



PRAVDA? Πραβδα?



The official(?) newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy
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Editor's Note

It's that time of the month again. No, no, no... the other time. When *Pravda?* comes out. I almost thought it wasn't going to happen, not this month, or maybe ever again. But, the membership of KGB came through, and at the last moment (not suprisingly), I got enough submissions to put out this issue.

Now, this is the time when, I, as the editor get to spout off about some fool thing or another. You know what? I don't feel like it this time. So, this is all you're going to get for an editor's note. Ha! I bet you feel shallow and used. I bet you were waiting for something of substance. Instead, the rest of this note is going to be excerpts from Jen Gray's writing assignments.

"While we need to consider the properties necessary to grant the right to life, we must also determine at what time it is seriously wrong to abort a member of the species *Homo sapiens*. There is no set time at which such an abortion would be seriously wrong, nor is there any definitive moral justification as to why it would be wrong to abort a member of this species at any particular point in time."

*Regarding Michael Tooley's essay
"Abortion and Infanticide"*

"The violence in the United States is not caused by handguns alone. We must never forget that people employ firearms to commit violent acts. A law restricting the use and ownership of handguns will not bring the criminal activity to an end. Until the legislators can find some method of ridding the concept of violence from the human mind, it will not cease. Passing law after law will make no difference."

The false promise of Gun Control

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BOOTH STUFF

By Bryan Nagy

The following is an excerpt of a planned message to the alumni dlist about this year's booth. Presented here for your viewing pleasure.

Geetings to all defectors from this year's booth chair...

It was pointed out to me that some or all of you might be interested in hearing a bit about this year's carnival and booth, so I've finally gotten around to sending out this little missive. The overall theme for Spring Carnival this year is 'Myths and Legends'. KGB's theme is 'The Tale of Baba Yaga'. Yes, that's right we finally are doing it. :)

For those of you who might not be familiar with the Russian tale, Baba Yaga is a witch who flies around in a mortar and pestle, eats people, and has a hut with chicken legs which is bigger on the inside than the outside. It is this hut which is what will be the booth.

Construction began a few weeks ago, and we have...

A Murder in Pittsburgh **(The untold story of the crime that rocked CMU)**

By James Raskob

It was morning, at least technically. That is to say that it was 5:00 AM, and a certain member of a campus organisation which will remain nameless was sleeping peacefully in Margaret Morrison Apartments. There was nothing unusual about this nameless student of an anonymous college. He was a quiet looking guy with glasses, the harmless type.

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CAFFEINE FOUND TO CAUSE DEATH

By Chuck Werner

Researchers at Caltech, under a grant from the National Food and Drug Administration, made the startling discovery this week that caffeine leads directly to death.

"It came as a suprise to us all," said department head Bill Cuddahy, himself an avid fan of Coca-Cola. "But there're the results, plain as day." He added later, "I'm sworn to fruit juice from now on."

In the experiments which led up to this discovery, lab rats were fed small doses of caffeine. "In order to insure that the research was pure," said researcher Ann Baker, "We fed the rats small doses of caffeine, and only small doses of caffeine. Any other foreign substances would have sullied the digestive systems and made our work invalid."

"A death by caffeine is particularly horrible," Baker added. "After the first few days, the rats seemed to be deranged. They would chew on the bars, and on the plastic of their pens. They would collapse and whine from time to time.

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Meetings

Day : Monday

Time : 1630

**Place : Breed Hall
(MM 103)**

Caffeine

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After a few days, the caffeine would shrivel them up, with a dramatic loss of weight, and then they would collapse and die."

"They would get very hostile, as well," added researcher Jonathan MacIntyre. "After a two days of the caffeine treatment, they were known to bite researchers trying to handle them. In fact, we had a cage with two rats in it, and the one killed and devoured the other after three days of the caffeine doses. Our future research hopes to determine the link between caffeine and aggressiveness."

Even now, the FDA is seeking legislation against the deadly chemical. "This is the biggest chemical scare since the Nutrasweet research," commented FDA official Lawrence Tyler. "I mean, when the rats consumed twenty-five packets of a Nutrasweet sugar substitute a day, they were shown to develop cancer later. In a human being, that's equivalent to a mere 7500 packets of Sweet & Low per day. People had to be warned." Tyler wishes to assure the public that caffeine legislation is just on the horizon.

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KGB's Kryptography and Kulture Korner

by James Cheney

As if you didn't have enough to do already, here's a secret message for you to decode. Watch out for the red herrings. (They may be harder to spot since Pravda is printed in black and white.) Yes, it is an honest-to-gosh secret message, rather than, say, a completely random sequence of letters. Not that that wouldn't be a pretty difficult code to break. I wouldn't do that to you. Really.

Hint: What's the most brain-dead encoding you can imagine?

Upcoming Events

The following events are subject to change dates, times, locations, and/or quantum probabilities at any moment. Please watch *assocs.kgb* for more information.

Tuesday, Feb. 17: **KGB Exec** meets. 4:30pm in the office suite.

Saturday, Feb. 21: **Booth.** Meets from 12-6 in the Margaret Morrison cage.

