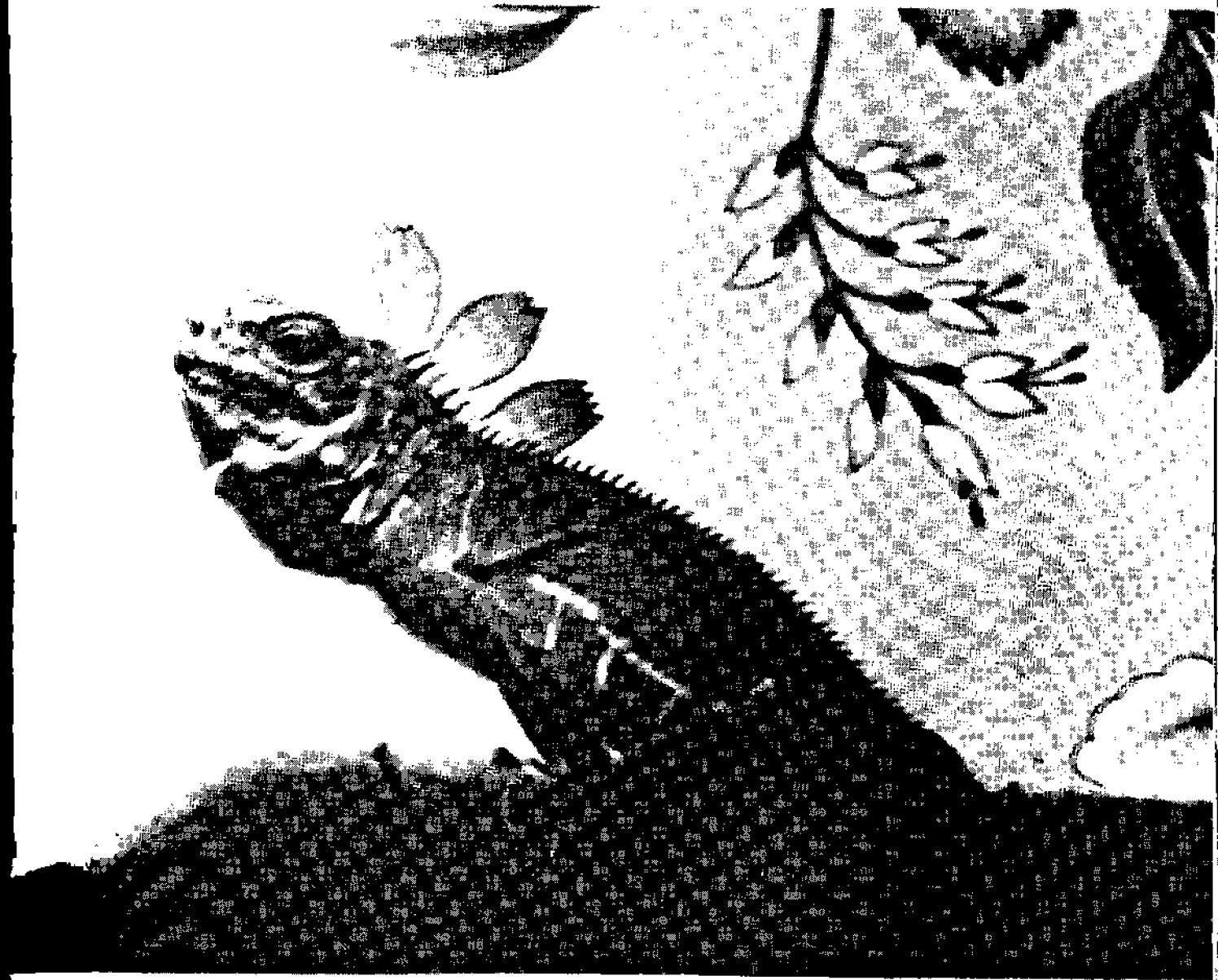


# North Avenue Review

issue 15



## Structure

The North Avenue Review is produced by a collection of

Georgia Tech students, faculty, and staff-- all of whom have contributed writing, graphics, or time.

Unless otherwise state, 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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All letters are welcome. Your letter will not be edited, so submit it as you wish it to be printed. You may request that your name be withheld from the letter, but we must know who you are.

## Submissions

We welcome all original contributions, including articles, essays, poetry, graphic materials, announcements, clip art, poetry, fiction, photographs, surveys, polemics, small items of interest, sheet music, recipes, chemical formulas, madcap hypotheses, prognostications (both psychic and earthly), reviews, dramas, artwork, computer graphics, new patent ideas, dissertations, proclamations and whatever else is adaptable to the printed page excluding bricks. Students, faculty, staff, and alumni are invited to share ideas, opinions, expressions, and illusions with the NAR.

## Procedure

At 'writers workshops' throughout the quarter and at the deadline meeting (a date subject to large fluctuations), all submissions are presented for group review. The editors (we are all 'editors' or 'non-editors') then read all submissions, offering anonymous, written, constructive criticism and suggestions. If an editor feels that a particular piece is unnecessarily inflammatory or obscene, he or she can bring the piece to the attention

of the group in order to discuss the piece. A submission will be excluded from the NAR with a three-fourth votes against its publication. This provision is essentially to prevent the publication of items that might jeopardize the NAR's existence and in practice we have never censored a final submission although we welcome attempts for your piece to be the first. Attendance and participation by each contributor is extremely important and strongly encouraged to allow feedback and comments-- hopefully improving the quality of everyone's work.

All texts must be submitted on a Macintosh 3.5" disk to lighten the burden of the NAR's oppressed layout workers (who are thinking of forming a union and going on strike under present conditions). Articles must be typed in ten-point Times font in either Microsoft Word or Wordperfect. We simply cannot type your piece for you unless it is a very short poem. To make layout easier remove tabs and indentations, leave a line between paragraphs, and quote your sources appropriately. Be prepared to rewrite. Also we encourage writers to find visual to accompany their articles (these do not have to be on a disk simply bring them with your submission).

## Getting Involved

The NAR needs your help. Anyone who wants to get involved regardless of his or her literary or ideological pursuits. Come to the first meeting next quarter which will be held somewhere on the third floor of the Student Center on the first Monday of the quarter.

*"A free press can of course be good or bad, but most certainly, without freedom it will never be anything but bad"*


*Albert Camus*

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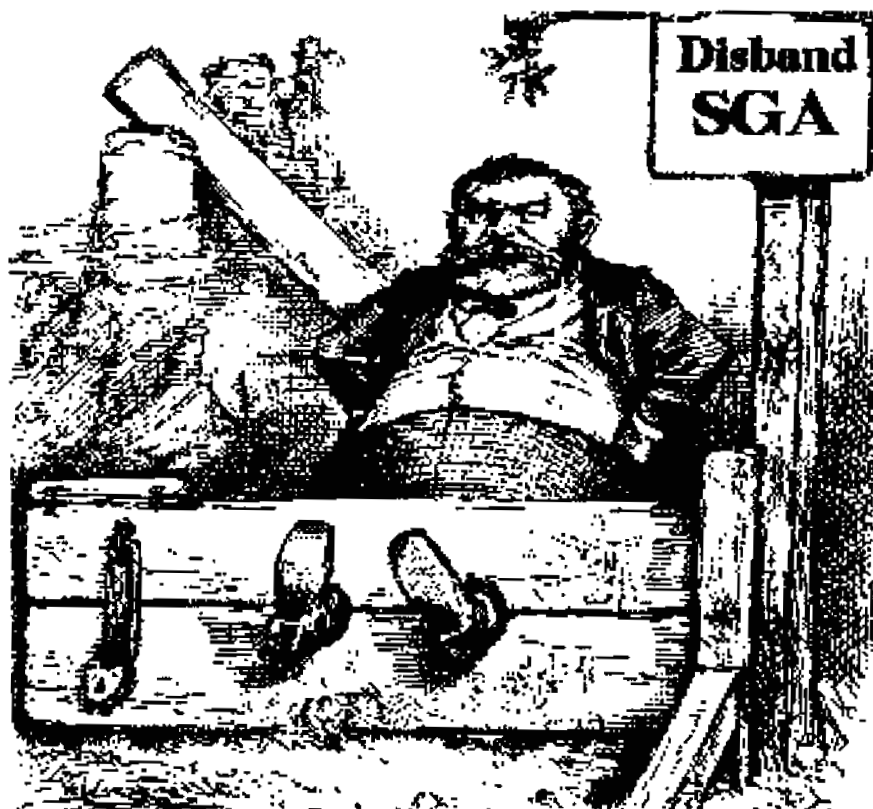
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"Look at this physique.  
ARE you not quivering  
With sexual excitement?  
Or has my sheer passion  
left you speechless?"

I'd rather  
be reading  
the North  
Avenue  
Review.





by  
**Ed**  
  
**Gibbs**

It is time for SGA to fade away, time to take its place in our collective memories as another democratic institution that fell to apathy? Voter turnout reached as high as fifteen percent in the most recent elections. From the overwhelming boycott of the elections SGA seems obsolete. Of course this boycott wasn't organized, merely driven by apathy, a 'who cares?' attitude. For an organization that is supposed to represent the students, the students seem to have little faith in its power to change anything. If SGA elections were called off next

year the likelihood of large protests and the sentiments of outrage would be slim and surely would involve at most the fifteen percent of campus that now votes in these elections.

#### **A Truly Representative Body**

To proclaim loudly that SGA represents all students and their interest pull the reality of the situation beyond the bounds of its elasticity. A representative democracy calls for the people to vote for representatives who will advance their interests and

ideology. To pick their representatives the voter must know who those candidates are. For even the uncommon student who logged on the computer and employed his right to vote, it can't be said that much was known of many of the candidates especially for the Student Senate. The situation with the presidential and vice presidential race was somewhat better for at least the average voter knew the names of the candidates and sometimes a little more possibly from campaign posters or the Technique.

When the voter picks the candidate simply because of some slight name recognition or just to avoid not voting then the process of voting has become meaningless. Voting for a name avoids any issues; electing people on name recognition smacks of the silly popularity contests of high school elections. This is an institute of higher learning where through our student government we are allowed some voice in the running of things. If we elect people without issues then we can surely never get more than a random mess reflecting little of student desires.

Under this situation a small number of voters with often little knowledge of candidates or their positions on issues elect SGA representatives who represent the larger student body. Not surprisingly the make-up of our student government is dominated by a well known minority on campus- fraternities and sororities.

Fraternity and sorority members are quite proud of their domination of SGA and other campus activities. While they are undoubtedly active on campus it remains to be seen if they serve the best interests of a majority of students. To begin, with Greek organizations are elite institutions that select their membership based on qualities considered valuable by the fraternity or sorority. These selected pledges then get to serve varying terms of less than full membership in the fraternity or sorority until they are inducted in secretive induction ceremonies. These are the men and women who represent the majority of SGA.

There is nothing surprising about fraternity and sorority dominance of SGA.

Fraternities and sororities represent automatic voting blocs for any candidate from that fraternity or sorority a large turnout can be expected with the candidate riding to victory primarily on the votes from the members. With low voter turnout Greek dominance is ensured.

Since the majority of students do not belong to a fraternity or sorority and would bristle at any implication of association, it is surprising that these groups represent much of SGA. The defense that fraternities and sororities are more active in the school affairs is valid, but this still does not make SGA any more representative of the majority of the student body. Fraternities and sororities are elite organizations that engage in democratic institutions such as SGA for their own reasons. Democracy by the minority elite on any level is not a real democracy much less a representative one.

Another problem with representation may fall within the election laws and voting procedures as they are now. In the last presidential election at least two candidates were declared ineligible due to administrative problems. These candidates were left on the ticket and gathered some votes. These votes amounted to a total waste since these candidates were considered disqualified by not having completed all the proper paperwork. With this large of a mistake in the elections a new election should have been declared, but as it was a run-off was held between the highest vote getters and the problem was ignored. This disqualification of candidates who were left on the ballot warranted no mention in the *Technique*. Another issue of concern is with the election

conducted completely on the computers. The computer elections are much easier to tally and keep track of, but they involve several problems. In the last elections there was no way to write in a candidate's name which did not appear among the choices, however this may largely be a problem with SGA election laws that do not seem to allow candidates who do not fill out the necessary paperwork. A larger problem is leaving computer voting as the only option when many students on campus refrain from laying their hands on computers. The absence of any other voting possibilities certainly doesn't offer a more visible and possibly more appealing option. With the voter turnout at a low point every means of increasing turnout should be investigated even if it involves more work than leaving elections on the computers.

### Substance

Behind the waves of student apathy which inundate SGA is a lack of substance. When campaign posters simply leave names and simple slogans "I like trees," debates are rare and noticeably unattended, and an issue as central to students as parking remains a constant reminder of the lack of student power in administrative decisions, then substance is absent.

Campaign posters that splash the candidate's name, (sometimes with a cute blurb that usually rhymes) on the wall without any issues stated, mark the worst of democratic elections. There are exceptions to the rule of useless campaign posters stating nothing of the issues, but they are all too common. A blank wall of particle board

would serve a higher purpose.

Practical debate in SGA campaigns is sadly lacking. The only debates that take place are between presidential candidates. Last year's debate on WREK proved to be informative and issues were discussed, but campus listeners calling in with questions were few. Besides for individual candidates talking to groups on their own there was little actual debate. The trend away from debates and actual discussion of issues has also been seen in recent national elections so the lack of issues and debates merely reflects the larger problems in our democracy.

A large amount of student grief revolves around parking. Since parking is a daily inconvenience for many students the frustration over this issue is of paramount importance to them. A few years back the ever popular student center deck was built over student concerns about the rising cost of parking a car. Despite SGA's consultation with the administration expressing grievances and the likelihood that the students would not appreciate having to pay for the deck, the deck was built anyway. In the first year of operation with the pay-to-park plan, the deck was largely unused and continuously lost money. Parking fees the next year necessarily increased, along with student griefs. The parking issue is now just another Ma Tech 'shaft.' Average Tech apathy didn't apply to the parking issue in which large numbers of students and their parking fees were involved. Still SGA, the voice of the students, held no sway over the administration. Failing to change administrative policy on an issue of large student importance shows how

powerless and ineffective SGA can be. The true reason for the small voter turnout is that students see SGA as powerless.

Power is the larger issue which explains much of SGA's problems. SGA seems largely to have control over social uses of its substantial budget such as the *Technique*, SAC, and various clubs and organizations. When it comes to decisions involving other issues such as courses offered, the amount of research done by professors in relation to teaching, the status of the library, financial aid, and parking SGA shies away or offers some ideas of its own that are largely ignored. SGA plays no role of importance outside its limited sphere of spending student fees. It is for this reason that SGA lacks substance. Without a voice in campus SGA deserves to be rejected. And a voice is not enough; the students must have some power to vote for or against decisions that affect students. Without a voice SGA represents merely a weak pawn taken for granted by the administration and ignored by the students.

### Solutions

Radical changes are called for in the basic pillars of SGA. Today SGA is no the democratic institution which students deserve. Rather than try to change the basic structure of SGA, disbanding it would be more honest.

After a year's time or so committees of interested students, faculty, and administrators could get together and work out a new student government that would give the students power and representation in all important campus decisions. The year of no student government would show everyone just how small

SGA's role is in campus affairs and how large a need there is for a meaningful, representative student body. With a student role in decisions many of the general bad experiences known as the Tech Shaft could be softened. Possibly even an end could be brought to bad food without representation, ARA.

