The North Avenue Review

issue vii

June 1990

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

STRUCTURE

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

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

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General Information

Please include your real name, p.o. box and phone number on all submissions.

Send submissions to:

The North Avenue Review
GT Campus Mail
P.O. Box 35919
Atlanta, GA 30332

Thursday, June 28th

D.M. Smith room 105 at 6 pm.

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

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

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

If there are any concerns, questions, or problems, contact Stacy Johnson (p.o. 31047) or Tom Hickman (p.o. 35919).

Articles

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

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

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

Letters

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

The North Avenue Review has always been an open, politically non-aligned press. Anyone in the Tech community is welcome to contribute. See page two for details. The editors have never rejected any article...so if you feel an important viewpoint is underrepresented there is one thing you can do about it:

write.

p.o. box

35919

Letters

To the editors:

A couple of weeks ago, the *North Avenue Review* 1991 allocations bill went to a vote in SGA. It was perhaps one of the biggest debates that the USC has seen all year. Having somewhat preconceived notions about what the entire scenario was going to be like, I must admit that I was very impressed with the amount of insight that many of the senators showed on the subject. I gained a tremendous amount of respect for many of the senators, including those who voted against the magazine.

First, I would like to thank my personal representatives. I want to thank Jeff Bauch, Jeff West, and Jeff Teasley for their strong support and suggestions, and Susan Sutherland, Doug Johnson, and Jason Lowery for their time and suggestions.

I would also like to thank all of the *North Avenue Review* editors and readers who called their senators and asked them to vote in favor of the magazine, as well as those who showed up at the USC meetings.

I think that I can speak for the entire *Review* in thanking the following GSS and USC senators who defended the bill in the meetings: Christian Ratsch, Mike Wileman, Garrett De Vries, Cliff Norris, David C. Nelson, Jeff West, Jeff Bauch, Scott Orr, Chris Goldman, and all of the rest who spoke on behalf of the *Review* and voted in favor of the bill.

I think that the entire *Review* would also like to extend its gratitude to Michael Cowan, Jim Boatwright, and Steve Lunsford for meeting with NAR representatives and providing them with helpful suggestions for the magazine.

We would like to thank the entire SGA for the time and careful consideration that they devoted to the issue, and we appreciate everything.

Sincerely,
Stacy A. Johnson, p.o. 31047

To the editors:

Issue VI, May 1990 of the North Avenue Review contained an article by Torrence T. Stephens titled "He Speaks With A Forked Tongue." As an ardent defender of Christianity and the Bible I would like to make a few comments concerning the article.

1) European logic did not create Christianity. The first use of the term "Christian" was in the ancient city of Antioch shortly after Jesus returned to the right hand of God. "Christians" because they were "Christ-like" (i.e. they acted like Jesus acted). European logic did however, espouse a religion called Christianity which was built upon doctrines and traditions of men. This religion was and is very different from the Christianity that the people of Antioch had seen.

2) Torrence T. Stephens seem to be saying that Christianit (read the Bible, Jesus, God endorsed or encouraged slaver and in our day, racism an oppression of Black people. It obvious that Torrence T Stephens has not read the Bibl nor understood its teachings. Th Bible is not about social statu race, economics, or history, bu rather the Bible is about how have a relationship with the on true God. The Bible has much say about how one is to li one's life on the earth (i.e. lo thy neighbor as thyself), but it first and foremost about ho one can have a relationship wi God. There were slaves at th time of Christ, yet he did n teach rebellion or violen overthrow of the system. Th reason for this is that Jesus cam to show us the way to God, an to die for our sins. In oth words the condition of one's so is more important than on social station in life (for wh does it profit a man to gain t whole world but lose his soul This in no way encoura slavery or racism. Torrence Stephens makes the clas mistake of equating peopl actions (so-called Christian with the true teachings of Chr

Cordially,
George Brockway, p.o. 304

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Our Radical Forefathers Had the Right Idea

Students for Life, the new campus anti-choice organization, recently strung a banner on the Skiles overpass advertising a presentation by Georgia Nurses for Life. Their banner was twice stolen, and then defaced to read "Georgia Nazis for Life."

While I personally am pro-choice, I cling to the belief that everyone has a right to say what they want to say in the manner that they want to say it. Interestingly, this magazine you are now reading was the victim of such anti-first amendment tactics.

Freedom is not easy. Freedom is uncomfortable. The first amendment is a tragic amendment in that it inflicts a lot of pain on a lot of people.

—Kurt Vonnegut

4000 copies of *The North Avenue Review*'s third issue were stolen last fall immediately following the magazine's initial funding allocation from SGA. And last quarter all the copies of *Southern Voice*, a homosexual rights/news magazine, were stolen.

Such obstructions to free speech point to a very disturbing trend on this campus and in this country. The truly free exchange of ideas and opinions is one freedom our radical forefathers stressed above all others. Only with such an exchange can we then progress intellectually. Only then can we begin to make informed decisions. Only then can we improve the lot of others around us. The only way one can hold an educated view of something is if s/he is exposed to all sides of the issue. You can't be a socialist without understanding capitalism. You can't be pro-gun control until you understand the arguments against it. And you can't be pro-choice until you understand the pro-life position.

Anyone who values the free dissemination of ideas and actively practices it should be outraged at this silly act. Afterall, you might be the next one to be subject to such storm arm ridiculousness.

Freedom is a road seldom traveled by the multitude.

—Malcolm X

by Stephen Danyo

New-Wave Machiavellian

Patrick Crecine and the Politics of Reorganization

Most Georgia Tech students are aware that the Institute has undergone a reorganization over the past year. The details of the reorganization have been related in numerous news articles. This reorganization, however, has not gone smoothly.

The problems began about two years ago when the New College Committee's original recommendation for a separate Management College and a separate Humanities and Social Sciences College were rejected by President Crecine's handpicked Steering Committee, which demanded that the recommendations be rewritten to require a single college. The New College Committee supplemented its original report, and noted: "...the committee also stands by its analysis of the reasons in favor of the rejected two college option."

The recommendations came to a vote during summer quarter, when a large number of faculty were absent. In violation of an agreement with the Executive Board, he structured the vote such that the Ivan Allen College, which is to contain the School of Management, and College of Sciences were presented as a single package. A faculty member could not vote for one part of the reorganization without voting for the other. Consequently, the vote was close, but the recommendations did pass by a single percentage point. The plans were subsequently approved by the Board of Regents, and the changes took place in the Spring of this year.

The controversies have not ended, for the actual implementation of the plans has not been developed. The campus unit most concerned about the changes, especially the creation of the Ivan Allen College, has been the College/School of Management. The faculty has been insulted by the president, the students have been insulted by various administrators, and letters have been sent to alumni by both the Management faculty and the president. Now the students have become involved in the reorganization process, investigating the impact it will have on themselves.

The reorganization plans are of particular interest to the graduate students, who found several areas of concern after examining the plans. The first problem is their effect on the morale of the faculty, because it is sometimes difficult for the faculty to perform effectively amidst the large amount of controversy surrounding the reorganization. Conditions are somewhat uncertain for them, and their worries are communicated in the classroom. Another area of concern is the public relations and image problems created by President Crecine's derogatory comments about the Management faculty and students. Many students are now reluctant to pursue additional degrees at Georgia Tech because of them. A third concern involves the lack of communication between the faculty and the president. As part of their investigation, about 30 graduate students held a meeting with the president. In this meeting the president indicated a desire to resolve the controversies and move forward. However, he did not seem to understand the concerns of the management faculty or fully understand the concerns of the students, and he continued with derogatory comments directed at selected Management faculty members. The president has not been willing to spend much time meeting with the faculty (especially the senior faculty), and he recently appointed a dean that is seldom in town—because he is also an executive with Proctor&Gamble!

The specific concerns mentioned by Management faculty include questions of resource allocation: specifically, how will funds be dispersed in the combined college? The School of Management is presently under-funded, and is not able to give much depth to some concentration areas. The School of Management has high demand for its programs, but funds are being allocated to programs with little immediate demand. Another issue involves the lack of the decision-making autonomy that needs to reside in the specific schools of the combined College. Personnel decisions, such as recruiting, hiring, and tenure are best made by the schools that the decisions affect, because the qualities of personnel are best known to those in that area. The reorganization, however, creates a single college-wide personnel committee, which may play political games with personnel decisions. Such games could affect the retention of some of the most qualified and respected faculty members.

The students would like to see these issues resolved and believe that the lead in resolving them must be taken by the president. President Crecine told the graduate students with whom he met that he believed that his biggest mistake during the reorganization was not conferring with the Management faculty. He said that he had avoided them on the advice of several advisors. It is time to correct that mistake. The students want to see the president meet with the faculty and begin to resolve these issues.

The students feel that most of the management faculty are very good and that the quality of the management college is under-appreciated at Tech because of the predominance of the engineering-related programs. That is not to denigrate the engineers; instead it is to say that Georgia Tech's management programs, particularly the graduate programs, are very good. The school was recently rated fifth in the nation in contributions to management literature, and its master's degree students rank 15th in the nation in terms of admission test scores. Although it is possible to work within the Ivan Allen College, it will be more difficult than had the Management College retained its independence.

It is time to see attempts to resolve the differences. Enough damage has been done to the image of Georgia Tech management programs. The students want to see the President take the lead in working to reconcile his differences with the faculty, for the importance of visible attempts at reconciliation can not be understated.

by James McElvaney

the northport ghosts

by Alan Herod

My cousin and I recently went in search of a ghost. Actually it was two ghosts--the spirits of two women who lost their husbands in the Civil War and after 125 years were still searching for them. These ghosts exist (haunt, eternally walk the earth?) in the woods near the small town of Northport, Alabama three hours west of Atlanta on I-20. In death, these ghosts are seeking truths that they were unable to realize while they were still with the living.

When I told friends of the quest and asked if they cared to join us, reactions were mixed. Some said that ghosts don't exist and felt that my time and money would be much better spent drinking beer in Buckhead (which is usually appealing, but Alabama has bars too--e.g. Harry's in Tuscaloosa where you can buy a Krazy Bucket, get shloshed, and keep the pail can it was served in). Others said they had too much to study (A good excuse at this institution. I admire your willpower. Got to get good grades to get a job.). However, even if these ghosts were a crock, I felt I would come closer to truths in my search than if I remained submissive towards the popular schools of reasoning.

And on the three hour drive I got a chance to start to develop a good friendship with my cousin whom, previously, I had known only through yearly visits to grandma's for Thanksgiving. We discussed each other's religious views and probed each other's mind in order to determine whether the other believed these ghosts could actually exist. Within this discussion we started to truly appreciate the freedoms America offered in that we could choose our own religious, political, and social beliefs and freely discuss them in an open forum without fear of censorship.

I guess one of the reasons I felt so strongly about locating these ghosts is because, like many 23-year-olds nearing graduation from college, I have begun to wonder (worry?) about my own mortality. I mean, just how stable are things in this world? The environment is going to hell, food shortages and draught plague the earth, revolutionaries, terrorists, drug wars--well you've heard it all before. But is it possible that these factors could really affect my future, that dream of stability which I have spent the last five years painstakingly attempting to achieve? Should *I* worry about such issues? They tell me I will burn in hell for not going to church--how bad will it be if I neglect my 5 billion starving, repressed brothers and sisters while I bathe in my excesses? Perhaps if I could find these ghosts, I could talk to them. I could ask them what it is like to be dead or whether they realize they are dead at all. I could ask about heaven and hell. I could ask them why they are still looking for their husbands who surely must be dead after all this time. Are they looking for truths or are they so afraid of what they'll find that they are simply neglecting the obvious.

Late that night, my cousin and I came close to the location where the ghosts had been seen before. It had rained earlier that day and tendrils of fog clung to the trees along the rarely travelled road we drove upon. I must admit that with each curve we rounded I felt somewhat apprehensive that just possibly we would come face to face with some unknown force. Why was I so afraid? For if we found the ghosts, I would be forever confident of questions regarding death. On the other hand, maybe strengths are gained not in the revelation of the quest but rather in the search. Finally, we rounded a corner and my heart jumped. They were about fifty feet away, six feet tall, shimmering, pale through the fog. It's hard to explain what we saw. But, for my cousin and I, some old questions were answered; some new questions were posed. We are still searching, but, unlike the Northport ghosts, we have moved on.

This country with its constitution belongs to those who live in it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they shall exercise their constitutional rights of amending it or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it.

-- Abraham Lincoln

We are socialists because we share a vision of a human social order based on popular control of resources and production, economic planning, equitable distribution, feminism, racial equality, and non-oppressive relationships.

-- From the Political Statement of DSA

The Democratic Socialists of America

by Steve Donkin

The Democratic Socialists of America (DSA) is a national organization of about 10,000 members committed to fulfilling the ideals of democracy and socialism in this country. Toward this end, it is non-partisan (choosing to endorse candidates rather than parties), non-revolutionary (advocating change through the democratic electoral process rather than violence or subversion), and non-dogmatic (encompassing a wide range of political, philosophical, and religious views). DSA was founded in 1982 by the merger of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee and the New American Movement. Among its members are California Congressman Ron Dellums, New York City Mayor David Dinkins, former president of the International Association of Machinists William Winpisinger, feminist activist Gloria Steinem, and esteemed academics like Daniel Bell of Harvard and Cornel West of Princeton.

The unifying force in DSA is a common belief that people in this country and elsewhere should be able to have control over the decisions that affect their lives. The absence of such control is evident everywhere we look: the enormous cost of the savings and loan bail-out which will be levied on taxpayers; the horrendous state of health care, the environment, and education; the proliferation of poverty, homelessness, racism, sexism, drug abuse, and homophobia; and the continued use of military force, CIA sponsored terrorism, and economic bullying tactics in U.S. foreign policy. The lack of power that Americans feel they have in changing the world is manifested every election day, when less than half of those eligible to vote even bother to cast a ballot.

Nationally, DSA has emphasized grassroots organizing around local and regional issues as a way of empowering people. DSA has been involved in promoting voter registration, helping labor unions in their struggles for workers' rights, bringing feminist and minority concerns to the forefront of public policy debate, publishing papers and books, and sponsoring speakers, seminars, and conferences all over the country. In a time when the Left seems to be facing an uncertain future, DSA is working to redirect the national agenda back toward the progressive ideals on which the United States was founded, while simultaneously remembering that the world today is a much different place, and new ideals are also in order.

Locally, Atlanta DSA currently operates on a more modest and informal scale. An immediate goal to bring together the many leftist organizations and individuals in Atlanta so as to create an effective, cohesive Atlanta Left. Atlanta's historical role at the forefront of the civil rights and labor movements should make this an important as well as attainable goal. Contacts are being established with the Atlanta Greens, Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), National Organization of Women (NOW), various labor unions, SANE/Freeze and other peace groups, students, and concerned individuals. If you are interested in finding out more, you can contact me:

Steve Donkin, Box 34071, 755-4237

He was two years behind in school. Jason (not his real name) had been living with his grandmother, who kept him out of school, for several months. He lived with his grandmother because his mother was in jail. After she was released, the two of them lived in a shelter for homeless women.

There he had his own dedicated tutor who worked with him every day, trying to bring him up to his grade level. Though not yet officially enrolled, he attended school for two weeks. Then his mother violated the terms of her probation and was sent back to jail, at which time Jason moved back in with his grandmother in the housing project, and back out of school. Protective Services said it was truancy, over which they had no jurisdiction, so they referred his case to the school who could also do nothing since, after all, he was never officially enrolled.

The Sick Child (1894) by E.

The shelter where Jason spent his brief education is located in midtown Atlanta. It is a place for homeless women and their children. While there, Jason lived in a room with 60 beds and 110 people. In fact, up to four people - mother and children, and sometimes three generations - share two beds. The only privacy any of them is afforded is in the bathroom.

Each day, these people get up at 5:00 AM and eat at 6:15, for they must be out by 7:00. They can't return - neither mothers nor children - until 4:30. While the kids are at school, the mothers go to a day shelter, day labor, job training, or just disappear. When these women do work, it is often demeaning and unchallenging, as they will bitterly profess.

The kids go off each day to a school where they are the outsiders, the perpetually new kids. They have to adjust to new curriculum, classmates, and teachers several times a year, always trying to adjust but always a little behind. The elementary school age is not known for great compassion: at the end of the day, these children run out so that no one sees them go to their shelter. Often, when the girls from this group return from elementary school, the care for a younger sibling is thrust upon them. The kids are always happy to move

A Sheltered Life

by Scott Regis

out of the shelter.

Why, then, would anyone come to live here?

These women are homeless. They are in the shelter because they can't afford anything else. Sometimes they are broke, or in debt, because of a drug habit. Sometimes they have gotten behind on rent on their apartment or public housing. Sometimes they are simply unemployed and too poor to pay their expenses. For many, the shelter is neither new nor a product of conscious intent; rather, it is life as they have always known it. The background of these mothers is rarely of benefit to the next generation. Most moms aren't interested in their kids' work, and few can name their children's teacher. Some are themselves illiterate. Disciplining of their children is at best, sporadic and at worst, brutal. What to them may appear as discipline appears to you and me as beating. It all depends on your background.

Sometimes, after the frustration of a mother is expressed by negligence or violence, Protective Services comes and takes a child. If a mother does not show up at the end of the day, her child may be taken away and she will be evicted from the shelter. The children are terrified of Protective Services, strangers who take them away from their family and their home.

But is it a home? In some ways, it would seem so. A strange kind of family lives here: mother and children, and sometimes grandchildren, but no men. Lots of these families live here. The shelter provides a short reprieve, for a maximum of ninety days, to those who have no other option. It was established by the Christian Council of Metro Atlanta, an ecumenical community service organization. The shelter has a few guidelines which everyone must follow. Women are given a warning for not keeping their bed neat, not doing chores, or fighting or stealing. After two warnings, or if they have alcohol or drugs in the shelter, they are told to leave. These rules are necessary to ensure some kind of order and stability in the shelter.

For the women and children who live there, the shelter is certainly helpful as a last line of defense against homelessness. However, it is only a temporary measure. And, certainly, it is not really a home. Children living there do grow physically older, but do not grow in some very important ways. It is an environment where a child is inherently limited, an environment that we can never really understand. And the children here are never given the option of living elsewhere. Not rarely enough, the shelter is the next stop for children after the hospital where they were born. What kind of life can you expect when a newborn moves straight from birth into a homeless shelter, and what kind of adult? Think about your home, and the role it played in defining who and where you are now, and be careful where you cast responsibility for a homeless child who grows up to be a homeless adult.

You can change people and you can change society.

I know about this shelter because for several months I have been tutoring the children there, helping them with homework and, more importantly, caring that they learned. You know because I think that as an American citizen, you should know about all segments of your society, not just the one into which you were born.. And, I think that you should know what you can do to help. By simply volunteering 2:30 to 5:00 one day a week, you can make a big impact on the lives of a lot of children. About 40 kids move through the after-school program each quarter, each of whom needs someone who can help with their work and who is happy when they get it right. The work is volunteer, but you could never say that it is without reward. If you would like to do something really simple to help a lot of people, this summer or next year, you can call 876-0368 and talk to Virginia, who runs the after-school program. Or, you can get in touch with me.

If you have read this far, you already have the beginnings of knowledge about a segment of our society which is largely ignored. But knowledge is not enough. You can make a difference, but only if you act. You don't have to come help with homework (although it would help), but look around you. You can change people and you can change society.

A Critical Analysis of the Irish Situation With Proposed Solution

by Scott D. Orr

Everyone familiar with current events is doubtless aware of the serious situation in Ireland. The purpose of this essay is to examine the problem in detail and present a realistic solution. The problem, in its essence, is a simple one:

Ireland was colonized by the English in the 17th century. To encourage settlement, the Stuart monarchs, James I and Charles I, granted Irish estates to their followers. When Oliver Cromwell came to power after the English Civil War, he sought to convert Ireland to Puritanism. The Irish resisted because of their deeply rooted Roman Catholic faith. The English in Ireland fought Cromwell because they were supporters of the vanquished monarch Charles I. The two groups together prevented Cromwell from gaining control of island, but thousands of Irishmen were killed in the process. For the actions of Cromwell, the Irish hated the English.