Get Boarded/Get Carded. Meets at 8pm, probably in the Porter A19 suite of rooms.

Monday, Feb. 23: **KGB Meeting.** 4:30pm in Breed Hall, as usual.

Tuesday, Feb. 24: **KGB Exec** meets. 4:30pm in the office suite.

Sunday, March 1: **Midsemester Munch.** A traditional event, usually a potluck, but might be more this semester. Stay tuned for details.

Monday, March 2: **Midsemester Break.** Yes, there will be a **KGB Meeting** at 4:30pm in Breed Hall.

OPXJTUIFXJOUFSPGPVSEJTDPOUFOUNBEFHMPSPVTTVNNFSCZUIJTTVOPGZPSLBOEBM
MUIFDMPVETUIBUMPVSEVQPOPVSIPVTFJOUIFEFFQCPTPNPGUIFPDFBOCVSJFEOPXBSF
PVSCSPXTCPVOEXJUIWJDUPSJPVTXSFBUIITPVSCSVJTFEBSNTIVOHVQGPSNPOVNFOUTP
VSTUFSOBMSVNTDIBOHFEUPNFSSZNFUJHOHTPVSESFBEVMMNBSDIFTUPEFMJHIUGVMN
FBTVSFTHSJNWTBHFEXBSIBUITNPPUIEIJTXSJOLMFEFGSPOUBOEOPXJOTUFBEFGNPVO
UJOHCBSFEFETUFFETUPGSJHIUUIFTPVMTGGFBSGVMBEWFSTBSJFTIFDBQFSTOJNCMZJ
OBMBEZTDIBNCFSUPUIFMBTDJWJPVTQMFBJOHPGBMVUFVUJUIBUBNOPUTIBQFEGPST
QPSUJWFUSJDLTOPSNBEFUPDPVSUBOBNSPVTMPPLJOHHMBTTJUIBUBNSVEFMZTUBNQE
BOEXBOUMPWFNTBKFTUZUPTUSVUCFGPSFBXBOUPOBNCMJHOZQNQIUIBUBNDVSUBJMEP
GUIJTGJBSQSPQPSUJPODIFBUFEPPGGFBUVSFCZEJTTFNCMJHOBUVSFEFGPSNFEVOGJO
JTIETFOUCFGPSFNZUJNFJOUPIJTCFSBUIJOHXPOMETDBSDFIBMGNBEFVQBOEUIBUTP
MBNFMZThis is a red herringBOEVOGBTIJPOBCMFUIBUEPHTCBSLBUNFBTJIBMUC
ZUIFNXIZJJOUIJTXFBLQJQJOHJUNFPQGFBDFIBWFOPEFMJHIUUPQBTBZUIFJUNFV
OMFTTUPTQZNTIBEPXJOUIFTVOBOEEFTDBOUPONJOFPXOEFGPSNJUZBOEUIFSFGPSFT
JODFJDBOOPUQSPWFBMPWFSUPFOUFSUBJOUIFTFGBJSXFMMTQPLFOEBZTJBNEFUFNSJO
FEUPQSPWFBWJMMBJOBEIBUFUIFJEMFQMFBTVSFTPGUIFTFEBZTQMPUTIBWFJMBJEJO
EVDUJJPOTEBOHFSPVTCZESVOLFOQSPQIFDJFTMJCFMTBOEESFBNHere's another
oneTUPTFUNZCSPUIFSDMBSFODFBOEUIFLJOHJOEFBEMZIBUFUIFPOFBHBJOTUUIFPUIFS
BOEJGLJOHFEXBSECFBTUSVFBOKVTUBTJBNTVCUMFGBMTFBOEUSFBDIFSPVTUIJTEBZ
TIPVMEDMBSFODFDMPTFMZCFNFEXVQBCPVUBQSPQIFDZXIJDI TBZTUIBUHPGFEXBSETI
FJSTUIFNVSEFSFSTIBMMCFEJWFUIPVHIUTEPIXOUNZTPVMIFSDFMBSFODFDPNFT

Murder

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But on the other side of the room slept the one he would kill. The morning dimness was shattered by an ear-splitting alarm. It attained pitches normally used only for grave emergencies, and volume associated with jet engines in close proximity. Our hero was instantly awakened, but his roommate slept on. Then, as the screaming of the alarm was about to burst the eardrums of this unnamed student belonging to a geek-filled campus org., a hand reached out vaguely from the other bed and swatted at the alarm, choking off its maddening cries. Sleep filled the room.

Just fifteen minutes later, some sadistic circuit inside the bowels of this evil alarm woke, causing it to renew its attempts to rouse the occupants from their slumber. Again the students whose name we will not mention woke instantly, and again his roommate slept on. Again, just as nerves were reaching the ultimate limit, a limb thrashed out to silence the call.