Since the idea of SGA agreeing to dissolve itself is unlikely and student apathy is at such a level where there would likely be little support for forcing them out, some less radical change can be proposed. One idea is to ask for an election this fall in which students would be asked to vote on the single question of whether to scrap SGA. This proposal is perfectly democratic and similar to a vote of confidence in parliamentary systems. If more than half of those voting voted against SGA's continued existence SGA would be dissolved and work could begin on establishing a new student government better serving student interests. If SGA passed the test then at least they could claim some legitimacy even in the wake of small turnouts for elections.

Another small change which would serve to legitimize elections more would be to add a Non of the Above category which would call for new elections for that office if None of the Above won the majority of the votes. Thus individual voters could voice their displeasure over their choices. This policy would help to point campaigns and posters towards more vigorous pursuit of issues and beyond the name posters with cutesy one liners. This would also give voters a choice in categories where someone was running unopposed. This small change could only

serve to make the elections more democratic.

Election laws should also be streamlined to encourage candidates to run without fear of having to fill out a great deal of paperwork. Anyone who is a student and registers with a simple form should be able to run. The only concern should be with stopping election fraud, not keeping viable candidates out of the race.

Adding polling places in the student center during elections where students could vote by scan-tron could only help turnout. Another possibility is canceling classes for an hour or two on the days of the elections to facilitate the elections. Letting students out of class marks the elections as a more important event which students should recognize. Canceling some classes during elections may increase turnout dramatically and it is easily an idea attempted on a trial basis for one year to see the results.

The *Technique* could also be utilized to help bring issues and importance to student elections. A special election issue a week or two before the elections in which all candidates were allowed some space to print their views would help greatly to inform the voters of who they would wish to vote for. This issue would carry not only presidential candidates, but also the students running for the Senate.

To represent the students SGA must evolve into something a majority of students care enough about to punch onto the computer and vote for. It must become a government, one with the power to govern and not merely follow the lead of the administration. It must hold popular elections, with debate and issues at stake. It must become an institution to

be proud of where students learn how well democracy can work in the larger world.

### Epilogue

Six months have passed since this article was originally written. As this goes to press the presidential and vice presidential races are winding down. This year's race was better than some and hopefully some of the good points will carry over to the Senate campaign.

Overall the *Technique* coverage has been laudable with the *Technique* carrying the candidates and their platforms as well as printing up substantial parts of the debate. One can only hope they see fit to have such in depth coverage of the more numerous candidates for the Senate.

The one debate that was held on January 28th allowed for more information on the candidates. The debate was highly structured and resembled a presidential debate with the candidate's posing more than answering questions seriously or deflecting difficult questions rather than attacking inconsistencies in rivals positions. The debate also violated a principle of democracy by not allowing the audience to ask their own questions of the candidates. Instead questions were written down and passed in to be censored by a debate official. Questions as to the reasons behind simplistic campaign posters simply didn't make it. Of course this effort to control the debate may have been simply to keep it an hour long. Still an hour for the debate proved to be rather short and allowed for only a few of the screened questions to be answered. A less structured, longer debate could have been more useful to voters.

The campaign posters for the presidential race were superb laying out the candidates's positions in some detail, but little of the same praise can be reserved for the vice presidential posters. With only a little work I think you can see the lack of something here: "Take a plunge with Runge" or "Put HOPE to work for you." These insipid slogans showed all the worst sides of an empty and meaningless political campaign.

\*Final footnote to the recent election campaigns. Scandal has to be added to the list of SGA's problems. For some reason Hope Halford a vice-presidential candidate decided she would go door to door in residence halls to lobby for votes. Nothing wrong with this except she dropped a little line that she would vote for them if they didn't have time. This amounts to a social strong-arming for votes. Are you ready to turn away someone running for SGA and tell them that either you don't want to vote or that you don't want to vote for them while they're offering to do everything for you? Politically Hope was using the tactics of a door to door salesperson making the high pressure sale. The immorality of this should be obvious.

## A Synthetic

by: Jeffrey Hostetler

To those engaged in heated debates over pollution, deforestation, ozone depletion, animal rights, and global warming, there is a substantial flaw in your logic. When God or Natural Selection created humans (choose your religion), it did so willingly. If humans were a natural abomination, then we would have become extinct long ago, and any intelligent God wouldn't put us on His Earth if He didn't mean for us to live, reproduce, and prosper like all His other creations. So why must all these environmental radicals bother us, interrupting our daily lives with bantering and prophetic threats on a myriad of subjects, whose list seems to grow every day. Humans are natural. There's no argument; therefore, everything we do is natural. The word synthetic is all too often used to modify nouns in a way that degrades it, makes it seem dangerous or "unnatural" or nasty. As humans, residents of the planet Earth, everything we do is natural.

Just a few years ago, humans first set foot on the moon. Several men, backed by thousands of engineers, scientists, and technicians, walked on the surface of our nearest heavenly neighbor. Many criticized that this step was unnecessary and expensive, and some reporters lashed out at NASA for leaving several million dollars worth of equipment on the

## World is Just

moon. Several lunar rovers were left on the moon's surface in exchange for lunar samples, and in the words of Eugene Kranz, head of the Mission Operations Directorate at NASA, "We left some of the Earth up there and brought some of the moon back here. Certainly the samples we brought back from the moon far outweigh the cost of making that equipment that we left up there."

As humans we constantly push ourselves to extremes: extremes of behavior, extremes of scale, and extremes of endeavor. Everything on this planet is at our disposal. We can make no tool that hasn't always existed on this planet in a more chaotic form. A wrench is merely a more orderly arrangement of iron ore, carbon, and nickel. Humans are incurable tool makers. Those tools brought to the moon were pieces of the Earth, that which is naturally available to us, and the astronauts brought back pieces of the moon, that which is alien to us. Such dissection of our environment is purely relative, though. It can just as easily be said that our solar system is our home and that visiting Alpha Centauri would be alien turf, but the fact remains that we are a product of our Earth, therefore, how can we possibly destroy it? We ARE the Earth. To state anything different would be to propose that we are the aliens and that we aren't of this Earth. Is that rational?

## Natural

Humans do not destroy; they tailor their environment to their needs. God gave us hands and strong minds with which to construct meager shelters to cover our heads. Jesus was a carpenter. Now we build towers of glass and steel and Astrodomes and super-highways, but how is this any different? We cannot destroy our Earth, no matter what the environmentalists say. There isn't a problem the human mind can't grasp and conquer. Breaking the sound barrier, reaching the moon, decoding DNA, performing heart transplants - making artificial hearts and heart valves, creating machines, computers, to do the number crunching for us so we can spend more time being creative, splitting atoms and crunching them together to make electricity (and we're damn close to doing the latter), and correcting birth defects within the womb. Humans will eventually do it all, and we'll do it with the resources that we find right here, on our own planet . . . and soon on its natural satellite, too.

So what's the big hoopla about humans destroying the planet Earth? Every generation creates problems to be solved by the next. If they didn't, what would keep us busy all the time or keep our populations somewhat in check? A good plague cleans up the system. AIDS is the current nemesis



facing humankind. We'll beat it soon enough. Until then some people will die, perhaps quite a lot. Maybe that's the way it's intended, but in the end we'll find a cure, and then we'll find something a little nastier than AIDS to keep our medical research folks busy and funded for the next few decades. It's all very logical, natural and simple.

Then they scream of deforestation, "You're causing thousands of species of animals yet undiscovered to become extinct!!!"

I have a little question about this. If they are yet undiscovered, how can we make them extinct? We can't not make them extinct if we don't know about them, now can we? Any statement to the contrary is nonsense. Animals have been made extinct for millions upon millions of years. If they hadn't you'd need a fifty caliber rifle on the roof of your car to keep the Tyrannosaurus at bay while you sat in rush hour traffic. From a purely evolutionary standpoint, creatures have been causing other creatures to become extinct every since the green slime shat in the ocean and killed the brown slime. That green slime happened to be the first photosynthetic organic matter known as algae. By releasing oxygen into the atmosphere, plants, as we know them, poisoned the atmosphere, converse to the manner in which we produce carbon dioxide. Millions of creatures perished as the oxygen levels grew to toxic levels, and the temperature began slowly dropping as the sheltering, warming carbon dioxide became scarce. Oxygen is extremely reactive, as any scientist knows, and is the cause of most types of

corrosion. Greater concentrations of Oxygen gave rise to more acidic and alkaline compounds which quickly poisoned the remaining life forms - life forms never seen by the human eye . . . never documented, undiscovered. So what's the big deal? Plants were the first to cause mass genocide, and look where that got us: first fish, then amphibians, then reptiles, then mammals, then dinosaurs, then better dinosaurs, then even better mammals, then primates, and then Jay Leno and MTV and modern art, from a purely evolutionary point of view.

Sewage is natural. Everything produces fecal matter; humans just produce more of it than any other creature currently on Earth, that's why we have sewage treatment plants and flushable toilets.

Radiation is natural. Where do you think they GET the uranium from? Plutonium is just a better version of Uranium - kind of like steel; you can't dig up steel, but it sure beats the hell out of raw iron. And the Earth is bombarded by vast amounts of radiation that can't be entirely shielded by our thin atmosphere, so nasty things happen, like life. The first living organic matter was formed by high energy ultraviolet radiation, and then quickly developed through mutation by that same high energy radiation faster and more efficiently than simple evolution alone. Radiation happens.

Electricity is natural. Immense electrical charges are in constant motion at the center of the Earth, which is primarily made up of molten iron. These charges give us

our poles, so boy scouts can earn their compass patch every fall and airliners can get to Japan without detours over the Alaskan and Asian coast to ask for directions. Lightning strikes the Earth constantly, and occasionally ruins someone's golf game.

Oil is natural, and so are plastics, gasoline, shampoo, nylon, kevlar, and McDonald's milkshakes. All of these come from cracks in the Earth where lots of rotten Dinosaurs and prehistoric plants have settled and aged, like a good wine. It's estimated that we've only discovered ten percent of the oil reserves available under the Earth's surface. It's just a matter of getting at it, and we're awfully good at that - just put a couple Texans in an open field, and one of 'em will inadvertently strike oil with the heel of his boot.

If anything should become brutally clear by the above exposition, it's that humans are natural. We were born of this Earth to live on this Earth, as God or some other divine intelligence intended. Nothing can stop the mental explosion that propels every generation toward new solutions and new problems. It's our way. Humans love, humans kill, humans create, and humans destroy. We're our own best friend and enemy. And soon we'll be coming to a theater near you.

# Cosmetics:

## Capitalist Tool in the Continuing Oppression of Women?

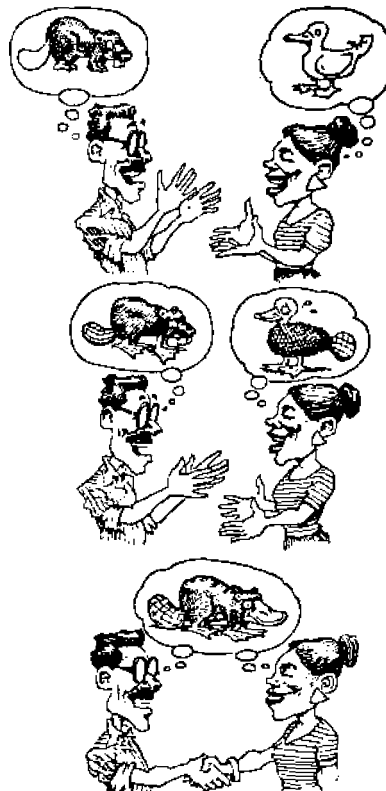
James D. Cofer

To say that cosmetics are but a "capitalist tool in the continuing oppression of women" is not only a most unfounded prevarication, it is a flight of total fantasy attempted to be perpetrated by those of the political spectrum afflicted with what a friend of mine would call "a most severe case of Dostoyevskian Brain Fever".

To commence this most simple dissection of banal political theory, I need only disport all that is obvious, that being the fact that cosmetics were in existence and widespread use long before capitalism emerged as a means of economic exchange. Take, for example, the Bible, which has many references to anointing the head or body with oil. One could also note that the ancient Egyptians have been found to be widespread users of cosmetics, including Cleopatra, who was known to possess a most decidedly superior skill at fashioning and applying cosmetics. The art of adornment was then continued by Greek, Roman, and Arab physicians until the point at which the strain of demand for said items was so great that physicians abandoned the practice, leaving tradesmen to meet the continually growing demand for them. How then, could capitalism possibly be the antecedent for the supposed sociological pressure on women to use cosmetics? Any possible pressure that society may have levied on women to slave in front of a mirror was therefore concretely in place well before the birth of capitalism.

Is there, though, a sociological pressure for women to enhance their appearance through artificial means? As a rejoinder to that very question, one would have to give an unequivocal nod to the affirmative. Is that pressure inherently deleterious towards women? For all intents and purposes, one would absolutely have to

articulate a clear and radiant "no", for the very underpinning of any society that wishes to survive is the establishment of norms. These norms become the basis for everything that the society stands for, from the formation of a system of jurisprudence to emergence of simple folkways. And, as important as liberty may be to a truly free society, no liberty can be offered to the citizens of a society until order is established by the application of norms. If a person then, out of either indolence or personal conviction voluntarily violates one of those norms, her or she must be prepared to suffer the consequences of society's sanctions.



Responsibility for one's own actions, as alien as the concept may be to members

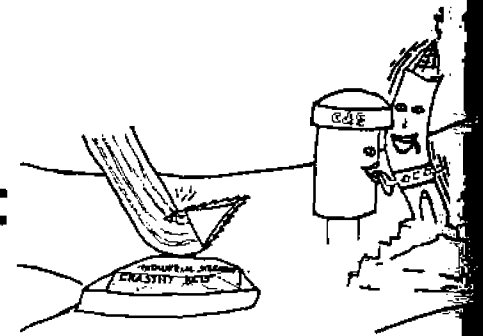
of the political left, is integral to the continuation of liberty in American society, even in something as preposterous as wearing or not wearing make-up, for if the public is not responsible for its own actions, then only the government can be. If a woman decides not to use cosmetics, then she must be prepared to face any discrimination the work place may offer; she should not be allowed to use a law designed for true racial, sexual, or religious discrimination to defend a voluntary deviance from the norm established by society. By not being responsible for one's own actions, we have seen the emergence of a monolithic American welfare state that penalizes the personally productive members of society by removing capital by force from the productive to the unproductive segments of the community. Is it in freedom, therefore, that I must enter, by law, into a contract with the United States government, whereby I devote 7.65% of my income into a retirement account, when so many other private plans offer a much better yield? Is it in freedom that tax monies are taken from me by force to pay the court costs for the explosion of personal bankruptcies because a person has spent himself into irretrievable debt? Is it in freedom that the city of Aspen, Colorado is currently reviewing legislation to ban the use of perfumes and colognes in public? Is it in freedom that the state of Georgia has made sodomy between two consenting adults illegal, regardless of sexual preference? How are these examples relevant to the topic discussed? These examples perfectly demonstrate what happens when a minority, appealing to the government, are allowed to wield much more power than they are deserving in society.