The Irish continued to fight even after the Stuarts regained the throne in the Restoration. This time, however, the fighting was completely different, as the Irish now hated the English because of the many English landlords who had never set foot in Ireland, and who were draining the island of its money and resources, a situation which inspired Jonathan Swift's famous essay, "A Modest Proposal". This fighting continued sporadically until the main part of Ireland was given its independence in the 19th century.

It was at this point that the Irish began hating the English for a new reason — namely, the fact that England, in giving Ireland its independence, had kept Northern Ireland. While the Northern Irish approved of being part of England, the Irish could not tolerate this situation. In addition, the people of Ireland, because they were Roman Catholics, hated the Protestants in Ireland. The people of Northern Ireland hated the Catholics living there. The Irish hated the Northern Irish for unjustifiably hating Catholics, and the Northern Irish hated the Irish for unjustifiably hating Protestants. The Irish would give the Protestants no rights, the Northern Irish would give the Catholics no rights, and the Irish formed an organization (which they simultaneously banned and allowed to exist) called the Irish Republican Army, with the treble purpose of liberating Northern Ireland, killing Protestants, and killing Catholics who didn't hate Protestants.

That, in a nutshell, is the Irish problem.

The obvious solution would be that everyone stop hating everyone else. However, even a cursory analysis shows that this idea is completely unfeasible. It would be unreasonable to expect the Irish to relinquish their long-standing hatred of the English and Northern Irish, deeply rooted as it is in injustices to past generations. What's more, the plan could not possibly succeed without religious toleration, another unreasonable expectation. As the Irish and Northern Irish are both devout and feel that each of their respective religions is the One True Religion, they cannot be expected to allow the practice of any other religion. Truly, even a child can see that this proposal is completely unworkable.

Therefore, the only reasonable solution to the Irish problem is its elimination — to wit, the nuclear annihilation of the Emerald Isle.

Nuclear weapons are the obvious choice because of their thoroughness and efficiency; a few warheads, launched perhaps as a joint United Nations effort, should suffice. Neutron bombs might be a desirable alternative to traditional nuclear weapo as they destroy population and prese structures; however, there could well b problem of body disposal, and there is li in Ireland worth preserving anyway.

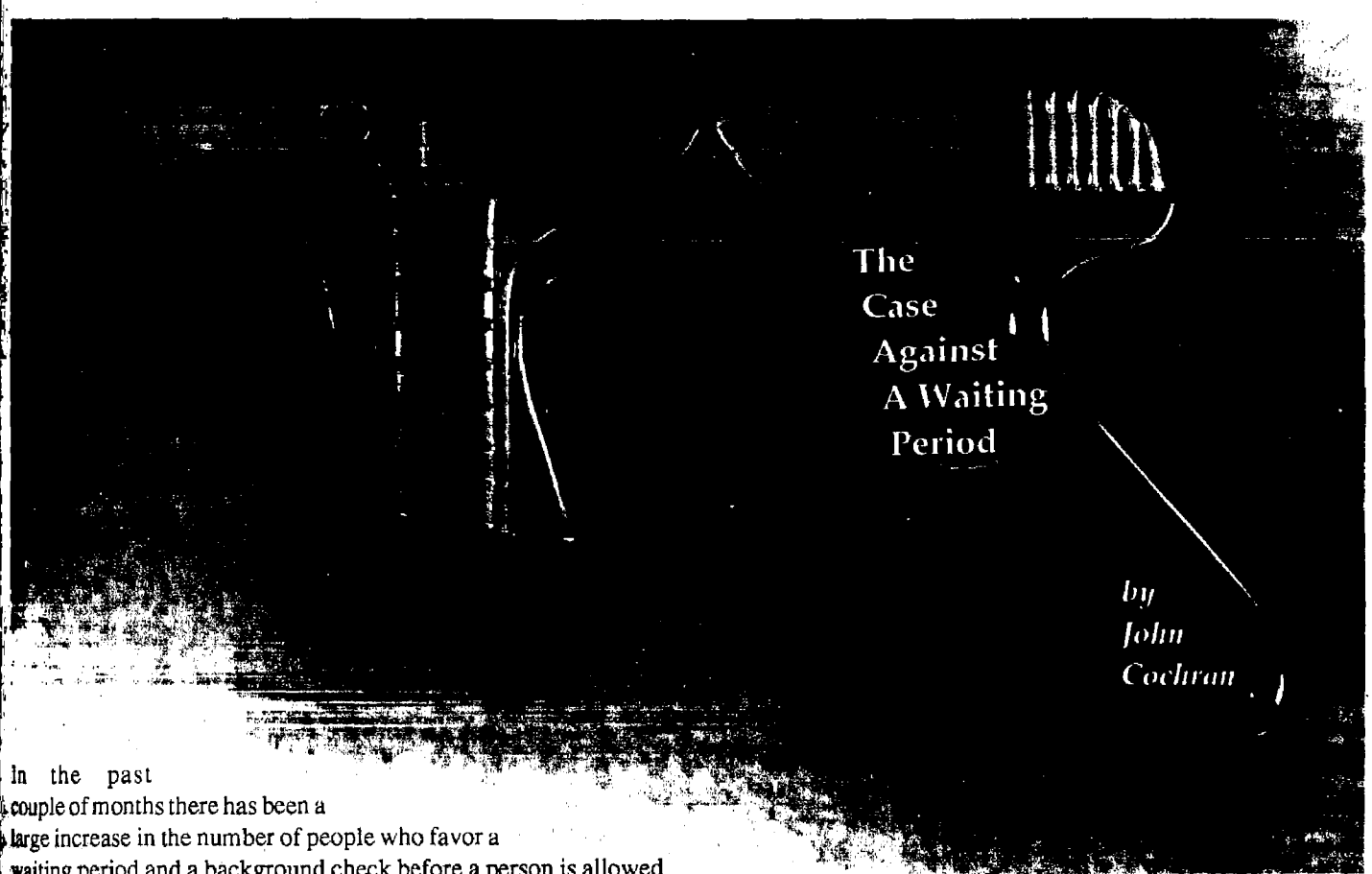
Chemical weapons also come to mind, they are not nearly so efficient as nucle ones, and would remain in the soil for yea afterward; with nuclear airbursts, the isla should be ready for redevelopment as soo as the radiation has died down.

It has been suggested that, if left themselves, the Irish will eventually destr each other through conventional warfa Unfortunately, while this is almost certain true, it might take too long, again, as w neutron and chemical weapons, there is t problem of body disposal.

It is conceivable that some might argu against the plan on the basis of its ecologic consequences, specifically the so-call "nuclear winter" phenomenon. Howev the relatively small number of nucl devices involved should keep the effect minimum; in fact, as after the Krakat eruption, the world should enjoy a period beautiful sunsets.

A possibly more serious side effect wou be the resulting fallout, which could spre to the rest of Europe. But, as shown by recent Chernobyl incident, fallout effe should be controllable through produ inspections, the issuance of Geiger count and iodine pills, and other anti-radiati measures.

It therefore becomes clear that, if the Ir cannot patch up their differences themselv the enlightened mind must choose nucl annihilation as the only feasible solution the Irish problem.



The Case Against A Waiting Period

by John Cochran

In the past couple of months there has been a large increase in the number of people who favor a waiting period and a background check before a person is allowed to purchase a handgun. Many reasons have been given for supporting a waiting period. It has been claimed that (1) a waiting period and a background check would keep guns out of the hands of criminals, (2) it would reduce the crime rate, and (3) it would stop people who have just been involved in a violent argument and are homicidally inclined at the moment from injuring or killing someone.

In response to the first claim which states that a waiting period would miraculously manage to keep handguns away from criminals, there is simply no way to prove that this is even remotely possible. In fact, a majority of law enforcement officials do not believe that a waiting period, or even a complete ban on firearms, would stop criminals from acquiring weapons. On the American Law Enforcement Officers Poll for 1989, which was sent to 16,259 chiefs of police and sheriffs across the country, the following questions were asked:

Q. Do you believe that a waiting period to purchase a handgun or any type of firearm will have any effect on criminals getting firearms?
A. 70.91% responded No

Q. Do you believe that the banning of firearms will reduce the ability of criminals to obtain such weapons?
A. 90.18% responded No

Also in a survey of prisoners conducted by James D. Wright of the Rand Corporation, 88% of career criminals said they believe that they will always be able to get handguns no matter how strict gun control laws are. The old saying that "If guns are illegal only criminals will have guns" has, in fact, a very logical base.

Willis Booth, a lobbyist for the Florida Police Chiefs Association with over 40 years of law enforcement experience, expressed Florida law enforcement's idea of waiting periods and background checks by saying," I think any working policeman will tell you that the crooks already have guns. If a criminal fills out an application and sends his application....he's the biggest, dumbest crook I've ever seen".

A second point made by many gun control advocates is that a waiting period will reduce the crime rate. This statement can also be proven to be completely false. No gun law, in any city, state or nation, has ever reduced violent crime or even slowed its rate of growth. Most gun laws are defended by citing the number of people who are denied lawful access to handguns, but actual crime trends are almost always ignored. Even though Washington D.C. has an almost virtual ban on handguns, violent crime rose over twice as fast in the nation's capitol as in the rest of the country (48% vs. 22%, 1976-1982). The city of Atlanta also has one of the most strict gun control laws in America, and we all know first hand how much of a difference it has made on the rate of crime in Atlanta: absolutely none!

But what about cities that require all heads of a household to own a gun. Yes, these really do exist! Kennesaw, Ga. passed just such an

ordinance a few years ago. Since 1981, the number of home burglaries in Kennesaw, which is the fastest growing city in the fifth fastest growing county in the nation, has decreased by more than 400 percent.

According to statistics kept by the Kennesaw police department, the number of home burglaries has dropped from 11 per thousand in 1981 to 2.6 per thousand in 1989. During the same time the city's population increased 39% - from 5,375 to almost 9000.

As far as using the number of people who are denied access to handguns as evidence that gun control actually works, you must be sure to discover the real reason they were denied permission to purchase a handgun. Here's a quote from James Baker, director of the Governmental Affairs Division of the I.L.A. "It is alleged that waiting periods work because thirty-seven individuals were denied handguns in the first half year of a waiting period in Broward County, Florida. The truth is that a large number of these rejections were for outstanding traffic citations - not a valid basis for rejection under either Florida state law or Broward County law. Furthermore, handgun deaths in the county rose during that period."

Now ask yourself what will happen when lawmakers finally realize that a waiting period fails to reduce crime? Will they repeal the law? Of course not! They will use that failure to push for even more restrictive laws. For example, the state of California has moved from a 2 day waiting period in 1940 to 3 days in 1958, to 5 days in 1965, and finally to a 15 day waiting period in 1976. This is a longer minimum time than any other state and yet the rate of violent crime per 100,000 persons rose 235% between 1965 and 1987 in California! Then in 1982, anti-gunners used this failure of the waiting period to push for a complete freeze on handguns. Fortunately, the voters saw through this facade and soundly defeated the proposition.

I'm sure that by now many of you are being honest and admitting to yourself that a waiting period and a background check will not stop crime or criminals. You may still claim, however, that a waiting period will prevent a person from going out after a fight and purchasing a handgun to be used to kill someone in anger. First, we already have laws against this. It's called premeditated murder. Since these laws haven't stopped murders, how much difference would a waiting period really make? Second, if a person is angry enough to kill someone, they will almost never wait long enough to purchase a gun. Instead, they will use whatever is at hand, whether it be a knife, a baseball bat, a golf club or even gasoline and matches. Should we have a waiting period on these items as well? Third, statistics show that the time in which passion murders occur most often is between 8:00 p.m. and 3:00 a.m., long after gun shops are closed.

In answer to the purely emotional plea of "If it saves just one life isn't it worthwhile", I will argue that a waiting period is just as likely to cause a death as to prevent one. For example, law enforcement officers publicly informed citizens that the police would be unable to protect them during the Liberty City riots in Dade County, Florida, and that the citizens should protect themselves. But county waiting period prevented many law-abiding people fro doing just this. Many people were also upset in California whe they had to wait 15 days to protect themselves from possib victimization by the "Night Stalker."

Not only would a waiting period and a background check place great burden on the law-abiding citizen who wants to prote himself, it would also cost all taxpayers a tremendous amount o money and create even more, useless bureaucratic paperwork tha exists even now. It would also be a huge violation of a person's rig to privacy. A background check would set into motion a collecti of police files on all law-abiding citizens who comply with th waiting period. It is exactly this amassing of records on no criminals that I am so vehemently opposed to.

On April 24, 1990 a tragic event occurred which has raised the batt over gun control in the state of Georgia to new heights. Jam Calvin Brady, a previously released mental health patient, walke into Perimeter Mall with a handgun and injured four people whil killing one. James Brady did purchase the handgun the day befor and a waiting period and background check may have stopped hi I can't deny that. I would like to argue, however, that the proble lies not in the right of the individual to purchase a gun but in th mental health and criminal justice systems that would let Brady, an others like him, back onto the streets.

In conclusion, I would like to offer an alternative solution. In th May 17, 1990 edition of the *Atlanta Constitution* an article quot a gubernatorial candidate as saying," In the place of a waiting perio for gun control purchases, the G.B.I. should set up an informati network and a toll free number that would give gun dealers immedi clearance for sales. The system, similar to one in Virginia, wou register all convicted felons, people who are schizophrenic a criminally insane.....so whenever a gun is purchased, just like yo get a clearance for your American Express or Visa card, you ge clearance to get a gun."

Under this plan law-abiding citizens, like myself, would retain th right to privacy, would not have a police file opened on them for reason, and would not have to wait to purchase a gun. James Calv Brady, on the other hand, would have been unable to obtain t handgun which he used to kill Michael Musick. After all, that is point, isn't it?!

SOURCES:

1) The National Association of Chiefs of Police.
2) N.R.A. Firearms Fact Card 1990 & U.S. Dept. of Justice.
3) *Criminals Don't Wait; Why Should You.* N.R.A. Institute Legislative Action, pg 7.
4) see #2.
5) *The CSG Sentinel.* January, 1990. pg13.
6) "The Waiting Game." *Field and Stream*, pg 65.
7) "Waiting Periods." *American Rifleman*, pg 38.

"I get very tired of people saying, 'Guns don't kill people. People kill people.' My answer to that is, 'People kill people because guns are available in just about every jurisdiction in the Atlanta area.'" —**Wayne Bolden, Police Chief of Gwinnett County**[1]

In Defense of Gun Control

by Stacy Johnson

And on rages the debate. In the last issue of the *Review*, I wrote a piece in favor of gun control that, as I had anticipated, received serious criticism from many distressed readers. I had not originally intended to write a follow up article, but now that I have heard the arguments of the opposition, I feel the need to respond.

Argument #1: A waiting period is an infringement on the rights of the law-abiding citizen who wants to purchase a gun.

I don't think that anyone who uses this argument realizes the magnitude of the difference between a gun purchase and any other regular sales transaction. We are talking about purchasing a weapon that was designed for the specific purpose of killing. At least when a person buys a knife, there are many other useful purposes for which it can be used. This is not the case with a gun.

I also don't think that anyone who uses this argument is realizing the difference between personal freedom and the freedom and safety of others. Is *your* personal freedom more important than the freedom of the man who is eating lunch at the mall when he is gunned down? Is your personal freedom to purchase a gun more important than this man's *life*? I do not think that a waiting period is any more an invasion of freedom than the lack of a waiting period is. Is it so unreasonable to make a person wait a few days for a killing device? Perhaps you would not think so if it were your wife or husband who were killed by a gunman that did not have to wait to buy a gun.

Argument #2: A waiting period will not work. People who want to kill will kill regardless.

You are correct in saying that a waiting period is not going to stop all of the lunatics who are out for blood. The catch is that most guns purchased for homicide were purchased in moments of anger. Fulton County Police Chief Clinton Chafin comments that, "I've seen throughout my career where a waiting period would have been good. I've seen robberies and homicides that were committed when emotions were running high." [1] Furthermore, even if the crazed killer could not get his hands on a gun and resorted to another weapon, I hardly think that the results would be as nearly as devastating. A man who walks into a mall with an ax is going to have a much more difficult time finding a victim than will a man with a gun.

The gun control opposition will be quick, I am sure, to point out the statistics of cities who have gun control and no crime reduction. For some odd reason, crime always seems to be on the rise *without* gun control. So why should it not continue to rise *with* it? No one ever said that gun control would stop all crime. The opponents of gun control do not know what crime increase there *would have been* in gun-controlling cities if they had not introduced gun control. In New Jersey, during the 20-year time period that the state "has required a background check, authorities have stopped more than 10,000 convicted felons from purchasing handguns."[2] I imagine there would have been more crime had these felons been allowed to purchase the guns.

Argument #3: A waiting period will not work because mental health records are difficult to obtain due to confidentiality laws.

The obvious solution is to have the desiring purchaser sign a waiver. According to the *Atlanta Journal*,

"Police in Atlanta and Fulton County, the area's first jurisdiction to adopt waiting periods, said they can get access to mental health records if the applicant signs a waiver. Fulton Police Chief Clinton Chafin said that refusal to waive the confidentiality of mental health records means an automatic rejection of the buyer's application. There have been no legal challenges to Fulton's requirement."[3]

This leads to argument number four.

Argument #4: A background check is an infringement on the right to personal privacy.

My answers may seem to be getting repetitious at this point, but consider what the purchaser wishes to buy — a weapon used for killing. This is a purchase of serious magnitude, seeing as how homicide is illegal. Are you saying that a man who has, say, previously murdered people or who has had a mental past including homicidal tendencies should be allowed to buy a gun without a background check? That would be absurd. If danger to public safety is such a backseat issue in comparison to personal freedom, then why not let all murderers, rapists, and thieves out of prison right now? After all, we are limiting their personal freedom by keeping them in jail. Your response may be that since those people have already committed crimes they do not deserve to be classified with potential criminals, who have not done anything wrong yet. But then I must ask you if you really think that we need to wait until someone actually becomes a criminal to take measures toward public safety. Must we wait until someone guns down twenty-one people at McDonald's? Must we wait until someone opens fire on a schoolyard, as in Stockton, California, and shoots thirty-four children? Public safety is

not being considered as an important enough issue by the opponents of gun control. As Public Safety Director of DeKalb County Thomas Brown says, "Anyone who wants to purchase a weapon shouldn't have any objection to a criminal background check in this day and time."[1]

Argument #5: What about the woman who has been robbed or raped and has to live in fear for ten days waiting on a gun?

If the woman was robbed, she can rest assured that the thief will not return to rob her of valuables that he knows are not in her household because they are already in his possession. Like thieves, rapists rarely ever return to the house of a victim a second time. If the rapist is a crazed acquaintance, ex-boyfriend, etc., then the woman should seek someplace else to stay for a while anyway, to assure her safety. Surely she does not want to be a sitting duck just because she has a gun; I really don't think that the possession of a firearm would allay her fears. She is going to have to go to sleep sometime. She is going to be vulnerable to attack at some point.

Argument #6: What about the woman who was denied the purchase of a gun based on her mental or criminal background? What if she is robbed, raped, and killed? Does she deserve to be a victim of such atrocities because of her past?

