

The North Avenue Review

issue eight
august
nineteen-ninety

inside:

mandela
mapplethorpe
mansions
m.o.v.e.
musings
souter
summertime
fishrap
flags
flamethrowers
firearms
freewill
thoughtcrimes
and more...

dig in.

...a student-produced open forum magazine of thought and expression

STRUCTURE

The North Avenue Review is a magazine of thought and expression communally edited and produced by a collection of Georgia Tech students, alumni, faculty, and staff—all of whom have contributed writing, graphics, or time.

Unless otherwise stated, the views expressed herein are solely those of the individual contributors and are not intended to express the sentiments of the Georgia Tech community.

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SUBMISSIONS

General Information

Please include your real name, P.O. box and phone number on all submissions.

Send submissions to:
The North Avenue Review
GT Campus Mail
P.O. Box 50271
Atlanta, GA 30332

Meetings Every Thursday:
D. M. Smith room 105 at 6 PM

Anyone who submits articles, literature, time, or graphics has the option of becoming one of many editors for that issue of *The North Avenue Review*; just come to the meetings.

Here's how our editing process works: At the deadline meeting all the submissions are put out for group review. The editors then read everything, offering anonymous, written constructive criticism and writing suggestions. If an editor feels that a submission is unnecessarily inflammatory, he can bring it up vocally in front of all the other editors in order to discuss the submission. A submission may be excluded from *The Review* with a 3/4 vote against printing it. Finally, articles are given back to the author to rewrite.

It is strongly encouraged that you attend the meetings to defend your piece during group review.

If you have any concerns, contact Stacy Johnson (P.O. Box 31047) or Tom Hickman (P.O. Box 35919).

Articles

The North Avenue Review welcomes any topics that you deem worthwhile from students, alumni, faculty and staff. Be prepared to rewrite. Facts are important. Articles which are felt to be unnecessarily inflammatory will be rewritten by the author or will not be printed. Submissions should be saved in Microsoft Word, with a text size of 10 points and a font of Times (We're not kidding!) for the Macintosh. You can use many of the Macs around campus. *Save your writing, as we will use your disk to manipulate and extract your article to layout.* Graphics with your article would be greatly appreciated!

Graphic Materials,
Announcements, Poetry, Fiction,
Blurbs, Photos, Surveys, Small
Items of Interest, Whatever You
Want, etc.

We welcome all of this stuff from students, faculty, alumni and staff. Unnecessarily inflammatory stuff will not be printed. Please submit all of it at our deadline meeting, or to our P.O. box prior to the deadline.

Letters

All letters to *The North Avenue Review* will be printed, regardless of political bias. We do, however, reserve the right to withhold letters deemed unnecessarily inflammatory. Letters should be succinct and signed. You can request to remain anonymous, but we need to know your name and address. Your letter will not be edited, so make sure it's written exactly as you want it.

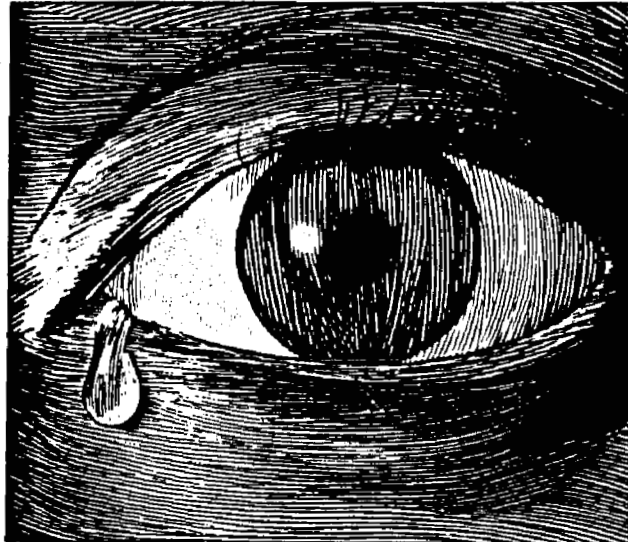
The North Avenue Review is lonely.

It's hankerin' fer some company...

You could be just the person to bring in a bit of cheer.

broken bottle. I kept tearing with pain.

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We will be meeting on Thursdays throughout what is left of this quarter:

August 23 6:00 pm D.M. Smith Lecture Room 105

August 30 6:00 pm D.M. Smith Lecture Room 105

The **DEADLINE** meeting is:

Friday, 8/31 5:00 pm D.M. Smith Lecture Room 105

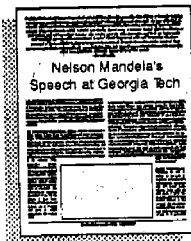
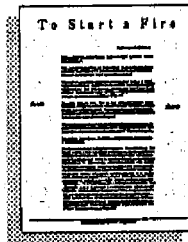
The next issue will focus on introducing new students, and hopefully some old students, to what the contributors to the N.A.R. view as Tech life and Atlanta life. It will hopefully serve as an orientation, or disorientation, as the case may be, to this fine school of ours.

But who are the contributors to this mysterious magazine? They are students, faculty, alumni, and staff of The Georgia Institute of Technology. The only requirement for becoming a part of the N.A.R. is that you come to one of the meetings listed above. You don't even have to write anything if you don't want to. New ideas are welcomed, and *The Review* can always use a helping hand.

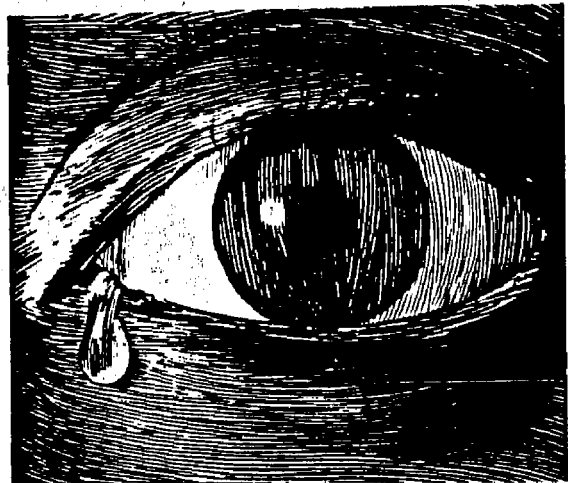
We sincerely hope to see you at one of the next several meetings. Get involved in the N.A.R. It can be fun! You might even learn something new!!!

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the way it is:

capital punishment hypocrisy by dale gillis

the course of a nomination by allan w. yarbrough

deflating the gymnasium by dale gillis

a few questions surrounding art and obscenity by ian smith

fishrap by a lot of people

how to volunteer in one easy step by tonia jernigan

if we don't stand for something, we will fall for anything by patrick j. o'leary, jr.

more gun control bickering by david burgess

nelson mandela's speech at georgia tech by steve donkin (sort of)

summertime by wes slaymaker

thoughtcrimes by stephen danyo

to be polite or not to be polite? why is that a question? by patrick j. o'leary, jr.

to light a fire by tom hickman

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On July 27, South African anti-apartheid activist Nelson Mandela, recently released from prison after serving twenty seven years for treason, spoke at Georgia Tech's Grant Field as part of an eight city tour of the U.S. in support of his organization, the African National Congress (ANC). The evening was marked by an incredible amount of hype and hoopla, which included speeches by almost every prominent elected official in Atlanta, as well as Georgia Tech's president Crecine, who tried to paint the ridiculous picture of Tech as a leader in the anti-apartheid movement (those who heard Crecine's Earth Day speech will recall its equally ridiculous portrayal of Tech as a leader in the environmental movement). Those in the audience who survived these unnecessary preliminaries were finally rewarded when Mandela himself appeared and addressed the crowd for about twenty minutes. Below is a transcription of that speech:

--Steve Donkin

Nelson Mandela's Speech at Georgia Tech

Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to bid you warm greetings from the ANC, the mass democratic movement, and the fighting people of South Africa. I bring you the very best wishes from our president, comrade Oliver Tambo. We cannot forget that in 1982, Mayor Maynard Jackson received an ANC delegation led by comrade Tambo. Since then, Maynard Jackson has supported the ANC and our cause. On behalf of our president I thank him for his support and solidarity.

of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and the seat of many civil rights battles. We are also conscious of the fact that in the southern part of this country, you have experienced the degradation and inhumanity of slavery and racial discrimination, as well as the lynchings and brutal intimidation of those men in white robes. We continue to be inspired by the knowledge that, in the face of your own awesome difficulties, you are in the forefront of the anti-apartheid movement in this country. Your principle stance demonstrates clearly to us that we are in the midst of fellow freedom fighters, that here we have powerful fighters against racism wherever and whenever it rears its

I am doubly happy to be in Atlanta. Atlanta, which is the hometown



evil head. The extraordinary reception accorded to us by the people of New York, Boston, Washington, and Atlanta fills us with joy and gives us added strength for the coming battle.

I am honored by your presence in the city that gave the world Dr. Martin Luther King, a giant amongst giants. Dr. King led the struggle against racism, injustice, poverty, and war. In our prison cells, we felt a kinship and affinity with him, and were inspired by his indomitable faith and spirit. Even now, 27 years later, I am deeply moved by his outstanding speech at the mammoth march in Washington in 1963. With passion, sincerity, and brilliant eloquence, he declared, "I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave-owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood. I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice." As the fervor and applause of the crowd reached a crescendo, Dr. King exclaimed, "Let freedom ring!" Let us all exclaim, "Let freedom ring in South Africa! Let freedom ring wherever the people's human rights are trampled upon! Let freedom ring!"

Dr. King's dreams are now becoming the stuff of reality. At the time he began his anti-racist civil rights crusade, there were only 300 elected black officials. Today, it fills me with pride to know that there are nearly 6000 black elected officials in this country. His dreams are certainly going to see the light of day in our country as well. Dr. King also has the distinction of being the first black American to put the issue of apartheid racism into the middle of the American political agenda.

Dr. King rightly deserved the Nobel Peace Prize. We are also proud that two of our sons, Chief Albert Luthuli and Archbishop Desmond Tutu, were similarly honored. Chief Luthuli was a patient, humble, kind, warm, and compassionate person. He was a brilliant thinker and political strategist. Under his leadership, the ANC emerged as a powerful, united, and disciplined mass organization. Both these great freedom fighters were known with honor and known with dignity. Of them we can say, "The man died, but his memory lives. The man died, but his fighting spirit imbues us all. The man died, but his ideas and ideals live." Allow me to express our best wishes to Mrs. Coretta Scott King.

Brothers and sisters, as you know, apartheid South Africa is still in

power. The unrelenting racist tyranny and the destructive fury of war unleashed on peoples of our region have led to the deaths of hundreds of thousands of peoples and the impoverishment of millions. But our people did not flinch from doing their duty. Prisons, torture, and even death could not another one cower into submission. We will never acquiesce in our oppression. We will never surrender. We will pursue the struggle until we have transformed South Africa into a united, non-racial, non-sexist, democratic country. Our people who have shed rivers of blood need democracy. All our people, black and white, need democracy. We are engaged in a life-and-death struggle to bring into being the future, in which all shall, without regard to race, color, creed, or sex, have the right to vote, and be voted into all elected office of the state.



Sisters and brothers, we are on the brink of major changes in South Africa. Victory is in sight. But before we reach that promised land, we still have to travel a treacherous road. Apartheid is still in place. Apartheid continues to imprison, brutalize, maim, and kill our people. Apartheid continues to destroy the future of our children. Apartheid remains a crime against humanity. In this context, we say that sanctions must be maintained. We appeal to you, keep the pressure on apartheid! Keep the pressure on apartheid!

