



# KGB?



The official(?) newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy  
Editor : Jason Grosman (*grosman@andrew*)

Price : Free(We're commies, remember?)  
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## Editor's Note

As the new corresponding secretary of KGB, I, for the first time, read the bylaw (yes, there is only one, it just has many sections), and realized that one of my duties was editor of the KGB newsletter. I thought to myself, "Hey! KGB doesn't *have* a newsletter." Well, we do now. I hope that this can be the beginning of a long tradition that will last longer than KGB as an organization (Wait, I don't think that makes sense. Strike that, sorry.).

Actually, with your help, I can make this thing work in a place where everybody has too much stress and not enough time. All I ask for is submissions. You don't want me to be the author of every article, trust me on this one.

Anyway, I, as editor, have an open submission policy. If you hand me any form of text, it WILL be in the next issue. I'm not sure if that's a promise or a threat. I will accept both hard copy and email (*grosman@andrew*) submissions. Obviously, there are a couple of things I won't print, but I don't think anyone around here has to worry about that. You can also expect me, as the editor, to use this space to try and provide a dim source of amusement for your feeble lives.

So, get your pens a-writing, and get your fingers a-typing and submit! (your work, this is not B&D) This newlester will be (barring stress and/or lack of time) published monthly.

## Congratulations to the new officers of KGB

President : Rob Slater (*deadman@andrew*)  
1st V.P : Jason Riek (*wander@andrew*)  
2nd V.P. : Deanna Rubin (*dr4b@andrew*)  
Rec. Sec. : James Cheney (*jcheney@andrew*)  
Cor. Sec. : Jason Grosman (*grosman@andrew*)  
Treasurer : Jen Gray (*jg6t@andrew*)  
Sgt@Arms : Bryan Nagy (*bn29@andrew*)

## KGB: What does it stand for? (or For what does it stand)

**TimeBomb**(*cw4u@andrew*)

The facts are out there. When wander and I took a poll earlier in the year, we announced the results. No one knows what KGB is. I mean, sure, they'll tell you it was a government organization in Russia. But as a CMU organization, we aren't spread around enough. No one knows who we are or what we're doing.

And I've found out over my two semesters in KGB that we're internally unknown as well. Our own members don't know who we are. To be more explicative, there are a lot of different kinds of people in KGB. There are computer geeks. There are the trenchcoated masses. There are the APhiO members. There are those who are all of the above. But what are we an organization of? I've heard a few members say that KGB is exclusively geeks and that a lot of the new people just don't get it. I've heard some say that older members are too busy and are too disillusioned to be any fun anymore.

That isn't what I came to expect from KGB. I really would rather not hear another word of dissention or exclusivism among us. KGB is not like the Boosters from that episode of The Brady Bunch. You know, the one where they won't let Marcia in because she laughs at them when Bobby's volcano blows up on them. Anyways, I do think KGB membership should be exclusive. I think the only members should be the ones who enjoy being there and have fun with the other members (and, of course, the ones who pay \$10). You guys know the only requirements by now, ten dollars (or twenty dollars if your body temperature is below 50 degrees... but for another ten dollars, we'll waive that).

KGB should be what it claims to be, a bunch of schmucks. Enjoy the diversity we have to offer. I'm pretty sure we can all have fun at the things we do. The party was a great example. There were no requirements there, and no stereotypes. It's sad to think that an organization such as KGB can be subject to the same things that riddle high school society. Thank you, and goodnight.

## Top 10 Ways Pravda? is not like the Tartan

10. What do you mean? *Pravda?* and the *Tartan* are **exactly** the same.
9. The *Tartan* **wishes** they could be as cool as *Pravda?*.
8. We use hypnotic ink. (You will read *Pravda?*. You will submit articles.)
7. One of us is a highly respected, reliable, and well-read source of information for the campus. I'm not sure which one, though.
6. "I am not a number! I am a free man!!!"
5. The *Tartan* is created in a huge third floor office in the University Center. *Pravda?* was produced while cconning.
4. Two words : **Flying Toasters**
3. The *Tartan* corrects all known errors of fact. *Pravda?* uses them to its advantage.
2. The *Tartan* doesn't need to resort to cheap David Letterman top 10 lists to keep reader interest.
1. The *Tartan* has an actual budget.

