

North Avenue Review

NAR Down South

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Issue 21

Fall 93

Structure of The North Avenue Review

The North Avenue Review is produced from a collection of ideas, stories, and art by Georgia Tech students, faculty, staff, and friends who have given freely of their time and dignity for this publication.

The ideas expressed herein are solely the views of the individual authors and artists and are not necessarily representative of the opinions of The North Avenue Review staff. All contents are copyrighted by the Board of Student Publications (A Georgia Tech Student Organization), with all original rights reverting back to the author.

The North Avenue Review is published by the generous people at Chapman Printing.

Submissions

All submissions are welcome. We welcome all truths, alledged truths, lies, rumors, art, fabrications, conspiracy theories, ramblings, and other two-dimensional submissions. We invite all to participate.

Your article will not be edited unless you specify, so submit all pieces as you would like them to be seen. You may request that your name be withheld, but all submissions must be accompanied by the author's or artist's name.

Procedure

At NAR meetings throughout the quarter, with increasing frequency near deadline, all works are presented to the group for peer review. The editors (you and I) then reads all submissions, offering constructive criticism and advice. If a peer feels that a particular piece is unnecessarily inflammatory or obscene, he or she may bring to the piece to the attention of the group. A submission may be excluded from the NAR with a three-fourths vote against the publication. To date, we have had no need to censor any submission.

Attendance and participation by contributors is extremely important and stongly encouraged to allow feedback and comments. This procedure is used to improve the quality of everyone's work.

All texts should be submitted on a Macintosh 3.5" disk, preferably formatted using Microsoft Word. This is to lighten the load of worker drones typically known as layout slaves (Currently, the layout slaves are in a third week hunger strike protesting for better working conditions). Articles should be submitted using a ten-point font. To further help the worker drones (who have begun to eat the bodies of their fallen comrades), please remove all tabs and inden-tions, leaving a line between paragraphs. Quote your sources appropriately. Be

prepared to rewrite if necessary. We encourage authors to submit graphics and visual aids with their pieces.

Getting Involved

The NAR needs your help!

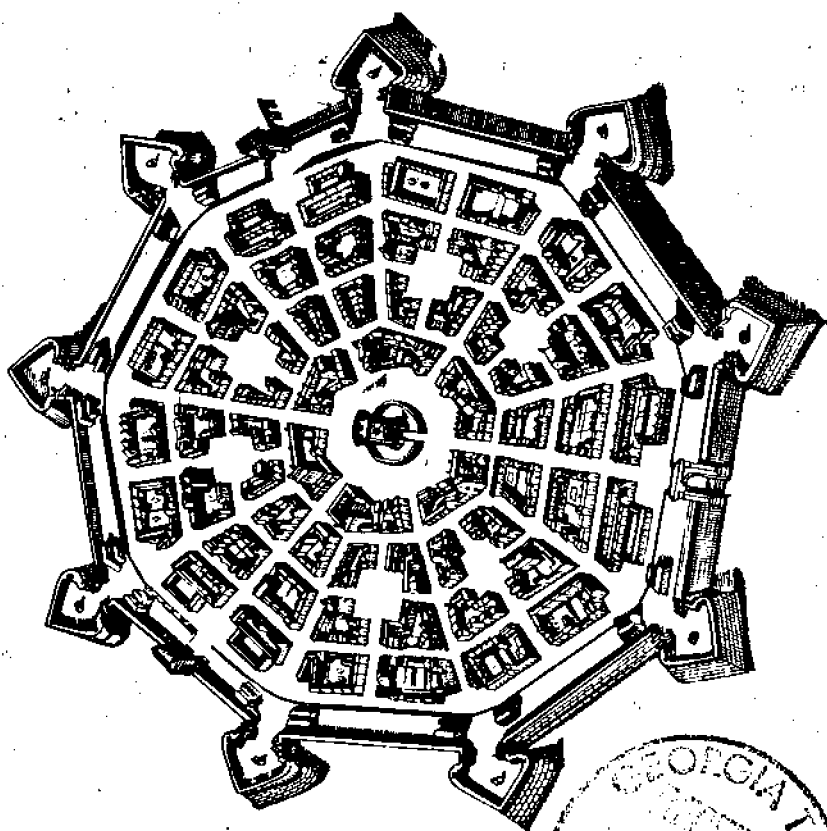
Anyone who would like to be involved may, regardless of correct or incorrect political and social ideologies. Meetings are Tuesdays at 6:00pm in the Student Organizations area of the Student Services Building.

"Politics is war continued by other means" -- Teditor

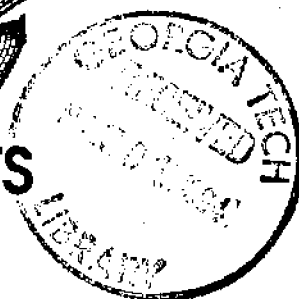
**The North Avenue Review
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(404) 894-1707**

The few, the proud, the stuff...

