



PRAVDA?



The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy
Editor: Karen Adams (*kra@andrew*)

Price: Free (We're SOCIAL, not socialist.)
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JOHN-MEIER LOSES TREASURY, HAS NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!!!! ...LOSES GIRLFRIEND DUE TO SEXUAL PROBLEM!!!!

It was unanimously voted on Saturday night that the headline of this week's *Pravda?* should be eye-catching and sensational. That's what happens to your common sense when you watch hour after hour of the Pittsburgh Horror Movie Marathon...right down the potty. I mean, really, it makes as much sense to publish a sensational headline like this as it does to wear high heels in a zombie movie.

So what did we really learn from Saturday night? First, never give alcohol to the dead. Second, somewhere in Pittsburgh, there is a "Little Egypt" full of drive-through camel burger joints. Third, never give alcohol to alien plants. Fourth, Leslie Nielsen just isn't scary, no matter how many people he kills. Fifth, do not give alcohol to sharp toothed little monkeys. Sixth, learn to recognize Anubis when you see him, it will pay off in the end.

But most importantly, we learned that four guys in monkey suits with a fire hose are hilarious.

KNOW YOUR OFFICERS...

This week: 1st VP John-Eric "Fingers" Hoffmann

John-Eric Hoffmann comes from a poor background. Raised by wolves in the jungles of Massachusetts, John-Eric spent most of his young life as a drug dog for the New York Police Department, much like the Eternal Patsy Cline (a cult figure not to be mistaken with country singer Patsy Cline).

Head of KGB's Ministry of Propaganda, John-Eric is perhaps the most dangerous KGB member with a spoon. Given his unreasonable phobia of spoons, this makes him very safe to approach.

LAST SEEN: Staring up at approaching alien ships.

ARSE CENTER TRIP 50% MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN PLANNED!

Somehow it all comes back to booth. The Carnegie Science Center trip was a huge success, but the unexplained booth coincidences continue to spook the participants. The most astounding coincidence, a fifteen foot rope and pulley creation that allowed you to play a claw-machine type game. This begs the question, "Where was KGB security during booth?"

Non-booth, but equally creepy was the magical appearance of 'EIGEN' around every bend. Only the dyslexics in the group weren't astounded by the Carnegie-Eigen connection.

In other news, no building is ever truly Elaine proof. A single penny will very easily derail a train from a model train set. And cuddling pythons are cute.

YOUR JOHN-OFFICERS...

Also this week: Treasurer John "Voodoo" Meier

John Meier is a neckless no-neck whose neck has ceased to be. If we hadn't nailed his neck down, it'd be pushing up the daisies. His neck has crossed the River Lethe and forgotten its former life on Earth. It has been reincarnated as a slug.

Meier's new 'cyber-neck' is working out nicely. He knows nothing of the bugs and trackers that we implanted in it before he put it on. Unfortunately, his penchant for wearing turtle-necks has screwed up our surveillance.

LAST SEEN: Attempting to drill a hole into his head.

**LEARN MORE ABOUT YOUR OFFICERS AT KGB ONLINE:
<http://www.contrib.andrew.cmu.edu/org/kgb/officers.html>**

CBI (Cookie Boy Inc.) Crime and Incident Report

9/20 Attempted Theft

An unidentified person was spotted on the grounds of the CBI corporate campus, currently Roselawn 7, trying to break into the CBI off-network mainframe. Upon noticing being noticed, the thief attempted to escape through the window. CBI's death squad of hissing cockroaches was promptly summoned to cut off the attempted escape. They failed to materialize but apparently the command of "Cockroaches, ATTACK!" was enough to upset the trespasser's balance. The now terrified burglar slammed into the window frame in a most inelegant fashion, but soon managed to get re-oriented and leap from the window, but not before the presiding security officer heard the cry, "My left arm! It hurts!" As the security officer had been up all night doing modern math homework, a description of the offender of any greater detail than "Human, definitely human," could not be obtained. It is suspected that this unidentified person was attempting to steal CBI's top secret cookie recipes. Such an offense is punishable by death under CBI law. Whoever you are, CBI's attorneys want you to know, the cockroaches are looking for you.

A submission for Pravda? with no title.

Jonathan R. Schwanbeck

I was losing another game of Starcraft when I happened to glance at my watch. "Damn, I'm late," I yelled even though there was no one else in the room except my dog Botolph. I mashed my shoes as I stepped into them, then dashed out the door and into my car. I shoved it into reverse and sped out of the driveway, the tires squealing with each panicky stomp on either pedal. Then I was off, heading downtown and checking my watch every ten seconds. I pulled into the Seventh Street garage and sprinted into the office building at 500 Wilson Street.

It was then that it dawned on me: I didn't know why I had come here or what I was late for.

