



PRAVDA?



The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy

Editor: Karen Adams (*kra@andrew*)

Price: Free (Communism'n'at, remember?)

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SPECIAL ONE-PAGE PRAVDA?

Editor's Note

As the current corresponding secretary of KGB, I am responsible for the publication of *Pravda?*. This makes me an Editor. And also possibly a Dictator. If everyone submits to *Pravda?* I will edit their work. If no one submits to *Pravda?* I will publish article after article of my own work, thus dictating the entire content of this tidy piece of journalism. I now quote the editor's note from the first ever *Pravda?*:

"Anyway, I as editor[dictator], have an open submission policy. If you hand me any form of text, it WILL be in the next issue. I'm not sure if that's a promise of a threat. I will accept both hard copy and email [*kra+@andrew*] submissions. Obviously, there are a couple of things I won't print, but I don't think anyone around here has to worry about that. [Chuck and John Eric will gladly use it to end the meeting...be it animated projectile birthing, or a visual indictment never to buy celery and hats on the same outing.] You can also expect me, as the editor[dictator], to use this space to try and provide a dim source of amusement for your feeble lives."

Jason Grosman

KNOW YOUR OFFICERS...

This week: President Chuck "TIMEBOMB" Werner

People often get Chuck mixed up with the love child of Pope John Paul and a talking bear. Chuck has pretty much 'had' all of the girls in New York City up to this point, and he's gotten a bit bored of it all. When challenged by his stepsister Kathryn to deflower the naive Cecile, he obliges, though this is too easy a conquest for him. He sets his sights on a greater challenge - the new headmaster's daughter, Annette. Sebastian bets Kathryn that he can seduce the chaste and pristine Annette before school begins in the fall. Kathryn thinks this feat impossible and quickly agrees to the wager.

LAST SEEN: Looking kind of dopey.

LEARN MORE ABOUT YOUR OFFICERS AT KGB ONLINE:

<http://www.contrib.andrew.cmu.edu/org/kgb/officers.html>

UNDERGROUND TOUR...

Success measured by body count

Last year, the Underground Tour started with hundreds of eager new recruits. Red posters proclaimed its coming days before the event, heralding the wonders that would be laid before the participants. A single unified group followed a single leader from sight to sight.

After an hour, they began dropping like flies.

After two hours, they began dropping like Bwe-Jumbura monkeys after the kumquats have over-ripened.

After three hours, they weren't so much dropping like anything as looking desperately for a way to sneak off without being followed by a large man in a trenchcoat.

After four hours, the remaining new recruits were actively trying to gnaw off their own limbs to use as a weapon against aforementioned large-man-in-a-trenchcoat when they decided to make their break for freedom.

And so on.

This year, there were no posters, no large crowd, and no single mass of bodies shuffled across campus. This year, SUCCESS! Thanks to the inspiration of President Chuck, the tour was reduced to a pleasing three hour jaunt...in multiple tour groups. Under the supervision of Chuck and John-Meier in the "Red Group," and John-Eric and Fred in the "Red Group," two separate but equal tours inconspicuously covered the sights of CMU's campus.

The tour concluded with the grilling of fifteen pounds of meat, and sixteen ounces of vegetable matter disguised as hot dogs. At the grill was no less than "Grandpa" Wolfson, who is only a little less old than fire and thus unequivocally suited to be grill-master.

Everyone survived the night. Everyone had fun. No one dropped off like anything.

The only casualties were two hamburgers, and a two-liter bottle of Dr. Pepper. The burgers were sacrificed to the fire god by Grandpa in complete accord with barbeque tradition. The Dr. Pepper was un-ceremoniously exploded by too violent an attempt to open it.

And a good time was had by all.

Editor's Question...*Am I immature to think that all the problems of the world could be solved with chocolate chip confections?*

Cookie Boy Inc.'s Response...

I will not rule out the possibility, but then again, I'm not exactly an unbiased party. Let us recount the many ways in which cookies have made my life better:

It all started way back when, during the beginning of booth season last year. I had already tried my hand at baking with angel food cake, but that was only of a quantity sufficient to feed a few select people on my floor. I wanted my creations to reach a wider audience. I found them in the KGB booth crew. The cake just wouldn't cut it, so I switched to cookies. It was a dramatic turning point.

I brought three dozen cookies to that meeting and thus began my path to greatness. Freshmen take note, nothing gets people to remember your name like three dozen cookies. As everybody knows, name recognition is the first key to political success.

As the year went on booth became an increasingly important part of KGB activities and the cookies became an even more important part of booth. I was elevated to demi-mascot status and given the title Cookie Boy.

Now, around this time elections were beginning. I wanted the office of second vice president. Competition was fierce. Just getting the nomination committee to speak my name involved calling upon past favors, specifically three dozen favors a week. Well, maybe that's a slight exaggeration. Okay, so my only competition was John Eric and he was running for first vice president as well. Still, around the image of Cookie Boy coalesced a powerful political coalition, the Cookie Ticket, consisting of Chuck, John Eric, and myself.

Together we stood against the bitterness of the ancients and the apathy of the electorate and won the day! Ah, but the saga does not end there. The promise of readily available cookies for my housemates has led me to my present place of residence, the mansions among campus housing, Roselawn. My cookies have caused multiple persons to declare their love for me. Why, recently I even received a marriage proposal because of my cookies.

So, you see, it has been my experience that chocolate chip cookies are enormously useful in solving problems, and others would do well to profit from our example. If this be immaturity, make the most of it.

Dan Hook

COMING NEXT WEEK:

Cookie Boy's Secret Recipe, as stolen from his secret vault! Pravda? Correspondent to risk life and limb in daring break-in!

HAIKU...

*The editor's cheap
attempt to get submissions
for Pravda? this week.*

*And no, I don't know
Why each of them was about
Why haiku all sucks.*

*In distant Japan
This crap is called "poetry."
What a frickin' joke!
Cort*

*This is not haiku.
There are too many syllables
In the second line.
?*

*Haiku is funny,
But only when it's lethal
To the listener.
?*

*Counting syllables
It's a pain in the ass, see?
Stupid poetry!
?*

*I have a problem
This haiku has way too few
Syllables.
?*

GET SLOSHED WITH KGB

Another event...another body count.

We yet again owe our thanks to 2nd VP Dan Hook for a fun weekend of KGB events. This week the CFA lawn was captured and held for two hours by water balloon-wielding maniacs. Nearly 200 balloons were destroyed in the name of getting sloshed.

Water guns were also on scene, including a stylish silver weapon in the possession of Cookie Boy, and an absolute armory brandished by 1st VP John-Eric. It is the considered opinion of the KGB officers that Kay-(silent G)-Bee Toys is the store to browse for projectile and water-squirting weapons of fun.

Again, a good time was had by all.

SUBMIT TO PRAVDA?!!

Send contributions to kra@andrew, or turn in hard copy during General Meetings.

KGB MEETINGS

4:30pm Mondays, Breed Hall, MM 103