



# PRAVDA?



The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy

Price: FREE of any poisonous food-like substances

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## The Sandwich of Damocles II! Only \$175 At Your Local Subway

by *Chris Clark*

For those of you able to make it to the KGB party on Friday 12/1, you all now know that a simple sandwich can be a deadly weapon. This is a fact Hero of the Revolution Jason "Grandpa" Wolfson had intimate knowledge of, having eaten the first Sandwich of Damocles early last Spring. Makes you wonder what possessed him to agree to do it again.

In order to appease the CIA and other intelligence operations that are seeking a form of gastric torture, here's the current recipe from hell and the prices Jason charged for each item:

Rye bread	\$ 0.00
All natural peanut butter	10.00
Generic potted meat product	7.00
Peppermint Altoids, crushed	5.00
Vegetable chips, various	3.00
Wasabi, authentic	7.00
Sauerkraut, Vlassic	7.00
Anchovies with capers	10.00
Strawberry sauce, Hershey's	8.63
Soy cheese	5.00
Molasses	6.66
Breakfast cereal, powdered	
(Apple Jacks & Count Chocula)	5.00
Baby food, strained peas	10.00
Dave's Insanity Sauce, straight	20.00
White hot chocolate mix, Ghieraldi	5.00
Pure lemon extract	4.00
Cooked pig's foot	50.00
Horseradish	5.00
Velveeta	7.00
Garlic +	
Crushed red pepper +	
Heinz mustard	9.71

And remember kids, don't try this without a parent's supervision, the number of the local hospital, and a stomach pump.

## Dan Hook, Heartbreaker

By *Hart Braker*

Gloria gazed into Danhook's smoldering eyes in the dim light of the ECE coke machine. She felt weak because she knew this would be the last time she saw her darling, her love, her *Danhook*. Finally, Danhook broke the silence.

"So, what do you expect me to do?" He was unflappable and completely unreadable.

Gloria sighed. Why was he making this so hard? Deliberate cruelty? Deliberate density?

"Well?!?" Danhook looked impatiently at his watch. "I have class in a few minutes..."

## Rant Upon Immortality

By *Professor Thomas Black*

People complain that humanity destroys the world at an amazing rate. I agree. But that is inevitable. Human nature will overcome. At some point in the future, the world will finally encounter a cataclysm so disturbing that all racial, political, and social lines will break down so that we will finally see the terrible truth.

With the advent of nuclear power in 1940's, the entire world realized during the Cold War that the power the other side possessed was so terrible, that neither dare use it in fear of repercussions. On Three Mile Island and Chernobyl were examples of how domesticated nuclear power can be disastrous even while in safe hands and regulated.

In industrial centers, the world is stuck in a downward spiral of materialism. Everyone in the country has heard that cigarettes kill. Despite this, the tobacco industry still holds a tremendously powerful lobby, and commercially is doing fine. People still buy Camels by cartons weekly. Every day people decide that they will abandon a small part of their life to satiate a hedonistic feeling, justifying it with a personal cost/benefit analysis that sacrifices the long term in exchange for meeting the current addiction.

It can be explained that HUMAN nature flows from the need to push the limit: of the speed limit, carrying capacity of land, testing the rigors of human pain tolerance. It's not just good enough to explore the entirety of the land, we must now move into space and into new frontiers. As the poet Tennyson noted, "To seek, to strive, to find; and not to yield." To say this is inherently bad is a misnomer, but it can be traced as a root of what I call the troubles with the world.

The idea of immortality intrinsically contradicts how humanity acts. Human nature comes from the concept that we know that we are limited to mortality by our self imposed materialistic precepts. Most understand the concept that each person can and will leave behind a legacy, but many do not find total consolation in this. The fact that they are going to one day stop breathing is still not avoided. This finite life span injects great fear into the minds of all. To be immortal is to deny what human nature. No one lives forever except through offspring or through memories.