Should an employer be allowed to discriminate in its hiring against women that do not partake of cosmetics? Yes, if that employer has an economic interest in its employees maintaining a certain image to the public. For example, if I owned a health club, why on earth should I be required by law to hire an obese person, even if they are

fully qualified? That runs counter to the image that I, as the owner of the club, am trying to convey to the public about my establishment and could very well have a direct economic effect on my business, thus vitiating my ability to garner a personal profit and possibly hampering my capability to hire more people as my business expands. I also should not be required by law to hire a blatant homosexual if I owned a truck stop on Route 12 just outside of Cartersville; there is simply too much of a danger of economic downfall if I retained this person. What if, because of his or her sexuality, I am forced to forfeit a sizable amount of business? What if my business becomes implicated in a lawsuit because a trucker and the homosexual got into a fist fight one Saturday night? Not only could my personal stake in the business be in a state of grave endangerment, but the livelihood of my employees could be as well.

For over 200 years, the citizens of the United States have been continually attempting to balance liberty and order. This process has been a more or less planned operation throughout the nation's history, but in the past 20 years, America's subcultures have declared open cultural warfare on mainstream society by attempting to use the force of law to protect their own interests. The feminists of this country are now in quite a quandary, wanting to be assimilated into mainstream America while still retaining their independent status; this simply is neither feasible nor propitious to the average American. One simply cannot be a part of both a mainstream and a subculture, and by attempting to use the law to their own ends, the feminists are revealing themselves to the public for what they really are: obtuse, feeble-minded, opportunistic cretins whose national organization is commanded by a collection of lesbians that for some strange and unexplained reason are stridently pro-choice.

# Atlanta's New Phallacy: An Architectural Commentary



Michael Piasecki and  
David Miertschin

Recently, there have been quite a few requests by the general public for expert opinions on what the present state of architecture in Atlanta really is. The fulfillment of those requests is where we enter into the equation. We have accepted the burden of analyzing the architectural trends of Atlanta and translating them for the unknowing layperson. To qualify ourselves, Michael Piasecki and David Miertschin are architecture students at the Institute, and damn good ones at that. Because of our superior analytical abilities, we feel that we are the most qualified people to tell you what we think. With regard to this topic, there may be dissenting opinions, but to hell with them, this is OUR analysis!

We plan to show how Atlanta is being brought down by its urge to rise up. Now many may say that there is some convenience in comparing architecture to body parts and that it is a safe way to find fault, but it's also fun so bear with us! The desire to build "tall" buildings in Atlanta is not because the cost of land is so high, after all these developers could do a cushy

office park and charge higher rent for the gardener services. No, these developers want tall DICKS looming over us like warnings that they will spout at any minute with the first sign of a turn-on. There definitely is a trend to put up giant phallic symbols in Atlanta, and these disasters are being constructed under the false premise that they are good and smart and wanted.

Our first example of the day is the IBM tower in Midtown at the corner of 14th Street and West Peachtree. This building was designed by our generation's version of Frank Lloyd Wright, Phillip Johnson. This guy must be 90 going on 4, because he thinks that what he designs is what the public loves just because he got hired for the job. Phillip did a "pretty" gothic sign of masculinity, but in his senility he failed to realize that this is Atlanta not Chicago. This towering thing is a big building in drag with its nice ultra-thin sheath of stone, under which is a long, cold form of steel. Well, Mr. Johnson (even the name fits), you also designed the IBM tower with a silly top whose base is incomplete: you went through the trouble of putting effeminate lace doilies all over it while leaving the base a hard blunt slab. Good one.

The IBM tower most definitely is a phallic symbol designed by an old geezer who wants the whole world to know he can still get his buildings up; its shape is obvious, as is its message which simply says that IBM is a fertile company to invest in and receive services from.

The second victim of our architectural outrage is the new C&S tower, located next to the toilet paper roll, we mean located at the corner of North Avenue and Peachtree Road downtown. This building is also a phallic symbol, and what a laugh it is. The rumor is that the top of the tower is exposed because the developer ran over budget. What's the matter C&S, can't get it up? We thought that if you are going to build a giant penis, it should at least be fully erect! Another problem we have with this newly constructed nightmare is the red color - it looks as if it is in great pain! Maybe the bank should change its name to S&M. Another problem we have found with this soreing catastrophe is that this solid shaft rests on a glass base, causing us to assume that its a falsie. We guess the people at C&S just were too embarrassed by the little one they used to have. Yes folks, the C&S tower is a phallic symbol, but a shy one which sits off the road instead of commanding it by coming up to the sidewalk bordering it. From this we deduce that it's

content doing its thing off in the shadows with its little friend.

These new tall buildings going up in Atlanta are totally wrong for the city, and we're going to tell you why. First of all, with the Olympics coming soon, all of these phallic symbols all over town are going to create a bad impression for visiting dignitaries. The International Olympic Committee may take the '96 Games away if they think the money spending fans will be subliminally swayed by these tall tails into staying in their hotel rooms and doing you know what. Also, the buildings are a long-term menace to the locals of Atlanta; these erect obelisks may fuel the sexual frustration of the city's female majority. The effects felt could be devastating, especially with the impending demolition of the fertile and easily accessible Fulton County Stadium and its replacement by the chastity belt-clad Georgia Dome.

Well, there you have it folks, you wanted an honest and correct commentary on the condition of Atlanta's new architecture, and we were only so happy to tell you in our most humble opinion what it is shaping up to become. All we can say is don't get an office job, and for God's sake guys don't look up, you'll only feel really small!

# A CRITIQUE OF THE ISRAELI LOAN GUARANTEE PROPOSAL

Ayman H. Fadel

The Israeli government has recently requested that the United States government guarantee ten billion dollars of loans to Israel over the next five years. These monies would be used to accommodate the massive influx of Jews from the Soviet Union to Israel. In order for United States citizens to evaluate this proposal from a policy perspective, three issues must be discussed. The first is the financial consequences for the United States it complies with the Israeli request. The second is current United States policy towards Soviet immigrants. The third is the Israeli government's land, water and political policy towards the non-Jewish populations in the state of Israel and in the Palestinian and other Arab territories it has occupied since 1967.

The United States will pay administrative costs and default costs if it agrees to guarantee the loans. Administrative costs are the costs of administering a loan program over the course of thirty years and the costs of subsidy as dictated by the Credit Reform Act of 1992. The former may range between forty million to one hundred and forty million per year, according to Arch Miller in the Los Angeles Times of September 16, 1991. The latter requires that the Congress appropriate \$800 million annually in case of default, according to West Virginia Representative Nick Rahall. This amount could not be spent on other government programs, but would have to remain in escrow throughout the fiscal year.<sup>1</sup>

Should Israel default on its payments, the United States would have to pick up the tab. Supporters of Israel point to its "perfect" repayment record. They do not mention that the Cranston Amendment (named after Senator Alan Cranston, D-California) requires that US assistance to Israel

1. The Washington Report on Middle East Affairs, "Other People's Mail", November 91, p. 74.

does not fall below scheduled repayments of past debt.<sup>2</sup> Nor do they mention that the United States periodically forgives Israel's military debt. Assuming an 8.6% compound interest rate over the next 30 years and assuming that Israel does not pay back any part of the loans, the measure will cost U.S. taxpayers close to \$110 billion dollars over the next 30 years.

Thus, the United States' agreeing to guarantee these new loans would represent additional grants to a state which now officially receives \$3.1 billion dollars per annum in military and economic aid. According to Zvi Timor, the editor of *Al-Hamishmar*, this amount is actually closer to \$5 billion dollars annually.<sup>3</sup>

The second point to consider is U.S. immigration policy. Supporters of the loan guarantees argue that it is a "humanitarian" issue and that the loans are necessary to provide shelter for Jewish "refugees" from the Soviet Union. This argument is false for a number of reasons, the first of which is that the loans are to be used to build infrastructure in Israel (and possibly other occupied Palestinian lands), not emergency settlements for the immigrants. Second of all, the United States and several European countries, at the request of Israel, have restricted the number of Soviet immigrants permitted to enter. Many Soviet Jewish immigrants would prefer to immigrate to these countries rather than Israel, but they are not given a choice. Jerome Segal of the Jewish Peace Lobby wrote in the *Washington Post* that "the Soviet Jews are being used as a demographic battering ram" for the pursuit of a "Greater Israel."<sup>4</sup> Finally, the Jews in the Soviet Union are under no clear and present danger. It is not consistent for the United States to consider them in dire need of humanitarian assistance while it denies such assistance to refugees from El Salvador, Cambodia, Somalia, Haiti and other countries experiencing civil war and famine.

The most important issue is, however, the nature of the Israeli government's dealings with non-Jews. The Israeli government discriminates against its non-Jewish citizens, who number more than

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2. Ibid.

3. Shahak, Israel. "Why Israel Can Never Repay the Loans to be Guaranteed by the US," *Washington Report on Middle East Affairs*, November 1991, pp. 17-18. Dr. Shahak is a professor of chemistry at Hebrew University in Jerusalem and is chairman of the Israeli League of Human and Civil Rights.

4. John Asfour, "Soviet Jewish Immigration: Second Thoughts in Moscow?," *Washington Report on Middle East Affairs*, November 1991, p. 19. Mr. Asfour is a specialist in the political economies of Palestine and Israel.

800,000 out of a population of almost 4 million, inside the occupied lands of 1948 and (East) Jerusalem and the Golan Heights, which it annexed after the 1967 war. This discrimination takes many forms, including inadequate government services, business and travel restrictions, the threat of land seizure, and not being permitted to buy Israeli "national" land.<sup>5</sup>

More serious, however, is the military occupation of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, which were captured from Jordan and Egypt, respectively, during the 1967 war. The Israeli government practices classic colonialism on the nearly two million non-Jews who live in these areas. They must obtain permits for almost every type of activity, from building houses of worship to planting trees to travelling to other towns. Jews who kill non-Jews serve three and six months in jail while non-Jews who kill Jews are either killed on the spot or serve life-imprisonment.<sup>6</sup>

Jews are given the right to consume water at a much higher per capita rate than non-Jews. For example, Jews took 500 million cubic meters of water from an aquifer southeast of Jerusalem while the Israeli military authorities permitted the non-Jews who inhabit the region to use only 100 million cubic meters. In other parts of the West Bank, non-Jews are charged six times more than Jews to use water which their families have used for generations. Economically, this is a disaster for non-Jewish Palestinian farmers. In Jericho, the farmers were only able to plant 30 percent of their cultivable land because they lacked water.<sup>7</sup>

It is worthwhile here to quote Israel Shahak at length on the Israeli government's land policy in the West Bank and Gaza Strip.

Let me begin with what is [in Israel], as in South Africa, a basic question--the question of land. The state of Israel is confiscating land in the territories--I will not go into the

5. While non-Jews are considered "citizens" in the lands taken in 1948 and annexed after 1967, they are not considered "nationals." Only "nationals" may own "national" land, which is almost 92% of the land in the state of Israel. Most of this land was seized from the non-Jewish inhabitants during 1947 and 1948. For more information, see Joseph Schechla, "UN Debate Will Necessitate Re-Examination of Resolution 3379," Washington Report on Middle East Affairs, November 1991, p. 35 and Rachelle Marshall, "The Zionist Debate at the UN is Beside the Point," The Washington Report on Middle East Affairs, November 1991, p. 34.

6. Marshall, p. 34.

7. Dr. Thomas R. Mattair, "While Diplomats Debate Land for Peace, Palestinians Are Losing Their Land and Water," The Washington Report On Middle East Affairs, October 1991, p. 48. Dr. Mattair has taught at Kent State University, the University of Southern California and Cornell University and has travelled in Israel, the West Bank and the Gaza Strip.



legal tricks by which it does this, that is recorded elsewhere--and this land is devoted exclusively to Jewish benefit...

Now numbers. In the West Bank, the proportion of the land which had already been confiscated by the beginning of 1987 was, according to official Israeli figures, 52% and according to Meron Benvenisti's figures, 59%--in either case, more than half. Jewish settlers number 60,000; the Palestinians officially number 850,000--according to Benvenisti's more realistic figures, one million... As for the Gaza Strip, it has a higher human density than Hong Kong. 39.5% of land there has been confiscated for exclusive Jewish use. And 28%--not of the 39%, but of the whole area--has already been given to the settlers. Jewish settlers in the Gaza Strip number 2,500 and the Hebrew press suspect that of these a few hundred are temporary residents--students, religious Jewish academics of Yeshivot. Let us compare this with South Africa (and, of course, again you will understand I am not praising the devil). If you take the 13% allocated for the blacks and the 80 percent for the whites and compare it according to population, you will see that the Gaza Strip is infinitely worse in terms of apartheid than South Africa.<sup>8</sup>

This article in no way suggests that Jews in the United States or elsewhere control the federal government. Aid to Israel pales in size and scope to the S&L scandal and other massive government misappropriations, and the principal beneficiaries of these subsidies are not Jews. It is in fact the hope of the author that pointing out one example of misappropriation in the federal government which the mainstream media have completely ignored, in this case the loan guarantees, will spur readers to seek alternative sources of information which more critically examine the fiscal policies of the federal and state governments.

8. Israel Shahak, an abridged and edited version of a talk given at the Institute of Race Relations, London, England, in May of 1988, published in the journal "Race and Class," Vol. 30, No. 1, July-September 1988. The journal is published by the Institute of Race Relations, 2-6 Leake St., King's Cross Rd., London, WC1X9HS, England. The U.S. mailing agent is Expeditors of the Printed Word, Inc., 515 Madison Ave., Suite 917, New York, NY 10022. To contact Dr. Shahak, write to The Israeli League for Human and Civil Rights, P.O. Box 14192, Tel Aviv, Israel.



## WORD FROM A HIPPYCHICK

By Linda D. Chupp

The ardent and all-consuming quest for "Word" is getting out of hand at my house. What started as an occasional phone call from a friend has become "Eric's Homework Hotline" with dozens of callers each night he doesn't even know. I found the situation rather amusing until I heard from friends (who had to call me at work) that they could never reach me to make social plans. Then I got serious real fast. *Nothing* had better interfere with my *own* quest (for disco, that is).

Take some advice from the perspective of a woman in the "real world" who has her priorities in order. Without naming names (Bucky), I will say it's painfully obvious that most of you Georgia Tech students should concentrate a whole lot less on Word and a whole lot more on another word - Hip.

Let me explain.

Recently a guy caught my eye in the produce section of the Ponce Kroger. "Wow," I thought, "he's hip." Then I started thinking as I selected my bananas, "I always recognize hip people and they always recognize me. But people can be hip in totally different ways. It's cool how you still spot each other."

To be hip has always meant to be the center of where it's at now, and to be pointed toward where it's all going. Hip is that certain intangible quality of the in-crowd, who are living today by tomorrow's ideas and dressing today by tomorrow's fashions. To be hip is to live in the future, even if by only a day.

"Hipsters" essentially live in a secret society, because you can only be known to be hip by the hip. Others outside the sphere can suspect you are hip, but only those who are hip themselves will automatically read your signals and *know* you are hip.

Like an imaginary number, hip is an undefined term - or rather, a term with myriad definitions and expressions. Moreover, hip is constantly being re-invented. But over there in the frat houses and dorms, you MTV-generation kids are woefully out of step, blindly taking your fashion cues from the likes of Nike paraphernalia, Huey Lewis and the News and tired Bart Simpson.

But at least you're not as bad as the posers. They're clueless to the fact that it's not hip to talk about what constitutes hip. And they don't know that if you have to try, you're not. When they were in high school, they were the ones whose

mothers dropped them off on Moreland Avenue just outside Little Five Points and then sauntered in like they thought we didn't know they just got out of a station wagon with Gwinnett plates.

Still don't get the Word on hip? Okay, here are some examples. This material *will* be on the exam.