No, I certainly don't think that anyone deserves to be a victim of these atrocities. However, you are making the grand assumption that if she had owned a gun that she would have been able to prevent these events. As David Meredith pointed out in a previous *Review* gun control article,

> "the hypothetical situation quickly expands to, 'if Jane Doe had owned a handgun, and if Jane Doe had easy access to her handgun before her assailants, and if Jane Doe's handgun were already loaded (which it should not have been), and if Jane Doe could effectively use her handgun, etc., etc., etc. In reality Jane Doe's personal safety is dependent on a syzygy of these related factors; if one fails to fall into place, Jane is the loser. It is these other contingencies which, more frequently than not, fail to fall into place."[4]

Ownership of a firearm is not an assurance of personal safety. The truth is that the ownership of a firearm is most likely more dangerous to your own health and safety than it is beneficial. According to a *Time* magazine article on firearms in the home, studies show "that a gun in the house is a bigger threat to the inhabitants than to anybody else." The statistics show that an amazingly low percentage of firearm-related deaths result from self defense. From a study of 398 shooting deaths that occurred from 1978 to 1983, "only 9 involved an intruder or were considered self defense." Most (333) were suicides. Of the remaining, 41 were criminal homicides and 12 were accidents.[5]

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In closing, I would like you consider a few facts about seriousness of the need for gun control. United States is "the only industrializ nation in the world which places few effect restrictions on handgun availability." 1983, handguns caused the deaths of people in Japan, 8 in Great Britain, 6 Canada, 10 in Australia, 7 in Sweden, 27 Switzerland, . . . and 9,014 in the Unit States."[6] These figures are not improv because the U.S. has made no serious atten to restrict firearms sales. In the 1980s, m than a quarter of a million people died fr handgun usage (this is four times as m people as died in Vietnam war). Every a child dies fr carelessness of hand owners.[2] Shootings only surpassed automobile accidents the "leading cause injury-induc fatalities."[7]

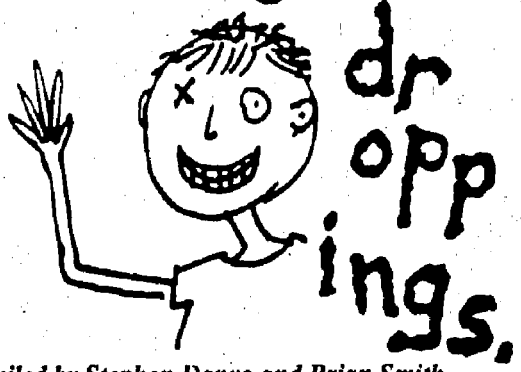
The arguments agai gun control continue focus on one m difference in opinio whether perso freedom or public sa should prevail. overwhelming 91% Americans support waiting period.[8] I have one question to of those of you who still adamantly convinc that a waiting period is an evil attemp steal personal rights: whose freedom *really* being limited, yours, or the victi

FOOTNOTES:

1. Blackmon, Douglas A. *Atlanta Journal*. "Dekalb panel Ok delay on purchases." May 9, 1990. A8.
2. Brady, Sarah. *Time*. "And the case against them: the head of Control says weapons are killing the future." Jan. 29, 1990. p.
3. Hendricks, Gary. *Atlanta Journal*. "Most metro police favor buy a gun." May 9, 1990. A1, A8.
4. Meredith, David. *North Avenue Review*. "Toward understanding of gun control." Issue 1, June 1989. p. 6.
5. *Time*. "The enemy within." June 23, 1986. p. 39.
6. Handgun Control, Inc. "Handgun Control." *Gun Control*. Long. H.W. Wilson Co., 1989 pp. 70-75.
7. *Time*. "7 deadly days: in one ordinary week, 404 peopl America's continuing epidemic of gunfire." July 17, 1989. p
8. Walston, Charles. *Atlanta Constitution*. "Widow of mall lobbies for seven-day wait on gun purchases." May 3, 1990.

This is a regular column in our little magazine spotlighting the wonderful work our Vice-President, J. Danforth Quayle, is doing for America. Please send any nice pictures, clippings, quotables, and so on to: Quayle Droppings *c/o* The North Avenue Review, *po* 35919.

Quayle droppings.



compiled by Stephen Danyo and Brian Smith

What one word comes to mind when you think of Vice President Quayle? Efficient? Responsible? Learned? Charisma? Golf? Grammar? Well let's see what Mr. Quayle says: **"One word sums up probably the responsibility of any vice president, and that one word is 'to be prepared.'"**

To be prepared??!! Let's take a look at just how prepared our number two man really is ("**I've been forming much more of my intellectual basis and pushing on how I really view the world...and how we're going to go forward.**"):

On Czechoslovakia: **"Who would have predicted...that Dubcek, who brought the tanks in in Czechoslovakia in 1968 is now being proclaimed a hero in Czechoslovakia. Unbelievable."** What is even more unbelievable is that Mr. Quayle actually thinks that Dubcek called in the tanks, when Dubcek's pressing for cultural and political freedoms along with Czechoslovakia's move toward "socialism with a human face" angered the Soviets enough to invade Prague and banish Dubcek to a menial job in the countryside. Who would have predicted that a guy who has no grasp of current history would become the vice president? Unbelievable.

On Germany, um, America, um, Germany, um, America: Speaking of history, Danny said that the Holocaust was **"an obscene period in our nation's history."**

On Japan: **"Japan is an important ally of ours. Japan and the United States of the Western industrialized capacity, 60 percent of the GNP, two countries. That's a statement in and of itself."** Whoa.

On the U.S.S.R.: **"Perestroika is no more than refined Stalinism."** When asked about his statement Mr. Quayle responded, **"No, I don't think that viewpoint was wrong—and refined Leninism, I would hope I had said, but if I said, 'refined Stalinism' there's not that much difference. ...Gorbachev has consolidated his power much quicker than any Soviet leader since Lenin, with the exception, perhaps, of Stalin."**

On ~~America~~ Central America: **"Everybody is concerned that U.S. involvement will lead to another Vietnam. But Latin America is not Vietnam. The U.S. has a vital interest in that area of the country."**

On El Salvador: **"El Salvador is a democracy so it's not surprising that there are many voices to be heard here. Yet in my conversations with Salvadorans...I have heard a single voice."**

On the amount of preparation required for the second most important position in the free world, Quayle has obviously demonstrated an utter deficiency. But what's new? Before he left the National Guard in 1975, Quayle was tested in such areas as "fundamentals of writing" and "Army information." The average score was 75. Our man Dan performed well below average with a 56. Whoa.

SAVE THE QUAYLE SAVE THE QUAYLE SAVE THE QUAYLE

by John Mark Coney

As I browsed Oxford bookstore recently I noticed the second issue of *Quayle Quarterly*. At $3.95 for 16 pages, it must be for ardent Quayle hunters. Of course one could rather ask whether quayle or quayle-hunters are the endangered species.

I for one have never seen much sense to the Quayle-bashing. In fact, my vote was primarily cast for Dan Quayle, rather than his running mate. Now James Dan Quayle will probably never be President of the United States (though I would willingly run as his vice president), but perhaps he will be vice president for 16 years (I think of Zell Miller, Georgia's 16-year Lt. Governor, as a precedent here).

Actually there seems to be an abundance of quayle-like men around, and so the attempt to present him as an object of ridicule cannot long survive the realization that James Dan Quayle is no less extraordinary than his average critic. Some will go on to argue that he is much more extraordinary than any of his critics; I am content to think of him as an average man.

A plea for alternative fuels

by Brian Smith

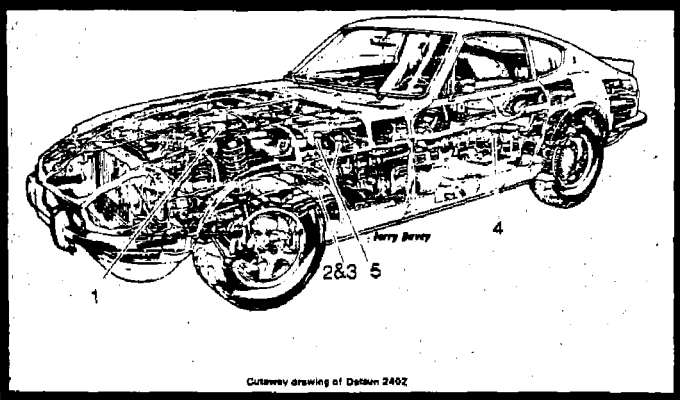
In this time of increased environmental awareness, I'd like to discuss one of the major causes of pollution — the use of gasoline, diesel, and other fossil fuels, as automobile fuels. The fuels we use today without much of a second thought are causing many of our environmental problems. Carbon dioxide, oxides of nitrogen, and unburnt or partially burnt hydrocarbons are among the pollutants contained in the exhaust fumes of our fossil fueled cars and trucks. Some of the Sun's electromagnetic radiation is reflected away by the surface of the Earth, back through the atmosphere and into space. An excess of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is not letting this reflected radiation through, but instead is reflecting it once again, back towards the Earth. This increased amount of electromagnetic radiation in the atmosphere has increased the average temperature of the Earth, ever so slightly. Small as they may be, these increases in temperature are causing a plethora of problems, including higher ocean levels due to some melting of the polar ice caps. This 'Greenhouse Effect' of carbon dioxide is very much a result of fossil fueled internal combustion engines. The oxides of nitrogen and the unburnt or partially burnt hydrocarbons in the exhaust gases from these engines can remain reactive. When they do, they undergo photochemical reactions to produce smog; those nasty brown clouds seen over some metropolitan areas which cause respiratory problems. The production of these fuels causes pollution of its own. Obviously, the use of these fuels is harming our environment. It is predicted that we will only have enough of these fuels to supply us for the next thirty to ninety years at the rate we're using them now. The Earth simply does not contain enough crude oil to last forever. We have spent an enormous amount of time making it easy for us to use these fossil fuels in efforts ranging from drilling for more oil to refining our engines, to nationwide filling stations with their own credit systems. It seems, first of all, that we will not be able to use fossil fuels much longer, secondly, that their use is adversely affecting our environment, and lastly that any efforts required to convert to a new way of powering our motor vehicles should seem diminutive, or at worst similar, when compared to the efforts that we have already put forth in order to use fossil fuels. If this is true, then it is clear that the use of fossil fuels will soon come to an end. Let's see what else is out there.

There are many possible future fuels for our engines, and the future of motor vehicles is not as dim as it might seem. Some have not given up on fossil fuels, but none of them have proven to be renewable, and they seem to be temporary fixes to a permanent problem. Reformulations of our current fuels have already been in effect in parts of the country. Forty-two states have available a fuel in which ethanol (ethyl alcohol, made by fermenting grain) is mixed with gasoline in a ten percent to ninety percent ratio, respectively.[1] This ethanol is mainly used as an additive to improve combustion efficiency, but I will later discuss it's possible use as a motor fuel. Cleaner blends of motor fuels have been made, but they are only a little cleaner, and still have all of the same problems of those we've been using. The future availability of these fuels looks bleak. Compressed natural gas (CNG) is being implemented as a motor fuel on a small scale basis. Elwin Larson of the Natural Gas Vehicle Coalition has said, "Natural gas engines emit mostly carbon dioxide and water. Converting an older engine to natural gas — a $1500 process — reduces reactive hydrocarbon emissions by up to 87 % and carbon dioxide is cut by as much as 82%."[2] Roger Penske, the chairman and CEO of Detroit Diesel, has spoken of a turbocharged, after-cooled natural gas V-6 with spark ignition, running unthrottled and using charge recirculation to adjust power, that his company has experimented with.[3] These engines were constructed using major components from today's diesel engines. Unfortunately, CNG contains less energy per unit volume in fuel form, and engines using CNG for fuel suffer performance losses. CNG stored on board a vehicle must be kept at around 6000 psi, and requires new tanks and fuel lines to be implemented. Propane is another fossil fuel being examined, and shares some of CNG's properties. It also requires heavy, bulky, new tanks for onboard storage. Propane contains somewhat more energy per unit volume than CNG, but still less than gasoline. Performance will suffer using these fuels. Being fossil fuels, the future availability of CNG and propane looks bleak. So much for fossil fuels.

Alcohols have been considered as possibilities, too, namely ethyl alcohol (ethanol), and methyl alcohol (methanol). Ethanol is produced by fermenting grain, and methanol can be derived from coal, wood, and even biomass garbage. Methanol is also currently produced as a by-product of CNG production. Ethanol has problems that make it seem improbable as our future fuel in motor vehicles. One problem is its affinity for water. Any water in a motor vehicle's tank will be at least partially absorbed by the ethanol, and performance and drivability can suffer to the point of impracticality. Transportation vehicles carrying the fuel, ranging from trucks to barges would have to incorporate systems to prevent water contamination. While this can be done, tidiness has its price. Another problem with ethanol is its availability. In order to produce enough grain to ferment to obtain the ethanol needed to power our vehicles, we would have to plant grain on more land than is even arable in our country.[4] Apart from these problems, the energy content per unit volume of ethanol is low. The only thing working in ethanol's favor is its renewability. Methanol shares some of the problems. It has an even lower energy content than ethanol, decreasing fuel economy. Even considering all of the sources, it is

unlikely that enough methanol could be produced to power our nation's motor vehicles. Methanol's use as a motor fuel yields one product in it's exhaust that is definitely unacceptable — formaldehyde. This substance irritates eyes and skin, and is a carcinogen. In order to be used on a large scale, the amount of formaldehyde in exhaust gases must be reduced. In all, alcohols do not seem to be the miracle cure for our illness, either. All of these problems may suggest that the internal combustion engine is on its way out of use. It may be that the engine of the future does not rely on combustible fuels at all.

Electric motors are being experimented with as vehicle propulsion devices, and have a lot in their favor. Apart from any pollution involved in the generation of the electricity, no pollution is given off with an electric motor. Throughout our country's history, there have been numerous developments in electric powered transportation. Russel Mokhiber documents in *Corporate Crime and Violence* that General Motors, Firestone, and Standard Oil of California schemed to buy up more than 100 electric transit systems in more than 45 cities between 1932 and 1949. As a result, trolley cars disappeared, to be replaced by gasoline-fueled, rubber-tired, GM busses.[5] More recently, General Motors, along

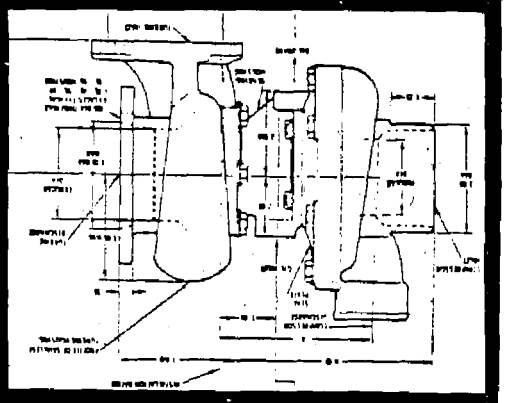


Cutaway drawing of Datsun 240Z

with many other companies, have produced one-off electric cars. GM's SUNRAYCER car is powered by a brushless DC motor attaining 92% efficiency powered by expensive silver-zinc batteries which have proven to be very durable.[6] Although many electric cars have been made to date, none have combined adequate range, performance, and convenience to be acceptable yet. If its development is continued, electricity could play a role in vehicle propulsion in the future.

The last fuel I'd like to discuss is hydrogen. Despite high flammability (remember the Hindenburg?) it has impressive advantages. Environmentally, hydrogen is excellent. Combust it with air, and the products are water, a whole lot of energy, and traces of oxides of nitrogen from the air's content. Carbon dioxide is not produced, because carbon never enters the cycle. Hydrogen, however, does have disadvantages. Onboard storage is a problem. It can be stored in compressed gas form, in liquid form, or in metallic hydride compounds. These systems of containment are bulky and heavy. The question of safety seems to be almost taken care of. Mercedes has given Washington senators rides around town in hydrogen powered 230Es. BMW has done a lot of research with hydrogen, and has produced prototype 735is powered by hydrogen. The production of hydrogen for use as fuel can be simple, but costly. The dissociation of water will produce hydrogen, but this process is costly. Recent research has produced a solar panel that produces photovoltaic hydrogen. It is predicted that by the turn of the century, photovoltaic hydrogen could cost 50 cents per litre — twice what Americans now pay, but less than Europeans now shell out.[7] Hydrogen compares well against the other renewable fuels I've discussed, ethanol, in that in order to supply one average American's daily vehicle energy needs, it would take 17 square metres of land to grow the grain for ethanol, but only 1 1/2 square meters for the solar energy collectors.[8] To me, this seems like the energy efficient way — eat low on the food chain, fuel your car from the bottom of the fuel chain. These are all brief descriptions of these fuels and their possibilities, and I urge you to become and remain familiar with new developments. By now you may be wondering, 'what is the point of all this talk about fuels? What can be settled?' I thought you'd never ask.

Our efforts now must be towards motor vehicles that have renewable sources of fuel to last forever, and are environmentally sound. By supporting the research being done, and accelerating its pace, we can be assured of this promising future. Resources must be made available to those who are working towards these ends, and the public needs to be informed of their accomplishments. If the market will not provide the motivating force for manufacturers to expedient the arrival of these ends, the legislature should act in its stead. I think it should be unanimously agreed that these ends are desirable, and if so, why postpone them?. We need these developments now, and I urge you to support them with your best vote — your money. Given the equal opportunity, choose the vehicle closest to this end. Write your legislators and ask them to help you have the opportunity to buy alternatively fueled vehicles at a similar cost. I am not an expert on politics, but I think that legislature such as provisions for research grants for those in the field and market regulations on motor vehicle producing companies could fulfill this need, and make the technology of the future available today. Alternatively fueled motor vehicles are essential to our continued happy survival. Let's get 'em now. ✠



1) *Road & Track*, Vol. 41 Number 3, Nov. 1989, pp. 73 - 87; 2) *Design News*, August 29, 1989, p. 100; 3) *Design News*, August 29, 1989, p. 100; 4) *The Economist*, July 1, 1989; 5) *Sierra*, May /June 1989; 6) *Scientific American*, June 26, 1989; 7) *The Economist*, December 1989; 8) *The Economist*, December 1989.

They're Stupid! Or Are They?

by Dale Gill

People keep saying that people are stupid. Commentators keep telling us that the common people are ignorant, or at the least, that they cannot be trusted to make decisions.

Wait a minute. When someone tells you that the common people are dumb, stop and ask yourself a question. Who is supposed to be so great and marvelous? Who is entitled to pour out contempt on the "common people?" Those who say that the people are dumb usually know who the great and marvelous are in their scheme of things. They may avoid that subject, preferring to exploit negative feelings. Some put their faith in experts, or bureaucrats. For some it is the lawyers, or the rich and powerful, who need more power to govern effectively. But one rarely hears, "We need to give more power to lawyers because people are stupid." For some it is only their own group, or clique, that has the answers, of course. Those who say that the common people are dense usually have their answer on who can be trusted to think straight. Their answer may not be yours.

Are the common people crass in their political opinions? If so, where does that leave us? We are asked to believe that politicians are college educated, but political campaigns show little sign of it. Politicians have done little to inform the public.

Opinion pieces often denounce the people who file frivolous lawsuits. Have you ever seen a piece denouncing the attorneys who handle absurd and shallow suits, or encourage people to file them?

News stories about test scores are one example of bash-the-people rhetoric. There are always headlines like "Students Lousy At Math" or "Students Bad At Geography, Scores Show." Notice that the paper never gives you a headline like "Scores Suggest Math Teachers Are Incompetent." This alternative makes you realize that your newspaper has already decided who to blame.

For many years common slobs worried about the budget deficit while economists and the economically literate thought that it did not matter. Now the deficit, and interest payments, have become so crushingly huge that few defend it. Still, some say that we must raise taxes. Working class people are greedy because they are not willing to pay more in taxes. Many ordinary people are concerned about the trade deficit. The more sophisticated say that these people are not aware of the international nature of things. When people worry about foreign investment, we are told that they are xenophobes, that they fear foreigners. Perhaps they wonder who will be ordering them around in the workplace. The common people get the same answer when they are concerned about capital flight, American investment capital, factories and companies moving to other countries. People who wonder about the consequences of capital flight are xenophobes, we are told.

To call masses of people xenophobes is much the same as saying that they are stupid. This way of speaking jumps to the conclusion that they have no good reason for their opinions.

