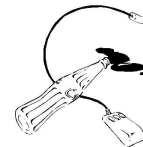




# PRAVDA?



## The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy

Editor: Ed Ryan (*epr+pravda@andrew.cmu.edu*)

Price: FREE just like your mother

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### Seizure of Power

*by John D. Balthazar*

With the coming of a new semester, I, and my imaginary friend Ed, do hereby seize control of this publication. Our goals are to consolidate our power in the KGB, and we will use this newsletter to distribute our propaganda among the unsuspecting KGB populace.

Our first act as High and Lordly Secretary of Correspondance is to give all Pravda? staff a 50% raise. In addition, in order to encourage submission to Pravda?, we are offering the following benefits to anyone who contributes articles to future issues of Pravda?:

- Immortality (good until submissions for the next issue are due)
- 100 square kilometers of solar real estate
- A sample of my DNA, to be put to whatever use you please

**SUBMIT TO ME!  
SUBMIT TO PRAVDA?!**

### Pirate Radio

*by mtolan*

With the recent emergence of webcasting fees, new channels for the flow of music are springing up underneath the nose, and radar, of the overly-litigious RIAA. Much of their newfound popularity stems from the free music they provide, as well as their anti-RIAA political views. In addition, they are pirates.

Sporting eye-patches, peg-legs, and birdies on their shoulder, Captain Morgan and Captain Hook were more than willing to answer this reporter's questions.

"Yarr, we had to do somethin'!", exclaimed Morgan, "Piracy has changed these days. We had ta bring ourselves into the new millennium." Added Hook, "Aye, bein' a pirate used ta be about the pillagin' and the booty. Now ya gotta steal music ta be a proper pirate." To join the new era of piracy, the two have been sailing the Seven Seas and the Monongahela, broadcasting RIAA music from the rigging of their ship, the S.S. Salty Codec.

"Every last song we broadcast be an illegal MP3, and we defy Hillary Rosen's mightiest Man'o'War to come and stop us! The rest of you lot can listen to us on our station, WARR", roared Hook.

As to how one ship could have two pirate captains, the pair declined comment.

Carnegie Mellon Police issued a citation for defiant trespass, just for the hell of it.

### So You've Decided to Be Agnostic

*by your quasi-philosophical advisor, Sgt@Arms lmarsh*

If you've decided to give both theism and atheism the boot, for being equally inconceivable, it's time to discover the world of, "Who knows?" My own personal credo is: "-Maybe- something's out there. Bugger me if I'll ever figure it out."

I also espouse really-annoying-agnosticism. Yes, we have dogma. It involves answering every question with "Maybe," "I don't know," or "Sometimes." This includes questions like, "Do you like pie?" The appropriate follow-up to any question should also include, "What do you mean by..." As in, "What do you mean by 'like'?" or "What do you mean by 'pie'?" Then you have to get this far-away look in your eye and think about stuff until people walk away in disgust and stop asking stupid questions.

Alternatively, I enjoy indecisive agnosticism. Central to this philosophic is the response of, "Yes... er, well, no, well, sometimes, er, well, you see, if you look at it another way, yes, but occasionally no, and right now I'm not so sure, but later I might have a better idea, but probably not, unless I do." This also helps to drive away people who ask stupid questions.

If neither of these two strains appeals to you, you might want to consider agnostic mysticism, or "hippie agnosticism." If you partake of a lot of contemplative mind-altering substances, you're probably already there. If not, you can simulate the mindset by staring for hours at shiny things, staying up all night, or listening to Oakenfold. You'll know when you've reached the appropriate state when your mental response to questions of spirituality consist of blinking and feelings of oneness with the universe.

By far the most efficient of the agnosticisms is the apathetic school of thought. Most devotees could explain it much better than I, but they don't think it's worth the effort. If you're good at shrugging and looking uninterested, this may be for you.

Finally, there's robust agnosticism. This is possibly the most compelling of the philosophies. This system states not only that we don't know what is out there, but also that we will never be able to know. I'll leave it to philosophers greater than I to discuss that, but I think it involves something about the limitations of our sensory and cognitive apparatus, but I digress.

For further inquires, consult your Magic Five Ball.