Jeffrey Dimes	Tracy
Ian Dutton	Mike Blakeney
Gavin	Valerie
Ian Smith	Matt Kramer
Paul	Thomas Peake
John Butler	Bill (Yellow Pants)
Cary McKeown	
Andrew Burnes	
Eric Cernyar	
Dave Miertschin	
Steve Danyo	
Ted Metzger	
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J. F. Boltz	
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Joe Stalings	
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Liz Rudock	
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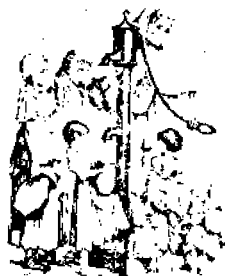
The South

The South. What does it mean? Mud Flaps? James Dickey? Chew? 'Coon huntin'? Fire ants? Waffle House? Georgia Tech? Truthfully we have no clue, we just live here. This issue has nothing to do with the South (due to lack of submissions!!), it's just written by people who happen to reside within its confines. So sit back, drink some Wild Irish Rose, (the only wine made in Florence, South Carolina) read some stories, and we'll leave the light on for ya'.

letters to (and from) the editor

From the Editor

Greetings, Readers, and welcome to another year of the North Avenue Review, the magazine of the Georgia Tech community. The Review has seen some changes over the last year. First of all, it lost an inspiring writer and faculty advisor, Dr. David Ray. Second, it now has standing, along with the Technique and Blueprint, as members of the Georgia Tech Publications Board. Finally, due to the above changes, many longstanding writers have forsaken the Review, leaving it to be run by outsiders like myself and the rest of the editorial staff, none of whom have academic standing above Sophomore, and none of whom ever new Dr. Ray. This lack of interest has led to a truncation of the text (the last issue contained only thirty-two pages). I fear that the Review may fold due to lack



of interest by the experienced "Old School" staff. What can be done? Let's try to start this whole thing over.

What does the Review do?

It's intent is to provide a venue for the discussion of events political, social, artistic, and how these events affect society (i.e., you and the Georgia Tech community).

What belongs in the magazine? Traditionally, it has contained three sections: The Focus section, which contains articles about a

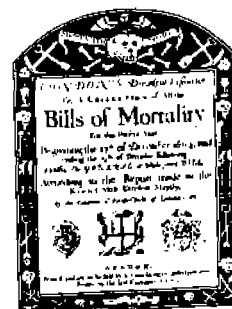


previously chosen topic; The Regular Section, a section of articles on topics unrelated to the focus; and Fish Wrap, which includes poetry, short stories, graphic art, and anything else that wouldn't fit in the other two sections.

What's the editorial philosophy? I can't answer for the whole staff -- only myself. It goes a little like this: Beginning in the late 19th century, a new industry developed -- the for-profit newspaper. The Hearsts and Knights and Ridders of the world found a market and pounced on it. People always want to know the truth, not the story as told by a publication supported by a political

party, as newspapers had been before. The selling point of the for-profit newspaper became their unbiased approach to telling the story. To eliminate reporter bias, they created format articles (the Who, What, Where, When, Why, and How of Journalism 101). This pushed the politically based journals out of the market and by creating a (very Modern-Age) paradigm for journals to live up to.

In doing so, however, they created two problems: First, articles, especially wire service pieces, became dry examples of overstructuring. As Antoine de Saint Exupery wrote in *Le Petit Prince*, "Grownups love numbers. When you tell them you have made a new friend, then never inquire about essential matters. They never ask of you, 'What does his voice sound like? What are his favourite games? Does he collect butterflies?'"



Instead, they demand: "How old is he? How many siblings does he have?"

What does he weigh? How much money does his father earn?" (my translation).

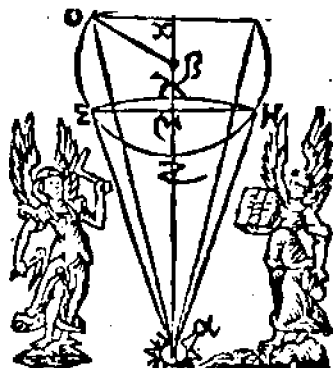
Secondly, the method never actually removed bias from journalism. Bias is introduced by selective reporting -- the reporter writes the story she wants to tell, the editor selects the articles to publish, then the copy editor changes the story still further from the author's intent.

Magazines introduce bias by this sort of funneling, as well as by actively supporting political agendas conducive to the goals of the writers, editors, and especially, the owners of the papers.

I stand contrary to the ideology of "unbiased" reporting. We have never turned an article down for publication for anything other than legal (libel and "speech plus" laws) reasons. If you wish to write for the review, write with color. Don't just report, tell a story! Put a little *bias* into it.

Finally, how can one "join"? There's no joining involved. If at any time you feel the desire to submit anything fitting for publication in the NAR, you may do so. At the present there's no "in" crowd. The staff is a bunch of greenhorns who are as scared as you are. If you've never written before, or if you have and feel that the quality of the magazine has diminished, come and help get the NAR back on it's feet. No one will be laughed or censured for showing up and trying to change things or just plain writing and helping out. (You don't even have to be a student. Faculty, staff, employees, and community residents are welcome as well). If you are interested, you may call me (Ted Metzger) at 607-1888, stop me on campus (I'm the guy with the bull ring through his nose) or just show up at a meeting any Tuesday at 6:00 pm in the lobby of the Student Services Building.

Tedley-T.



