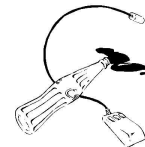




PRAVDA?



The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy

Editor: Ed Ryan (*epr+pravda@andrew.cmu.edu*)

Price: FREE from bitterness and regret

Volume 7, Issue 3 — Hopefully before the end of 2002 (ha!)

Booooooooth

by John D. Balthazar

Why, I remember when I was just a young boy. We didn't have to worry so much about land sharks then, as they preferred to stay in their natural habitat of fast-food restaurants and gas stations. That was before their habitats were destroyed in a fit of irony by a bunch of ignorant eco-terrorists. Anyway, in those days, we could walk down the street without having to bring our shark guns with us, and life was innocent and sweet, like some yummy candy which has a pleasant flavor, but which isn't *too* sweet, like a Saccharine Stick or something. Anyway, in those days, the sun shone brightly and it was summer all year long. We didn't have any of these new-fangled winters that you all get a kick out of, what with your fancy technological snow and ice. We had one day when we got to turn off the air conditioner, and we were damn happy for it! You kids don't know how good you've got it. Razza frazzin mumble grumble...

Lovely Thieves

by Avi

Over the summer, I attended a research program at SUNY Potsdam. There was a communal fridge, and with the small rooms, most of us were forced to place food in it. Unfortunately the food kept disappearing, sometimes only hours after it was placed in the refrigerator. Angry notes appeared, but I felt a deeper stirring of emotion. Bowing to the currents of my heart, I left the following note on the front of the fridge.

Dear Food Thief,

Your extraordinary exploits have earned you the gift of my heart. I bought junk food to celebrate the end of a diet, and your gracious theft enabled me to maintain my svelte figure. Who could not melt and have one's inner passions ignited by such sweet consideration? I hope to meet you soon, with the night and stars as our only cover.

Alas, I did not hear back =-(

Focus on Grammar

by dkaplan

I don't understand why you people can't figure out the difference between "its" and "it's." Look, "it's" is a contraction of "it" and "is." When that guy says "it's" at the beginning of an episode of "Monty Python's Flying Circus," that's what he means. "Its" is a possessive, so it means "belonging to it," where "it" is a pre-specified antecedent. Yes, it's an exception, since an apostrophe followed by an "s" usually signifies possession, so just deal with it. Oh, and for the love of God, it's never correct to use an apostrophe when forming a plural. That really pisses me off.

Freshmen

by Yanna

Freshmen are amazing. Year after year, they come to this school in droves, full of anxiety and enthusiasm, hopes and dreams, and inflated egos. They find CMU to be the best place on earth, a place where they finally feel welcome, where they can be as geeky as they want to and still have loads of friends. Where they can wear pajamas and shorts all year round and nobody cares, where they can go to all their classes or not, sleep all day and eat ice cream for breakfast. They grow to love it.

Unlike sophomores, freshmen are not yet exposed to the ways of the school. They're usually new to Pittsburgh weather, bus systems, and street maps. They don't know what they're doing as much, but they care even less.

This is the time when freshmen are at their peak. They have been here long enough to get a hold on things, make their niche, and feel they belong. They have not, however, been here long enough to get sufficiently bitter. So they do things, like, try to take over campus organizations. They think they're indestructible! They start skipping their simple little intro classes, shirking on work, getting drunk at frat parties, etc.... before their over-achiever side resurfaces, and their parents yell at them, and they start studying and going to classes and caring about grades and stuff. Bah.

Freshmen are smarter than me in Physics. Freshmen are more capable than I am at getting cool upperclass boyfriends. Freshmen get matza all over their pants and jacket, forget to shave for 3 days, and are wastes of human beings. Oh wait, that's only Adam, who's reading over my shoulder. Heh. Anyways, I wanted to be a freshman again when this year started. Screw my 345 units of credit, I want a new experience again. Living in a dorm with tons of other intimidated, new people. Meeting fellow freshman and making new friends by the thousands. Hurrah!

Yet when I think back to all that I have gone through, and all that I have learned since freshman year (not from classes, duh, but from life), I think of my freshman self as naive and undeveloped. Though I am still quite naive, I was even more so then. So I don't really want to be a freshman again. Besides, I get to do the new school thing all over again when I'm a grad student.

