



PRAVDA?



The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy
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Price: FREE of any illegal substances, so give us our medal, dammit
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Baffling Paraffin

By Chris Clark, Man of...er...on the Street

Easton, PA—A colorful waxy buildup has begun to overrun the town, according to eyewitness reports Tuesday. The wax, so far manifesting in 128 distinct shades, was first seen in Forks Twp. and was heading south towards the city proper. Longtime resident and Carnegie Mellon University Junior, Chris Clark, had this to say on the matter:

“This is a tragedy. All of that wax wasted. This has been allowed to go on for too long and it must be stopped. This is a job for the KGB!”

The KGB, CMU’s Crack Crew of Creative People, has been summoned to the site and will be working around the clock to stop the waxy menace before it spreads much farther.

The State of Kirstin and Margaret’s Refrigerator Address

By Margaret DeLap. She’s Quiet. And Kirstin Connors. She’s Not.

Kirstin and I live in Doherty. Our refrigerator is Evil. I am bitter. Following is our report on the refrigerator.

8-26-00 — *Kirstin’s Arrival To Campus*

Upon greeting my new roommate Margaret, she informs me that the freezer door tends to pop open when the refrigerator is shut.

8-27-00 — *Margaret and Kirstin’s Third Roommate Arrives*

Not long after unpacking, Michaelangelo’s David and accompanying formal wear appears on the freezer door. He is wearing a kilt with a tux top.

8-28-00 — *More Unpacking*

Magnetic poetry appears on the door. There is the phrase “Marriage Night Sex by thy Romance God” in place. I am told that those words came together.

Bayani’s Bitterness

By Bayani Caes, Lord of Bitterness

Flash back to summer of '98. Bayani just graduated and is living off of the kindness of his friends as he searches desperately for a job. He finally finds one, lousy though it may be. The pay is for jack, a lousy \$10 per hour under the table consulting job with no benefits, but at least the project is interesting.

Bayani, having started the summer with about \$1800 to find a job, is now facing an August where he will slide into debt. In an attempt to avoid this, he works long hours, frequently going home after 8, and periodically staying in until 2, 3, sometimes 5 in the morning. Bayani’s bosses are pleased. “You’re working hard,” they say. “We’ll work on finding you more funding, and employing you full time.”

November '98: Due to an account snafu and some laziness on the part of Bayani’s bosses, Bayani receives his first paycheck after he threatens to delete all his code and walk away from his job.

January '99: Bayani’s bosses scrape together just enough from meager grants to give him a raise. \$14 per hour is now his going rate, still with no benefits. Bayani receives this W2 form from the government, and after filing the appropriate self-employment forms, finds that he owes over \$600 to Uncle Sam. In desperation, he finds himself staying later and later in the lab.

February '99: The first attempt to secure funding is an abject failure. The forms for grant applications aren’t even filled in. His bosses assure Bayani that there is enough funding to last for a while.

May '99: Bayani takes his first great step and becomes full-fledged staff. This includes another raise and benefits, but little does he know that this is the first step towards the greatest disappointment. As a side note, Bayani is caught falling asleep during the excruciatingly boring new CMU employee orientation meeting at 8 A.M.

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Schroedinger's Dog: The Way of the Samurai

The samurai has no need for potential functions. The samurai can calculate the differential equations of life in his head. If it cannot be solved within the space of seven breaths, the equation is not worth solving. Such is the way of the samurai.

* * * * *

Nighttime. A tall, pale man swathed in black walks silently down the dark streets of Pittsburgh. Alone, he passes many people still engaged in revelry at this late hour, until he reaches a parking lot.

He enters the lot, and walks slowly, methodically, until he spies a silver Jaguar. Pulling what looks like a tricorder straight out of Star Trek out of his pocket, he presses a few buttons as the locks on the car snap open. He enters the car, turns the car on with a few more button presses, and slowly pulls away from the lot. The man pulls an unmarked CD out of his inside coat pocket as he drives, and puts into the Jaguar's drive. Music that sounds like it's from the demo track on a cheap keyboard emanates from the car's speaker. "Man," he says, "I really need to get some better music."

* * * * *

Morning. Wean. Quantum Physics. A heavily-bearded man stands in the front of the class puzzling over a proof.

"It's column, then row, right? No...row, then column...I think... Arrgh, I wish I had worked this out beforehand!"

A pigeon, which had been listening at the door, hopped down the stairs, through an open door, and took off into the sky.

* * * * *

Pittsburgh. Forbes Avenue. A pigeon alights in the passenger seat of a silver Jaguar waiting at a stop light. The pale driver looks intently at the bird, as if listening, then turns his Yamaha-demo music up, and stares blankly at the road.

