

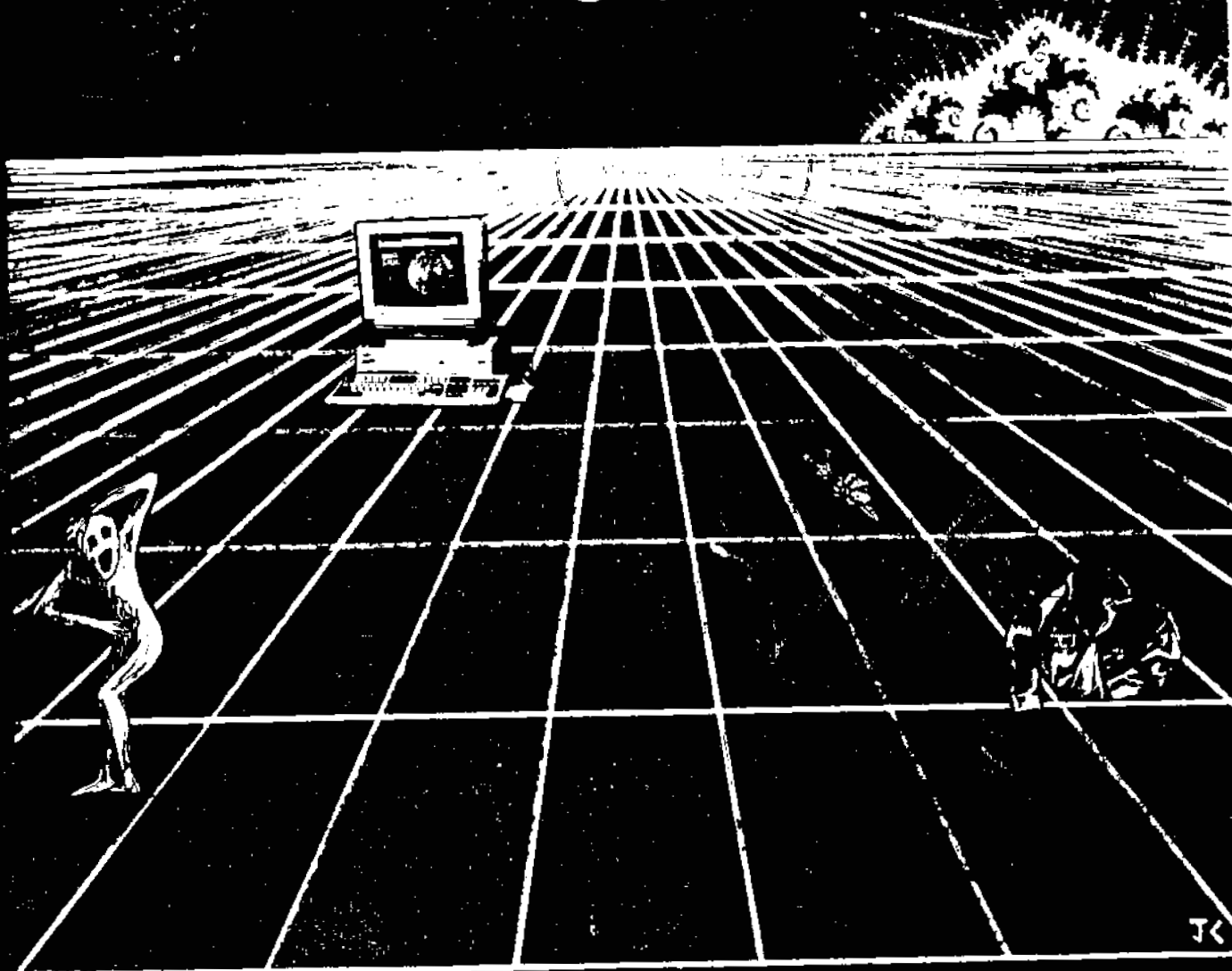
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north avenue review

new ideologies

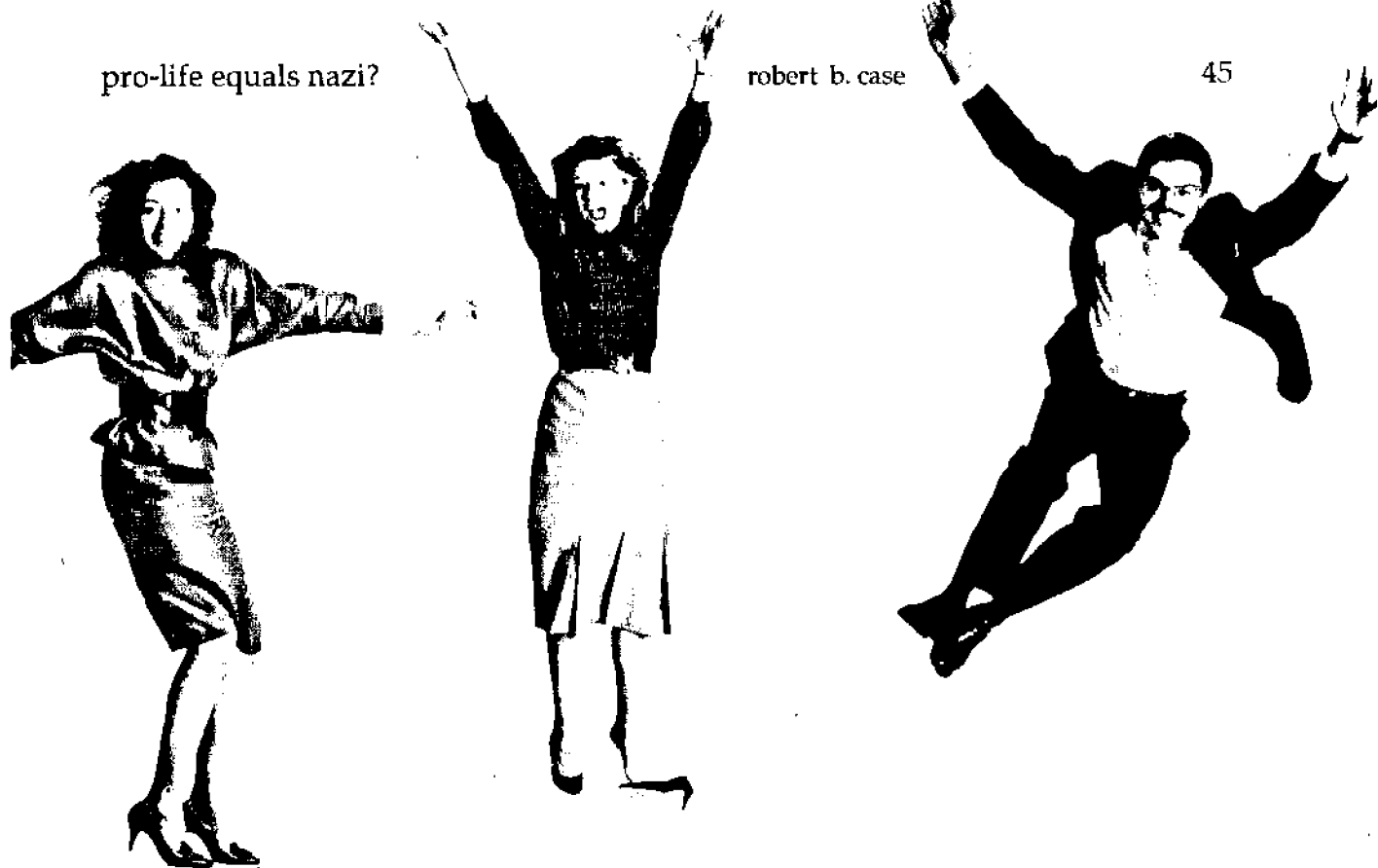
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Master Yoda

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May the force be with you!

new ide- olo- gies

Just what is Post-

Modernism, anyway? What will it do for me? Where can I get some? This issue of the North Avenue Review, explores the possibilities and probabilities of New Ideologies. We hear from students, faculty, staff, and imposters on a myriad of ideas and movements of today and tomorrow and how you can avoid or join them.

This is the time.
This is the record of the
time.

-Laurie Anderson

This is the text.
This is the record of the
text.

-Ashley Raiteri

the ar(t)cheological digsite

by ashley raiteri

The Daily Grind Coffeehouse Gallery
Atlanta, GA

Anti-Rationale: a collective of artists
those included in this project: Swagner
Reproductions, Finneas Flick, P. Jiles,
Canne Clements, Rose Mariicino

This piece is hardly a piece by any stretch of the word's denotation. This event (priced at \$8200) would hardly seem possible to commodify in any practical manner. However, not to be outdone by Warhol or Haring, Anti-Rationale offers postcards, posters, T-shirts, and coffee mugs for purchase. Each exhibits some aspect or quality from the actual event on display. It is a four part event that includes a collection of sculptures/artifacts; documentation of a dig site and excavation of these artifacts not yet accurately dated, and a representation of an art exhibit-self referentially describing the very event taking place. The fourth part is left for discussion afterwards.

The Artifacts:

These sculptures vary in their size, aesthetic, and content as much as they do in the manner of creation. The pieces from local Atlanta Sculptor/Archeologist P. Jiles's collection "Shattered Art" are all of the Greco-Roman traditional subject matter. One piece is foot in sand, *Achilles Heel*, another is the

remaining head from a horse presumed to be actual size before the original was lost leaving only this skull portion preserved. Jiles's sculptures/artifacts are individually composed of fragment pieces of baked and glazed clays. Each piece was initially hand sculpted, allowed to dry, then vaulted from his studio table onto the cement floor. After being fired, glazed and re-fired the assortment of fragments was reassembled in various ways to achieve the final image: An artifact in the first stages of restoration. The pieces by Swagner Reproductions a Museum sponsored artifact reproduction company based in Atlanta were created in a much more deceptive manner. In order to avoid the question of imitation archeology and quality deception, they have created the perception (with photographs of actual artifacts from various museums) of original work that could only be represented by plaster casts made from fiberglass molds taken from original artifacts. This is what they actually do. In the context of the art showing, placed next to the other simulacra of artifacts, their casts become dis-authenticated. One assumes that these originals might never have existed and that the casts are cast from contemporary imitations of archeological artifacts. All of the Art-ifacts have a similar means of communication. Each assortment raises similar questions.

What is original? The sculptors are using modern technology that is determining the culture of Now to reproduce a representation of Before. The pastiche of materials, technological manners of production, and actual authenticities leaves a viewer begging for a cognitive map to place these events in relation to oneself.

The DigSite:

This is a very standard boring looking set of texts and photographs, graphs and blue-prints. The photos are all close ups of one of the artifacts in the exhibition buried, dirty and damaged. This allows the perception of authenticity on the dig site without having to actually represent the dig site in celluloid. The creation of the dig site is achieve to very convincing blue-prints and funding contracts complete with imitation memos from Museum personnel. This entire portion of the exhibit is less a visual experience as it is one of self-deception. Were the artists more financially affluent they would certainly have had the technology to more convincingly represent the dig site in a complete and visually intriguing style. Here is a clear example of how these artists have been limited by their economy and determined by their technology. Desktop publishing and modern photography along with photocopying and contemporary design technology have allowed the creation of a Cognitive simulacra. The visual simulacra is left for the audience to create out of this Flow-chart for meaning in language. Questions not answered here are difficult to appreciate. Does Anti-Rationale expect us to believe this map. Are we to actually accept it? How could one possibly accept it after viewing the actual artifacts that any archeologist could declare as twentieth century sculpture.

The Review:

It is at this point that one begins to recall

surrealist painting of Escher and Dali? Where am I? This is the question the reader must ask. Which level is my consciousness operating upon. The third part of the exhibition is a collection of magazine and periodical articles removed from the journals themselves and screened onto plaster tablets in way that eludes adequate description. Each tablet contains an article. Each article is a review of this exhibit, each dated four months from Now. On each tablet are include the short ending paragraphs of an article before the review that shares the top half of a beginning page and perhaps the first few line of a following article or review on a different subject. The enclosing texts of each tablet are all different, one is taken from an essay and an advertisement in Scientific American. This would be the Scientific American tablet. There is also an Art Papers tablet, etc. However each article is an identical copy of itself. More poignantly each article is this text. The need for a cognitive map is made self-evident

The Fourth Wall.

The fourth wall is the most reassuring and deceptively familiar part of the event taking place. Like every museum exhibit there is a cylindrical post with a glass casing on top holding a short index card size text with information about the exhibit. It stands between tow thick cable ropes connected to two other posts. The card describes the exhibit as a collection of Art pieces left in a basement store room of the Fox Theater recently found during renovation efforts. It offers no explanation or unveiling simply a reason for the display. It becomes only slight disturbing when it is examine again, in the lower right hand corner in a small font with smudged ink one can read a Museum logo and date: March 9, 1998.

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working and living in Athens, GA*

alternative

Alternative is an word that is increasingly becoming the new buzz word to describe the new corporate sponsored teenage rebellion. Increasingly the word alternative is being used as a key word to hawk a 'new' form of look and 'attitude' packaged by the music industry. What does the word alternative mean anymore? Is the definition of alternative when used by the music industry to describe a form of music equal to its literary definition? Or is the word being used to represent a new form of music industry TV dinner?

The word alternative when applied to music did mean the music is independent of control by major record companies, and is incompatible with mainstream tastes. How can Nirvana's "Teen Spirit" be considered truly alternative when it consists of the same three chords plus distortion that have always sold songs? How can Pearl Jam be alternative when they have the same manager as Guns and Roses? Or how about Sound Garden touring with Guns and Roses? Why are bands still considered alternative when their business practices are the same as bands that are not alternative? Why can Ministry be considered an alternative band when lead singer/guitarist Al Jourgansen will not release anything by the band on his label, Wax Trax, instead of the major label Sire?

How can Spin consider itself alternative when it spends more print space reviewing corporate releases (the new Madonna LP is a good example) instead of underground bands that very few people have heard about? When Spin does tell its readers about a band which is not on a major record label, the band already has three to four releases (Steel Pole Bath tub, Jawbreaker, Fugazi are prime examples). Outside of Fugazi, very few people who read Spin seem to be interested in the few underground bands that are covered in Spin. If Spin is so alternative, why do Spin interviews ask the same questions that Rolling Stone would ask?⁽¹⁾ Or how about the lack of questions? Articles in Spin which discuss a band tend to be more of a essay spreading propaganda about the band, while the writer tries to convince everybody that he/she is a good writer. What is so alternative about huge essays over-hyping a band? Raging on Spin would be useful if a lot of the nineties alternative crowd actually read Spin. Most of the so called alternative crowd source of new music is 120 Minutes on MTV, whatever Billboard puts in its college top 10 and what the local trendy college record store sells. Concerning 120 Minutes, the whole idea of two hours of alternative music shown on a broadcasting station which is primarily concerned

¹ Speaking of Rolling Stone, has anybody notice how it is shrinking? Issues seem to be losing pages, but the price is remaining the same.

to what?

about making money is absurd. Is the music going to be alternative or just a rehash of mainstream music in another slightly different form with the word alternative pasted on it? The whole idea of rebellious music being produced by corporate executives with only concern for profit margin makes no sense to me. Yeah the Red Hot Chili Peppers say "obscene" phrases on national TV, but the Red Hot Chili Peppers are allowed to say 'Fuck' on the air because they sell records. Selling records means more money for the big record executive who will hire lawyers to protect his bread and butter band.