OF COARSE YALL ARE
PROBABLY THINKING
THE SAME THING. I
HOPE THAT THERE ARE
ARTICLES COMING IN AND
LONG LAYOUT SESSIONS
STARTING, NEW MEMBERS TO
DO MOST OF THE GRUNT WORK
AND A COUPLE OF DIE HARD
TO TAKE CREDIT AND TALK
UP THE NEXT BIG MEETING
SEND ME A COPIE AND
SOME LOW DOWN TO:
DAVID MIERZCHIN
15 BOULEVARD JORDAN
FOUNDATION DES-ETAS-UNIS
75014 PARIS FRANCE

EDITOR
ANNE BALSATO
N. A. R. -
HEY WHAT'S UP? I'M IN
PARIS AND WOULD WRITE, BUT
I DON'T KNOW THE TOPICS OF
DISCUSSION, DEADLINES, OR
THE ADDRESS ANY MORE. MAYBE
I NEVER DID. PARIS IS -
NEED I SAY - VERY DIFFERENT
AND BIG AND LONGY.
IT WOULD BE GREAT TO
SEE AN ISSUE OF NAR.
IN MY BOX AND SEE
WHAT YALL
ARE
UP TO.

© Horst von Harbou
Photographie du tournage
Metropolis de Fritz Lang, 1926
Musée de l'Elysée, Lausanne
Collection de la Cinémathèque française, Paris
© News Productions, CH-1448 Baulmes
55457 Printed in Italy



In this country, political discourse has been reduced to the level of the ubiquitous oracle of the bumper sticker. Considering this prevailing intellectual climate, it is fitting that complex issues are courageously attacked in a

forum that limits thought development to a sentence fragment and limits discussion to a thumbs up for agreement or 'the finger' for disapproval. One bumper sticker, however, necessarily conveys its message to its target audience in a concise, digestible form. It is fitting that Viewers Of Television (VOTs) be addressed with the easy-to-understand dictum,

"KILL YOUR TELEVISION."

Although I do not envision the masses reacting with epiphanic revelations to such truisms by immediately smashing their only source of

consolation, consumers *do* respond to repetition. Just as they ultimately will go out and pay big money for Carbonated Caffeinated Caramel-Colored Non-nutritive Sugar Water (i.e. Coke) if they are bombarded frequently

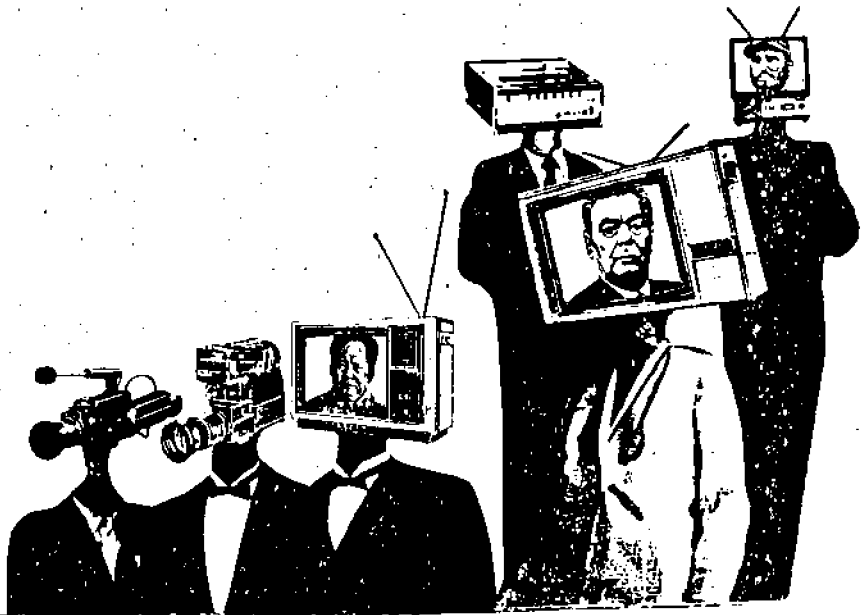
TELEVISION LITERALLY SUCKS

a rant by thomas peake

enough, perhaps sheer exposure to this radical message will produce results. Thus, I urge each and every one of you to spread the KILL YOUR TELEVISION

message by prominently displaying this wise tidbit on your vehicle, on your walls, on your home entertainment systems, on your forehead, anywhere it will be seen.

I know you've heard it all before; it's 'bubble gum for the mind,' it's the 'cathode ray nipple,' it's rotting and influencing impressionable young minds. Actually, that's not true. It's rotting



old minds, too! This rant is about the ultimate of conspiracy tools, the all-encompassing pulse heat of a great American technology. Consider this frightening fact, free-thinking friends: the average woman over the age of 55 watches over 42 hours of televi-