The issue of illegal immigration is another example. Persons said to be ignorant think that a sovereign state should not be ashamed to control its borders. To some extent it must do so. Many people also wonder about our policies for legal immigration. Entire families and clans with little but contempt for American ways can become permanent residents as long as one of them becomes a citizen. We are told that people who doubt this policy are ignorant hicks. Many also wonder why we allow disguised immigration by way of student visas.

Likewise, many wonder why we have professors and instructors who can barely speak English, or cannot speak it on the college level. American students are required to take English, their native language, twelve years in a row to get into college. There they have instructors who cannot always be understood. But we are told that people cannot think rationally about languages, or issues like bilingual education and bilingual election ballots.

Over a bewildering range of issues, we hear the same answer, like a broken record. The important thing is to avoid overreaction, we are told. The common people get too excited about these issues, just as they do about crime and terrorism.

The truth is that the common people deserve a much better reputation than they have. On the occasions that a high majority is wrong, most of them have been misled by people more affluent and better educated than themselves. Many of the policies that are defended by attacking average people seem to be the result of delay, drift, inaction and indecision. Those who disagree with particular movements should speak to points raised by their leaders, their advocates. If they do not know who those advocates are, they should admit it. How much intelligence does it take to say that someone else is stupid?

It is said that the last remaining prerogative of royalty is to be ill advised when anyone else would be an idiot. The citizens of a democracy are really co-sovereigns of their country. Surely it is enough to say that their citizens are badly advised when you disagree with them.

*f*ishrap.

Elementary school, Bankhead Highway. By Scott Morris

Warning, Warning, intellectual attack!

The content herein, to wit, the section of this magazine entitled fishrap, contains elements deemed by some to be "art." It is worthy of mention that these "artistic" elements, in their effect on the reader, might invoke thought, or possibly even introspection. In this regard the following section might be deemed offensive or even dangerous and subversive. It is suggested that overly sensitive readers close their eyes and their minds for the next few pages. Indeed, if you have made it this far into The North Avenue Review, consider yourself part of that small percentage of Americans who possess an adequate attention span.

SHELLFISH

by Mark Satterlee

Much more subtle than the
contentious desert or the deep
chill of arctic solitude,
we live temporately in between.
The barnacles of denial form a
hard crust on our willingness to
risk exposure.

In a parallel existence, we'd imagine
shedding our soporific lives for
happenstance and the edgy margins;
- but we've given up any truck we
might've had in the Badlands,
settling instead for the cowboy quiet
of guns and money.
Where is the science in this distance?
Where is the art in these emotions?

Along time ago we learned a filial patience
with the seasons, living always by the
water's edge. Only the bravest ventured
beyond the horizons of self. Often they
discovered other than they desired, but
there was a quelling of the devils and a
certain peace in the asking. Mostly we've
stayed at home, looking, thinking,
silently biding the tides.

Every story starts someWhere.

Mark Satterlee

This family of noise
and its inflammed passions
seems no place for a romantic.
I wish you were here.
'I walked about a bit;
through the door, there was
only beer and a minimal
selection of liquor. The
assembled throng was expending
its collective energy on nothing
but talking, standing and drinking.
Turning very slowly
I summoned the courage to
run out.
The old town neurotics never said a thing.

Bagboy
by Michael Peters

Over worked and under paid,
the younger older colored woman
loads the food from the rundown store
into run down bags and
runs them out one by two to her
run down car.
Washington now far away and long ago
Selma is reality that she must know
won't damage in a day or a year
Whitey just won't hear the fact that
people (Gosh Darnit) are people
Niggers, Honkeys?
Crackers, coons?
What the hell is all that mean
to nobody nohow?
Is Dr. King the only one
who has/had a dream?
(A slightly brighter day in many years)
I took the bags off of the counter
and loaded them on my little cart
A pretty older beautiful black woman
leads me to her car
Her grandchildren laugh at my pinking no
out in the sun too long
I laugh with them, their little song
and wink at the more bashful one.
My name is Mike my skin is white
I try to do a rap but it never sounds righ
Our differences are far from solved and
bigots still hate people...
but in this little scene I wish that Dr. Ki
could see us smiling.
(I put her eggs and bread on top of the
colder groceries and she tipped me
two whole bucks)

Spinning Town
says we gotta go.
like good children are in cotton mills:
Good going through
the machines.

Human yarn
spins tales and leashes,
stretches torture over
lifetimes.
Inquisitional
blank
stares...

...Apathy is a great
motivational tool.

by Stephen Dangio

Eccles' Wee Hour Scare

by Dale Gillis

"When Turner is out of the way you can buy his land from his widow quite cheaply. I assure you that no one will find out." Mowbray waited for Ironsmith's reply. Smoke from the fire hung in the stale air of the medieval room.

Then I would owe you a favor, Ironsmith thought, but that point did not bother him. He sipped his ale.

"Do you remember what happened to Eccles?" Ironsmith asked. The other gave no sign that he did, so Ironsmith continued.

"Eccles had an argument with the valley tax collector. For some time he toyed with the idea of doing away with the tax collector, sometimes thinking it a meaningless fantasy. Then one night he acted. He sneaked into the tax collector's house when no one could be found there. A jug of ale in his enemy's room was left poisoned, perhaps one not used often. If time passed before the old man died the crime would be even harder to trace."

"Eccles went home, pleased with himself. Then it happened. His wife had died a few years before, so he slept alone. After laying down, blowing out the candle and dozing a little while, Eccles awoke with a start. A sword hung over him, a couple of feet over the bed, the tip of the blade about even with his nose. No one held it, it just hung there in the air. It must have floated in through the window, open to the summer breeze. The sword glowed softly, like moonlight; it did not burn like a candle. Aside from its ghastly glow the blade looked like solid steel."

"The ordeal took all night. Eccles knew that the end had come, of course. 'The sword is my sins come back to haunt me,' he thought, believing the sword to be both death and condemnation. Too terrified to move, he took the sword's presence as a command to lie still. His daughters were asleep downstairs but fear kept him from crying out. Eccles head filled with visions of what invisible entity might hold the sword. There are different stories about whether the sword did anything during Eccles ordeal. Some say that it hung motionless over a petrified Eccles for eight hours. Others insist that it moved back and forth or dropped down in a threatenting way from time to time. Some say that the blade had blood on it, as if the sword had already chopped one person that night."

"Despite his terror, Eccles noticed the design of the hilt. The hilt had the shape of a fierce looking hawk, a hawk with ruby eyes."

"The next morning, Eccles' daughters found him downstairs, gibbering wildly. He stared at them when they came in. 'Where have they taken my body?' he asked them. 'My body is missing from the bed.'" They did not understand the question at first. 'My body is missing from the bed. Where is it?' "

"'You're not that old, Daddy,' they answered. 'You're still alive.'"

"Realizing himself to be still alive, Eccles put on some dirty clothes in the downstairs wash pile and went out. Too soon to go back upstairs, he thought. He found a couple of his friends in the village, and begged them to help him."

"'Go to the old tax collector and buy the jug of ale in his room. Cost is no object.' His friends were puzzled. 'I poisoned it, and now the death and condemnation of the Hawkshilt sword is upon me. I can't face him, but I am deader than he will be if he drinks that ale.'"

"His friends answered, 'You have had a nightmare, and we are taking you home.' They took Eccles home and dragged him upstairs. Entering the bedroom, they noticed wood shavings and fragments on the floor. They looked up. They found the image of a sword carved into the wooden ceiling, a sword with a fierce hawk on the hilt."

"Very interesting," Mowbray replied to Ironsmith. Not thrilled with this turn of the conversation, he left shortly.

SYLVIA

by Manuel Torres

Looking down at his instruments, he felt a drop of sweat trickle from his nose onto his leg. It was not the sweat of an overheated man, but rather that of a man in trouble. The cockpit was so cold he could see his breath blow against the windshield and quickly condense.

Sylvia had been good to him. They had spent many hours together - him talking and her humming along. He knew every part of her, and she reacted well to his touch. She had been his first. He was taught how to fly in her, and he had flown only her since. That was why he knew they were in trouble. He could tell that she had picked up a great deal of ice on her wings. She was sluggish tonight.

Although he could not see but what appeared to be a few yards in front of him, he knew from past flights that he was flying over woodlands. It would be at least forty more miles before he would be over clearings large enough to attempt a landing. Sylvia was low on fuel and had her wings iced; He realized he had given up hope of making it to the airstrip.

Looking at his compass, he backed and headed east. His new course would hopefully get him out of the woodlands sooner. Wisps of sleet and rain kept tricking him into seeing solid objects in front of him, but the altimeter, slowly unwinding, was still showing over a thousand feet.

As the minutes passed, he was expecting a tree top to rip through the underside of his plane. He could visualize a steeple or rooftop jumping into his path. He was confident that he could easily react tin time, but he was frightfully aware that Sylvia couldn't. He looked at the altimeter. He could be looking at it for the rest of his life. It now showed eight hundred feet. He unlocked his cold fingers from the controls and fisted his sleeve to wipe the frost off the glass. Nothing. Just sleet and rain. He could see Sylvia's wingtip lights flickering in the rain.

Six hundred feet. It appeared as if he could see a little further ahead, but the fog was not clearing. He was just flying under it, closer to the ground. The altimeter unwound again, and the new number clicked into sight. Four hundred feet. He tried to trim her nose up but had already turned the wheel as far as it would go.

Three hundred feet. He could finally see the landscape. He scanned the horizon, and that is when he saw it. Hidden in the forest, a beautifully plain, flat, treeless, clearing widened his eyes. He quickly banked towards it. He felt his heart speed up. Although he had a crash routine carefully planned (hit two trees simultaneously, cleanly take out the wings, the pray for the best) it would not be used tonight. He was going to land.

There was no trick to this landing. He had plenty of space for a perfect touchdown. He would spend the night in his cockpit, smoke a cigarette for breakfast, and wait for help. He would be cold, but alive. Two hundred feet. Maybe a farmer would find him, and he would eat biscuits for breakfast. One hundred feet. Lots of cross wind. No time to fantasize. Concentrate. Sylvia responded gently to his commands.

Fifty feet. Maybe gravy, too. No, concentrate. Hopefully the snow would be packed hard by the ice and rain. Anyway, he would still make it, no matter what. Ten feet. He thanked whoever put the clearing where it was. He released the throttle and Sylvia relaxed. He pressed against the seat and waited for the thump of the wheels against the land. He looked over his shoulder at his clearing again. That was when he noticed the pier.

Washington Square Park and a Game of Chess

One, two, three,
four tiny black wheels on a Dove Bar Cart
thump bumpity-bump,
bumpity-bump, bumpity-bump
over little round pebbles
and dark blue asphalt.
Like a Good Humor Truck
sans motor, sans music,
but still happily filled
with ice cream,
the tiny tumbrel rolls along,
pushed by the hands
of a blue-capped brown boy
in new acid-washed
blue-jean overalls
and a red/white stripped shirt.
Drawing attention like a brush
in a cubist's dream,
it thumps along under the cedar shade
on the canvas of
Washington Square Park.
Bumpity-bump mixes with the sounds
of blue jays singing,
boom boxes blasting,
and a pink freckle-faced girl pleading
"Daddy, daddy, ice cream, ice cream!"
as she points to the spot
where both a Japanese beetle
and a buzzing bumblebee converge
hoping for a bumpity-bump sweet
vanilla ice cream/chocolate treat.

A web is cast as the cart
bumpity-bumps on by
an old Rastafarian, who looks up
from his game of chess,
his concentration captured
by the passing sound
and his emotions enticed
by the thought of a soft summer breeze
and a Dove Bar in the shade. . .
but the cart rolls away,
its bumpity-bump refrain fading
like the gray wisps of smoke
from his pipe.
With a sigh,
the old man straightens his back
and surveys the scene
on the chessboard before him.
His brow furrows,
his dark eyes stare intently,
and his lips purse,
puffing hard on his pipe.
The old general
ponders his move,
waiting, debating, hesitating
until
a decision is made,
a gambit is played,
and the battle is rejoined
with loud clicks
arrhythmically sounded out by
hands slamming down hard
on a Janus-faced clock
sentry standing just left
of fallen black and white knights,
testimonies to the
fierceness of the fray.
Two impetuous pawns
meet their fates, sacrificed
as a third scales a castle
and threatens the enemy king.
The king runs, but to no avail;
black's bishop slashes through
to capture the queen.
Her king topples over
and resigns.
The battle is done;
the war is ended.

The victorious Rasta rises, laughs,
turns to leave, and ambles off
down the path
where children climb monkey bars
with hands sticky
from vanilla ice cream/chocolate
to catch the receding sound
of bumpity-bump,
bumpity-bump,
bumpity.

Christopher Stanard

#438 in a series:
Why abortion should stay legal...

Submitted by Mathew Kramer

Where is my Nightlite?

Mark A. Highlander

It's late, time for sleep.
I turn out the light and go to bed.
Darkness is all I see.
Silence is all I hear.
The absolute blackness of the unknown.
I'm afraid, despite myself.
I'm afraid for myself.
God please forgive my sins!

My eyes tell me nothing.
My ears betray me.
I am alone within myself.
I am alone by myself.
What is the world I cannot perceive.
Will the unknown harm or befriend me.
Jesus Christ is my saviour.

What difference does perception have on my universe?
I discover my faith when through the
eyes and ears of my soul I see nothing.
I have no need for faith when all is apparent.
The quiet and tranquility of the absolute scares me.
I am afraid of the dark.
God save me!

I stretch on my towel, absorbing
the sun that's extending its rays
to anything within reach

I prop on one elbow, watching
a wave scattering the treasures
it has stolen from the sea

I make no movement, listening
to the wind throwing its sounds
to any grasping ears

I walk around the seaweed, noticing
a crab that's producing tracks
to end at a dark opening

I rinse off in water, still feeling
the granules that lie trapped
between sleek black material and me

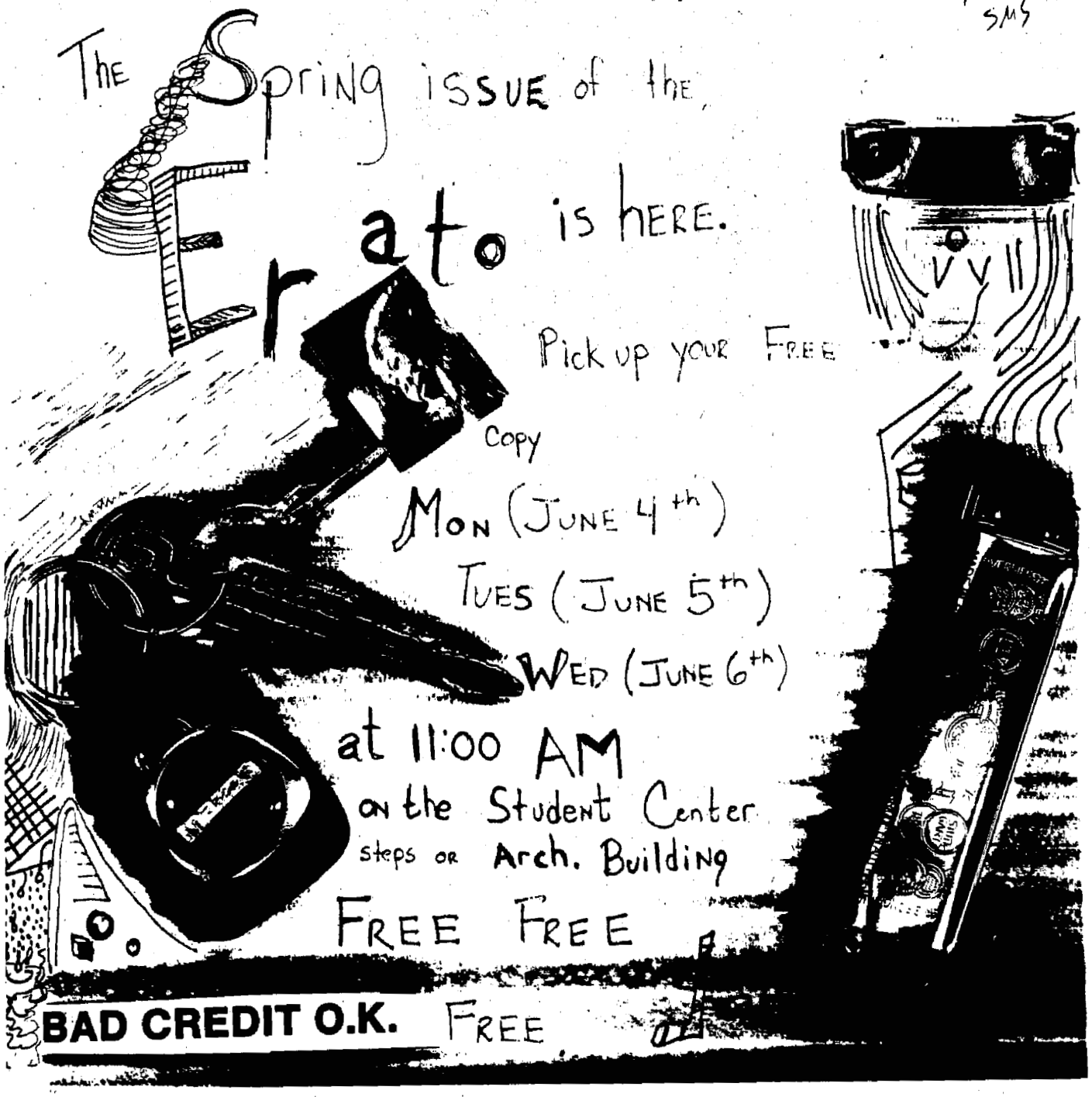
I depart, returning
to the vacant wicker chair
in the stark, frigid condo.

Leah Herod

this worm wiggles **valiantly**
down
down
spreading a frictionless path
i like what he does
i like him because
though minute and of casual merits

a wealth of boon he inherits
if severed by chance
each world can enhance
and spring to vigorous sloth
he lives in his grave
and such time he will save

for already
he's **buried in** earthy **froth**
SMS



Submitted by Mathew Kramer

1990-AND STILL STANDING

Here it comes
Back by popular demand.
The only way it needn't be,
A way it oughtn't be.
The game restarts
Or continues where it left off.
"Will you let me in?"
Is not the question.
It's certainly not the answer.
At any rate,
Here it comes.

Here it comes,
at a rapid rate...
at it's own rate...
at our rate...
But how does it rate?
Close to the foremost,
I think.
24 hours of constant travel
It puts in every day.
Growing nearer,
And now finally hear.
Not finally.
This is just the beginning
The coming is only the beginning
The end is hopefully, but necessarily not, near.

Brian Smith

"Give me your tired. your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breath free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest tost to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

Emma Lazarus,
"The New Colossus"
1883

Esoteric Poetry

You know what
I hate
esoteric poetry
I read
but can't relate to
words just slammed
against each other
with no meaning
no substance
no life
like a song
on the radio
you rush to turn off.
So I
sing my own tune
write my own poetry
not esoteric
maybe you
can relate, too.

Christopher Stanard

Nethelea Speaks

by Brian Dickman

The Kentucky Department of Transportation supervises the design and construction of all major roadways throughout the Commonwealth. Subjectively speaking, most of these roadways tend to serve blatant political purposes and are not needed. Nevertheless, the common denominator in them all is their financial allocation and public hearing process outlined by the State Legislature in Frankfort.

One such highway is the proposed Cross County Highway in Boone, Kenton and Campbell Counties, connecting I-75 in Walton with US 27 just south of Alexandria. Plans for the roadway show it slicing through woodlands, several small horse and fruit farms, and the only rhododendron thicket in Kenton County along the Licking River. The first of a series of public hearings is scheduled to be held outside of the county seat of Independence.

It is six PM on the fourteenth of August as the sun sinks in the humid hazy sky. Both sun and sky display a tint of red while the first insects of the evening awaken. This particular summer has been especially hot although precipitation has been abundant. The saturated air forecasts a heavy dew which will set during the early morning hours, weighing and bestowing the high fescue grass with the characteristic blue green shade of the Bluegrass Region. Outside of a Baptist Church, another typical summer day shines against the white frame building as within a public hearing already in progress ensues.