Major record labels in effect sell stereotyped revolution to the average person who eats it thinking the form of rebellion is something new. Newspapers and magazines are printing alternative is back, as far as I am concerned it never left.

Alternative is not just music, the whole alternative fashion of look has been digested and assimilated as products to make more profit for corporations. You can buy Doc Martins at Lenox Square. How can buying Docs with your parents credit card at one hundred dollars a pair be considered alternative? The alternative look is now nothing but a representation of a new mainstream look. Not only is fashion a necessary, but proper behavior at

shows is required too. Mosh pits seem to happen at shows because it is required behavior. Let us face the truth, the crowd at a Slayer show and the crowd at a Ministry show both act the same. So what is the difference between the two social groups?

Alternative nightclubs is another interesting issue. What is alternative about the Cotton Club having alternative night on Tuesday and Rock night on Thursday? What is so alternative about the Masquerade selling Guns and Roses t-shirts right next to Jesus Lizard t-shirts? Or how about Warrent playing the night before Fugazi? The answer to all my questions is simple (and I am sure all of you know what I am trying to say), alternative the word, no longer represents a truly groundbreaking musical and cultural continuum outside of the mainstream. Alternative is being assimilated into mainstream culture the same way hippie, metal, and rap were assimilated. Alternative will probably become a mainstream music genre in which only bands that have enough money for the right manager and can pay to play will succeed in the corporate alternative world. The bottom line is that alternative is just another forum for corporate executives to make money. The word alternative no longer represents the underground scene.

by gavin

2 I want to write that my article does not state that the underground music scene is going completely mainstream. What my article states is that the word alternative can no longer be used to represent new music.

the "new" feminism

by andrea kluge

The "new" feminism is here. Or so scores of newspapers and magazines proclaim. Angered by the Clarence Thomas encroachments on reproductive freedoms, persuaded by the logic of Susan Faludi's *Backlash* and Naomi Wolf's *The Beauty Myth* — both depicting men as conscious conspirators in the continued oppression of women — women of the twentysomething generation have taken up the feminist battle cry. A few years ago the "f" word was a term with which few college women identified, professing one's feminism a surefire formula, I'm told, of dateless weekends ahead. Today a growing pool of young women call themselves feminists with pride. And on the surface that's a good thing. I remember when six and a half years ago I heard Elizabeth Fox-Genovese's debut performance as the director of women's studies at Emory. The days of bra-burning feminism were over, she told us. The militant feminism of yesteryears could be cast aside without grief. The "new" feminism invited inclusiveness; it allowed women to love men, enjoy sex, shave their legs, get manicures, wear perfume, make cookies and, yes, still call themselves feminists. I found these words of wisdom comforting. But they also left me floundering. Arriving at the talk seeking an ideological anchor, I left uncertain. So I was a feminist after all. But what, exactly, did that mean? And why did I have the sneaking suspicion that my convictions and those of other women in the room, all of us now happily sporting the "good feminist" label, could be diametrically opposed? And in the end, did this matter? Fox-Genovese's demystification of feminism — destroying the pathological caricatures of feminists as fire-breathing man-haters while extolling its value to women of all backgrounds

— was a useful exercise. But from the vantage point of 1993, I worry that an unintended consequence of the inclusiveness of the "new" feminism which has brought it to the masses (a Cartesian "I'm angry at what happened to Anita Hill therefore I must be a feminist"), has been the dilution of the meaning of the term and, by extension its value to the American women. I worry that converts to the "new feminism" rely on the ideology as a social crutch, not a call to political action. Smothered by the rhetoric of passivity, the fail to acknowledge the practical import of a potent message. Yes, women are victims. And the acknowledgment of that should evoke anger. But unchanneled outrage can lock women into a complacent stance: men-are-scum-and-I'm-helpless-to-do-anything-about-it ad nauseam.

While finding most of Camille Paglia's recent highly publicized *Sex, Art, and American Culture* too horrifying to recount here (that Paglia calls herself an anti-feminist feminist with conviction only underscores the absence of a central canon under girding the 1990s feminist incarnation), I find myself curiously persuaded by her assertion that the f-word has evolved into a convenient justification for a female psychology rooted in blame. Women fault the world instead of trying to transform it. They concede defeat before they've begun to fight. Appropriating whatever tidbits of feminism strike a responsive chord on an immediately personal level, they hide under a cloak of victimization rather than harnessing feminism as a springboard to collective empowerment. In crafting a generic gumby-doll feminism that can be twisted to serve the interests of any American women, we've implicitly encouraged women to think of feminism as



a self-serving philosophy. It's no longer a concern with the plight of one's sister, but an individualistic redressment of the plight of one's self. (A point, I should add, that Fox-Genovese herself has emphasized in her latest work, *Feminism Without Illusions*.)

The multiculturalism wars that have erupted on college campuses across the country have, alas, only muddled the murky waters further. A celebration of diversity illuminates the importance of difference. Over and above the issue of gender, women's experiences have always been circumscribed by race, region, religion, and class. And the bonds of womanhood? The annals of history aren't particularly reassuring on this front. Alliances in which commitments to other women transcend cultural constraints have been the historical exception, not the rule. Today, women taught that there's no such thing as a universal women's history find the notion of a common sisterhood worth fighting for vaguely ridiculous. Once again, feminism adopts elastic properties, becoming whatever personal meaning one cares to give it.

As a historian, I'm the first to concede the lack of universals governing women's past experiences, the first to lament the improbability of a single feminist agenda emerging in the future. But are there problems that envelop the female community, broadly defined, that demand attention and

commitment? Absolutely. *The Way We Never Were: American Families and the Nostalgic Trip*, Stephanie Coontz's new work on American families reveals some startling figures. Our rape rate in the United States is seven times higher than Europe's. Women, keep a watchful eye on your peers. Statistically speaking, chances are that in a group of four, one of you will be raped. And if rape statistics frighten you into domestic retreat, think again. According to the Surgeon General, "The home is actually a more dangerous place for American women than the streets." Every day, four women are killed by their male partners. More women were abused by their husbands in 1989 than got married in the same period.

It's not an uplifting image, but it's one that women can try to change—not by accepting the societal boundaries of a violent world in which women are too frequently its victims, but by challenging them. I applaud the way in which young women have responded to gender injustices with passion and despair. It's an important first step. I hope it's not the last. Feminists like myself of the almost thirtysomething generation have much to learn from the younger guard, but also much to share. Let the "new" feminism encompass more than angry reaction; let it also engage the hopeful possibility of reform and reconstruction.

(en)gendered family

by ashley rateri

The social construct of gender has long been claimed as a biologically determined identity. This argument has been used to justify many systems of inequity resulting from gender biases. In recent times however many progressive scientists (specifically biologists) have been attempting to refute this claim in areas of evolutionary biology and genetic coding. In *The Woman that Never Evolved* Sarah Hardy makes an astute observation about the fallacy of this debate.

"even if the claim of Male superiority is in Natural ecosystems is valid; (which it does not appear to be) this is not a logical basis from which to organize human social structure. In the same fashion that Darwinian evolution does not necessitate human hierarchys geared by survival of the fittest, male gendered superiority in nature does not necessitate human hierarchy based on patriarchy."

Following from this paradigm it is useful to discuss the possibilities of gender in the post-modern universe. Gender is crucial as a variable in the function of one's relationship to one's society/ subculture/ social identity collective/ extended family/ and immediate family. By default it therefore becomes a valuable factor as a function of one's own self conceptions. *How do I relate to my family, my friends? How do I define I?* In chapter eight, *A Cyborg Manifesto* ... of Donna Haraway's text *Simians, Cyborgs, and Women* the mistake in restricting a paradigm solely to one section of the social arena is made clear. In the same way that it is no longer viable to view gender relations as a function of

labor issues (The Marxist dialectic) only, it is also no longer viable to examine human relationships (i.e. interpersonal, intra-personal, individual-society, etc.) as a gender derived conspiracy. It is my assertion that in light of recent theories of knowledge, it's creation, assimilation, and definition; it is no longer possible to examine any issue from only one perspective. Much in the same way that a competent psychologist adheres not to one model of the human psyche but interchanges different models depending upon the patient's circumstance, social science must now begin to accept paradoxical and contradictory views of the socio-economic body politic. In what follows two important questions of gender-identity will be discussed. In what way will the traditional model of the immediate nuclear family exist in the coming years? Secondly, What courses of action can be taken to move away from this model, redefining concepts of family and its purpose. Focusing specifically on the immediate family unit and what role it plays in our society can lead to a greater understanding of how an individual relates to their larger families of the human race and even living things in general.

The phrase "immediate nuclear family" brings to mind an image from the Kennedy era of television shows like **Father Knows Best** and **Leave it to Beaver**. However the function and definition of such a family is not inherently as naive, patriarchal, and irrelevant as such programs would suggest. Herein it will be defined as a family with a social mother, a social father, and a limited number of offspring treated with respect but ultimately bound by the parent's authority until such time as they become *independent*. This traditional family unit need not support restrictive inequities in gender. It also can provide a healthy developmental environment in which children may mature.

Forget for a moment the statistics that show the decline of traditional families. I know that they can exist and do so in a healthy way, because I am a product of such a family. If two individuals, a man and a woman (a man and a man, etc.), meet, fall in love and marry, it is not required to view their relationship as one of power distributions. Although it is possible to create such a diagram of sacrifices-obligations-authority-and

subservience it may not always provide useful answers. Imagine a schematic in which an equivalent weight of burdens is placed on each partner. It is also possible that each partner mutually benefits from such a relationship. In dealing with consenting adults who are culturally educated and aware of the effect their environment has upon them, it is no longer possible or necessary to place blame and discuss power inequities. It is conceivable that a woman could voluntarily make an informed decision to give up her career for what she sees as the benefits of domestic existence. It is not a case of gender domination if the man, who is now required to be the sole monetary income provider, is sufficiently respectful and grateful for the services rendered to the family by the woman. As well, the woman must appreciate the importance of the husband's economic endeavors for the family and respect such work as significant. This example could be completely inverted and conservation of equality would still be maintained. Were it not for the woman's exclusive privilege of being able to bear children, it might be con-

tained if a man were able to birth. Better still, methods of surrogate birthing, artificial fetal incubation, or other futuristic options would essentially solve this dilemma. It is easily imaginable that younger women would be willing, in lieu of more alluring economic opportunities, to provide such a service to a traditional family desiring children. Without the mandatory period of unemployable status for the pregnant mother, the traditional man-woman structure is still possible without the traditional MAN-woman power hierarchy. The field of reproductive technologies should be embraced by men and women alike. It is in this area of research that technology might solve one of the most important obstacles in achieving equality within traditional societal forms.

Although this family structure has been the enemy for punk-rock, beat generations, and others beside feminism, it does not have to be something from which to rebel. There is little use in chastising the idea of the family without providing an alternative concept. The key function of the family is to provide adult individuals

WHAT'S
WRONG
WITH
THIS
PICTURE?



ceivable that this inverted relationship would be more common among modern families. It might naturally balance out to a completely random percentage, neither fashion being enduringly preferred in the culture over the other.

It is at this juncture that the woman's movement and the technological revolution become important. From the technological standpoint this traditional structure could still be main-

a meaningful place in which to relate to their larger community. It is to provide that secure feeling of *home*. Equally as important is it's purpose for children. It is useful in development for children to have a secure environment from which to experience the unstable universe. The traditional family is not the only method of accomplishing either of these ends but it is certainly a valid option, providing it does accom-

plish those ends.

However an unimaginable spectrum of alternatives to this model does exist in our environment. With the coming normalization of non-heterosexuality entirely new concepts of gender roles will be created. Economic pressure forcing both partners to work, high divorce rates, larger numbers of single parents, even new awareness on incest and "parental" love will play a part in our structuralizing of the family. This term structuralizing is extremely significant. Although there will be no mass meetings called to create an agenda that declares which options are acceptable and which are not, the cultural changes that take place will be explained by social scientists in terms of structure. Perhaps if it were not necessary to even view families in terms of structure but instead in terms of individuals it might not become so complicated. There is a danger in over intellectualizing and analyzing our own society. We cannot be reduced to graphs and charts. Perhaps one day scientists will reduce us to a wiring diagram of the brain, but even that seems unlikely to be definitive. It is my belief that there do exist specific actions and policies that can be enacted by the government and the society that will encourage a healthy move away from traditional concepts of the family. Yet, of these, I believe that the only ones that will actually promote higher levels of existence are those policies that oppose discrimination rather than those that promote particular social theories. It may be necessary for short periods of time to create affirmative action programs for gender identities but if they exist for too long they become damaging. Such programs' sole purpose is to defeat themselves. The function of an affirmative action program is to remedy a situation making such a program no longer necessary.

Imagine if you will, a policy that mandates adoption practices to favor non-traditional families in an attempt to promote diversity. Such atypical families might be male/female homosexual marriages adopting children regardless of sex. Legalization of larger family units modeled after eastern and African cultures would be a significant improvement. Though, can you imagine trying to convince Congress to allow an unidentified number (perhaps six, of varying

genders and sexual preferences) of people to adopt a child and raise said child in their "family"? It hardly seems likely. It is with this logic in mind that I suggest concentrating on a more local environment. Educate children at home and at school not to value any form of family over another absolutely. It is only a personal preference. It is chocolate, vanilla, sherbet, rocky-road or some other flavor. Suggest art and literature to your local community (i.e., your friends and family) that would encourage and bring up such options. Also, demand of your local governmental representatives a conception of *who* they are in a more personal sense. Accordingly elect those candidates that seem more likely to promote cultural diversity.

It was not until I had contemplated for hours these women who are anti-feminists that I had a clear idea of how restrictive ideologies can become. Men, as well as women, are victims of our sexist culture. There does not exist a societal conspiracy. However, men as victims have less motivation to combat these outdated societal norms. It is necessary for women not to see men as the enemy, but instead as uneducated victims where it is appropriate. Men like Pat Buchanan are victims as well. However, it is still possible to criticize his behavior and its damaging cultural effects without defining him as an enemy. Perhaps he just needs to have sexual intercourse with his own gender and be exposed to new gender concepts from the rear where his defense mechanisms are low. Following the arguments based on evolutionary biology, it seems wise to strive for diversity. This does not mean adhering to social theories of "survival of the fittest". Instead it necessitates cultural diversification in order to create a more sustainable societal structure.

Ashley Raiteri
BOX gt50271

design research in noise

city atlanta

by thomas m

by thomas mical

After witnessing a tape of the film "Blade Runner" over 200 times, "bald spots" appear through wear. It is at these points that the city and the narrative are interrupted by an all-encompassing white noise static: inhabiting this territory. Not the mere dwelling in corporate shadows and derelict spaces, it implicates a strategy of making that is the "other" of the capitalist mode of production.