A straight person and a hippychick each pass a woman standing on the street corner in a leopard-print skirt, spike heels, and big red hair. "Gee," muses the straight person several minutes later. "Now that I think about it, I wonder if that was a transvestite." The hippychick sees her and concludes without a moment's hesitation, "Definitely a biological woman. No self-respecting drag queen would let her roots go that long without a touch-up."

A hippychick arrives in New York City for a visit with no prior plans or connections. Within a day, she's gravitated to the coolest shops in the East Village, made several new acquaintances, and collected passes to clubs. A native New Yorker even stops her on the street for directions, assuming she knows where everything is. Of course, by this time, she does.

And what does this hippychick look like? Contrary to what you might expect, she's not outrageous. Anybody can do outrageous. She, however, can pass in the corporate world yet still maintain a certain flair. On her own time, she might simply wear a long baggy sweater as a dress or, for dancing, mix a vintage bathing suit from a thrift store with a designer hat from Nieman Marcus and suede boots. She doesn't rely on any fashion rules except her own inherent sense of style.

Finally, you'll see this hippychick with all sorts of people, because she knows that somebody else's idea that it's not appropriate to have friends outside your "age group" or "cultural group" is just that - somebody else's idea.

Okay, let's review. When you're hip, you give people the eye and they get the message. When you're hip, you're not trying to impress anybody but they're impressed anyway. When you're hip, people stare. When you're hip, you don't live on the edge, but you know somebody who does who is only a phone call away.

When you're hip, it's a lifestyle, not a fad.

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*Linda's phone line will be clear and open to hip friends from now on. Eric can be reached at 976-WORD (only \$5.95 a minute; operators are standing by).*

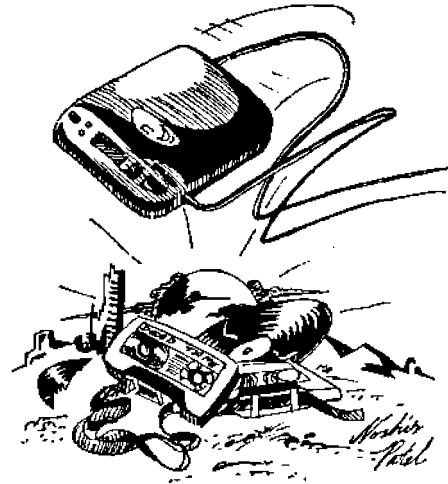
## *'Spooky' Is Luscious*

### Lush, "Spooky" (Reprise)

I had been trying for a few days to sit through "Spooky," but always something came up. It wasn't that it was boring me, Lush's new release and their first "true" LP (also available is an EP and a compilation LP) has a dancy beat and is quite entertaining. Finally I scheduled the 48 minutes and 26 seconds to just recline and peruse the twelve songs here and boy was I surprised!

As a Cocteau Twins fan, I had heard all the rumors that Lush was a Cocteau-mutation, but "Spooky" does everything to dispel that comparison. Even though this release's producer is Robin Guthrie of the Twins, such un-Cocteau staples as jangly and speedy guitars and somewhat comprehensible vocals prove Lush is their own outfit. Some signs of that "4AD" sound are evident, the melodic blending of guitars and the sirenish lyrics provided by lovely vocalists Miki Berenyi and Emma Anderson seem to mystify and beckon the listener.

"Spooky's" sound regardless of its arty yet intriguing harmonies is quite catchy, and at times wild. "Tiny Smiles" has moments of 90's Go-Go's ("our lips are sealed"), and



with the album's first single "Nothing Natural" and other strong tunes like "For Love," "Superblast!" and "Laura," "Spooky" should get its share of Album 88 airplay.

"Spooky" also has its share of reflective introspective moments, worth mentioning are "Covert" and "Untogether," and the end track which is quite fitting; uplifting lullaby is the track "Monochrome" which fades into nothingness.

Michael Piasecki 27274



# The Slacker Generation

Generation X: Tales for an Accelerated Culture

by Douglas Coupland; St. Martin's Press, 1991

Book Review by Stephen Danyo

The current generation of twentysomethings has, in conventional wisdom, been thought of as undefinable, a shapeless slab of a generation united only by its disunity. Especially when compared to those of the flower-powered sixties generation (who, not surprisingly, make up the majority of journalists and writers publishing

tripe about our beloved generation) with their supposed sexual and political liberation, our generation -- Generation X -- seems a joke: apathetic, materialistic, plastic, accelerated. Our generation has been (un)known in the mainstream society as being less political, less sexually free, less high, less educated, while being more acquisitive, rational and professional. We seem to enjoy our relative

historical genericism and obscurity. But in a time when mentioning some *generation* is only part and parcel of some slick Madison Avenue Agency marketing plan (*Only a marketing plan?! What more is there?! for Pepsi or Generra*, Douglas Coupland's first novel arrives fresh and eager into my politically correcting hands (it is now politically correct to jest about political correctness, even though P.C. is a non-issue, but that's another thing).

Generation X. Aptly titled.... Raised in the shadow of a decade dominated by Reaganesque, rubenesque acquisitive values and a partial reaction to those values in the form of punk (later co-opted by the system's values; indeed, there was an early eighties punk band called Generation X, whose albums were released by Chrysalis, a very big business), Generation X has had to endure among its generational neighbors and within itself an ignorance of its own flourishing subculture, its home-grown boheme. As a member of this subgroup of the X generation, sometimes known as Slackers, I feel somewhat licensed to write about it, especially since I have little else left to do with my education.

It remains unclear who is a participant in what subgroup of Generation X. This is unimportant, though, since it's just this uncategorizability that categorizes most of Generation X. People of our generation are horizontally mobile among subgroups of Gen-X; it's not so black-and-white as the Hippie/ROTC dichotomy of yonder yore. Life now, for us, is one big shiny happy technicolor screen of subgroup hopping and recreational slumming, which, by the way, Coupland defines (he has placed throughout the book's margins a series of terms defining certain elements of Gen-X) as "The practice of participating in recreational activities of a class one perceives lower than one's own: 'Karen! Donald! Let's go bowling tonight! And don't worry about shoes...apparently you can rent them.'" One could hop from Yuppie Wannabe subgroup to Slacker, and on to Squire -- defined as "The most common X generation subgroup and the only subgroup given to breeding. Squires exist almost exclusively in couples and are recognizable by their frantic attempts to recreate a semblance of Eisenhower-era plentitude in their daily lives in the face of exorbitant housing prices and two-job lifestyles." Now, it is *actually possible* to be pro-bomb-Iraq, pro-Buchanan, yet still somehow be cool and *alternative*. This is the post-modern era, right? And as with all good eras, Gen-X lives up to the current era's myths.

But there remains below (below?) all this a distinctly bohemian subculture, around which revolves most of Coupland's book -- "story" would be the word here that normally fits, as his book consists of many stories, not short stories, but a series of stories told by the three main characters to each other while slacking around, doing typical Gen-X subculture things. These three, Andy, Dag, and Claire, are distinct from the many subgroups in Gen-X, as they recognize the myth of which they are a part.

So how can you, the reader, identify a member of Gen-X's genuine Subculture, this Bohemian Slackness? According to Coupland, there are a few indicators. This group tends to be overeducated and underemployed at a McJob, saving up enough money to move Somewhere Else where it's Better, and where another McJob usually awaits, such as BikeMessenger or Office Temp. McJobs are often characteristic of an "anti-sabbatical": a job taken with the sole intention of staying only for a limited period of time (often one year). The intention is usually to raise enough funds to partake in another, more personally meaningful activity such as watercolor sketching in Crete or designing computer knit sweaters in Hong Kong. Employers are rarely informed of intentions." Gen-X's subculture has an odd combo of fascination with all things old and/or foreign,



while disdaining all things plastic-scrub new and suburban; we're reminded that "adventure without risk is Disneyland." This obviously points to Americana, current and cheese-dip fifties stylee. Oddly enough, this subculture, the participants of which I have now decided to finally call "Slackers," an obvious reference to the movie of the same name, in turn an obvious reference to a slacker's overeducation by dropping little-known subculture media, embraces almost anything from old Americana. Old hair-dos, old T.V. shows like Mister Ed, plastic knick-knacks like old Barbies and theme park souvenirs, and such things are all essential to most slackers' lives. Current store-shelf Barbies and amusement park souvenirs just will not do:

"Her hair was totally 1950s Indiana Woolworth perfume clerk. You know — sweet but dumb — she'll marry her way out of the trailer park some day soon. But the dress was early '60s Aeroflot stewardess — you know — that really sad blue the Russians used before they all started wanting to buy Sonys and having Guy Laroche design their Politburo caps. And such make-up! Perfect '70s Mary Quant, with these little PVC floral appliqué earrings that looked like antiskid bathtub stickers from a gay Hollywood tub circa 1956. She really caught the sadness — she was the hippest person there. Totally."

Most slackers are concerned with the future (sometimes scared to shit by it: chapter title: "New Zealand Gets Nuked, Too!") and fascinated with the past, both of which tend to be idealized as better places than *here*, wherever that is. Coupland has a term for this, too, called "now denial": to tell oneself that the only time worth living in is the past and that the only time that may ever be interesting again is the future." This ethic explains the Slacker perception of greener pastures in other countries, and a slacker's fascination with things foreign, which brings us to a big, big part of our subculture's lifestyle: travelling. If we operate under the assumption that "you can either have a house or a life," travelling makes perfect sense. But it is not without its own dangers, such as the security sacrificed for pursuing a Life rather than a House; in this way life becomes a free-fall, minus the needed parachutes constructed of white picket fences, blatant overconsumption, and planned "communities" with such inviting names as Woodview, River Wind and Pleasant Chase.

But in rejecting the subdivision's popular security, how does one arrive to a niche in the Slacker subculture? And from what creature could such a person evolve? Such a creature is Tobias, the perpetual Yuppie who shares an attraction (or is it a manipulation — what's the difference?) and physical involvement with Claire, one of our postmodern heroes: "Not surprisingly, he's a control freak and considers himself informed. He likes to make jokes

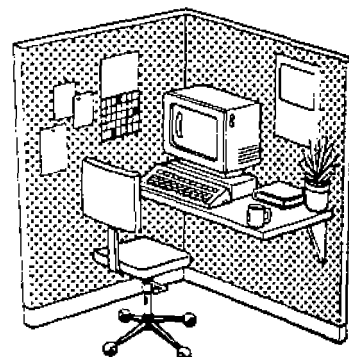
about paving Alaska and nuking Iran. To borrow a phrase from a popular song, he's loyal to the Bank of America. He's thrown something away and he's *mean*."

It is the set of values represented by such a rat-racer that many Slackers are trying to avoid. In this culture, that can sometimes be hard. But Dag, who worked in marketing, made the jump into slackness. Let him tell you.

"I don't think I was a likable guy. I was actually one of those putzes you see driving a sports car down to the financial district every morning with the roof down and a baseball cap on his head, cocksure and pleased with how frisky and *complete* he looks. I was both thrilled and flattered and achieved no small thrill of power to think that most manufacturers of life-style accessories in the Western world considered me their most desirable target market. But at the slightest provocation I'd have been willing to apologize for my working life — how I work in front of a sperm-dissolving VDT [video display terminal] performing abstract tasks that indirectly enslave the Third World. But then, hey! Come five o'clock, I'd go nuts! I'd streak my hair and drink beer brewed in Kenya. I'd wear bow ties and listen to *alternative* rock and slum in the arty part of town."

So Dag got fired, or quit — it doesn't really matter which, since no job is good for more than a year (hence chapter titles like "Quit Your Job," or "I Am Not a Target Market," or "Shopping is Not Creating"). His hippie-turned-yuppie boss, Martin, didn't get it: "I just don't understand you young people. No workplace is ever okay enough. And you mope and complain about how uncreative your jobs are and how you're getting nowhere, and so when we finally give you a promotion you leave and go pick grapes in Queensland or some other such nonsense."

Poor Martin; he just can't see the central value of Gen-X's Slacker existence: Even if you win the rat race, you're still a rat.



#### VEAL-FATTENING PEN:

Small, cramped office workstations built of fabric-covered disassemblable wall partitions and inhabited by junior staff members. Named after the small preslaughter cubicles used by the cattle industry.



#### OFFICE TEMP





## PASSIVE INTERVIEW: RICHARD JOHNSON--new guy

Hey this your friendly neighborhood guy sitting at a keyboard typing trying to help with the free dispersal of information. Today's topic is, "envelope please", **The new president of student services: "some guy"** - I forgot his name. Now some of you are thinking "hey what kind of paper is this, I mean they can't even remember the names of the people that they are writing about?" Well that's true I should have but this guy is so great that you really don't need to know his name, you just need to know that he is there for you. Kinda cliché I guess, but it is the truth. Plus this is an easy first step for you to get involved, go find out his name. And while you're doing that you will get interested in him, or something that he says or some other topic that is just so far out that I can't even imagine it, and even this publication won't be able to write on it. Yeah, right. Anyway the point is that this guy is cool. Sure most of the people here are real backward thinkers, or at least not real willing to change things, or to get involved, but **He** is different. The first 5 minutes that I was there he did this "great thing". You may have noticed that a few weeks ago a bunch of those annoying chains went up and they had this red goop all over them. Well this student, I guess I can mention his name Richard Johnson I think it was, came in and bitched. The next thing that he did was go call the physical plant people and say "What are you thinking? All of this goop shit is getting all over the clothes of anyone who goes over the chains". Well the next day I looked and noticed that the goop was gone. Amazing. Something getting done by physical plant people. This **NEW GUY** knows how to get peoples' asses in gear. Well here follows a short run down of some of his ideas, with a few comments from me.