Despite this, to state that there is no reason to live forever because humanity is destroying the earth is false. Humans desecrate the world because they are mortal. In the minds of materialistic beings across the world, people want to live to the maximum. They want to live as well as they can. This global hedonism affects every finite person: from the God-Fearing Christian to the pragmatic Atheist to the pious Muslim, everyone feels it. They want to live a good life. They desire to live what they can. The acknowledgement of mortality is the greatest step in acknowledging the human spirit. In a mortal's view: immortality bites.

Continued on Page 3

# Schroedinger's Dog: The Way of the Samurai: Final

*Dreams can be pleasant, but they can be lethal as well. To serve effectively, a samurai should avoid them. Insomnia helps.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Rage. Cold. Rage. Cold, cold, rage, boiling around in the depths of the tall, pale man's heart. He pushed it away to concentrate. Concentrate. On his duty. Duty.

Yes, his duty.

Professor Quinn had given him a debt he could not repay, saved him when he thought all was lost. So he did the best he could. Went into seclusion. Focused and trained his mind, body, and soul so that when the Professor needed him, he would be there. But they suspected the Professor, the man knew, wanted to get rid of him and the Professor, since they were a threat.

So the man did the only thing he knew how. Serve. Protect. The honor.

\* \* \* \* \*

He entered Wean Hall just as lunch break ended. Rounded a corner. Into a hallway.

And came face to face with one of them. A Physics Professor. Who managed to blurt "Hey, you're...!" before being felled by a well placed chop.

An expertly thrown piece of chalk here, a thin textbook that went for hundreds of dollars in the bookstore spinning violently through the air there. One after another, the pale man felled professors as he flew down the corridor trenchcoat flapping in the wind, music violently thumping over the PA system.

He tossed off complex equations so quickly and expertly that it caused professors to faint on the spot. Gamma-ray bursters. Phase transitions. One room contained a detailed description of the charm quark, while another contained a fully operational optical-quantum computer. One stairwell contained an accurate supersymmetric M-level string theory complete with diagrams and universal timeline, as well as the bodies of a number of professors slumped along the stairs, just barely alive.

As he sprang up the stairs to the eighth floor, he really hit his stride. 20-page paper. Chalk. A Feynman diagram, and then one more. Two homework assignments folded into deadly origami cranes. And he reached the last room. Cartoonish music issued silently from behind the door.

It shattered into pieces and the man, pale in rage, stepped inside. He disabled the two grad students with some quick tensor calculations, then got Edelstein before he could even reach for his chalk. Pulling out a large red marker, he left Edelstein's forehead decorated with a large 'D'.

He was almost done. Just one more thing to do.

\* \* \* \* \*

They met in the fifth floor lobby. On one side, the tall pale man, standing calmly, coat fluttering slightly in the heating ventilation. On the other, stood Professor Quinn. Nervous. Nervously shaking, just a bit, since he knew what he was up against.

They stood there. The anticipation was palpable.

As the blaring music subsided somewhat, the pale man called out, "Come on."

"What?!" replied Quinn.

"Come at me. You know that it is what you have to do. You are a professor here. I have defeated all of your colleagues. Therefore, you must defeat me."

"But I can't... and all you've done... I'm mean, you said you were my..."

"That doesn't matter. I have long ago chosen my path, and you have long ago chosen yours. We both have roles to act, so we must fulfill them."

"Why are we standing around philosophizing like this, anyway?"

"I dunno, you started it."

"Huh"

Time passed.

"You wanna go?"

"No, you go first."

"Really?"

"Really."

And with that, they took off at each other at incredible speeds. They sped. Across. The. Floor. Faster. At each other. Faster. FASTER.

Until, just as they were almost within arm's reach, Quinn's foot fell. On the ground. Whose friction was reduced. By the moisture of a spilled drink. Causing Quinn to take a spill into the pale man, knocking their heads together, falling jointly unconscious on the floor.