"My mother? Let me tell
you about my
~~mum~~@UserP@#####"

The prosthetic city is Los Angeles 2019: 35 years after the Olympics, a victim of countless "retrofitted" urban strategies. From the film it is clear that as objects, incidents, and spaces within the city are lost or disappear (into the "static" of negation), the question of their duration and destination are raised. If they are reconfigured or recede into the mottled and weathered background textures of the (every) city's multiple (formal, conceptual, electro-mechanical) landscapes, clearly a city can be defined by its negations rather than its institutions. It is the static that defines this city. Michel Serres, in his enigmatic text The Parasite, indicates the aesthetic necessity of static, of parasitic interruption, as a consequence of the role of these interruptions or negations in information theory and literature. The excluded third assumes a dominant position, challenging all dialectics. To acknowledge the presence of this "static" as a terrain (which is anything but static), existing simultaneously with the conventionally presented metropolis, is the first step to forming a strategy of

inhabiting this territory. Not the mere dwelling in corporate shadows and derelict spaces, it implicates a strategy of making that is the "other" of the capitalist mode of production.

The noise-city appropriates everything external to it; the static city exists to absorb. The bleak metropolis in "Blade Runner" operates as antagonist; it is a city of maximum density and saturation, whose focused, pressurized atmosphere is as tangible a component as the building-machines and crowd trajectories. The ascetic space of modernism is here contaminated with and

of continuous rain, smoke, steam, haze, and fog. These contaminations blend into the mottled textures, rendering the architecture as further precipitation (as a precipitation of ideas). These atmospheres surround and penetrate the machine-ruins (as futuristic ruins, they operate as false memories - the very thing that allows replicants to live) - false memories to cover the discrepancies created by static/absences. These concealing atmospheres, coupled with the strong precedent of film noir's suppression/negation/seduction by shadows, generates a dense environment of unstable memories and desire - in the absence of a single certain reading, they invite projection (for the blade runner, projection of suspicion - for the replicants,

projection of fear). The predominance of vertiginous space and non-neutral shadows merely extend from these projections, even into the most derelict spaces of the noise-city.

The unexplored possibility of constructing an alternative/nomadic form of design research extends from the awareness of noise as a possible virtual space or territory. This alternative promotes an undervalued marginal and discrete strategy of making, one informed by this critical frame of the (post-Olympic) city. As the noise on the tape merely exaggerates the oversaturation of forms by images (a recombinant viral contamination), so too the relation of noise on the city of Atlanta foregrounds the mutable and deliberate relation between what is revealed and what is concealed, where one appears as opposed to where one is projected (both positionally and conceptually). In that any urban intervention is both tectonic and technological (low-tech and no-tech still addresses technology), there exists the possibility of embracing the impermanence of durations within a strategy of making.

To inhabit and dwell in those domains unnoticed (and therefore considered uninhabitable) within the metropolis is the late 20th century condition - according to Japanese architect Shin Takamatsu, it heightens sensitivity of shadows of places defined by the presence of both absences and presences. Just as shadow is conditional boundaries of spaces, so too the relation between light and shadow makes further demands on the occupation of shadows - or the region where multiple shadows overlap and intersect. All disappearances can be read/reconfigured as strategic; therefore architecture in the metropolis is

strategic disappearance, into noise.

Though the volcanic building forms of "commerce" represent the total commodification of the body (replicants) already presented: the "Eye Works", Chew's strategic laboratory for genetic design of eyes. Not the sanitary and uniform space of corporate research and development, it is a dense and disordered example of the concept of "nomad science" as presented in Deleuze + Guattari's Nomadology. It opposes both the conventions and methodologies of sanctioned research in favor of its "other". The workshop of the individual designer (though obviously still retained at a distance by the Tyrell Corporation) is manifest in the space of the individual - here it is not corporations that design, it is individuals. The reinstatement of this antiquated mode of design research (not production) is rejuvenated as an alternate practice that calls into question the viability of accepted design conventions. As such it too operates as noise within the larger schema of late capitalist production.

"Blade Runner" presents us with the genetically-damaged toymaker J.F. Sebastian, who has also been appropriated by Tyrell Corporation, though he is also free to inhabit and design in his own marginal space. "My friends are toys...I make them", though by adding deformities in the process he both sanctions his own and normalizes this future possibility. This alternative deviant practice points towards the possibility of sustaining unique individual design trajectories outside of normative parameters (though it remains unclear whether this fringe activity will be able to interrupt the notion of commerce, to truly develop into the space of static). In Tokyo, a "noise-architect" named Kei'ichi Irie has developed such a theory: "computer crash by design". Not content to merely master off-the-shelf design software, he pursues the threshold of collapse and accident by driving his custom-designed sub-routines with the explicit intention of forcing a crash or failure, for it is in these accidents

that the true possibility of design software is achieved. By capturing the represented artifact at the point of software crash, he has developed a design vocabulary that cannot exist outside this methodology and technology. Unlike conventional design that transplants pre-modern techniques to post-modern technology (digital pen replaces quill), it is an unusual celebration of the existing limits of this technology (a computer crash cannot be simulated by any other media - yet). It is a powerful reversal: turning an apparent disadvantage into the cornerstone of a new strategy. His work makes little distinction between the size of the project; chair-design and city-design differ only in the mechanics of their design routines (designed so that these sub-routines will overwhelm and obscure the main routine, to produce a design from noise). These accidents, breaks, and interruptions certainly put him in the realm of a small load, developing an architecture known for its fit for the emergent noise-city.

The San Francisco-based group named

Survival Research Laboratories have developed

a neo-Roman gladiator performance, where

mechanical dinosaurs fight to the death for the scant

food/fuel supplies located within the performance space. These performances

are significant both in their ironic celebration of violence at the expense of conventional

research and as pure nomadic research practice. No performance is repeated, no site is used.

The leaflets they distribute during their performances (usually by cannon shot at the audience)

offer such wisdom as: "call the truth an insult to avoid accepting it as fact",

anything wrong to get public approval", "demand unearned rewards", "obey harmful suggestions from your own mind", using business/propagandist methodology but inverting the message. By utilizing the discarded scraps of the defense industry and silicon valley, they are able to re-animate such debris into thoughtful performance activities - a parasitic strategy from within the margins. As prophets of the noise-city, they merely take what others perceive as worthless and inscribe it with meaning through hard work.

These examples are predominant within the film "Blade Runner" itself: budget constraints dictated the re-use of almost every piece in a multiplicity of positions, which accelerated the intersecting mottled textures of the city. As the rough textures of the city become "overinvested" (repeatedly supplemented), the original gestures become lost beneath numberless layers of superimpositions and "surgical" insertions obscuring the original form(s) of the city into the distortions of memory. The city (as body) becomes prosthetic - it exists through the erasing of lines, and this action duplicates the complex discursive relation between body (locus of desire) and technology (displacement of desire). In a derelict world, where only marginal persons exist, marginal design research practices become the norm.

In the space between today and this apocalyptic future, the unexplored possibilities of inhabiting noise as a deliberate strategy of making remains a rhetorical question.

free agent

I fail to see how trading blow-jobs with a friend or receiving a nice, relaxing intra-rectal massage from a pal is supposed to be a threat to national security or public safety.

However, I do see how it threatens some entrenched interests.

You see; If I am not ashamed or afraid to enjoy and admit these things, my dissent undermines the use of culturally conditioned fear and guilt to control people. By raising question of rights and free choice, it causes them to challenge narrow, confining roles based on privilege and punishment. If people are allowed to start asking such questions honestly, the answers will destroy their prisons of false guilt, created by the acceptance of roles defined by a pseudo morality.

Who is threatened by freedom? Those who want to protect special privilege and authority that they derive from the status quo and those who depend on the roles our society acknowledges to define themselves and fear that they would lose their identity if the dominant mode of social interaction were to change from role playing to choice.

Not all heterosexuals are stupid and immature. Many heterosexuals, in and out of the military, are offended by Sam Nunn and others implying that they are mentally and emotionally incapable of working with openly gay people. However, there are those who have the mental and moral capacity of a very stupid dog. I refer to such people as, straits.

Perhaps what straits in the military actually fear, as much or more as possibly being ogled or harassed by gays, is that they wont be. In the past, heterosexual men in the military largely subscribed to the myth that the world revolves around them and their pricks. Now, this flattering myth is being confronted and destroyed by truth.

It was bad enough that admitting women and seeing many do the job as well as anyone else,

showed them that having a penis is not a requirement for being a soldier and fighter. Now, there are gays. Openly lesbian soldiers show that a person can get along just fine in life and perform military duties more than adequately without men or their phalli in her life at all. Worst of all, openly gay males in the service show that not only are there all kinds of gay men who work and fight as well as anyone else and in many individual cases better than most of their heterosexual colleagues, but also that gay men (some of whom like men and men's cocks quite a lot) by and large don't care about strait pricks... or their genitalia.

Hardware analogies for sex really annoy me. There I am, ready to have an intelligent discussion of sexuality or the basic concept of civil rights and to debunk stereotypes some may have about gay people. Then, somebody will just throw out a stupid comment about locks and keys. They think that this has something to do with sex and that it proves that heterosexuality is the one true sexual orientation. Somehow, with this statement they're supposed to have shown that homosexuality 'doesn't work' and that therefore gay people have no rights. How can one respond to this from someone clueless enough to believe it?

Listen up people. Home Depot has nothing to do with my sex life. Locks and keys are manufactured so that they match each other very precisely because that is the only purpose they have. People are biological organisms with considerable variations in all their proportions and other characteristics and also, multi-functional and adaptable. We have many different protuberances which can be used in a variety of different ways and several different orifices with which they can be paired in assorted combinations.

Apparently, many heterosexuals have diffi-

culty understanding what two lovers of the same sex do together.

The best answer I have is, "Whatever they want to do." If that doesn't help, here's a list of some things, some gays like to do: hug, kiss, hold, tickle, talk, cuddle, whisper, laugh, neck, nuzzle, lick, rub, squeeze, massage, press, poke, prod, tongue, mouth, grope, nibble, bite, nip, pinch, play, flirt, feel....

Their next question is, "Why?"

Gay people have sex and make love, because they enjoy it and like each other. It involves all the same combinations of love, lust, affection, pleasure, et cetera, that (I hope) motivate heterosexuals.

Not all gay people are the same. Contrary to popular terminology, there is not a single generic 'Gay Lifestyle' that all twenty-five million gay Americans share.

We're as diverse as heterosexuals in our attitudes, interests, backgrounds, and personalities. No one can truthfully say that we all think, feel, or act in this way or that one. Whatever claim someone might make, the truth will usually be that some do and some don't, and that the same can be said of heterosexuals.

Anal sex, seems to be one of THE things people most associate with gays (Although it has little relevance to most lesbians). Some people get very perplexed and wonder why (some) gay men like the receptive role in anal sex, so here's how it was explained by some of us guys when a lesbian friend of ours asked.

First, the anus has many kinds of receptors that can produce pleasurable sensations when stimulated.

Second, stretch receptors in the anal sphincter and the rectum trigger an autonomic response

that lowers blood pressure and produces a euphoric feeling of general relaxation (<This is according to a friend of mine. I have not confirmed the physiological details of the explanation, but it is not inconsistent with my experiences.).

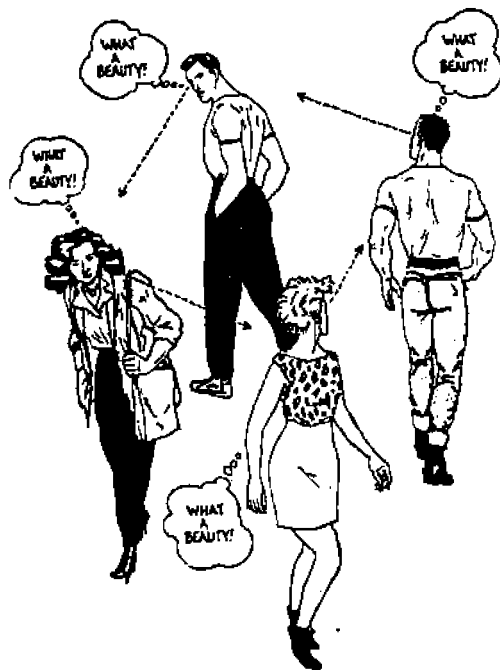
Third, the prostate gland. While the first two reasons apply to both males and females in the anally receptive role, the third is specific to the male. Look up its other functions and characteristics in medical references if you care, what concerns us in this discussion is the fact that the prostate's location allows it to be stimulated by anal sex and act like a male G-spot. For many men, such stimulation is very (very) pleasurable and highly stimulating (Judging from my observations on both ends of this sort of exchange, I'd say that when it is pushed, prodded, or stroked the right way, the

average response {minus expletives and blasphemy} generally goes something like, 'Oh, yes! Yeah! Right there! That's it, harder! Unnh! Ooh, unh, Mmmmm! Nnh! O, Yeh! Do It! ...').

By the way, anal sex is possible in many different positions, including several where partners are face to face. I have the impression that many people mistakenly assume otherwise.

Legal disclaimer: All* forms of oral and anal sex are illegal in Georgia and approximately half of the states in the Union. * "all", as in heterosexual or homosexual, married or single, consensual or not.

OKAY. *Fountainhead* fans, today's question: Is Rush Limbaugh more an Ellsworth Tooley or a Gail Wynand? ('The Fountainhead' is a novel by Ayn Rand, Tooley and Wynand are two of the characters in it.)



cypherpunks

by ian smith

Public Key: 31FF02EF14882A6EC03690570BEA0ABD

Much ado has been made about "Cyberpunks," (footnote 1) who are either renegade youths wantonly destroying computer resources of our world's respected institutions or a new generation of frontiersman, peaceably exploring the newly evolving digital world. Which definition you get varies depending on who you ask (footnote 2). Whatever your opinion of cyberpunks, there is a new generation of computer users out there in cyberspace (footnote 3) who do not want fame, information, or even the thrill of illicitly using computers that are not theirs. They seek the publication of secrecy.

Cypherpunks seek to use and proliferate advanced cryptographic systems. A cryptographic system is one in which normal computer data, called the "plaintext," is converted by some process into an encrypted form, the "cyphertext" which can then be stored or transmitted to a remote location. In either case the cyphertext can be assumed to be safe from "attack" by some person (or persons) who obtains the cyphertext and wishes to read the plaintext. Safety is a tricky word in this context. In general the amount of safety varies from cryptosystem to cryptosystem, but some systems have a well-known "safeness", which can insure a user that on average an attacker who expends X amount of time on computer Y will break the system and read the plaintext.

Cypherpunks share with their cyberpunk cousins a dislike for the security agencies of the United States government (CIA, FBI, Secret Service, National Security Agency!). However, the disdain of cyberpunks stems from a dislike of the ability of *any* bureaucrats to (by law enforcement) control what they feel is their god-given right to explore computer and telephony systems worldwide. The hatred of cypherpunks of these government bureaucrats (especially the NSA) stems from a more insidious and subtle control of their field, the politicization of mathematics.

In the mid-eighties, the National Security Agency created a de facto standard for cryptography in the United States called DES (the Data Encryption standard). DES was based on a proposal made by the IBM corporation; however the approved standard had several changes from the IBM proposal, changes which caused many

cryptoscientists to cry foul. One of these changes was felt by many scientists to weaken the DES enough that an attacker who sought to decrypt messages encoded using DES and had access to tens of millions of dollars in supercomputer resources and a reasonable amount of time (arguably days, weeks, or months) could do so. The NSA has a large budget for computer hardware, and owns more supercomputers than any other organization on Earth (footnote 4). It seemed to some that the National Security Agency was constructing a standard for encryption it could decrypt any time it wanted. To add to the confusion surrounding the safety of DES, the final standard adopted has several other arbitrary and unnecessary changes from the original mathematics from the IBM proposal, which have unknown effects (at least to the scientific community and the public) on the safety of the data encrypted with DES. The NSA has been silent when questioned about these changes. Many cryptographers have speculated that these changes have "trapdoor" effects on DES that only the NSA knows about, rendering the system easily breakable by NSA attacks using methods unknown to the cryptography community at large.