I am happy to report that we had warm, friendly, and fruitful meetings with President Bush and Secretary of State James Baker. It was a meeting to minds on the most important issue determining the future of our country. It gives

great confidence to know that in your country, there is developing a national anti-apartheid consensus. From the state of New York to the institutions of learning in Boston, the churches of Atlanta, the corridors of power in Washington, the message is clear and unequivocal: Apartheid must go! It must go now!

This consensus was reached due to the hard and unceasing work of thousands of people, black and white. It is truly an anti-apartheid rainbow coalition. To all of you, we say thank you. To all of you, we say we respect you, we admire you, and above all, we love you.

Thank you.

IF WE DON'T STAND FOR SOMETHING, WE WILL FALL FOR ANYTHING

by Patrick J. O'Leary, Jr.

The Peachtree Road Race (The Race), 40,000 runners. What comes to mind when you think of this? Commitment? Desire? 40,000 masochists running 6.2 miles (10K) at 8:00 in the morning on a national holiday? How about dedication? Dedication to the spirit and pride of success? Dedication to this country? The Race, like so many events of this day and age, is surrounded by much hoopla and festivities. Many of those who run it speak of the difficulty and the struggle involved in completing the course. Many of those people are simply not ready to run 6.2 miles. Others are ready for a flat easy track, but not for any type of course with hills.

So, what does this mean? Well, take the fact that the race is run on July 4th. Why July 4th? July 4th is the day we recognize our Declaration as a sovereign nation. A day that symbolizes the determination our founding fathers had in forming this nation. A day that marks the beginning of the struggle to free this country from the bonds of England. The Race is a symbol of 40,000 dedicated people who get up and display their pride and determination. Many of the past winners and top finishers of the Race are of foreign citizenship. Ask yourself, "Why do these people come from other countries to run this Race?" Contestants come from as far away as Mexico, Nigeria, France, Germany, and many many other nations. It is often said, "The American Dream shines brighter in the eyes of people who have never seen America." Do the contestants of the Peachtree see this? Do we? Many people forget the reason the Bill of Rights was added to the Constitution. For that matter, many people forget the Bill of Rights was even added to the Constitution. As much as people cry about their rights being violated by this and that, and the Constitution granting this and that, remember! The Bill of Rights is designed to uphold the inalienable rights of the individual, not grant them. It is designed to make sure that those inalienable rights are not infringed upon by the government or other citizens.

There are many people in the world who do not have the history of

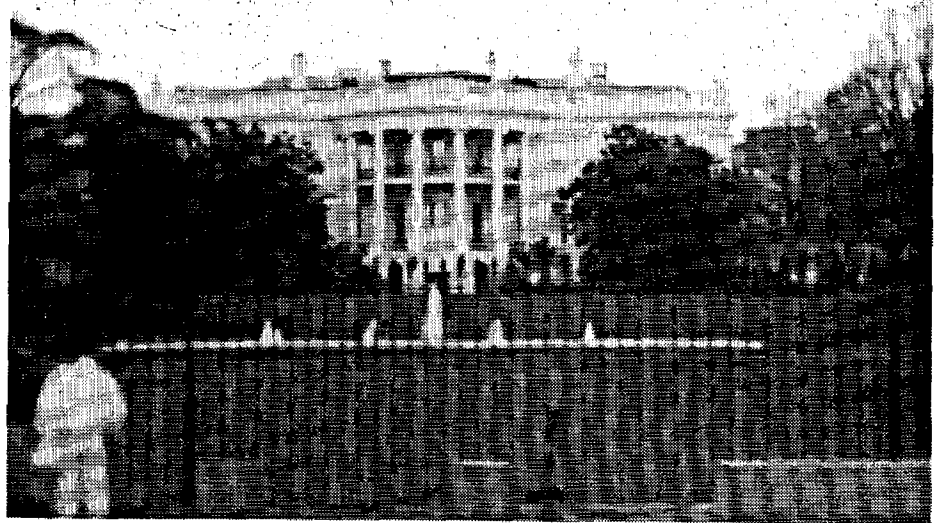


photo by PJOJ

freedom behind them that this nation has. People in the homelands of the foreign runners. People who have only heard of the idea of "Freedom" and the "American Dream." Many people in other countries do not have a choice of "Freewill." Some of those who run professionally for a living do so simply as a way to escape from their homelands, even though such competitors love the land they came from. They may love their culture, their heritage, and their people, but still they leave. Ask yourself, "Why would anyone leave their homeland? If they love it so much, why come to the United States?" Why would someone from another country run professionally in order to escape from someplace? Try to forget for a moment, the spirit of the competition, the love of running, and the monetary rewards (sometimes available for the winners). Try to think of the spirit of the runner, of the individual who must succeed on ability and training. The individual who cannot depend on anyone else to win any race or live any life. Why would someone seek the United States through competition? Think. Think of the economic depression of some of the nations of the world today. The lower standards of living. Less "luxuries." Less freedom. How many athletes who have become world class competitors have defected from their homelands to the United States (or any "free" country for that matter)? Take for an instance, freedom. Freedom of the mind. Freedom of the Body. Freedom of the Spirit. What country on this planet is supposed to resemble "...the land of the Free.." more than the United States of America? None!!! In a tribute to the idea of individual rights, of the freedom to express, the freedom to be oneself, to live for oneself while not denying it, the Canadian musical group Rush wrote it's 1980 song *Freewill*: ➡

There are those who think that life
Has nothing left to chance
With a host of holy horrors
To direct our aimless dance.

A planet of playthings
We dance on the strings
Of powers we cannot perceive
"The stars aren't aligned-
or the gods are malign."
Blame is better to give than receive.

chorus

*You can choose a ready guide
Or some celestial voice
If you still choose not to decide
You still have made a choice.*

*You can choose from phantom fears
And kindness that can kill
I will choose a path that's clear
I will choose freewill*

There are those that think that
They've been dealt a losing hand
The cards were stacked against them-
They weren't born in Lotus-land

All pre-ordained
A prisoner in chains
A victim of venomous fate

Kicked in the face
You can pray for a place
In Heaven's unearthly estate

Each of us
A cell of awareness
Imperfect and incomplete
Genetic Blends
With uncertain ends
On a fortune hunt
That's far too fleet

chorus

Freewill

lyrics by Neil Peart
music by Geddy Lee and Alex Lifeson,
from the album, *Permanent Waves*

Many people, when fighting for the individual, forget exactly what it is they are fighting for. America may be the land of the free and the home of the brave, but how long can one pretend to be free while unconsciously/consciously bound? When one acknowledges the idea of altruism, and accepts it, one loses the freedom to be an individual. The one thing that I expect to do in every job is to put forth my best effort. I expect to receive, in exchange for this, the best effort from those that I work with. If either of these is not received, one is obtaining the underserved. Many of those who follow the group known as Rush are aware that the song *Freewill* was written as a tribute Ayn Rand. Several of the quotes and beliefs mentioned in this article, are taken directly from some of Ayn Rand's works. *Objectivism*, which is often portrayed as being a philosophy that promotes money-hungry, greed, and disregard for others, actually promotes the ideas of freedom and individual rights. *Altruism*, which this nation seems to dwell on, is a form of denial. Like a drug, it (altruism) grows on society. Please remember, as one famous statesman said, "If we don't stand for something, we will fall for anything."

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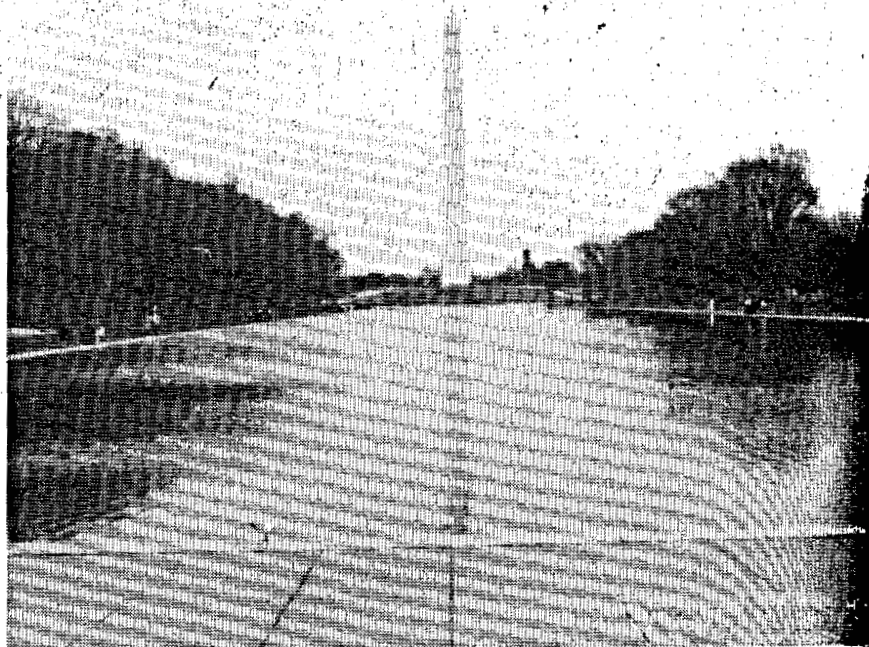


photo by

thought crimes.



by Stephen Danyo

Twenty-four hour fluorescent lighting glares non-stop upon the subterranean cell's white-washed walls. Big Brother watches from television cameras or the ever-silent uniformed guards—in conspiracy, no doubt, with the lights. When the sole prisoner here does manage to draw sleep, she is awakened in one hour on the hour...back to sleep...only to be nudged again and again, pulled into

unwanted consciousness. Back to sleep. This goes on for awhile, enough to steal her much-needed REM. Back to sleep; wait for the insomniac to rise again, but then it's time for the showers. Led out of her cell by the silent, male guards (no human contact or communication allowed), she is stripped and cavity searched, as whenever she is brought out for whatever reason. Not even a shower is a private affair. The guard watches in silence....

Soon her exercise break comes, which is once every twenty-four hours (she wonders if this hour away from her cell is the moment the lights may get a rest from their daily labor; are they also denied sleep?). This is the only time she sees the sun, or more precisely, daylight. She has not seen a tree in months (the last time was on a trip outside the prison gate to the doctor). The only other connection to the outside world is a once-a-week fifteen minute talk to her lawyer by phone, and to her family by way of glass partition only once a month. Indirect contact with society is severely limited; the prison's library, entertainment area, and recreational facilities are verboten, although some magazines, books, and newspapers are allowed by officials (but no more than five at a time). Photographs and pictures are not allowed to be placed on the white walls. Even her uniform is bleached for its whiteness, and the air is as stale as the decor. Ah, WHITE. The color of purity, the color of cleanliness...the color of a brainwash.

This colorvoid is broken like a rock throwing ripples on a long-dead, stagnant lake by a state-supplied color television: screaming out the day's advertisements and reruns, and where the news is just another show. Certainly there's nothing on network television that could interfere with brainwashing.... It already is scrubbing behind the ears!

Fiction?

Unfortunately, no. The above was daily routine for at least three years for radical feminist Susan Rosenberg and other women, all prisoners at the 16-cell subterranean Female High Security Unit (HSU) located in the Federal Correctional Institute in Lexington, Kentucky. It was the second such facility to be on line in America and officially opened October 29, 1986 after ten years of planning. It closed in 1988, but only to be replaced with a several-hundred-cell facility under construction inside the Marianna men's prison in Florida, located in the middle of a swamp—away from any town, hotel, or campground—so that human rights activists cannot protest as at Lexington prison.