When Quinn woke up, all that remained was a well-worn black trenchcoat, and the feeling that he was waking up from a dream. Of some sort. Or something.

\* \* \* \* \*

The little girl sat on the kitchen floor, cradling the big red quantum book in her hands, while her mother above her did the dishes.

"Mom," the girl said, "how do you resolve the discontinuities in a path integral model of a multi-manifold quantum gauge field theory?"

"Other than renormalization?" replied the parent. "None that I know of."

"Huh," replied the child.

But she wondered.

\* \* \* \* \*

*All children instinctively know the true way of the samurai. Except the ones who kick me in the shin and call me "old man". Bastards.*

## KGB Recipe Corner

*By Agent evil@ratworld.com*

### Pig Feet (or tails)

#### Ingredients

- pig feet (better if in halves) or/and tails: you can find them at Giant Evil, ehm Eagle

- water

- salt & pepper

- garlic salt

- oregano

- a deep pan, a knife and a wooden spoon

- a cooking device (such as a kitchen)

#### Preparation

Clean the pig parts under water, and use the knife to remove any hairy spots. Poke the skin with the knife (so that the fat can partially come out). Put the water in the pan, add salt (1/2 tbsp if the pig parts are not sold salted, 0 tbsp if they are), garlic (very little), pepper (to tastes) and oregano (1/2 tbsp). Drown the pig part in the water and let boil for 35-45 minutes. Tails usually take less time to cook. Remove stuff from pan, **DO NOT REUSE THE WATER, THROW IT IN THE SINK AS FAST AS YOU CAN.**

Serve with lentils or other vegetables. Enjoy

## KGB Ice Cream Flavors

- Red Raspberry Swirl
- Choco-Full-of-Nuts
- Mint (we throw pennies, don't we?)
- Revolution Red Sherbet
- Glorious (Gilbert) Grape
- Ghost of Gorbachev Chunk
- Geek Crunch
- Lemon, Grape, and Chicken Combo Flavor
- FD&C Red #1917
- Comrade Boris' Red Raspberry
- Radioactive Lead Dust
- Red Apathy...Whatever...
- Borscht & Vodka
- Lime & Chocolate
- Mustard Caramel Swirl
- Blood
- Running-Dog Cherry Red

## The Top 5 Reasons KGB Should Change Its Name to SSA

1. \*SA name required to win booth
2. Student's Student Association stresses our dedication to students
3. The Side Side Angle theorem got you through Trigonometry
4. Strong Soft and Absorbent is Pravda?'s hitherto unannounced goal
5. KGB is the most ass-backwards group on campus

## The Pravda? Zephyr Conversation of the Month

*Submitted by Generalissimo D.E. Hook*

dhook:

coffeecoffeecoffee

The saturating multiplier shall fall before my hypercaffeniated mind, so long as my heads don't jitter too much on the mouse.

dhook:

Umm, hands, I might hands.

dhook:

Rather, I meant hands. Maybe the caffeine wasn't such a great idea after all..

rgockley:

laura says 'no, no, i'm entertained. i think he should drink more caffeine.'

me, i'm just having trouble recovering enough to type...

## The Best T-Shirts of 2000

- (Aboard a person with a serious beer belly) Objects Under This T-Shirt Are Larger Than They Appear
- I Am a Bomb Technician; If You See Me Running, You Should Keep Up
- No, I Don't Eat Meat; Yes, I Get Enough Protein; No, My Shoes Aren't Leather; Yes, I Have a Life
- For Every Action, There Is an Equal and Opposite Government Program
- Give a Man a Fish, and He'll Eat for a Day. Teach a Man to Fish, and He'll Sit Around and Drink Beer All Day
- You Know You're Getting Older When Happy Hour Is a Nap!

Gloria knew that it was only an excuse. Danhook didn't want to accept his true feelings. It was such a man-like thing to do...

"Spit it out, Gloria, I have a milestone due on Friday!"