The DES encryption standard is now widely used on many computer systems around this country, regardless of the potential security holes. It should be noted that DES is used "in this country" as the US government has defined cryptographic systems as "munitions" and thus are export controlled under a 1940's act dealing with munitions exportation. Cypherpunks decry both the use of DES (which they feel has been compromised by the NSA) and the export control placed on cryptographic systems in general. The real battle between cypherpunks and the US government began on a different front in the mid-eighties with the granting of a US patent to RSA Inc. on an encryption scheme.

RSA encryption is a "public key" encryption scheme, which is relatively new mathematical technique. In such a scheme, two people who wish to exchange an encrypted message do *not* need to exchange a key to decrypt each others' messages. I.e., if I send a message to you, it is encrypted in with a well-known public key associated with you

and then sent to you. Only you have the private key which can decrypt the message and restore the plaintext. Each user of the RSA system has a public key (for others to use when sending to her) and a private key which can be used to decrypt the messages encrypted with her public key. To the best knowledge of cryptologists, RSA can be made safe from attacks by persons who have less than hundreds of thousands of years of time. This does not say that RSA is absolutely safe, but rather that it is extremely unlikely that anyone will be able to decrypt an RSA encrypted message anytime soon by currently known means. What was patented by RSA was the *mathematics* that underly the RSA scheme and here lies the rub.

The cypherpunks argue that by allowing the math to be patented, the hands of scientists who seek to design new cryptographic systems are being tied. The further claim that the basis of scientific thought for hundreds of years has been that scientific ideas could be published in journals, reviewed by other scientists, extended, commented on, all in the public eye. The precedent of allowing mathematics to be patented is one which will certainly have profound effects on the scientific community, in that few people will publicly discuss or implement their ideas on cryptography when there is a danger of infringing on patents, or damaging your own possibility of receiving future patents (footnote 5). The US government already ties the hands and mouths of its own huge staff of mathematicians and cryptologists (the largest staff of this kind in the world) and does not allow them to discuss (much less publish) their cryptographic results or systems. Again, the government argues that cryptography is a munition, and thus is a national security risk be discussed publicly. The cypherpunks were already pointing to these two facts in combination when the US government was conspiring to make it impossible for average citizens (especially business people with sensitive information) to encrypt anything safely.

The in 1991 came the piece de resistance. Leg-

islation was introduced in US Congress to make it *illegal* to encrypt *anything* which could not be decrypted by the US government, chiefly the FBI. The Bush administration was arguing that such legislation should be enacted in conjunction with its "war on drugs" so that drug trafficking and money laundering data stored on computer by drug kingpins could be used in court against them. The cypherpunks at this point were worked into a frenzy. They successfully hired lobbyists to defeat this legislation in congress, and since 1991 it has not been reintroduced. Cypherpunks want the legislation using the argument that US citizens already had a constitutional right to expect privacy in their personal papers and effects and this should be extended to include encrypted data in cyberspace.

The US government's hegemony in the realm of cryptography has not yet been toppled by the cypherpunks. Just recently, the FCC has denied approval to allow US manufacturers to produce cellular phones which use encryption to transmit their data over the airways. Such a service would provide reasonable protection from the myriad of products already available which can "tune in" cellular phone conversations. However, again using the drug trafficking agreement, the US does not allow these devices to be manufactured.

There remains the serious question of what the cypherpunks *want*. It seems clear that they want everyone to be able to get cheap (if not free) access to cryptographic technology. They desire this technology so that average citizens can feel that their personal data stored or transmitted in cyberspace can be safe from other citizens and their government. Further, they want every citizen to be aware that their government maintains a huge arsenal of cryptographic munitions and appears to have no problems using it against real or imaginary enemies both at home and abroad. Finally, they seek to reverse the US precedent on allowing mathematics to be patented, so that both cryptography and science in general may proceed further in the future.

1) In fact the term and the concept were featured in (and on the cover of) the February 13⁷ issue of *Time* magazine.

2) A more thorough discussion of Cypherpunks on computer networks and bulletin boards around the world.

3) Cyberspace: The place where the other person is when they are talking to you on the telephone; also the place where computer hacking occurs. It is physically supported by the network of computers and telephony equipment that covers this planet.

4) Furthermore, the actual amount of the computer hardware of the computer hardware budget of the NSA and their purchasing history are not available to the public. The NSA's yearly budget and purchases do not have full congressional oversight (i.e., the General Accounting Office) and are classified as a national security concern. For more information about the secrecy and lack of government control of the NSA see the book *The Puzzle Palace*. Strangely, this book seems to have gone out of print for a while, and may be difficult to find.

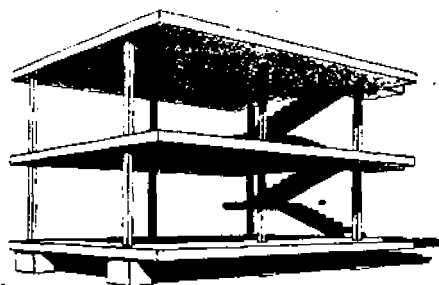
5) A parallel problem exists in the fact that computer algorithms can be patented in this and a few other countries. These patents allow one to patent ideas about the behavior of computers, i.e., a company has a patent in the U.S. on "cursors" and how they should blink on a computer screen. This company no longer has a product, but rather spends its entire day suing or threatening to sue companies which use cursors in their software systems.

after modernism

THE CULTURAL APPROACH

The idea of Post-Modern culture is simple; that is it can be conceptualized simply. It is by definition the time after modernism. We are in a post Modern time. The point I am going to try and argue is that this Post-Modern era is one of revaluation and flux, and one that everyone in our culture (broadly defined) is part of. It is important to know how you as a part of this cultural system fit in. By understanding the conventions of our culture it is easier to operate coherently within its bounds. Without such knowledge contradiction, confusion, and paranoia can set in.

Think of culture as an unstable mixture of indecipherable discrete components. This is true isn't it? Can you actually know all of its parts and all their relations? Probably not. But if you accept the fact that there does still exist a framework then you must also accept the fact that there is an identifiable culture. This is one of the ways in which contemporaries explain culture today. However, the idea of a total knowable universe was the case in times past. A good Modernists would agree with this. They had a very different view of the world and its cultural systems.



MODERNISM

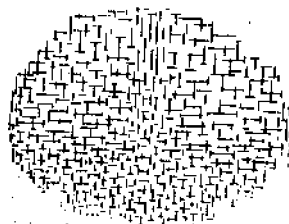
The explanation of Modernism given here is simplified and brief, but I think that it will paint a picture allowing us to come to a better understanding concerning what I will later describe in brief as Post-Modernism. Modernism is, very simplified, a cartesian grid. Think of what this implies: graphs, charts, maps, math, science, a comprehensible and rational two-dimensional representation of the world. The graph allows us to abstract and develop "concrete" relationships between us and the world. Now a bit less simplified,

think of what these roots of the modern era can give us: machine technology, assembly line production, industrialization. All mathematically plotable, cartesian, functions. Think of what this produced: linear thought, concentration of population, and wide spread use of small scale technology. And finally the side effects of these: a Capitalist, Darwinian, *winner take all* technologically saturated culture.

What happens in the Modern era loosely defined as the time between about 1750 and 1960 is a rapid growth of knowledge on a wide scale and an acceleration of technological innovation. From Gutenberg's printing press to the movie projector, technology offers its self on a large scale and to a large audience. There is, to return to the underling principal, a very striking motif throughout, that of reducing systems to the smallest element possible and the trying to make sense of them by putting all of these pieces back together. Think in terms of the grid; like a mathematical formula if you know all the variables and all the equations you know all the answers. Modernist thought they could provide all the formulas and constants. The printing press and movie strips are wonderful examples of this idea put to use. The letter, or movable type, is the smallest element of written word and by having each letter available the type setters are able to construct any sentence and then any story that they may wish. Another aspect of print is its linearity, that is its continuum. When you read you build thoughts simultaneously, so that you are led by the text to build your interpretations in sequential order; introduction, thought 1, thought 2, thought 3, conclusion, you get the point. You do not (usually) read a book out of page order particularly a story or novel. Even to read a text book you must form ideas prior to those ideas presented so that you are not "totally lost". The film is another wonderful example of the reductionist efforts of modernism. It was seen that by putting together discrete images at close intervals one could produce a reproduction of movement. This too is a linear function plotable against time; you can say that a particular scene in a movie happens

at a particular time etc. It is a more striking example in that the representations are more easily confused for real. Both of these ideas are much more complex of course but share the common idea of assembling a **representation**, or **map** of life by tying many small elements into one constructed conglomerate.

These paradigms, or mind set models, allowed culture to experience life in a new way. New professions began blossoming, Modern sciences, such as Management and Business, Economics, Psychology, Anthropology, Archeology, and Sociology. These last are particularly telling of the times, they try to scientifically understand culture by analyzing it with, again, charts and graphs; demographics. The Arts and Architecture were involved with this too, the Modern artists like Modrian and Picasso and Architects like Corbusier and Mies were emersed in trying to discover life truth and beauty by simplifying and reducing things to their purest form. They were trying to encapsulate the Modern world into an aesthetic. Cubist paintings were trying to understand objects from many perspectives at once, like a film strip could, and put it all on one surface. In doing so they hoped to catch what was the essence of movement and form. Pointillists, those who painted a dot of color at a time, were trying to see the world like a photo[graph] with each small grain of photocell turning a grade, discrete by inspection, of either absolute black or white or some discernable mixture of the two. These ideas left behind the notion of classical signal perspective that was so engraven in the previous era of Michael Angelo or Leonardo. Philosophy too saw this as new and discernable era; when Nietzsche proclaimed "God is dead" he did not mean that God was to be conceived of as slain. The statement could logically be traced to the ideas of Darwin, Nietzsche himself saw that the church could no longer be seen as the "fittest institution of the times." The statement was a reference to the fact that the machine, the system, or the formula, was replacing the faith that had once been placed in religion. It was a shift in the cultural narrative; that is, the church was no longer equal to absolute authority. It states that studies in economics, social Darwinism and scientific analysis had replaced the absolute reign of the church in every day decision making. Now instead of looking to God for all the answers, Modern science could provide them.



THE PARADIGM SHIFT

A shift occurred on a fundamental level. This did not happen at any one time nor did it happen with complete coherence, but the world is not the same. The Modern world was born and it was reflected throughout the culture, arts, philosophy, architecture, and sciences. The main criticism of the modern era is the dehumanizing factor that is innate to the concept. We are not machines. But, the Modern era did come to be realization. And, just as the modern era required a shift, so to does this next era. This same type of paradigm shift is happening again. There is a new and different software being installed. The cultural matrix is being edited. We are entering a Post-Modern society.

comes.....

AFTER MODERNISM

If Modernity can be seen simplified to a grid, Post-Modernity can be taken as two overlain grids. Now it might be said that, "Science is dead!" Like Nietzsche's statement this does not mean that all scientific knowledge is useless (the bridge still stands.) It means instead that we as a culture have begun to question its authority. Post-Modern science is best thought of perhaps as nebulous, or at least less linear; less like a direct cause and effect relation. There is no real discernable beginning or end, up or down in this new post Modern movement. Try to understand the implications of this. By overlaying sets of information ambiguous relations can be created. Combine this with *science's death* and these "irrationalities" can create new "realities." Post-Modernity can also be seen as an overlay of two separate understandings of the same event, take life, as time, and graph it against success, as self actualization. Then overlay these same graphs created by a straight white male, straight black female, gay hispanic male, and a radical feminist latent transvestite adolescent asian female. It is doubtful that these graphs would be the same. Even if they were all best friends living in the same house and shared in one another's lives fully would we as Modern scientists be able to read no more than a few correlations in the resulting hodge-podge. One graph is not less valid, and makes us acutely aware of the differences of the others.

POST-MODERNISM

Bring in the new ideas and technologies: personal computers and computer networks, chaos theory, hypertext, VCR's, even television and radio, all

these things are different and cannot be approached in a Modern way. Now we can no longer graph our lives in a linear fashion; it would be almost impossible to try and say at exactly what time an action takes place in a conversation on a computer network. How do you decide the time a comment is spoken as four, five or more roll by every second?

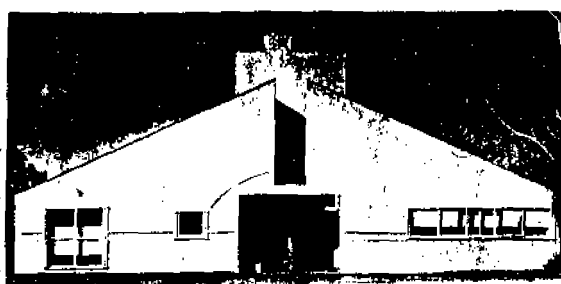
"Science is Dead."

Which one was said first or last? Who arbitrates? The system? With VCR's and home editing technology almost any two scenes ever recorded can be juxtaposed

or even overlaid. Computerized retouching or generating of images can produce things that never existed at all. This is the glory that Post-Modernists revel in. They applaud a simulacral existence, one in which reproduction is held as valuable, if not more valuable than the original. It is a simulated and usually mediated life. Where people take binoculars to sporting events to see the instant replay in the box seats instead of watching the game. Where the ad is more interesting in itself as a work of art than the product. The actual event has become secondary to the spectacle. (Super

bowl) Hyper-text is the ultimate demise of *type set* "thought" (as discussed above.) It allows one to jump through text in the same way one flips through the channels on cable; flip... "I just wanted to say..." flip... "in other news today..." flip... "OH YESS, DO IT LIKE THAT BABY, RIDE IT LIKE

A ROCKET 88..." flip... "...esus loves you..." flip. This is not the way Modern thought worked but it is the way that Post-Modernist live. Chaos theory is one of the most interesting applications of a post-modern critique. By reading Gliek's book, *Chaos*, you are unable to not see the connections that appear in seemingly random ways. There are examples that talk of a single graph that is able to



post-modernism

be applied to two totally spurious relations. There are others that show a single graph repeated at different scales inside of themselves. But most importantly this "order" is located in the complete disorder of irrational numbers, numbers that have been discarded as inappropriate for science in the past, because of their unexplainable complexity, as impossible to deal with. The numbers still have not been understood in full, but they are found to be useful in describing systems like turbulence that were also seen as unscientific. These are ideas that could not be broken down like those in Modern science. This is why Modern science rejected them.