"Finally. I've been driving all night!"

* * * * *

Quantum. Wean 8427. The students grow rowdy.

"I know, you just have to switch the i's and the j's!"

"Switch the i's and the j's...no, that won't work..."

All of a sudden, the door opens in a flash of black trenchcoat, and the room falls silent as the pale man enters the room. He takes one look at the blackboard, grabs a piece of chalk, and quickly dashes off the correct proof in 4.3 seconds, artfully breaking his chalk in half at the last second so it spins frantically in the air, and lands on the forehead of a previously heckling student, knocking him out.

Breaking the stunned silence, the professor manages to say, "I knew I was doing it right in the first place." Turning in puzzlement to the stranger, he blurts out "Who...who are you?"

The pale man looks at him as though he has answered this question a million times before. "They call me Schroedinger's Dog. I am your retainer," he says, and leaves in a swirl of black, shutting the door behind him.

The professor stares uncomprehendingly at the closed door.

"But I haven't had orthodontics since I was a kid!"

* * * * *

Every spring, at Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh, students build large wooden edifices, then tear them in a week and a half, muttering about how the "judges" cheated them. The lesson is this: the end is important in all things, but bitterness lasts forever.

Refrigerator Address from Page 1

9-??-00

Magnetic poetry is used to write "Uptight Chevrolet Spirit", bad poetry in fake C, ML, and Pascal, and lambda calculus. There isn't enough punctuation, though. David wears shorts on his head for a while before Kirstin decides this is wrong. At times, the refrigerator decides to make a loud buzzing sound.

9-23-00

As far as I can tell, the refrigerator does not turn on all day. Stuff in the freezer thaws. I file a maintenance request.

9-24-00

The refrigerator turns on around 1 A.M. and makes a bad, bad noise. Our milk is rotten. I love milk and I am not happy. Fortunately, Margaret manages to pacify me by baking. She bakes and bakes, making the attempt at salvaging the perishables in the form of scone-like muffins.

9-25-00 — *Housing Maintenance People Arrive*

The gentleman decide that the door is the only thing that can be fixed. We must now wait and see if our food continues to spoil. Time will tell.

9-26-00

I get mail from Housing saying they will complete the maintenance request by October 2. What this has to do with maintenance people being here yesterday I do not know. The milk is disturbingly viscous. I throw it and some other old scary stuff out.

UPDATE: The refrigerator turns on. Kirstin says "That's beautiful, man."

Pravda? Poetry Corner

Whining constantly,
Students cry out to the world
"We're not bitter yet"
— nirav dave

I wanted to cycle to Erie,
but I figured I'd get very weary,
So I stayed in the city
where the weather was pretty,
while the weather in Erie was dreary.
— chris schroeder

Our anger at Booth's misdirected.
It's an enemy group that's at fault.
Let their paper mache' be rejected.
And their unholy reign we will halt.

We'll find proof that our enemies cheated.
Our accountant will find out the bribe.
We're a vengeful group when we're defeated,
So it's blood from their skulls we'll imbibe!!!

Fair Russia should take back Alaska.
We'll kill all the penguins we find!
It'll be an enjoyable task—A
Death squad can sneak up from behind.

If we cannot find large flightless seabirds
We'll go hunting for Winnie the Pooh.
And because all the judges must be turds
I guess we'll just shoot them all, too.

Still it's not about winning or losing,
Now it's all about our vengeful wrath!
I want Killing...Gore...Blood...and guts oozing!!!
Let's put KGB on the war path!!!!
— chick nixon

Review: American Psycho

John Meier, The Guy Who We Used To Throw Pennies At

Summation: Good movie if you want a inside-out head.

"Harold, you're my lawyer, so I think you should know... I've killed quite a few people."

Comments from the director, Mary Harron, said that she has been influenced by Kubrick and Hitchcock. No f***ing s***. I was less confused watching *The Shining*. But the payoff really comes near the end when you start to sympathize with a guy who kills over a dozen people including a dog he stomps and a stray cat he tries to feed to an ATM. Poor bastard. The retro 80's stuff is pretty cool, until they start pushing it. I mean, we accept that if there are a bunch of Wall Street guys doing coke and killing people, it's the 80's. Jeez.

CMU Fact of the Week

Mudge not only looks like a mental institution, *It is* a mental institution.

Consider: If you think you're supposed to be there, you're allowed to come and go as you please, but if you know you don't belong there, there is no escape!

For all of you still trapped in Mudge: Escape does exist, if you are willing to climb walls covered in metal and topped with electrical wiring!

Bitterness from Page 1

December '99: The beginning of the end. Bayani's bosses work frantically to complete grant request forms. Bayani, whose code is almost finished, offers his help in completing said forms, but is declined.