"OK....Well, the road would be divided Class A highway with at grade crossings following the path outlined on this map. It initiates at I-75 in Walton, continues as a bypass around Independence, crosses the river at Jackson's Landing and terminates at US 27 about ten miles north of the Pendleton County Line. ", the young engineer states as he confidently turns towards the audience.

The young engineer is wearing a UK tie. His supervisor thought it a good idea for him to wear the tie bearing the University of Kentucky's logo to aid in assimilating the group of engineers into the crowd. They needed to demonstrate they weren't the "bad guys." The underlying reason for the pretty maps, the new haircuts and the UK ties was to entice the audience into collaborating with their ideas. Evidently, they overlooked the disruption and destruction of wildcat, the University of Kentucky's mascot, habitat the new road introduces.

The young engineer stands adjacent to a display board showing in pretty colors a fifteen county region of Kentucky. An audience of over two hundred people watch him while seated behind are two State Senators, five State Representatives and the seven Kenton County Commissioners. To either side are two open doors, one exiting to a gravel parking lot while the other overlooks a lush green grassy field with an expanse of woodland in the background. Seven large fans positioned about push the humid air in and out of the opened doors and painted glass windows. This church constitutes the house of worship for the members of the First Baptist Church of Kenton Grove and the meeting is being held in the basement. Noise from the fans drown a constant echo from cicadas and grasshoppers enjoying the tropical heat outside. In spite of all efforts to cool the meeting room, the combination of people and ninety-four degree temperature make for an environment which could only be described as stifling. This proposal has struck a deep nerve in this once exclusively rural community and has filled the room beyond capacity.

The comment about Jackson's Landing invites an immediate rebuttal.

"Why the hell does that thing have to go right through Jackson's Landing? Not only is it an ecological area but is historical as well. It needs protection not destruction. Why do we need the damned road in the first place? We've got enough useless roads going to useless malls to begin with!," declares John Cumberland. The environmentalist appears to be about thirty and wears wire rimmed glasses, khaki shorts and a Greenpeace T-shirt.

General confusion and some clapping erupt in the room following his comments and questions.

"Order, order, order .....Now you have not been recognized son. Allow me to restate right here that if anyone has anything to say, please first state your name and then your place of residence. Any failure to abide by these rules will lead to immediate removal from this hearing! Everyone is also encouraged to watch their tongues as we are in a church building and there are children present. Now does everyone and you in particular understand?," chastises one of the county commissioners, Robert E. 'Bob' Turner. His announcement was not solely directed towards the environmentalist.

"Yes sir, John Cumberland, Box 78, Crittenden. And I still would like to know why the road cuts through the only rhododendron thicket in the county ?," the environmentalist asserts in a calm manner while passing a furtive glance towards a Kentucky State Trooper stationed at the doorway to the gravel parking lot.

The young engineer has become somewhat embarrassed over the tone of voice used by Bob Turner. It's as if the comments were directed towards him. In a secretive manner, he retreats behind one of the tables and seats himself with the other engineers.

Before leaving for the meeting, the group from DOT discussed all imaginable problems and questions that possibly could be posed during the course of the hearing. The rhododendron question was amongst the questions and possessed a preordained and predetermined answers. Nonetheless, the young engineer's supervisor, Bill Thompson, for a moment contemplates a response to the current query on the floor.

"Well, in order to cross the Licking most economically and practically, excavation and blasting needed to be minimized without deviating greatly from the areas requiring service. Other factors such as bridge size, piling costs and blasting in sandstone also came into play. After a detailed analysis, DOT has decided Jackson's Landing to be the most economically feasible for this project." the professional engineer replies in a raised monotone.

A very attractive woman in her late twenties stands and prepares herself to speak. The dancing of her long black hair in the fan induced air currents disguises her nervousness. Recent work topping burley tobacco has darkly tanned her skin. Scanning the front table for a friendly or understanding face, her deep blue eyes lock onto Bob Turner.

"My name is Alice Carter, 125 Richwood Church Road. There's a big grove of beech trees on our farm you all say have to go. You also want some of our apples and peaches. Where are my children going to play? On this road? And how can you all take a part of our farm when our family has owned it for one hundred and sixty years? I'm a native of this county and our family's worked long and hard and ain't asked for nothing. Why do you have to take this?"

An older man with greying blonde hair sitting aside Alice stands up and takes her hand. He removes his Kentucky Farmer hat and commences to speak also directing his dialogue toward Bob Turner.

"Jack Berlinghaus, Alice's dad, 1298 Walton Road. Now you know Bob, and the rest of you know how hard it's getting to track deer around here anymore. Why, if this road goes through, hell, you'd have a better chance of shooting a deer or rabbit up on Mall Road in Florence or downtown Covington than around here. Why don't you all just kill this damn thing?," he states. His glare no longer concentrates on Bob but aims towards all seven of the county commissioners, all of which he knew. The crowd applauds.

"Jack, you know as well as I that things ain't all under our control. Now we are here to discuss this thing objectively." Bob replies after the applause receded. Perspiration is beginning to soak through his shirt. He grabs a glass of water in front of him and drinks several gulps.

"It's so goddamned hot!," he whispers to the commissioner on his left.

A short athletic man in his mid forties stands and readies himself to speak. Somehow, he seems impervious to the close conditions. His navy blue business suit and dry hair remain uninfluenced by the strong currents from the fans and the extreme humidity. The shiny red Mercedes he drives contrasts the dust covered pick ups and Chevrolets parked outside in the gravel lot.

"Jake Farmington, Alot and Jones Company, Atlanta. Everything about this roadway cannot be called negative. Now my guys have been working on tentative plans for a new regional mall in Campbell County at the intersection with US 27...," he declares rotating to maintain eye contact with the large crowd and the front table. The pause incites some booing and mumbling among the restless group. The heat inside has begun to force some people out into the cooler grassy field. The last remnant of the red glow from the summer sun now just touches the tops of the tallest trees in the distance.

"Order, order. Now, how many times must I state the rules to this hearing?! This is a democracy and we all will get to speak. It would be an excellent civics lesson for all in attendance to simply allow everyone to state their opinions one at a time on this matter without interruption!," Bob yells, standing up and banging a gavel against the table in front of him. The water glass spills over the table and onto some documents.

The developer acknowledges the commissioner, totally oblivious to the scramble to save the documents from the water on the front table.

"Thank you commissioner. Now to continue, this mall would be regional in character, attracting customers from as far away as Lexington, Cincinnati, Louisville and possibly Ashland. It would serve as an economic catalyst for the community....," the developer states only to again be interrupted, this time by an individual.

Adjacent to John Cumberland sits a pretty woman, Caryn Smith. She is also is dressed in environmentalist attire and appears to be in her late twenties. The statements about catalysts and economic progress disturbed something inside of her. She stands and speaks.

"Since when is despoliation of our land good? I do not understand. How many TV's, CD's ,boats, cameras and other material junk is required to satisfy the money mongrels of this world? It's beginning to push the limits you all," she preaches with the conviction of a minister.

Noone reprimands her for breaking into the dialogue unrecognized. She seems practically on the verge of tears. Years previous when she was a teenager, an Erlanger farm close to her home and some bordering woods converted into a subdivision. It left her brothers with nowhere to fish but also left her with no sanctuary or refuge from the world.

The Defoe Family owns land where the proposed intersection with US 27 would be located. This particular family stands to benefit greatly financially despite losing the farm. Matthew Defoe fought in the Revolutionary War for the fledgling republic in Pennsylvania and for his service received a sizeable land grant in Kentucky. During the Civil War, the original antebellum mansion burned, not of any military action but out of neglect. In 1868 an even statelier mansion was built which today houses tobacco. To this date, this land grant lies intact but the Defoes smell money. Paul Defoe rises to his feet and makes his intentions known.

"Everyone is against this thing. I'll tell you the circumstances necessary for a unanimous approval of this road. And that is if everyone advances financially like our family would. Heck, there's enough for everyone. This could be like US 31W down in Hardin County or Mall Road. They all got to develop and you all will too. The money's coming, we just need to be patient."

Bob sits with his elbows on the table with his hands supporting his head. Control of the proceedings has been relinquished. The Kenton County of his childhood, full of long summer afternoons, tobacco and horses has slowly been adulterated into a semi-urban community of commuters to Florence, Lexington and Cincinnati. Removing his hands from in front of his face, he struggles once again to return some order to the dialogue. The words aren't there. Instead, thoughts and images of his grandparent's defunct farm appear in his mind. On that farm, Bob and his grandfather hunted squirrel and rabbit in a stand of hickory and oak forest. As a small child, he helped his grandmother pick and locate ginseng and other herbs along stream banks and ridges. An industrial conglomerate bought that farm, stripped the forest and flattened the land with a bulldozer. The old fieldstone farmhouse would be probably located in the middle of a present day parking lot.

This industrial park proposal came in the early 1960's. The Turner Family, much like the present day Defoe Family, dreamed of the wealth entering their lives entirely by chance. Financially motivated, the family sold the farm. With his share of the inheritance, Bob purchased a 320 acre farm in the southern part of the county.

"Hell, did we do right? What the hell else could we've done? How can I deny the Defoe's the same right?," he thought.

The State Senator to his right begins to speak breaking him from his trance.

"Now my purchase of land at US 25 at the proposed interchange is not a conflict of interest nor was I privy to any inside information. A friend of mine, who just happens to be a realtor, simply suggested it as an excellent investment opportunity prior to plans for this road. Implications of this nature are of little help in this hearing and only aid in diverting from the topic of discussion. My next political opponent will most assuredly ask a similar question so I will delay in providing more details until a later date," the senator says in defense of his actions addressing an older grey gentleman indignantly standing near the doorway to the grass field.

The environmentalist jumps up and once again begins to speak but not about the senator.

"We just keep cutting and cutting. When will we learn? Land is viewed as some sort of commodity to be abused where the beauty and unity are ignored. This economic bullshit is seen as the only important thing..."

"You damned Communists! You all have..."

Bob stares resolutely out the open side door across the grass field and to a very large tulip poplar in the distance. His mind begins to wander again, this time to an antebellum farm in Pendleton County,. As grazing and tobacco progressively became uneconomical in the already rugged terrain, the owners of the land allowed nature to reclaim it. Second growth forests in various stages grow on the hills and ridge tops of the farm. Close to the streams and in the bottomlands, sycamores, poplars and river birch approach heights of one hundred and twenty feet, creating a canopy above forgotten slave walls and myriads of wildflowers. Fox squirrels and raccoons feast on the plentitude the trees, mayapples and shrubs provide. The stream waters run cool, clear and relatively free of pollution. There are no detergent bottles, used appliances or rusted automobiles in these waters.

On the ridgetops and hillsides, a mixed forest of red cedar, locust and oak cover the rock strewn land. In some areas, the larger oak hardwoods overshadow the receding pioneer cedar and locust. Tall impenetrable red cedar completely envelope other hillsides, a haven for deer and songbirds feeding on juniper berries. Falcons, hawks and an occasional rare bald eagle nest in the expanses of wild cherry, walnut and white oak crowning the hilltops.

In the late spring, the crystal clear blue skies contrast with the almost unnatural greenery of the area. Autumn transforms the greens into reds and yellows with sweetgums exploding into magenta following the first frost. Seeing the area on such pristine days, Bob contemplates his native state and heaven. Reclamation of the land once slave-toiled and overgrazed demonstrates nature's ability to forgive and heal. Frequently, gazing across the thriving woodland from atop a ridge would heal wounds inside himself. Nature, he has found, steadies and redeems those willing to experience and share the world with it.

"What do they want? What would I do without the forests of this state? Do they want everything Amy?," he often confides to his wife, Amy.

"I'm only thirty six years old girl, but sometimes, especially recently, I feel as though I will witness the end of it in my lifetime. Nature's healing power will take place no more as we are forced to live in an antiseptic paved enclosed world. When grandma and grandpa's farm was sold, we thought we done good. Thinking now, if someone built an industrial park on that tract in Pendleton County where we fish, what the hell would we do Amy? How could we sooth ourselves?"

No answer will be forthcoming to this question as his daze fixates on the distant poplar.

Along a small creek outside Kenton Grove flourishes a primeval tulip poplar, *Liriodendron tulipifera*. A 461 year old root system anchors it into the limestone residual soil. Its crown towers 155 feet above the ground at its trunk. Lightning has struck it twice and an arrowhead is embedded in its heartwood from the errant shot of a Shawnee Indian chasing a deer in 1712. Surrounding the poplar are several sycamore trees rivaling it in size. The poplar communicates.

"Sol's favors are upon us as He bears much heat and light today."

"As it has been for much of the vernal season, Nethelea." answers one of the sycamores, Juo.

"Yesterday, a group of blue eyes approached and marked my trunk with a strange substance. I have knowledge of such markings and fear for my existence, Juo."

"I too am so marked."

"Is Plutar's retribution upon us, Juo? At night, lights foretell of a dawn that comes not of the east but of the north. A constant din, having existed for only twenty eight counted vernal seasons augments each season. Has Plutar ascended only to create a conflagration of death as he approaches? The large mammals which ate other mammals, howled and clawed at our bark have already been removed. So too, have the large horned bushy mammal which drank from the waters below us. Are we next? Have we failed in our worship of Sol and His Creator?"

"Nethelea, our virtue is in our simplicity. When Sol warms our extremities at the initiation of the vernal season, we awake, spread our canopies and offer tribute to Sol and His Creator. Plutar's blue eyed oracles destroy our brethren in spite of the benevolence of our acts. Understanding of the behavior of the blue eyed clothed mammals is not within my realm of understanding. I am here to offer praise to Sol and perform the works instructed to me through my ancestors from Sol's Creator. The quandary is whether the blue eyes follow a similar path."

"The clothed mammals previous to the arrival of those of blue eye color were of one. They lived with us. The obvious answer, Juo, being that yes, they conducted themselves as Their Creator intended. Those of blue eye color I wish not to condemn but appear to follow the teachings of Plutar. An orb governed by Plutar stings buds dead during unpredictable violent temperature fluctuations of its cold dormant season. During the vernal season, heavy burning rains fall tearing leaves and ripping them long before the autumnal season commences. We are neither equipped, nor meant to survive in such a place."

"Nethelea, if Plutar does come, then it is the Will of Sol's Creator that we be removed." ■

by John Schendel

My turn to bear the illness passed from generation to generation,
Fed to me in stinking putrid dose form.
A Friend? at work shows to me (hush-hush) a photocopied page:
"Why a Beer is Better Than a Woman"
When a beer goes flat you can throw it away and get a new one!
and the list goes on...
Giddy from anticipation we pass the needle
and the infection spreads.

A woman is beaten, raped and killed in Candler Park, 1990.
We dare to civilize the landscape with asphalt, cement block and
fluorescent light.
We drive away the mountain lion that threatens to eat us
in the quick! of the night as we wander home.
But she is not safe, the woman
Dead, eaten alive by one of her own species
Crazy with the illness.

The women endure in their female places.
They are shackled, chained from the cure,
like dogs held at bay, their snouts inches from the water
Howl!
She feeds her young the contaminated milk
of the cold sweat inside of her breast
of the blood of internal bodily injuries.

We go on breeding more victims and vomiting
on them the sickness of our fathers.
The young flinch! at first from the shock of hot puke
in their eyes, in their ears.
(I see her tears: the grease for her chains, in glimpses between his advances
hear the pop of the skull, shoulder blades, ankle bones against the door)
The children look to the man for a reason,
but there is no reasoning in his blank, emotionless
stare of a lost mind.

I am walking along the street in Athens, Ga., at night
with a fruit smoothie in one hand. Slurp!
A young woman comes up in front of me on the dark sidewalk,
walking in my direction.
Our eyes meet uneasily, but for different reasons.
I sense her instant fear and wonder, caution
and I try to act meek, gentle, safe
at the risk of appearing weird.
I feel a pressure to try to make her feel at ease.
I am afraid of her fear.
I do not want to make her heart race,
merely because I am a male.

But, I am not free of this disease.
I do not strike women, but a ghost
with an uplifted hand ready to blow
hovers over me like a glow
at night, when I walk in the street.
It is a spector of all men.
None of us is free until we are all
free...
When I can walk by her and feel, and act, like myself.

More Poetry About Elvis and God

T. Hickman

My bust of Elvis speaks to me,
I don't understand his words.
It's in a foriegn language now
His message can't be heard.

He sits on the mantel looking down
With cheap sunglasses and a pasty frown,
He condescends to share with me
His dreams from the other side.
But I can't understand what my Elvis says
Atleast since my Elvis died.

Yea doth he sit on yon mantel piece
With sequined silk shirt 'neath trim golden fleece,
A thinly vieled oracle speaking to me
In incomprehensible tongue.

Speak to me Elvis from far beyond grave,
From dusty cathedral to lust cuckold knave.
The hope of a nation entombed in dead wood,
His message still garbled and misunderstood.

My bust of Elvis is silent, inert,
It lends to me no more words.
Like his body before him he let his dreams die,
Nodoubt thinking he did all he could...

The Fountain of Fallen Emblems

by Dale Gillis

"Corbin is upstairs in bed, Mrs. Isaacs. I was impressed when I heard about how you healed Mrs. Thornvill. "

"I did what? That is ridiculous. Don't pay any attention to such talk. We should pray for the sick, but don't expect anything special to come of it. We all have to go sometime, you know." She paused. "You said he is in bed. Is he sick, I mean sick as well as...disturbed?"

"We encourage him to stay in bed. He causes less trouble that way. Corbin has never tried to set the house on fire upstairs, he has to be closer to the door."

They went upstairs. From his bed Corbin glared at Isaacs, growled, and muttered obscene imprecations. As Isaacs prayed briefly, he seemed to doze off. Then something remarkable happened. A wisp of smoke came out of Corbin's mouth, with a sulphurous odor. Even more remakable, Smith swears that a ball of fire came out of Corbin's mouth and went out the window. Corbin did get better, he became almost normal.

Smith thinks the ball of fire that came out of Corbin's mouth was the meteor that people saw that day. The paper said it was a meteor. Others gave more detailed descriptions.

The fireball expanded and dissipated, revealing a train of devils, hundreds of them. The devils were complete with horns, claws, hooves, tails, stingers, and bat-like wings, many had pitchforks, and all looked like they were fleeing in panic. Some were carrying coffins on their backs or were bound with chains, and bat-winged hellhounds and hellcats flew along with the devils. Some of the devils were dressed as priests or bishops and many wore ties or ministerial stoles or robes. The country people were astonished at this army of demons fleeing across their sky.

Amazed, Ishmael Weaver watched the train of demons from a field. One of the devils dropped a small object, which struck Ishmael in the back, rolled over his body, and took its place on his finger. It was a ring, although one that varied in appearance. The stone sometimes seemed to be a ruby, and sometimes an emerald or a diamond, for instance. One of the ring's aspects was a broad seal ring, with a charging goat as its seal. It always had a certain horrid glint that Ishmael did not like. Sometimes the devilish ring disappeared from sight entirely, but he could still feel it. In time Ishmael could see it when no one else could. "This thing is made to deceive," he thought.

The demon's ring was an intriguing find, but Ishmael remembered where it came from, and decided to rid himself of it. Standing alone in an open field, Ishmael took off the ring and threw it as far as he could. It easily sailed over the edge of the horizon and in another second hit him in the back and returned to his finger. "This thing is going to be very hard to get rid of," he concluded.

After discreet inquiries, Ishmael found out that people with his particular problem should go to an almost unknown place, which may be in South America. There he should find a mysterious fountain, supposedly guarded by an angel with a flaming sword.

Ishmael determined to go to this place, if it could be found. Traveling on a treacherous mountain road, he approached the spot where he expected to find the hidden fountain. Seeing an enclosed area with a statue of an angel with a torch next to an archway, he took heart. Approaching closer, the statue suddenly turned into a very real looking angel with a flaming sword, startling and amazing Ishmael. He wondered if the angel would let him pass. Forcing himself to keep a steady pace, he walked past the guard angel. As he passed, he noticed a seal ring on the guard angel's hand, whose seal showed a lion sitting on a cloud.