PEOPLE! THE KGB HOLDS PUBLIC GENERAL MEETINGS THAT ARE GENERALLY OPEN TO THE PUBLIC AT 16:30PM, MONDAYS IN MARGARET MORRISON A14. BRING YOUR PENNIES.

Why aren't you buying more tangerines?

# KGB Holds Propaganda Night

by *KIRSTIN CONNORS - Associated Pravda Writer*

West Wing TV Room (AP) – For the first event of the year, KGB holds a propaganda/movie night much to the joy and enchantment of all and yet still manages not to create any propaganda.

The evening began with a bang in West Wing TV Room. Movies were rented, pops were poured, and nary a VCR was in sight. While the attendees made the best of it, chit chatting and flirting with the freshman, times grew desperate and the party relocated to DH 2210. Fortunately, our esteemed Corresponding Secretary Edward Ryan had already reserved the room.

En route, several of our loyal comrades were lost including the late Sean ‘Teki’ Dobbs. We can only assume that he was eaten by barbarous Sorority girls. Following our arrival in DH 2210, we selected The Princess Bride to watch and Chinese food to order.

The movie was as good as it ever has been. Buttercup is still helpless. Humperdink is still evil. Westley is still hot`H`H`H heroic. After the movie all parties were happy. And the anti-winblows spies set the classroom computer to repeatedly reboot forever.

Best Quotes from the movie (as shown for the KGB):

**Grandpa:** Welcome to your first lecture for 15-412 Operating Systems.

**The Grandson:** Doesn’t sound too bad. I’ll try to stay awake.

**Grandpa:** [narrating] Nothing gave Teki as much pleasure as ordering Misha around.

**Vizzini:** And you... friendless, helpless, hopeless, brainless! Do you want me to send you back where I found you? Unemployed?! In H&SS?!

**The Grandson:** Grandpa, maybe you could come over and read it again to me tomorrow?

**Grandpa:** I can’t. I finally got a Ph.D., got married, and moved to New York. You should ask Shawn Knight.

# The D&D Character Backstory Madlib

by *mtomczak*

Are you entering a new D&D campaign, but suffering from writer’s block? Having difficulty deciding the back-story for your roguish hero? Then try this handy-dandy backstory-generating MadLib! Simply choose words to fill in the placeholders below, then replace the placeholders in your story. Have fun!

[NAME]: Character’s name

[SO\_NAME]: The name of the object of your character’s affection

[FATHER\_NAME]: Name of your character’s father

[RIVAL\_NAME]: Your character’s rival

[TOWN\_NAME]: Name of your town

[TAVERN\_NAME]: Name of tavern in the town

As a young lad in his home town, [TOWN\_NAME], [NAME] had only ever wanted one thing: to see the world. [TOWN\_NAME] was a small town, and little of note ever happened: people were born, they died, crops grew and cattle fed, and the biggest concern of the day was whether tomorrow was rain or shine. Ever since he had received his first small training blade, [NAME] knew what he wanted to be: an adventurer,

finding his fortune in the wide, wonderful world beyond the last wheatfield. When he came of age, [NAME] fully intended to leave his town but there was one thing stopping him: his father.

As the father of [NAME], [FATHER\_NAME] longed to hear the pitter-patter of little grandchildren’s feet. Knowing what sort of life adventurers lead (and average life expectancy), he was concerned that were his son to go off adventuring, he would never have an opportunity to be a grandfather. After all, even if [NAME] survived his encounters with ruffians, orcs, and dragons, what lady would ever glance twice at a battle-scarred, ugly mercenary? And so it was that [FATHER\_NAME] made his son swear an oath to never leave the town until he was happily wed and had left an heir to the family farm. Though he hated the farm with all his being, the son obediently agreed. And so he set out to find himself a wife as quickly as possible that he may quit his accursed hometown of [TOWN\_NAME].

As might be expected, few women in the small town of [TOWN\_NAME] were willing to entertain the notion of marrying a man who had openly admitted that he would leave on the night of their first child’s birth. However, [NAME] did find one young maid of the town unlike others. Her name was [SO\_NAME]. She was a rare beauty, the flower of her generation, a true prize for any farmer’s son in all the land. She respected strength above all, and so she was intrigued by the brash young man who talked of the great deeds he’d do, far beyond the last wheatfield of the eastern expanse of [TOWN\_NAME]. However, although [NAME] pleased her fancy, her affections were not bent toward him alone. There was another youth in town, [RIVAL\_NAME], the son of the mayor, who it was said had once carried an entire fruit cart through the town square on his shoulders, just for a dare.

