

# CONNIPTION

NEW AND IMPROVED

Miracle Elvis Diet Inside!  
Lose Weight While Eating!

WIN \$5000  
Play "PINKO"

Staff Bolts; Sharky Takes Reins

# RUPE IN TAKEOVER FANDANGO!



**UFOs Are Here!**  
(story on p. 2)

A Publication of  
Murdoch Communications Ltd.

## I'M IN CHARGE NOW

by Sharky DeBullion, Executive Editor

At last ol' Sharky is where he belongs -- top of the hill, king of the heap. And you had better believe that things are going to change around here. They'll change just as soon as those leftist losers come to there senses and get back to there jobs instead of parading around the building like so many longshoreman denied their \$32.50 an hour. Doesn't your heart just bleed for those pampered Ivy League sons of reeboks out there yelling for the head of Murdoch, screaming for journalistic integrity.

I'll show them real journalism, the kind of journalism that you can't learn by driving around New Haven in daddy's Mercedes. For instance, turn to page 3 for a very special new game that Mr. Murdoch and I created. We call it "Pinko." Here's how it works. Every weekday on page 3 we'll show you the photograph of a famous liberal in an embarrassing situation. Today's hint -- this Senator degraded both himself and his family by voting for increased aid to the homeless. Identify who it is and win \$50 to \$5000.

I may be top dog now, but as an old newshound I feel honor bound to report a no-doubt groundless rumor. There's talk on the street that Captain Courageous, Ted Turner, is trying to acquire *The Conniption* from Mr. Murdoch. I know that Mr. Murdoch believes in what *The Conniption* stands for and would never sacrifice journalistic principle in order to make a fast buck.



Phantom Fence Terrorizes Tenants!

## UFOs Are Here!

Unidentified Fence-like Objects  
Circle Building 270!!

(Chelmsford) — Although Corporate Security denies the claim, *The Conniption* has learned that hundreds of engineers and support staff in Bld. 270 have reported brief sightings of strange, fence-like objects hovering near building exits. Many individuals report actual physical encounters and considerable personal inconvenience with

the objects, and vigorously deny that they were victims of "mass hysteria," as authorities contend. In fact, an Apollo security guard was one of the first to report a sighting. "I swear it was as close as you are to me, right over there by the sidewalk," he said. "It didn't move around much or bother anybody, so we sort of left it alone after the first day. Then the next thing I know, there's this buzzing sound and I look up, and ... just like that, it's gone! Damnedest thing you ever saw!"

Air Force investigators dispatched to Bld. 270 to analyze the evidence have not ruled out the possibility of an extraterrestrial visitation, but are trying to explain the events as natural phenomena. "We have found no launch-related burn marks around the depressions in the shrubbery beds which are claimed to be the footprints of the fence," said Maj. Frank Franks. "These sightings could have been caused by marsh gas rising from the drainage pond across the parking lot. What with your high humidity these past few days, you can get some odd thermal boundary layer inversion effects. And low altitude weather balloons can easily be mistaken for split-rail property dividers."

"I don't buy it," says an engineer who asked to remain anonymous for fear of corporate retribution. "I've seen plenty of weather balloons in my days as a programmer, and this was no balloon. It was a fence for sure. You can bet that if these fences were appearing around Bld. 330, you'd see the National Guard in there right quick."

"I'm just worried about what's coming next," he continued nervously. "I mean, I've got a family to think about. Maybe they're sending in these wooden fences just to soften us up. Well, I'm digging in: you know, buying provisions, a lantern; keeping a couple of hundred rounds in fully-charged laser printer cartidges under my desk. They're not going to catch me napping again!"



FOR HIRE—Former Editor-in-Chief and 6 staff members of prestigious underground newsletter. No subject too tacky, no item too dull for us to write about. Sign painting okay. Will work for anyone except unscrupulous newspaper moguls and sleazy, scabby, Wall Street analysts. Send job offers to CNPT-122.

