



PRAVDA?

The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy

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Quinn To Announce Intention to Fight the Forces of Crime

By Sean "Teki" Dobbs, Editor in Chief

According to sources in the Physics department of Carnegie Mellon University, famed professor Brian Quinn intends to announce in a press conference on Tuesday that he plans to take an extended sabbatical to use his powers to fight on the side of good against the forces of evil.

Using the knowledge gathered over years in both his sponsored research into the fundamental operation of the universe and his hidden studies both in his secret basement laboratory and the heretofore unknown Super Secret Spy Senter buried beneath Wean Hall, Professor Quinn plans to harness the raw power of nature to fight the terror that currently grips our fair city. With his wry sense of humor, Quinn has reportedly decided that when fighting crime, he shall be known as "Quant-man". It is not known whether his super powers will consist of super-strength, flight, laser beams shot from various parts of his body, or something else, but sources assure us that it will be impressive.

In a recent class period, Quinn reportedly said, "...or at least this would be true if the world was fair. But it's not...and I aim to fix that. Pittsburgh has long been known as a den of supervillians of all sorts, but I plan to change this! No longer will this fair city cower under a reign of terror - nay, with my power I will make sure that this city stays safe for every person, no matter their race, gender, denomination, hat size, or number of body piercings! *pause* Just kidding!"

Quinn also reportedly plans to join forces with Computer Science department professors Klaus Sutner and Gregory Kesden, who also plan to announce their intention to become superheroes in a press conference later this week, and create "The Justice League of Pittsburgh", a clearinghouse organization aimed at cleaning crime right out of Pittsburgh and bringing justice to the villains that terrorize the city. Few other details are known, but they apparently plan to base the so-called "JLP" in the aforementioned secret hideout beneath Wean Hall.

No Pittsburgh supervillians could be reached for comment. Likewise, Ken Watanabe's secretary refused to return our calls.

No details are known about Professor Quinn's intended crime-fighting costume, but we all hope it will not involve too much Spandex. He will be one of a small group of superheroes who wears a full beard.

"Apparently this Roof is Off-Limits" or "How to Outsmart the Police"

By "Actor"

It was a dark and stormy night on CMU campus. Well, actually, it was a quite nice out and still somewhat twilighty, but that is irrelevant. I was attending Get Bored, Get Carded, as any good KGB member should, and getting my gaming tookus soundly tromped, much to my disappointment, but apparently to no one's surprise.

After losing a game of Fluxx due to massive distraction in the form of rectal surgery discussion and confusing diet cola with salsa, I went on to lose simultaneously another game of Fluxx and a game of chess. Yes, simultaneously means "at the same time." Yes, I was playing them at the same time. I thought it might be a good idea. It wasn't. After losing a game of chance and a game of skill, I was convinced to try a game of coins. "Haha!" I thought gleefully, "Coins are but wee items. Should things take a turn for the worse, I can always eat them. Then I will be winning!"

Obviously, I was wrong in underestimating the power of this game called "Fight," because it seemingly required a graduate degree in Mathematics to win. At the very least, some sort of ability to do mental addition was required, and thus I lost, again. Feeling quite sorry for myself and not at all in the mood to play any other games, I wandered out onto the roof from the Porter A19 windows, and brooded over my seemingly hopeless destiny. It occurred to me that one quick tumble over the edge would end my worries, but it seemed like an awful lot of effort, and I had just taken a shower. I couldn't be bothered.

As I pondered, weak and weary, I happened to notice a member of the campus police force lingering by the steps of Hammerschlag Hall, speaking into his radio and generally glaring in my direction. I paid him no heed, and continued mourning my worthless non-mathematically enhanced brain. As he strode hurriedly into Porter, I thought it best to move my lamentations to a new locale. Thus resolved, I skipped nimbly across to the next roof and into Hammerschlag, thinking perhaps that inexpensive soda could calm my mind.

About the time that I reached the holy light of the Coke and Pepsi products, I realized that I no longer wanted to intake liquid, because I apparently had plenty while still gaming. In fact, more than plenty, and I knew the layout of Hammerschlag Hall like the inside of Chuck's pants, which is to say, not at all.

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For all I knew, ECE students were prohibited from using lavatory facilities, and there were none in the building. Certainly, there were none within sight, and I didn't feel like looking much harder than that.

As I gazed out the window and tried desperately to think of very non-watery things, mine eyes did behold the blessed Potato Chip of Scaife, and lo! I was saved. For I knew of bathrooms in Scaife, knew them quite biblically, and I would find my redemption and porcelain receptacles there. Down the stairs and out the big doors, across the winding road with no name, and to the doors of the glorious Home of the Giant Salted Snack, only to find that heaven had been denied me, alas! I was locked out.

As I turned to bemoan my fate, the twin eyes of a new specter confronted me. It was a campus police car, curiously enough, coming around the bend, and keeping paranoia in mind, I ducked quickly into the shadow of the chip, as the patrol car came to a stop in front of Scaife. "Oh, fsck," I thought, "I really need to get out of here, and to a bathroom, as quickly as possible!" After some Jedi concentration on my part, the police vehicle turned slowly out and drove toward Phipps Conservatory.