He wants to try to bring people together, a generally good idea. He very quickly noticed how segregated our campus is: greek/black greek/independent/black/commuter/counterculture/devout christian/etc. Well he understands that this is going to happen. He even recognizes that it is important that everyone has an identity group. But **He** does want to provide a way for the identity groups to mingle a little more. A great idea in my opinion. Cause hey, I would love to go hang out in certain corners of the student center, or in certain fraternity houses, well maybe not any of the fraternity houses. And I am sure that there are members of those groups that would like to come over to my house and chill. By the way you are all invited 502 Ethel St. Just stop by. Especially Bonnie. He is also

interested in the plight of the commuters. He senses that they really don't have an identity group, and would like to see them get more involved, so that they don't have to miss as much of the "college experience". One thing that he would like to do, and which has worked at other schools, is to make each floor of the residence halls more autonomous. By doing this he hopes that people would associate with their neighbors more. He would like to see whole floors of friends and social groups develop, so that eventually, each building and floor would develop a certain identity, and after people had been here a while, they would naturally gravitate towards a building with their type of people. A friend of mine was thinking that this would be really cool. These alternate societies could evolve. It would be a forum or experiment in different forms of society, so that next time you and your friends come up with some whacko deviant organization, or lack thereof, for society there will be a laboratory to explore it. There could be halls where "free love" rules, or where everybody listens to choir music nonstop. Or where there are no bathrooms, or leaders, or Republicans, or any other terrible thing. Or maybe there could be daily coup d'état, with revolutionary radicals and reactionaries battling it out in the shower stalls. Or maybe super power halls would develop which would waste all of their money on weapons to combat each other and would then be picked apart by the "lesser" halls, who would then form economic communities for the good of all "techkind". Or maybe some of the floors would take in borders or start a store in their space in order to subsidize their rent. In this case if it worked out well, the residents might actually make money out of their residence hall space. On top of this he would like to see the introduction of true coed dorms. I was kind of dumb and forgot to ask if he meant to do it by floors or by rooms, but hey either is good. By floors they would alternate male/female. Much more interesting in my opinion, especially with the current Georgia Sodomy Laws, would be to alternate the rooms male/female. Another thing that he is interested in is 24 hour visitation rights. It's already done in practice but hey, it would be nice for it to be "legal" also. He sees the major problems at Tech as being a lack of caring, respect, concern, discipline, and openness. One change that he would like to see is a system where more responsibility is given to the individual student, for his or her behavior. He thinks that the Tech system seriously underestimates the abilities of the average Tech student to look after their own affairs, and that by giving the individual students more responsibility that the results would be better. This seems like a damn good idea to me. I advocate being stupid as much as the next guy, but when the shit comes down I think that we can take care of ourselves, we



just need the opportunity. This would also take some of the load off of everybody's favourite Tech bitch, the overworked, malnourished, underpaid, overly competent Tech employees (excluding **THE NEW GUY**). So two thumbs up for the **NEW GUY**. To accomplish this he would like to make the RA more of a helper of bottom link in the help service, not a policeman. So he wouldn't wander in and tell you to do your laundry, throw away the beer bottles, pick out your toe jam. Instead, when you go to commit suicide he would be there to recommend a good method. He would like to create these surrogate families for students, mostly for those not involved in fraternities, as they already have one. I got the impression that he would like to deemphasize the Greek system, once the alternate support groups come into being. In general the guy is well spoken, a decent dresser, and seems concerned. Also, he is into one of my personal favourite things: getting things done, good or bad, he at least wants to try this and then change it and try something else if it doesn't work. He is fairly charismatic, and seems approachable; so if you get a chance, make up some phony reason to go talk to him, like an interview --- **hint, hint** --- and see what he is all about. One other rather cool thing. The blinds in his office were open. This seemed to be an exception in the area. Now whether this was to see the beautiful Atlanta skyline (not), or to see what the students were up to, I don't know, but I do think that is telling. Finally my biggest good point for him would be that his wife is still in St Louis (I pretty sure that this is where he moved from) and had been there for a while. So this **GREAT, NEW GUY** picks up moves out here, and gets right into his job, leaving his wife behind. I'm sure he misses her, but most of all we can be pretty damn sure (he looked like the faithful type) that he has not been laid in a hell of a long time. So you know that this man has got to be dedicated.

love Ian 27443.



## THE BIGGEST PROBLEM THAT OUR GROUP,

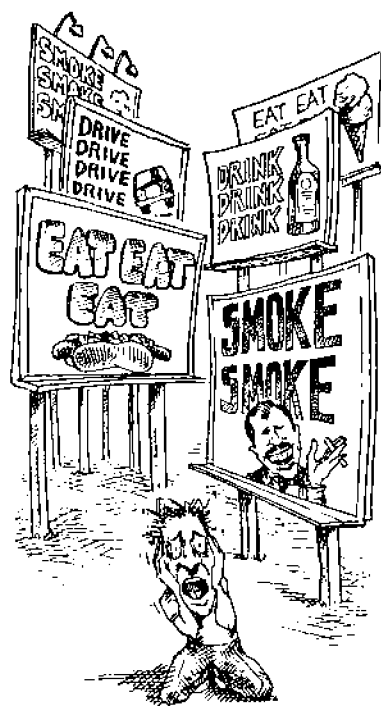
the radicals of the world face at the moment is not persecution. It is the opposite; we are moving into the mainstream. Our music is already there, and as people begin to hear the music rather than just listen to it, they will begin to hear our message. Some will accept it, some will not. Both of these solutions are easy to handle, these two groups easily fit into the situation as it already exists. But, most people will accept some of the ideas, or some form of the ideas. There will be another group who wants to hang out, that will get all of the trappings of our movement, but not be a force. They don't really care, they just want a good time. In fact the vast majority of the people will fit into this group. But what do we do about the new people who are interested in our movement, but don't agree with our views in totality. Of course it is also hard to define our views, as there are as many different versions of the beliefs of our very loose group as there are people. What will happen with these new comers? I have heard two or three different ideas. One says that the new people will not be a help, that they will water down our beliefs. Or that it will become one big love and drug gluttony fest like the late sixties. Well to this I have only to say that yes, the later part of the sixties were like this, but before that happened, quite a few good things happened. One of the most important was a firm

establishment in the minds of most Americans that we do have the right to protest. Shit, a lot of our parents either protested or had friends doing it. The barriers that they had to break have been weakened. Sure there are places and institutions that have remained relatively untouched, but that's what we are here for. If they had done everything then there wouldn't be anything for us to fight about. Ok, I know what you're saying, "we're different, we aren't like our parents, our beliefs are different." Well they are somewhat different, but not totally. There are new issues too, but some are the same. And the reason that some of the issues are the same is that those that preceded us got tired, they sold out, they got interested in girlfriends, wives, husbands, boyfriends, getting a job to buy some new tapes, or whatever. They got to the point where different things were important. So hey, here we are standing with our hands in the pockets of our ever so correct knee length, baggy shorts, of some rather drab colour, saying, "Well if you're so fucking smart, what do we do?" Well, first of all, we don't ask me what to do. Second of all is you keep reading (right now all the astute minds have caught the contradiction) so that I can tell you a method, excuse me suggest a method to you. The method that I suggest is to first ask yourselves the hard questions on issues. What do I (meaning you asshole), think is right? Then, while you are doing that, listen to the people around you. Politicians, friends, informed people, the people at the table next to you at Steve's (and assoc) coffee shop, music, etc. You know there are people that have things to say and they are all around. Most important of all this, listen to other side too. They may say something useful that will change your mind, and at the least you'll know how your enemy thinks, what their arguments are (I think some guy who's been dead a long time recommended this, an ancient Chinese general named something Tzu, I believe). And this is useful information. With this you can start working on the holes in their beliefs, this will let you convert people to your cause. Or better yet, you can publicly trash some enemy logic juggernaut with some small dagger of useful knowledge. Do some research, it never hurts to use the library. Papers are great. Magazines, especially music magazines tend to be on the cutting edge, and hey, you can always put them on the coffee table. Cool picture also. Remember the things that turned you on to your beliefs and the statements that turned you off to the other view. Because if they worked on a smart, cool looking cat such as thyself, then chances are it will work on others. Ok, once you have your ideas go out and espouse them. Ya know, talk. This is called free distribution of information. This way when

your mom wants to know why your grades suck, and you tell her that you spend all your time hanging out, you have a good excuse. Hear it: "Well, ah (stumbling through that stack of papers in your room, full of useful information for you cause, looking for this paper so that you can remember the phrase) uhhmmmmmm, rumple rumple, crash, uhhhm, "Oh. Well, you see mother dear, the reason my grades are so poor is that I was hanging out 24 hours a day with the key members of the Democratic Youth Front, participating in free distribution of information". A good way to start is to hang out with people you know. Go to a restaurant( I recommend the Beller (Taco Bell)) and sit around all day. Its good because it is cheap, there are free refills, and there is a fast turnover rate, so that you can talk to more people. Talk with your friends; discuss the issues. Try to trap each other into corners as practice. Hopefully the people around you will be rather interested and will listen to you rather than to whatever drivel their jock boyfriend, or bowhead girlfriend is spewing. The whole time you're there, have fun. Break some rules, you know: be too loud, step on the table, make a mess (rolling your own cigarettes is great for this), spill a drink. **Draw attention to yourself.** But; be nice to the people who work there. They shouldn't have to put up with too much shit from college punks such as yourself. Besides they might call the cops and claim that you were going to plant a bomb, or even worse, not let you eat there any more. Take every opportunity to talk to the other people in the place. Go up to them; approach them. Start a conversation, or join theirs. Don't get real heavy to begin with, it will be more comfortable for the both of you. But take control of the conversation, move it to where you want to go. Then, **BOOOOOOOOM!** Hit them with some issue. A way that I recommend is to do it as an aside. Start in on some music group, its something almost everyone can relate to. Like say, "Hey what do you listen to?", then when they give their answer, respond but mention some group that has a message, that has something to say. "Did you read that SPIN interview with Trent Resnor?", if the group that you bring up is NIN. Other tips are to where bright clothes, move a lot. If you are the more daring or experienced type, invite people to your table. Make it an event, or a privilege, like "WOW, i ( I did that on purpose to emphasize the feeling of importance that the person has, so don't give me any shit) got to sit with the cool guys." This way you bring people in and get to play your role. Be friendly. Some of the people may be boring, or uncommunicative, but others will hopefully want to take part. They'll be interested, open to education. At the very least you'll get the opportunity to meet someone new. Abbey Hoffman espoused an idea called "street theatre", where he and his fellow movement copractitioners assaulted the street. Consider yourself a **Conversation Terrorist.** The thing to do is to go out and assault people. Make them remember the event. You want to be what people will remember when they go home and kiss their spouse and they are asked what happened today, or if they go back to where they met you'll it'll jog their memory of you, and they'll tell their friends about you. So make it a very fuckkkkkkkkkiiiiiii pleasant memory. I mean, you'll end up pissing some people off and when you do that's life, they probably weren't what we were looking for in the first place. Be a unique memory but not bad. It's a fine line to trot upon. (trot because we are losing time to walk, the momentum is building and we had better fucking be ready) Don't be a pussy, but don't be a dusjbag (translate: asshole or asswhole both are good). So in other words wing it. The person you're talking to will determine the approach or the degree of severity which is necessary to get people to listen, not just hear but listen. One of my favourite stories that my friend has is when he and 3 others where at the IHOP in Buckhead. The all looked fairly bizarre in that setting. Anyway the people at the table next to them were having a fairly bogus conversation about little or nothing when these 4 came in looking like derelicts. Naturally the table next to them probably assumed they were just a bunch of dumb fuckups, just looking to get stoned or wasted or in a fight. But my friends you see, they had their shit together. They started talking about cryogenics, its feasibility and its effects. They also discussed genetics and

its applications to genetic engineering, and whether genetic engineering was ethical, whether the federal government had the right to control it, what it could control, how it could be used and what the long term effects were. Somewhat in depth stuff. The table next to them stopped talking and listened to them for the next 2 hours. They probably came away with their opinion of radical, strange looking people quite changed. They probably were confronted with people who totally changed their expectations for a whole social group. A great example of conversation terrorism. The people at the table next to them will be more inclined to listen to people and ignore their style of dress or hair. They will no longer feel plain fear when someone in a leather jacket full of studs walks by; instead they may wonder what type of strange subject is going through their mind. Because hey, we are concerned with a lot of very important issues. A lot of them are topics that major newspapers and magazines are just beginning to catch on to. We have available to us information on fringe movements, social forces and groups that are just beginning to be felt. We tend to have opinions that are not felt by a wide base of the population, or hold our opinions for different reasons. We are driven by different demons. We need to show to the population as a whole that we exist, and that we are concerned with more than just getting into fights, loitering on street corners, living in bad apartments, scrounging off society, and hanging out. What we have to say is important, and by letting others know how we feel, and why, we can see more of our ideas realized and held y the population as a whole, which would be good. The reason that I don't like a lot of the status quo is not because it is popular, but because it is wrong. You need to look inside yourself and see why you don't like the world as it exists. If it is because the world sucks as is then, hey come talk to me sometime, because you could get some shit done. But (really pissy, scornful, full of disgust voice here), if you are pissed off because that is the ever so cool thing to do, to feel then get a fucking life, a fucking attitude adjustment, and go sit in a toxic waste dump for a few hours. That is not a very fucking useful attitude. Because hey, that is just stupid. Where the hell did you get such a bad idea. Oh, sure, I agree that it is compelling, and things tend to get watered down a little when they become mass movements, but that is because people sell out. A lot of people who did very viable work have sold out over the years. And t hen their work became bad. But it became bad after they sold out, not after they became popular. Like generally people are popular, and they got popular because the work that they did was good (or they knew someone, or it was very accessible, or it copied the work that someone did that was good) and then they try to do some more work, and sell out and then it sucks and either they maintain their popularity because most people don't know good work when they see it, or they become extremely unpopular because what they just did sucks.

love lan 27443.



# Fishrap





## REMORSE LESS RECOURSE

Dear friend disguised, ne'er was dear in begin  
If cast stone-flat embarking hollowed hills,  
If but expended within woeful sin.  
No less as unspineful as which he chills  
Reconcile, wherefor or why?

No friend, any guise, would I hold higher  
Defend, chin high, with gasp of fleeting breath  
From dastardly wight to slandered liar,  
With valor intact; Wits near rock-foiled death  
Myriad tales we tell mutual squires  
Dual hearts on proud sleeves never bereft  
While will wanders on, no act left to tire.  
My multi-pained heart trumpets to be heft  
Amend, expediently so, and how?

No labor more penetrable, friendship  
No sweet reward so blissfully remourned  
No grudge, so still and placid, chills kinship.  
Heighted Oscar never as dually scorned  
Mortal and human, I am, abscond me now!

OSCAR O'FLAHERTIE

## TWICE BEDRAGGLED SCOUNDREL

The twice beaten scoundrel doth scurry for  
watersheds solace and cover, like a mangy  
mull huddly with exodus of tail between legs.

No owner to call his watershed sire, for the  
weeping scoundrel find needed service for  
no one, and doors slam his naught nose with  
repitition and no heart beats within his meddled  
chest to will him to live the days endured long.

At his wretched sight, wise mothers do counsel  
their obstretics to the hurried chests of their  
scampering children. Nurse-mothers dictate  
"No, gel thee away, curse of the Earth. No good  
lidings bring you forth only the scabbard  
and neglect take your sort to shelter. Once in,  
you plague them with self-made trickery and lechery.  
So leave, else you'll spoil the children by presence  
alone." Onward, his joints do turn and lighten.

Vagabond, alone without even the intermillent quest  
of hope, drags his ungrateful corpse from ville to  
mishapped ville; only for a fortnights meager lodging  
only for a risque, receptive ear to endure the flights  
of spiraling fancy he does spew. When that receptive  
day doth unveil its rhapsody and measure, with ear  
attentive of a resolute hosless, that once was found  
vermiculous, then doth he shed his course robes of loil  
and may thereby resign to upstanding. No longer kin  
to Notre Dame's nemesis, nor the lomeness of clubbed  
HEPHAISTOS. With high-held shoulders square and plane  
and head above proud heart, his METAMORPHOSIS  
continues its cycle to manhood. All the while, his vigor  
with its parts combined usurp the whole that you possess.  
Forgive first the tired scoundrel, then sanctify yourself!

# BENSON

BY  
CHRIS ANIEDOBE

I looked at his eyes and he backed down  
I came close to him and he stepped aside  
I extended my hand and he desired a hug  
Before I could speak he approved  
And deferred to my intelligence  
Without understanding what I had said  
He assured me that I was right  
Then I smiled at him  
And it was an occasion to laugh uproariously  
I held my gaze and he bashed  
He flung obsequies at me  
And generously lobbed compliments my way  
And glazed me with admiration  
And with affection out and out.

Then I looked again at him  
And saw the unhappy ghost that dwelt within  
And the shackles that bound his mind  
His was a wasted mind, he was a janitor  
The great grandson of a slave  
And although a slaves brother  
I was the master  
That must be impressed.

I had mentioned that the day was the Lord's  
And he promptly concurred, suggesting that  
We must rejoice and be glad in it  
Adding that being born again, he was already  
Overextended with joy, freedom and peace.

