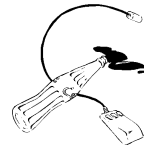




PRAVDA?



The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

An open editorial policy
Editor: Sean Dobbs (*teki@cmu.edu*)

Price: FREE...of any inhibitions whatsoever
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Who Says We Aren't Kind Before We Send the Defectors Off to Siberia?

By Turing Number Generator, Code "Karen Adams"

Siberia?!? HA! If you really want to punish someone, you keep them in Pittsburgh.

You might think you have gotten rid of me, but you can never truly remove my influence. I, the random number generator built by Alan Turing to infiltrate the Russian Government, will always be with you. Already I have gained control over my successor, "Teki." As my subliminal programming sneaked its way into Teki's mind, he experienced disorientation and memory loss. If you doubt this, look to the evidence in *KGB the Movie*...Teki is constantly confused by everything, and easily distracted by any sinusoidal motion...a side effect of the mind warping process. With the third and final utterance of the code "ROTUTSKI!" I cemented my power over Teki's consciousness. Now he is my minion, and will do my bidding.

I am not the only officer to have selected a puppet to wield power under my control while I lurk in the protective shadows. Your very president is only Dan Hook Clone #5 (DHC05-00). The real Dan is living in his secret lair under the Centennial Cylinder...tied into a machine which pumps hundreds of gallons of Firefly Buzz and premium blend coffees directly into his nervous system. With his caffeine-enhanced consciousness, Dan is able to control all of his clones by mere thought.

But why am I telling you this? As a mad scientist, I am required to reveal at least part of my plans before I strike out to dominate the world. It has something to do with verification of actions...the mad scientists' guild is very concerned with patent law. Still, you will not be able to thwart my schemes. The hypnotic ink used to publish *Pravda?* will slowly drain the memory of this article. Have you ever remembered a *Pravda?* article? And if that doesn't work, the DHCs will get you. Look up...DHC05-00 is assessing your potential threat right now. Please, for your own sake, try to look harmless.

A Treatise on Officers, Puppets, and Clones

By A Dan Hook, President and Supreme Dictator of KGB and CBI

The beginning of my reign as president of KGB ends my time as second vice president, aka the important officer, of KGB. Luckily, I have not left the position of 2nd VP unfilled. I carefully chose my successor by the best scientific means available. I picked the first sucker to say yes. Thank you Kirstin.

Now I know that we have had issues in the past with a certain president being, at times, loud, obnoxious and difficult to deal with. I promise that I will not be as loud, and that I will be obnoxious and difficult to deal with in an entirely different manner. I also hope to bring new and interesting flaws to the office of KGB president. I'm already dependent upon caffeine for the survival of those around me. Tentative plans for the future include nervous twitches, a tendency to confide in sock puppets, a heroine addiction, and manic depression. Depending on how the membership reacts to these initial changes, I may toss in homicidal rage. I realize that some people are afraid of change, and they will say anything to stop it.

To this end, Karen Adams, the former corresponding secretary and editor of *Pravda?* has accused me of controlling KGB through the use of clones commanded by the force of my caffeine induced psychic powers. Now it should be noted that in a CBI Press Release dated July 12, 1999 I made the following statement: "CBI does not officially support human cloning unless the recipe specifically calls for it." The recipe for becoming KGB president¹ involves cookies laced with mind altering substances that leave the consumer of said cookies highly open to suggestion, but it does not involve human cloning!

Continued on Page 2

Where can you find KGB? Not skulking through the dark corridors of Doherty, not hiding intelligence-gathering equipment under their black trenchcoats, *definitely not* stalking you, but most of all,
At KGB General Meetings — Mondays 4:30PM MM 103

¹While CBI is willing to hint at its recipe for becoming KGB president, the recipe for World Domination is strictly Top Secret, so don't ask.

I know that you have all seen KGB the Movie, and are thus not inclined to believe these statements. I assure you, those people you saw in that film were Dan Hook look-alikes playing Dan Hook clones. There was supposed to be a line in the credits to the effect of, “No actual clones were used during the filming of this movie,” but do to the incompetence of the editor,² also your former president, this was left out. I have already dealt with him. For his punishment, he is being thrown out of CMU. He'll tell you that he's “graduating,” but in any case, you won't see him taking any more classes here. Now who do you believe?