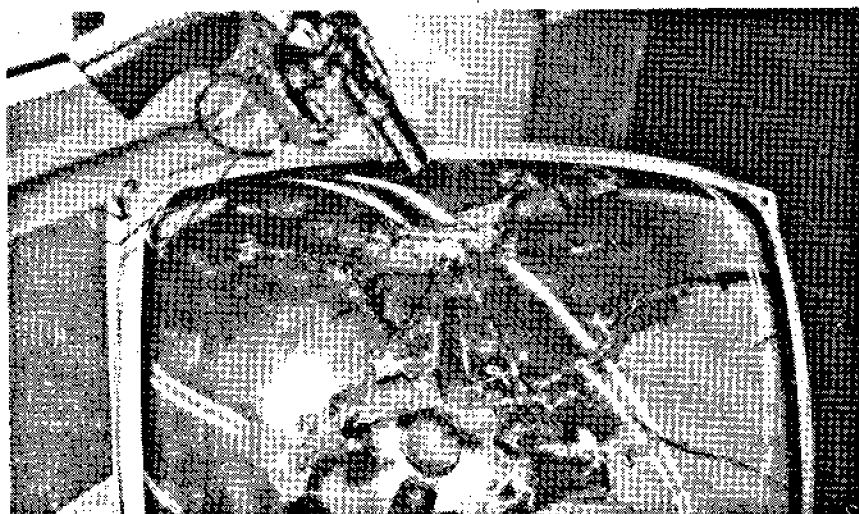
sion per week! To quote my mentor, from a state sponsored group learning session I attended this summer (LCC's Dr. Bill Evans), "That's a full time job!" That, my friends, is the nirvana of slackdom. In fact, it's an orgy of slackdom, a disgusting overindulgence of a commodity that's just plain bad for you.

Am I trying to tell other people what is good and what is bad

for them? What they should or should not do? Am I so condescending as to suggest that

people don't know what's best for themselves? No, folks, I am not. But the television is. The television misrepresents the ethnic and occupational make-up of our society, exaggerates violent activities that don't really happen quite so often, and perpetuates myths in politics, news, and society. I am not telling people what to think, TV is. Normalcy has a stranglehold on the jugular of our youth, not to mention our elderly, through the horrid process of 'Mainstreaming.' George Gerbner has documented this fact over the past 25 years. Those people who watch the most T.V.

have the least divergence in political opinion. Heavy viewers, across the board, in all categories, have more moderate attitudes about society. T.V. is a homogenizing force, a Noxious Mental Straitjacket. The sad truth of the matter, folks, is that TV actually sucks people's opinions into conformity. Again, to quote media specialist Dr. Evans, *Television literally sucks!*



data indicate that within each grouping: liberal/conservative/moderate, lower/middle/upper class, little/some/much education, age, sex, etcetera etcetera... the same mainstreaming effects hold. Among liberals who are well educated between 21 - 34, for a theoretical example, those with more viewing

under their belts have more similar opinions. TV watching fails to offer options. VOIR

The mighty rallying cry of skeptics across the universe is that "Correlation is not causation!", and it deserves a bit of attention here. The cause-effect relationship between lots of TV on the one hand and little brain activity on the other is unclear at this point. Could it be that poorer, less well educated, moderate people tend to stay indoors more often anyway, and thus they watch more Tube because of their demographics, rather than the monster tube forcing them into subservience? The chicken and the egg problem is that of "Which came first?" Closer analysis of the masses of

are more likely to let Brokaw, Jennings, and Rather think for them, if they watch news at all. TV fosters middle of the road viewpoints, a necessary stabilizing influence, at least from the eyes of the conspiracy kingpins.

Imagine, however, that the issue of the cause-effect relationship were not resolvable. Is it not almost as trembly frightening to imagine that by clicking on the set you are joining a society of uninformed, unmotivated, uninteresting

The South

neighbors, the
Teleocracy Of Dunces?
Perhaps we may have to

headlines, all of the information
would handily fit on the front
page! There's not much meat

home causes children to take
"longer to learn to talk, and some
were so severely affected that their

parents thought they might
be deaf." If TV noise
hindered the development
of language skills in your
children, what would you
do? "Language improves
when parents turn the TV
off and spend just an hour
a day talking and playing
with their children in quiet
surroundings." The least
you can do is protect you
children from the Media
Barrage.

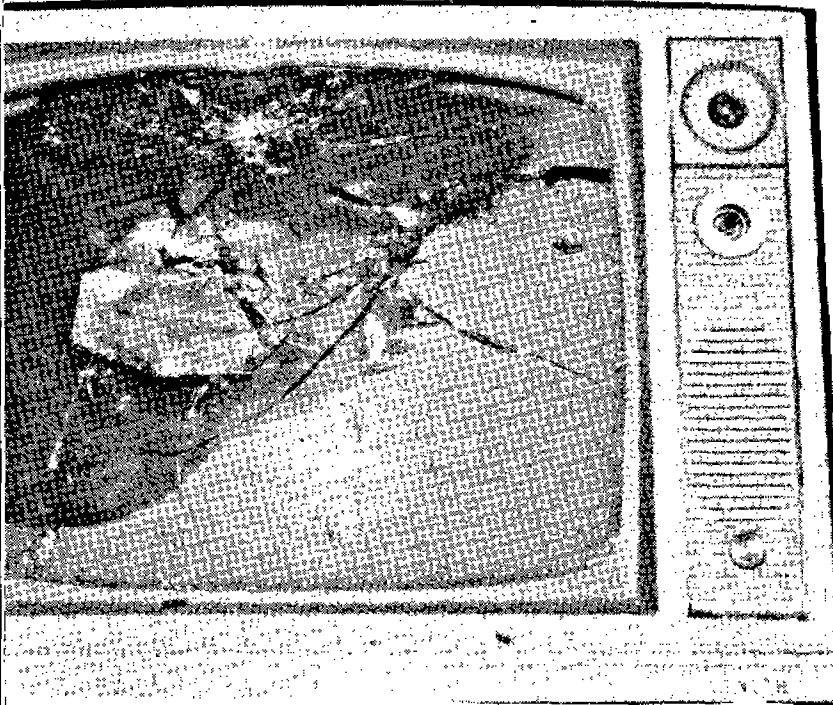
None of this should be
surprising. Of course TV
is market driven, so it will
(sales) pitch to the lowest
common denominator
VOT, whose strike zone,
unfortunately, is the
largest of all.