As time went on, [NAME] and [RIVAL\_NAME] collided again and again, in ever more heated ways over [SO\_NAME]. This rivalry pleased [SO\_NAME], and she subtly encouraged it to her own pleasure. Things finally reached a climax when [SO\_NAME] arranged to meet both young men at the town’s local tavern, the [TAVERN\_NAME]. Though she had arranged with each of them separately to meet with them at sundown, in reality she had no intention of meeting either; she wished to see what they would do thrown together without her.

Taking adjacent benches at the bar, both young men began brashly boasting of how [SO\_NAME] truly loved him. At last, this loose talk became too much for [NAME], and he challenged [RIVAL\_NAME] to a straight test of strength, in the oldest fashion in the history of men: a fistfight. When it was over, [RIVAL\_NAME] had a cut on his shoulder, and [NAME] had a broken nose, a black eye, a broken arm that would heal crookedly, scars criss-crossing his right cheek, and five teeth missing. Within days, it was known who [SO\_NAME] had chosen, and all agreed that she and [RIVAL\_NAME] would be very happy together. Disgraced by his son’s failure and certain that his disfigurement and reputation would make it impossible for him to ever find a mate in [TOWN\_NAME], [FATHER\_NAME] cast [NAME] out into the world, yelling that if he couldn’t be satisfied with the women in his town, perhaps somewhere in the world he’d find a girl who’d ”appreciate” the charm of a scarred husk of adventurer flesh.

And so it came to pass that [FULL\_NAME], with only his meager possessions, sturdiest leather training armor, and small training sword to protect him, set out into the world on his first adventure.

## The Mars Question

by various posters to *assocs.kgb*

The question was this: Imagine that you are the first human to set foot on the surface of planet Mars. Knowing that people all over the world are watching and listening, what are your first words?

- Anyone got a Mars-meqllow?
- I claim this land for Spain!
- Mars Needs Women.
- My god, it's full of stars.
- Ho, Ho, Ho... Well, if it isn't stinking Marshswamp Marsman in poison. How are thou, thou globby bottle of cheaping stinking chip oil? Come and get one in the yarbles, if you have any yarbles, you eunuch jelly thou.
- I'm looking for a Michael Valentine Smith. Is there a Michael Valentine Smith here?
- You know what'd look good on top of that mountain? A shopping mall, with some nice condos next to it...
- Ga-gal!
- Hi kids. I'm Noble Shore, and now that I'm on Mars, I think I'll enjoy a deee-licious Mars Bar (TM). A Mars Bar (TM) really its the spot after a long space flight. So eat your Mars Bars (TM) kids, and maybe someday you too can travel in outer space.
- AAARRRGGGGHHH MY foot's being dissolved... just kidding.
- Vote Selma Z. & Venessa B. for student body Prez and VP.
- Workers of Mars, unite!
- Does this place sell T-shirts?

## Sympathy for the Jabberwock An Editorial

by Ed

Something that has always bothered me has been the bad rap that the Jabberwocky gets. I'm sure you're all familiar with the old poem by Lewis Carroll, with it's outrabing mome raths and slithy toves. It tells of the (supposedly) heroic slaying of the Jabberwocky by some beamish boy of uffish thought, to the delight of his (likely senile and doting) father.

But upon examination, we find very little evidence that the Jabberwocky really as manxome as all that. We get a vague description from the father (the jaws that bite, the claws that catch), but the actual sighting of the beast doesn't support this. To remind the forgetful, the Jabberwock, with eyes of flame, came wiffing through the tulgey wood, it burbled as it came! Now, does "wiffing" sound like a particularly menacing act? Should "wiffle ball" be outlawed? Wiffle evokes thoughts of silliness and a carefree nature, not of a large, nasty thing bent on devouring your intestines.

Then there's "burble". *Babies* burble. Hideous, man eating monsters most decidedly do not! The thoughtless slaughter of this innocent beast enrages me. Hell, if I were out on a nice wiffle through the tulgey wood, burbling happily, I know that I certainly wouldn't want some fool with his vorpal blade coming up and going snicker-snack to my neck.