This new ideology is not limited to the world of science and technology however; Art, Poetry, Architecture, Film, Psychology and Philosophy have all been a part of it. And it has created its own professions and followings: Advertising, Cyberpunk, Conspiracy Theorists, and Media analysts. Video art and the music video are great examples of splicing unrelated images together to achieve an emotional response. The fact that a band like U2 made their video into a concert is telling. Contemporary Techno and Hip-Hop is a very different approach to music than the classical. One being focused on the production and synthesis of music the other striving to attain itself with the "real" thing. Strings being understood as vibrating and then heard, in linear relation is much different than the sample. Poetry speaks to us now not in terms of eternal truths but in fragmented, unrelated, "mere" words. Architecture is now free of the bounds of structural rationalism and purism and is free to express artistry and technique through its own conventions and ambiguity. Film is the best of the arts in these discourses for several reasons. It appeals to the largest audience so it gets the most money, it gets the widest reviews, and it is easily digested. Movies like "The Player," "Twin Peaks," "Blade Runner," "Brazil," and "Rivers Edge" come to mind off hand as poignant examples of Post-Modern discourse. They speak of the death of outdated institutions like "plot," "reality," "time," and "social coherence." These things are no longer valid issues, they have been replaced

with overlays of commentary, the surreal, virtual reality, and narrative confusion. From this point on "reality" is to be put in quotes, whose "reality" is the real one. With science and religion both dead we enter the age of confusion. Our faith is thrown to the mercy of the quagmire. Some have chosen to put faith in fundamentalism, some to politics, some into the confusion usually becoming hybrid versions of cyber-punk media activated feminists and or marxists, others have remained in the Modernist, and still others have thrown up their hands and we have the new nihilists.

The new ideology is not quite established in full and lacks obvious ties to culture as a whole. It tends to be a movement primarily concentrated in the middle class consumer, however there are relations to the rest of the world. The decentralization of technology is one of these ties. Cable television literally hooks you up to the world via Home Shopping Network, CNN, and dozens of others feeding anyone in the nation with its uninterrupted and uncriticized "programming." On a much larger scale we are thrown into the world of political correctness. There is no correct "reality" so we are now forced to deal with all of them. It is now all of a sudden deemed ok to be gay, black, or vertically challenged. The biggest effect is the destabilizing after-shock of becoming aware that there is no one correct way to be. This is the death of narrative, the second death I have spoken of, and there has not been a replacement offered, only the falling of the old.

This does not mean the bridge will fall because science has lost its control over destiny, if indeed it ever had control. It simply means that every one now must construct, build from scratch without a universally valid foundation, their own ideas about life and death. I have already listed many paths, but do not try to pick the right one and work from "square one" onward. There is no longer a "right one" to choose. (Do not condemn others Jesus would not approve I guarantee!) At the same time do not waver endlessly, choose a goal, commit to something, and see that it happens. Do not resort to apathy and wait for another to tell you how to act. Go on a road trip, try a drug or two; live!

post-modern-ism: a sham?

by j franklin boltz

It required a load of pretension the size of Pablo Picasso's ego to name a movement "Modernism". Modernism claimed to be the forefront, the avant-garde of culture. But Modernism could only happen in Europe or North America- never mind modern movements in those "little wiener countries" around the world; no one can find them on the map anyway. But if it took pretension to name a movement "Modernism", calling yourself "Post-Modern" takes an ethnocentric level bigger than the whole Internet.

Will Post Modernism ever give way to another movement? Of course not. Po-Mo's definition is so constructed as to prevent this social calamity from ever happening. How can you defeat a movement which by its own presumption is

SPAM RAM

Event_Num
Prob_Code
Serial_Num
Event_Date
Down_Time
MACHINE
PROBLEM

Serial_num
Name
Manufacturer
Purch_Date
Cost
SCHEDULE
UNSCHEDE_MAINT

MV

MV

the final social and artistic concept? Hopefully, Po-Mo will prove to be less of a Pac Man than is supposed. We'll get to that later.

First of all the concept of technology as a tenet of Po-Mo-ism deserves nothing but derision. How have we suddenly entered and age of reaping the fruits of invention and communication? Hell no! People have been doing this for thousands of years! The Gutenberg printing press was as much of a communications revolution as the computer ever was. People at first feared and hated the printing press. Didn't this mass-produced word of God, the

Gutenberg Bible (the p.c.), decrease the power and exclusivity of the church and monks (the corporations and computer nerds) to the point of dangerous social change? Hell yes! What if the common

folk could read the Bible (use the Internet)? Before Prof. Balsamo and the Post-Modern Posse show up at my house with torture devices and cries of, "Axe-wielding Luddite!", let me remind you that I'm writing this on a p.c. Does that make me Post-Modern? No more than Gutenberg.

Of course, the Post-Mo-ists would say, "Of course the present resembles the past. In our movement, nothing new will be created, just re-created, retro-fitted, and rehashed." What about your whole movement, then? Has Post-Modernism happened before? I draw from the poetry of Robert Burns, hailed by the British critics as a Scot in his natural state, a purveyor of the Scottish mind. Yet many of the poems and songs he published were not written by him in the classical sense. He drew on works as old as the Highlands to author (in the Post-Modern meaning of the word) his books of poetry. They appealed to the British, for the British had never heard these works before. Putting old ideas into new contexts is nothing new; the present stands on the shoulders of the past, and always has.

How will Post-Modernism fail? I have two overlapping ideas, both of which rely on the by-products of Po-Mo-ism. All the artistic and social movements in the chain leading up to Po-Mo-ism (esp. Modernism) thing in common: they have been exclusive to Western Culture. The pretension of living in the dominant culture brings about the idea that our technological superiority is matched by our society and culture. Any society outside the technological forefront cannot match our culture or society either. Creative endeavor is always based on some past influence. Its when the influence isn't recognized, as in the case of the British reading Robert Burns, that it seems to

come from inside the author, or from nowhere.

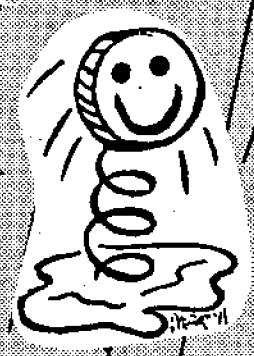
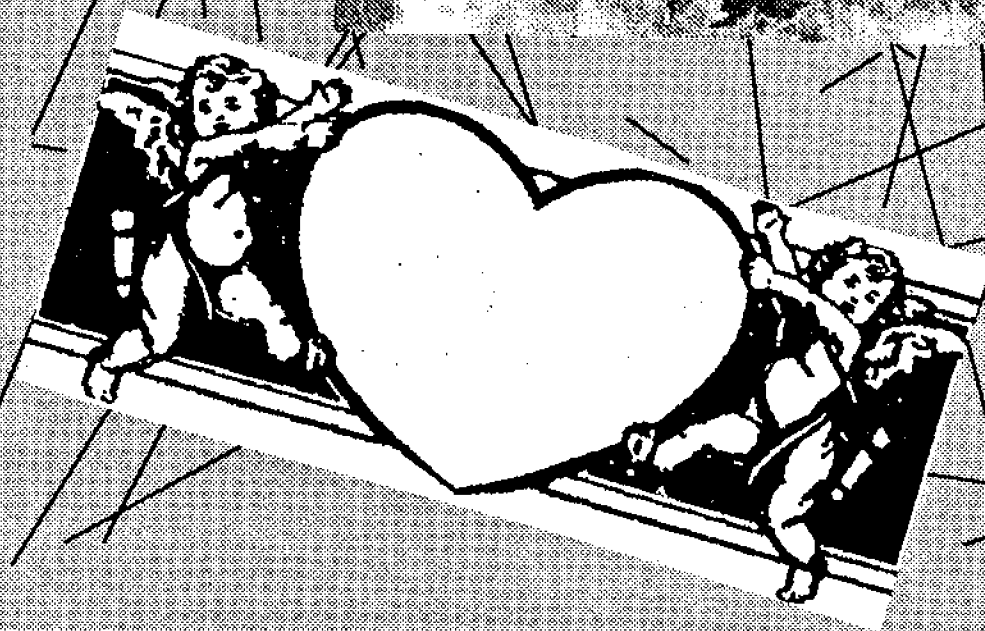
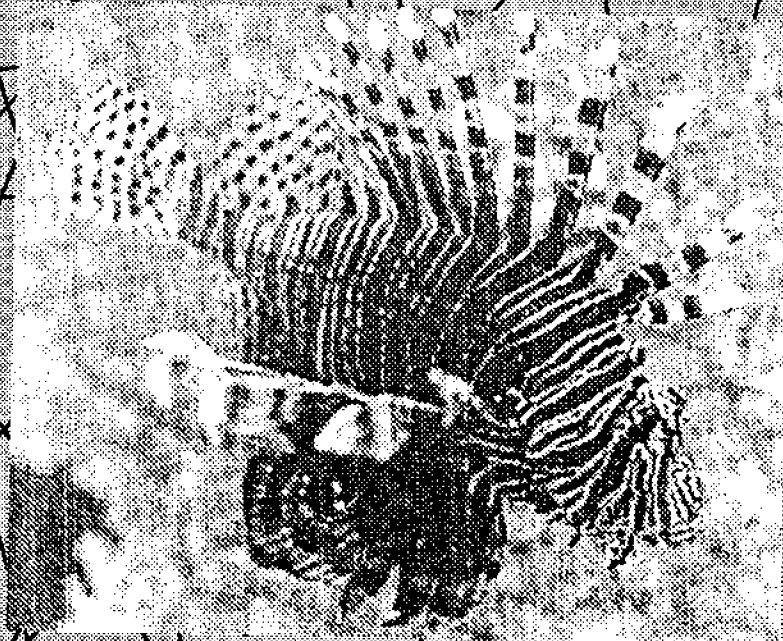
As other cultures are absorbed by the Po-Mo society, it will metamorphosize. New ideas will come from individuals; at least it will appear so to the society, since they don't understand the influences of new arrivals to the society. Because these influences aren't recognized, the Post-Modernists will be at a loss to describe these "new" ideas.

This idea of influence and influx, however, can be easily absorbed by Post-Modernism. Part two will rely on the people of Post-Modernism - the "Slack Generation" itself! We un-intellectuals will defeat Post-Modernism through apathy and indifference. What could be more boring than a society where nothing new is created, where only old things are authored? The Slackers will find a newly introduced concept and pounce on it as their own. Post-Mo-ists can claim that this is all part of what they've been saying all along, and, because of definitions, they're right. But they can't keep us from getting bored or fed up with Po-Mo-ism and the way it discourages invention and discovery. Through apathy and sheer numbers, Post-Modernism, as a set of empty terminologies, will fade away.

To conclude, Post-Modernism isn't really a movement after all. It's merely a description of what humans have been doing for eternity: grafting the old to the new and organicizing the theoretical into applications. It's not even a new realization. I suggest you all give up now, you boring lummoxes. Go drink some coffee and create, yes! create something! Or at least trick someone else into thinking you can. I will be taking submissions for the Name the Next Social Movement Contest through the NAR.

F*sh

RECYCLE



My Time With Jack.

Talking to the bone of it,
and rubbing it,
and licking it,
makes me tired
of our conversations;
and my intentions,
rusty from the outset,
don't like the wetness of
your mouth.
My intentions, hollow and hungry,
echo with
our talk, talk, talk
about ourselves.

George
4 6 92

GETTING SLAPPED AROUND

Pier Pining

Lay me down on my bed of the sea
Slipping slowly away from me
Wash away my anxiety
Perhaps it was not meant to be

I see the cold waters recede
And I know
The undertow
It grows
It rips through my pose

-David Klein

HANNAH

He needs to see her sweetest face
And whisper in her ear
He needs to hear her kindest voice
But she is never near

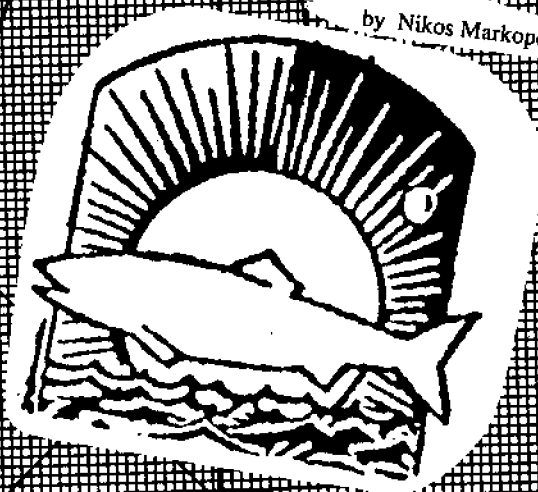
He lives to see her keyboard scarf
Cover her flaxen hair
He lives to hear her fingers dance
As Mozart fills the air

He craves for one suggestive glimpse
Or blinking of her eyes
He craves to see her smile at him
Oh, God! what a surprise!

But at the moment all he has
Is boring, empty days
He must be doing something wrong
So he must change his ways

For if Hannah were ever near him
He'd know precisely how to start
He'd reach down deep inside her
And touch her gentle heart

by Nikos Markopoulos



Statue of Liberty Visit
Li Cai (Box 25866c)

I arrived in New York City in the morning and followed my friend for a tour of the city. When we passed a building, an open seashore suddenly appeared in front of us. I felt that I had come to a different world. A moment earlier I had been in a planet where people walked fast on the sidewalks and cars moved slowly on the streets between tall buildings. I walked toward the railing, leaned on it, and looked toward Ellis Island where the Statue of Liberty stands. The scenery was so beautiful and peaceful. No wonder Lady Liberty chose there as her home! After taking pictures of each other, we went towards a ferry, intending to board it to visit the island. Unfortunately, we were late for the last trip of the day--the ticket office was closed. Disappointed, we left the South Ferry.

The next day I went back to the spot alone and boarded a ferry with a group of tourists, most of them were foreigners. I climbed to the top floor which was full. Here and there people were taking photos. A group of seagulls were flying above us and one of them landed on the railing of the ferry. Seeing it standing there with the sea and the Statue of Liberty behind it, I decided to take a picture of the view. I moved slowly toward it, fearing I might scare it away. However, it stood there with its head high, and ignored my movement. I bet that the seagulls must have been treated very well by tourists. About two feet from it I took a picture.

As the ferry started to move the people grew excited. The crowd constantly moved on the floor and everyone was trying to occupy the best site to view the scenery and to take photographs. As I watched a pretty French girl

smiling for a camera, I seemed to see the Lady Liberty's excitement when she arrived at the island.

A few minutes later the boat stopped at the island. I got off the boat and went directly to the statue, intending to climb to the crown of the Liberty without stopping.

The steep stairway leading to the crown spirals around a big steel pole. I took off my heavy jacket, held it on my left arm, carried my large book bag which contained all my needs for traveling on my right shoulder, and began to climb. I climbed the spiraling stairs quickly, leaving those who came to the island in the same ferry with me far behind. Soon I felt dizzy and began to breath heavily. I had to pause. While wiping the perspiration from my forehead, I looked around. In front and back of me, the stairway disappeared right behind the pole, and I was confined in a very small space by a firm pole and a steel wall, completely without freedom. I pushed the pole and the wall; they stood there firmly. I felt like a bird in a cage, completely powerless. Over the wall there was a larger space which seduced me to jump over for freedom. I looked down over the wall and saw small figures moving around by the base of the statue. The sound below me grew louder, people were coming up. There was no way for me to back down nor was there much time for me to stay there. Rather than being pushed to go forward, I picked up my bulky things, tilted my body toward the pole with my shoulder pressed against it and resumed circling in the narrow and steep stairway.

Even though the climb was challenging, what was waiting for me was the crown the Lady Liberty.

FUNDIES' LAWS

Never sleep with anyone.