Freshmen are cool people. Freshmen make good pets. Freshmen are good for manual labor, homework doing, and entertainment. If you're a freshman, good for you! Live it up. Make some mistakes. Just make sure they're not too bad, and that you learn from them, so you can be a cool educated junior like me. I like freshmen. I think they would be much cooler if they elected me their leader. Which they will. Mwahahaha. Oh wait, I mean, *heehee*, I'm cute. Thank you.

The Law & Order Drinking Game

by Mark "Teddy" Tomczak

Take a drink every time...

"Forensic Accountants" are mentioned
Jack argues outside his normal court
Jack withholds exculpatory evidence
Cops violate the 4th amendment
Another spinoff show is created
When the psychiatrists take the stand blind
Judge sets the verdict aside
Someone receives a motion to dismiss, exclude, preclude, suppress (LBPOP)
Angry (black or female) legal-aid lawyer
Someone is arrested in front of their kids
Angry mob outside the courtroom
defense talks smack to the press behind the DA's back
A jurisdictional pissing match
When the cops say, "We're not vice."
When the cops arrest someone about to commit another crime
When the first crime the cops come across is not the one they finish up with
When the first crime the cops come across is not the one Jack prosecutes
When they regret giving someone immunity
When the DA has a political conflict of interest
"Objection!" "Withdrawn"
Anytime there are more than 3 counts on the indictment
They walk outside
Someone gets arrested after being released
There is a line-up
The eye-witnesses can't pick out a suspect from a line-up
Defense attorney points out that the eye-witness has already said he/she couldn't pick out the suspect from the line-up
"Move to strike!" (and make hand-gesture of wiping idea from your mind)
Briscoe refers to his ex-wives or his drinking problem
Briscoe or someone else hints that Briscoe is Superman
Briscoe's partner outruns Briscoe
Someone is charged with "Reckless endangerment" (also yell "It's still good!")
Someone doing / being somewhere they shouldn't stumbles across a murder victim
Lt. Van Buren refers to a black suspect as "My Brotha"

No Idea

by David Kaplan

Seriously, you don't. I mean, most of you know me. You know that I'm a good-looking guy. Hey, c'mon, it's true! So, you might be thinking that I have a pretty easy time of it finding guys to go out with. In fact, from the way I talk so freely about my sexual exploits, you probably don't even question it. Well, I'm here to disabuse you of that notion. It's damn hard for me to find a date, and I'll tell you why.

Let's say I meet a guy. In fact, let me just tell you that I *did* meet a guy a few weeks back while I was working at the library. He was cute, he was sweet, and he was friendly. Now, if I were straight and this guy were a girl, I would have just asked "her" out on the spot. Instead, this boy and I had to tapdance around the issue for 48 hours until we each managed to verify that the other was gay. Now, you might be thinking to yourself, "Well, so what if he were a girl instead. 'She' could just as easily have turned out to be a lesbian, you know." Well, yes, that's true. But in that case, it's the woman who would be outside of the norm, and thus stigmatized, not the guy asking her out. On the other hand, I did ask a different guy out at the very beginning of the semester and he turned out to be straight. He was very cool about it, but I still looked like a total doof. And seriously, no musical theatre major that cute has a right to be straight.

So you might be wondering how gay men usually meet guys. Well, they go to gay clubs and gay bars. But you know what? I don't like either of those places. Clubs are too loud to even hear the guy you're trying to talk to, and the flashing lights can give you a serious headache. Plus, it's too cramped to even bring your arms above waist level. And bars, well, I just don't like to drink unless I'm with a group of friends. There are also various kinds of gay cruises and resorts, but truth be told I kind of feel suffocated when subjected to large groups of homosexuals for too long. I can't take much more than the two days of New York City's gay pride celebration in June. So all of that is pretty much out.

And, before you ask, dating the Null set is not an option.

Beginning to see the big picture here? It's hard for me to get a date! I see cute boys all the time, but there's not much I can do about it because I don't know if there gay. And I can't stand any of the places where actual gay boys congregate. So, have pity on me and give me a hug the next time you see me.

Well, at least I have a date with the boy from the library...