The first HSU was built in Marion, Illinois, and was discovered in June 4, 1987 to be "in violation of the minimum standards for the treatment of prisoners promulgated by the United Nations," according to the politically non-aligned human rights group Amnesty International. It was found to have prisoners strapped to their bunks—which were concrete slabs—for days. Beatings by guards are reportedly routine. And according to Zeta (6/90), "Almost every 'heavy' male political prisoner ushered into the federal system over the past decade...has been placed in Marion for some length of time."

The federal government is planning to build another such unit in Colorado, modeled on the Marion facility.

So what is a political prisoner?

According to Amnesty International, a political prisoner is imprisoned "solely because of their beliefs." As a result, the group currently has no adopted "prisoners of conscience" in the United States. The last prisoner to be recognized as such was Stacey Merkt, whose crime was helping Central American refugees seek asylum in this country. She paid her debt to society with a six-month term. Other prisoners have been rejected as prisoners of conscience by Amnesty, most notably Joe Doherty, the Irish Republican Army member imprisoned in 1983 in New York for alleged violent crimes committed in the United Kingdom. He has not committed any crime in the States.

Others operate under different definitions. Some argue that if one is discriminated against in sentencing, treatment in prison, or guilt because of their beliefs or politically motivated actions (whether non-violent or even violent), then that person qualifies as a political prisoner.

Susan Rosenberg, under this definition, is certainly a political prisoner. Convicted in 1985 for possession of arms and explosives (which were not actually used), she was sentenced to fifty-eight years behind bars, while at the same time, "A Klansman was convicted of a similar charge," according to ACLU's Adjoa Ayiye, "and he only got a seven-year sentence." Likewise, abortion clinic bomber Dennis Malvesi received seven years, but for actually using such explosives. Furthermore, Ms. Rosenberg, whose crimes were admittedly politically-motivated, was reassigned from the federal prison in Arizona to Lexington's Female High Security Unit. According to a directive from the Bureau of Prisons (9/2/86) "Assignments to the unit will be made without regard to such factors as...disciplinary reasons, but are a matter of classifications." More specifically, Ms. Rosenberg's transfer was explained in the Rationale for Redesignation (8/19/86):

Rosenberg has been associated with the FALN, Black Liberation Army (BLA), and other terrorist groups. She also was thought to have been involved in an [sic] 1979 Brinks Armed Car Robbery and has previously been linked to the Joanne Chesimard escape in 1979.

But appended to this statement is an addendum saying that the Brinks case was dropped. Not mentioned is that no evidence was presented connecting her to any terrorist group. According to Susan Rosenberg, when she asked why she was being transferred, Lexington officials told her the decision was "based on an internal criterion that is secret."

Federal District Judge Barrington Parker, in July 1988, ruled that the criteria for sending women to the Lexington HSU were "overbroad," "vague," "indefinite," and "unconstitutional." He further stated that conditions there "skirted elemental standards of human decency." He directed Rosenberg and others there be immediately assigned to the general prison population. "It's one thing to place persons under greater security because they have escape history and pose special risks to our correctional institutions," ruled Judge Parker, "but consigning anyone to a high-security unit for their political associations they will never shun unless forced to renounce

them is a dangerous mission for this country's prison system to continue." In September 1989, a Federal Court of Appeal reversed Judge Parker's decision, ruling that the women's placement in a high-security unit was not unconstitutional.

Even more easily categorized as political prisoners are BLA members Herman Bell, Albert Washington, and Anthony Bottom. The "New York Three," as they were known, each received life sentences in 1975 under questionable evidence at best. The ballistics evidence presented at trial, which implicated them in the 1971 execution style murders of two New York City policemen, was later revealed to be "directly contradicted by FBI lab reports." The contradiction was known at the time by the FBI and the prosecution. They did not tell the defense of the information (although required by U.S. law to do so) and suppressed it until the mid-eighties.

The prosecuting lawyer, Richard Tannenbaum, "has admitted that a key witness against the three, Ruben Scott, was tortured—wires inserted into his penis—by New Orleans police, in order to obtain his 'cooperation.'" This "cooperation" was in the form of dropping Scott's California murder charges in exchange for testimony against the three. Other witnesses, Linda Torres and Jackie Tabb, "were held in jail for 13 months as material witnesses and told they would never regain custody over their young children unless they testified to the prosecution's version of events." As of this writing, the three are still in prison, and have not received a retrial.

American Indian Movement (AIM) member Leonard Peltier is serving two consecutive life sentences for the 1975 killing of two FBI agents—a 1977 conviction that should be overturned, or at least retried, since prosecutor Lynn Crooks now admits the government "has no idea" who committed the crime. But even though the 8th Circuit Court of Appeals has formally stated that the State's case against Peltier no longer exists, it has declined to reverse the standing conviction because doing so would, in the court's words, demonstrate a "misconduct on the part of some FBI agents." This misconduct was shown in the FBI's own documents that "incomplete and inaccurate ballistics evidence was deliberately presented at the trial in order to 'establish Peltier's guilt.'" Since 1980 Amnesty has called for a new trial, but Peltier has yet to be granted one. A Chippewa/Sioux Native American, he is still being held in Leavenworth prison.

Although the estimate varies, there are probably less than 200 political prisoners in the United States. Freedom Now (The National Campaign for Amnesty & Human Rights for

Political Prisoners) has documented 132 such cases and is investigating 60 more. Many of these have been jailed under the vague "seditious conspiracy" statute, or sentenced based on inconclusive or outright false information. There are some non-violent, politically-motivated prisoners—mostly nuclear resisters who have committed 'symbolic' acts such as protesting on US government nuclear facilities—who have received excessive sentencing and/or treatment.

No matter whether one thinks that some of these people belong in prison or not, the many types of political prisoners in the United States are being transferred to "high security" areas with unclear missions, or are being discriminately sentenced to uncharacteristically long, harsh sentences.



Brainwashing?

Perhaps. Says Rosenberg: conditions in the Lexington HSU were "designed to destroy those who are in it, psychologically and physically, and to disintegrate people's personalities. They are trying to drive us completely out of our minds."

The ACLU hired a psychologist to investigate the Lexington unit. He concluded that the HSU there was designed to "force ideological conversion" or at least to "reduce them [prisoners] to psychological jelly" prone to suicide.

Rosenberg and Korn have a point. In 1962 the director of the Bureau of Prisons at the time, James Bennett, endorsed a paper by Professor Edgar Schein of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology titled "Man Against Man: Brainwashing," which was funded by the CIA. The paper did not deal with prisoners of the US Government, but rather was an academic study of the brainwashing techniques the North Koreans and Chinese used on American prisoners of war during the Korean conflict. According to Stein, extreme isolation was most necessary to modify behavior in human subjects. He writes:

It is necessary to weaken, undermine or remove the supports to the old patterns of behavior and the old attitudes...if change is to take place. Because most of these supports are the face-to-face confirmation of present behavior and attitudes which are provided by those with whom close emotional ties exist, it is often necessary to break those emotional ties. This can be done...by removing the individual physically and preventing communication with those whom he cares about.... If at the same time, the total environment

inflexibly provides rewards and punishments only in terms of the new behavior and attitudes to be obtained, and provides new human contacts around which to build up relationships, it is highly likely that the desired new behavior and attitudes will be learned. They will be learned as a basic solution to the problem of how to survive in the inflexible environment.... I would like to have you think of brainwashing not in terms of politics, ethics and morals, but in terms of the deliberate changing of behavior and attitudes by a group of men who have relatively complete control over the environment in which the captive population lives.

Bennett, in his endorsement of the paper, told an assembly of wardens and criminal psychologists, "We here in Washington are anxious to have you undertake some of these things...on your own. Later, the paper was published in *Corrective Psychiatry and Journal of Social Therapy*.

So what?

What is at issue is how a civilized society treats (through sentencing discrepancies, human rights, psychological abuse, etc.) its legitimate social prisoners, and how it defines and imprisons its many different kinds of political prisoners. It is clear that a section of prisoners the US receive prejudiced treatment because of alleged connections to left-leaning organizations. Framed guilt and inequitable sentencing—as well as brainwashing or psychological abuse such as physical and emotional isolation, inaccessibility to media, sleep deprivation and so on—are not acceptable practices for our society.

So what can you do?

Write. Find out more about the issue. Here are some resources:

Readings (not a comprehensive list)

Reuben, William and Norman, Carlos. "The Women of Lexington Prison." *The Nation* (June 27, 1987). Tech has this newsweekly, as do most libraries.

Churchill, Ward. "The Third World at Home: Political Prisoners in the U.S." *Zeta Magazine* (June, 1990). Oxford Books always has this monthly. Tech's library doesn't.

Rothschild, Matthew. "The Crime of Politics." *The Progressive* (May, 1989). Tech has this. *Amnesty International Report 1990*.

Addresses for information:

ACLU National Prison Project
1616 P Street NW
Washington, DC 20036
202/331-0500

Amnesty International
1 Easton St.
London, England
WC1 8DJ

Freedom Now (The National Campaign
for Amnesty & Human Rights for Political
Prisoners)
666 Broadway, 7th floor c/o MSN
New York, NY 10012
212/614-6458

Committee to End the Marion Lockdown
343 S. Dearborn, Suite 1607
Chicago, IL 60604
312/663-5046

NAACP
National Prison Program
4805 Mount Hope Dr.
Baltimore, MD 21215
301/358-8900

Prisoners of Conscience Project
National Council of the Churches
Christ, USA

Footnotes

1) Rothschild, Matthew. 2-4) Reuben, William and Norman, Carlos. 5-7) Churchill, Ward. 8-9) Reuben, William and Norman, Carlos.

By David Burgess

More Gun Control Bickering

Foreword

The purpose of this article is to present an opinion not often heard in the gun control debate: the opinion of the silent, reasonable rural gun owner, not the paranoid extremist of the national gun lobby or the gun-fearing, often irrational prohibitionist of the left. My experiences have shown it to be the position of many gun owners, few of whom agree with the give-no-ground agenda of the N.R.A. This is a centrist position, built on an important set of political and practical beliefs, but flexible enough to make concessions for the cause of public safety. This article presents a set of provable facts and carefully considered opinions. This article does not present any emotional gibberish.

Disclaimer

This article is in no way intended to promote the overthrow of the current U.S. federal government or that of any member state of said federation. It instead reflects many of the forgotten ideas on which our nation was founded.

Practical and Political Reasons for Gun Ownership

In the rural and small-town South, gun ownership is a fact of life for most families. The gun is a tool (for destroying dangerous/terminal animals), a piece of recreational gear (for hunting and target shooting), an heirloom (guns are often passed from generation to generation), a collector's item, an historical relic, and, many miles from the local police, a source of security. Rural gun owners are not concerned with urban crime, and those who are concerned with urban crime are, for the most part, unfamiliar with rural patterns of gun ownership and use. This makes national gun legislation a question of whether or not our urban majority has the right to dictate laws to the minority living in rural areas, an issue which has brought this country to war with itself once already.

On first consideration, it may seem that there is no legitimate reason for city-

dwellers to own firearms, but there is a reason. There is a political reason: as Mao said, "Freedom grows from the barrel of a gun." If our government should ever become oppressive or overly corrupt it would be the obligation of the people to replace it, and it is unlikely that such a government would go down without the use of force. Many say that a democracy such as ours could never become such a government, but the democratic process is easy to manipulate, as many governments have demonstrated so well in this century. In this context of political thought, gun ownership is a form of government participation as important as voting, perhaps even more so. It is now claimed that too many people in this country are incapable of this level of government participation. If our society produces so many people who are too selfish, immature, or unstable to carry out this responsibility of democracy, then something is desperately wrong with our society, and this "grand experiment" in self-government has failed.

