



# PRAVDA?



## The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy  
Editor: Nicole Reilly ([ntr@andrew.cmu.edu](mailto:ntr@andrew.cmu.edu))

Price: Freshman Dollars  
Volume 12, Issue 1

### FRESHMAN PRAVDA?!

Hi, we're the KGB, and we're the people your mother never warned you about, but should have! If this is your first time at a KGB meeting, you just might be so emotionally scarred that you may need to change your shorts and think long and hard about coming back for more. But you know you like it. Ignore any and all instincts against returning to your beloved comrades. We are terrifying, it's true, but it's the good kind of terrifying -- the kind of terrifying that colors your nightmares with red and yellow candy stripes and makes your coat sleek and shiny. Some may argue that we are one of the best things about CMU, and if you came here because MIT rejected you, you'll fit right in! We're also responsible for glorious mayhem on campus, in the form of official KGB events such as Capture the Flag with stuff, or in other, less official incarnations. We've been around for twenty years now, and don't plan to die anytime soon, unless we get to be zombies.

This reference (do carry it close by at all times) will guide you through the hilarious maelstrom of bad sci-fi references and stale internet memes that is a "normal" KGB meeting, and hopefully leave you less nauseated and more minty fresh. Even though our meetings may, to an outsider, appear nothing more than rampant chaos, we operate on Robert's Rules of Order. What does this mean to you? Not much. Raise your hand, and don't be a dick, except facetiously. This also means that the meeting is broken down into sections as follows:

#### Part One: Officer Reports

This is the part of the meeting where the officers (those people in the front of the room standing on the tables and scrawling all over the chalkboards and possibly pretending to be dinosaurs) let you know,

that like everyone else, they had weekends. They have been known to include other facts in their reports. Stop, look and listen for:



**Jared Goerner**  
([jgg@andrew...](mailto:jgg@andrew...))  
**President**  
**Senior, ECE/CS**

Jared is the guy who runs meetings and keeps us crazy bastards in line. As you can see, he's got a beard! That's how you know you're talking to Jared; not his evil twin.



**Matt Glisson** <3 ><<  
([mglisson@andrew...](mailto:mglisson@andrew...))  
**First Vice President**  
**Junior, MechE**

Glisson is one of our two lovable VPs. He's in charge of gathering and greeting new members! Try not to show your fear when he calls on you. He can smell it.



**Carolyn Sawyer**  
([csawyer@andrew...](mailto:csawyer@andrew...))  
**Second Vice President**  
**Senior, MSE**

Carolyn is in charge of KGB's events. You should come! They're usually on Fridays at 7, but you should listen to her report anyway! Don't call her a CS major!



**Nicole Reilly**  
**([ntr@andrew...](mailto:ntr@andrew...))**  
**Corresponding Secretary**  
**Sophomore, MSE**

Nicole wrassles with KGB's correspondence. She reads KGB's fan mail and emails people. She edits sweet, sweet *Pravda*?. SUBMIT TO *PRAVDA*?! is in her report.



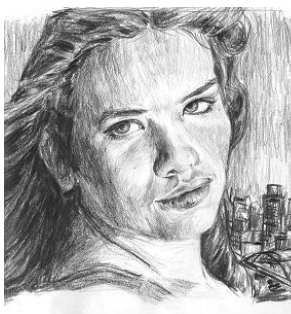
**Drew Besse**  
**([dbesse@andrew...](mailto:dbesse@andrew...))**  
**Recording Secretary**  
**Sophomore, CS**

Drew is always typing fiendishly on his laptop, taking down the minutes of our meetings to post to the wiki. Laugh at his typos, if you dare! It's pretty fun.



**Laura Abbott**  
**([labbott@andrew...](mailto:labbott@andrew...))**  
**Treasurer**  
**Junior, CS**

Laura keeps track of KGB's stash of foreign currency, as well as our useful funds. Throw pennies at her, but not until she's said, "Ready, aim, fire!" Dues are paid to her.



**Elizabeth Hohenstein**  
**([ehohenst@andrew...](mailto:ehohenst@andrew...))**  
**Sergeant at Arms**  
**Junior, CivE**

Liz will throw erasers at you if you're bad. She looks out for all of our stuff and all of our Stuff, keeping it safe, warm & mostly demon-free. She loves her **CENSORED**.

## Part Deux: Committees

In this part of the meeting, you will likely feel most confused, due to the random and volatile nature of committee reports (Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle of Committees) and your complete lack of familiarity with any of the pre-existing committees. You will soon learn to recognize some of the more great and terrifying committees and their great and terrifying chairs, such as Connor of the Pigeonholing Committee. You'll dash to the front of the room to sit criss-cross applesauce for the Storytelling Committee, bring in fortunes for the Pop-Occultism committee, and invoke the Matthew Fel(le)d Glisson Memorial Self-Injury Committee when Glisson jumps up and down too much on the rickety plastic table.