The Russians Are Coming

UNKNOWN MYSTERY POET

here is a short poem i wrote around 1989 or 1990... it happened to be brought to mind this morning as i was walking to campus.. its supposed to be sort-of-sung with a nice cadence, of course..

the russians are coming, hooray hooray

the russians are coming, hooray hooray

the tanks, they are running,

the nukes, they are stunning,

the russians are coming, hooray hooray!

ok, so its pretty stupid. but, i was 11, and it is pravda. :P
so, of course, dont put my name on it!

isildur

Conversation with a Wanker by Laura "Bitter" Marsh

THE MISSION

by Mark "MadCat" Tomczak

The Mission: translocate to Helicopter Base, Arctic on 11/2/3062 at 13:53. Destroy anything that gets in your way. Advance scouts report that it is day and the weather is clear.

Mark's MadCat takes a devastating hit in the lower right leg from Joey (00:06). Joey targets and fires the AFC-25; Mark cries in dismay as the MadCat's right lower leg is damaged (00:06). Joey damages Mark's right lower leg (00:06). Joey's Summoner suffers a direct hit to its lower torso from Mark's AFC-100 (00:08). Mark's MadCat takes a devastating hit in the lower torso from Joey (00:11). Mark targets and fires the LRM-15; Joey cries in dismay as the Summoner's left torso is damaged (00:17). Fire boils from the damaged upper torso of Mark's MadCat after Joey hits it with a AFC-25 (00:36). Fire boils from the damaged lower torso of Mark's MadCat after Joey hits it with a AFC-25 (00:50). Dense black smoke pours from Mark's lower torso as a result of Joey's targeted hit (00:50). Smoke and fire are trailing from Mark's MadCat, all results of the large laser blast inflicted by Joey (00:50). Joey's Summoner fires the AFC-25 and damages the right gun of Mark's MadCat (00:56). Mark's MadCat suffers a direct hit to its upper torso from Joey's AFC-25 (01:16). Mark takes a severe wound to the upper torso as Joey aims for the Mad-Cat again (01:16). Mark damages Joey's right torso (01:18). Mark damages Adam's upper torso (01:47). Mark's MadCat fires the ERL-Laser and damages the upper torso of Adam's Zanin Neko (01:47). Fire boils from the damaged upper torso of Mark's MadCat after Adam hits it with a AFC-50 (02:08). Adam earns the revenge of Mark after the tragic destruction of the MadCat (02:08).

... The battle has barely begun, but Mark's MadCat is already a pile of scrap! Fortunately, death is short and transient in the world of BattleTech... that blue shimmer on the horizon tells a tale of resurrection... and revenge. Will Mark reap what Adam has sown? Will Joey's Summoner summon pain down upon the MadCat? Tune in next Pravda?.

Random quote

Submitted by "Ivan" Jager

This was at the bottom of an email in the debian-devel list.

Yes, Java is so bulletproofed that to a C programmer it feels like being in a straightjacket, but it's a really comfy and warm straightjacket, and the world would be a safer place if everyone was straightjacketed most of the time.

– Overheard in the SDM.

Useless poetry to fill space

Light the fire,
stoke it high!
Let it burn
Until I die!

You'll hear me speak again some day
After I pass into the South.
My words will see again this land
And feel new life from out your mouth.

madmerv420: psst

Laura Marsh: what?

madmerv420: you mad at me or something?

madmerv420: what are you doing?

Laura Marsh: I'm being bored. I'm not mad at you. Anymore. I've settled into being calmly disappointed.

madmerv420: don't be disappointed

madmerv420: where are you?

Laura Marsh: Here.

madmerv420: that's lame, i want to hang out

madmerv420: :P

madmerv420: :)

Laura Marsh: No.

madmerv420: you're no fun

madmerv420: what's wrong?

Laura Marsh: I'd rather not repeat the contents of our last hanging out, which caused me to be rather depressed for a while. I don't have time to be depressed. I have too much work.

madmerv420: that's depressing in itself

madmerv420: don't blame me

madmerv420: blame yourself

Laura Marsh: No, thanks, I think I'll blame no one, write you off as a boring, predictable wanker, and get on with my life. Thanks for the advice, though. I'll file it under "S" for "Stupid."

madmerv420: you are not british

madmerv420: so stop acting like you are

Laura Marsh: Yeah, because I do that all the time. Fancy a cup of tea, you bloody stupid wanker?