To many people it seems odd that the Continental Congress would have placed an amendment in the Bill of Rights simply to ensure the rights of citizens to participate in the armed forces, but this is what the courts claim the Second Amendment does. [If that is the case, draft dodgers can simply forfeit their second amendment rights.] This is especially odd when one considers that the bill was written by and for people who had just freed themselves from a powerful central government through armed uprising and who were suspicious of what their new government might become. It is the right of a people to overthrow a rotten government, and this overthrow is impossible without adequate weapons: weapons comparable to those carried by the government's armed forces. Every American political thinker from Thomas Jefferson to Malcom X has expressed this thought in one form or another. A likely purpose of the Second Amendment was to insure this right, so that this nation cannot become what China was in those first

weeks of June, 1989, what the Eastern Bloc was for forty years, or what South Africa is today. Could citizen groups with small arms present a significant challenge to the best equipped, best trained military force in the world? Recent histories in Asia, the Caribbean, Africa, and Central America suggest that they could.

"Weapons comparable to those carried by the government's armed forces" would naturally include full automatics and so-called assault weapons. Despite media sensationalism and federal lip-service, legally owned weapons of these classes are rarely used in crime. Granted, these are weapons of choice for gangs and drug dealers, but their guns are usually imported or purchased illegally anyway, and therefore unaffected by any further gun legislation. Perhaps better enforcement of the existing gun laws would be a better solution.

Much evidence suggests that firearms alone do not lead to high rates of crime. John Cochran's June 1990 N.A.R. article presented abundant facts to that effect. Stacy Johnson's article in that same issue presented another fact: there were 27 gun-related deaths in Switzerland in 1983. Taking into account populations, this makes the gun-related death rate in Switzerland about 1/9 that of the U.S. in that same year, which is particularly interesting in light of the fact that a Swiss national guard program places machine guns in most homes. Again, gun related violence is only a symptom of some much deeper problem, and banning weapons would only be only a quick-fix. The real solutions are social reform and more effective court and penal systems, not restrictive legislation.

Despite evidence of the ineffectiveness of gun control, many activists continue to push for it on the grounds that this ineffectiveness cannot be proven. The claim is that any risk to the general public warrants the enactment of restrictive laws. This is a dangerous line of reasoning, and if applied equally to every issue would lead to

a deterioration of personal freedom even more frightening than that we are witnessing today.

Reasonable Concessions for Public Safety

Contrary to the beliefs of the NRA, the registration of a firearm does not inhibit its use as a political tool. The fear is that registration would make confiscation of firearms too easy for the government, but that's silly, because if the government starts to take guns from stable, law-abiding citizens it's time for them to start using those guns anyway.

There is no legitimate reason for a person to need to buy a firearm on a moment's notice, which means that waiting periods are perfectly reasonable. While the buyer is waiting, the extra time may as well be put to good use with licensing, education, and background checks. The license makes the gun and gun owner easily traceable and linkable to each other, reducing the use of guns in crimes but not affecting the typical gun owner. As for education, many firearm deaths result from immature attitudes or pure incompetence on the part of gun owners and can easily be avoided. The requirement of knowledge of proper firearm handling is not unreasonable: there are similar requirements for any license. The background check would not be an invasion of privacy, because the only information of interest would be criminal records and any possible history of mental instability. If a person is dangerous, it should be a matter of public record anyway.

Short-barreled handguns, such as .38-snub or the typical .25 semi, serve no reasonable purpose because they are useful only for concealment and killing at point-blank range. The same is true of plastic handguns. They are too weak, slow, unreliable, and inaccurate for sporting, law enforcement, self-defense, or combat. A total ban on such weapons would only serve to improve public safety.

Hopefully, people will realize that gun control is not a simple question of public safety vs. personal whim. The gun issue is one which involves many balances of national political power, and this vital right of private weapon ownership can be maintained without posing hazards to the public.

small
graphico

HOW TO VOLUNTEER... IN ONE EASY STEP

by Tonia Jernigan, MOVE Coordinator

Have you ever found yourself walking aimlessly around campus thinking, "Wow, classes are real fun, but I need more meaning in my life...If only I knew where I could find a place to volunteer....That would make my life complete!"? Well hold on to your calculators, this could be it, folks! The word is MOVE, and it means Mobilizing Opportunities for Volunteer Experience.

MOVE is a student-based organization which was recently formed at Georgia Tech to enhance volunteer awareness on campus, and provide valuable community services to local Atlanta organizations. MOVE serves individuals and groups within the Tech community by functioning as a placement agency for people or groups who wish to volunteer, but don't know where to go. It also works the other way by finding groups or individuals for local Atlanta agencies who need volunteers.

MOVE has both administrative (typing, making phone calls, mailing, etc.) and hands-on volunteer work available. With five areas of specialization to choose from, it would be almost impossible for you not to find one that interests you. The areas serviced are: (1) Children

(2) Elderly/Handicapped/Homebound/Terminally Ill (3) Families/Adults/Women (4) Homeless/Hungry and (5) Special Projects (Animals, Environmental, Museums, etc.). Some of the organizations that we work with include Scottish Rite Childrens' Hospital, Grove Park Recreation Center, Atlanta Humane Society, Georgia Shakespeare Festival, SCITREK, Crawford Center for Therapeutic Horsemanship, Alzheimers Association, Atlanta Children Shelter, and the list goes on!

I know that you are thinking, "Enough already! Where do I sign up?!" Well that's the easy part. Just stop by the Student Center Programs Area (third floor, next to the *Technique*) and pick up an application. When you've filled it out, bring it back, and we'll give you a call before you can say Mobilizing Opportunities for Volunteer Experience!! If you still aren't sure about the whole business of volunteering, then MOVE invites you to join us for our first Volunteer Fair, October 9, 11 a.m. on the third floor of the Student Center, room 343. Representatives from the organizations that we work with will be there to answer your questions and fill you in on what's hot in the world of volunteering!



A Few Questions Surrounding Art & Obscenity

by Ian Smith

In September, Dennis Barrie, director of the Cincinnati Contemporary Arts Center will go on trial in a Hamilton County Ohio court on obscenity charges. Mr. Barrie has been indicted for showing pictures of children "in a state of nudity" in his gallery. These pictures were the work of deceased American photographer Robert Mapplethorpe. Mr. Barrie may later be indicted on other charges regarding the display of homoerotic images.

By most accounts, Robert Mapplethorpe was one of the premiere photographers of the twentieth century. However, his choice of subject matter made him at least controversial and to some illegal. There are several issues regarding art and obscenity quickly mind that come to this case. work of Mapplethorpe be viewed differently (or g i v e n exemptions) since it is displayed in an art gallery? Would it be different if it were at a newsstand?

Historically, there is a strong precedent for galleries receiving exemption from obscenity laws. This precedent is being tested in the Cincinnati case. Should a gallery be exempt from laws regulating what is obscene? If so, why? Additionally, in what does the fact that this is a private gallery affect this case? Or should it? At some point do we ask ourselves what makes a building a gallery? Does a picture's location change whether it should be protected? It is interesting to consider the possibility that one could go to a gallery, buy what is 'art' and take it out on the street to show someone and be arrested for displaying obscene material.

Mr. Barrie is being put on trial by a jury of his peers. He is not being tried as the proprietor of an art gallery, but as someone who took money from people to view pornography. The fact that he is being tried by a jury raises more questions that it proposes to solve. Robert Mapplethorpe is famous for his pictures of flowers and celebrity faces. Should Mapplethorpe's "obscene" work be viewed "in context" by jury members, or as individual pictures? (The

prosecution is attempting to have seven of the pictures be the only works considered by the jury.) There are other interesting factors in this case. Mr. Barrie put the "intense" images in a different part of exhibit so that persons not wishing to view them would not be forced to. Does this change the situation any?

Obviously, there is not a clear-cut definition of art; certainly, it must be that way. However, the question of exactly who decides what is art and what isn't art is being asked more frequently. This situation has arisen both in conjunction with the Mapplethorpe exhibition and the continuation of the funding of the National Endowment for the Arts. Is it possible to determine what is art and what isn't art? If so, who decides? Many people say that "experts" should decide, but this too is fraught with problems. Who is an expert? Who decides what "expert" means? Certainly, there are biases in experts just like everyone else.

There is a political issue here as well— one that is being discussed quite a bit in the Cincinnati area. This question regards the rights of a community. Does the community have a right to decide what is obscene? How? Does this right extend to what may be displayed in a private art gallery? A private home? There is a precedent for a community to determine what it feels is obscene, and the prosecution in the Barrie case points to this as their chief legal backing.

There is a plethora of questions about the Barrie case that remain unanswered. It seems that they will be answered in court, perhaps at the highest levels.



Summertime

by Wes Slaymaker

The months of June, July, August and sometimes September tend to be categorized as summertime. To most school age kids these months are what makes all those long days of school tolerable. In the summer, friends will be secured, adventures will be had, you might even get bored.

Now that I have your attention focused on what summers *were* like, I want to tell you how the summer tradition has grown and blossomed in my college years. Each summer of my college life has a special significance. When I look back on my summers, I see large changes in maturity and character based on my experiences.

My first summer out of college I decided I needed to learn how to live; you know: party, be cool, look attractive to the opposite sex, etc. To accomplish this I decided to visit my brother, after all, he was two years ahead of me in college, and he had learned all of the above mentioned necessities. Mom of course thought I should go home and get a nice job (fat chance!). Well my brother had found a girlfriend and changed his lifestyle, and I was one lonely hot individual. I was hot because I was in Texas, College Station Texas. My dream woman never materialized, but I did make friends with a nice guy who had tried to convert me to his order of religion, door to door style. I guess I was not cut out to be a college stud. Instead I phoned my mom and we planned a

vacation to New England, and we had fun!

My second summer was the real coup de grace. A friend and I decided we would go bike touring in the Western United States. That is not even the crazy part. The more insane part of our plan was that we were going to settle down and live in the best town or city we came across. The bike ride was fantastic, the scenery, meeting people, learning a lot about what really matters in life (food and water). In the end I stayed in Bellingham Washington and my friend kept riding down the coast. I, of course, came back to Georgia Tech; my friend did not. I matured a little too much that summer.

The third summer of my fine college career began with a job. I was making money; "this is what you are supposed to do," I told

We were in love (?). We backpacked and visited friends in Montana. We toured Canada by car. I learned about relationships, and what I learned did not make me regret not having one up till that moment. In other words, I was in deep water with no flotation.

The fourth summer I'm still trying to forget. Not forget the summer, but the part of the summer where I was a camp counselor. I had wondered if I would make a good school teacher, after all, teachers get summer off. Clenched fists and grinding teeth do not make good lecture material, and I did not make a good camp counselor. I *did* have plenty of time to think. I thought, what shall I do next summer, for every summer I have done something very unique.

Well this is it, the fifth summer in action and I am in school. Atlanta summers do not make me regret not having been here for the last four of them. Classes are smaller (I think) and you do not get bored in them, for you never know who will show up to lecture to you next (The professors must go on vacation too.). This summer I write letters and receive postcards from all of my friends and family on vacation. John is in Colorado, Nick is in Canada, Dad is in Wyoming, and Mom is bicycling somewhere in Newfoundland.

