> GK -> NOT GP -> NOT B
- P (4) (P -> Q) & (S -> L -> GK)
- P (5) (GP -> NOT L) & L
- WP (6) GE (6)
- 4CJ2 (7) S -> L -> GK
- 1CJ2 (8) GE -> S
- 8,6AA (9) S (6)
- 7,9AA (10) L -> GK (6)
- 5CJ2 (11) L
- 10,11AA (12) GK (6)
- 3,6AA (13) GK -> NOT GP -> NOT B (6)
- 13,12AA (14) NOT GP -> NOT B (6)
- 2,6AA (15) B (6)
- 14,15DC (16) GP (6)
- 5CJ (17) GP -> NOT L
- 17,16AA (18) NOT L (6)
- 6,11,18IP (19) NOT GE

Therefore, God does not exist.

Well, duh...

From

"The Strategies of Human Mating", American Scientist, Vol 82. by David M. Buss

Sexual-strategies theory holds that patterns in mating behavior exist because they are evolutionarily advantageous. We are obviously the descendants of people who were able to mate successfully.

Continued...

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Our theory assumes that the sexual strategies of our ancestors evolved because they permitted them to survive and produce offspring. Those people who failed to mate successfully because they did not express these strategies are not our ancestors. One simple example is the urge to mate, which is a universal desire among people in all cultures and which is undeniably evolutionary in origin.

## "Flesh Charring Radiation at Pismo Beach"

Mike Libby

The day WWII began, Nuclear weapons were launched. The one that hit San Francisco Was launched from somewhere in the Heart of Vancouver. The explosion killed everyone within a Two mile radius. The resultant heat Vaporized everything within a Three mile radius. The EM shockwave Disabled anything electrical in a Twenty mile radius. Then there was the Radiation. Slowly, slowly, quietly. In a week, it Killed all humans within Fifty miles of ground zero. A week later, the Radiation began to reach Pismo Beach. Wave after wave of mutation-causing, Flesh-searing, DNA-dabasing radiation Washed over the beloved community. As the first deaths occurred, almost Everyone had pestilent, bleeding Sores covering thier body. As testament to the Agony that the living were in, hideous Screams of pandemonium and pain echoed about the Dead landscape. All vegetation had died, A nuclear winter was beginning. Annihilation world-wide ensued, the human Race was eliminated. Then the cockroaches came. Feasting upon the charred flesh of the dead, Their population grew. The Last life on Earth. All was Cockroaches. Cockroaches. Cockroaches.

## Name that User!

As many of you know, CMU used to hand out really obscure UserId's made up of the user's initials and 2 random letters. About 3 years ago, when Andrew UserId's started to make sense, people with the old style ID's were given the chance to pick their own. Now it's time to delve into the files, and see how well you can figure out which person belongs to which ID. All of these people used this ID at one point. Some of them changed it to something new, and some people have since left CMU. Thanks to Julie Dunn and Deanna Rubin for their help in compiling this list.

am4v	mg4h
kc2z	bc3q
np24	ri23
jd7a	lp1p
ts4j	em3p
mu24	rsbd
wf08	re00
lv28	rd3z
sk4p	su24
bk2w	kc2w
ch4s	ee0r
ag4z	rs87
ls56	jp6t
mg5k	dn29
ap1i	jr6p
jmdt	jccw
ts4z	cs82
dn11	cl54
vs0r	ki25
ch4a	jmd9
ap3v	ar2w
ec2w	tj2a

Be the first on your block to **subscribe to** [assoc.s.kgb](http://assoc.s.kgb).

Cancun  
continued from page 1

"I guess I'm a little upset at them," offered Chuck Werner. "Actually, I'm just primarily upset that I wasn't invited. And that I can't hide a gun in my... uh, nevermind."

"Cancun? Where? Can I help?" asked Heather Keith.

Even non-voting members condemned the decision. "Well, I wouldn't exactly say that what they did is right. But then again, I'm not really one to talk." offered Shawn Knight.

The officers' vacation apparently included six days and five nights in Cancun, along with three days on a cruise ship. The travel agency which booked their vacation had no comment at this time.

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**From the files of KGB:**

## **The KGB Story (Part 1)**

**Circa 1993**

Long Live The Revolution:  
"There Will Always Be A KGB."

Let me play the fool,  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,  
And let my liver rather heat with wine  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
"The Merchant Of Venice" (Act I, scene I)  
by William Shakespeare

The Berlin Wall has fallen, the Cold-War has ended. In the battle of the Superpowers, it seems that the Soviet Union has lost. However, not all of Communist Russia's legacy has fallen by the wayside. That most feared and hated of all Soviet organizations, the KGB, still lives. Not only does it live, but it prospers in the heart of one of the United States' finest institutes of learning. Yes, the KGB is alive and well and living in Pittsburgh, at Carnegie Mellon University.