If one's body is inactive
for long periods of time, one's
muscles atrophy. If one's mind is
inactive for hours a day the same
thing happens, only recovery is a
much more challenging proposi-
tion. Treat yourself right; **KILL
YOUR TELEVISION!**

Washington, Nov 9 - Christine Todd
Whitman's campaign made payments to
black ministers and Democratic Party
workers in exchange for promises not to
rally votes for Gov. Jim Florio in the final
stages of the New Jersey gubernatorial
race, her campaign manager said today...

...Mr. Rollins said the campaign
used a more direct approach to persuade
some Democratic political workers to stay
home on Election Day. "We said to some
of their key workers, 'How much have they
paid you to do your normal duty?'" he said.
"Well, we'll match it. Go home, sit and
watch television."

- New York Times 10 November 1993



swap out our metaphors:
TV is not a cast-iron
skillet that wumps people
over the head, paralyzing
their critical thinking
skills, rather it's a poison-
ous tractor beam that
keeps their thoughts
carefully placed in a
corporate media rut for the
rest of their lifetimes.

But T.V. can be educa-
tional, one might respond
in a pitiful defense of the
tube. Yes, it could be, but
it's not. The typical 30-
minute network newscast
is what many people base
their knowledge of current
events upon. But if you
take the transcript of a
network newscast, format
it like the *New York Times*,
including photos and

there, folks. Everything Brokaw,
Jennings, and Rather offers in 30
minutes would fit on the front
page of the *Times*. TV provides
the most barebones, most irrel-
evant, and most profitable infor-
mation. I hesitate to suggest that
we should censor or legislate.
Rather, we should simply smash
all the TVs we can find (pretend
you're Elvis and shoot 'em up),
and we can let it be known that the
TV (barring the inexplicable
phenomenon of 'The Simpsons')
actually prevents the free flow of
quality ideas, images, and perfor-
mances.

What's wrong with the
fact that the television is 'on' in
the average household seven hours
per day? It's really a matter of
common sense. A British study
recently concluded that back-
ground babble (TV or radio) in the

*"For man, common man, simple in mind, small in heart;
cannot endure the mystery, does not understand himself,
suffers at the possibility of loving, suffers when that
possibility is taken away, screams and cries out...
to fall silent only when dreams once again
take possession of him."*

-Murena¹

way as a forlorn testament to the earlier night's havoc and destruction. Perhaps the stench of the bodies was not so nearly as unnerving as the frozen monument's breadth and solitude. For an instant the photographer imagined what the

A Consuming Fire

by Bill Kaffetz 9/19/91

The grinding of the axle awoke the photojournalist from his leaden slumber—several weeks have gone by since he arrived, and the bombs kept falling. There was much to record, of course nothing would be printed until "it was all over." He felt some misgiving about this policy, but that wasn't his job. With all the heavy action, there was little time for politics. Staring at the dirt rushing beneath his feet as he dangled them out of the back of the truck, his mind flashed back to photography school. Training: the more intense and graphic the stimulus, the greater the response. We find what we are looking for.

Yesterday had been interesting. By now the ground assault had effectively achieved its purpose, evidenced by the Iraqis surrendering in droves, some of them

bootless. He would have liked to have photographed more of them, but there was never any time.

The truck lurched to a sudden halt, sending photographer and equipment headlong into the dozing troops. "Fuck!" came the scream in the cab, followed by an annoyed drone from the rear. "Hey, asshole, we're not in DUI school!" came a shout from behind. In an instant, the photographer's instincts were kindled as he pranced off the back of the truck, newly invigorated.

In front of him stood a truck. Or what looked like the remains of a truck, torched beyond resemblance. The convoy the photographer was riding with was apparently deep in the "zone of destruction" where the fleeing Iraqi troops saw "death in the air." Now, the ghostly column of burnt-out hulks and bodies littered the crude desert high-

column was like when the aerial bombing raid took place...as a kid he remembered stomping on a highway of ants.

"Man, I didn't see I was about to hit it..." babbled the driver from the cab as the photographer walked past him. Several of the men in the rear unboarded. "Man, whathafuck? I've seen enough meat here never to want to eat at McD's again!" "Hold on guys, get back to the rear!" shouted the commanding officer. "There could be mines."

But the photojournalist was completely absorbed. A ringing in his ears prevented him from hearing the gabble of the men in and around the truck. He moved closer



to the wreckage. There was nothing remarkable about its appearance — until he noticed what may have been inside it. He crawled closer, armed to the teeth, lost in his work. "Haven't you done enough with you Instamatic for the day?" called the driver. "Just a second, O.K.?" answered the reporter, "I think I see something worth preserving for posterity—" And then he saw it. What looked like teeth were protruding from a barely recognizable head. Goddam, the photographer thought, why this one? So many of the twisted forms were faceless...yet this one showed a grimace, staring directly at him. What felt like an icy electric bolt traveled down his spine, as he stutteringly worked to concentrate on the shot. Aperture, f/stop...Do I attempt a wider angle? Distance? Cold sweat poured down his forehead as he feverishly snapped the shutter. There. Accomplished. He backed off, trembling, blanched, clutching his frozen testament. An instantaneous

hush passed over the truck. In an awkward, choking stillness the photojournalist signaled to the driver that he was through. The truck started forward.