Laura Marsh: Oh, wait, no, you're only interested in a cup of cunt. Fuck off.

madmerv420: um, nooo

madmerv420: i think you've mistaken me for someone else

Laura Marsh: HAHAAHAHA! Your wit astounds me! Please, do continue! Explain yourself, wanker! Justify your fucking existence!

madmerv420: look, when you want your mind opened

madmerv420: come talk to me

madmerv420: otherwise, have fun being miserable

Laura Marsh: Yeah, because I definitely need to get high to open my mind and stop being miserable.

madmerv420: definitely.

Laura Marsh: I am happy, asrocket, and I don't need pot to get there. It just so happens that when I think I'm starting a friendship with a neat, interesting person, and they turn out to be the art school equivalent of a frat boy, I'm get fucking disappointed!

madmerv420: I don't believe you.

Laura Marsh: "but seriously; having a friend is a great thing, I'm glad you're beingfriendly and I'm glad to add you to the list? no.. I mean, I could use a friend right now, Laura.. we can all use more friends. thanks."

madmerv420: i don't remember what happened yesterday'

madmerv420: i focus on today

madmerv420: i remember having a fairly good time

Laura Marsh: In retrospect, I should have run that through my wanker filter, at which point I could've read, "I'm misreable and lonely, and I'd like to get some action."

Laura Marsh: Yes, you had a good time with a half conscious chick. Hooray for boobies, fuckhead.

Laura Marsh: Oh wait... I was getting on with my life.. nevermind. I'll see you later.

madmerv420: excuses

madmerv420: the beetle ran across- clean up your shit woman

Laura Marsh: Bye, now. Enjoy your wacky drug trip through Asshole-Land.

madmerv420: life is life

Laura Marsh: And wankers are wankers.

My hero

by Avi "The Beast" Silterra

In the halls of Wean, very little is certain. A cool, crisp, October morning hallway can see snow oozing from the holes in the walls, and the same can happen in June. But the students at Carnegie Mellon High School rest assured that physics teacher Brian Ward will wake up at four AM and ride his bike down Forbes Avenue to arrive 45 minutes before the bell rings each day from late August to early May. He will answer questions from physics students until school starts, at lunch, and after school until 4 o'clock, when he will ride his bike back up the hill to his home. This infallible consistency is extraordinary, considering Brian Ward does not exist.

I signed up for physics grudgingly. It was a required class, and though I love math, it is the theory that makes it dance for me. Application of anything to the real world seems mundane and tedious. However, I heard this class was led by a teacher so exceptional, you could not help but emerge from it a different person. The truth in this prediction is undeniable. I learned lessons about determination, enthusiasm for life, and courage that will stay with me forever. As I gradually imagined up the hardships my teacher had faced and conquered (he was never quick to reveal them), I realized that the human spirit can overcome nearly anything, as long as the obstacles are not real. His imagined quiet strength made me re-evaluate my own life and good fortune. He is my hero.

Mr. Ward grew up in his non-existence in the imaginations of many young folks in Northern Minnesota with cold weather and a culture centered around high school football. Visiting the visions of many a sleepy eyed college student, it was there that he was seen riding on a pink elephant over a dull lecturer. His antics during class helped many a pothead and day dreamer to avoid developing an appetite for knowledge about the natural world and how it worked. He continues to be seen in many a vision, his antics maintaining the simple manner that must have helped him fit in growing up. His blue-collar language and practical approach to pachyderm riding make students feel capable, whether or not they are on the honor roll. Although his capacity for mental calculation is nothing less than astoundingly and humorously incorrect, I have come to admire his honest respect for all vocations even more. I imagine that he truly understands humility, in a way that only someone who does not exist can.

College is a time when new adults face many changes. We sometimes feel our whole world is spinning out of control and grasp for something secure to hold on to. The imaginary Mr. Ward's heroic nonchalance in the face of monumental obstacles provides this permanence, provided we continue to smoke large amounts of pot and sleep during class. His steadfastly equal and nonexistent treatment of all students conveys respect for each of us that we can count on. A man who has never been dealt the card he expected, Brian Ward ensures that everyone in his class knows exactly what is expected of them, though that expectation may not correspond with reality. There are no surprises or punitive quizzes, and though he doesn't give away good grades, people of all learning styles have a chance to earn them, needing only to nullify their own existences. He knows everyone works at a different pace, and students who need more time on tests are accommodated, even if he has to stay late (he doesn't have anywhere he needs to be.) Though I may forget Kepler's laws of Planetary Motion, the empty set of life lessons that Mr. Ward taught me will always stay with me. When I doubt myself, I will remember myself imagining his multicolored glasses and hearty laugh and try to approach my situation with the grit, optimism, and humor that I imagine he brings to every day of his nonexistence.

