

PRAVDA?

The official(?) newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy
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Price: Free(We're commies, remember?)
Volume 3 Issue 1 September 28, 1998

Editor's Notes -- Matthew McGrath

Well, at long last, here's the first issue of Pravda? under its new editor. I've been trying to get this edition out the door for three weeks now, and finally have time enough, submissions enough, and motivation enough to finish it. (Oddly enough, I'm motivated while under the effects of anti-histamines that usually knock me out a bit. Maybe I'm allergic to Pravda?)

At any rate, I hope to publish Pravda? more often than I have so far. With any luck, this issue will show those who have yet to see a Pravda? what they're all about, and they will submit articles, art, or tangerines. (As will the rest of the membership; but then, you folks all knew what kind of submissions were standard.)

Submissions can expect to make an edition up to the thursday before publication (remember the amount of time that was quoted as being used for RPGs last weekend? That's a light weekend ...). I would ask that submissions be in plain text in email or in a format readable by Word 6 (Mac). Art that's publishable (no sculpture, folks, sorry) will be taken in any scannable format. Unless you want to make a goodly allocation, color is, unfortunately, not feasible right now.

Help has been offered by members of the organization already; more help is always welcome. Email me or catch my attention at some point (meetings, exec, wandering campus, etcetera), and I'll let you know what you can do.

We now return you from "real, relevant announcements" to "schmucks mouthing off" as is the usual theme for this publication. See us on the web in pdf!

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Calculus Notes -- Heather Keith

Calculus Notes 8/27/98

I. How to Stay Awake in Class

1. Doodle
2. Invent new alphabet
3. Bring fancy calculator. Program Tetris onto it and play.
4. Make silly lists.
5. Take notes. Backwards.
6. Compose epic poetry.
7. Sex fantasies. (No, no, not with the TA!!!)
8. Start digging an escape tunnel with your left toe. Inconspicuously.
9. If you have long hair, braid it. If not, braid somebody else's.
10. Systematically crack every bone you can without getting up. Twice.
11. Learn to throw your voice. Get other students in trouble.
12. Analyze prof/TA's handwriting. Prove from this that s/he's psycho.
13. Make Up Acronyms (MUA)
14. Chew on various parts of your body. Analyze the pain that results.

Fruvous Road Trip -- Roland Pace Reagan

Last night, instead of getting back to Baltimore from Pittsburgh in a reasonable and sane sort of way, I decided to go to the Moxy Fruvous concert in King of Prussia. If you don't know, it's some place kind of close to Philly. Heck, I didn't even know where it was until I got there. (:

However, I had to get my bag o' goodies back from Pace before I could leave to catch the Greyhound to King of Prussia. So, as soon as I woke up yesterday morning, I called him and he headed on over to the place where I was. I left in a hurry, forgetting the raspberry jam (a long story!) but made it to the bus on time, around noon.

It took a long time, but I finally got to King of Prussia. Then I realized that I didn't know where to go next. I called Ben, who said he might be at the concert too (which would be nice, because then I would have a ride back to Baltimore) but he wasn't home. He had a cool message on his message launcher, though. (: So I called Lorelei and she went to www.fruvous.com and found out where it was. Then I called information and called a taxi, which took about 45 minutes to pick me up and about 2 minutes to take me to the place. If I had known my way around the silly place at all, I could have just walked there.

So, I got to the entrance, and admission was \$6, but I only had \$4.03 left from the bus and cab fares. They wouldn't take checks or credit cards. So I asked a kindly Fru-head couple if I could write them a \$2 czech in exchange for two bucks, but they just gave me the two bucks. That's kindness #1. (:

So I got into the concert, and looked for Ben, but couldn't find him. However, I did find Lawrence once again, which was pretty cool!

There was enough space for me right up near the front where he was, which was an excellent place. The concert was really great, I could go into great detail but this post is getting long enough

already. Let's just say that it was worth all these tribulations. (:

After the show, I got my thingy stamped again, scoured the place just in case Ben was there, bumped into Lawrence about four more times (his car was going to be full of people) and then started seeking another way back to Baltimore. Greyhound was over, so I tried Amtrak.

A nice guy in an orange shirt told me to go to a place called Kings Manor, so I walked around looking for it for about an hour, accidentally stealing a Wild Cherry Pepsi from a WaWa (which they mentioned in a song, actually (:) along the way. During my fruitless search, I asked about six people where this place was, but nobody really knew. Some people pointed towards places that I tried to follow, but I kept ending up back at the Greyhound station which was not where I wanted to be.

But the sixth person I asked was more helpful than I could have possibly imagined. She had no clue where Kings Manor was, but when I told her of my predicament, she was like "Oh, no problem, I'll drive you to Philly." Which she did. There was more to it, but that was the most incredible thing. So she drove me all the way to Philly, where I waited around for a while, then caught a train back to Penn Station in Baltimore, then waited around for another while, then caught a taxi back to the place where I live. I listened to the second half of Bargainville which put me in a heck of a good mood, which was pretty cool. Then I took a shower and went to work. (Sleep when you're dead!)

Anyway, thanks Karen! And thanks also to the random person who gave me two bucks, wherever you are. The spirit of Moxy Fruvous pervades all our souls and forces us into reckless generosity and/or impulsiveness.

