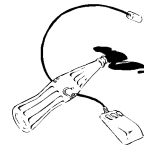




PRAVDA?



The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy
Editor: Sean Dobbs (teki@cmu.edu)

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Apathy Levels Reach Record High

By Sean "Teki" Dobbs, Editor in Chief

According to Reg I. Nald and Inge Bohr, professors-at-large in the world-renowned Apathy Research Center at CMU, students and faculty should brace themselves for dangerously high levels of apathy this year.

"I was monitoring the readouts a couple weeks ago," said Professor Nald, "when I noticed a sharp, exponential rise in the apathy levels on campus. That can only mean one thing: summer is over, and the students have returned."

"It's not just that," commented Professor Bohr, "These numbers have grown higher and faster than any on record, more than can be explained by the 'record number' or freshman entering this year. It's unprecedented!"

Background levels of apathy in Wean Hall, a hotbed on campus, have risen to dangerous levels this year, and have started to spread throughout campus. Many fear that this wave of apathy could soon spread into the surrounding neighbourhood.

According to Professor Bohr, "There is only one thing we can do about this: Go to KGB meetings, 4:30 every Monday in Margaret Morrison 103, Breed Hall, and read the bboard, assocs.kgb. This is our only hope!"

The professor then yelled at this reporter for allegedly putting words in his mouth.

Fuck Booth

By Chick Nixon, found on the floor by Karen Adams

This is Chick Nixon's brief ode to Booth, entitled "Fuck Booth." Chick Nixon is the long lost sister of Dick Nixon, who was recently discovered in the overhead luggage rack of the Bitter Bus. This explains the rattling noise. Chick apologises for the strong language of the poem, but artistic requirements cannot be compromised for the sake of a few prudish shitheads.

Meet Your Officers: Dan Hook

DanHook Clone: How long have you been president of KGB?

Dan Hook: I was elected at the end of spring semester 2000. That would be the end of my sophomore year. Before that I held the office of 2nd Vice President for a year. Before that, I was simply Cookie Boy. There are theories that my influence upon the KGB reaches farther back in time, but they all depend on the manufacture of a working time machine which, alas, has failed to materialise.

DHC: Tell us a little more about "Cookie Boy."

DH: I first received the title of Cookie Boy during my freshman year. It was booth season of '99. I sustained our hard-working booth crew with chocolate chip cookies, thus gaining the admiration of my comrades and the title Cookie Boy.

DHC: This all sounds very innocent. Isn't there a darker side to the Cookie Boy story? Something to do with Cookie Boy Inc.?

DH: Ah yes, CBI. I was wondering when you were going to ask me about that. As my influence within KGB grew, it was simply impractical for one man to do all of the work. Thus, I decided to go corporate. CBI now has its own death squad of Madagascar hissing cockroaches as well as a franchise, Cookie Waif, known to many as Karen Adams. A better source for information about CBI is past issues of *Pravda*?

DHC: Is it true that the DanHook clones, of which I am in fact one, are all part of a CBI plot to first take over KGB and then the world?

DH: No. Of course not. Where did you ever hear of such a thing? I want a name, address and times when they are likely to be asleep. Next question.

DHC: Ok then. Moving on, what other organizations are you involved in?

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Dick Nixon says: Goddammit, get your recommended weekly allowance of KGB at,
KGB General Meetings — Mondays 4:30PM MM 103
For the latest info, read the bboard: assocs.kgb

DH: I'm treasurer of the CMU Aiki Jujutsu Club. It's a martial art. I'm glad I'm taking it, too. The safety of the President is usually entrusted to the Sergeant at Arms. Of course, the S@A this year is none other than Laura Marsh. Needless to say, I'm acting as my own bodyguard this year.

DHC: Speaking of other officers, you seem to be having some sort of power struggle with your first veep, Cort.

DH: Well, I did call off the first meeting of the year, and then he called it back on. Then he cancelled our first event of the year, and I called it back on. My theory is the mind control devices implanted late last semester are starting to corrode. It's happened before. DanHook clones 23 through 31 are working on the problem.