If Imarsh and I Had Children

by David "Manly Man" Kaplan

If Imarsh and I had children, they would be a master-race of genetically superior beings, fully compatible with a wide variety of bionic enhancements.

If Imarsh and I had children, they would not exceed 4'6" at full maturity.

If Imarsh and I had children, they would be called dkarsh. They might also have numerical designations, like Borg do.

If Imarsh and I had children, they would all be female because Imarsh is like a dryad, and dryads only have female children.

If Imarsh and I had children, they would swarm across the steppes of Tibet, unstoppable in their fierce bloodlust.

If Imarsh and I had children, they would be so totally hot.

If Imarsh and I had children, their incredible abilities in the fields of math, science, and...whatever Imarsh studies, would bend others to their collective will.

If Imarsh and I had children, their colossal might would stand athwart the ninjas and the samurais.

If Imarsh and I had children, their siren call would bring forth menservants to do their bidding.

If Imarsh and I had children, they would not be dark, but beautiful and terrible as the Morning and the Night! Fair as the Sea and the Sun and the Snow upon the Mountain! Dreadful as the Storm and the Lightning! Stronger than the foundations of the earth. All shall love them and despair!

Club Wars

by Todd "Deth Ninja" Frey

Throughout the ages there have been many rivalries among campus organizations, such as KGB and CIA, KGB and the Objectivist Society, and KGB and The Tartan. None of these rivalries, however, comes close to the hatred that exists between two math clubs: The Natural Logarithm Association (LNA), and e-lovers anonymous (ELA) .

Last Thursday the inevitable finally happened and a full-fledged war broke out among these two as to who could annoy the student population the most. It started when the president of ELA punched his opposing member right in the septum, fracturing many internal bits. The president of LNA responded by biting the others hand. Without a word, their respective supporters stood up. From there, it only got bloodier.

Currently, they are at a standstill. LNA has armed themselves with Shurikan Throwing Protractors, while the ELA prefers the hand-to-hand combat offered by the Death Compass. When asked for comment, Math department officials agreed that when ln and e face off, in the end, there can be only 1.

Horoscopes for Engineers

by The One and Only Exotic Accented Mama Cloe

Addled Aries: You discover that even a Sun Ultra 1 is faster than a SunBlade 100 with 4 people running Cadence on it.

Technical Taurus: When data structures start to sing happy tunes and dance merrily, it is time for sleep.

Genious Gemini: Hand Calculations never ever relate to the real world. Why did you spend 75% of your time on them again?

Comrade Cancer: How many graphs can you color before you run out of red ink?

Loudmouth Leo: Today you will attend class and there will be people there who have bathed.

Virgin Virgo: Enough Said... [editor's note - I hate you...]

Leopard-Print Libra: In a mad dash for sanity, you will watch the entire DS9 and B5 series, and then turn in an analytical comparison to Kesden.

Statist Scorpio: OLR already happened? Shoot!

Sharp-tounged Sagittarius: Emails follow you everywhere! They are like evil st4Lx0rs stealing your time!

Canine Capricorn: Why shouldn't you teach a 2 month old infant the differences between hardware and software.

Acid Aquarius: You read mathematical journals in french to explain them to your friends at parties.

Potatohead Pisces: No Tony! Don't go to the rumble between the theorists and the experimentalists! Nobody wins with a theoretical "super gun".