What do *you* think will be doing this summer? I sure hope not this. I am too young to reminisce about the past; next summer I

photo by PJO

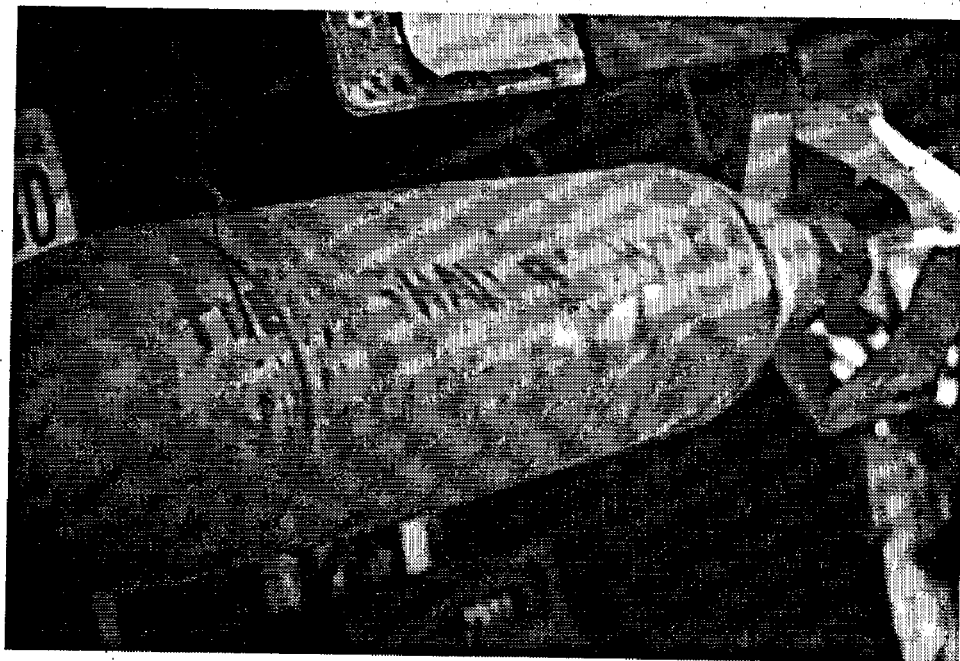


myself. Well, in mid July I quit. Somehow, I'm not really sure what happened, I ended up on a month long vacation with... a woman.

going to have an adventure!



f i s h r a p .



bomb by Howard Finster, photo by Steve Danyo

Warning, Warning, intellectual attack!

The content contained herein, to wit, the section of this magazine entitled fishrap, contains elements deemed by some to be "art." It is worthy of mention that these "artistic" elements, in their effect on the reader, might invoke thought or possibly even introspection. In this regard the following few pages might be deemed offensive, dangerous, or subversive. It is suggested that overly sensitive readers close their eyes and their minds while partaking of this heady brew we call fishrap.

Haiku For a One Night Stand

Even woken up
just to see a stranger's back,
wishing you were home?

- Louise Frantzen

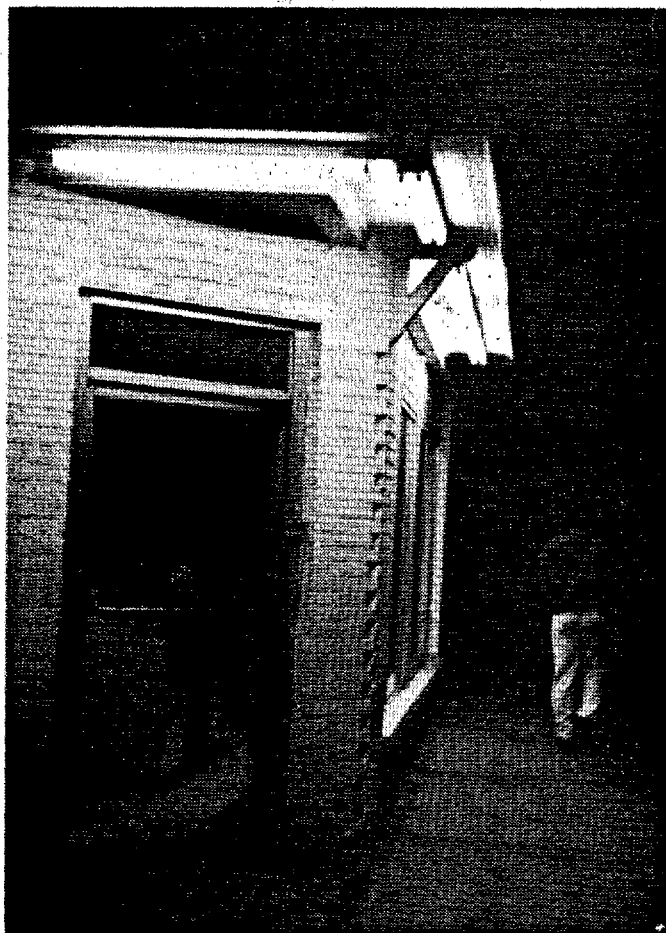
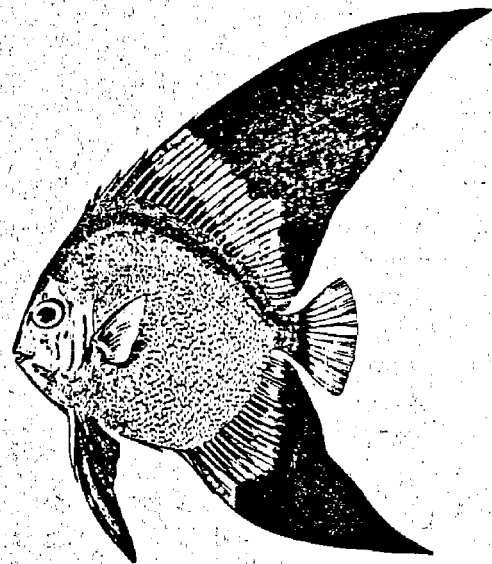


photo by S. Danyo



Art by Howard Finster, photo by S. Danyo



The Pawn Shop

Bryan Michael

A brass bell clangs hard against glass.
A maniacal man clicks on with a Pavlov glance.

With whiskey words and a roll of bills.
With stainless steel and freedom to kill.

The Glass Bell Mansion

By Dale Gillis

Taking Cobble Road south, the road passes within sight of the sea for some distance. The sea is the Gulf of Credibility, also called the Abyss of Credibility, whose depths have never been sounded. According to legend, beyond the Gulf of Credibility the fabulous lands of Truth and Reality can be found.

Then Cobble Road veers inland, and after some distance the traveler finds himself in a valley. A jumble of low mountains, with granite outcroppings, called Raven Ridge is on the left. One of these is Glass Mountain, with the Glass Bell Mansion at its peak.

Benjamin Blackwell first resolved to build a mansion at the top of that mountain when he was a poor boy. After running away from home, he survived by doing odd jobs. He learned that some people were so poor that they snatched meat away from vultures in the forests of the valley. The thought made Blackwell shudder every time he saw a vulture circling or hovering in the distance.

"My poverty is going to be temporary," Blackwell decided. He also decided what he would do with wealth once he achieved it. The valley is the most beautiful place in the world, so he would stay here. The only problem is how to make the most of it, to take it all in at once. The answer is a house at the top of the hill, obviously. Blackwell looked at many houses, until he could visualize the one he wanted. It would be solid looking, almost like a castle, have white stucco on it, and it would have a tower. The tower on a mountain summit would have a commanding view of the whole region. A glass bell would top off the tower, so that there would be no interference with the view.

His poverty was temporary. Blackwell became a furniture salesman, then came to own his own furniture store, then a furniture factory. The day came that Benjamin Blackwell ordered the Glass Bell Mansion build at the top of Glass Mountain.

"When I first look out over the valley from my own tower, that will be a great moment," he

thought. It was to be such a great moment that he did not climb the stairs to the Glass Bell Tower until it was finished and the workmen were gone. The workmen were not done any too soon, for the Mansion had strained Blackwell's resources. He was now in debt.

Then Blackwell ascended, alone. For hours he stood there, fascinated by what he had achieved. As he looked, one thing disturbed him. The shacks of some migrant workers marred his view. He vowed then and there that they would not continue to do so. Storming downstairs, he got a can of black paint and returned to the Glass Bell.

He stood under the Glass Bell with a can of black paint and a paintbrush. Carefully he applied a few tentative dabs of black paint to blot out the ugly shacks. While he was at it he decided to eliminate some ugly factories, and further, a few nondescript warehouses. The view was vastly improved, he decided, until he shifted his position and found that he could see around the black blots. More dabs of black paint extended the blots and all low income neighborhoods were blotted out at this time. Growing frustrated, he realized that the stone boulders and slabs on the magnificent mountains were just plain gray stone. Such gray rigidity defacing the forest below...which was, after all, just a bunch of moth eaten trees. Still, he marveled at the blue sky, until a vulture flew overhead. Blackwell loathed vultures, so he wound up getting a ladder. There was a frenzied swabbing of paint and the Glass Bell was completely blacked in.

Some have pictured Ben Blackwell laying on the floor and sobbing when he came to his senses. No one knows that for sure.

Most people think that Blackwell was silly. At a gathering at the Glass Bell Mansion, one woman said, "I would have painted it yellow. Sunlight filters through yellow paint."

"I would have painted a picture on the inside of the dome," another woman replied. Blackwell overheard them and became enraged.

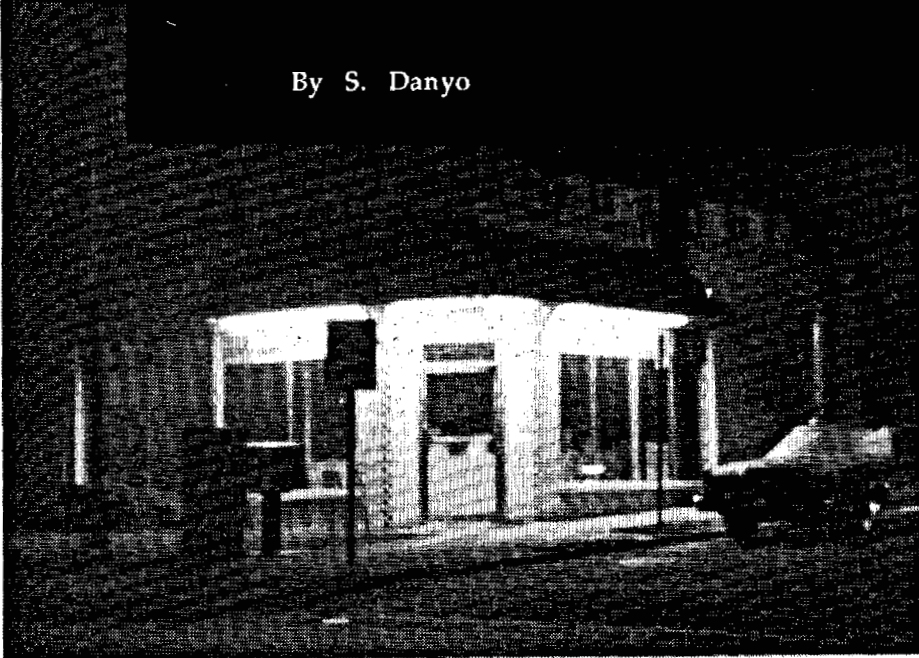
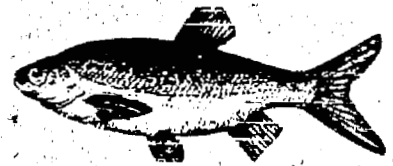


They hid sex in the closet.
Off limits to me.
Mysterious sex bantering
about inside my butterfly
stomach. And here
comes that new girl.
Hiding out in the closet.
7 minutes. Sometimes I
have daydreams and
nightmares about all
those mysterious people
that have been stuffed
away in that closet where
I was not allowed. The
only knowledge of sex I
had at that age was a
wood-paneled and weak-
partitioned door. What's
behind it?