So have another tangerine.

Don't forget to subscribe to assocs.kgb!

Summer Vacationing -- James Raskob

Summer Vacation (or a reasonable facsimile)

Previously on Pravda?, You saw the story of a desperate struggle against evil Capitalist powers in [Red Storm Sinking](#).

The trip to Boston was uneventful. The first week or so of the summer was uneventful. The two days after the EMT class and before the return to Pittsburgh were uneventful. Training to be an OC was anything but uneventful, but that hardly counts as summer vacation. So, we're left with the EMT class.

The place: Northeastern University's Burlington Campus (near an ominously large group of trees and bushes). The time: 9:00 AM, Monday. The weather: Hot and getting hotter. The humidity is already 90% and <eep> rising. Dirtect sun seems determined to melt 30 budding EMT-B's to the sticky asphalt of the parking lot.

Our instructor gets up and breifis us:

"You are a Search and Rescue party out in west-ern Mass. A Cessna with two people on board has gone down in the woods, somewhere out there (in-dicates a four square mile area of dense green stuff). I will be acting as Medical Command. Find them, treat them as you would a real patient, and bring them here. You have two radios, and any of this equipment (indicates a pile of virtually every type of equipment we have learned to use, roughly enough to fill Breed Hall) that you want to bring. Good luck."

Thanks. The class has one Coast Gaurdsman (Mike), me (freindly little reads-up-on-random-EMS-related-material) and a few firemen (who at least know enough to listen when someone who knows what they are doing talks to them) the rest of the class ranges from useless to hazardous.

So we scoop up a massive amount of equip-ment, and about half the class dashes into the woods with no clue what they are doing. Mike grabs me, the firemen, and about eight other people (with both radios) and sorts us into something re-ssembling a search party.

It takes us only twenty minutes to find them. During this time I encounter poison ivy, thorn bushes, and birds working on their target prac-tice. Mike takes care of the first patient they find (who was thrown from the plane when it hit: 'frac-tured' right femur, 'neck and back pain', 'bleeding' from several places. . .). I find the second.

Mike's was on the ground. No problem! Treat the other injuries, then roll him carefully onto a backboard and carry him out.

Mine is in a tree. A big tree. Five feet off the ground with a branch pinning him in place.

How did he get like that? Yeah, yeah, he para-chuted and landed in the tree. . . OK, so we have to get him out of there. No problem. Without mov-ing his spine, his 'broken' arm, or with any help from him since he is 'drunk.'

Scotty, beam me up!

Or, actually, beam HIM up. . .

Tune in next time for: Another Blatant Steal!!!



CD Release -- Rob Devereux

Robert Devereux has finally released a new CD. Read what people said about his first demo first here.

This is the worst piece of music I've heard in my life.

--Billy-Bob Fripp

A mediocre album at best.

--Joe P. Giles

Wonderful music. The drumming is quite good.
--Bonzo (former drum machine of Aepithex and Grandiloquence)

Since his failed rising against Queen Elizabeth, Robert Devereux has turned to music, and failed there as well. He did better as the Earl of Essex. At least he finally got somebody else to write poetry for him.

--Buddy Greaves

And I'm going to make money off of him!
-- "Babyface" Horace Humperdinck (manager of evereux and Grandiloquence)

I suppose it's better than a root canal.

--Marc Gabriele

For his crimes, Robert Devereux must die. I will kill him when I find him.

-- Ibn Al Sahd

Very unorginal and uncreative....Every other band puts this to shame... Everyone writes better songs and undstands ambience better than this.

The worst band in existance!

--Billy-Joe Bazjek's WebReviews

It's not my fault!

--Han Solo

Somebody has to stop him before he records again!

--John Muir

Public Service Announcement

The Eighth First Annual Ig Nobel Prize Ceremony will take place on Thursday night, October 8, at Harvard's Sanders Theatre. Prizes will be awarded in ten categories for "achievements that cannot or should not be reproduced. Several Nobel Laureates will be on hand to help honor the winners.

The event is produced by the Annals of Improbable Research (AIR), and co-sponsored by the Harvard Computer Society (HCS), The Harvard-Radcliffe Science Fiction Association (HRSFA), and the magnificent book "The Best of Annals of Improbable Research."

THEME: The theme of this year's ceremony is "Duct Tape." There will be many tributes to that most scientific substance, including a duct tape opera and a duct tape fashion show.

KEYNOTE SPEAKERS: This year we will have two keynote speakers:

* Emily Rosa, youngest person to have a research paper published in a major medical journal (See JAMA, 4/1/98) and

* Troy Hurtubise, who built and tested a suit of armor that protects him against grizzly bears. (See the documentary film "The Grizzly Project." <http://www.nfb.ca/E/4/troy.html>)

Troy will bring his bear suit.

TELEVISION (LIVE). The Ceremony will be telecast live on the Internet. As always, the eminent Robert T. Morris will engineer the broadcast.

NPR SPECIAL (EDITED). A specially edited version will be broadcast in November on NPR's "Talk of the Nation / Science Friday with Ira Flatow" program.

FULL DETAILS WILL BE POSTED ON THE AIR WEB SITE: <http://www.improbable.com>