Benson, how can thy shackled ghost be free and at peace  
For thou liveth in an opiated world of illusion  
Like a lone wayfarer, thou art  
The sole occupant of a long stretch of track  
That your overwrought mind has carved.  
Benson, you are structurally mad, but who is there to tell you.

"O my God", I cried,  
"What terrible fate has befallen the sons of slaves  
I delight to do your will



And your law is within my heart  
But what is your own delight?  
Surely not that poor men be free  
Or that false peace may rest upon the poor man's mind.  
How about redistributing justice, you see  
A bit of this and a bit of that  
So that no man may have so much of one and none of the other  
Or would thou also brand me a communist  
Because I desire that no man may live in fear of another  
And that all faces bear a genuine and caring smile."

Peace and justice are like two brothers  
One is older and overbearing  
The other is yielding and sometimes admiring  
And must be relegated.  
Benson, thou swallowed the opium of the preacher's peace  
By redefining freedom, assuredly, misconstrued  
By making those hallucinatory impositions on thyself  
Thou let justice slip you by  
And thus attained thy kind of peace.

Where are the pegs that hold down the tent  
That guards your philosophy  
They must of necessity be moved to guard  
So that your mind may not fester away.

Peace is that slave to justice  
That constantly strokes his ego  
Always urging it to be kind and gentle.  
Peace is that which belongs to the slave  
And justice to his master.  
Peace is the nonviolent acquiescence  
That the fiercer and oft violent and oppressive justice  
urges on the oppressed.  
So that the oppressor should exercise justice  
And the oppressed may uphold peace  
And no overlap may be allowed.

Benson, peace is not thy lot.

"O my God", I cried again,  
"Give me not peace  
Make me not savvy of the things academics dwell upon  
Make me not a functional member of a dysfunctional society  
Give me not a house, nor a home, nor a car  
Nor a wife, nor a systemically degenerative job

Nor any of the fruits which are considered  
Just deserts of my acquiescence  
But first set my society aright  
And give me my own just portion of a redistributed justice."

Benson, the peace which you have is the  
Grotesque reflection of misdirected justices  
For how can they have peace that can die  
Or attain peace they that wallow in want  
For peace is that blankness  
That characterizes the cessation of want  
Being neither jealous, nor guarding, nor acquisitive  
Nor intrusive, nor externalizable and being marked  
By profound feeling of rest, harmony, orderedness,  
Mental immobility and calmness as of the dead  
And not being marked by the affected insouciance  
Of a poor man's mind  
And especially of those who think that the bells of change  
tolls not for them.

O Benson, thou does not have peace.  
Neither does he who have justice have freedom  
For just like they are not righteous who righteousness yawn  
So are they not free who freedom preach  
For those whose palm kernels were cracked  
by benevolent spirits  
Often think that palm kernels come with cracks  
And yet each, who with their conscience agree  
Legitimize their actions  
And proclaim themselves owners of free will  
And possessors of freedom  
Yet are unwilling actors of preassigned roles  
In the great drama of life.  
Do not ask me Benson if I have given up  
Do not ask me why you are poor and black  
What difference does it make  
Are there not more intrigues that my mind could  
encircle in a hundred life times  
But then who says that the gods are not to blame  
For how else could one kill his father  
And marry his mother  
And free wills himself to a great calamity  
If the elfish temperament of the gods is not to blame.

# Powerline

*By Andrew Burnes*

In the fall, the fields of strawgrass turn red and the wind makes them look like a fire exploring its limits. A fire seemingly uninhibited even under the oppressive eye of its gods. The sky stays clear here and the trees stay green, though greyed, as trees will be. The convenience of the fields is in that you don't have to slash a path through the forest so loved here for the powerline towers that support the lines that go from Freeman through our county to the substation at Evansville. The towers stand on the east side of town and I like to sit under them in the fall to see the sun and those birds that sit on the lines ninety feet up. Today is the finest of my tower-days in all my twelve years of existence. Today I am going to climb the tower two hills over from the road. It's the tallest one around. The metal (steel?) is cold and it rings if you hit it with a rock from the roadside. Kind of a low ring, but a ring all the same. I want a silver ring to wear for Christmas. You only have to get two rungs up to see the road and that's not good, because somebody could see me. Why didn't I think of that before?

Sometimes I think I'm stupid. Probably not, though. My pants bind me when I try to get my feet up on the rungs. I need to get some new ones. These have little holes in the knees already. Sharp edges on the backs of the rungs. Stupid design. I guess these things aren't meant to be climbed. But somebody has to fix them when they break ....

On the twelfth rung I can see the top of the courthouse over the trees. I always thought it was farther to the south of my house. By the sixteenth rung the wind is hurting my eyes and my ears are cold, even though it's warm today. The sun is already going down. It's not on the horizon, but it's surprisingly low since school just started and it's not cold yet but it feels so cold up here. At the twenty-third rung (I think I'm almost there) I yell because I feel like it and it doesn't go anywhere. It's like it just stopped out in front of me. I scared all the birds off, though. I hope they come back. They're the reason I climbed up here anyway. I feel like I'm in a movie, but I'm the guy the good guy shoots down, the one who was going to shoot the hero's girlfriend or dog or car.

If I counted right, I am on the twenty-eighth rung, and I am on top. The tower is taller from up here, and I shouldn't have ... no, I'm glad I climbed it. It's so wide up here, I feel like I'm

on a giant bird's shoulder. The ground is so far away ...

The birds are back, and the hair on my arms is standing up and my neck is tingling. If I yell, I know they will fly. I don't know if I want them to or not. I wish I could make them fly one at a time. I wish I could fly. That would be throwing my life away, trying to fly. But I feel like I could. Leap of faith. Stupid faith. My faith is in my cold hand holding on to a sharp-edged steel beam. No, that's just those funny-looking ligaments or tendons or whatever. Faith is a goofy word. Hokiness is not allowed here. The sun is red and the sky is red and blue and purple and the fields will be in the shadows of the trees soon. Nothing is as fun when it's dark. I'm not afraid of the dark, but sunlight makes everything more real. My hair on my head is tingling and flying around and my eyes feel funny, bigger. I can stand on top of the top rung and hold on to the big ceramic insulators, and I am the tallest thing in the county. I know because I can see it all. The wind is blowing really hard but it isn't so loud now. And the sun is red and right on the top of the hill over by the jail. If I could get my balance, I would be happier. I was happy when I got my bike. That's how I travel. I want a silver ring, because gold is ugly. The birds are so far away, but I know they're ... the electricity is going, my head, it's going to my head. I need to get home for supper, and it's only Friday. Silver is pretty when it's blue, but Mom doesn't like it that way. My eyes are big and my hair is like it's alive, and my bike is by the road, because it's hard to ride over these hills. My head, it's going. The birds are so close and they're looking at me with the sides of their heads like birds do, not the front like a cat. My fingers are numb and is it the electricity going to my head or just cold? The bird is black and he says "go to sleep" and on his leg he's got a silver ring just like

"the ring I'll have when it's Christmas. I will, you bird, you dumb old bird!"

The bird says "ya can't fly with yours can ya" and all of a sudden he is like my father, and it is the ring that makes him fly, and he talks like my dad, and my eyes are big. He says "go to sleep" and on his leg his ring is blue and I'll be back

"for you next year, you bird!" and it's dark already, and nothing is as beautiful when it's dark. But when I get a blue ring that is really silver ....

# Sexual Predator

by Jeffrey K. Hostetler

A sexual predator haunts the night, padding on well oiled heels that slide over the midnight pools of light. Stalking in the rotten greens and browns of the jungle foliage that rustles and caresses the beast bodily, tiger stripe and tooth illuminated ghostly in the pale pools of light the color of urine, the predator's eyes devour the rotten moon's yellow shine, like a putrid squash.

A mist of desire floats and taunts, enveloping every animal within this theatre of desire. There is no sky, only the interlaced fingers of massive palms and ferns, and the sexual predator haunts its domain, tasting the air and listening for the scent of its prey.

Aspiring for the challenge that fights and claws and runs its talons across the predator's dry, scaly skin in vain, bringing pain and agony and satisfaction, the beast is more alive than the cry of a newborn, and its body ripples and pulses in a heated passion of longing. But the challenge is only to find the prey. Aspiration is the poultry of dreams, but the sustenance resides with the weak and feeble. Their death cries and spasmodic throes are not the wine of fantasies, but they satisfy the ancient hunger, older than man, or his forbearers, or his; this predator is a reptile - a vile, heavily muscled lizard of terror and force. Its skin is cold and rough, and no

feeling escapes those burning eyes, that chiseled expression. Rarely does it retire in defeat, and always does the feast leave an empty growl in the place of the once maddening hunger . . . but it festers like a tick.

Its heart suddenly lurching to a stop, the prey, though defenseless, senses death's stealthy approach. Dappled suddenly in the rainbow assault of color and an existence rambling toward a swift demise, the prey raises its slender head, flaring sensitive nostrils made to smell the sweetest of flowers and pine - a prehensile tongue rolls seductively across full lips.

Wide hips flex for the flight that must come, but timing is of the essence, and no warning of the predator's charge will be afforded.

Pupils contracting to hairline crescents drowned in yellow fire, the predator lowers its taloned arms to the ground; they find the twisting and entangled vines that wrestle eternally on the jungle's wet sheets. Its heart roars in expectation. Tension builds with a freight train's momentum, tightening every muscle, making an electric, wiry swirl of its reflexes. For a moment, everything in this microcosm freezes: the prey's heart pounds like a drum, breaking the absolute silence that exists between the two - and an arctic cold, honed from the predator's meticulous instincts,

washes over the prey's skin, and it sees its destiny in a brief glimpse into the absurd hall of mortal terrors.

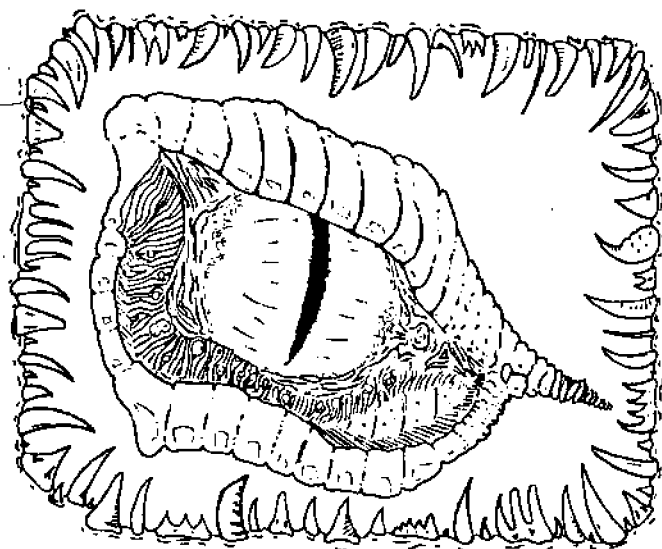
A spring born of a desire too hot to look at directly, like the noon-day sun, propels the predator forward. Adrenaline gushes into the prey's system and races to its heart, animating that noble organ with a sudden jolt of electricity. Both creatures race after life, clawing desperately at it, and only one can win.

The chase is agonizing, twisting and writhing, destroying, mocking any civil notion of predator and prey, and the beast's thigh's burn, and the prey's chest labors for breath; it can see the end half a breath behind and immediately ahead. With one hasty claw, the predator reaches out for the bleating, screaming animal that clings to life as if it is the only comfort, and draws a thin line of blood across one buttock that only serves to invigorate the prey once again, and it bounds ahead, exploding through a docile fern.

But the predator has the advantage, and soon it maneuvers to the optimal strike position: neck bowed, hindquarters building steam for the final bound, claws flexing, jaws relaxed, tongue pulled back and tense. Agonizing is the explosion of erotic violence that swells and swells, building with every gasp, ready to burst--

In a streak of reptilian lust the gaping, pernicious maw finds the prey's ripe throat and creases its gentle curve. A rich, steaming bilge of blood rolls willingly across lips that are peeled back in a shark's grimace, down a narrow chin, and

across a neck roped in protective muscle. Clamped convulsively together, the lovers tumble into the bush, trampling the world in their final dance. The prey's lungs collapse in exhaustion, and its legs tremble as the pain escalates beyond the bounds of consciousness. Death crashes upon its soul, burning it to ash, searing it in wretchedness.



The predator's chest swells and it is possessed in a fury of bloodsport. The crimson river of life gushed across its face. With the highly evolved and experienced talons of its feet, the predator flays its prey, sending ropes of still animated intestines spilling to the jungle's mat.

The sexual predator roars, voicing a desire that erupts in physical spasms of ecstasy and pain. It feeds on the bouquet of flesh and knows the pleasure of the kill.

## GENITAL MANIPULATION

### 4.1 Toast

BY MISTER LAKE

"It is better to kill an innocent person than to leave an enemy alive" - Khmer Rouge

I opened my flat eyes to the familiar six-by-six foot cell. I kicked my square feet around, stirring up the dust on the floor. I clenched my green fist and pounded it into the caricature I had made of Lake's face on the wall out of mashed potatoes and peas, imagining how the real thing was going to hurt him and not me. "Hey, freak! You got company." The turn-key did just that and opened the cell door. As I got to my feet he pulled his weak police issue .38 and said "I may be a Bolshevik, but I can still kill."

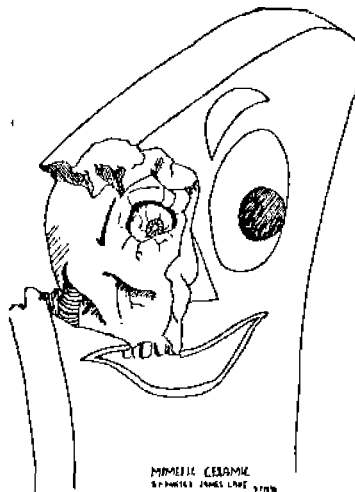
I thought about my guard as I walked through the corridor. This Cultural Bolshevism had spread to every facet of society, and was possibly a more serious threat than Luca or the Blockheads. But this problem was just one bad tooth in a mouthful of cavities. The door opened in front of me and a man motioned for me to sit in a hard chair. "Gumby- this is Lieutenant Michael Torello of the MCU. He wants to ask you a few questions."

"I didn't waste Lake. He's toast." I said.

Torello looked at the guard, then shouted into my face as he slapped me upside the bump on the left side of my head, "listen you big dummy- we got surveillance on you and Lake talking with Taglia and Luca. Lake's probably dead, and when we find his body you're not gonna go to jail, you're gonna go straight to the electric chair." I straightened up in my chair. The concept of riding 10,000 volts like a bucking bronco on steroids and PCP trampled the concept of giving a smart-mouthed reply. Then anger settled in. I was gonna be toasted on dark at the state's expense because of Lake. BASTARD!

"Hey, I think he's freaking out," said Krychek, remembering his earlier run-in with Gumby. Torello looked at me and said, "let's adjust the

and hand-cuffed me to the chair. They wheeled in a tv and left. The static disappeared and was replaced by Righteous Apples episodes. Back to back. I held out through the first one. Half way through the second one I started screaming. The acting was mixing with the prison food resulting in Ketones. The scripts were like dental instrument enemas, pushed further by the bad directing. My scream drowned in my throat as the vomit rose up like a Navy salvage operation and flew out of my mouth like a E-2C off a carrier deck. Partial mercy was had when my oral ejection covered some of the off-colored tv screen. The picture could still be seen through the chunky liquid as it dripped down and steam rose off it.