"A bearer of a fallen seal," the strong looking angel commented as Ishmael passed and entered the open gate.

Past the gate he found the fountain, a circular pool apparently fed by springs. Ishmael stood on the wall of the pool and looked at the clear water and at the hundreds of rings on the bottom. They were out of reach, even if he had dared to reach for them, or touch them. After staring at them for some time, he decided that they did not have the devilish glint that his own ring had. Clearly, that must not deter him from what he came to do, he decided, even though the fountain must have the power to purify. Hoping for success, Ishmael took off the devilish ring and cast it into the fountain, whose water turned to blood for a few seconds. When the water became clear again, Ishmael could see his ring sinking to the bottom, without its usual horrid glint.

The fountain rings glistened with a meek radiance. Curiosity arose, for he wondered if a ring lifted from the water would keep its gentle look or return to the sickening glare. What if he made a mistake, or did the wrong thing? Curiosity must be satisfied. Quickly, he prepared to dive, guessing that he would be able to reach the seal rings on the bottom with a little effort. What did their seals look like, anyway? He found the fountain water cool to the skin, but not unpleasantly so. Diving, he managed to snag one of the miraculous pieces of jewelry on the third try. He rested one hand on the fountain wall to steady himself. With the ring still under the water's surface, he looked at its seal, a winged lion asleep on a cloud. By chance he had retrieved one with a design similar to the one the guard angel wore. Then he lifted the ring above the surface. It retained its meek radiance and never before had Ishmael seen anything of such undiluted beauty.

"I thought it was a devil's ring, but maybe it was made in heaven," he thought.

Ishmael spent much of the day diving for more of the remarkable rings. Finished with this task, he put them in his bag. No one would suspect that this tramp's bag contained anything of value. Soon he would be ready to leave this place. "I have almost forgotten the guard angel," he realized. "No doubt he can tell me if I am doing something wrong."

With a little fear for his new found wealth, Ishmael strode towards the gate.

The guard angel did speak again. "You have seen how the fountain reveals the original nature of things," he said as Ishmael passed.

Migration

by Scott Morris

Alex looked at the cars as they passed by on the interstate. He had learned that the sound of wheels going upwards of sixty evened his moods: a sunrise over the marsh in spring. The sight of steel moving by effortlessly gave him an excitement he could not describe. What a passion these vibrations catalyzed for Alex!, far greater than any human discovery. A passing trailer reminded him of work which forced him to concentrate on the purpose of his visit. Mike was waiting. He wouldn't wait long either, for he loved to get lost in the streets for lack of better things to do. "I believe he said the bus station at noon, but I could be wrong", Alex said to his companion Albert. He thought about Albert and why this person was someone he could talk to in times of stress. Hindsight?, it could be. "Alex, you think this guy Mike gets irritated with you rambling all the time? I don't think he cares about what you say, not like you." Albert has never met Mike, he's trusting my opinions. Why?, I've never given him anything but words. Of course, most people don't even give him words. He looks like a criminal. "Could be, but he knows I'm right. Besides he could always leave." Alex thought that's what Mike had planned, but he hoped not.

Hanging my feet from this bridge makes me wonder what Albert is all about. Sometimes he just doesn't care. "What made you take off and try it on your own? you know, it's always been in my mind, like I should know better for some reason.. But I'm always stopped by—something that, I just don't know." Albert was looking, with his arms over the rail at some girls walking underneath them. "You know, I've never answered that. But at the time it seemed like the thing to do. What an answer! I'm sure my folks would like that one. Seriously, living in old buildings brings back good memories sometimes, but mostly I feel safer." Albert looks a little sad now, but hopeful. It's good to know that someone who is thirty can look hopeful. "They look peaceful, and beautiful. Something about the interstate shoulder and girls walking on it that makes for a nice scene. Like that's what it was made for." Yea, he agreed. And hoped I was right. "I gotta go find the wanderer now, it's almost eleven and it'll take awhile to get downtown. I don't want him to leave."

As he walked down the bridge, Alex looked for his bus schedule and found it in his front pocket next to the cigarettes. The smoke lasted for what seemed an instant before going to the K&B for some more. A purple and white sign that was familiar to anyone who needed cigarettes or something was up ahead. Entering the store was always a treat: Walking the aisles told you what was in need by the public. I'm sure that fat lady's kid needs a new Big Wheel. Some comic books and a coke maybe, but no plastic wheels for me, the bus will do fine. All this shit makes me more sick than that kid and his fat mother. "Some Camels—oh yea, matches too. You know what time it is?" Bus comes in ten minutes. Good, I've got time for a bite. Across the street a plastic burger caught Alex's eye, so he made his way over. The cars coming by looked too fast to realize what the interstate now meant to Alex. He held the same contempt for the cars as for the buyer of the brand new Big Wheel. These feelings could now be forgotten as crossing Veterans Blvd. was always a joy. It was the first street he had ever loved. In his dreams a long slender black road that ended in a bridge higher and steeper than any mountain could ever hope for call ed to him. Time travel slower , like summer football in the street. However, hunger and Mike called, so the trip wasn't the pleasure the designers had hoped for.

Some of the people on buses are just my type. They're not too hurried. They appreciate time and let it take them where they want to go. This usually doesn't happen near rush hour though. That's the perfect name for it: rush hour. I never knew you could rush an hour, but I'm sure that fat lady has figured it out. That guy in the back with the bottle is just here for the ride. This seat looks fine, near a window...good. Ha! There's that fat lady and her kid with the new Big Wheel. And there driving her new big wheel: a Cadillac. How impressive. No wonder the kid got all snotty when his mom refused to buy the thing. He knew his fat mother would give in. She wants him to have that Big Wheel more than the kid does. I wonder how long it'll be before he realizes this and wants a bigger one. Probably this afternoon.

The more I think about it, the more it irritates me. She instantly said no when her kid approached her about the wheels. It was something in Mrs. Fat's eye. She didn't care what he had; she just didn't want to buy it. The kid could have found a cure for cancer. She's not about to give her own kid any credit. I wonder if it was her not wanting to bother with the cure or her lack of faith in the kid. Either way Fat Jr. is going to feel like he's just in his mother's way. And it's not that hard to get in Mrs. Fat's way.

It's the same thing with Mike and Albert. No one ever gives Albert any credit. I think that's why he decided to walk around for awhile. He's doing much better than Mrs. Fat and her kid. I'm sure she gives her son support, but she just blows him off. It's like this certain age or level of understanding we all have to get past before anyone will listen. Right now Albert is getting this stigmatism of the "real" world. He'll do alright He's getting away from these "real" things and back to himself where he belongs. The old buildings he lives in don't put any conditions on him. He can sleep where he wants to. I think everyone should spend time exploring abandoned buildings. Mike and I sure did in high school. It was better than going to class. Ha!, who am I kidding, most of our trips were when the teachers were out on strike. Six months! What fun. Those afternoons spent down by the river were the best. I went more places in those six months than all of my eighteen years while living with my parents. Of course my dad would loudly and violently disagree, but he never showed me where to hide from the cops or told me how to break into a shipyard without being seen. Mike and I had the best times. We got caught sometimes. Although not as fun as getting away, it was just as much of an experience.

There's something in Mike that loves to break rules. I think he just likes to risk getting caught. There's so much out there to see and I guess he thought he might not have the chance after school. When he first told me this idea, I thought it was the stupidest thing I ever heard. Just imagine someone who liked to skip class so he could fail and go to summer school, and that was Mike. He told me classes were easier in the summer and I should join him. It just hit me a few months ago how incredible idea that was. Things were passing too fast to be wasting time in class. The real world was going on and he wanted to see it. He could watch ships or spend the day at the zoo and make up his school during the summer. I always knew there were too many kids out in the summer and everything was too crowed, but Mike solved the problem. He could kick back in the air conditioned class room while everyone mobbed the parks or the theaters. Classes were easier because the teachers had to cut all the bullshit they had time for during the year. There was no pop psychology on why we should learn. The kids were dropouts and the teacher knew it. However, they didn't know a genius was listening. The only thing that bothers me is I didn't give Mike any credit for his discovery. I don't know what to say.

Alex panicked and looked out the window. What timing, he thought. His wanderings had caused him to almost miss the connector downtown. He was used to things like this happening. "If you think about some problem and try to find an answer, you're doing alright", he would tell Mike. Of course Mike never went for this and answered by wanting to go to the park. It didn't bother either one of them, but it usually gave an odd feeling, like a child sent to bed when they don't want to go. Alex lit another cigarette and walked to the connector stop. Along the way he took notice of how the trees in the background rose above the businesses and was pleased. He especially enjoyed the way the grasses and birds were dispersed among the lots surrounding each place. Within these grasses he realized there was a vast array of life, and surrounding this was a wall. Smoke from the cigarette warmed his lungs and brought a rush of pleasure. The stop was a block away and there was no need to hurry.

The cigarette brought to mind his need to use the bathroom so he headed for a hotel up ahead. The lobby was new and looked more like an architectural firm than a hotel: pretty girls were behind the desk. And someone who looked like the manager was running around sweating. He asked for the bathroom, very courteously, and went inside. It was empty. His boots echoed on the cinder block walls letting him know he was alone. Closing the stall door and looking at the porcelain and black steel drew him to the toilet. Relief. Every man was the same when it came to using the bathroom. The twelve foot ceilings sounded the ripping paper and filled the room while he looked at the graffiti.

The bus was on its way and Alex felt relieved. The anticipation from his meeting Mike clouded his mind and confused him. It would be good to get on the road again. Although the people waiting at the stop looked stunned, he hoped they were in the same boat and would relax once on the bus and moving. Mike knew this feeling and was always trying to overcome it. As everyone boarded the bus, Alex felt as if his guess was right. They seemed more at ease. The bus was almost full as it pulled out and headed for the horizon. Now seated near the back Alex kept an occasional eye on two young boys several rows in front of him, as they were punching each other and laughing. Some sort of game. Everyone else, especially those in front are dying to know what going on. I know each one of them want to look straight at those kids; everyone's head is pointed at a newspaper or the floor while their eyes look where their minds want them to.

Wow! That's the perfect idea for what Mike's bee working on. The way everyone is looking at their papers whi watching those kids is spooky. I'm sure he could do it. He alway told me it would come up like this; some random day like a strange you say hi to in the street. Just the idea that he could paint from m ideas was incredible. Kind of like a second hand account. Wh knows how many hours we spent talking. He said he'd have t know me better than my mother. He wanted to be able to predict m feelings in any situation so he could paint any scene from my eye I knew Mike was a genius after that one. Our outlooks are differe enough to matter and he knew it. "If I can do this, I'm talented", h told me. He's tried it several times on scenes that either of us hav chosen. The best one so far was a man looking in his wallet for hi credit card. Mike found that one. The guy had this sick look on hi face like he knew the things shouldn't exist. We were at some sto when Mike picked up on it. The next second the look was gone an the man had his stuff. I didn't see the guy's expression, but I coul tell it in the painting. Mike knew he could do better. All I have t do is tell him what the two kids were doing. He already knows th expressions; we've been talking for a year. Today is going to be bi for both of us.

While thinking on his idea for Mike, Alex felt a rush o enthusiasm that ended in exhaustion. He slumped into the seat t enjoy the ride. People entered and left the bus, but it was still heade downtown. The two kids got off and Alex knew their influenc would be felt elsewhere. It was silent as they were all thinking o what was to come. Each movement had became a clue as to whe the bus would arrive and leave them to their own. The afternoo began to lengthen. An October sun that wasn't enough to warm th thoughts outside of the bus hung overhead. Alex decided to blo work off. He could call later and make up a story in the mean time

Some noise shook Alex from his half sleep. He notice that several people were standing up, squinting to see the front of th bus. The first thing that crossed his mind was a wreck and anothe traffic jam. Wonderful. What are we doing pulling over? What? The bus doesn't work! Shit. I guess they never said the damn thing wouldn't brake down, just get you there... eventually. What a drag As he made his way out the door with the other passengers, Alex shuffled through his jacket to find the schedule. Another Veterans bus wouldn't be along for thirty minutes. It would be tough finding a route to the bus station before twelve, but he saw that a few transfers would get him to West Esplanade and then on to the Greyhound station.

I think I've got enough time, but I should pick up my pace to make sure. And a brisk walk is always good. This time of day in October is always exciting. It's cool enough for walks and the sun is bright enough to warm your skin. The birds like it too. Those ducks up ahead look like they've had a long flight. Migration is such a neat concept. They'll make it. It's always so cool in New Orleans this time of year, with the birds. They make my steps seem so small I wonder where they're going. To be shot, for sure. They call it "Sportsman's Paradise", even on the license plates. License plates There awfully handy. What would we do without them. Not have to pay license taxes, that's for sure. My dad would say they kept out society in order and something about the upkeep of roads and go on for another hour. I think they're nothing but the destruction of those birds. It says it right under our own little number.

Alex made his way up Veterans headed for the bus at the mall. It would take him a few blocks north and closer to W Esplanade. For now he would be content with a six block walk. He passed boutiques and ice cream places and paid little attention to

them. The cars passing by didn't notice his gaze at the migrating ducks, and he took the same opinion of them. A single bird flanked by others was on his mind. The overall shape of the flock was familiar to everyone, but not this flock or the way Alex looked at it. He didn't know what kind they were and didn't really care. They brought the feel of progress. The formation looked nothing like the triangles he had been taught in geometry. This one was perfect. Their triangle was being pulled by the wind and was held together by their hunger and the search for a home. The expression of each duck was to find what it wanted, and nothing else. It brought him closer to the birds as he was now a part of their company. A certain pull in the direction of the flock became apparent. His steps quickened. Crossing streets and avoiding cars was never easier. The sun brought a slight heat that just increased his appetite for the flocks spirit.

The ducks would be out of sight when they flew behind the bank up ahead. Alex felt refreshed as he said goodbye. He could feel their presence as he had made good progress towards the next bus stop. They would be missed, but he knew that someone, probably a kid, would recognize their simplicity and also wish them luck.

By the time Alex reached the mall the bus was in sight. Seeing this brought a smile to his face, as his efforts to increase his pace paid off. The last few blocks had gone quickly after watching the flock of ducks. He could still feel their determination to find food and shelter. The walk had done him good and he was eager to get along with the trip. Up ahead people waited at the stop and more of them rose as the bus approached. He lit another cigarette. The afternoon had gone well.

The bus pulled out and Alex seated himself towards the front. Everyone was still moving around, getting used to the ride as he turned to look out the window. Traffic wasn't bad and the bus was making good time. Businesses passed by and people stood on corners and Alex looked at the sky. It was bright blue and reminded him of coloring when he was a kid. If only Crayola could make a blue as bright as this, he thought. I think blue Kleenexes come the closest. Yea, that's it. The bus rolled on and Alex paid little attention to anything else. Occasionally the doors opened to show what stop it was. He would roll his head in the direction of the door long enough to see where they were and turn back to the window. Alex was content to notice only the sky and what stop was next.

The door opened again to show Alex that he was up. This would be the transfer that led downtown. He had asked the driver about his route into the city and was recommended another that would take him directly downtown. However, the driver said it was more likely to get jammed up and could take more time. Alex thought and then trusted his instincts and chose the drivers route. He got off to wait for his transfer. The new bus wasn't anywhere around so he started walking in hopes of catching it a few blocks away. It was risky, but he didn't like sitting around doing nothing. A breeze picked up and made the walk more enjoyable. Alex turned occasionally to see if the bus was coming. The long straight road was perfect for spotting them and he felt confident. Oaks were now spread out over the street and shaded the pavement from the sun making the breeze more apparent. He looked at the pavement and recognized its worn surface. The stop was now two blocks away. He thought about making the next one but decided it was too much. The last two blocks had now shrunk to one. He would be at the intersection soon.

Boarding this bus was the most pleasurable of the day. It could be the last diversion caused by the Veterans bus breaking down. Ha!, it seems so long ago and I could have gotten alot madder than I did, Alex thought after remembering the incident. It screwed up my day and I could still miss Mike, but it just didn't seem like much of anything. Anyway, I'm here and almost downtown. It's kind of like those ducks. They know they'll find it. Makes me wonder about Albert. Sometimes all we ever do is sit around and look at the interstate or hang out at whatever building he's staying. He's either thinking about a new life with a new job and a new house or just food and getting by. It doesn't matter which one it is, he uses everything around him and doesn't take anything for granted. He lives in old worn out buildings and that makes sense. Dreams are what they ought to be called. And dreams never die, people just get used to them and forget their beauty. They soon lose their glory and mystique once they've been reached. The birds' formations are familiar to everyone on this bus, but they've become commonplace. I think the only ones who ever get excited over them are kids.

Mike's the strangest guy I know. It's the way he just knows things and doesn't ever think about them. He tells me he always goes on instincts and never puts much thought into his painting. That the picture will create itself if you don't get in the way. I've always tried to think about what something meant before letting my mind go. He's read some of the stuff I've written and says I'm getting the point.

At first I didn't think his idea would be that hard. Difficult, but not that hard. He just mentioned it one day and didn't put much into the idea after that. Then a few days later he began asking me more and more questions. I didn't think much of it at the time, but after awhile I asked him what was up. He told me again and said he had come up with something. He said he'd tell me on the way to the park. He always wanted to go to the park. I asked him what he wanted to know. I thought it might be my ideas on society or money or something like that. Boy did he surprise me. He wanted to know what I did when I was little. It makes sense now, but at the time it threw me for a loop. So I started thinking and came up with a few things. Things I thought I had forgotten right after they happened. At first the memories came randomly and Mike just listened. A few weeks later I could remember months at a time and he was more interested. He got real excited.

After we had been at it for three months or so, he wanted to go fishing for a few days and have some intense sessions. I didn't mind the talks and thought the fishing would be fun, so I said OK. It was the most amazing time I ever had. We were completely removed. The subject painting never came up. Both of us got caught up in our childhoods and forgot why we were talking about them. We got allot of fishing done and I brought him up to about fifteen or sixteen. It was great how he put it all together. Mike already knew what I thought about things since high school, and now he knew why I thought them. I don't think anyone could realize how much Mike puts into his painting.

It's odd, but it seems there's been more situations lately that Mike could paint. And it's not like when you buy a new blue car and notice more blue cars on the road. That just doesn't fit what's happening. It has something to do with us talking all the time. Not exactly what we've been discussing, but the talks themselves. I've always had these thoughts, but I don't think I've ever thought about them this much. It's like I've got all this extra energy from thinking. The bus ride had gone extremely fast. By the time Alex finished thinking on Mike's painting, he saw he would be up in a few blocks. He thought that although each ride was longer than the one before and he could have been steamed and sweating by now, the trip was enjoyable and seemed to go faster as the day progressed. Alex couldn't remember a time when he would have been filled with anticipation from such a day.

The Anti-Philosophical Philosophy

by Rich Franks

During the first half of the twentieth century a new philosophy arose out of the University of Vienna that, although today is generally considered to be illogical, played a significant role in the development of scientific thought. This new philosophy is referred to as "logical positivism."

Logical positivism was introduced by a group of philosophers, scientists, and mathematicians, known as the Vienna Circle, whose members were dedicated to unifying all aspects of science under strict empirical analysis. The development of their ideas was based on the Verifiability Criteria of Meaning which attempted to place all statements into three strict categories: empirically verifiable, analytic, or meaningless. An empirically verifiable statement is one that can be proved or disproved by actual sense experience. Analytic statements are true only as far as the terms used in the statement do not contradict their own definition, i.e. reptiles are cold blooded animals or 2 x 2 = 4. If any statement cannot be placed under the previous two categories then it must be regarded as completely meaningless.