From the files of KGB:

## THE KGB MANIFESTO

By Jay Laefer and Jon Bennett

When in the Course of inhuman events, it becomes really, really, necessary for a bunch of loonies like us to dissolve the rubber bands which have connected us with another, and to assume among the Powers of the campus, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of the Almighty Dollar entitle us, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that we should declare the causes which impel us to our creation. We hold these truths to be intuitively obvious to the casual observer at a cursory glance, that all men - (No, no! That's too sexist.) - all persons are created equal (though some are >= than others), that they are endowed by their Creator, we think, with certain unalienable Wrongs, that among these are Life (not in Pittsburgh), Liberty (not at C (no hyphen) M (no 'U')), and the pursuit of Happiness (not with a 3:1 ratio!?! Who do you think you're kidding?). That to secure these wrongs, Organizations are instituted among certain bipedal, carbon-based life forms, deriving their just powers from the consent of the oppressed masses. That whenever any Form of Student Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the Students to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Organization, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Silliness and Happiness. Logic dictates that Student Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to apathy, while boredom is sufferable, than to come up with a single interesting thing to do. But when a long train of boxcars, pursuing a bird traveling at 30 km/h, evinces a design to reduce them to the

**MEETINGS**

**DAY : MONDAYS**

**TIME : 4:30pm**

**LOCATION : THATAWAY**

previous equation, it is their right - Nay! - their duty, to blow off such final exams. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Students; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Amusement. The history of the present Student Body is a history of repeated apathy and disinterest, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Boredom over these Colleges. To prove this, let Theories be submitted to a doctoral review board. That C (no hyphen) M (no 'U') has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction of foreign TA's, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving its Assent to their Acts of pretended Instruction

For quartering large bodies of rat-gazorching frat boys (who are a bunch of mindless jerks who'll be the first against wall when the Revolution comes) among us:

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of this Campus:

For cutting off our Contact with all parts of the world:

For imposing Tuition on us without our Consent:

For transporting us to Pittsburgh to be "educated":

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments, and subjecting us to 7:30 Physics exams:

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever. C (no hyphen) M (no 'U') has plundered our minds, ravaged our QPA's, burnt our Tartan burgers, and destroyed any last vestige of self-respect we might once have had. C (no hyphen) M (no 'U') is at this time transporting large armies of foreign TA's to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy of a college in a civilized nation. It has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless native Pittsburghers, whose known

ages, sexes and conditions. In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms:

Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A University, whose lack of character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the educator of the ignorant masses. Nor have We been wanting in attention to our Faculty brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our application and matriculation here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these 7:30 exams, which would inevitably interrupt our beauty sleep. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We, therefore, the Representatives of the KGB, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Man Who Rules the Universe for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the weird People of this Campus, solemnly publish and declare, That we are, and of Right ought to be, Strange and Unusual People; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to anybody but ourselves, and that all political connection between us and them, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Strange and Unusual People, we have full Power to levy Humor, conclude that we never should have come here in the first place, contract and expand, establish Anarchy (No, wait! You can't do that. My poli-sci professor told me so.), and to do all other Acts and Things which Strange and Unusual People may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a so-so reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortune Cookies and our crib sheets.

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**From the files of KGB :**

## THE DERIVATIVE SONG

Words by Tom Lehrer - Tune: "There'll be Some Changes Made"

You take a function of  $x$  and you call it  $y$ ,  
Take any  $x$ -nought that you care to try,  
You make a little change and call it  $\Delta x$ ,  
The corresponding change in  $y$  is what you find  $\Delta y$ ,  
And then you take the quotient and now carefully  
Send  $\Delta x$  to zero, and I think you'll see  
That what the limit gives us, if our work all checks,  
Is what we call  $dy/dx$ ,  
It's just  $dy/dx$ .