Just then I heard a footstep behind me. I whirled around to see a heavysset man with piercing brown eyes tucked between the hanging brim of a fedora and the high collar of a brown trench coat. His countenance was stern, as if he had bad news to deliver but the news didn't involve him.

I recognized him immediately.

"Botolph?" I said. "Aren't you supposed to be a dog?"

But Botolph gave only a secretive grin before turning and leaving. A few minutes later I saw him driving away in my car, wagging his tail enthusiastically.

Editor's Note: I *tried* to give him a title, but *noooooo*, he wanted to do it his *own* way. Humph!
No respect from kids these days, let me tell you....

In a Minute...*From the Super Secret Hidden Files of the Recording Secretary!*

The following were approved for partial release by M DeLap. This does not imply endorsement of the projects or products shown, and especially does not mean we understand any of this drivel.

Nov 3, 1997: It is 83.3 degrees F in the 1st VP's pants.

Nov 17, 1997: Rob has been overexposed to doughnuts.

Jason Grosman: "Being dead is fun."

Dec 8, 1997: Pravda: Submit or die!
Editor's Note: This still holds. SUBMIT OR DIE!

Jan 12, 1998: Exec members have braidable hair.

Jan 19, 1998: Rob's butt committee (??)

Feb 2, 1998: Bumper stickers:
I'm in the NRA & I vote!
I'm in the KGB & I ___?

Feb 23, 1998: Call for Rob's butt.

Mar 9, 1998: Tim demonstrated the geekhood of KGB membership

"This is Fred with no sleep -- any questions? (sizzle)"

Mar 17, 1998: James taught Berkeley grad student to play Quake 2.

Apr 16, 1998: Tim: We do not relay, you capitalist pig.

Apr 20, 1998: Fortune: Avoid fatigue

Apr 23, 1998: Chuck: "They're going to need my butt for a couple things!!"

Cort: "The ass of the next millenium."

Editor's Note: Believe me, you don't want to know.

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

LUMINESCENT GLEEFUL CORPSES

Robert "At least I didn't get a staff job" Devereux

Have you ever wondered what a death metal adaptation of "Shiny Happy People" by REM would sound like? Neither have I, but I did stumble across something online. No, it's not a death metal cover of SHP, but a translation, so to speak. The lyrics of death metal can get pretty obfuscated. For example, a song may say something like "a purulent haemorrhage of saline excreta doth cast down the visage of the whore" when any normal person would say "my mother was crying." Somebody with far too much time on their hands reversed this translation process, taking SHP and converting it into death metal speak. You can find it, and more heavy metal humor at <http://www.holeinthewall.com/infernal.htm> Here is the song. Enjoy.

Original Version	Death Metal Version
Shiny happy people laughing	Luminescent, gleeful corpses cackling
Meet me in the crowd	Impale thyself to me in a seething mob
People people	Of useless !@#\$ing humans
Throw your love around	Splatter your seed indiscriminately
Love me love me	Impregnate me malignantly
Take it into town	Drag it into the populace
Happy happy	Maniacal ecstasy
Put it in the ground	Bury it with disangerment
Where the flowers grow	Where the corpses rot
Gold and silver shine	Gold and silver shine
Shiny happy people holding hands	Luminescent gleeful corpses, limbs obscenely entwined
Shiny happy people laughing	Luminescent gleeful mother!@#\$ing corpses!!!!!!!!!!!!
Everyone around love them, love them	All these %^&*-aguous !@#\$s, kill them, kill them
Put it in your hands	Grasp it in your gore-slimed fingers
Take it take it	Pillage and steal it
There's no time to cry	Show no !@#\$ing weakness
Happy happy	Only maniacal ecstasy
Put it in your heart	Plunge it into your quivering chest
Where tomorrow shines	As the slick blood-spattered viscera of your innards shine
Gold and silver shine	Gold and silver shine
Shiny happy people holding hands	Luminescent gleeful corpses, limbs obscenely entwined
Shiny happy people laughing	Luminescent gleeful mother!@#\$ing corpses!!!!!!!!!!!!

No, I didn't write this. I just found it and wanted to share.

RECIPE CORNER...

Due to circumstances beyond the control of the editor, this feature will be discontinued. Instead, look here next issue for a brand new feature.

COMING NEXT ISSUE...

First-aid for the on-the-go infiltrator, and how to touch type without the use of your left hand. Also, how to simultaneously get over your fear of both the dark and cockroaches.

CORRECTION OF FACT

Sources have informed the editor that the CBI feature in the previous PRAVDA? was incorrect. And when I feel like it, I correct mistakes like this. The article as it should have appeared follows:

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

Sex 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 sex has 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 satisfy 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 sex. It was a dramatic turning point.