The photojournalist lay inside the truck, weariness and cramps rippling through him. How many more days? Replacing his lens cap he closed



his eyes, falling into the usual semiconscious drowsing he had by now grown accustomed to, his head jostling on the floor.

Amidst the roar of the engine he allowed his mind to drift once again...he felt like his jostling head was being beaten faceless by rifle-butts. At the same time he recalled a line from Orwell's 1984, in which O'Brien the torturer explains to the protagonist Winston Smith, that the only eternal laughter is derived from the sight of a boot, forever stomping on a face. In the past, his cynicism prevented him from reacting to all this. He recalled having discussions with his friends, and

he recalled always exasperating them and annoying them, since he always got the last word: If man was not meant to destroy nature, why is man a part of nature? This was about as far as he cared to venture. The question none of his friends seemed to be able to answer with satisfaction was the one he rested his entire life

and work on. It was why he was here.

He dreamt of Mary. He remembered one night when she was ill she called out to him in a small voice he had never heard before. Instantaneously he was at her side, with his arm around her shoulder. Now he longed to lay with her, put his arm

around her, bury his face in her breast and release all his travails, not unlike the way he saw one burnt soldier's arms wrapped tightly around another burnt soldier. Tears welled up, as he realized that all his life, in accepting human nature, in accepting nature's all-pervasive Heart of Darkness², he could never reconcile himself with the one mystery: the mystery of compassion. O'Brien may be right about the boot, forever crushing and stomping the human face. But where O'Brien was wrong was that he didn't realize the face is never quite obliterated.

¹ Orwell, *The Animal Farm*. New York: Bantam, (London: Press 1941, 1955).
² Joseph Conrad, *The Heart of Darkness*.



William A Baird
gus

Aug 4, 1942 -- July 24, 1993

There s a tendency to make much of professors who impact us in a dramatic way. Without realizing it, we all relied on gus to be the "everyday" prof. The one who always said hello, always smiled, never pulled punches or was particularly politically correct. The one who just did neat things and tacitly expected

everyone else to be capable of doing great things. gus was a true master of day-to-day life which is so important and often times, unfortunately, overlooked.

gus touched each of our lives in a unique way. And, we will each remember different things about him.

Maybe we'll remember that he jogged

everyday, or that he was at school by 6:45 every morning, or his big smile, or that he used to play his saxophone on the roof of the Rich building, his funny hat, his stories about HIS life as a student at Tech, his crooked finger which he injured while playing handball, his rat cap, and of course, who could possibly forget his knickers.

Some might remember him for the colorful things he used to say such as:

"Like my old army lieutenant used to say, 'Ain't nothin' simple when you're doin' it for real.'" and

"If you aren't better programmers than me when you graduate then I haven't done my job."

Some were astounded by gus' eating habits. Keith Edwards once saw him eat a block of cream cheese with a pocketknife for lunch. Nothing else. Of course, his favorite suppertime meal was the "Russian Infantryman's Dinner:" boiled cabbage, a sausage, and an ice-cold glass of vodka.

If you were to complain to gus about the lab machines being monochrome, he would immediately reply,

"Color's for *end-users*."

If you were to ask him to go over the use of the debugger, he'd reply

"What do you want with a debugger?! You only need a debugger if you write codewith bugs in it!"

gus was present at a meeting that Dr. Crecine had with students in Techwood dorm. Dr. Crecine asked for input on how the computing environment at Tech should be improved. gus jumped up on top of a table and shouted (in

reference to Cyber):

"Just get rid of that big iron bogeyroller!"

I'm not sure what a bogeyroller is, and apparently Dr. Crecine didn't either. I'm told he had a sort of confused, stunned look on his face.

All of these stories (or gus-isms) remind us of life as a student in gus' class. But what about gus the man, the professor, the advisor, our friend.

I had the pleasure of knowing gus for 7 years. I truly loved him. He was always very kind and had a profound impact on me in undergrad. Last night I pulled out my transcript to count how many times I withdrew from Calculus, Physics, and Combinatorics. gus signed six pink parachutes for me. And the thing I remember most from each of those interactions is the fact that he never simply signed and sent me on my way. He sat me down and said "Oh no Ania, (as he's always called me) not again! Is it the coursework? Are you taking a heavy load? Do you need a tutor? Is there anything I can do?" He was always genuinely concerned about his students. As a professor and as an advisor, that was his main interest: his students.

I remember visiting gus at the hospital the day after his by pass surgery. Imagine my surprise when I stepped in his room and found him sitting up in a chair going through his briefcase of lecture notes. And then he jumped out of his chair to greet me. I expected to find him groggy and definitely idle. Not gus. He wasn't concerned about his surgery. He was intrigued by it. What he was truly concerned about was his students. How could they possibly make it through the rest of the quarter without him? He had all the exams made up it was just a matter of the lectures. He yearned to be back in the classroom ASAP. He was concerned about how his colleagues in the College could manage without him. He wanted to be back in time for

Commencement. How could gus possibly miss a Commencement?