Gloria heaved a great breath. She knew this was going to be hard but it had to be said. "I totally have a crush on you and I want you to break up with my sister so she can marry into the Kennedy family and I can still have my Porsche."

Danhook raised his eyebrows in disbelief. "You would marry your sister into a family of heartless politicians all for the love of a car?!? What kind of person are you? Fueled by Chevron with Techron, I would bargain..."

"I am not a Synthetic! I am the real deal, baby!" Gloria was matching Danhook in anger. "How could you accuse me of that when my sister Sylvia, drinks soy milk? Eh?"

Danhook was enraged by Gloria's accusations against her beautiful gentle sister. "She's doesn't like real milk!" He knew it was a futile effort trying to talk reason with this she-devil.

Gloria could feel this opportunity to get Danhook on her side slipping away into the black night. She knew that his moral fabric was a tough thing to snare and that it was pulled taught by Sylvia's tendril like grasp and the constant pull of lab. Gloria thanked whatever was watching over her that she had this fleeting moment with him.

Later, in Wean Hall, Sylvia stared at her monitor in the chemical cluster of 5200. She read her email again. It was an opportunity not to pass up. Despite her Computer Science background, she had applied for and won the opportunity to go to Antarctica with the Physics department. It had seemed silly at the time to reply to the cmu.misc.market post, but one thing had lead to another and now she was going. And the plane took off in a week!

Unfortunately, that left one thing to worry about; her love, and significant other, Danhook...

A week later, Sylvia stood in the Pittsburgh airport with Gloria and Danhook. Her hand was firmly clasped in Danhook's. Her flight was boarding and already the rest of the people in her group had gotten in line.

"Oh, Danhook, I don't know if I could live without you." Sylvia's heart seemed about to explode.

"Then don't go! My love!" Danhook pulled her close.

"You could console yourself with my sister, Gloria..." It was a leading question. Sylvia didn't actually want Danhook to fall prey to her evil sibling, but she wanted to know that he was hers forever.

"I couldn't never love anyone else." Danhook bent over Sylvia for a tender kiss.

"FINAL BOARDING OF FLIGHT 681 FOR TWA BOUND FOR CARACAS, VENEZUELA" The flight attendant's voice boomed over the loud speaker interrupting Danhook and Sylvia's moment alone in the buzz of the airport.

"I'll miss you."

"Don't go."

But, Sylvia turned toward the gate. And as she had her ticket torn, she glanced back and saw the look of victory play across Gloria's face, she was undone bursting into tears. She hesitated once again before walking down the gangplank to the plane.

And so our hero is today. A lone cowboy riding into the sunset. Shoulders hunched with bitterness.... unless....