DHC: Could you tell us a little about this Underground Tour we've heard so much about?

DH: I could, but it's so much better if you're actually there. Oh, and don't worry too much if you're late. Just ask one of our friendly campus police officers if they have seen a huge group of students being led around by people in trenchcoats. They should be able to point you in the right direction.

DHC: Can you give us a sneak peak at any upcoming events?

DH: At some point this month we will have a couple alumni perform a musical number at one of our meetings. They were great last year and they'll be at least entertaining this year. We will also be having a game night at some point. For you new members there will be a "Meet Your Officers" dinner. Yet another Troma movie survival night is promised by one of those unnamed alumni. Of course, we have many more activities planned. That's just what I can think of off the top of my head.

DHC: Thank you for your time.

DH: Thank you. Now, I want you to get back to work on testing those new alloys for corrosion. We need mind control devices that will last a full four years for all these new members.

DHC: Yes sir.

DH: Good. Heh, is that tape still on? Gimme that—

Outcasts Returned to Dark Prison

By Lackey No. 1

On Monday, the 28th of August, reports came in to the Warner Hall command center of a wandering group of foul, misshapen, confused creatures meandering around the CMU campus. Campus police was immediately dispatched to the area, and soon caught up with the unsightly group. They seemed frightened and disoriented, their pupils severely dilated from what seemed like their first contact with natural light in months, possibly years.

Quotes from the Physics Department's Space Cases, or Why Otaku Shouldn't be Let Out at Night

By Chris Clark, Otaku Warrior

By virtue of the fact that it really doesn't much fit anywhere else, Astronomy is a course offered by the Physics department of this university. Now, like most scientists, astronomers usually aren't thinking about how what they say can be taken any other way than theirs. Now enter me, an admitted anime fan. One of the first shows I got hooked on was Sailor Moon. (Don't laugh. Yeah I'm talking to you, sitting in that comfy chair thinking this is funny.) Considering the show's main female cast all have planetary names, some of the things said in an astronomy course could produce some interesting results if you think about the anime characters instead of the planets being spoken about. Keeping this in mind, here are some quotes from this semester's Astronomy course and the rebuttals from my anime addled mind:

"Mars is moving on another circle."

- *Would explain the fire readings...*

"Neptune and Pluto are on another plain."

- *Won't Haruka (S. Uranus) get jealous?*

"The phases of Venus"

- *Ah, the mood swings.*

"The moons of Jupiter"

- *Hmm... Must've gotten into the cooking sherry again...*

"The relationship between the periods of the planets."

- *No comment*

"Mercury's pretty hot..."

- **blink* Ahh... No comment*

"Mercury has a high eccentricity compared to the other inner planets."

- *So she studies. Big deal!*

"Mercury looks very much like the Moon."

- *No resemblance.*

"[The] best observations [of Mars] are made at favourable oppositions."

- *So Rei (S. Mars) gets into arguments with Usagi (S. Moon) just to get screen time?*

"The outer [planets] have many moons..."

- *O...K...*

"We know very little about Pluto..."

- *... And she likes to keep it that way.*

"Neptune and Uranus are hard to find."

- *They just like their privacy.*

"Jupiter's Great Red Spot"

- *Pimple? Birth mark? What? Where?*

Fuck Booth

*The purpose of this poem is simple
Though sometimes the rhyme is complex.
On the ass end of Life, Booth's a pimple.
So let's give it all up and have sex.*

*We allocate all of our assets
Then we allocate just a bit more.
This year you can all kiss my ass-It's
Far cheaper to go rent a whore.*

*Think of Booth as an anti-orgasm
It's long-lasting and painful as Hell.
Pleasant memories of Booth?!? No one has'em.
The nostalgia remover works well.*

*So good-bye Booth, I won't even miss you.
You won't haunt my memory because-
A good porno and a box of tissue
And I'll forget what game shift ever was.*

*For it's not about winning or losing
Or how fairly the Booth game was played.
I find all the judging confusing
So I'm off to a bar to get laid.*

Chick respectfully suggests that, if KGB is foolish enough to ignore her advice and continues to build Booth, they build a towering phallic structure with dim interior lighting, soft music, with faux fur carpeting. Let's get back to our proud tradition of warping innocent young minds with perverted filth.