With such a criterion established, the logical positivist set out to build a world with one rational step after another, continuously laying the foundation for the next step with empirically verifiable facts. The positivist intended to sterilize science from subjective intrusions by filtering out all theological, metaphysical, or philosophical biases.

Metaphysics and theology were attacked at their roots by claiming the very words that described them were meaningless. The positivist would prove the meaninglessness of the statement, "There is a God," by attempting to empirically analyze the statement. This idea was addressed in the 1929 publication *The Vienna Circle: Its Scientific World-Concept* with the statement: The metaphysicians and the theologians, misinterpreting their own sentences, believe that their sentences assert something or represent some state of affairs. Nevertheless, *analysis* shows that these sentences do not say anything, being instead only the expressions of some emotional attitude.

By establishing that all real knowledge was grounded in empirical observations and nullifying anything metaphysical or theological, the positivist was able to assert that ultimate truth was attainable and science would be the prime mover in obtaining it.

Though very appealing at first glance, logical positivism was doomed to failure. An honest analysis of the the philosophy reveals several key problems.

First of all, science, the very philosophy which the positivist intended to exalt, would only suffer when forced to conform to the rigid boundaries of logical positivism. No longer would the scientist pursue any theoretical truth or attempt to attach meaning and explanation to their observations, instead they would simply be required to describe their observations. For example, masses would no longer be attracted to the earth by an unseen force called gravity, but would simply display a consistency to fall toward the earth. This approach would no doubt leave many scientists confused as to whether there was any real purpose in their pursuits.

There were other aspects of life that were threatened by logical positivism. Under logical positivism, there would be no room for the pursuit of moral truths, religious beliefs, or even love. And few people, whether laymen or philosophers, were prepared to give up love because it was empirically unverifiable.

The most detrimental aspect of logical positivism is that it destroys itself. When empirically analyzing their philosophy, the logical positivist could strictly adhere to their ideas until they arrived at their central idea, the Verifiability Criterion of Meaning, upon which they would encounter major crisis. Asserting that a statement can only derive its meaning from empirical verifiability is itself an empirically unverifiable assertion. Additionally, the data which enters our minds and is used to verify a statement does not acquire its meaning from empirical analysis; it possesses no objective validity and therefore, according to the positivist, must be considered meaningless. If the positivist wishes to avoid these conclusions, he/she must claim that there are some ideas that do not derive their meaning from empirical verifiability, in which case the logical positivist would no longer be a logical positivist. Either case forced logical positivism to commit suicide.

Though today it is no longer considered a valid philosophy, several valuable conclusions can be drawn from the examination of logical positivism. Logical positivism encouraged the philosophical analysis of language and a pursuit of the understanding of symbolic logic. It also revealed the importance of strictly adhering to the initial ideas of one's philosophy and honestly following them to their logical conclusion. Most importantly, logical positivism exposed the inadequacy of empirical analysis to provide humans with the complete picture of themselves and the universe in which they live.

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"It's always sunny somewhere."

by Wes Slaymaker

Less than 1% of the incoming solar radiation is used to power all of the world's electricity. Fossil fuels represent a thousandth of a percent of daily solar energy. Humanity is currently on the wrong end of the energy consumption pyramid. A plant absorbs less than 1% of the sun's power, and in turn much less of this becomes coal, oil, or any other fossil fuel. What is the reason that more of the sun's energy is not utilized? A logical explanation is hard to find.

When the sun strikes the earth it is transformed into several different categories of energy: wind energy, "hydropower," chemical energy stored in plant matter, and direct heating of the Earth's surface. Direct absorption accounts for 50% of the energy the Earth receives from the sun, yet hardly any of this energy is utilized for humankind. Many alternatives to fossil fuels exist; an analysis of the potential use of other energy forms besides oil and nuclear power will hopefully generate public enthusiasm and support for their use. In this first of a series of several articles on alternative energy sources, the uses of methane gas generated by bacteria will be examined.

Biogas is a term used to describe gas composed of approximately 60-70% methane, the rest being carbon dioxide with sometimes a trace of hydrogen sulfide. This gas is produced by anaerobic bacteria which are digesting organic matter. Most of this gas currently goes into the atmosphere unused. A good example of large amounts of methane escaping into the atmosphere unused, is a landfill. A large amount of methane gas is produced in modern landfills, and only a few landfills actually recover this gas. Los Angeles has landfills which recover methane gas, and it is used to help generate electricity for the city (approximately 1 MW). Methane gas builds up in a typical landfill, and has caused the catastrophic explosion of houses or buildings that were built on an old landfill site. Thus, tapping the gas away has twice the advantage.

A biogas plant normally consists of a large tank filled with organic wastes. These include human, animal, and agricultural wastes. The wastes are shredded and made into a slurry, this is entered into the tank. The tank can be filled all at once, or a little each day. If the tank is filled all at once, batch feed, it will take about 2 months to digest. Methane production by the bacteria usually begins after the second week. The temperature of the mixture must be maintained around 90 degrees Farenheit, for optimum production. The gas is collected from the tank and compressed for storage.

The advantages of biogas production have made it popular in several countries. The most notable are Taiwan, China, and India. Over 50,000 units are in operation in these countries. The biogas plant's efficiency does not depend on size, thus a small unit for one family can be as efficient as a unit for an entire town; this allows small scale development in areas where there is not enough money or demand for a large electrical generating facility. The "sludge", or leftover waste, is an excellent fertilizer which can be applied to the soil directly. The digestion process destroys harmful pathogens in the wastes. Human wastes can be used for this reason, and eliminated from the local waters.

A look at the fine points of biogas production yields some enlightening figures. Typical gas production ranges are 6-8 cubic feet of gas per pound of material over a ten day period. Twelve to fifteen cubic feet of gas is needed per person per day for cooking. One cubic foot of gas is approximately equal to the energy used to burn a 25 watt bulb for 6 hours. For a gas engine with 25% efficiency, 16-18 cubic feet per horsepower hour is needed. Biogas can be used in a normal internal combustion engine with only slight carberator modifications (For best efficiency, the compression ratio should be increased to 12-15 to 1).

What about materials? One and a quarter cows are able to produce, via their dung, approximately 1kWh of electricity per day, this figure takes into account a machine efficiency of 25% and a generator efficiency of 80%. Plant wastes are also a very good fuel. One pound of dry algae will yield approximately 6,000 Btu of energy; 1kWh equals 3,415 Btu. The hydrilla plant that clogs many southern waterways would also make a good fuel, and so would grass, leaves, cornstalks, etc. The main requirement for the bacteria to produce a maximum amount of gas is a carbon to nitrogen ratio of 30 to 1.

The environmental effects of burning this gas are about the same as the effects from the burning of natural gas; there are fewer hydrocarbons, no sulphur dioxide, and potentially fewer other pollutants. The octane rating of methane is 130; it is a relatively high quality fuel. Currently about 700,000 vehicles operate on methane, mainly in urban areas with a small radius of travel from the filling station. These vehicles show the reality of the fuels use, and demonstrate its lower pollutant levels. The combustion of any fuel creates greenhouse gases, the biogas alternative is just an improvement over oil, especially when one considers the elimination

of drilling and exploration for gas.

There are several operating biogas plants in the U.S. These range from a series of 50-gallon drums filled with cow manure (the gas is used for cooking), to a large scale electrical generating facility in Washington state. The most popular size unit is relatively small, and the plant generates electricity, tractor fuel, or cooking gas for a small farm.

The disadvantages and safety considerations are few, but must be considered. The gas has a very large volume to energy ratio; thus, it poses some difficulties in automobile use. The fuel tank of such a car would have to be very large and under considerable pressure.The gas is explosive when mixed with air in the ratio of 12 to 1 air/gas. The hydrogen sulfide should be removed before use in an engine, for it is a corrosive material.

As a last aside, I noticed recently a job opening with the EPA for a coordinator of methane reduction. Methane is considered a green house gas that has been targeted for reduction. It would make more sense to use methane for an energy source, eliminating it in combustion, rather than removing its sources.

The Appropriate Technology subcommittee of the Environmental Forum has recently built a demonstration unit for biogas, and it should be on campus soon to demonstrate the reality of this fuel source. Should you feel moved towards more research, or even in some hands on experience with alternative energy sources, please join in. Environmental Forum meetings are Thursdays at 11:00 a.m. in the Student Center. In the meantime stay tuned for the next issue of the *N.A. Review*, where I shall examine the many possible uses of the sun's rays, including: hot water, desalinization, steam engines, photovoltaics, solar ovens, and several more (currently a flat plate thermosiphon solar collector is under construction).

*M*ost of the information for this article came from: *Methane Generation From Human, Animal, and Agricultural Wastes*. National Academy of Sciences, 1977, Washington D.C.

Many thanks go to the Southface Energy Institute's excellent library of information and helpful staff.

Noah, Lot and Balaam

by John Mark Coney

Leipzig, July 1519

John Eck:
Are you the only one that knows anything? Except for you is all the church in error?

Martin Luther:
I answer that God once spoke through the mouth of an ass. I will tell you straight what I think. I am a Christian theologian; and I am bound not only to assert but to defend the truth with my blood and death. I want to believe freely and be a slave to the authority of no one, whether council, university or pope. I will confidently confess what appears to me to be true, whether it has been asserted by a Catholic or a heretic, whether it has been approved or reproved by a council.

The above exchange is taken from Roland Bainton's account of the debate at Leipzig in July 1519 (see *Here I Stand*, by Roland Bainton). Apparently it was risky in those days to speak well of a Bohemian in Saxony, but John Eck had succeeded in pushing St. Martin of Wittenberg into embracing Jan Hus, the scholar of Charles University (soon to be well known to Georgia Tech students) in Prague, the city founded by Charles IV of Bohemia. Jan's burning had been the first order of business at the Council of Constance in 1415 (even though he had been given safe conduct). Martin, after Eck had made a connection between some of Luther's ideas and Hus, went to the library to examine Eck's charge and came back saying something like "we are all Hussites now".

Now I must point out that Martin was contrasting himself (and by inference Jan Hus too) with Balaam's dumb ass, rather than deprecating himself (although Mr. Eck might have thought there to be little difference between monks and asses). I suppose also that the use of the label "dumb ass" as a pejorative has been encouraged by such incidences as this exchange between Eck and Luther. Incidentally, the translators of the King James Bible used "dumb ass" to refer to the beast which spoke to the false prophet Balaam (see II Peter 2:16). Now the labelling may be incidental, but Peter's second letter is worth some reflection.

The second chapter of this letter focuses on the problem of false teachers. Perhaps no one has recommended this to you as comforting reading, and I suppose it is not if you, like Balaam son of Bosor, seek your will and despise God's. But to those who see Balaam as an anti-model, the chapter has an amazing message of comfort. The two models Peter offers of just men living amidst perversity are Noah and Lot. For those familiar with the Hebrew scriptures, Noah is an expected example of a just man, but Lot is rarely given as such.

Lot, the "brother" of Abraham (see Genesis 14:14), went to live in Sodom. What kind of town was Sodom? Well, to the very end, there was hope, but consider the sequence. When Sodom was besieged, Abraham took his 318 servants and drove the enemy from the gates. In good conscience, however, he could not receive any rewards from the king of Sodom, rather, he gave to the king of Salem and received the sign of circumcision, which symbolically is the statement: I have not made peace with Sodom. The symbol of Sodom suggests a certain lifestyle, but it would be a mistake to reduce the symbol (remember that Jesus contrasted his society with Sodom, saying his society was worse). Sodom was finally destroyed when Lot could not find 10 just people. Lot was spared, along with his two daughters. He fell after he was delivered, but David fell after he defeated Goliath and was still the man after God's heart. The Lord knows how to deliver the just and to reserve the wicked for punishment.

Yalta II: The Betrayal of Hong Kong

by Allan W. Yarbrough

During the last twelve months, the world has witnessed the beginning of the collapse of the Soviet Empire. Eastern Europe threw off its socialist system, scheduled elections, and began free-market reforms. The USSR's non-Russian republics began asserting their independence. Most importantly, the Soviet government is finally taking a hard look at its policy of third-world expansionism with an eye toward ending their support for some of the world's most unsavory regimes.

Yet amidst our victory celebrations we should pause to reflect that the 45-year cold war with Communism was longer than it should have been. We should remember that an old and feeble Franklin D. Roosevelt, at the Yalta conference with the blood-thirsty dictator Josef Stalin, granted the latter's request for hegemony in Eastern Europe, consigning its inhabitants to a life of slavery to the state. And we should realize that, on the other side of the globe 45 years later, we are about to do the same thing again—this time to the people of the island nation of Hong Kong.

This barren, rocky island off the coast of China was seized in 1841 by colonial Great Britain, who was later given sovereignty over the area in a treaty with the Chinese government. The areas of Kowloon and the New Territories, located on the mainland, were later leased to the British for a period of 99 years, a contract which expires July 1, 1997. During this period they, and the island, have been ruled by a colonial governor appointed by the British government. Though on paper his power is absolute, the governor has been disinclined to exercise any authority at all except in emergencies, with the result that Hong Kong has developed as the one truly libertarian country on earth. Its 5.8 million inhabitants have built the island into an economic powerhouse, one of the world's most important trading and financial centers. The U.S. has over $6 billion dollars invested there, 41% of the total foreign investment. As Ki-fan Tsang, a veteran Chinese journalist has said, "This is the only Chinese society that, for a brief span of one hundred years, lived through an ideal never realized at any time in the history of Chinese societies—a time when no man had to live in fear of the midnight knock on the door."

In 1984, the Thatcher government negotiated the Sino-British Joint Declaration, which spelled out the terms under which China would assume control of Hong Kong. It ostensibly called for no changes in Hong Kong economic and social systems, for 50 years continued capitalism, and for democratic rule by 1997. People breathed a sigh of relief, and the Hong Kong stock market rose.

Unfortunately, Great Britain refused to fight for the means by which the declaration was to be implemented. Last year, the Chinese and British released the Basic Law, the blueprint of future Chinese rule. Written to Beijing's specifications, it includes a ban on "subversion," by which China means criticism of human rights abuses on the mainland.

Although the Basic Law promises a "high degree of autonomy," it allow for exceptions for concerns for "national unity" and "territorial integrity," vague phrases that could mean almost anything. Since the power to interpret the Basic Law is given to the Congress of People's Deputies, these exceptions will probably be used as catch-all excuses for anything that Beijing wants to do.

Further Chinese destruction of Hong Kong's freedom include a ban on anyone holding a foreign passport holding a top government job. It refuses to permit the drafting of a Bill of Rights, and has made clear that the promised 50 years of capitalism is conditional on good behavior, which means no support for dissidents and no opposition political parties. Beijing has also insisted on moving in army troops in 1997.

So far, Great Britain has met these demands without protest. Martin Lee, a liberal lawyer and the main proponent of democracy in Hong Kong, complains, "We expected problems with China, but what we never expected was the degree to which Britain would give in to every Chinese whim."

Because the Chinese government will assume nearly all the power currently held by the colonial governor, the transition to unification requires a trust in the Beijing government. Such trust is not forthcoming. Hong Kong's population is composed largely of refugees from the mainland who keep a deep distrust in Communism. The regime's record of violating its own laws and its unwillingness to risk its own raison d'être on liberalization has caused a crisis in confidence among the people of Hong Kong. The crackdown in Tiananmen square a year ago only exacerbated the situation.

Burning the Bridges

The result has been a mass exodus from Hong Kong. A thousand people flee each week, a rate determined exclusively by the willingness of the rest of the world to grant them asylum. The British are expected to receive over a million requests for passports this year, and the lines at all consulates are ten times as long as they were before the massacre. Two-thirds to three-quarters of all executives, professionals, and entrepreneurs say they will leave before 1997. The enthusiasm of other nations to accept them is tepid at best; for instance, the U.S. maintains a quota on Hong Kong immigrants of 5000 per year.

The British parsimony in this area is particularly shocking. About 3.3 million inhabitants of Hong Kong hold British Dependent Territories passports, but the British now say that this in no way entitles them to live in Great Britain. Margaret Thatcher attempted to offer 50,000 Hong Kong residents full citizenship as insurance, hoping they will use it only if things turn sour. The plan was scuttled, however, when Beijing announced that it would not recognize the legitimacy of passports held by Chinese living in Hong Kong.

The British reaction to the attempted emigration from Hong Kong is similar to the

manner in which it is dealing with the Vietnamese boat people. Over two million people have fled Vietnam since the fall of Saigon in 1975, and 50,000 of them remain in former WWII P.O.W. camps in Hong Kong. The Chinese demanded that the island be Vietnamese-free by 1997, a demand the British are carrying out with a program of forced repatriation of refugees back to Vietnam that began December 11 of last year.

In order to justify this action to the United Nation's Committee on Refugees, the British government created a distinction between political refugees, who must be granted asylum, and economic migrants, who may be returned. Such a distinction ignores the repressive brutality that Vietnam exercises against not just dissidents, but its entire population. It further ignores the threats of punishment against repatriated Vietnamese, which should make them political refugees under the strictest definition. This action evokes memories of Operation Keelhaul, a 1945-47 allied operation that forcibly repatriated over one million ethnic Russians and East Europeans living in the West to face misery and death in Stalin's Gulag.

The appalling prospect of surrendering Hong Kong to totalitarianism presents America with a moral challenge. If the United States expects to maintain any credibility as a beacon of hope and freedom, it must intervene on behalf of this abandoned people. Unfortunately, we find our options limited. In all fairness to Margaret Thatcher, the current agreement may be the best obtainable, for China has shown total determination to work its way in Hong Kong, and there is little the U.S. can do to save it. Political Science professor John Garver, Georgia Tech's resident authority on Chinese affairs, confirms this analysis. "The Chinese will not tolerate any meddling in Hong Kong after 1997," he points out. "The place to draw the line [against Chinese expansionism] is the straits of Taiwan. Hong Kong is simply indefensible."

Margaret Thatcher herself may have unwittingly given us the answer while addressing the forced repatriation program. Remarking on those countries that were so loudly objecting to the policy, she suggested that the might do better by "accepting these refugees, rather than merely deploring their repatriation."

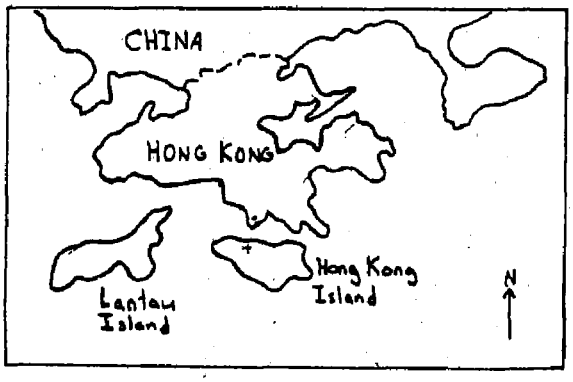
The Immigration Question

It is impossible to contemplate this response without examining the larger immigration question. It is here that I make my argument with all the zeal of a new convert, for over the last three years I have changed from a nativist isolationist to a free-market internationalist who would like to see our borders *completely* open to newcomers. However, this admittedly extreme position need not be endorsed to understand that increased immigration strengthens America rather than harms it.

There are two negative yet conflicting stereotypes of people that have recently arrived in the United States. The first is as parasites, people who do not contribute to their new home but come merely to live off the American welfare system. The second is as job-stealers, people who work for below market wages, filling employment that ought to go to "real" Americans. Neither of these caricatures is correct.

For one thing, recently-arrived immigrants tend to be one of the most productive segments of society. According to professor Julian Simon, professor of business administration at the University of Maryland, the average immigrant family is young and strong, therefore consuming fewer public services than a native family. After five years in the country, newcomers actually pay higher taxes than natives do, and their contributions exceed the cost of the services they use.

The image of the immigrant as a "job stealer" is also flawed. A study of job patterns by the University of California's George Borjas revealed that the jobs that newcomers fill are more than compensated for by the jobs they create by starting their own businesses. According to Borjas:



"The earnings of the typical native are barely affected by the entry of immigrants into the local labor market; though immigrants take jobs, they also make jobs through increased productivity and purchasing power. The new businesses which they start up are at least as numerous as the jobs which immigrants fill."