Ironically, gus visited my cubical for the first time ever his last day on campus and I showed him a picture on my wall of him, the Dean and I from my June '92 graduation at which, incidentally, I had the honor of having him hood me.

His picture will remain there and in every office I have from here on out. The man who got me my first job interview. The man who loved Cuban black beans. The man who wanted nothing more than to teach.

gus was a man who was truly loved by his students. He was like a surrogate father to all the freshmen & sophomores. He was an excellent lecturer. People would go to his class just to hear him. In the 1986 Course Critique, a student said he was the "best lecturer on campus." And another said, "He was willing and able to answer questions but seldom got any because his lectures covered most everything. Baird was effervescent!"

Effervescent. How appropriate.

When I think of gus the man, I'll remember the man who showed me, with pride, every new picture of his lovely daughters. The man who spoke of his horses, of guns, of the military. The man who at one time had been a seminarian.

gus lived each and every day of his life to its fullest and took great pleasure in it. Let's remember how much gus poured into everything he did, and try to do the same in our lives.

Memories are such precious gems, but the kind of memories we have depend not so much on the objective event as it does on ourselves. The memories we all have of gus are unique and they will give us inspiration in different ways.

"What do you want with a debugger?! You only need a debugger if you write code with bugs in it!"

It will be pleasing to us to remember gus. And I thank him for leaving us with memories that we truly cherish for the rest of our lives.

I pray that you rest in peace gus. And I pray that one day I might have half the impact on my students that you had on me.

-Annie Anton

Information about the author:

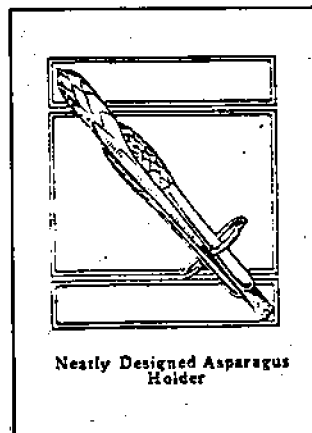
Annie took her first class with gus in Fall of 1986 and gus was her undergraduate advisor. She graduated with her B.S. in CS in June of '90, with her M.S. in CS in June of '92, and is currently a PhD student in the College of Computing.

prometheus no longer a mere myth at tech

by thomas peake

Kranzberg's Law only half jokingly states that "Technology is neither good nor bad - nor is it neutral." One of the pioneers of history of technology Melvin Kranzberg is a professor emeritus at Georgia Tech's School of History, Technology, and Society (HTS). HTS is one of the new majors at Tech seeking to broaden the Institute's curriculum.

Kranzberg's Law addresses one of the most dominant questions in the field: "Do humans control the direction of technology, or does it control us?"



Nearly Designed Asparagus Holder

Although technology does not determine our economic relationships, psychological development, or social evolution, it does indeed have a dynamic all its own. In recent

decades, a growing number of scholars have made technology an integral part of historical, sociological, and philosophical viewpoints, placing it prominently in their interpretations. Nuclear power, the industrial revolution, the internal combustion engine, the stirrup, the transistor,



A New Rack for Coats and Hats is Easily Converted into a Fire Escape Long Enough for Getting Down from a Second Floor

fireplaces, double entry bookkeeping, rail-

roads, the world economic system, radar, bureaucracy, the harness - these are a few of the imaginable HTS topics of study. Our lifestyles

increasingly call for the use of capital and knowledge-intensive artifacts and organizations to



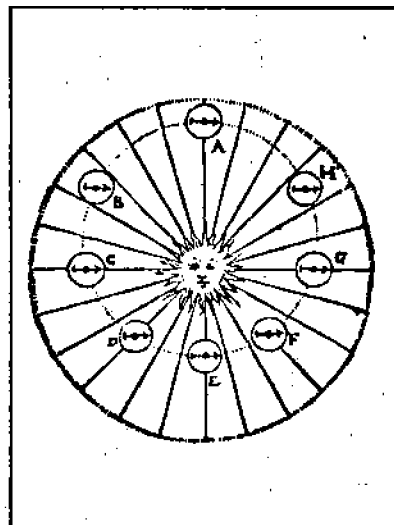
make ends meet, satisfy our wants, and satiate our curiosity. Thus, it is no coincidence that technology and its far-reaching implications should demand attention from students of the humanities and social sciences. This vantage point provides a much needed complement to the practice of science and technology.

Programs like HTS are unusual, especially at the undergraduate level. While offering a new degree opportunity beyond that of the conventional social sciences (the faculty consists of historians, sociologists, philosophers, political scientists, and economists), HTS retains an emphasis on the technological world appropriate for Georgia Tech.

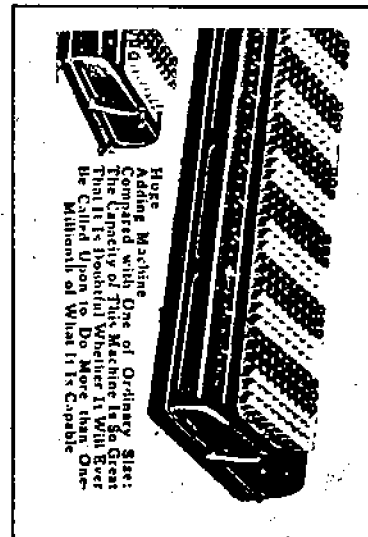
What are the typical obstacles to technological

progress? Are there alternatives to bureaucracy? Are technologies inherently political? Are we in the midst of a post-industrial revolution? Economically speaking, what is the 'black box' of technology? In certain cases, is necessity the mother of invention or invention the mother of neces-

sity? What was the Industrial Revolution really like? The history of technology has its work cut out for it.