If you fool around with a thing for very long, your mother will catch you at it.

Those who can't, feel inadequate; those who can, feel guilty.

It IS immoral.

If it isn't painful, degrading, or demoralizing it isn't true religion.

If you're caught red-handed, all your detractors are homosexual satanists.

If you enjoyed it, God will punish you.

As long as you blame someone else for it, you didn't sin.

If crucifying one innocent victim is good, crucifying more must be even better.

Love the sin, hate the sinner.

-Morgan



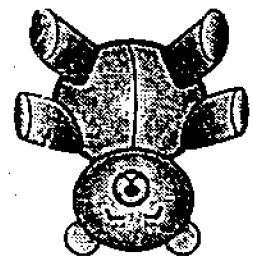
CPR

Her jaws fell;
A disrepair known
Not to the smallest bone.
An atrophied flight
Tounge resigned from the fight

She feels alone:
An icicle spear
From her chin, a tear
A yearning for the soil
Cypress roots in frenzied coil

She sees no spark
Satisfied with the dark

-David Klein



Come! Rush in My Sea
(A Transcendental Prayer)

Come! Rush in my Sea
and wipe clean my shoe prints
soiling this blessed sand.
Take away mine and my fellow trespassers
obscene scrawlings written with our
unholy material encased appendages.
That we do not and never have been,
never leaving any blasphemy upon your alter.

I beseech You to wait and
allow me to return
after I have unburdened myself
and am able to have my naked feet
kiss your alter of your body soaked,
until such a time when
I merge with and act in the
Purity of my Instincts,
leaving behind my shoe encased thoughts.

Douglas H. Bennett

A Demonstration Li Cai

I arrived in Washington DC at about seven in the morning. After about four hours tour in the city by foot, I was tired, hungry, and eager to have lunch. While searching for a restaurant, I saw large number of people walking eastward in a long line, just looked like a river—one could not see the beginning and the end.

I went to them and asked a big man: "What're you doing?"

"We're having a rally," a lady beside him responded.

"They're killing people," the man pointed to a large picture and said.

"Where will the rally be?"

"There," the lady pointed forwards. "In the Ellipse."

"When will it start?"

"It'll begin at twelve."

Though the Ellipse was not far away, I was unable not decide if I should wait for an hour to see the event. I would be leaving the city in six hours, and there still were many famous spots to be seen.

"Would you like to have one?" the lady handed me a sign.

I was hesitated because I did not want to be involved, but her sincere face left me no choice. "Holding a placard does not prove anything," I thought to myself and took it over.

Ten minutes later we arrived at the Ellipse which was an open grassy square. People from different states held diverse signs which made the spot very colorful. Being affected by their passion, I became excited. I left the couple and walked around to search a place from where I could take panoramic pictures. Soon I found a wooden station which was set up for journalists to cover the news. I approached it and climbed to the top and saw the flood of people flowing

in the square from all directions; the numbers on the square were growing fast. I was attracted by the scene and forgot the time until a man's voice came to me through the loud speakers. He was standing on the stand opposite to ours and was explaining the rules of the upcoming demonstration. After the explanation he shouted: "Give me a ll"

"Why?" I wondered.

"lllllllll," the crowd followed.

"Give me an il"

"iiiiiiiiii."

"Give me a fl"

"fffffffff."

"Give me an el"

"eeeeeeeee."

"What is that?"

"LIFE!" the crowd became excited.

"this stand is always shaking," the man looking through a photo camera complained.

"Someone who is not supposed to be here is here," a man sitting next to him replied.

I looked at him sideways. He was the man who came to the stand just after me. When he saw a sign laying on the floor, he simply went there to kick it out.

"He is a tough guy. Better not make him mad." I said to myself. Then I left for lunch.

After lunch I continued my tour and forgot about the rally. Coming out to the Capital Hill, I saw a large number of people on the street between the court and the Capital Hill. I immediately ran there and realized that they were the demonstrators whom I met in the Ellipse. I joined the demonstrators in order to see more and take photos. As I moved with the stream, I saw many police officers standing on the sidewalks. They were dressing black, wearing helmets, and holding sticks. They looked like an unpenetratable wall between the Supreme Court and the demonstrators. I moved in parallel to the wall which was facing the demonstrators without any expression. Suddenly, a young police officer caught my attention;

he was knocking his left palm impatiently with the stick, like a racing horse waiting for competition.

A group of girls shouted behind me. I turned and saw them passing by me. I stopped one of them and asked: "What did you say?"

The girl looked at me, puzzled.

"I just want to know what you said"

She still stared at me without response.

"My English is not good, so I could not understand what you were saying," I explained to her.

She understood my intention and said "It is a baby...., not a choice" in a chanting voice.

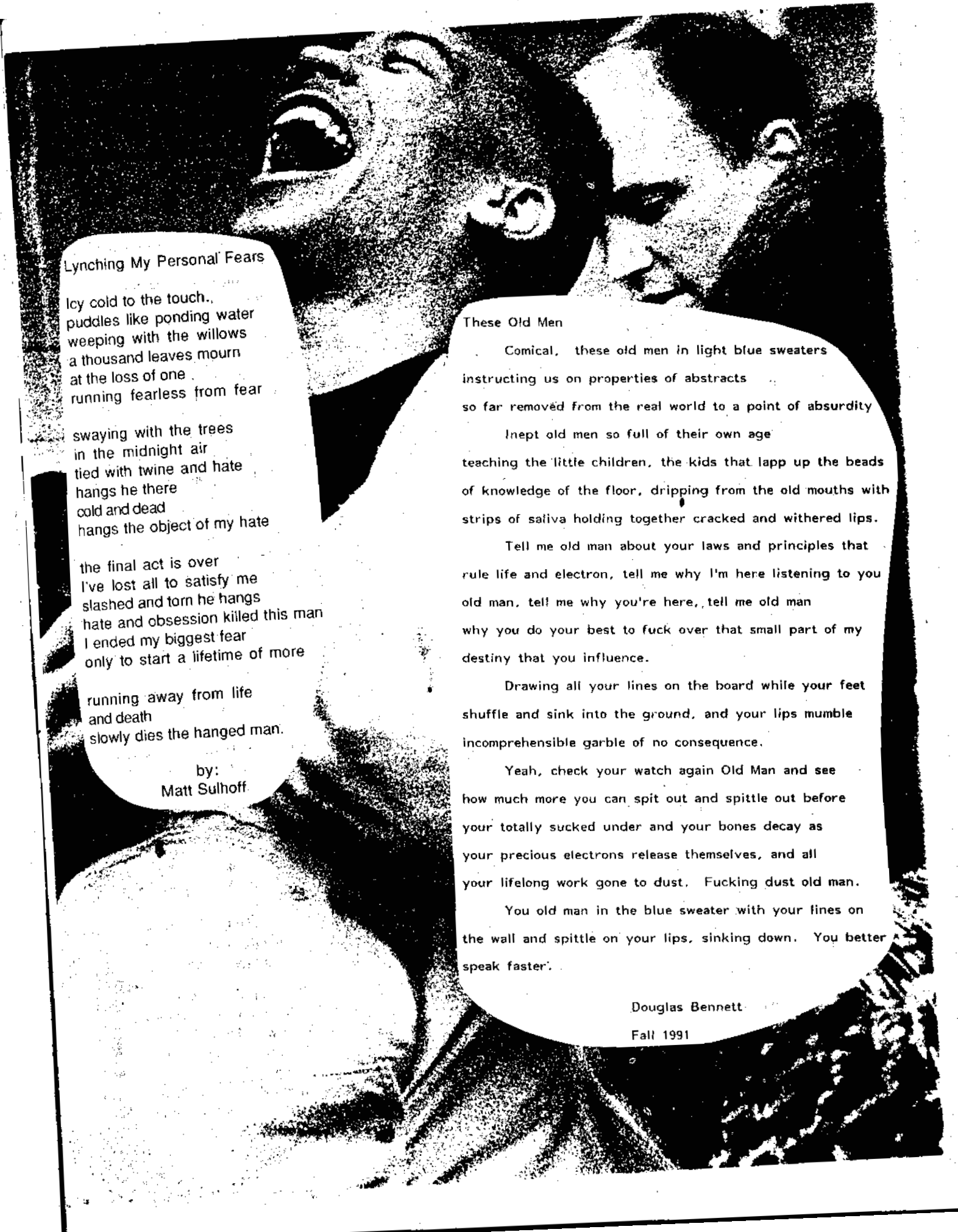
"It is a baby...., not a choice," the other girls around her repeated it to me and then marched on.

While looking at those high school girls moving away, I saw another the crowd on the sideways not far from me. I went to crowd and elbowed through it. In front of me was another group of high school students, standing behind a large banner. They were swinging-and shouting, very energetically. I raised my camera and moved my position to choose an angle for taking pictures. Unexpectedly, I saw a photographer was trying to take a picture of a five year old girl carrying a sign almost half her size. Her father thwarted his attempt by dragging his daughter out of his range. The photographer looked; clearly, he did not succeed in taking a photo of the little demonstrator.

I suddenly felt uneasy. Those young demonstrators stimulated my recollection. When

I was a boy, I participated many demonstrations too. Looking back, I wish that I would have had understand more when I joined demonstrations.

I left the stream. Too many things to do, but not much time left. I hurried toward the famous spots where I planed to visit.



Lynching My Personal Fears

Icy cold to the touch,
puddles like ponding water
weeping with the willows
a thousand leaves mourn
at the loss of one
running fearless from fear

swaying with the trees
in the midnight air
tied with twine and hate
hangs he there
cold and dead
hangs the object of my hate

the final act is over
I've lost all to satisfy me
slashed and torn he hangs
hate and obsession killed this man
I ended my biggest fear
only to start a lifetime of more

running away from life
and death
slowly dies the hanged man.

by:
Matt Sulhoff

These Old Men

Comical, these old men in light blue sweaters
instructing us on properties of abstracts
so far removed from the real world to a point of absurdity

Inept old men so full of their own age
teaching the little children, the kids that lapp up the beads
of knowledge of the floor, dripping from the old mouths with
strips of saliva holding together cracked and withered lips.

Tell me old man about your laws and principles that
rule life and electron, tell me why I'm here listening to you
old man, tell me why you're here, tell me old man
why you do your best to fuck over that small part of my
destiny that you influence.

Drawing all your lines on the board while your feet
shuffle and sink into the ground, and your lips mumble
incomprehensible garble of no consequence.

Yeah, check your watch again Old Man and see
how much more you can spit out and spittle out before
your totally sucked under and your bones decay as
your precious electrons release themselves, and all
your lifelong work gone to dust. Fucking dust old man.

You old man in the blue sweater with your lines on
the wall and spittle on your lips, sinking down. You better
speak faster.

Douglas Bennett

Fall 1991

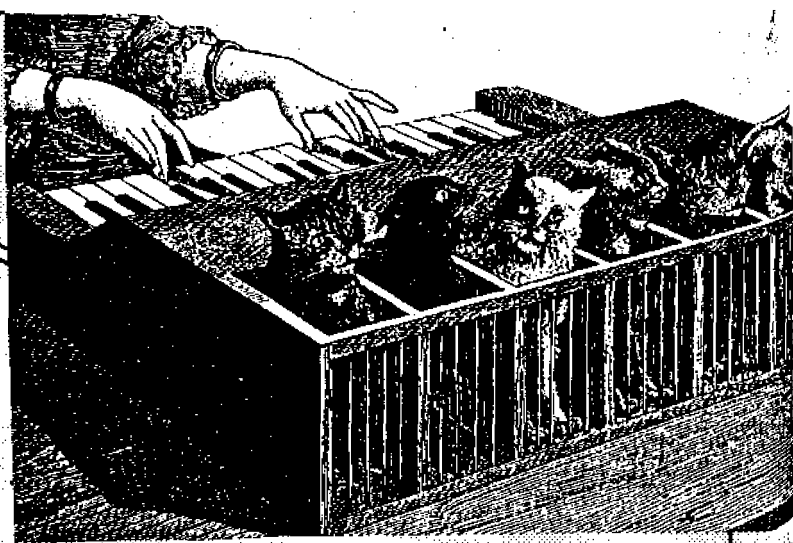
Life Music

It was the middle of the week. Too late to remember the last weekend, too early to anticipate the next. Not that Jane had any reason to look forward to the weekend. Instead of working at the office, she would be working at home. Cleaning the bathtub, paying the bills, cutting the grass.

This morning Jane got up after only hitting the snooze bar twice. She ate her Special-K while watching Good Morning America and then got into her Ford Escort for the long commute into the city where she worked as an executive assistant at a managerial firm. Jane lived in an all-white, middle-income suburb. Every Saturday afternoon she went to classes on how to hand-paint sweat-shirts at the crafts store in the strip-shopping center down the street. She had an average day at work and had a couple of drinks with the girls from work at Bennigans afterwards. She was thinking about her next sweat-shirt design (a turkey because Thanksgiving was close at hand) and noticing that the leaves were beginning to fall off of the trees when for some reason she got off the highway long before her regular exit. In fact it was only three miles past her office.

After about fifteen minutes of driving through a neighborhood she had never been in before and would never be in again, she realized what was drawing her. It was a beat, like a heartbeat but softer. Increasing with each mile she drove. There was a song, words.

She stopped at a store, a small, grungy grocery store with drunkards sitting out front. She went in, down the aisle with the Spam and Spaghetti-Os and through the back door. In the dirty yard behind the store there was a circle of people around two very old black men. Men whose fathers remembered the Civil War. They were playing music. One was beating two spoons on a pail and the other was playing a harmonica, but the sounds, the music, was the music of the soul. At first glance one might think the audience was drugged, but upon closer inspection it was obvious that they were hypnotized. The beat of the



pail, the lilting, sexy music of the harmonica. Passion and romance, pain and anger. Life music.