Sort of.

The Carnegie Mellon KGB is a different breed of animal from its Soviet counterpart. Its is not so much interested in spying, as it is in comedy, it is not so much interested in politics as it is in anarchy, and, though it once had an Assassination Committee, the closest they ever came to killing anyone was when they stabbed their own first Vice-President with a bunch of bananas. In short the KGB is an organization dedicated to the perpetration of safe-silliness on or about Carnegie Mellon's campus. Their goal, the downfall of all those who take life a little too seriously.

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Continued...

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KGB was founded in the spring of 1988 by a dozen or so computer science and engineering majors-- self-proclaimed "Computer Geeks"-- who decided that they were tired of not having any social organization to call their own, so they decided to form the "KGB" (in a subtle parody of another on-campus organization, the Carnegie Involvement Association). They wrote up a set of by-laws, drafted their own manifesto, and went before Student Senate asking to be officially recognized-- their stated purpose being "To get geeks out of the computer clusters and into the sunshine." They were greatly suprised to hear that Senate was willing to recognize such a frivolous group, with such a unique name.

The rest is history. The KGB's membership grew over 500 percent in less than four years, making it one of the largest independent social organizations on campus. It has become a powerful voice on campus, if not a particularly well-known one. It has won awards, and it has received a commendation from a student newspaper. It has become, in a fairly short period of time, far more popular than any of its founders had ever believed it would.

I discussed this unexpected popularity with Jay Laefer, one of KGB's founding members. "We have a lot of people who join [KGB] because they think this is the group for people with no other groups to join-- a collection of misfits, if you will. This appeals to them because we do things which no other organization would do, because its not really acceptable behavior for an organization."

The KGB is "a group of misfits." Its a mixed bag of students, containing writers, artists, architects, musicians, engineers, as well as a bounty of computer scientists. There is little reason why they should want to come together, and even less reason why they should become friends, but they do. Possibly their common bond is that of the "misfit". As one member said, "I guess a lot of the people in KGB, are the types you thought were really weird in High School, now they're really weird in College."

Far from hiding their "weirdness" KGB lets them revel in it. It is this, more than anything else, which binds the members of KGB together. In holding events such as "A Tom Lehrer Sing Along," and "Primal Scream Therapy," KGB encourages its members to get in touch with their sillier sides, and also, makes them feel proud of who they are.

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Continued next issue...

## **POETRY KORNER**

"Leper!" by Ron Laufer  
Dedicated to James Cameron.

Leper, leper,  
Salt and pepper,  
Do these tauntings  
make you hepper?  
They call me "lefty",  
but I don't care,  
does it bother you,  
that I'm not "all there?"

I don't mind it, doesn't bother me to be superior in heart and soul while my body decays. -- No, Hansen's disease is not MMMBop! --- The world is a crucible, burning away weak flesh to reveal the strength of metal below. Liquid? No! Solid and hard. Shape doesn't matter, take what is given, it's all that's needed. In the titanic abyss of life, we are all aliens. "Get away from her you bitch!" I scream on Judgement Day as I terminate the source of my pain. Does the drawing of first blood make this a strange day? Like pirhanas too, we spawn. Believe these lies, for they are true. My point is broken.

So enjoy the punch, and eat the cake.  
There is no fate but what WE make!

---

"From Whence I Have Come"  
by Chuck Werner

Like holding a fire in my bare palms,  
I have burnt my hands on the open flames  
of a cheapskate love, born of sentimentality  
and a fashioned feeling of togetherness.

Like the rodent lured to the cheesebait of a trap,  
I have fallen prey to the same kinds of Hell,  
buried in my own essence beneath the soil of the soul,  
whose flames are kindled by my love for spite.

Like a black sheet held over my eyes, I look into the night,  
into the dark abyss of my being reflected in triplicate,  
with shining stars which I am sure are figments  
of my disenchanted, disillusioned, disintegrated  
imagination.

Like the tears of the young widow, my mouth is salty,  
salty with the minerals of sorrow and pain,  
and the chemical compositions of the mind,  
which the Bard could not contemplate with his  
modern thought.

Like the strange taste of a lover's mouth, enjoy your pain,  
and remind yourself that you are alive and well,  
with every needle-pin of truth that pierces your veins  
of ignorance,  
remember the fools who have fooled you.