Now it was half-past. What ungodly hour it was half past is left to the imagination of the reader. Suffice to say that it would be a time forever etched in the memory of this poorly identified student (member in a campus group that plays Capture the Flag, With Stuff). For it was now that the alarm, apparently bent on a mission of evil, resumed the cry. For now the arm which had silenced it before was absent - away in some place beyond hearing. Our poor student, whose name we can not tell you, was subjected to the agony of this alarm for endless minutes before the horror woke upon him HE WAS ALONE IN THE ROOM! His roommate had abandoned him to the mercy of an auditory devil!

This still unspecified student hauled his unrested body off the bed, and dragged himself toward the dastardly alarm. Reaching it, he discovered an awful truth: he did not know how to turn the alarm off! Desperate, he grabbed the power cord and pulled with all the strength in his sleep-deprived arms (roughly 3.14159N). The wild, horrible screaming of the alarm ceased.

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This might have been the end, but our non-named student (a devout member of a group that throws pennies at people) had passed his limit. A student with an interest in electronics, and a skill with explosives he had acquired through means described elsewhere, he turned that not so harmless alarm clock into a time bomb. The detonator would be that "snooze" button his roommate (who, come to think of it, is also nameless) had abused.

The next time the sun returned to Pittsburgh (i.e., three weeks later), our as yet unclarified student woke to find a scene of destruction. The Crime and Incident Report would say it all: "EMS found the student Dead On Arrival."

Tune in next time for: **THE SCENARIO THAT WASN'T.**

The Preceding is pure fiction. Any resemblance to reality is purely the imagination of the reader, and the story has no bearing on the life of the author.

The Inner James Speaks!

By James Cheney

Brought to you by too much caffeine, and multiple-personality disorder, not to be confused with paranoid schizophrenia. Most people think schizophrenia means multiple personalities, but they're just nuts.

These are the times that try men's souls. No, wait. Those are other times. These are the times that just plain suck. You know what I mean. Look around you. Yes, YOU, in the back row! You think I don't know about that incident you'd rather not be mentioned? Well I do! That's right, I know all about Eulalie, Spode! Bwahahaha!
(Mental note: See doc about lithium dosage.)

Ahem. That is to say, look around and you'll see what I mean. What's wrong with you people? Where's your sense of community responsibility, your civic duty? Where's the guilt, the shame, the suppressed anger?

This touchy-feely generation of crybabies (enabled by those darn baby

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boomers) is going to bring civilization down around our ears! And you of all people know how sensitive our ears are. Yah, keep it down. The walls have ears, not to mention the corn.

(Mental note: Never give an antisocial ear plugs.)

What kind of world is it when the mind-controlling propagandizing communist system of Soviet Russia falls only to be replaced by the mind-controlling advertising system of corporate America? The poor babushkas and gulag workers are closer to revolt over Mars bars than they ever were over political and religious freedom!

(Mental note: Sounds unlikely. Check facts.)

Laugh at me, will you? Laugh at me when on the one hand, you never submitted anything to Pravda, whereas on the other hand, you enjoy the benefits of this wonderful publication EVERY TIME YOU BREATHE, THINK, OR USE THE CAPS LOCK KEY! Well (as of right now) I've submitted something, so that makes me automatically better! And that you know what that means.

(Mental note: Never assign an optimization problem to a pessimist)

Yes, that's right! It's time for this issue's Joke Graveyard!

JOKE GRAVEYARD

What's green and goes slam, slam, slam, slam?

A four door pickle.

A man is sitting in a Moscow restaurant. The waiter appears and asks if there is anything he can get for the man. The man asks for the day's edition of Pravda. The waiter replied "I'm sorry, sir, but there is no more Pravda," and moved on. A few minutes later the waiter returned, and the man again asked for that day's Pravda. The waiter again replied, "That is not possible. There is no more Pravda." A while later, the man once again asked for a copy of Pravda, and the waiter, finally losing his patience, said, "Sir, don't you understand me? There is no more Pravda. It isn't printed any more." The man

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Inner James

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replied, "I know, I know! I just love hearing you say it!"

As loyal KGB'ers it's our sacred (no, wait) um, international-socialist-utopia-serving duty to make this man sad, by printing stuff in Pravda! As this article shows, it doesn't have to be good or even comprehensible! All you need is half an hour and a crayon to become a published author in one of CMU's most prestigious, not to mention only, independent humourous socialist espionage orgaization sponsored publications! (I refer, of course, to CMU Campus Republicans. Heil Reagan! That reminds me, you notice they took the fence? Strikes me that

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the Evil Empire ought to re-take it and mock 'em)

(Mental note: The opinions expressed by the Inner James are not necessary those of the Outer James, or of any sane or sane-seeming person or intelligible life form, see, we can't really know if other life forms are intelligent, we can only guess based on whether we can make sense of them, that goes for you too, SETI-boy. Moreover, if any of this stuff offends you, you should see the parts that got censored.)

Darn alien mind-control rays, with their fluorescent little flying claymation figures and tabloid headline

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generators and eggplants!

It's a hit-and-run-on! Stop me before I write again! I'm perfectly willing to fill issue after issue of Pravda with this garbage, and you don't want that to happen! I'm just getting started!

(Mental note: Eggplants?!)

An obvious lack of creative inspiration has led to this space being blank. Please help and fill it in appropriately.



Thank you.