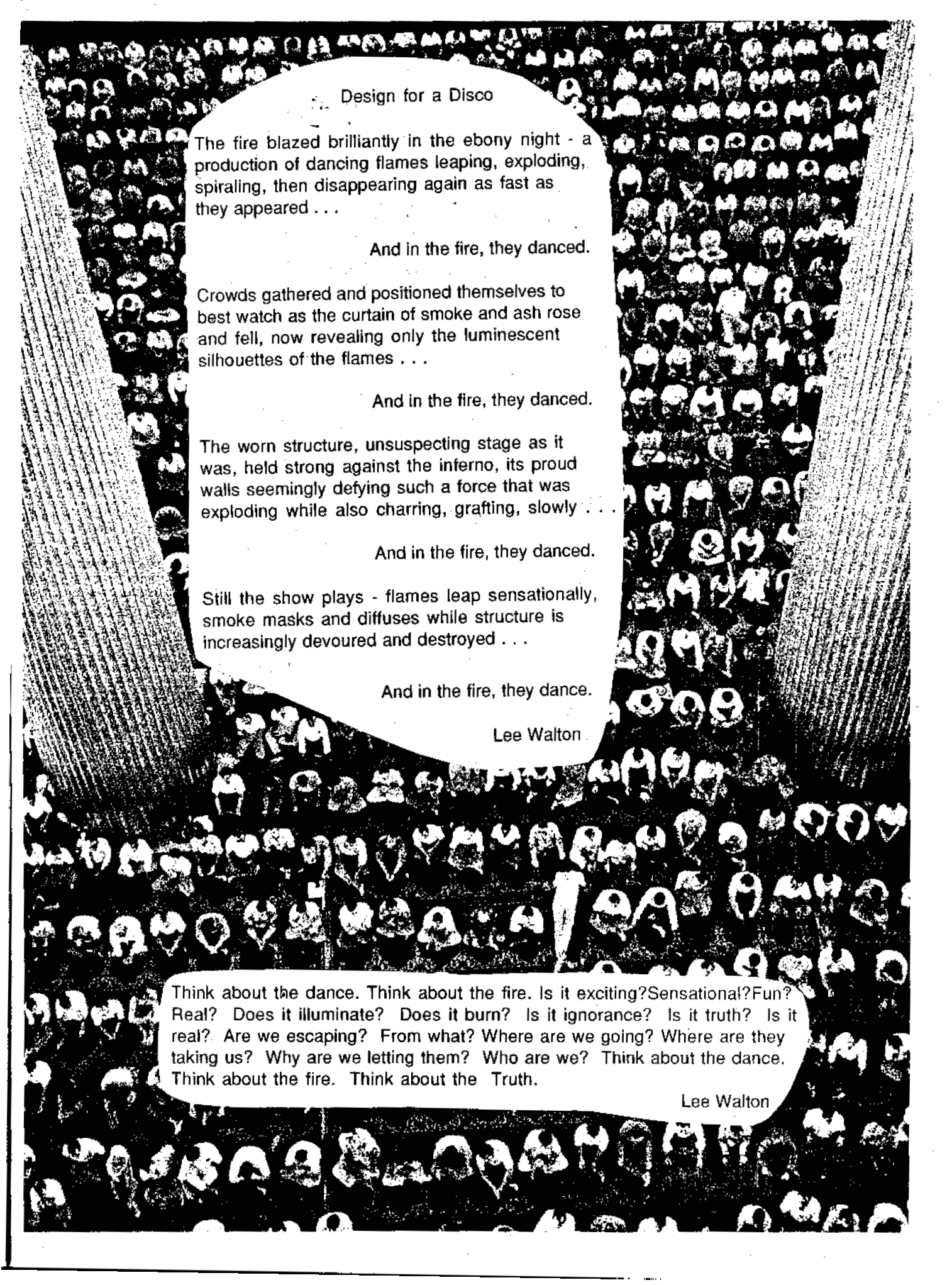
Jane began to dance with a man she had never met. A black man. She had never spoken to a black man before except to say that she didn't have any change. They swayed and rocked. Drawn together. She was the kind of woman who only spoke in whispers when she was talking about someone of color. Someone afraid to be called racist. Someone who would say she wasn't racist. But was.

But tonight his color didn't matter. Tonight his hair was soft and his eyes were liquid and his body felt strong next to hers. The music of the spirit, distilled, was running through her veins. She moved like she never would again. She dripped sweat. She danced until she collapsed with exhaustion.

When she awoke, she was in the passenger's seat of her car in a ditch next to the highway three miles from her office.

-Jennifer





Design for a Disco

The fire blazed brilliantly in the ebony night - a production of dancing flames leaping, exploding, spiraling, then disappearing again as fast as they appeared . . .

And in the fire, they danced.

Crowds gathered and positioned themselves to best watch as the curtain of smoke and ash rose and fell, now revealing only the luminescent silhouettes of the flames . . .

And in the fire, they danced.

The worn structure, unsuspecting stage as it was, held strong against the inferno, its proud walls seemingly defying such a force that was exploding while also charring, grafting, slowly . . .

And in the fire, they danced.

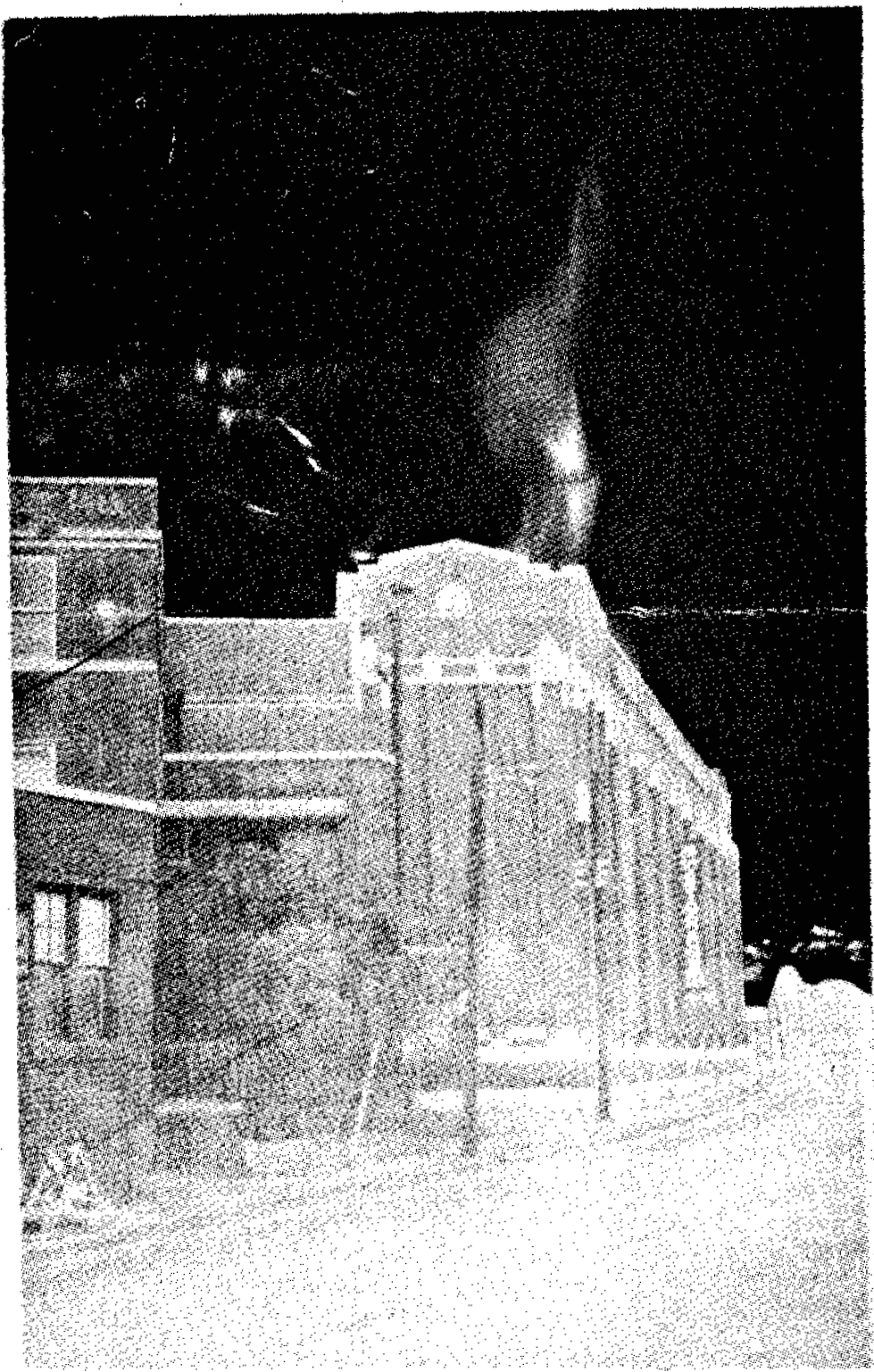
Still the show plays - flames leap sensationally, smoke masks and diffuses while structure is increasingly devoured and destroyed . . .

And in the fire, they dance.

Lee Walton

Think about the dance. Think about the fire. Is it exciting? Sensational? Fun? Real? Does it illuminate? Does it burn? Is it ignorance? Is it truth? Is it real? Are we escaping? From what? Where are we going? Where are they taking us? Why are we letting them? Who are we? Think about the dance. Think about the fire. Think about the Truth.

Lee Walton



Letter to the Editor,

Sigh, two years at Georgia Tech and I am finally back home with the screaming and shouting and the cars passing under my window at four O'clock every morning with the gunning engines and exhaust choking me as I turn under the covers for the fifteenth time in twenty minutes. Two Thanksgivings in Atlanta, two summers spent running up and down the coast like a maniac, and now I am staring out of a thirteen-year window in southern Pennsylvania. This letter then, is about going back. It is about coming out of the collegiate 'white room' and looking around. It is about waking up after a two year nap and wondering what the hell happened.

I spend most of my spare time in the guise of one of those offbeat Tech English majors. My spare spare time is spent either in my room or down around Peachtree St. sitting outside Frijoleros with Morrissey and a pair of earphones looking at the people and the cars and everything else. I carry a little notebook in a green bag which I place on the table and stare at on my off hours. My spare spare spare time is spent wandering aimlessly around the back room of Full Moon records and staring at piles of vinyl that I will never listen to. Two weeks ago I hopped on a bus and waved good-bye to Southern America. Four hours to another station, the second change two hours later, a third and a fourth switch and I look around at Flint Hill, AGHS, and everything else that I had almost, but not quite, forgotten about.

Route 896 runs right between Pennsylvania and Delaware, from Philadelphia to Dover. Turn right at the second to last intersection in Dover, drive for an hour or two and you will end up somewhere between Dewey and Ocean City, Maryland amid thousands of overweight, underbleached, overdressed, and undervalued Americans lying face down in the sand. Another day or two of driving and you will be on the outskirts of Georgia—Atlanta—Georgia Tech.

There is the first point. Everything is so fucking hard to forget. Considering that I never went on any spectacular adventures; that I never rode a skateboard down Peachtree Street at two in the morning; that I never had my own Radio show on WREK; I am still sitting down and thinking about the history course that I had with Dr. Ray, and the stacks of books at the Warehouse and the long nights that I did spend sitting out on 'the grounds' with other friends and associates. Never forget this: If you hate what you are doing now you will

really hate it later. If you really hate what you are doing latter you will hate it even more when you get out and find that it will never leave you. I was lucky, I had some good courses and I did not molder in statistics &c. However some people bitch a lot and they are the ones that should read this. I repeat: Georgia Tech will hover over you for the rest of your days.

So what do I do now? I left because I felt the need to get away. A year, maybe two years, and I will go back but for now

my father is wondering when I will get a job. Go to college, get a job, get a house, a mortgage (mortgage: mort, *morte* is the French word for death), a television, a car and a nice plastic—derivative—futuristic—tombstone and a few flowers in case I kick off early. It simply isn't enough. Welcome to 1992, welcome to the mid-life crisis at the age of twenty two, welcome to the ulcerated job market. My mother went insane at the age of thirty—truth. I have heard that everyone leaves college feeling like they can make a difference. I feel like this and I

am on sabbatical.

Point number two then. It is hard change. Our academic experiences have their own inertia. College leads us in one direction—that of a self centered success. We go in, we labor for two, three, four years, we get out with a loan or unpaid mortgage looming on the horizon and we jump into the job market without those ten minutes of reflection which we should have taken way back in high school but didn't because we wanted a college with a reputation. Twenty years later and we are staring out of the same glass window overlooking route 896 only our spouses are yelling at us in the background and we are sitting in front of a pile of bills instead of a typewriter. Nothing changes and we are not advancing ourselves by moving so rapidly. A major is a terrible thing.

Be patient. I started this after four or five sleepless hours spent standing by the window and I have having some trouble finishing. Everything has changed at home. The School is smaller and the trees are darker and the sound of the trucks grows louder every hour. Be prepared for this. Most of you go home every few months or so. Two years is a long time. Gavin, if you are still down at GT., try to understand why I wrote this.

John Boddie





The Way Things Are...

by Dave Miertschin

The past two quarters here at Tech have seemed different to me. I have noticed some differences around here and if you blinked you may have missed it so I'll tell you what I saw. There were good things for the first time, good old things uncovered, some things that still have not changed or gotten worse, and others that will forever puzzle me.

First, look at the new goodies. The Georgia Tech Theater for the Arts has had a stunning opening season. If the rate of fabulous performance is kept up we could actually run the risk of becoming culturally aware. I have been to several performances (thank you Liz) including the Paul Drescher Ensemble, Straight From the Heart, a Modern/contemporary dance recital by I.S.O., the Atlanta Gay Men's Chorus, the Atlanta Feminist Women's Chorus, and the Washington Ballet. These were all excellent, top rate groups, and I loved the Paul Drescher Ensemble. Also the student center is being used more and more since it has been

opened on a 24 hour day basis. At the first of the Quarter seeking a place to prowl I happened into the complex at about 12:30 or so, the only other person there was a pajama cop just leaving. I was there again on the 13th of February and to my absolute wonder I heard the sounds of live music, a band sponsored by the musicians network. They were playing for a crowd of about 150 people who were receptive to the idea. Afterward was a film, a french film no less, this brought people to the student center after the post office closed on Friday, truly an amazing feat. But wait there's more, there was also a large crowd in the game room and another gathered for a debate about the flag! Perhaps this seems contrived or unimportant but, to see our student center filled with activity on a Friday night says that a social life on this campus can exist in a more tangible form than the net. The movie committee deserves special recognition for their excellent selection of films. Keep at it. In this vein I also want to thank the architecture lecture committee for working with the LCC movie committee in making the posters for this quarter. Another group I want to commend is The Freshman Experience, their grades were higher and their bonds are tighter as reported by a peer leader. I am sure there are other groups that have had success and if I missed you send us a proclamation of the good news.

I have also stumbled across some things that have either changed under my nose or had remained hidden until recently. One of these is a class, of which I am sure there are others, that is project based education. This one is for the homeless, where the project is real and is in conjunction with real political and private institutions. Another is the Technique that has over the summer joined the ranks of "A fringe activist group," nice. The 'nique has really shaped up to be an active student voice. Another is WREK radio an often forgotten segment of TECH life. It is abrasively different and requires concentration but is also a wonderful stimulus for shaking up your day. A prime example of Tech's alternative to monotony. Techwoodcon was on again recently and has really developed since its infancy, not really my thing but a different kind of outlet to be sure. There is another movement gliding into campus that is in the realm of academia. There have been new classes over the past year dealing with gender and racial issues. In the English, Sociology, and now History departments look for

classes with these titles: Science Technology and Gender; Engl 4305, Social Issues and Public Policy; Soc 2378, Gender and Sexuality in American History; Hist 4876, and 20th Century Black History; Hist 8476. The 'homeless' class mentioned above is bc 4951, anyone can take this class and I highly recommend it. (This is the kind of thing that can go on a resume.)

I have also seen parts of this institution remain inactive, unsupportive, or in other ways apathetic. There is still no permanent dean of students. There is still no move being made to establish the media relations board as an active part of campus. There is still no kind of student complaint liaison. Other things have fallen behind their past record. What ever happened to the Race Relations class in the sociology department? Are you satisfied with the current state of affairs? Also I think the campus administration, "the hill," is actually less organized. It is impossible to get any question answered without trekking across campus a few times. And what ever happened to the computer cluster that was to be put in the student center? The student success building was raised without too much trouble, but wait, where are the students? There was not even one included in the planning of so much as the program of the large and quite ugly facility. Tech Television Network also screwed up recently with a minor but irritating faux pas. During the time between movies they show a selection time killers/screen savers. One of these depicts a woman, busty, nude pulling down a window shade, perhaps I a being a bytch but; get rid of it. Also I am ashamed of knowing that there is still active hatred toward GALA, there sign was stolen on Valentine's day. Valentine was a saint and the sign was stolen by petty vandals that had the nerve to do this on the one day reserved in

our culture for unabashed tenderness, these guys suck. Other thefts have also been reported on a seemingly daily basis; the student services building had flags stolen and some macs have disappeared. Finally a serious note, when does tech start to have co-ed dorms? Why does this administration feel that this would mean that there would be problems? Don't you think you could figure out a way to give room assignments or even floor assignments based on gender without screwing up? For your information many of us have lived

with the opposite sex already like parents or siblings. It would actually in all likelihood lessen sexual tension on campus.