February '00: The deadline comes and passes, with no application turned in. Bayani's time is short, and he realizes it. Once again, his help is offered; once again, it is declined.

May '00: The bosses concede. "We have enough funding to pay for you through August, but that's it," they say. "We've been so busy that we've hardly had time to complete the application for grant money."

"But have you completed any?" Bayani asks.

"No, but we're going to talk to this doctor at Pitt in July, and see if he's interested."

"Do you need any help?" Bayani once again offers.

"No, we can handle it."

We can handle it? Bayani ponders. Little does he know that the nail in the coffin is yet to come:

"You know, we work hard. We get in around 8, and usually leave around 7. We've been hearing reports that you've been coming in around 10:30 and leaving at 5. Why? You used to work so hard! You used to be in the lab for late hours! Why, we even received mail from you at 4 in the morning asking questions! What happened? You even fell asleep during the orientation meeting!"

In truth, Bayani had been lax about his job at this point. With no further developments in the code, he has done little but surf the web and chat on zephyr. The only thing left to do was rewrite everything, because a 2 year old program is at best a snarled mess, but that would take far longer than the summer in which he had to do it.

But now, the ones accusing him of laziness had made no attempts to keep him around. No grants, no funding, not even an application. All this despite the fact that they claim to work 11 hours in a day! Bayani spends the rest of his time surfing the web, chatting on zephyr, and looking for a new job.

August '00: Bayani is finally released. In a small and meaningless revenge, he takes with him the notebooks that had all the design notes for two years' worth of code, and buries them amongst his belongings in his new office.

This Week's Forecast

PIT	SUN 01	MON 02	TUE 03	WED 04	THU 05	FRI 06	SAT 07	SUN 08	CLIMO
MN/MX	73 51	76 59	82 61	80 51	67 43	56 39	53 38	57 45	66
POP12	0 0	11 14	16 3	14 20	29 40	50 41	37 28	29 24	23
CPOS	0 0	0 0	2 0	4 2	6 11	15 13	10 14	13 4	2
CLDS	38 34	59 52	54 43	59 55	65 59	71 66	60 55	59 50	57
WIND	8 4	8 4	8 5	10 6	9 7	10 8	10 6	9 5	8
POP24	11	23	14	37	63	56	42	35	

Complaint Form UBSPX122 34 519 XX 29y KR

I WISH TO COMPLAIN	Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>
You wish to complain? Look at these shoes I've only had 'em five days and the soles are worn right through.	<input type="checkbox"/>
NO, I WISH TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THIS PRAVDA?	<input type="checkbox"/>
If you complain nothing happens you might as well not bother. And my back hurts and when have we had a decent day?	<input type="checkbox"/>
NO I JUST WANT TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THIS PRAVDA?	<input type="checkbox"/>
Oh I see. Have you visited a farm or agricultural center within the last three weeks?	<input type="checkbox"/>
WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?	<input type="checkbox"/>
We will ask the questions sonny.	<input type="checkbox"/>
BUT I JUST WANT MY MONEY BACK?	<input type="checkbox"/>
Are you currently carrying over \$50,000 in currency or other monetary instruments?	<input type="checkbox"/>
OF COURSE NOT, ARE YOU MAD?	<input type="checkbox"/>
Is there a history or mental illness in your family, have you ever felt depressed or visited a professional psychiatrist?	<input type="checkbox"/>
WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you masturbate?	<input type="checkbox"/>
THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS. I AM SIMPLY TRYING TO COMPLAIN.	<input type="checkbox"/>
Just answer the question: Do you masturbate a) a lot b) occasionally c) not at all And don't think we'll believe you if you say c).	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>
LOOK I WISH TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE WAY YOU ARE HANDLING MY COMPLAINT.	<input type="checkbox"/>
Can't take it eh? Easy for you to complain but you don't like it when we start do you?	<input type="checkbox"/>
WHAT?!?	<input type="checkbox"/>
Don't come sniveling to us, you horrible winging little toady with your puerile complaints and your pathetic whining.	<input type="checkbox"/>
I'M GOING TO CALL CAMPUS POLICE.	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you think we care? We've got your money now and just try and get it back off us you pathetic, ridiculous, spooky little creep.	<input type="checkbox"/>
OK YOU WIN. I GIVE UP.	<input type="checkbox"/>
Would you say this Pravda? was a) fabulous b) fantastic c) the best Pravda? you've ever read	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>
Answer yes to all parts and just maybe we'll let you walk out of here with your ears intact.	<input type="checkbox"/>

Ed: With apologies to Eric Idle. Heh, like he would ever read this...