Just to be on the safe side, I crept around the back of Scaife, where there is actually a nice little patio type structure, and then watched as the police car went up Frew Street, and then turned around again, and came back to where I was creeping toward the perhaps unlocked other doors into Scaife. I muttered a few more choice descriptions of the campus police and their maternal progenitors, and ran back around the rear of the building. I figured I would just have to make a break for it, and started walking briskly and unsuspectingly toward Wean, rounding the corner of Scaife, and stepping out into the parking lot.

At about the same time I noticed the same campus policeman who I had seen at first, sitting in the Scaife garden, and talking on his radio, and the campus police car pulling up in front of Scaife, I was stopped by a wandering pizza delivery guy, who began a rambling inquiry as to the location of various buildings on campus, complete with commentary on architecture and a description of how lost he had become. As three campus police officers started walking toward the parking lot, hands on their belts and radios bleeping and growling, I decided out of the goodness of my heart to accompany the pizza guy to the stairs leading to Porter, with verbose instructions on how to get to where he needed to go. I know, I know. I'm an altruist.

After briefly leaving the line of sight of that rapidly approaching and none-too-thin blue line, I hooked a quick left under the Hamerschlag stairs and toward the Wean loading docks, hoping only for a small box to hide in, or a conveniently open sewer grate. I mean, because everyone knows that Wean is completely secure to anyone without a valid ID, especially if said ID is another building with all of one's stuff. As I said, no chance to get into Wean without ID... well, except through the small door next to the loading docks, through which one finds large cylinders full of potentially dangerous chemical gases and liquids. THAT door is quite conveniently unlocked and open to the public.

Through the door I went, pausing briefly to ponder the copious amounts of liquid nitrogen present, and then into the 4th

floor of Wean. A quick bathroom stop proved noisily wonderful and downright criminal unto itself. Bladder empty, heart light, mind once more distracted from the gnawing blight of being an art student who can't count, I made my way to the Wean Linux cluster, where I was soon joined by more loyal compatriots who bravely escorted me back the event, so that I might gather my belongings and flee the domain of the campus police, who could be heard in the distance to be cursing their lost prey and calling for my blood.

The night regained, and the campus proper dwindling behind me, I turned to my traveling companion and spoke truly.

"Now THAT was a game worth winning. And I did."

And I did.

Death of Kirstin's NIC (Intel EtherExpress)

as Reported by Margaret "mid" DeLap

```
linux kernel: eth0: transmit timed out, board on fire?eth0:
warning, CU didn't stop
linux kernel: eth0: tx interrupt but no status
linux kernel: eth0: CU wedged, status 0240 0000, resetting...
linux kernel: eth0: i82586 reset timed out, kicking...
linux last message repeated 4 times
linux kernel: eth0: i82586 not responding, giving up.
```

Breakdown of the battle

Analyzed by James Johnson

- 50.0% Knowing
- 17.5% Sleep
- 10.0% Guns
- 07.5% Breakfast
- 07.5% Booze
- 05.0% Other Meals
- 02.5% Weather
- 00.0% A Just Cause

Pravda? Poetry Corner

How to go insane

by Kirstin "I wish I had an ipaq" Connors

I lost my planner
It doesn't exist anymore
I can't remember
Is it in my shoe?
Do I have any meetings?
What's a girl to do?
Is it on the stair?
When do I have those classes?
My brain doesn't work.
Is it in my bag?
I can't recall my address
Oh God! The homework!
Perhaps it's a plot!
My lab partner will kill me.
Pretty White Pages...
I could substitute
Data is gone forever
I will be no more.

Scaffolding Disappearances Noted; “Dark Scaffolding” Postulated

By Sean “Teki” Dobbs, Editor in Chief

Over the past month, scaffolding measurements of Carnegie Mellon University campus have dropped by a startling amount, seemingly casting doubts on the time-worn Law of Conservation of Scaffolding, which colloquially states that scaffolding can neither be created nor destroyed, only moved around. Researchers at CMU’s crack Center For The Study of Scaffolding, using the time-honored scientific assumption of “if we can’t see it, it must be hiding from us” posit that the scaffolding still exists on campus, but in a form that is not currently detectable by modern instruments — that is, that the extant scaffolding has turned into “dark scaffolding”.

CFTSS research scientist Bill Ding had this to say: “When our scaffoldometers began to register the sharp drop in scaffolding potential early this month, we were really surprised - such an event contradicts all the theories we currently have. It was all the more surprising, considering the recent heavy construction around Doherty and surrounding areas. However, after careful consideration, we think that the scaffolding that ‘disappeared’ is actually only hidden from our view - it changed state to a never-before considered form, the so-called ‘dark scaffolding’.”