Opening my eyes.
Opening my mind.
Opening my zipper.
Opening the door.

And the people rise up to
inseminate the nation.

By S. Danyo



Wanting Simply More...

for "Daisy"

Standing still on winter shores
No one sings her name;
Deep within a sensual soul
Burns passionate unlit flame

High above a seagull soars
To lofty seeming height,
Unlike those whose wings are clipped
Who've never known of flight

Though wind doth whisper and ocean roars,
Silence: this she hears,
With rising moon and setting sun,
Yet, stillness: this she fears,

There upon a winter shore
Where ocean waves do bravely roar
And graceful seagulls swiftly soar
She lies awake, alone at night

Wanting simply more.....

A. Marie Selck

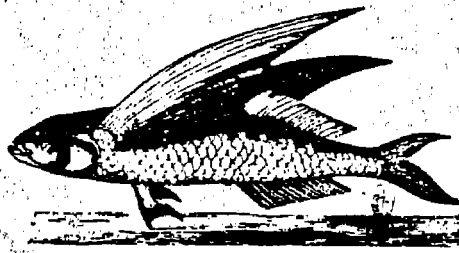
A Fleeting Memory

by Jillanna Babb

I don't know why I suddenly remembered the little room. Maybe I had a dream about it that I couldn't recall. Maybe a mischievous spirit whispered the idea into my ear that I should go to the little room. I don't know. I just woke up thinking of it. I woke up knowing that I would visit the little room today. I woke up and leapt impatiently from my bed at an unusually early summer hour. My calico cat sprang from the warm, ancient quilt after me, surprised and annoyed at my unprecedented morning activity. The image of the little room was painted indelibly in my mind and I did not notice anything else, especially the yellowed, clicking, clucking alarm clock. My cat couldn't decipher the numbers and probably never cared to, but she knew instinctively that she was losing at least two hours of morning sleep and she was resentful. Old calico was skilled at hiding her feline emotions, however, and sat washing her face nonchalantly in a corner. She knew well the art of coolness. If she pretended not to desire attention, she was usually lavished with it. Not this morning, however.

I dressed quickly. Getting dressed was always quick for me. I wore the same pair of cut-off jean shorts and the same t-shirt every day. Slipping on my ripped and stained tennis shoes as I rushed from my room, the question of "Why?" did float over my thoughts, shadowing them momentarily like a solitary cloud on an otherwise sunny day. The question soon faded from view unanswered, however, and I did not slow my frenzied journey to the little room in any way.

Down the stairs, through the kitchen, where my hand instinctively snatched a popart, and out the back door I sped. The memory of the little room had evolved from that dark, unfocused waking image to an intricate, clear color photograph and was slowly acquiring sounds, smells and even tastes. I breathed deeply as I long-legged it out to the little room, not smelling the trees and the grass and the bright, dewy flowers but the moist, dusty, musty odor of the little room. How I used to love playing in that room so many years ago! I increased my speed, sped up my pace, lengthened my legs. I used to play house out there--I was the child. I was the mother. I was the wife, the sister. The room was dark and cool even in the ninety degree Augusts of those sweaty, wilted summers. The little room was my refuge. No one else went there. I had a table and chairs and pots and pans and dusty, plastic flowers and scribbly coloring books and dolls and clothes and a fancy green glass vase I'd found in the creek. I pretended it was the home of a Genie. After a few hours of imagining, I



actually believed it. Anything could be real in that little room. Anything could be true. Reality became the dream and the dream became reality. I could be whatever, whoever, I chose and I could invent my own world out there. Breathing the memory of the damp and musty little room in deeply, I broke into a run. I didn't realize I was smiling or that tears were tracking silvery wet trails across my cheeks. I climbed over the squeaky wooden gate and disappeared into the pinetreed woods. My feet knew the way; my mind was already there.

There it was! Old, peeling wood--the building looked as if it had gotten a sunburn, with its red paint peeling, rolling, curling and crackling from its termite-gnawed wood. I wanted to embrace the little building, but wouldn't have even if I could. It looked as if it would crumble as soon as I touched it. I stopped ten feet from the door. Frozen like a deer blinded by headlights, I held my breath in excited anticipation. My heart beat nervously, painfully contracting, pumping, pulsing in my chest. I wiped my sweating, shaking palms on my cut-off shorts and began tip-toeing towards the little room. Dry, brown leaves crackled, cackled at my stealthiness. Green summer maples and piney evergreens swayed, sighed at my emotions. A crow flew over, squeaking like the uncoiled hinges of the pasture gate, like the rusted hinges of the door to the peeling, cracking building when I finally inched it open.

The first thing I saw was blackness--moist, soft blackness. After being out in the sunny, glaring bright reality of the summer, the building was always black. I stepped into the little room, onto the old, moldy rug I'd stolen from the attic years ago. I stood there until my eyes adjusted. Yes, everything was just as I'd remembered. There were a few more spider webs and mold and bugs and dust, but other than that. . .

Ouch! Slapping my legs, I remembered that the webs sometimes came with spiders. Ouch! OUCH! I danced around on the old, browned carpet, slapping my tickling, itching ankles. . . my calves. . . my knees. . . my arms. . . Running out the door into the morning sunlight that stung my eyes like acid, my chest contracted in shock at what I saw. My legs, my arms, my whole body, cut-off jeans and all, was black and swarming with tiny, biting fleas and they were eating my flesh as if they hadn't tasted blood for years! Running back towards the house, I decided that some things are better kept as memories.

PRODUCTIVE FREEDOM?

Quit complaining, do something!



CHOICE
education classes are
in our public schools are
"Sex education classes are
promoting incest," The right to choose to have
children is only a
temporary, so don't think too hard with it."
—Rev. Jimmy Swaggart



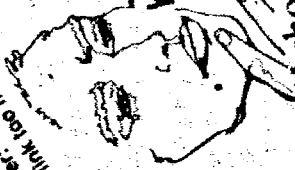
WHO DO YOU WANT

Open-mind

closed mind

The battle continues

WHICH ONE WOULD YOU CHOOSE?!



The right to make informed choices.

WOMEN



Sex

WHEN DOES LIFE
BEGIN?
No Easy
ANSWERS

Our Sexuality

CAN WE
talk

The right to choose not to have a child.

What do you think
do you think



pregnancy?

China

"Women have babies and men provide the support. If you don't like the way we're made you've got to take it up with God."

Louise

The Course Of A Nomination

Allan W. Yarbrough

'Tis the season to make yet another nomination to the Supreme Court, and before conservative munchkins rejoice that the Wicked Witch of the East is firmly planted beneath Dorothy's cottage, the following reflection is in order: Justice William Brennan, the outgoing liberal, was one of the three octogenarians who, it was previously thought, would leave the Supreme Court in one of two ways: under a Democratic presidential administration, or in a pine box. The fact that Mr. Brennan left of his own free will, still alive and kicking and despite Republican control of the White House, suggested his confidence that the replacement selected by George Bush would represent yet another betrayal of a 1988 campaign promise.

Many Congressional Democrats, also hoping for a reversal of Bush's 1988 pledge to appoint judges that would "interpret the law and not make it," called on George Bush not to make a "litmus test" of abortion as he selected his Court nomination, an entirely appropriate request, in principle. However, is the Senate itself prepared to abide by this same principle, to limit its examination of the nominee to questions of broad Constitutional doctrine, and to accept, "potluck", whatever the nominee's position on abortion is revealed to be? I will answer this in a moment.

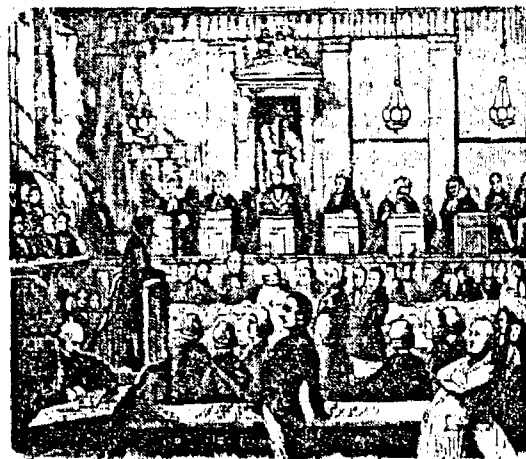
But what, if any, should be the issues on which a litmus test for a Supreme Court nominee exists? Certainly not trendy social policy questions. The Court was never intended to be staffed with political *apparatchiks*, although this has often happened. The Court is an anti-democratic body. Its members do not stand for reelection, and its Constitutional pronouncements can only be overridden by Constitutional amendment. Therefore, the role of the Court should be very limited and defined. As it conducts its judicial review of legislation, the Court ought to consider, not the effect of the legislation on pet interest groups, not even the general wisdom of the legislation, but whether or not the Constitution actually grants the legislative body the power to make the law under consideration.

It follows that the Senate judiciary committee ought to confine itself to inquiring into the nominee's ideas on constitutional law, asking the following questions: Do you believe in original intent? in judicial restraint? in the separation of powers? in the federalist principle? in equality before the law? On such a plane the hearings should be conducted, and unless the nominee responds in ways manifestly out of step with what the Constitution says, the nominee should be confirmed.

"As it conducts its judicial review of legislation, the Court ought to consider... whether or not the Constitution actually grants the legislative body the power to make the law under consideration."

This, of course, is not going to happen. It will not happen because the pro-choice members of the Senate judiciary committee understand that a judicial nominee, taking either position on abortion rights but affirming the principles stated above, could not help but regard *Roe vs. Wade* as the usurpation of the legislative prerogative in matters not specifically mentioned in the text or intent of the Constitution and as such should be taken off the books. Confronted with a nominee who does believe in original intent, one of the Senators will be forced to blurt out, "Would you overturn *Roe vs. Wade*?" The committee must have an answer to *that particular question* in order to mobilize the political muscle necessary to defeat him. Otherwise, what is the committee to say? Edward Kennedy might adapt his famous "Robert Bork's America" diatribe to read, "David Souter's America is one in which the Constitution means exactly what it says!!!"; however, such a speech is unlikely to provoke anything more than raised eyebrows from prochoicers, most of whom are Constitutional illiterates.

No one, least of all myself, yet knows what Judge Souter's positions on basic constitutional questions are. We can rest assured, however, that long before anyone expresses the least bit of interest in the answers, the Senate will make sure we all know what his position on abortion is.



Chivalrous (definition 3b, from Webster's Ninth Collegiate Dictionary, the one with the red cover) - marked by gracious courtesy and high-minded consideration.

And that's another thing!! Just how much do you like the Georgia Institute of Shaftology? A lot of people around here complain and whine about how rude the Tech community is. Rude from the students, the staff, faculty, and through the administration. Just what can be done to at the very *least* to encourage people to try to be polite? Well, according to our Office of Human Relations (OHR), whose slogan on the DiversiTECH Newsletter is, "A Bridge to Unity", we can be most polite to people, by not being polite!! Isn't that sort of a contradiction in terms? Anyway the quote OHR used that *really* pissed me off, simply says, "Chivalry is the most delicate form of contempt." Now who said it? Going

once..... Twice..... Three times..... Oh well. You'd never guess, your old uncle Anonymous.