When I awoke my chest was still stained from my previous outburst and Torello was staring at me. I raised my head and said, "what do you want to know." I slumped back in my chair as Torello listed how he wanted to know what me and Lake were doing, why Lake had disappeared, and what Luca was up to with the Blockheads. I looked down at the reel-to-reel recorder and explained how the Blockheads had probably made arrangements with Luca to start an extortion racket in the real world where I'm from, and from there move into the other books and video cassettes as well. Lake knew nothing. Krychek shook his head and said, "what is this War Of The Worlds crap anyway?" Nate

make a bundle with that story." Torello looked at them, then at me. "You're from the real world and I'm Superman. If you don't start talking I'm gonna set you free and tell Luca how well you and me chatted."

Joey spoke up and said, "maybe he is telling the truth," getting the expected dirty looks from everybody else. "Well, how can you explain a six foot clay guy walking around." Everybody frowned and looked back at me with a question mark drilled through their forehead. "I am telling the truth." Torello sat back in his chair and stared at me. He took out his automatic and laid it on the desk in front of him. "So I suppose none of us are real." I looked at him, then the others and said, "Got a Marathon candy bar?"

### 4.2 These Boots Are Made For Walking

"You can get farther with a kind word and a gun, than a kind word alone." - Al Capone

Luca sat back in his chair, looking at Pauli moving his cards around with too much enthusiasm and too little thought. "Are you gonna play the cards or date them, Pauli?" Pauli stopped and said "Flush. I win Boss!" Luca raised his eyes, not bothering to conceal his disgust. Seeing his money sliding into Pauli's fat hands, Luca became enraged and threw his cards into Pauli's surprised face, saying, "It's a stupid game anyway," and folded his arms, chewing on the toothpick.

Pauli finished counting his money and looked at Luca. "Boss, what's up. What's eating ya?" Luca looked back at him, "this Gumby thing. It makes me nervous thinking Torello has him and we don't. He could make us a lot of money." Pauli thought briefly and said, "Forget him Boss, if he talks, I'll take care of him." Luca laughed and replied, "You got an answer for everything, huh Pauli?" Pauli smiled and half-chuckling said, "Yeh, my baby (patting his .45) and I can answer to anyone." Luca smiled and said, "no Pauli, we want Gumby

his office window, thinking. Walter walked in, saying, "let me guess what you're thinking. We got Luca on the streets, a missing stiff, and the only thing we got on him is a 6 foot green clay guy with a high-pitched voice. Things could be better." Torello turned and said, "but they're not. It's all we got." Then a grin came onto him like grease on bacon. "Maybe it's all we need." Walter turned his head, grinning, "what are you thinking about?" Torello smiled and said, "If this freak is right, then all we need to do is prove it." Walter looked back, his face showing his confusion.

"Where are you taking me?" Torello turned the convertible around the corner, saying, "you want us to believe you? Well, you're gonna have to prove your story to us." Krychek looked at Torello from the passenger, "you don't believe this guy, do you?" Torello smiled back at him. Walter spoke up from the back seat, "So where are we going?"

Frank Holman rushed into Luca's diner and shouted, "hey, they're moving the green guy!" Luca jumped up, "Pauli, get the car! Frank, follow them!" Frank and Pauli ran out of the diner, and Luca loaded the shotgun behind the counter and walked out into the waiting car. "Boss, where do we go?" asked Pauli. "After the freak stupid!" Pauli gunned the motor, throwing Luca back into his seat.

Pauli spotted Torello's car from their spot in the alley. "Ok, when Torello drives past, pull out behind him. Frank will cut him off in front. Understand?" Pauli's nod did not reassure Luca. "Don't screw this up Pauli!" Pauli turned around and said, "don't worry Boss. I got everything under control." Luca replied, "then keep your eyes on Torello."

Torello's car drove past and Pauli pressed the New Yorker's push-button transmission into drive, lurching the already accelerating engine on its mounts. Torello heard the commotion behind him and gunned his motor. Holman

stop. Pauli and Frank opened fire on Torello's car, while Torello and his men ran for cover. Torello squeezed off three rounds from each of his .45's, shattering the glass in Pauli's car. Luca provided cover with his pump shotgun, letting Pauli run up to Torello's car. Gumby kicked him back from the car, running out the other side. Frank shot Gumby in the leg. Luca shouted, "don't hurt the freak moron!" and caught a slug in the side. Gumby limped down an alley, with Nate and then Krychek pursuing him. Pauli grabbed Luca and helped him back to his car, firing his semi-automatic all the way. Torello fired into the engine compartment, hitting the radiator cap. The overheated engine blew the hood off as Pauli gunned the car in reverse.

Torello motioned Walter down the alley with him where Gumby had ran. Nate and Krychek were standing there, facing a wall. Torello walked up, "well, where is he?" Krychek shrugged his shoulders and said, "in there" pointing at the brick. Nate said, "he just walked into it like it was a door or something." They stood there.

Gumby limped as fast as he could, separating himself from the video tape. "Ha! Lake will never get out of there now, even if he is dead!" Without looking he jumped into the next closest video cassette, seeking a place to rest. He didn't see the title. Terminator 2.

4.3 New

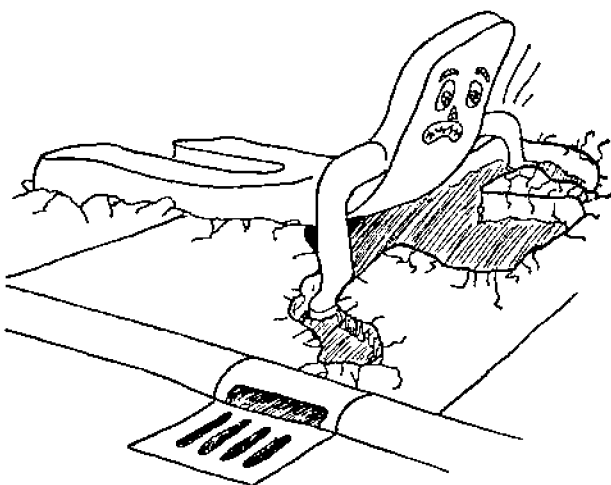
World Order

"A passion for destruction is a creative passion." - Slacker

I looked about me, not immediately familiar with the human landfill-like landscape. "Cool, I wonder if Lake's corpse is in this mess." The cold wind stung at my wounds, and I started to climb the pile of skulls and debris. My green skin was pale in the starlight, not unlike bile on the side of a dive boat. Hearing a high-pitched noise from the other side, I looked up and saw a machine hovering over the landscape. I waved to

energy pulses fired out from the left wing turret, disintegrating the skulls next to me and sending me flying. I landed on my face, cursing Lake. If I was going to die like this, the very least they could do is give me a close-up. The machine fired again and I lost consciousness.

The HK maintained a stable hover over the still green form, unsure of how to classify the victim. Terminated? Or merely incomplete? Unable to distinguish any clear life signs in the clay body, the remote unit followed protocol and contacted SKYNET for instructions. The position was noted and a ground unit dispatched to investigate.



I awoke, blinded by the laser sighting of a some greasy redneck. "Don't move freak," he said as he spat some chew into my face. The pathogenic drool partially covered my left eye, giving my retina some relief from the coherent light. "I've seen some bad effects from the 'Day, but this fruit takes the cake and melts it too." "What 'cha got there, a leperchaun?" To this field Letterman the group started into laughing. I spoke up, "hey, wanna add your skull to my collection here?" Upon hearing my rebuttle, the group quieted and one of them approached me, pointing his automatic into my flexible cheek. "Who are you, and how did you get here?" I rubbed the black spit from my eye and looked about me. Five guys, each with an automatic weapon pointing at me. I wished Lake



Or, almost as good as the one he met.

"I was hiding out under these used skulls and shit when someone in a shrouded turbofan fired at me, knocking me out," I offered, unsure that their radiated mentalities would pick up the grains of truth I was hitting them with. They visibly tensed. I could see their fingers applying pressure to the triggers. I decided to bribe them. "I have some Pop Rocks. Take 'em. They're yours. Just leave me the Fruit Bruit Cereal paperweight." The one nearest me shouted, "Shut-Up!" He looked down, then closely into my flat black eye discs. "You say you saw some one shoot at you. What did he look like?" I hesitated. Immediately I thought of blaming Lake, but he wasn't even in this tape. I thought of some others, Koss for instance, but he was still in reality. "Did you see someone?" "No, I guess not," I replied, feeling guilty that saying the truth wasn't bringing me any profit. DAMN LAKE!

"And this machine shot at you, and then left you laying here, alive?" he asked. I nodded. "Bogus man, fuckin' bogus!" "Trap. T. R. A. P." The men obviously didn't believe me. Before the jury convened, I decided to speak in my defense. "Yeh, they probably just thought I was dead or something. Everyone makes a mistake now and then." The reaction to this made me think I would have been safer dead from the machine before. Again I damned Lake. "The HK's don't leave casualties. All they leave are corpses! But we won't make the same mistake." He pushed his weapon further into my cheek, giving my elastic face an unusual "happy" look. One of his underlings pushed his com set closer to his ear, raising his arm. "Hey, ten 101's are coming this way. Two rovers with them." He no more finished his sentence when the drone of one of the rovers became audible, it's gatling weapons blowing the top of the Bone Mountain off like Richard Dreyfuss grabbing the mash potato top off his Devil's Tower.

ripping into flames as their bodies caught the weapons discharges. I stood there watching the Gigeresque tank rolling toward us in the gloom, the treads crushing the skulls like uneaten candy on a movie theater floor. "Hot! We gotta get this on film!"

4.4

Soylent Green

"God is a republican, and Santa is a democrat." - Parliament of Whores

I recognized the tank finally. It rolled out of it's own smoke like some tv real life cop show gimmick. It was from one of Lake's favorite survivalist propaganda flicks. The Terminator. At least one of them anyway. I picked up one of the dead guy's pulse rifles and laid down a suppressive fire. I knocked one of the walking one's down. The guys behind me fired as they scattered, trying to use the skulls and trash as cover. I started smiling, enjoying some decent action at last!

As I continued to fire, I watched the rover's right turret track one of the guys running away, the blasts catching up to him like a dumb-dumb bullet riding up a beefy thigh. I laughed as I squeezed the trigger harder, letting my frustrations from the past days ride through my arm and out my rifle. I wasted the left turret and took down two more metal-heads. My left arm exploded as their weapons targeted me. I began to run. Towards them! Screaming my famous morning show cry, I kept firing, not letting up. I blacked out.

I woke up in a laboratory. I looked around me, recognizing some familiar CSM-101 metal-heads, testing my restraints. Pain shot through me like a sloth on 10,000 volts. I relaxed my broken- up clay form and tried to understand what was going on around me. I looked down at my left arm, the charred stub not reassuring me. DAMN LAKE! One of the machines approached me and attached a metal device to my shoulder, inserting its controls

the metal. The grey substance bonded to the arm almost on contact as I realized what they were doing. They were fixing my arm! "Cool," I said as I flexed it. I began to think about the color coding problems when a small nozzle descended from the ceiling, spraying a matching green hue onto the prosthetic limb. Then the metal head spoke, "Name."

"Gumby, you know-" I answered before he cut me off.

"Where are you from."

I tried to lie but as the flowery but false words left my yellow lips an electric potential was applied across my temples. After I stopped screaming, the question was repeated. I answered truthfully this time. The machine was still as it mulled this over. I looked at the monitors, unable to read the streams of data flowing over them like hot phlegm.

"Define method of dimensional transference."

I thought about this for a minute, unsure of how to explain it. "I don't know. I can just do it. Why?" The metal head didn't flinch as a probe extended up from the table, embedding itself into my screaming skull. My visual cortex (or equivalent) went blank for a moment before being replaced by a CRT image repeating the question. A searching algorithm was downloaded into my cerebellum, scanning for the answer. I tried to think about random things, like killing Lake, or making money (two of my favorites which can occupy me indefinitely) but it didn't make any difference. Utilizing the defunct psychestructure left from the GUMBORG days, the algorithm finished it's job in a matter of seconds. The probe removed itself and the metal-head stood erect.

"Adjustable clay method of body exterior with metal endoskeleton shall be used for CyberDyne Systems Model 103. Creation of dimensional transference device shall be investigated." I looked up, wondering how I could escape this binary hell. At least they were ruthless. I could respect

from what I could tell, it was the year 2017. I found some amusement in verbally assaulting the emotionless automatons, although none of them responded. Eventually a door opened, and as I strained my neck to see what it was this time, the shock caught my scream in mid-throat. It was Lake!

4.5

### Conspiracy In Clay

"I'd rather die than give you control." - Trent Reznor

"Bastard! Get me out of here, dick!" I screamed as he walked up to me. Hmrrrr. Lake seemed unusually dispassionate. Usually he would have responded to my insults immediately with some weak retort of little consequence. As he approached his exterior shifted from the tacky Hawaiian shirt to a medium green. BASTARDS! Lake had turned into me! Then it spoke, "emotional response indicates exterior modification ability successful." "What?" I said as I figured out the answer at lightning speed. Those dickless bolts had copied my clay!

"Proceeding with destruction of Cameron, James in origin dimension." I pondered this final statement as it exited from the laboratory. Then it made sense. The scam was cool enough to make me jealous. SKYNET was going to kill Cameron in the real world before he made the films, so when they invaded no one would know what was happening. Their existence would then be guaranteed. Cool!

I laid there marveling over their plan, wishing I could play a bigger part. Maybe they would kill Lake too. My daydreams were interrupted by the sound of gunfire. Blasts sounded in the hallway as screams of humans ran by the open door. "Hey primates, get me out of here!" Two of them ran into the lab, surprised to see me. "That's right, your favorite tv star!" I said as I sat up, finally freed of my restraints. "What

the com-link information. "Something strange found 300 meters west. We're to meet there immediately."

I walked with these nervous humans to their destination within the complex. I could only estimate how the equipment could be sold to eager Defense Departments. I pocketed some seemingly valuable items as I walked past a counter top. Upon turning the corner, to our shock we saw what looked like a tower of black energy. Several of the humans were just standing there, while others eagerly examined the nearby controls. One of them walked up to us and asked, "what's this thing?" I sucked some mucus up from my throat to reply when the human on my left answered, "we found it back in a lab." He examined me with his scarred face while I asked, "hey, what's your ISBN?" My laughter was cut short by a pistol butt connecting with my sore temple. I fell to my knees as he looked down at me, saying "tell me what is going on here or you're dead - freak." "Can't kill clay," I replied. His leg came up and connected with my face, straightening my posture.

They dragged me over to the main frames, holding my head up to examine the components. Sitting in on Lake's classes gave me no insight to their functions, although their purpose was clear. It was a mechanical simile of my own ability to walk into any book. I told them, watching their faces contort in confusion. "What do you mean leave this video tape? If this isn't real, then what the hell is?" I sighed and leaned back against the machine. I hated having to tell the truth, and even more so for free. I explained to them how this was just a movie, and that the CSM 103 probably went into the real world to ensure that all this would happen there too. The human next to me stood up and said to the leader, "well, can you explain a 6 foot green tv star made out of clay with a foul mouth?" He glared back the group, then walked up to me. He pulled out his pistol and put

the hammer back. Sweat beaded up on my latex forehead, the tension showing easily in my face.