- Husbands Are Like Pickup Trucks; If They Don't Wanna Work, I Get Rid of 'Em
- To Err Is Human; To Forgive Is Not Library Policy
- Your Village Called; Their Idiot Is Missing
- Started Out with Nothing and Still Have Most of It Left
- Life Is Too Short to Smoke Cheap Cigars
- Money Isn't Everything, But It Keeps the Kids in Touch
- No, I'm Not on Steroids, But Thanks for Asking
- Recovering Trailer Trash
- I Plan to Go to Heaven, So Why Do I Find Myself in a Handbasket?
- If Going to Church Makes You a Christian, Does Going to a Garage Make You a Car?
- Please Don't Tell My Mother I'm a Lobbyist; She Thinks I'm a Piano Player in a \$%##& House
- I Don't Suffer From Insanity; I Enjoy Every Minute of It
- Husbands May Come and Go, But Girlfriends Are Forever
- Nice Perfume; Must You Marinate In It?
- So Many Men, So Little Point
- If All the World's a Stage and All the Men and Women Merely Players, Where Do Audiences Come From?
- Beer; Helping Ugly People Have Sex Since 1869
- (Aboard an extremely tall person at Ocean City) No; Do You Play Miniature Golf?
- Nobody Knows I'm Elvis
- Old Fishermen Never Die; They Just Smell That Way
- I Want to Be a Millionaire (That's My Final Answer)
- Keep Your Distance; I Chew Red Man
- I'd Rather Be Sad in a Rolls-Royce Than Happy on a Bicycle
- Clones Are People Two
- Since I Gave Up Hope, I Feel Much Better
- If It's a Formal Wedding, I Know Where to Borrow a White Shotgun
- Warning; Retiree; Knows It All and Has Plenty of Time to Tell You About It!
- I Just Got Lost in Thought; It Was Unfamiliar Territory
- Actually, I Am a Rocket Scientist!
- If Stress Burned Calories, I'd Be a Size 5
- Those Who Live by the Sword Get Shot by Those Who Don't
- You Have the Right to Remain Silent; Anything You Say Will Be Misquoted, Then Used Against You
- Blessed Are They Who Can Laugh at Themselves, for They Shall Never Cease to Be Amused
- I Wish the Buck Stopped Here; I Could Use a Few
- They Can Send Me to College But They Can't Make Me Think
- This Body Is a Temple; Chocolate Worshipped Daily
- Sex Is Like Air; It's Not Important Unless You Aren't Getting Any

- The Problem With Opportunity Is That It Only Knocks, While Temptation Kicks In the Door
- My Dog Can Lick Anyone
- Mom and Dad Worked Hard So I Could Have a College Education; I'll Give Them Free Fries for Life
- Soooo, When's the Wizard Getting Back to You About That Brain?
- Consciousness: That Annoying Time Between Naps
- I Haven't Lost My Mind; It's Backed Up on a Disk Somewhere
- Hey, You! Out of the Gene Pool!
- If You Can Read This, Pull Me Back in the Boat
- Real Men Don't Waste Their Hormones Growing Hair
- Veni, Vidi, Visa: I Came, I Saw, I Did a Little Shopping
- Star Light, Star Bright, Where the Hell Is Mister Right?
- I'd Quit This Job But I Need the Sleep
- The Secret: Find an Age You Like and Stick to It!
- I Have the Body of a God; Unfortunately, It's Buddha
- Cinderella Was Thrown Off the Basketball Team Because She Ran Away from the Ball
- I Miss My Ex, But My Aim Is Improving
- I'm Your Father, Not an ATM
- I Used Up All My Sick Days, So I'm Calling in Dead
- If I Follow You Home Will You Keep Me?
- Smile: It Makes People Wonder What You're Up To
- Alcohol and Calculus Don't Mix; Never Drink and Derive
- (Over a picture of a dog) My Name Is 'No, No, Bad Dog!'
- What's Yours?
- A Good Lawyer Knows the Law; a Great Lawyer Knows the Judge
- Flashy But Trashy
- Chlorine: The Breakfast of Champions
- Four Years of College and Whom Did It Get Me?
- Should I Talk to the Man in Charge or the Woman Who Knows What's Going On?
- I Got This Shirt When I Turned 40; I HATE This Shirt
- Ex-Wife for Sale; Just Take Over Payments
- Being Placed on a Pedestal Is a Right, Not a Privilege
- The Older the Fiddle, the Sweeter the Tune
- Out of Estrogen and I've Got a Gun!
- This Is the Only Shirt I Didn't Lose in Las Vegas
- I'd Rather Be in the Boat With a Drink on the Rocks Than in the Drink With the Boat on the Rocks
- Women Who Seek to Be Equal to Men Lack Ambition
- I'm Too Sexy for My Hair; That's Why It Isn't There
- Unproductive People Revolve Around the Earth at the Same Speed as Productive People
- Never Underestimate the Power of Stupid People in Large Groups

This list blatantly stolen from Bob Levey of the Washington Post. Please don't kill me! I didn't mean it! Bob Levey is cool!

CoMix

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