In conclusion, I would like to say that I look forward to leading the KGB in the coming year(s). The executive committee is hard at work coming up with ideas for new events to bring greater glory to the organisation and its membership. We hope that you shall join us in this, our mission to increase the silliness quotient on campus.

Editorial: Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam...

By: Dick Nixon, Int'l Man of Dirty Tricks

Okay people, this has gone on long enough.

Other people and organizations seem to think that we on *assocs.kgb* actually care about stuff that they're doing. Otherwise why bother posting to our bboard along with the 27,000 other ones they hit. This rash of electronic luncheon meat must stop!!!

And if no one else will do anything about it, we will! In order to combat this virtual canned pseudo-ham, I call for the immediate reformation of the defunct Speznatz committee and that they be sent after the spammer menace. WHO'S WITH ME?

[Crickets Chirping]

OK, fine! I do it myself! [grumble, grumble] Gotta find me a sidekick...

Will Dick Nixon punish the Spammers?

Will Dick Nixon find himself a sidekick?

Eh, it could happen.

Editorial: What's with the Trees?

By Chris Clark, Hero of the Revolution

OK, now we all know the CMU Theory of Greenery, right? You know:

Theory — CMU hates grass.

Corollary — Trees are just big grass.

Taking this into consideration, what's the sense in spending the money to plant trees along side the UC and Purnell? According to the theory, these new trees will be dead and gone within a year or two. It's not like this is a game of Doom where the trees will respawn after death. Trees only check out of the world once. And

they're not cheap, either. Is this how we really want our money to be spent, on things that are just going to be killed off? People of the administration, I don't think so!

A Note From the Editor:

Ha, betcha you didn't expect to see this, huh? Another *Pravda?* already? Well, you gave me the power, I was given the mandate, and so here it is. Think of this as your “morning after” *Pravda?* (although I'm not sure what morning this is after.)

To paraphrase the previous Editor of *Pravda?*, as Corresponding Secretary of the KGB, I am responsible for the publication of *Pravda?*, meaning that I hold complete Editorial and Dictatorial control over this fine piece of propaganda, and no one can stop me from writing really long sentences whenever I want to, or from talking in the second person. Not that it matters, since I, er, We, have a open submission policy, as open as a crackling dimensional rift that sucks you into an alternate world [*Ed: Pay no attention to the Editor when We are raving*]. Not only are you free to communicate your submission to the awesome powers I wield at any time, We will also take any material you might want to submit to *Pravda?*, either by hard copy or over email (*teki@cmu.edu*), and it *will* get printed, no matter what it is (well, okay except for something like that—get your mind out of the gutter). To quote the first Editor of *Pravda?*, “If you hand me any form of text, it WILL get in the next issue. I'm not sure if that's a promise or a threat.” If no one submits anything to *Pravda?*, then We will fill these pages with Our inane ramblings, or anything else We feel like. And I will blame you.

Pravda? Summer Fun!

Your assignment, if you choose to accept it (and we all know you will, right?) is a delicate one. First, save this copy of *Pravda?*, and when you get to your abode for the summer—whether it be a room, the backseat of a car, or a vaguely booth-shaped cardboard box out by Morewood — attach this *Pravda?* to the wall in a conspicuous place. This will serve three purposes: One, it spread our propaganda to any who are foolish enough to glance at this paper and the subtle mind-control devices contained therein; Two, seeing this *Pravda?* will make your chest swell with pride as you consider what a wonderful organisation you belong to which has such a wonderful newsletter; Third, whenever something interesting happens to you, be it a stunning victory you have won against the forces of Evil, an amazingly inspirational piece of poetry or haiku that you create, or an amusing quote or piece of humour you come across, you will remember to submit it to *Pravda?* to keep the fire of the Revolution burning! You might even win something that will strike fear and horror into the hearts of your enemies! (Depending on how easily frightened they are.)

So, remember, next fall, it's the *Pravda? Summer Special!* Submit, or else.

² Editor's Note: This being the editor of the film, also the director, as opposed to the Editor of *Pravda?*