A group of HTS majors has formed Prometheus, an association for the study of history and technology. Prometheus doesn't chain people to rocks for eternity, it meets weekly to discuss readings



and general topics of interest, show films, take field trips, and promote the field. It is open to all.

For information, contact Robert Warren at 351-6333. Although you won't be stealing fire from the Gods, you'll learn more about the fascinating history of technology.

The Prometheus Journal is a new HTS student project. An annual publication, it will print the best student papers submitted or nominated in the fields of history, sociology, and philosophy of science and technology. Any Tech student may submit a paper for consideration. For more details about this great opportunity to be published, call Dave Cox at 351-6333.

Views of A Northerner On Southern Fried Religion

by paul valembois

INTRODUCTION

This article was inspired by the Atlanta Church of Christ, who came knocking on my door this summer. I went to one of their bible studies, where they preached the fallacy that one must be part of a group in order to be religious. At the time, I did not feel like giving them my opinions on religion, either in the form of the Logical Discourse or the Irrational Tirade, so I decided to write them down. In the Logical Discourse I have intentionally refrained from focusing on any specific religion, rather it is about the concept of religion in general. Since the Irrational Tirade is inherently irrational, I have allowed myself to focus on certain religions which I have a certain dislike for. I

hope this does not detract from the argument presented in the Logical Discourse, and that readers will be able to treat these two parts as separate and unconnected entities.

LOGICAL DISCOURSE

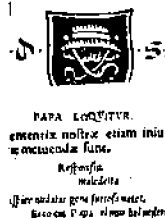
All religions are the same on some basic level. It is on this basic level that I want to explore the concept of religion. Religion has two basic purposes: belief in something greater than yourself, and the distribution of ideas. All religions are the same in that they fulfill these two purposes.

The belief in something greater than yourself is the primary purpose of religion. Most religions originate from this belief. The being-greater-than-oneself is often used to explain the unknown. This may include the occurrence of natural phenomenon, the origin of mankind, or the origin of the universe. Although the mythology may be different, it still fulfills the same purpose. In addition, the belief in something greater than yourself may give you some ideal

to strive for. For example there may be a certain moral code that one must follow, or a certain state of meditation one must achieve. However, in either case, one is essentially striving for a state of perfection exemplified by the being-greater-than-oneself. This belief is very important to maintaining a stable society, however, one must realize that one need not be part of a group to fulfill this need; any thinking individual is capable of fulfilling this need for him or herself.

Once a belief in a being-greater-than-oneself has been established, a system is usually set up for the distribution of the ideas embodied in the mythology surrounding the being-greater-than-oneself. This system is one of the most effective teaching tools ever. Religion can be used to teach just about anything. It is for this reason that it is so easily corrupted as a teaching tool. Originally the system was set up to teach only the mythology, but it will soon expand. It will also teach moral codes and political be-

liefs. Eventually it may even teach racial prejudices. Once again, moral codes and political beliefs are needed in any society, but any intelligent individual can come up with his or her own beliefs. One may argue that children are not capable of doing so, yet if they are taught to do so, they will. A religion is needed that instead of teaching its followers a specific set of beliefs, teaches them to arrive at their own set of beliefs. Only then will practicing religion as a group be necessary.



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nately the most savage method of execution man has ever dreamed up. Yet there are religions today which have as their symbol this awful implement of death. It was followers of this religion who killed off the Native Americans. It was followers of this religion who enslaved blacks. Did they not even realize that their supposed savior was himself dark skinned? For Christ was an an-

cient Jew, and the ancient Jews

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IRRATIONAL TIRADE

Throughout history, there have been many different methods of execution. Today, lethal injection is considered the most "humane" method of execution. Before that there was electrocution. During the French revolution, the guillotine was considered more "humane" than the older method of hanging. Other methods of execution include the firing squad, being buried alive, and being burned at the stake. But by far the most inhumane method of execution is death on the crucifix. One was nailed to a cross through the hands and feet and left to hang there. It is physically impossible to breathe while hanging in this position. One would have to pull oneself up on the nails to breathe, then sag back down in exhaustion. It is a slow death, maybe two or three days, hanging there in the sun, slowly suffocating, flies licking the moisture out of your eyes. If you were lucky, your executioners would give you a jab in the ribs with a spear to help you along. This is defi-

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were dark skinned. It therefore follows that Christ was dark skinned. What race of pagans enslaves the race of their savior? It was the practitioners of this pagan religion that were responsible for the decline of civilization from the glory of the ancient Greeks. How does our society compare to a true democracy? To a society in which homosexuality was the accepted norm? Abortion is the subject of much debate in our society. Consider this: if homosexuality was the norm, the abortion debate would be irrelevant. And furthermore, ... Christ was also a vampire ...

At the bible study I went to for the Atlanta Church of Christ, the guy was saying that you should be "salty and luminescent." He said salty meant speaking your mind. And luminescent meant being right (or something pompous like that). Well, here's "salty and luminescent" for you, motherf***er. (self-censorship is a good thing.)