So let's see, why would anyone today consider *Chivalry* a form of contempt? Well, let's start by taking a look at the code of Chivalry from afar. It is true, I will not contest, that Chivalry blossomed in the middle ages. A time when males dominated females without question. To be chivalrous was to be everything. Every male was expected to be chivalrous to females, and every female would be insulted if not treated by the male with the respect which the code of chivalry demanded he show. Men were expected to open doors, put cloaks over mud puddles, fight duels (to the death many a time), go to war, and provide material support for their families. Now, before you go off and put my head on the chopping block, women were expected to submit to their husband's wishes, no matter what the wishes were, how stupid the men were, how ridiculous the women may have found the men to be, women were meant to bow to men back then.

Now, since *that* time, there has been a rather large equalization of the sexes. Not a total equalization mind you, but definitely a lot more equal compared to any other time in history. So why is the code of chivalry looked as being a manner of holding someone in contempt, when it was formed with the idea of upholding respect? (well, we've been over that, it was certainly a most repressive period in the western realm) But, someone please explain to me, why is chivalry still held to be contempt in this modern day and age when so many of us are trying hard to be polite? Dammit!!! When I am walking with friends, or even with people I've just met and do not know, if we get to a door, and I reach it first,

out of being polite, I will hold the door open and let everyone enter before me. Does this mean that I hold everyone I know in contempt? **HELL NO!** To me, I hold the door in a manner of respect. There are people on this campus I certainly do hold in contempt, but then, I would probably not hold a door open for them either (I don't really know, I tend to not walk anywhere near or with them in the first place). But, there are many more people on this campus I respect, and in some cases LOOK UP TO. Yes, I will admit, there are people on this campus that have proved themselves to be such real people that I wonder how they manage to maintain themselves. I respect these people. At times, I admit, I do my damndest to emulate the

qualities I see in these people. Some of these qualities I find lacking in myself. But according to our great and glorious administration, if I so much dare be polite to them and hold open a door, I am treating them with contempt. I am insulting them.

Well, now that I think I know one of the reasons this campus has so many attitude problems on it, the next logical question is, "What can be done about it?" Hmm... Now that is a difficult question to come up with a simple solution to. Of course, if there were a simple solution, it would not be a difficult question. I do remember a letter to

the editor of the *Technique* a few years ago when someone wrote in and complained about how rude and insensitive people (for the most part) on this campus are. One of the suggestions that this person had was to simply look for those people that do reflect the politeness and friendliness that is lacking around here and to ignore the rest. Which, for the most part, I will agree, is a fine solution. Excepting the fact that this solution, in turn, lacks some of the politeness that is demanded.

The author of this article does realize and acknowledge that his view of the world may be just a little bit more naive than he thinks it is. Therefore, some of the conclusions and observations about the situation in the preceeding tirade that some people may notice, he has not. Letters on the subject are welcome, flames though, are not. ♂

by Patrick J. O'Leary Jr.

Capital Punishment Hypocrisy

by Dale Gillis

Recently a debate on capital punishment was jointly sponsored by the College Republicans and Amnesty International. Mr. Hill, a Deputy Attorney General of Georgia, defended capital punishment as now practiced, while Mr. Stevenson of Amnesty International attacked it. The debate was more lively and interesting than might be expected for an exchange on such a well plowed subject. At one point Mr. Hill briefly said that jurors thought carefully about the death penalty. He said that many jurors expect the Lord to hold them responsible for a just decision. A valid point:

In the talk after the debate, some people objected to that point. "Religion shouldn't enter into it. Besides, how can a Christian be for the death penalty, anyway? I mean, I'm not a Christian. But what would Jesus do?"

When Christians support the death penalty, are they hypocrites? What would Jesus do? The question is worth asking because more people form their opinion on capital punishment from a philosophical viewpoint than from details of the legal system.

The question of whether Jesus would allow capital punishment is related to the question of whether Jesus was a pacifist. "For those who take the sword shall perish by the sword," (Matt 26:52) is one saying of Jesus that has been quoted by pacifists. This may well be a classic out of context quote. Jesus was speaking to Peter at his arrest. He is saying, "Look, Peter, one man and one sword cannot outfight the Roman Empire." Using this particular comment as a mandate for pacifism also leaves one wondering why the disciples carried swords at all. The group had two swords among them, hardly armed to the teeth. The purpose of these swords is clear. If they were attacked by common criminals, swords would be used in defense.

The commandment "Thou shalt not kill" has also been seized on by pacifists, and even by vegetarians. I am told that linguistic analysis renders the command as "Thou shalt not commit murder", which allows society to define murder, which is a legal term. Exotic languages are really not needed, for any translation shows that the Hebrews did fight wars and execute criminals, without incurring God's wrath. The early books of the Bible authorize the death penalty for a variety of crimes. The Hebrews did not have prisons at that time, accounting for their wide use of execution. Likewise, the Hebrews ate meat and sacrificed animals at the Temple.

The Gospels call Jesus the Son of David and there is no doubt that David was a military ruler.

Capital punishment is a narrower question than pacifism. The early Christians had many occasions to disagree with particular uses of the death penalty. They lived through the execution of John the Baptist, Jesus, Stephen, Paul, and ten of the original Apostles. Yet

the Bible contains no criticism of capital punishment. Jesus did not criticize the death penalty when John the Baptist was beheaded by Herod. At the time of his own trial, Jesus was brought before the Sanhedrin, Herod, and Pontius Pilate. Jesus did not warn any of these people about the death penalty. According to the Gospels, Jesus was executed and came back from the dead, and still never criticized the death penalty.

The implication of this is clear. Jesus advocated indifference to insults, tolerance, a spirit of generosity, and he put life above property. Jesus and his followers also recognized that society has the right to defend the innocent by punishing criminals, even to the point of death.

My own feeling about capital punishment is that the desire of victims for justice is legitimate. The money used to keep convicted murderers alive could be used to compensate victims of crime, for instance. Arguments against capital punishment are often nebulous and contradictory. Take the stand that juveniles should not be executed, or that people should not be executed for crimes that they committed as juveniles. I have seen a list of every such person on death row, with the age of the perpetrator and the age of the victim. In many cases the victim is younger than the killer. Usually the victim is very young or very old, and in both cases, feeble and helpless compared to the killer. There are cases of fifteen year olds killing eleven year olds, and of fifteen year olds killing four year olds. If young life is particularly sacred, it does not necessarily follow that these crimes should be excused, or even that the punishment should be reduced.

A word about Amnesty International, as one of the sponsors of the debate. Amnesty International does good work in its opposition to torture and to the holding of political prisoners. It is only its stand against the death penalty that deserves to be criticized.

There is no reason that any Christian should feel like a hypocrite for not being a pacifist, or for supporting capital punishment.

Some surprising charges are leveled at Christianity from time to time. In the April issue of *The North Avenue Review*, Torrance Stephens said that Christianity is inherently racist. Stephens extracted this unexpected conclusion from the story of Noah.

The Apostle Phillip converted an Ethiopian. (Acts 8: 27-38) Paul said, "In Christ Jesus there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither slave nor free." Or, take the story of the good samaritan. Here Jesus pointed out that a half-breed who spoke with a funny accent and was born into a different religion could still do good. Jesus told his followers to go to all nations.

Anyone who ever believed that Christianity upheld plantation style slavery would be wrong for at least two reasons. The Bible speaks of slaves, but in Old Testament law slavery was temporary. People could borrow money against their freedom. If they defaulted on the loan they went into servitude, "slavery." Every seven years all debts were cancelled and all slaves were freed. It would be difficult to be in servitude longer than three or four years under this system, and it helped the poor to borrow money.

In Philemon, Paul writes on behalf of a runaway Greek slave. Philemon is asked to receive his slave back, not as a slave, but as a brother. (Philemon 1:15) It is likely that Paul was being tactful since he was speaking to a slave owner for a purpose.

A few facts about what people believe could be a foundation for a more meaningful exchange.

To Light a Fire

By Thomas C. Hickman

Imagine if you will, the flag of hatred. Imagine the flag of oppression. Imagine the flag of fascism.

What, in your own mind, does this flag look like? Is it the red field and black swastika of Nazi Germany? Is it the much belied banner of communist Romania? Is it the felonious flag of apartheid South Africa?

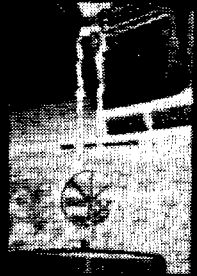
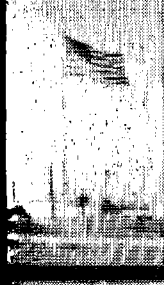
Without doubt, all of these might equally be considered the flags of hatred, oppression and fascism. It might be that the reader has in mind another equally valid icon of evil. Yes? Well they are all the same, aren't they? Icons of evil, all of them. Physical manifestations of abstract notions upon which we might fix our anger, against which we might direct our hatred.

These flags make the news. Who can deny a feeling of joy upon seeing Romanians, recently relieved from the hand of tyranny, waving a flag with the State Seal removed from the center? What humane human can deny pleasure in hearing that native South Africans continue, in defiance of a state law, to fly the flag of the African National Congress?

What sensible person doesn't understand that the flag under scrutiny is never the glorious or loathsome entity in question. What sensible person doesn't understand that it is a mere representation of some greater ideal, or in some instances, of some greater evil?

Think of flags. Think of icons. Think of abstract representation of actual entities, of actual situations.

Now fine reader, think of the flag of our own nation. Think of Old Glory. Now think of a match, a really nice strike-anywhere match, like the ones you took camping when you were a kid. Think of a can of Zippy lighter fluid, the same can that Jimi Hendrix used to torch his legendary white guitar at the Monterrey Pops festival in '68. Ahh, nostalgia...A better time than this, when personal freedoms meant something, when protesting against your government was considered a more valid form of participation in the Democratic System than say, sitting in your armchair swilling beer, bemoaning the most recent election results, condemning the pinko-liberal commies for the recent lack of voter turnout (surely it is those liberal pinko commies who have stirred up all this apathy). Ahh nostalgia... But Abbie Hoffman is dead, and people no longer protest. Once a flag burner...always a flag burner? It would not seem so. Indeed, it would hardly seem possible in this age of legislation and counter-legislation that the ideology which brought us the one truly politically active period in our recent history should survive as anything but the fond remembrances, the dinner conversation and bedtime stories, of the generation that lived through it all. Illegal to burn a flag!!! What would the children of the past, the protesters of the 60's say? They seem to be saying "Right On!"





FLAG, a piece of thin, light fabric, usually rectangular and oblong or square, but sometimes triangular, notched, or otherwise varied in form, ranging from a few inches to several yards in dimensions, used hanging free from a staff to which it is attached or connected by one end. Flags are for many purposes, as a signal, symbol, cognizance, or standard, and differ in size, color, and emblematic marking or ornamentation, according to their intended use.

Middle America is currently in an uproar. If the media is to be believed, patriotism runs rampant. "Flag burners? Why, they themselves should be burned!!!" Is the media correct? Do the leaders of our nation believe this sacred reportage? Is this what America is really saying? Does America honestly believe our flag to be the sacred representation of something so great and wondrous and complete that no faction of the populace of the U.S.A. should ever be allowed to show discontent?

Is America ignorant of the dangers of iconism? Are we unaware of the foibles of re-election politics? Political Machiavellianism? Manipulation? Television Democracy?

"I fought for that flag!" they say. "My father died for that flag!"

Bullshit!

Please consider the import of this statement.