Dan Hook can't commit

By Inside Informant, Code Name: Deep Trouble

"What the hell is wrong with you?" shouted the KGB in a recent fight. "It seems that every time we get close, you just push me away. Don't you love me? You told me so yourself so many times you bastard. To think I actually believed you."

Angered and perplexed, President Hook shouted "Lay off, just leave me alone. Don't jump back like that, I'm not shouting at you. No, I'M NOT SHOUTING!!"

The rocky love-hate relationship between KGB and its president Dan Hook started last spring. KGB was on the rebound after having just been left by its former president of 2 years, Chuck, and decided that this time, things would be different. In a vulnerable, possibly intoxicated state, the KGB as an organization decided to commit itself to Dan Hook, who seemed like a sweet and sensitive alternative to the ruthless presidency of that lying, cheating scumbag Charles F. Werner.

In the past few weeks however, president Hook has seemed to be getting more distant from and colder towards his beloved KGB. When questioned on this, he only blew up in a fit of anger, apologising later by

Rules for Painting the Fence

1. No permanent structures over three stories.
2. No painting the trees...oh wait, nevermind.
3. Spray paint is just, like God's gift. Even though the tradition is really to only use paint brushes, use the spray anyway, any tacky color you want! gR4fF7t1r00L3z!!!
4. The maximum time one organization can consecutively hold the fence is six weeks, but exceptions can be made. Just be ready to deal with rent and subletting...
5. All organizations except the Priviledged Few are not allowed to hold the fence unless the average nighttime temperature dips below 20 degrees Fahrenheit.
6. The appropriate times for painting the fence have been extended to 6PM-6AM. Or really any time you want. I mean, who really cares about tradition anyway? Right?

mumbling something about having a lot on his mind right now. But in the last week alone, the fights have escalated to a new level, and are no longer ending with apologies and cuddling. For the first time in the 5 month relationship, Dan Hook actually hit the KGB, even though he later denied it and claimed that he was just mad and swinging his fist, then slipped.

Sources suggest that this behaviour is caused by president Dan Hook's fear of commitment. When he first became the president of KGB, the summer was coming up, and no responsibility seemed ahead. But with the start of the school year, Hook's title as president has quickly taken on meaning, and only now is the great weight of it beginning to set in. Realizing that the entire year is ahead, and that next spring he will most likely be practically unopposed for re-election, Dan Hook has begun to fear the future and is frantically searching for a way back out, only to find his bridges burned. For even if he were to end his presidential relations with the KGB as an organization, he would still have to face it on a weekly basis, the awkwardness of which would simply be too hard to handle.

The KGB as an organization, scared and emotionally hurt, was last seen in front of the TV, watching an old love movie and crying while eating an entire gallon of Ben & Jerry's double fudge chocolate ice cream with a table spoon. The organization is expected to call its mother and complain, then get together with its best girlfriends, do some group bashing of Dan Hook, then go on a shoe shopping spree. After that, predictions are sketchy, but more information should become available with time, so keep an eye on *Pravda*? for the latest news and updates on this developing story.

A couple in the group were mumbling something incoherently, but from pictures of a big red lizard on their unwashed T-shirts, they were evaluated to be CS majors. Another group was yelling at each other about something to do with closed sets and completeness, but despite identifying themselves as math majors, were unable to perform simple arithmetic when questioned on how many of them were in the group. When asked other simple questions, several went into long, unrelated discussions, then started yelling at each other again over some details in their argument that by now had no point what so ever.