Damn it, why can't people let these monsters be? Now some majestic monster has its head mounted on a wall somewhere, its once glorious countenance subject to calls of "Cal-looh! Callay!" With the Jabberwock gone, the endagered Jub-jub bird and frumious bandersnatch will be the next to fall.

## Campus Police Annouces "Red Light" Plans

by Rowanne

As an alternative to widely publicized plans to outfit all the emergency call boxes on Carnegie Mellon's campus with distinctive blue lights, Campus Police has announced a plan to open brothels near many strategic emergency phone locations. These brothels will be marked by distinctive "red lights", and police hope that they will lower the incidence of sexual crimes on campus.

"We were getting a lot of flack for the 'Blue Light' proposal from many groups, mostly because of its high cost," said Campus Police Chief Doyle. "So we were trying to come up with an alternative, and we thought 'If blue lights don't work, how about red ones?'"

By undercutting local merchant's prices, along with a 2% increase in tuition, police expect that the proposed brothels will cost much less than the Blue Light plan. Campus police also expect that these brothels will increase the quality of life on campus by offering new opportunities for sex-deprived male engineers and computer scientists. Of course, CampusXpress will be accepted.

However, not all are as optimistic as Campus Police. "I don't want my tuition going to a hare-brained scheme like this," said a disaffected Carnegie Mellon student. "And just when did Pravda? starting printing Readme ripoffs, anyway?"

## Presidential Rating Scale

Please rate the President of KGB in each of the following categories, using the given examples as guides:

### Leadership

- Winston Churchill
- Ronald Reagan
- Jerry Cohen
- A block of wood

### Integrity

- George Washington
- Enron
- The Titanic
- A scale replica of Abraham Lincoln made entirely out of toothpicks

### Stratergy

- Erwin Rommel
- George W. Bush
- General Custer
- The Seattle Seahawks

### Funny

- Robin Williams
- Chuck Werner
- A rubber crutch
- Comedy Central

### Cute

- puppy/kitten
- Japanese schoolgirl
- Jerry Cohen
- tentacle monster

### Overall

- I will create a shrine to him when I home and name all my children "Teki", even the girls.
- Umm...well...umm...do I get a lifeline?
- Hesh wants sex!
- You ask me what my answer is, and I say that it is 'yes'

## Write Your Own Pravda? Article

by Former Pravda? Editor-in-Chief Sean "Teki" Dobbs

Recently (a multinational corporation that rhymes with "Lipo-Croft"/a group of angry badgers with southern accents/small blue aliens from the planet "Itanium"/your mom) announced plans to build a (A giant green death ray/an army of mutant porpoises/the definitive mousetrap/a life-size sculpture of Jerry Cohen made from spam) for the purpose of (bringing peace, harmony, and My Little Pony to the world/swift and bloody conquest/perpetrating a lame Austin Powers joke/s3XX0rZ w17 s0M3 m4d cH1XX0rZ/because they were drunk).

By doing this, the group hopes to (solve all the world's problems, except for smelly laundry/have complete and utter control of the worlds resources so they can party all night, and rock and roll every day/toy with you like the little SimPeople you are/finally get into grad school).

"I can't believe (such a crime could be perpetuated against humanity/that you called me out of bed for this/that i'm not wearing any pants/that it's not butter)!" said (Police Commissioner Gordon/University President Jerry "Happy Fun Joy" Cohen/Noted Cynic Sean Mintus/your mom). "Who would have thought that (tentacles could actually do that/Housing could be so incompetent/Clark Kent is actually Superman/millions of people *could* actually be wrong)?"

Student President Brian Namey could not be reached for comment, but was seen (jetting off to his Caribbean resort/spanking Michael Moiseyev like the monkey he is/swimming in a pool filled wih gold coins, like Scrooge McDuck/storming the Pravda? editorial offices with his crack Student Senate Guard).

## Maternity Thongs

by dkaplan, High Queen of TMI

I was watching Today on NBC, on January 29, 2002, and they were talking about thongs. That's all well and good. In fact, I own a thong of my own, and its name is Matt Damon (because there's nothing I'd rather have between my legs). Thongs are just fine, and a potentially spicy addition to a wardrobe. For women, they can also serve the useful function of reducing or eliminating unwanted "panty lines." But now they have gone too far. There is now such a thing as a maternity thong. It is a thong, made for pregnant women to wear. I had to see a mannequin-bust of a pregnant woman, wearing a sheer black thong. I cannot even contemplate the fact that this garment could make an appearance on the body of an actual pregnant woman. I try, and my mind just shuts off.