No one has ever died for a flag. No one has ever fought for a flag. People who think they have are a terribly disillusioned lot. There are a few things worth fighting for. A piece of cloth is not one of them.

What is worth fighting for? Let's think...
Democracy - one man one vote.
Liberty - equality of opportunity.
Justice - the abstract of social equity.
The Constitution! And all those amendments. Yes yes yes.

And all those amendments... What were they? Lets try to remember... Freedom of speech... Freedom of the press... Freedom of expression... ah yes, there it is. That's what the flag represents, among other things certainly, but that's what it represents none the less. Freedom of expression. The freedom to choose the form this expression might take.

"Irrelevant," say you. "A worn out liberal argument at best. At worst the ravings of a self-indulgent anarchist."

You anticipate overmuch my fine reader. I am not a flag burner. I am an American. I am a Patriot. As any American patriot, I loathe fascism. Ditto oppression. I verily detest the infringement by government upon the rights of the people. I am not a flag burner. As yet, I have no intention of becoming a flag burner. I have no motivation, no real reason to burn a flag.

I can however understand the phenomenon. Our great country is not an egalitarian country. It is not equally great to all of its people. I have had a fair shake, so far. I am not certain that I won't one day become a flag burner.

This proposed amendment banning flag burning... it seems to be another in a long series of failures of the American ideal. Who would burn a flag in the first place? A citizen who felt slighted by our polity? A citizen who, being able to see beyond the glitter of prime-time politics, realizes the current fallacy of *one man one vote*? A citizen, a minority perhaps, who might have experienced a lifetime of social inequity? A citizen, wrongly accused, whom the Justice system has run roughshod over? The list of individuals, all citizens of this nation, who might legitimately want to burn a flag is not small. America is a great nation, but it is a far cry from the perfect nation some seem to suggest that it is.

What is this impetus for this flag-burning

legislation? What is it but an attempt to hide from sight the anger and disappointment of a large portion of the populace of America? What is it but a further attempt to isolate and insulate the middle and upper classes from their responsibility to mankind? What is it but an attempt by those in power to subdue the voices of those who may wish to voice dissent and dissatisfaction? What is it but the first major political act of a fascist state?

My dear reader, it is nothing but the act of a fascist state. The flag of America... the flag of fascism. It hasn't happened yet. One man one vote, though hardly realized, is still a force to be reckoned with. Use your vote. The anti flag-burning amendment is a step, a giant and frightening step, toward the antithesis of the American ideal. It is a step toward the barbarism of the third reich. It is a leap toward the inhumane. It is not political evolution. It is political regression. It is not what we are all about here.



FLAME THROWER, weapon of war which projects a stream of liquid flame for distances up to several hundred feet. It was first used by the Germans in World War I and was quickly adopted by the other combatants, but it did not come into wide use until World War II when it was employed to effect by Allied forces in dislodging German troops in the Siegfried Line and Japanese suicide squads in Pacific pillboxes and bunkers. The weapon uses mixtures of gasoline and oil projected from a portable tank by a propellant gas. It must be operated at relatively close quarters and is generally employed as much for its demoralizing effects as for its destructiveness.

Deflating the Gymnasium

By Dale Gillis

Why is it that the least important thing that schools do costs the most money? Look at any school. Usually the grounds could contain the buildings several times over. Those grounds have one primary purpose, they are for games, for sports, for physical education. Now think about the cost of land, and remember that the cost of land is usually amplified by debt. There is another twist for land owned by a School Board, which gets its allowance from property taxes. If that land were still in the private sector, someone would be paying property tax on it. The land might have profitable businesses on it.

The cost of land is only one reason to think that phys ed "classes" are the most expensive required courses. Look at gymnasiums, and imagine how many math classes could be put into that many cubic feet of space. There is the cost of heating gymnasiums, of heating swimming pools, of filling them with water, and of the water used in shower rooms.

A sometimes hidden cost is that of injuries. Injury during gymnastics or in a game is much more likely than injury in a history class. Inexcusably, an injured child has no special right to sue the school, even for negligence or incompetent supervision. Schools are protected by the doctrine that the state can do no wrong, except where they have waived that protection by buying liability insurance.

What does the public get for this? The grounds of High Schools are designed for varsity sports, which only a few students can participate in. In some places school grounds double as a park, but in other places students and others are rigidly excluded from the grounds after hours.

There is supposed to be some connection between sports, exercise and fitness. Baseball stretches that connection to the limit. When the bases are loaded, it is sometimes possible to have a play where six players are moving at one time. Once in a blue moon a third of the players are running at once. Baseball is designed so that those who play the best positions get to bat more times in a game. The best athletes get the most chances for exercise, and those who do not hit the ball do not run at all. It is difficult to imagine a worse game for children to play. There is a definite connection between being in the outfield and being thrown out, being an outcast.

My schools required me to play games five days a week for seven years, from the fourth to the tenth grades. In other words, for seven years I stood around being yelled at while other boys played games that I will never understand. In seven years of football, for instance, I touched the ball once when it was thrown to me by mistake. My age is one obvious reason for these troubles. If I were a week younger I would have been in the next grade. Quite early I learned to loathe the usual games, sports being another word for freedom, rejection and hatred.

In the seventh grade I had a coach who pushed the best athletes

to the limit, dragging me along with them. I spent the year boiling in anger at the musclebound jerk. Gymnastics turned me into a nervous wreck and seemed to tear every muscle in my body loose, but no one let me have a minutes rest before plunging into more of the same. I am certain that only the natural flexibility of a twelve year old boy kept me from landing in the hospital.


Who wanted me on the ballfield? Certainly not my teammates. Boys like me were on the ballfield because bureaucrats are too lazy to come up with another answer on where to put me. The end result is that I was conditioned to hate exercise. I never went to a sports event in high school and do not today, nor is it a casual matter. Going to a ball game would seem like an act of treason against my own kind. There is great confusion in talking to the older generation. To them, boys are athletes. I am a thing that they do not even have a word for.

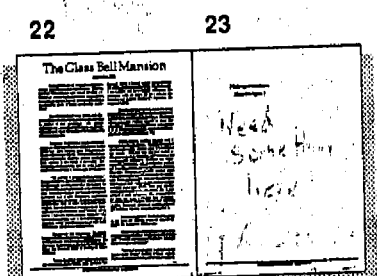
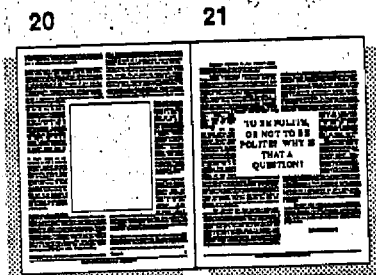
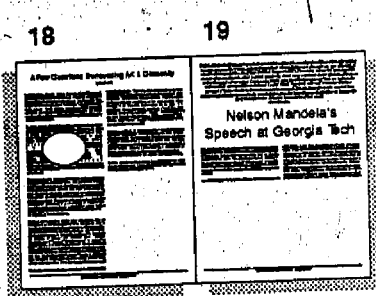
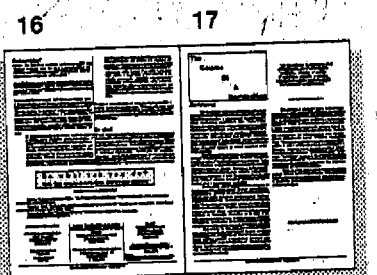
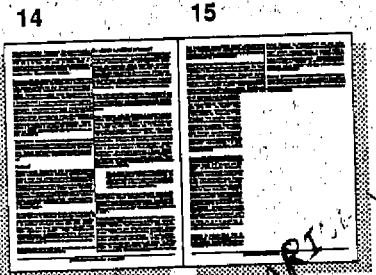
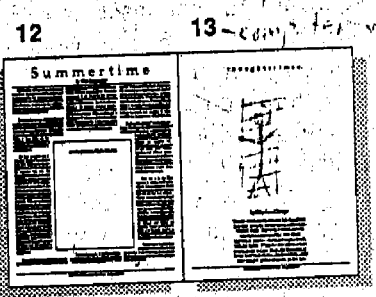
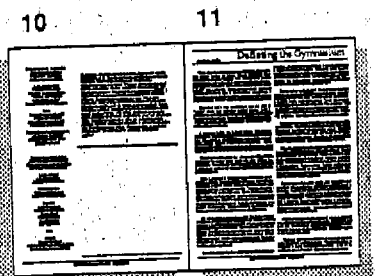
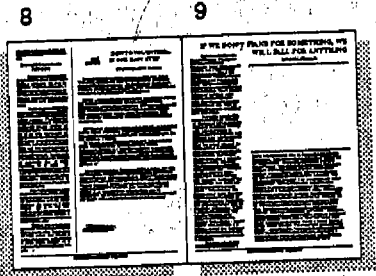
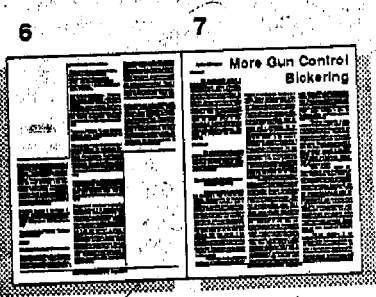
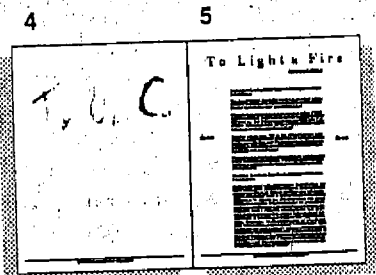
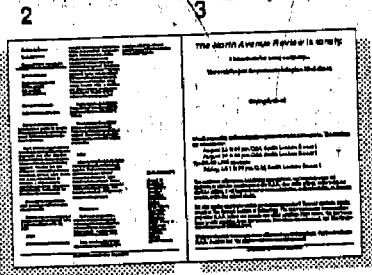
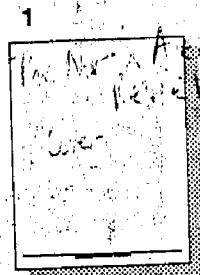
Coaches have been known to paddle boys for getting a low score on a written test. Can you imagine this happening in a science class? Then there is the coaches' way of resolving conflict. When there was friction between two boys, the coach would get out the boxing gloves and have a boxing match. There we are, back to the medieval method of trial by combat. Maybe trial by poison will be next.

It is a strange thing that when something is firmly established, the most shallow rationalizations can be used to defend it. John and Robert Kennedy were both advocates of physical education. They are still the most recent national figures to make an issue of the subject. Robert Kennedy once said that physical education was vital to national defense. Come on, Bobby. It makes no difference to national defense whether ten year old girls play baseball. If we required seventeen year old boys to take marksmanship, there might be a connection with national defense.

Superior phys-ed programs exist in a few communities and sometimes even in the schools, according to occasional articles in the media. It is possible to check the development of each child, since children mature at different rates, depending on the time of puberty and other things. Checking the level of development of each child is better than classifying children by age, or even by size. Individual instruction in motor skills is desirable before expecting children to compete in groups. At present, those who become good athletes are usually taught at home.

Hopefully these glowing descriptions of superior programs are true, although very little that the media told us about phys ed in the past is true. Even so, there is no telling when such programs will be the norm, let alone available to all children. Whether this happens or not, one issue will remain.

The issue is one of personal freedom, of control over your own body, of emotional and physical pain. Why should children be compelled to accept incompetent supervision? As far as I am concerned, the child's right to refuse to participate is absolute. 



-real world

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WILL BEAR UP
FOR THE FUTURE
MAYBE THE
FUTURE IS
NOW