There are some other notes I have taken about campus that I can not understand at all. Like why does mail take so long here? Where do the trays go, from that slot, at the end of lunch? Why do people stare at their feet so much? Are most of Tech's students mute (or moot)? And I want to know about another thing; there is a television that never turns off, except when I unplug it, and that broadcasts all the time, total shit for programming to no one. It stands at the nowhere zone between the parking lot and the second floor lobby of the student center, just at the end of the

hall leaving the cafeteria. What the hell is it supposed to do?

The point here is that there are other facets to Tech than fraternity row and your major school. So when you are looking in desperation for another place to be, remember you are not only not alone, your quest can be answered.

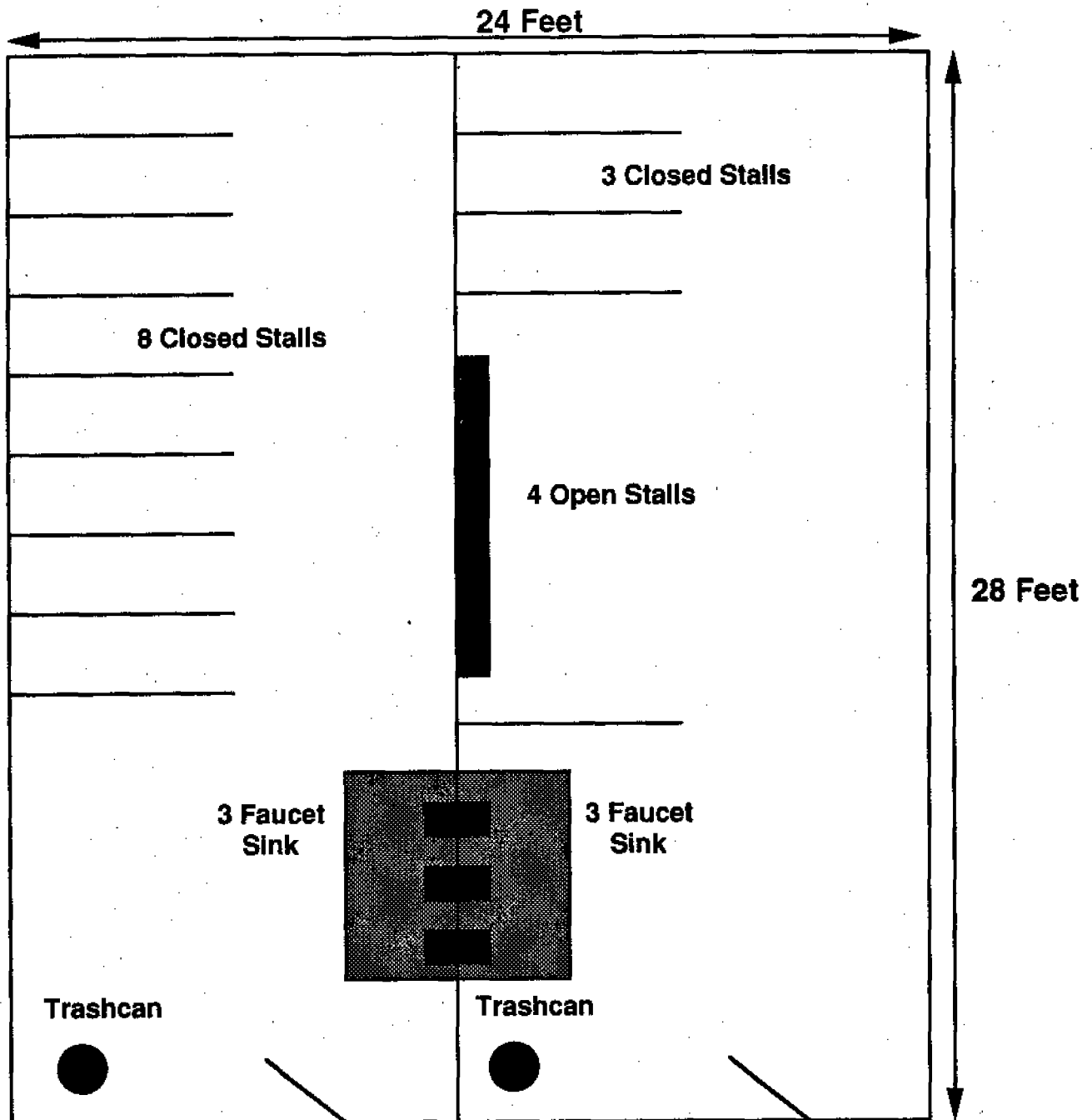
...Tech is not just a place to earn a degree. It cannot be. If it is, it has failed.

This is why I write.



Dave Miertschin
georgia tech station
box 27081
atlanta georgia 30318

Boys and Girls Bathroom



ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT SPACE DEATH

The Deficit

by Cary McKeown

In the previous issue of the NAR (which you'll get after this one) I proposed some structural changes to our government that I believe might improve its functioning, this time I will address some well known problems with the federal budget.

The Budget:

First and foremost — The biggest problem with the Budget and our economy is the drain produced by our tremendous federal deficit and the fact that it is a) growing continually larger and b) growing very rapidly. The reason we have a Deficit and it is growing at a high rate is that the Federal Government spends more money each year than it collects and finances the difference by borrowing money (by selling U.S. Savings Bonds et cetera for example), the only way to reduce the Deficit is for the government to take in more money than it spends on other things and use that extra to pay back the money it owes over time. That requires reducing expenditures and/or raising tax revenue. (Yes, they could just print more money, but that is really just a sneaky way of taxing people by devaluing their money.)

The best way to balance the Budget is to reduce Federal expenditures, however this is no easy task. Each year's base budget of expenditures starts out as the total expenditures last year ad-

justed for inflation and then new stuff is added and what ever we wind up spending will be the base amount that the next budget starts at — Can you say "positive feedback loop"? Another force driving excessive government spending is pork barreling, every body wants as much money given to them as they can get away with and politicians generally prefer to buy votes by giving voters what they want rather than earn votes by getting them what they need and are entitled to — The result is that everyone is worse off, because while everybody else is being taxed to give you what you want, you are also being taxed to give each of them what ever they've weaseled out of the system, most of what all of you want is not worth it, and whether or not a project happens to be worthy a great deal of the money is wasted in the process of being collected, allocated, and distributed. Also, politicians like being 'in charge' of large amounts of money.

Unfortunately a line-item veto while it may help some, really can't touch most of the budget. The way to make significant cuts in expenditures is to make it known to the legislators that you want them to cut out all the pork starting with closing unnecessary military bases and inefficient duplication of functions among the armed services, eliminating various and sundry special subsidies to industries and regions, reforming the welfare sys-

tem to act as a safety net rather than a prison, and eliminate graft and political favoritism in government-contractor relations. (Having them change the budget process to eliminate that built-in positive feedback would be a good idea to.)

O.K., now on to tax revenues. The major problems here are that the tax system is unfair, overly complicated, difficult to enforce, and discourages productive investment and the unchecked authority the IRS has to declare you guilty until proven innocent. So what we need here is major reform of the tax codes and the IRS.

Tax reform:

If we keep the income tax, it should be a flat rate* for all income above a defined cut off, the same rate for all incomes above the cut off and for all types of income: salary, dividends, or interest. No loopholes, few if any deductions allowed. I can see a justification for allowing deductions for charitable contributions, but that is about it. Legitimate charities perform valuable societal functions with voluntarily given private money, this is much more polite and usually more efficient than taxing the public to do the same thing. The economist Milton Friedman** has suggested a number of times that incorporating a negative tax rate for people below the poverty line as a way to better and more efficiently achieve the purpose of most welfare programs. These are supposed to act as a safety net in cases of temporary misfortune. Some variation on that idea could be a feasible means of providing that function and thus allowing welfare and the IRS to be consolidated into a single much smaller and more efficient organization.

I believe that currently some sort of universal, federal 'consumption tax' is being considered. I'm not sure I understand exactly what is meant by all the different names they're given so I'll just

explain what I suggest. Call it a, profit-tax, just to be sure it has a name that isn't used for a different plan already. Basically it is a value added tax in that you tax a percentage of the difference in price at every stage in the manufacturing process (you buy \$200 of materials to make \$300 of product, so you pay tax on the \$100 difference) with the added fact that it also applies to capital gains realized on the sale of equity or financial instruments and if there is an income tax as well then both are at the same rate. The point of these flat rates and making them match is so the tax burden is applied as an even drag to all sectors of the economy otherwise it favors certain portions unfairly and distorts the functioning of the free market by encouraging and discouraging purchases and investments for fiscal reasons that have nothing to do with their real economic value.

No 'protective' tariffs (They're a form of subsidy thus, they too distort the free market mechanism toward inefficient investment.), any tariffs should be a uniform (low) ad valorem rate on all imports to cover customs expenses, and handling/disposal charges based on the cost of dealing with their eventual disposal. (I'll have to expand on this concept of returning the cost of waste and pollution to the source, where it will be included in the economic equation, rather than leaving it to fall as a general burden on the public in a later article.)

* according to Marilyn Mach Vos Savant in her *Ask Marilyn* column that ran in the February 21, 1993 *Parade* magazine, with the current number of taxpayers each would have to pay 15.22% of his/her income to give the federal government just as much money as they get now. She and I both think this means our government is way too big.

** see 'Free to Choose' by Milton and Rose Friedman

Is Norman Rockwell Dead?

I walked out onto North Avenue the other day with a pack of cigarettes to look for Georgia Tech. Not just its physical location, but its spirit. And I have a Question: Does Norman Rockwell go to Tech? I get this feeling as I walk around our campus. It's a feeling of the dark mysterious chasm of the unexplainable or unfamiliar. Walking around, one definitely notices the "institute" feeling of this place. I'd be lying if I said it's not very traditional here. This was evident in anyone who stood outside the VP debates last fall. I remember a large crowd of folks who were yelling "We want Quayle!" I remember thinking to myself, "You can have him." When Desert Storm hit, we were the only school in all of Atlanta to be home to a pro-war rally. When I was a freshman, a professor of mine instructed an Asian student, of marginal English speaking capability, that "we speak English here, son!" I know a multitude of women have been told by their peers as well as some of their professors that women don't belong in the sciences or engineering.

I'll admit, three years of tedious problem solving and mind-numbing memorization have left my creativity rather stultified. All of these ingrained, restrictive, monotonous techniques have made us limited people who are handicapped in creating social, career or advancement situations for ourselves. We have a tendency to accept this restrictive and prohibitive nature of things rather than to challenge it and seek new possibilities.

Yes folks, the American dream is alive at Tech; it's just stuck in another epoch. Norman

Rockwell is dead; but his humorous insights live on. Norman Rockwell raised a few eyebrows in his time. Whether it was showing, or scenes of a racially integrated workplace, or, one of my favorites, the defiant housewife walking out the door and leaving the hopelessly inept family to cook for themselves, he knew. These images, which were controversial back then, define a way of life for many of us now.

We are, by, name, and "Institute of Technology." Our school shield is highlighted at the bottom by the words "progress and service." Progress requires that we be able to consider all the possibilities. This requires tolerance of things that may irk us. Norman Rockwell realized this. It's time we do, too.

It's funny how a picture of Albert Einstein gets noticed by everyone on this campus (As Pugwash has proven). He was one such person who was on the theoretical fringe of his profession. Nazi Germany made the mistake of scaring him as well as many of his colleagues off to the more TOLERANT United States. As a result, the Allies, not the Axis, have been in charge globally for the last fifty years or so. If we are going to be the innovators of tomorrow, we can't afford to dismiss people because they disturb us. Because it is in this disturbance that we notice something is wrong. For how can we fix something if we can't even recognize the problem? The day we tell the dreamers that their ideas are absurd is the day we condemn ourselves to a stoic repetition of the status quo. If that's the case there'll be a lot of unemployed engineers out there letting their minds waste away.

This blind acceptance is no excuse to dismiss someone, whether it be the Fundo-Christian preacher on the Student Center steps or the most irreverent of our acquaintances. In the words of Dan Quayle, "What a waste it is to lose one's mind, or not to have a mind is being very wasteful. How true that is." I think he was onto something.

Mark Cleary

Pro-Life Equals Nazi?

After writing a letter to the school newspaper this quarter favoring a continued ban on the abortion pill and an end to abortion, I was labeled a "Nazi" by a responding writer. My first reaction was to throw that four-letter word back in the writer's face by explaining who I thought was the true Nazi. But because trading charges of Nazism does not further the cause of the elevation of truth, I offer the following framework on which the reader may meditate.

It is true that ending abortion includes preventing the person who wants to have an abortion from exercising that "choice". And it is true that Nazism represents the removal of certain personal freedoms which we enjoy in our American system. But it does NOT necessarily follow that ending the "freedom" of abortion is Nazi-like, because:

If the fetus is a tissue mass, then pro-lifers are Nazi-like in wanting to take away a woman's control of her body; but if the fetus is a CHILD, then pro-choicers are Nazi-like wanting to allow that child's life to be taken.

One might favor a system (as did another responding writer) wherein those who hold the "child" view should not abort and those who hold the "tissue" view should be allowed to

abort. The problem with this system is that:

Under such a system, although the opinion of the mother dictates the FATE of the fetus, her opinion does NOT establish the STATUS (child or tissue) of the fetus.

This is similar to the standard problem in Probability and Statistics class of Bill hiding five marbles in his hand which he picked from a vase filled with ten white and twenty red marbles. It is inappropriate for Bill's friend Bob to discuss the "PROBABILITY" that there are, say, three reds and two whites in Bill's fist. Although Bob does not know what it is, there exists a FIXED mix of marbles in Bill's hand (not to be confused with the variety of mixes which he might achieve in future picks). When Bill has one red and four whites, no matter what Bob calculates or guesses, there is a ZERO probability that there are three reds and two whites. Likewise, no matter what you or I think, every fetus' status is established: they ARE children; or they ARE tissue mass. Ironically, even though our opinion will not affect the STATUS of the fetuses, in this democracy we must decide the tissue/child question in order to dictate the fetuses' FATE.

What is correct?:

- > Is a fertilized egg a child?
- > Was a baby a child on the day before it was born?
- > Whenever you think it became a child, what makes it different than it was the moment before?
- > If the Supreme Court changes its previous opinion that a woman should be allowed to have an abortion, does she no longer have the "right" to an abortion?

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^{The NAR requests} **THE NAR REQUESTS**

Georgia Tech Community
participation in the next
issue: NAR In the Streets.

Meetings are Tues. 6pm.
in the Student Services
Bldg. It's all up to you.

we will
be holding elections!
FOR 93-94



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