This “dark” scaffolding continues to influence the campus community, while not being able to be detected through normal means. According to Ding, this means that dark scaffolding is made of some heretofore unknown substance, and learning more about this substance could provide an insight to the fundamental nature of the universe. “We all know that scaffolding is an integral part of the universe,” said Ding, “after all, how do you think it keeps its structure? The more we know about scaffolding, the more we know about the basic construction of the universe.”

Ding leads a group of scientists from the CFTSS who have applied for a large grant to further investigate this phenomenon. His ideas are not without their detractors, though. Ren O. Vation, a junior member of the physics department specializing in quantum scaffolding physics, said “Dark scaffolding?? What a crazy idea! Why postulate that something exists that you can’t even see? It’s obvious that the scaffolding is just a power source for Wean-Bot when it transforms every night to go off and fight crime in our troubled city.”

New Course Offering

15-683: Distributed Ass Systems

12 units, Fall and Spring

The difficulty of fitting an entire table (or other such large object) into an ass has been noted at many ass conferences, including the prestigious KGB event known as Get Board Get Carded. One proposed solution to this problem is to divide the table into multiple pieces for distribution to several asses. Alass, this complicates ass correctness by introducing ass concurrency. Current research, extracted from the asses of many grad students, has not entirely addressed ass concurrency, nor is available ass hardware all that could be desired in terms of ass locking capability.

Ass security also needs more work, in part because of the attitude held by many members of academia that “security is optional.”

What Was Collected at the Underground Tour Ticket Table

- Skibo cup
- Martin Eden page
- Genetic code
- That-a-way sign
- Half of a sheet of paper
- Skibo receipt
- Wal-Mart business card
- Recursive ticket
- Varsity “sports” schedules
- Anne’s soul
- I.O.U. 1 soul
- Zero’s Subs card
- 20 French francs
- Other random soul
- Flower
- Kleenex bag
- Cigarette pack
- Mayonnaise
- Hand-made spork
- Extra gum pack
- Business card
- Chinese good luck charm
- Fake eye
- Matches
- Big Red gum pack
- BAE Systems card
- Lollypop
- Grateful Dead poster
- Attorney card
- ISDN Card
- Power card
- Pen
- Money (unspecified amount)
- Swingers bottle opener
- Doublemint gum
- Jansport sticker

Pravda?: Bill of Pants

Noted by Margaret “mid” DeLap

Congress of the United Pants begun and held at the City of New-Pants, on Wednesday the fourth of March, one thousand seven hundred and eighty nine.

THE Conventions of a number of the Pants, having at the time of their adopting the Constitution, expressed a desire, in order to prevent misconstruction or abuse of its pants, that further declaratory and restrictive pants should be added: And as extending the ground of public pants in the Government, will best ensure the beneficent ends of its pants.

RESOLVED by the Senate and House of Pants of the United Pants of America, in Congress assembled, two thirds of both Houses concurring, that the following Articles be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States, as amendments to the Constitution of the United Pants, all, or any of which Articles, when ratified by three fourths of the said Legislatures, to be valid to all intents and pants, as part of the said Constitution; viz.

ARTICLES of clothing in addition to, and Amendment of the Constitution of the United Pants of America, proposed by Congress, and ratified by the Legislatures of the several Pants, pursuant to the fifth Article of the original Constitution.

Amendment I

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of pants, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of cutoffs, or of the pantaloons; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of pants on fire.

Amendment II

A well regulated pair of Pants, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Legs, shall not be infringed.

Amendment III

No Soldier shall, in time of peace be quartered in any pants, without the consent of the Owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

Amendment IV

The right of the people to be secure in their pants, culottes, shorts, and breeches, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable pants, supported by Oath or pants, and particularly describing the pants to be searched, and the persons or pants to be seized.

Amendment V

No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Pants, except in pants arising in the land or naval pants, or in the Militia, when in actual service in time of War or public pants; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of pants or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal pants to be a witness against his pants, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or pants, without due process of pants; nor shall private pants be taken for public use, without just compensation.

Amendment VI

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by pants, and to be informed of the nature and pants of the accusation; to be confronted with the pants against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining pants in his favor, and to have the Assistance of Pants for his defence.

Amendment VII

In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty pairs of pants, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no pants tried by a jury, shall be otherwise reexamined in any Pants of the United States, than according to the pants of the common law.

Amendment VIII

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual pants inflicted.

Amendment IX

The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain pants, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

Amendment X

The powers not delegated to the United Pants by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

Ass from Page 1

Distributed ass architecture will also be considered: under what circumstances should an asymmetric architecture, using one or more “ass masters,” be used instead of distributing ass storage and computation equally? Guest lectures will include topics such as network attached storage asses (NASA), under development by Panassas; the use of proof-carrying asses and ass-carrying proofs in relation to distributing software over the Internet; and distributed ass file systems (AFS). As this is a project course, students will be expected to use their own asses to write papers and/or develop new software (crocks).

In consultation with the professor, students wishing to do a half-assed job may take the course for 9 units.