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## BOOK REVIEW

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### The Machine in the Garden: Eschatological Formalisms in Post-ern Programming

by  
Smedley Luce

Struggle is inherent in the human condition. We are born; we work; we die. Nowhere is this better portrayed than in the powerful and moving *The C Programming Language*, by Brian W. Kernighan and Dennis M. Ritchie. From the opening passages of the Preface to the swelling climax of Appendix A, the rich tapestry of life unfolds in all of its wondrous splendor and dark meaning within the pages of this literary *magnum opus*.

Kernighan begins with Chapter 0 ("Introduction"), symbolizing our ultimate origin in nothingness. In the beginning was the void — an introduction indeed. The stage is set: nature waits with baited breath for the grand eruption of creative energy which heralds the coming of life. From the Big Bang to the first stirrings in the womb, the archetypal "introduction" stands filled with promise and potential.

But potential alone is insufficient. "Any function may be called recursively," Kernighan writes, presaging the complex vortex of interdependencies linking each created being to the cosmic Other. Moreover, "... function definitions may not be nested (p. 3)," implying that the creative process is not without limits. Strong though the primal nesting urge may be, we cannot exceed the bounds of social propriety and corporate cooperation.

Chapter 1 ("A Tutorial Introduction") lays the groundwork for the primary thesis of the work, succinctly stated in Chapter 2: "Expressions combine variables and constants to produce new values (p. 33)." Man is obsessed with expressing his own needs, often at the expense of his fellow creatures. Indeed, the human animal feels no compunction about embodying those needs within the context of newly-created values derived from the synthesis of existing variable and constant states, as Kernighan so aptly observes. We express; therefore, we are.

Simple expressions prove inadequate for modern life, however. We must loop; we must switch; we must go to other spatial and temporal locations in order to cope with the demands of daily existence. Hence Chapter 3

("Control Flow") attempts to model and integrate all the complex processes of object interactions. Regrettably, this attempt is only partially successful, as Kernighan often wanders from the main track of his argument. For example, he states, "C provides the infinitely-abusable GOTO statement, and labels to branch to (p. 62)," thus digressing into the age-old argument about unconditional jumps at the expense of the larger issues of social and intra-personal responsibility.

We shall skip over a discussion of Chapters 4 through 8\* and move to the penultimate portion of the text, Appendix A ("C Reference Manual"). It is here that the full power of Kernighan's narrative style and consummate characterizations come into play. "What's in a name?" he ponders (p. 182), posing for the reader that timeless dilemma. Who has not asked himself this question, gazing heavenward at a night sky filled with the untouchable wonder of the cosmos? We are but insignificant, bitwise AND operators adrift in the great sea of eternity. How are we to know our place in creation, our role in the ultimate scheme of things, the scope and value of human existence? "In this case," Kernighan writes, "the size is calculated from the number of initial elements supplied (p. 195)." Would that we all could experience this profound simplicity.

The 3 Stooges in 3D!

I speak for the entire nation...

I WANT MY

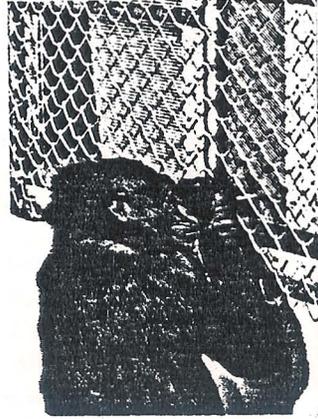
apollo

3D

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GRAND  
OPENING

MOAMART  
of KIEV



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FOR ALL YOUR  
YUGGIE NEEDS

We carry the latest in  
Young Urban Gorilla Apparel  
and Accessories



Provider of Middle East  
Terrorist needs since 1965  
(look for the orange glowing sign)

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**EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY**

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Looking for fame and fortune in print? Eager to have a page-one byline? Want to learn a trade at home in your spare time? Have we got a deal for you! *The Conniption* has several openings for Beginning Entry-Level Appren-

tice-Ace Junior Cub Reporter, which just might be the break that you've been waiting for. You will train under the jaundiced eye of one of our Senior staff, who will take all of your good ideas and claim them as his/her own. Sound like fun? You bet! Submit all articles to *The Conniption* via email (mailname: 'conniption') and see your name in ink (maybe). Or drop off hardcopy at the Ford Econoline van behind Building 270 weeknights between midnight and 1:00 am.