## III: Old Business

Usually not much happens in this section of the meeting, other than the transfer of the Pfennig of Fault. You want it, but don't know why! Maybe because it means you need to come back next week...

## Catorce! New Business

Committees are bought and sold, like hotcakes but less delicious. Quuxum may disagree with the above statement. He either loves owning committees or just has too much money because he's got a damn job. See also Shawn. Feel free to raise your hand obnoxiously if you think you've got a better name or better purpose for somebody else's committee. Everyone loves your special creative voice, especially bswolf. To bring a new committee into this world, kicking and screaming, simply think of a good idea and raise your hand. Iff Jared recognizes you (even if he forgets your name like csjackso), you must make a motion for its creation, stating the name and purpose of the committee. Iff the motion is seconded, KGB will ask snarky questions and make comments until Jared decides to begin voting. Voting is fun! We haven't installed antivirus software on any of our ~~robots~~ members. Don't forget to ask Glisson about the PornoSquid™. Iff they pass, committees are put up for auction, starting at a dollar, and moving up in increments of whole dollars or Zombie Dollars (\$6). It may seem disheartening to have to clear all of these bureaucratic stages to make a committee, but fear not! Most committees pass because the KGB wants your ~~money~~ happiness. Drop any inhibitions about commenting on the committees of others because it lets you flex your nerdy muscles, the backbone of KGB.

## Five Golden Rings: Announcements

Carolyn will inform the General Body of our upcoming fabulous Friday event, probably at 7PM and on campus somewhere, because there really aren't that many other real and relevant announcements pertaining to the KGB as an organization.

## SEX, Shmucks, and Rock 'n' Roll

Bet I caught your attention. This is, understandably, a favorite part of the meeting for many a KGB Comrade. Unfortunately, everyone else really, really wants to leave and eat food. You have open floor to Schmuck non-KGB-related things as long as Jared says you can and before someone motions to GTFO.

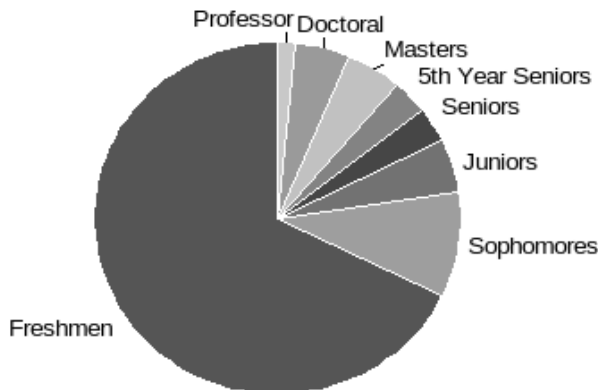
*Anything else you need to know about the typical KGB meeting is left as an exercise for the reader. Burns, doesn't it? Well, we **all** love naked.*

## ☠ KGB Knows Where You Live! ☠

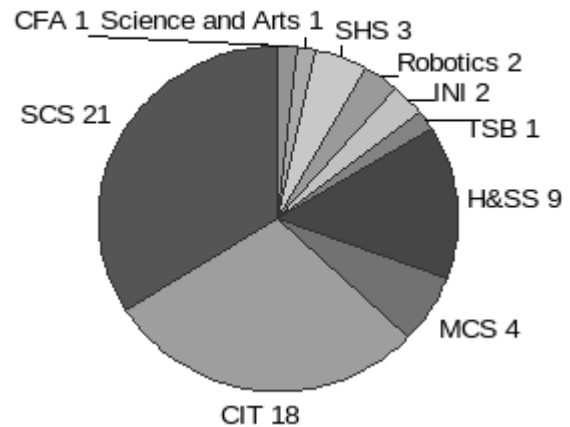
Well, not yet (join our Facebook group!), but we have some fun stats from the Activities Fair!

Total number of people	62
Total number of fake people	1
Hats Given Away	>= 250
Girls	8
Girls who are CS Majors	3
Matts	1
Chrises	1
Combinatorics Profs	1
Some form of red	28
Yellow	2
Other	See chart