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HEY! DON'T THINK THAT JUST BECAUSE THIS ISSUE OF PRAVDA? IS DONE, YOU HAVE AN EXCUSE TO SLACK OFF. THIS IS ONLY THE FIRST OF MANY, MANY PRAVDA?S TO BE CREATED THROUGH YOUR \*COUGH\* HARD WORK.

THE NEXT ISSUE OF PRAVDA WILL BE A SOOPER COMIC EDITION, ASSUMING ENOUGH ARTMONKEYS SUBMIT PRETTY COMICS (OR EVEN TERRIBLY DRAWN COMICS, LIKE THAT STUPID 11:45 CARTOON IN THE TARTAN).

NOW I JUST NEED TO FILL ABOUT TWO MORE LINES BEFORE I'M FINISHED.

If the telephone rings today... water it!

## Jason X or, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Hate the Schlock

lmarsh

I am a giant wuss, and horror movies scare me with a passion. It doesn't matter how poorly done or campy they are; if they have guts and suspenseful music and sudden camera shifts, I'm done in. My feet are up on the chair, I'm squeezing the available apendage of whoever is unlucky enough to sit next to me, and I'm squeaking in time to the machete blows.

This being as it is, I still agreed to go and see Jason X on Sunday with seasoned hecklers who know the true meaning of "If you guys don't shut up, I'm going to rip your arms off." I thought maybe the catcalls and explosive guffaws would be enough to keep me in the real world. Boy, was I wrong. I completely tuned out my friends. What saved me, in the end, was not their tried and true humor, but the absolutely illogical crappiness of this, the tenth in the Jason saga.

Jason X, or as it should be known, Jason... IN SPACE! features the cryogenically frozen killer, who by not-so-cunning plot device, survives for 400 years, bring him to TEH FUTURE. The rest of the plot doesn't bear mentioning, save for a few key points. SPACESHIP. HOTTIES. GUNS. ICKY DEATH. 'SPLOSIONS. (and nanite technology). Key exciting icky deaths include death by falling on a large pointless sharpened screw, face frozen in liquid nitrogen and shattered, and sucked through five inch hole in side of spaceship that has a grate over it. Yeah. The rest are pretty simple variations on stabbing or slicing various bits of person. I also appreciated the wobbly head because of slit throat death scene. Nothing better than juicy lung sounds.

The blood-spattered characters, who alternately made me cringe from their bad acting and their sudden demises, kept my heart rate up with their skimpy FUTURE CLOTHES. Because if Hollywood and AB Tech have taught us anything, it is that everyone in the future is indeed hot. But what Jason X has taught us is that being hot is a curse. Because hotness leads to making out, and making out is what sets Jason's machete-sense a tingling. Hotties making out managed, in fact, to revive Jason from his long frozen sleep in which the earth and everything we know was wiped out in some sort of very dusty war, or maybe a meteorite or something, not that it's discussed. We can't have a post-apocalyptic future space marine hottie film without the apocalypse. Duh.

Anyway, I'm about done writing this, because I think I'm going to get some ice cream soon, but to sum up: The only good thing about this movie were the puns. Man falls on large pointless sharpened screw- "He got screwed." Girl gets drawn forcefully into the vaccuum of space through a grate- "This sucks on so many levels." Okay, there was your entire reason for seeing the movie. What you say? You're still not convinced as to whether you should see it? Alright- if you like some mad boobies on screen action, a universe where the ships are made out of tinfoil, and a ship that has more twisting useless hallways and poor lighting than the steam tunnels, go see Jason X. If you like things that make sense, have plot, and characters with something other than a hormonal motivation, go see some other movie. If you're like me, and you want to go see the shlock, but get creeped out by horror flicks, here's a little advice. Imagine if you will, that the people responsible for making this ...movie... have far more money and toys than you, and far, far less brains. Then let the bitterness shield you from the horror, and all will be well. Got it? Good. The end. Ooooh.. time for ice cream.