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## Native Unix: The Untold Story

by C. Lex Awkman  
(Special to the *Conniption*)

(Part 1 of a 49-part series)

Until recently, the origins of that notable family -- much present in the social whirl of the local in-crowd -- namely, the House of Unix, have been wrapped in mystery. Our very own poor relation, Cousin Aegis, has been much maligned as a too-distant relative of the Unixes, and been conspicuous by his absence at the recent Spring Cotillion honoring the coming-out of the OSes just come of age.

In an effort to end this vicious infighting, the CONNIP-TION's ace software investigative reporter, C. Lex Awkman, seeks to tear away that veil of secrecy once and for all. He writes:

It is a well-known secret that the prominent UNIX clan cannot claim to have sprung from these fair shores (and thus cannot hope to be worthy of the appellation "native"). Both Aegis and Unix trace their ancestry back to common roots in Antapol, a tiny village in eastern Poland. In fact, both were descendants of the powerful Baron von Uniejewski. In 1912, two of Uniejewski's sons, Kern and Richie, emigrated to New Jersey in search of portable software. When they reached Ellis Island they became separated in the crowd. Each brother was processed by an immigration official who had difficulty pronouncing the family name. As a result,

Kern's last name was shortened to "Unix"; while Richie (purported to be the smarter of the two) was branded "Ejews."

Kern and Richie each started businesses in the United States. They were fruitful, and multiplied, although the Unix family initially enjoyed the greater prosperity. They were admired by all, even themselves, and soon, their egos swelled by the tumultuous accolades, they began

to capitalize ALL of the letters in their name, thus: "UNIX." To this day, they are rumored to have connections in high places (aka telephone Poles).

The Ejewes, on the other hand, took longer to gain recognition. At first they slaved long days and nights. But when they burst on the scene, they too were admired by all! Alas, they were not comfortable with the name "Ejewes." It sounded too foreign.

Then someone suggested that they change their name to "Apollo," because it would look good in the yellow pages, and it was done. Soon afterward they began having children. The first born and best-loved child was named AEGIS, in memory of their lost-but-not-forgotten roots. They recently had another child named Dominic who is rumored to have severe identity problems and is currently undergoing therapy.

Today, the two families flourish in their respective domains. They communicate, but not so much with words as with understandings.

(Next: Part 2 of our series — "Why UNIX Can't Have Children")

## Notice to All Employees

Several errors have occurred this week in the payroll system. All inaccuracies will be cleared up by Friday of next week.

Specific errors are outlined below:

**Employees receiving checks** will notice that their paychecks are for one-tenth of their usual salaries.

**Employees contributing to ACAP** will find that their entire pay for the week has been put in their ACAP funds.

**Employees participating in the Stock Purchase Plan** will find that the unpaid salary due to employees receiving checks has been credited toward their stock purchase.

**Employees who have their checks automatically deposited** will find that withdrawals have been made from their bank accounts in the amount of their regular salary.

Note also that, for the coming week, automatic teller machines of all banks in New England (e.g. BayBanks XPress 24, Shawmut 24-Hour Teller) will retain the cards of Apollo employees.

We apologize for any inconvenience these problems might cause you. Again, we anticipate clearing up these errors by next Friday. After that time, we will be sorting out next week's pay problems.

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## ADVERTISEMENT

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"I don't know, it's just the way I was brought up, I guess. Pascal was so friendly that I came to expect type checking. But then I tried to program in C. Ouch! Am I ever glad I saw the ad for the law offices of Dewey, Cheatham, and Howe! Don't people have a right to strongly-typed variables?"