The Hudson Institute agreed in a study which concludes that immigrants "help to stimulate economic growth"—which is why it supports a liberalized immigration policy.

Increased immigration is also needed to shore up a work force that is increasingly aged or incompetent. The "baby-bust" has drastically decreased the number of future native workers, and our education system has failed to give the workers we have the skills necessary to perform the jobs available. Employers pleading before Congress for permission to import machinists, engineers and nurses were asked by Representative Bruce Morrison (D-CT), "Aren't there people here to do this work?" "Unfortunately, the answer is no," they replied.

Obviously, immigration is no substitute for educating our own people. However, until state governments employ free-market principles in a voucher system replacing the current education monopoly, our skilled workers must come from somewhere if we wish to remain competitive in a global economy.

We can see then that the Hong Kong question involves more than a moral imperative. It is in our own interest to let them, one of the freest, most industrious people in the world, make their home in our country.

The one obstacle to such a move is George Bush. The president is foolishly pursuing a policy of appeasement toward the tyrants of Beijing. This policy, aimed at "normalizing" relations with Red China, does not allow him to risk upsetting them by spoiling their plans for the people of Hong Kong. However, there is an increasing realization that this policy has so far resulted in only continued oppression, human rights violations, and diplomatic prevarications. It is unlikely to survive his presidency. As soon as Bush remembers the lessons of Yalta, he should promptly issue visas to everyone that wishes one; meanwhile, their citizenship will wait as Congress changes its immigration policy.

The people of Hong Kong need our help. The United States needs theirs. Let them in.

Conservative Liberal Moderate Radical

by John Mark Coney

Labels seem to be a necessary inconvenience, and the inconvenience of them may make the following seem strained if not somewhat strident. However, it seems that to use only two labels in an ideological assessment ignores both the diversity and the stability of the landscape. In fact the practice of using only the labels liberal and conservative confuses the situation; the words are names without definition.

I suspect some will accuse me of trying to confuse by claiming for myself the label of liberal. However, I must insist that liberal can have no meaning if it includes no standards. Perhaps a typical principle of liberalism would be something like: Everyone who accepts this statement as absolute is to be tolerated. This is of course absolutism, the negation of liberalism. A liberal must be one who, working from some fixed standard, gives others the benefit of the doubt. Now my definition may suffer the defect that too many would then be labelled liberal; I will entertain other definitions.

I am presently not satisfied in labelling myself as conservative because this would align me with Al Haig, Greeley Ellis and James Jackson Kilpatrick. The specific issue of "abortion" separates me clearly form these men. Thinking particularly of Mr. Kilpatrick, he recently chided George Bush for vetoing the "Boxer Amendment" which would have allowed for Medicare funding of the destruction of the products of rape and incest. His example was his recently raped godchild Julie. He was terrified that the rape could have produced a child. Now little does he apparently realize that it is he and not the rapist who makes that child an object of hate, and in advocating its destruction only affirms his own right to rape Julie. If this is conservatism, I am not a conservative.

Of course there are those who look to the left and look to the right and then declare themselves in the center. Their claim to be above the ideological battle is vain, since they are opposed by the radicals. A true radical recognizes that to avoid making choices as a matter of policy is among the greatest dangers, and that the effective moderate can only feign neutrality.

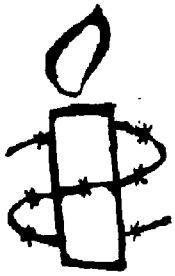
The Other Side of the World

by Scott Barnwell

The sun is shining. The grass is green. Flowers are blooming. Thousands of non-violent people around the world are being beaten, tortured, and killed solely for their political beliefs. Not yesterday, not tomorrow, but right now. True, many horror stories are evident within our own society, but in many nations where citizens can enjoy none of the political rights taken for granted by Americans, these atrocities have become commonplace. For example, Osborne Mkandawire, a journalist whose only crime was giving harmless information about his country, Malawi, died after six months of electric-shock torture and "riding the horse"-being forced to bend over while needles were inserted in his back.

Why do events like this happen? Possibly because the general public is too ignorant to know about their existence. Possibly because the general public couldn't care less. The United States boasts of being such a global power and a champion in the name of humanity. Yet, rarely does the U.S. ever exert any of this global influence to lessen the senseless torture and killings carried out by foreign nations. Too often we are concerned with protecting "relations." The obvious question then becomes, "Who wants 'relations' with countries which commit unspeakable crimes against their own citizens?" Mr. Bush, have you got an answer?

Has television and the news media made American society immune to the sobering aspects of reality? Unfortunately, the American society will likely never hear the stories such as that of Mr. Mkandawire. They occur every day and therefore do not deserve the designation of "news." If and when a specific case is reported, it is perceived as an exception to the rule and therefore disregarded. Even if the general populace were conscious of all the human rights abuses around the world, would it make any difference? Or are the masses just too apathetic to care about things which they do not *see* affecting their daily lives? It is reasonable to believe that people feel as though they cannot significantly affect occurrences on the other side of the world. Not true! Individuals can have an impact and organized groups of individuals can have an even greater impact. Currently, there is an active group of Tech students working to better the conditions of political prisoners around the world. Specifically, the group is working for U Nu, a Burmese man being detained by the military government without charge or trial solely for his political beliefs. Mr. Nu is also a likely victim of torture and ill-treatment. The primary action taken by the group has been letter writing to the foreign governments on behalf of political prisoners. You too can take part and make a positive difference for humanity! For more information contact Scott Barnwell of *Amnesty International of Georgia Tech* at 676-1722 or P.O. Box 33953.



Mail Bombs

By John Mark Coney

I doubt that I have any leads that would help answer the questions of who killed federal judge Robert Vance on my last birthday; however, since that event my curiosity has been increasing. My theories include a conspiracy in or near the Georgia Tech school of mathematics, an FBI hit squad and a feud within the secret society of the 11th circuit court of appeals. Whatever the resolution to that problem, my intention here is to give you a sample of the kind of mail bombs I specialize in. The following note to federal judge Freeman was hand delivered to his office in the federal building on Spring St. here in Atlanta, and the memorandum to Newt Gingrich was mailed to his Washington office. Mr. Freeman was the judge in last year's trial of congressman Pat Swindall. Mr. Gingrich's interview with John Lofton appeared in a December 1989 issue of the conservative newspaper Human Events. Mr. Hendrix was an attorney for Mr. Swindall. I await verbal response to either communication. Concerning other kinds of responses, some of my friends believe that my phone is tapped.

6/22/89
Mr. Freeman:

Paul, the apostle of Jesus to the Gentiles, wrote to the Corinthians that when anyone of them was offended, he burned (II:11:29). Even if I were as distressed with Pat Swindall as Paul was with the Corinthians, I would still burn over the offense against him perpetrated by that professional accuser Robert Barr and a typical federal judge playing gavel and gown but calling it justice.

Your response to Mr. Hendrix' motion for a "directed verdict" at it was reported to Atlanta in print indicates a total disregard for truth. To say "you and I would have reported this" is irrelevant to the issue of perjury and suggests the prejudgment that he was surely guilty of something. Yes, there was a directed verdict - guilty. The unanimity of the jury shows how easy it is in Mr. Barr's beloved "system" for judge and accuser to obscure the truth. Such arrogance has been noted.

John Mark Coney
1085 Snyder St. 30318

12/31/89 (Orlando)
To: Newt Gingrich
From: John Mark Coney

I thought that you made a good recovery in your interview with John Lofton. In fact you seem to have bested him in the matter of public education, though another interview could bring a different result there. But I am utterly appalled by your position on sodomy. Your protestations that you believe in a morality derived from the Bible are contradicted at this point. Your thoroughly Lennonist commitment to "privacy for consenting adults" has no place in the tradition of the Bible nor in American moral tradition. I am reminded of Joe Biden's badgering of Robert Bork over "privacy." As I reflected over that spectacle (and I must note that my position on that nomination was similar to Senator James Exxon's, that is, in his effort to align himself with John Paul Stevens he brought into doubt whether he could avoid total agreement with him), it seemed to me that it was time to make distinctions between "privacy" and "secrecy." The madness of the "consenting adults" doctrine is demonstrated in the deaths of many young men due to AIDS (I think of two brothers from Orlando). Sodomy is not only criminal; it is capital. I have often thought that it is futile to think of fighting drugs when so many people talk of life in the womb as trashable (it seems Mr. Bennett realizes this); I believe it is also futile when you endorse unnatural acts (I think that the enticement to escape through drugs can only increase when you present Barney Frank as a hero. In fact, Manuel Noriega will be a hero to America's youth before the sodomite form Boston, unless we subsidize his lifestyle).

Privacy is simply not an issue here; whatever social contract you and I have depends on a common view of human nature. Without a common moral vision, the Constitution is at best without meaning, but sadly in practice a "cloak for covetousness."

I am a blue chip Republican (the son of a blue collar Republican). Or, better, I have been; I am becoming a dumb old ass (Martin Luther in his debate with John Eck compared himself to Balaam's ass). Several years ago I was part of a group of 36 potential jurors; we only got two questions (What about the death penalty? Do you pick up hitch-hikers?) before the young defendant changed his plea. We learned the following day that the boy had been picked up near New Orleans and had killed the driver in Orlando, then took his van to Michigan. His story was that the driver had made sexual advances. My judgement could only have been this: If he was lying, let him die for the double crime; if he was telling the truth he committed no crime. Sadly, the judge took the average. Concerning the judicial "system," the would-be functionary Robert Bork seems oblivious to the fact that when it comes to justice, the system is not a solution. It is not an "incompetent" judicial "system" that is the problem, it is the constitutional loophole that has been the guise for establishing an imperial judiciary. America has had one imperial president (FDR). One hundred fifty years passed before Thomas Jefferson's fret of a lifetime president eventuated; the Republicans closed that loophole with the 22nd amendment. But the imperial mantle simply passed to the (Republican) judiciary. You and Harry Blackmun may disagree on the value of life, but you seem to agree in seeking to protect the practice of sodomy. I have never wished to regard myself as a "moral majoritarian" simply because of the effect that Paul describes (Romans 7)): I had not known lust unless the law said "thou shalt not covet." But life is about choice, and we cannot forever remain silent about our choices. "Jesus is pro-choice" say some of my Atlanta street acquaintances. I agree. That's why, although I must renounce the tactic of killing federal judges without public due process as non-Christian, I cannot denounce it. The denunciation is to all those who think that gain is godliness. It seems ridiculous to think that the average federal judge has pledged his life, his fortune or his honor for anything; he simply plays the game of gavel and gown.

To The Enemies of *The North Avenue Review*

by Kevin Leeds

trying to get our funding for e upcoming year, we had an pportunity to hear a lot of omplaints about our beloved agazine. What was it all bout?

he problem we had was that ome students told their ndergraduate representatives at they didn't want us to be nded from student fees. lso some of the presentatives had their own asons why we weren't doing ry well at providing an open rum that *everyone* at eorgia Tech would feel free contribute to.

s a writer who *has* felt free to ntribute to the *N.A.R.* I am rry that not everyone has eceived the same freedom. order for our magazine to ecome more popular we are oing to try to communicate ore clearly to the Georgia ech community that the *A.R.* is intended to be an en forum for all styles and deologies.*

ome people may have been off by the "avant-garde" or rhaps "scribbly" look of the *orth Avenue Review*. (It ems to be true that the ones who do the layout like to do things *differently.)*
This look can be changed to fit your desires: there is plenty of room for *anyone* (even you) to contribute to the cover, the layout, or other factors that affect the style of the *N.A.R.* All you have to do is come to the meetings and either get the layout people to do it your way, or put in an extra hour or two and make your own contributions.
This brings up another point, which is the lack of formal structure in the *N.A.R.* Why this lack of structure when all the other clubs have officers, committees, etc.? One reason is that the *N.A.R.* contributors spend a lot of time writing and do not want administrative tasks to take time away from this. Another is that so far we have gotten along fine without much formal structure. I can foresee the possibility that someday the members could decide to try to create a more structured process for the *N.A.R.*, but probably not the way the magazine is going now. It will be interesting to see whether we need a different organization in order to change our style.

This is a letter "to the enemies." I personally would rather the *N.A.R.* did not have enemies. In a perfect world, everyone would be pleased. Therefore, if you would like the world to be a more perfect place, please try to look for the things you like about the *North Avenue Review*. A lot of our writers are imaginative people who enjoy creating new interpretations of events and ideas which are a part of America and part of Georgia Tech. I am looking forward to seeing another year of positive, creative ideas from the *N.A.R.* and it would be a shame for some people to miss out on reading it just because of how it looks or because they disagree with some of the opinions in it.

* (The *N.A.R.* does require that submissions not be "unnecessarily inflammatory." However, it should be possible for everyone to find a way to express himself or herself without being obnoxious or insulting enough to be judged "inflammatory.")

This letter is written by a single N.A.R. writer, hopefully in such a way that all other N.A.R. writers will not disagree with it too harshly. ☎

Subspecies

by Joe Vignolia

"Do we have to save every subspecies? The red squirrel is the best example. Nobody's told me the difference between a red squirrel, a black one or a brown one"

I was appalled when I first heard these ignorant statements regarding the only habitat of the red squirrel and the Endangered Species Act made by the Secretary of the Interior, Manual Lujan, on Friday, May 11.

Mr. Lujan went on to say the law is "just too tough" and "we've got to change it".

Such statements from the man charged with the responsibility for this nation's natural resources are unconscionable. The Endangered Species Act explicitly charges the Secretary of the Interior with the responsibility of protecting endangered species of plants and animals. It is not the Secretary of the Interior's job to protect logging jobs or balance the budget. Though these are important tasks, they belong to others.

The fact that humans have taken a fancy to certain subspecies like the American bald eagle makes them no more or less important than other subspecies like the red squirrel. The problem with revising the Endangered Species Act so as to not protect all subspecies is that some bureaucrat must then make a judgment whether an entire subspecies is worth saving or should become extinct. No person has the right, judgment skills, or knowledge of all of the complexities that exist in an ecosystem to make such a decision. For the survival of an entire subspecies to depend on the whimsical decisions of a man like Manual Lujan is horrifying.

Once the passenger pigeon's habitat covered a large portion of the country and it was one of the most abundant birds on earth. Colonies of these birds could number in the billions and take several days to fly by. People were not concerned about the fate of this prolific subspecies and hunted the passenger pigeon to extinction. In retrospect Americans regret the passing of the passenger pigeon, but it's too late. The last of these birds known to man, a female named Martha, died in captivity at the Cincinnati Zoo in 1914. All that remains is the lesson of how a once plentiful species can become extinct in one human generation and Martha's dusty lifeless body on display at the U.S. National Museum of Natural History.

I believe that this debate is only a precursor to the debate over the habitat of the spotted owl in the Pacific Northwest. The "squirrel controversy" is a way that the Bush administration can test the environmental waters without upsetting too many people. There are almost certainly more people who will be upset about the owl problem than there are squirrel advocates. The Fish and Wildlife Service will be making a decision this summer regarding as much as three million acres of forest land in Oregon which contain the only remaining habitat for spotted owls in the world. Some of this land is privately owned and some is public; some has been farmed in the past, but some of this land nonrenewable virgin forest. I belie that the administration wants support the logging industry allowing the destruction of t spotted owl's habitat. The reacti they get to attempts to weaken t Endangered Species Act in t squirrel case will give them indication of how the Americ people will respond to future effo to encroach on the habitats of oth endangered species. The habitat the spotted owl, particularly the p that is virgin forest, must be save

My greatest fear is that Manual Lu is following in the infamo footsteps of James Watt, w plundered some of our countr greatest gifts. The lack of integri of these men that make up t leadership at the Department the Interior (as demonstrat by Lujan's statements May 11 and Wat involvement in the HU scandal and numero other incidents) appalling. For this reaso believe that it is ve important that we take a sta on the side of the red squirrel a the spotted owl and speak out. have included the names a addresses of some of the key playe in this affair, and encourage you take a few minutes and write a sho letter expressing your feelings this critical issue to them.

President George Bush
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

Manual Lujan
Secretary of the Interior
18th and C St.
Washington, D.C. 20240

John Turner, Director
U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service
Department of the Interior
1849 C St.
Washington, D.C. 20240

An Exposition of the Free Software Foundation

by Ian Smith

he author may not agree with all the opinions of the Free ftware Foundation. The purpose of this article is to inform the ader as to the ideas, motivations, and situation of the Free ftware Foundation.]

e Free Software Foundation is an organization based in mbridge Mass. for the purpose of disseminating non-profit ftware systems. The FSF is known in my computer science ticles as "GNU" (pronounce the " in "GNU") as this acronym efixes all of the names of their ftware releases.(1) The originator the FSF is Richard Stallman, a mer employee of the MIT tificial Intelligence lab. He broke th MIT to form the FSF in 1985. is the originator of a much itated text editor called macs."(2)

e motivations of the free software undation are manifold. Their ief motivation however is to omote solidarity among ogrammers. They feel that current ftware licensing arrangements bidding programmers to change programs with others causes programmers to be forced choose between friendship and the law. Stallman feels the the damental act of friendship between programmers is to trade ograms. [Stallman left MIT because he felt that he could not st in environment where he could not share programs with his ends legally.] The FSF foundation is also dedicated to the idea they can inspire young and talented programmers to join r way of thinking about programming and software. Also, foundation wants the users of software to band together ainst software vendors and avoid the "divide-and-conquer" itude of licensing arrangements.

FSF feels that all users will benefit from their efforts. Other n the obvious lack of having to pay licensing on software, y feel the users will benefit from easy access to the source de to all programs, so that they can make their own hancements/modifications to software they have. Stallman o claims that schools will be better able to educate students th all software is free because students of computer science ll be able to see how systems work. [This is generally not the e with software purchased today.] Additionally, they say that stem maintainence cost will be reduced as the overhead olved with the security of software will be removed.

y people object to the FSF, their purpose, and even their ence. Here are some typical objections to the FSF:
u have to charge for the program to pay for providing port."
u cannot reach many people without advertising, and you t charge for the program to support that."
"Don't programmers deserve a reward for their creativity?"
"Won't a programmer starve?"
"Competition makes things get done better."

All of these are valid concerns with regards to the Free Software Foundation, and to all of these Stallman and his colleagues feel they have an answer.(4)

To date the controversial FSF has produced a remarkable array of very impressive software most notably "gnu emacs" (a text editor), "gcc" (a 'c' compiler), "gnu chess" (a chess playing game), and "gdb" (a debugger).(4) All of these and many others are available on many campuses (including this one!) and research centers around the world. They are major force in the development of system software worldwide, and certainly the important non-profit software production house, to the cheers of their supporters, and the dismay of their detractors. The FSF (and the author) would like you to seriously think about the impact of a free software market on a world which becomes more and more dependant on computers.

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(1)GNU stands for GNU's Not Unix. The reasons for the pun on the animal of the same name are unknown. Unix is a for-profit operating system marketed by AT&T.

(2)Emacs is still supported by Stallman and others at the FSF. It is now distributed, however as "gnu emacs."

(3)If you want more information regarding these questions and many others see "The GNU Manifesto", by Richard Stallman. It is available online on hydra at "~keith/yakdir/docs/gnu-manifesto.text.Z". The copyright notice of the GNU Manifesto specifically prohibits distribution of modified copies, so the author could not reprint it here.

(4)The complete GNU library is available via anonymous ftp from "prep.ai.mit.edu."

Thanks for your support over the past year for *The North Avenue Review* magazine.

It has been a first year marked with experimentation, excitement, and consciousness-raising.

Hopefully *The Review* will continue to engage and enlighten the Tech community in the future through your active participation in this open forum....

In this issue:

Crecine and reorganization
Free software foundation
Hong Kong
Dan Quayle
Alternative fuels
Gun control
Free Speech
Logical Positivism

and of course, fishrap.