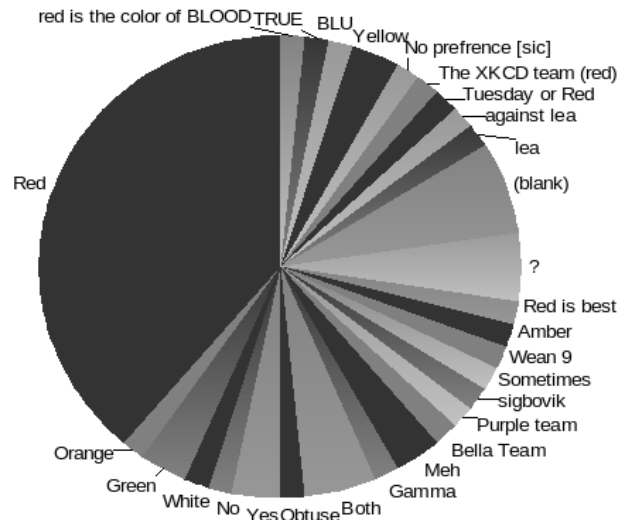
## Class Data



## Home Department/Major



## Red Team or Yellow Team?



As you can see, our appearance at the Activities Fair was a grand success. Unsurprisingly, most of the people who signed up for our silly dlist were freshmen and/or CS majors. Also... dudes. Oh, KGB. You know your target market. The Red Team had a landslide victory over the Yellow Team, which received fewer votes than Meh. Surprisingly, nobody voted for Nader or Ron Paul.

## The Intellectual Tour of Campus, Now with Pravda?

by Dave K. Lion. Sky.

Carnegie Mellon University is a maximum-security think tank, built at an angle of 23.5 degrees to its foundations in an attempt to counteract the clear imperfections of the Earth's axial tilt. This campus tilt is undetectable due to a microscopic black hole

maintained deep in the bowels of Wean Hall, which acts to correct gravity for the entire campus except within Baker Hall. This also explains why CS majors, who dwell closest to the region of corrected gravity, find it disorienting to live anywhere else.

One of the university's oldest and most celebrated sayings, "How many licks does it take to get to the center of the fence?" has puzzled students and staff alike for centuries. Every year, enthusiastic students capture the fence by day so they may lick away the sweet layers of its paint by night, uncovering prophecies written by the First Painters 2000 years ago. These hidden layers within the fence have accurately predicted frat parties and H&SS students' birthdays, as well as the recent death of Randy Pausch. The fence is just one manifestation of a long tradition of licking at CMU, where Erdos numbers denote how many licks one is separated from the great Paul Erdos, and the entirety of the Physical Plant Building is coated with a succulent sugar glaze, which is unfortunate considering no one knows where the building is.

To make up for decreasing enrollment, the university began cloning freshmen in the New House facility in 2008, renaming the building Stever House to distract from the ensuing ethical disputes. The name has since become an office joke in Warner Hall, where cloners/admissions officials go off to "Stever some new freshmen." When questioned about the joke, president Cohon replied that he hardly knew the new freshmen.

Don't let the admissions tours fool you; CMU students are still required to shovel coal in the basement of Hamerschlag. Fossil fuels are among the top energy sources at Carnegie Mellon, second only to those spinning benches outside CFA.

Finally, a word about the university's newest art installation: In order to speed up the university's connection to the internet - the worldwide underground series of tubes - CMU officials dug up one of the tubes and relocated it to the cut in 2006. It was decorated as an art installation and named "Backing into the Ground", and has been providing high-speed wireless connections to the internet ever since.

## Haiku

*unknowingly submitted by zsparks*

Dancing willow trees

Somber like the morning sun.

Your mom is a whore.

## The Ants

*by goob*

*There are ants in the kitchen, but this does not bother Marco. We are somewhat out in the hills, here, embedded in vineyards and low golden fields and patches of tree and bush that are neither of these things. The kitchen itself is half out of the house. It spills from the southern edge of the house through large doors that are often wide open in warm weather, onto an ancient patio and then on into the rows of vegetables and herbs. The ants march merry into the kitchen, sometimes lulled by the dish of honey we put out by the door, sometimes bolder.*

*Marco does not store food in the kitchen, of course. In the cooler part of the house under a staircase is a thick-walled room that is sided with shelf after shelf of neatly stacked plastic pickle buckets and a refrigerator in the back. I do not know how he got the buckets. He stores food in these, in that room. It is a measure of his humor that he has taken to labeling the buckets in Korean. He does not speak, read, or write Korean, and the contents of the buckets often change. If at one point the labels were accurate, he does not say. He has always had a good memory, and is rarely confused for more than a handful of days after the basmati is gone and has been replaced with jasmine. The rest of us more often than not remove lids.*

*We bring to the kitchen what we need for meals and we suffer the ants as they suffer us, eating under a tired sun on the long, thick wood of the patio table. Marco on various occasions has made it quite clear to the ants that the kitchen is as far as they are welcome in his home, and they seem to have decided to abide. For the most part, they eat what we discard into the small pile by the door on a battered and plain copper plate; we discard little, but it must be feast upon feast for them. After a time we bring what is left to the compost, and clean the kitchen for the evening.*

*Sometimes when I am sent to pantry to fetch some more flour, when I am alone in the cool quiet of that room with the one thin window that does not open, high on the wall, I pop the lid on the large bucket of wheat and plunge my arms in to the elbows, the cool flour, filling the room with the smells of summer and sun.*

**Coming in two weeks... EVANPRAVDA?! Submit now!**