I brought sex to that meeting and thus began my path to greatness. Freshmen take note, nothing gets people to remember your name like sex. 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 sex became an even more important part of booth. I was elevated to demi-mascot status and given the title Sex 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 Sex Boy coalesced a powerful political coalition, the Sex 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 sex for my housemates has led me to my present place of residence, the mansions among campus housing, Roselawn. My sex has caused multiple persons to declare their love for me. Why, recently I even received a marriage proposal because of my sex.

So, you see, it has been my experience that sex is 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.

“Ever since they relaxed the regulations for human test subjects, guys like me can really clean up!”

Avi Silterra bastetswarrior@iname.com

I knew I needed a job. But after a year of having my common sense and creativity drained away by the Dilbertian corporation of Kodak, there just didn't seem to be that many openings. So, I turned to the industry that didn't care about qualifications. That's right, I decided to sell my body to science!

This was not a plan that was conceived overnight. Years ago, I had attended several summer camps at different colleges. Posters and flyers calling for willing subjects and offering money were seemingly everywhere. Alas, I was too young to participate. I grew older. My first thought on my 18th birthday –“Yippi, I can vote!” – (I'm a nerd at heart), my second thought –“Wow I'm legal!”- (as if it mattered), and my third thought –“Well at least I can whore my body to science!” Now my carefully conceived plan beginnings were in sight.

Indeed, this have been a profitable plan. Compared to a regular job, I may not have made much, but it will be enough to cover book and laundry costs for the semester. So far, I have participated in four experiments for a total of about \$200. Most of the checks have not yet been received, so I don't know what the net after taxes will be. Still, not a bad sum for such a short time. The number of studies is sure to increase as the semester progresses. Another side benefit is learning about the research that is going on and being able to meet new people. Any downsides to all this? Well, yes. For the faint of heart, a warning. Some experiments can be dangerous, so know what risks you are taking. But don't let that stop you from participating in all experiments.

One word of advice for those of you planning to follow in this intrepid first-year's footsteps: Go to U of Pitt experiments whenever possible. It may be a little farther away, but they pay in cash. It is more difficult to learn of Upitt experiments, but the fact you are paid in cash is worth your time. Also, one request: if anyone knows of a better way to learn of Upitt experiments than the paltry few announcements that are made on cmu.misc.market, let me know please.

Hopefully now your eyes are open to the possibilities that wait if you decide to whore your body to science. Be proud, for you are providing a valuable service to the community, and more importantly, making a tidy profit!

Read assocs.kgb for information that could make you the first up against the wall when the revolution comes.

From the mind of Chris Clark

Since the dawn of the 21st century the bulk of mankind has matured into a respectable species. They have spread out and begun to explore the galaxy. But there are still those who refuse to join the 23rd century.

They have a ship. And this is their story.

Last season on Star Geek Captain Chuck and the crew of the Pravda? succeeded in destroying the evil Frat Quad only to be beaten back into the Bitter Zone by utter stupidity, grain alcohol, and bribery.

Emerging from the Bitter Zone, the singed but triumphant Pravda? and her slightly psychotic crew are all set for new adventure and devilry. So tune in next issue and see what plot gets hatched by:

*Captain Chuck Timebomb Werner
First Officer John Fred
Chief Engineer John-Eric Hoffmann*

...and the rest of the Pravda?'s crew in

STAR GEEK - Phase II

JEDI MASTERS AND PORN STARS OF THE KGB

Jas-Wei Grimin, Llidodge of NyQuil
Ama-Fis Selak, Ksimaxima of Robutussin
Set-Cha Wrsil, Yabharvey of Caffeine
Jimstr Stakr, Reyralf of Reeses Pieces
Eli-Pag Panew, Dlumazda of Prozac
Ada-Rog Scemm, Srelumina of Inonot
Kevind Cacin, Seecamry of Ibuprofin
Chr-Cla Sceas, Kra'Econoline of Advil
Ran-Woo Pabal, Dootrooper of Acetominiphine
Jas-Wol Erphi, Nosgrenada of Insulin
Ela-Ram Haalb, Odnsuuro of Septra
Cor-Str Fobos, Notthechristianmusicmobile of Placebo
Frezel Zeaxe, Ynecavalier of St. Johns' Wort
Joh-Nof Hawill, Nam'Azreal of Whiskey Sour
Mar-Del WiAnn, Palcamry of Clindamyein
And-But Ludes, Ztjeeep of Tylenol
Kar-Ada Behun, Smataurus of Allesse
Dahoo Lafra, KooColtVista of Centrum
Jos-Bin Mabut, Redblazer of Cold-Eeze
Lin-ta ZhHar Oataccord of Nyquil

Mark Aiken	Reneé Playfield
Danger Waihouna	David Fresh
Michael Quincy	Liz Page-Gould
Fast Eddie Green	Randy Wood
Eric Anvil	Irene
Lynn Diamond	Marie Williams