Future Pravda? Headliens

Submitted by Levi "Octopus" Broderick

I encourage you all to, for the next issue of Pravda?, take one of these headlines and write a story around it. Many have expressed an inability to be creative. These should help you along. -Ed

Capture the HUB with Force Successful, Cohon Surrenders

Committee to Get Teki Laid Reports Failure, Files Chapter 11

Supply of Pennies Runs Dry, Tomczak Wants Your First-borns

No-pants Committee Uses Student Activities Fee to Sponsor Educational Trip to Nudist Beach

Weanbot Comes to Life, Answers Fan Email

KGB Runs .ru Registrar from the Kage

Ed Demands Pravda? Submissions, Joins Dykes on Bikes to Raise Awareness

KGB Survey Dept. Reports Nobody Down wit' OPP

CIA and KGB Merge, CMU Declared Acronym Hell

Four Booths of the Apocalypse Signify End of World, Nostradamus Rises Again

Current Operating Budget is 2.17 Times Your Annual Tuition

FMS Rids MM A14 of Leprosy, Gives it Syphilis Instead

Goombah Squad Captures OLR, Packages It in Wooden Horse, Sends to MIT

Teki Instituted as President of CMU, Breaks Desks

KGB Fanfic Writers Awarded Pulitzer Prize

Sleeping Baggers Drown in Molasses. Event!: BBQ, Tomorrow

Prankster Removes Bottle Cap from Wean, Weanbot Lays the Smack-down

Haiku!

by Yanna Weisberg

Haikus by Me

Ed has fluffy hair
Bouncing, flowing, brown and long
Runs through my fingers

KGB is fun
Lots of very geeky kids
Buy more tangerines

Excerpt

by Kenn "Destroyer of Souls" Hamm

[Ed. - Be glad that I'm not printing this in its entirety. Be so, so glad...]

Nietzsche: Damn it, God, you always get to be the Übermensch. *I* want to be the Übermensch this time.

God: But that would mean I'd have to be the... Untermensch...

Nietzsche: Come on, I want a turn!

God: God is NOT the Untermensch!

Eris: Just because you have an inferiority complex is no reason not to let Friedrich have a little fun...

Do Not Eat

by Someone I Met On IRC

I saw a bird at the mall last weekend that I really liked. What can I say, I develop attachments to the oddest things.. which isn't so bad in and of itself. But now I'm considering going back to the mall (not the LOCAL one, Oh no. Couldn't be that easy.) to stare at it. Pathetic? Perhaps. But I was so distraught over it last weekend that I bought myself a hat and that's not so bad. I have this sort of object displacement thing going on. Now I'm attached to the hat as well as the avian. God damn me. I should get out more. Or less. Leaving the house is what caused this whole mess to begin with, right? Maybe I'll just hole up in the basement for a few years. I can eat crickets and drink rain water. It wouldn't be too bad of a life. Think about it. Less choice. Never forced to make decisions about your meals.. so no worrying over them. Less choice, less worry.. MORE CRICKET EATING'. Crickets are cool because not only are they pets in and of themselves, but they are FOOD for OTHER pets. So are mice. Not cats, though.. unless you happen to have an elderly Korean woman as a pet. That would be... interesting. Think about it.. er, no, don't. Just forget the whole thing. Delete this so you don't remember. Forget this entire message and get on with your lives. Messages. Yeah, lately I've become some sort of personal message center. It's insane. "Hi, this is <a>. Could you tell that I couldn't <x> with <y> at <n>o'clock and to call me? Thanks." Horrible. Horrible. I have enough trouble remembering my OWN schedule, let alone someone else's. Nothing wrong with a little forgetfulness, though, provided it's not inconveniencing. I know of someone who is so forgetful he'll go through a drive through, order, pay for his food, and drive off without it. That's pretty bad. I mean, it's not like you can even go back and GET the food without suffering from huge embarrassment. I mean, dude. You don't mess with dinner.

15-212 IS FUN!!!

PROFESSOR BROOKES!
I HAVE REALIZED THE ERROR OF MY
WAYS AND HAVE EMBRACED SMILI!



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val it = "AAAIIIEEEEE!!!": string
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I EVEN DECIDED YOUR
LAME COMICS YOU SHOW IN
LECTURE ARE FUNNY!



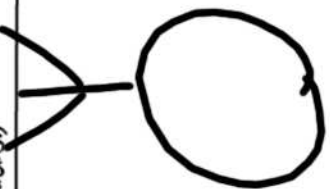
REALLY? WOW.



WELL YOUR COMICS DO SUCK... BUT!
I SHALL SPEND THE REST OF MY
LIFE EXPOUNDING THE GLORY OF
FUNCTIONAL PROGRAMMING TO THE
MASSES!



END.



arwongandrew 11-02