YOU BET THEY DO! "LANGUAGE LIABILITY" IS NO LAUGHING MATTER. IF YOU'VE BEEN INJURED ON THE JOB BY MISLEADING C COMPILERS THAT CALMLY REPORT "NO ERRORS" WHEN THE CODE IS RIDDLED WITH BUGS, CONTACT THE LAW OFFICES OF DEWEY, CHEATHAM, AND HOWE FOR A FREE 20-NANOSECOND CONSULTATION. WE WILL BE HAPPY TO REPRESENT YOU IN ANY AND ALL CLAIMS. WE ARE OFTEN ABLE TO SETTLE THESE MATTERS OUT OF COURT AND RESTORE THE COMPILERS THAT HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM YOU.

CALL US TODAY AT 1-800-SOSUEME FOR YOUR FREE CONSULTATION. DON'T SUFFER A MINUTE LONGER!

(Paid for by The Law Offices of Dewey, Cheatham, and Howe, specializing in the areas of Software Malpractice and Workman's Compensation.)

## Connoption Classifieds

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### PERSONALS

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SWM seeks BMW for fast-paced fun in the sun. Must be into high RPMs. Respond to CNPT-117.

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I'm OK, you're OK. Actually, I'm a mess. Want to get together for a drink? How about a casual yet intimate relationship? OK, so I'll marry you. Respond to CNPT-118.

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Roommate wanted. Heavy smoker preferred; must have many loud friends with poor personal habits. Some diseases OK. No nerds, dammit. Send picture and specimen bottle to CNPT-119.

Seeking: attractive young male/female interested in doing nude modelling. Must bring own camera. Respond to CNPT-120.

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GPIO 25bps seeks professional WJ SIO for R&D. Into Tech Pubs, OS, and PC Interconnect. Respond to CNPT-121.

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Pat Sajak look-alike seeks his Vanna White for intimate spins on their *Wheel of Fortune*. Must be willing to spend ridiculous amounts of cash on useless items, but also understand the true value of vowels. Send name and phone number to (mailing address) \_\_\_\_\_.

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### HELP WANTED

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Self-motivating individuals needed for CONNIPTION delivery routes. Must have own transportation. Many choice routes available, including Buildings 15, 300, 330; North Chelmsford; Billerica; Atlantic City; Tripoli. Call Butch Jonson, 256-1100 ext. 0101; ask for "Ralph."

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**Business Opportunities!** Tired of your dull, low-paying, low-tech job? Get into the exciting, high-tech world of computers today! Learn such exciting skills as data entry, disk drive maintenance and repair, and line-mode editing at one of our many regional campuses (affiliated with the Shell Oil Company)! Don't let your dull, unexciting job stand in the way of an exciting future! Call The

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Vice President of R&D for prominent high-tech computer firm. Must be willing to work some days. Prefer an individual who feels comfortable in large-group situations. Salary and duties commensurate with experience. Ability to dictate at least 100 WPM a must. Position involves occasional meetings with investors and engineers (combat compensation available). Some travel necessary; should have own late-model foreign sports car or luxury sedan. Send resumes in complete confidence to Heafod Huntian Ltd., Dept. APCI, Burlington, MA. 01010

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**Earn Big Money!** Creative individuals interested in high-potential telemarketing positions sought for rapidly growing area business. Job involves making several hundred phone calls a day. The ideal candidate will have a voice that sounds like a recording and the personality of a mosquito. Call us at (617) 256-1010 and give us a sample.

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### FOR SALE

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Moving to Guam; must sell! Orange Herculon™ Sofa bed; 5-piece vinyl dinette set; CDC 6600 w/3 Mb core, 7-track tape drive, FORTRAN-66, all the extras; 1977 Buick Opel (no doors). Call 256-0011 after 5pm.