Most presentable of the group seemed the ones who identified themselves as physics majors, despite speaking an indecipherable language. After attempts at verbal communication failed, a crude pictographic language was quickly devised and used to communicate with the eerie few. They drew beautiful diagrams of things which they claimed were all around us, but too small to see. Upon analysing their diagrams and conclusions, they were questioned on as to why they seemed to have to sets of theories, one for why things fall, and another for why matter sticks together. Several hung their heads in shame. One however made an attempt to reconcile the diagrams by claiming the existence of a magical “graviton” which was too small to be detected, but when questioned in its mathematical contradictions and physical redundancy, he suddenly broke down and started crying.

Also present was a moving pizza box on wheels, with a camera duct-taped to its top. Close behind it was a wretched excuse of a human being who had not only been deprived of fresh air or sunlight, but seemingly food and sleep as well. He walked behind his creature slowly, carrying a laptop that, despite being rather compact in size, weighed more than its owner and was almost tipping him over.

The entire group was then carefully escorted back to their natural habitat, a large concrete structure void of the blinding light or the deafening sounds of the outside world, and decorated only with bottle caps lining every grey wall. Before entering, one member of the group suddenly exclaimed that he could change, and didn’t want to go back to his proper place. He made a run for it, but was no match for the speed of the bicycles of his guardian campus police. He was taken down before he even got past the orientation tent, and after an educational beating, finally cried out “I accept my place and my fate, please take me back to darkness where I belong.”

Once inside, the members of the outcast group quickly fit back into their usual surroundings, fading away into the shadows. They are expected to stay there for many more years, eventually turning staff. The incident seemed to have been caused by the start of classes,

which brought on a rush of outsiders into the home of the Wean dwellers, and scared by the bright colors, cheerful talk, and still hopeful faces of the intruders, the aforementioned group broke out. The incident is not expected to repeat itself however, as the intruders themselves are quickly being accustomed to their surroundings, their smiles slowly fading, their hope quickly dying. Locked in their dank dungeon, the outside world will surely be safe from these lost souls for many years to come.

Classifieds

Looking for talented individuals with little or no morals willing to work on technically demanding jobs on the cheap. Pay is negotiable, but we’re looking at: a spatula for a sabotage, a case of soda for a computer hack; a CD for a spying operation; a DVD for deep cover; and a pie for an assassination.

Free jelly beans, though! And looks good on a resume! All employees also receive a generous share of any loot from completed missions.

So if you’re a cheap, Cheap, CHEAP mercenary (did we say cheap?), please drop an envelope addressed to Dick Nixon, c/o Spetznatz Committee, KGB, CMU, Pittsburgh, PA 15230, and drop it in any public place. Don’t worry, we’ll find you.

Please send your classified ads to teki@cmu.edu

A Note From the Editor:

Wow, Year 4 of Pravda? As our inaugural editor, Jason Grosman, recently said, “it’s almost a tradition”. Disturbing, isn’t it? Since this is the first issue of the year, I get to write a little introductory ditty, but I think I’m going to rerun the previous one I did, just because it’s so good.

To paraphrase the previous Editor of Pravda?, as Corresponding Secretary of the KGB, I am responsible for the publication of Pravda?, meaning that I hold complete Editorial and Dictatorial control over this fine piece of propaganda, and no one can stop me from writing really long sentences whenever I want to, or from talking in the second person. Not that it matters, since I, er, We, have a open submission policy, as open as a crackling dimensional rift that sucks you into an alternate world [Ed: Pay no attention to the Editor when We are raving]. Not only are you free to communicate your submission to the awesome powers I wield at any time, We will also take any material you might want to submit to Pravda?, either by hard copy or over email (teki@cmu.edu), and it will get printed, no matter what it is (well, okay except for something like that—get your mind out of the gutter). To quote the first Editor of Pravda?, “If you hand me any form of text, it WILL get in the next issue. I’m not sure if that’s a promise or a threat.” If no one submits anything to Pravda?, then We will fill these pages with Our inane ramblings, or anything else We feel like. And I will blame you.

If it cannot break its shell, a chick will die without ever being born. We are the chick, CMU is our egg. If we cannot break CMU’s shell, we will die without having ever truly been born. Smash CMU’s shell, for the Revolution of CMU!