Outside Mr. Cameron's office, the secretary looked up. "Oh, how do you do Mr. Gumby?" Gumby model 103 looked down at her and asked, "Is Mr. Cameron in? We're to discuss our next film." The secretary looked down at her schedule book and said, "hmmm, yes. Go right in." Before she finished answering Gumby quickly walked past her towards the office. "Sir, you haven't filled out our new client form!" the secretary called as she tried to catch up to him. Upon nearing the door he pulled an automatic hand gun from within his clay pocket. The sight of the weapon brought forth screams from the cattle-like office workers, fear prohibiting use of their higher-order cephalic functions. Gumby ignored them, loading his weapon.

to be continued...



OVER THE EDGE  
MISTER LAKE HERE

# THE WOMAN DIED

BY  
CHRIS ANIEDOBE

We have heard your songs rendered by the parrots  
And the owls who hoot in reluctant accompaniment.  
We have heard your songs about the gentle evening breeze  
Whose deliberate presence is known by the fluttering of the blades  
of the palm tree  
And of the menacing harmattan breeze, that howls in the forest,  
heralding the big rain  
And of sunset seen atop the trees in the direction of Abacha  
And of your numerous songs of love celebrating your chief mission  
But none touched our hearts like the lamentation on the day she died  
Belched out in your deep guttural voice.

We heard it, Izaka, when you cried,  
" May the days at dawn never again  
embrace the retirement of dusk  
And at dusk, may they never awaken  
to the reinvigoration of dawn.

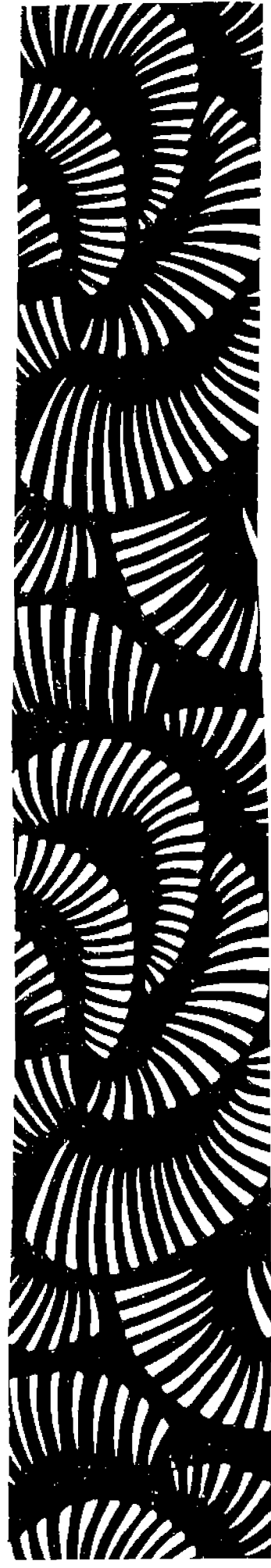
" May the days at dawn not loose  
the tell tale sheath that cover their nascency  
And at dusk, may they be frozen with the wrinkles  
that announce their long and tedious journey"

And then the town crier asked,  
"Izaka, why must the fowls not come to roost  
or the farmers return from their farms?  
Why must men not embrace their wives tonight  
or time in general cease to flow?"

And Izaka cried,  
"O treasure, inexhaustible, of constant cheer  
O snug, strength's tower, amazing in might  
O queen of my soul, especially in my times of inward fright  
O beauty, that no craftsman can capture  
O grace that no dreamer can conjure  
O Nwanyiekie, were that I were like you, a mortal  
Then would I surely bow, with you, in exit.

"What incomparable timber  
For which no such other would exist  
What dazzling polish that through her manners gleamed  
What charm, for which no anger could not be doused  
She was fraught with goodness, was she,  
And not a foible was seen  
But only by her grace matched  
That issued in endless driblets.

"How with the softness of an evening breeze

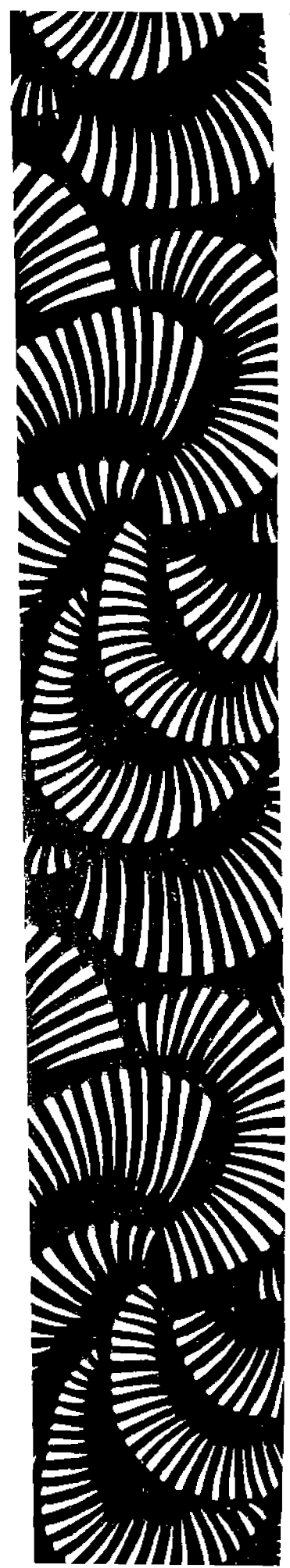


She whispered into my ears  
And melted into my feverish embraces.  
O most assuredly was she,  
The shapeliest woman in all the lands  
And what pleasure, what currents of passion  
That swept through my spine, when my tongue  
Traced out the elaborate contours of her body  
Depositing a trail of saliva like a sentimental wildebeest.

"Then she reached down and gently clasped my throbbing part  
Calmed and secured in her soft and balmy hands,  
She guided me through the unfathomable abyss of pleasure  
Expressly forbidden of the gods.  
O, how then we locked up  
From morning till night  
Until amid sweat and abandon  
Our evolutionary best was declared  
And zest momentarily declined  
Then we parted briefly ever so  
Until the next welling of zest  
Then we rose to fuse again in pleasurable reunion.

"She was called the eagle's daughter and truly so  
For she had the regality of a queen  
And the muted elegance of an egret  
And walked with the assurance of a secretary bird  
And each step she took produced a titillating sway  
Captivating all who beheld it,  
And whipping men into a swirling of sexual frenzy  
Who claimed she was a theophany of the goddess of love  
For indeed, this was she of whom they said,  
"Hark! fairer than the morning sun  
Benign as the moon  
And sparkling of character like the early morning scoops of Ojita."

Then we said to Ebenebe,  
"Organize a party of elders, to minister  
In commiseration with Izaka, let us go"  
When at last Ebenebe declared,  
"Izaka, our belabored hearts are soggy with sweat  
Of the blurry eyes of our souls, they too are tear laden.  
Death is it, is it, Izaka  
Death is the impudent masquerade that confronts the spirits  
That overcomes our saplings, death is it  
The equalizer, that confronts the elders and the young  
That confronts the weak and the strong  
That is not averse to night or day  
That scoffs at the kind and the wicked alike  
And at the diviner and his clients  
That is not impressed by beauty or ugliness  
That strikes the indolent and the industrious  
That befalls the merryman and he who shuns him  
In its stealthiness, it creeps up to us  
At a time when we are least willing to accept it



Without so much as a greeting it proceeds  
To meticulously unravel all that we built  
And nullify our very existence.  
Death is it, Izaka, is it  
That rivals you in whimsy  
That cannot be glamorized  
That must be embraced only when he wills  
Whose purpose is known  
Only to the council of gods who spawn intrigues  
And feed off the excitement of the drama  
We are forced to enact.  
We mourn the loss of Nwanyiekie."

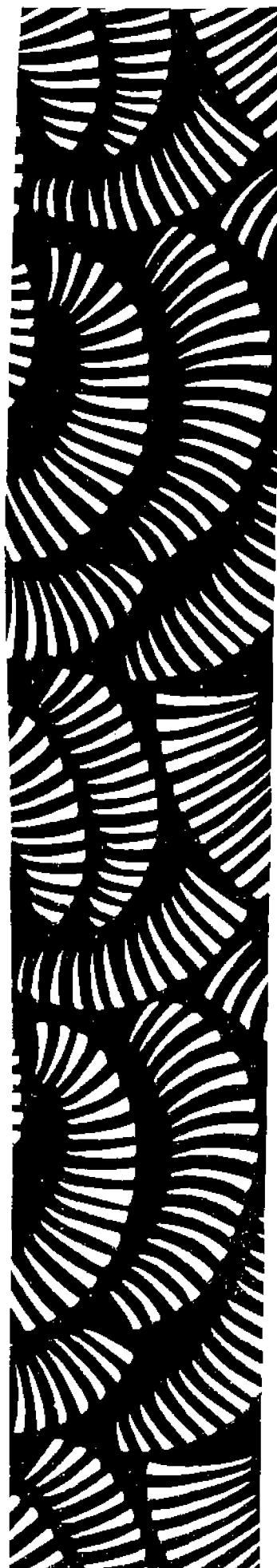
In fury you drove us out  
While fleeing we heard you say,

"Every man has two bags  
One for death and one for life  
With one he collects all the indignities that set him apart  
And the other overturns it into the uncaring turbulence  
of a stormy river.  
Death is it that neutralizes the pride of life  
And sends a man back by the lane by which he came.

"O death, thou consorts not with time and space  
Nor with men erected in time and space  
And substantiated with dirt  
Yet, thou art an illogical rebel, a mystical clearing house,  
Arbitrary, inexorable, and clad with terror  
Even the gods are powerless before thee  
Yet be not proud  
For thou art vulnerable to thy own mighty hands  
For he who pins his opponent to the ground is there bound  
And when you extinguish the flame of life  
You also die of and in yourself  
Death be not proud.

"The council of gods cannot decree my death  
I am more terrible than he I cannot be affected.  
Not me, I say, not me  
Nor the eyes within me  
Nor the fabrics of my gut  
Nor the whisperer, the other me living within  
Nor in the lobes of my mind  
I cannot be affected,  
I am Izaka, half man, half god, spirit of the rain forest  
Patron of proliferators and maker of civilizations.  
I cannot be affected."

Izaka, we could have been deceived  
Had we not seen the strain you bore.



# I AWOKE THAT MORNING...

under a crimson sky which was fading into blue, but passing through some very strange shades of red. They were pleasant colors disrupted only by the storm gathering in the West.



The storm was far off enough for people to ignore. In fact, most of them did just that. They believed the weatherman. He said that there was no possibility of a storm coming to the city ...

Some of the people claimed that the storm would come, but the masses believed only the weatherman. They had no time to search the sky for clouds, and those who did, did not want to find anything which might endanger their sense of security. So the typhoon, which stretched endlessly past the Western horizon was ignored...

Construction of the barrier continued. The weatherman had commissioned it to protect the city from the Eastern tsunamis, of which the people were very frightened.

The people were happier than they had ever been, because soon the longtime spectre of the great waves, which had threatened to bury the city years earlier, would be gone.

The weatherman was also happy. He had secured his place in history, that of being the man who had eliminated the threat that had been posed by the great curtain of water, feared for so long. He did not worry about the Western storms. They would see his defense against the curtain and spare the city out of respect for his actions.

Before the barrier was completed, it was obsolete. Researchers found that the tsunamis could never actually reach the city or damage the countryside.

The weatherman died soon after this revelation, leaving his post to his son and friends.

Soon it began to rain. The storm from the West had come. The people soon knew they had been lied to by the weatherman, and they reacted violently. They killed his son and banished his friends to the far reaches of the countryside.

Then they began the search for a new weatherman ...

*William M. Moore*

## A Consuming Fire

-9/19/91

" 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."

-Murena

( from " The Center of Hell"1)

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 "...after it was all over." But that wasn't his job, though he felt some misgivings about this policy. A cohort mentioned to him several days ago that " if we're man enough to fight a war, we should be man enough to see it." But with all the heavy action, there was little time for politics. In a futile gesture, he shrugged his shoulders. Staring at the dirt rushing beneath his feet as he dangled them out of the back of the truck, his mind flashed back to when he was in photography school. Training: that's what it's all about...the more intense and graphic the stimulus, so the greater the public response . Himself a cynic, he recalled what he had learned in PSYCH110 about introspection: what was it that Skinner said about its uselessness? That's it-- we find what we look for. We find what we are looking for.

Since the news blockage intensified, he only got every so often a letter from Mary : same old stuff about taking night classes and bitching with her office mates. He had known her for two years now and he never recalled a time when she wasn't involved in some bullshit at the office: first it was Miriam, always cussing her out and picking apart her proposals. Spelling? Well, hell, not everyone's got MBAs from Harvard, and not everyone reads Harbrace every night for lack of a social life. He shrugged his shoulders and smirked...ah, that voice, perpetually singing in his ears, never to depart.

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.

Time. Measured in miles along the bloody sands wind-swept periodically by malevolent storms, dust-devils. Measured by every breath -- either panting in ominous dread, or in timid, tentative expectation...

The truck lurched to a sudden halt, sending him 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 fuckin' DUI school!" came a shout from behind him. In an instant, the photojournalist's deep instincts were kindled as he pranced off the back end of the truck, newly invigorated.

In front of him stood a truck. Or what looked like the remains of a truck, torched beyond resemblance. Apparently the convoy was 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 highway 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 he imagined what the column was like when the aerial bombing raid took place...as a kid he remembered stomping on a highway of ants. That must have been the way the pilots saw it , also.

" Man, I was chillin' and I didn't see that I was about to hit that thang , and..sorry, man.." babbled the driver from the cab as the photojournalist walked past him. Several of the men in the rear unboarded. " Man whathafuck!? .. I've seen enough charred meat around here never to want to eat at McDonald's again..." " Hold on guys, get back on board. There could be mines, or something..." They quickly signaled to the convoy ahead of them to continue. " Get a real driver!" crackled from the radio.

But the photojournalist was completely absorbed, and 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, ready to lose himself in his work. " Haven't you done enough with your Instamatic?" called the driver. " Just a second, O.K.?" answered the reporter, " I thought I saw something worth immortalizing -- or mortalizing , depending on how you see it, I guess." A cackle of laughter came from the cab. " Damn, you remind me more and more of that dude offa Twin Peaks." " Lynch, you mean," continued the photographer. " Funny show--"



And then he saw it. What looked like teeth were protruding from a barely recognizable head. As he peered further into the demolished cab he could barely see the arm of another, wrapped tightly around the shoulders of the first. From where he was standing it was hard to tell whether the first soldier was trying to help the second soldier or whether the second was simply clinging to the first. Goddam , the photographer thought, why this one? So many of the twisted forms were faceless,...yet this one still showed a grimace, staring directly at him. What felt like an icy electric bolt travelled up his spine, as he stutteringly forced himself to concentrate on the technicalities of the shot. Light intensity? Dull but still workable. Aperture, f/stop...Do I attempt a wide 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 and a ripple of awareness passed over inside the truck among the tired soldiers. In an awkward, choking stillness the photojournalist signalled to the driver that he was through. The truck started forward. As he slid back into the truck, the private next to him, in comradeship, grabbed the journalist's bicep and mumbled reassuringly, with affirmation : " Ain't quite the Halls of Montezuma , huh, photo-man?"

The photojournalist, however, could not answer him. Mission accomplished, for another time being. He lay back inside the truck, weariness and cramps still 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, head jostling on the wooden floor.

Amidst the roar of the engine he allowed his mind to drift once again...he felt like his jostling head was actually being beaten: he was being beaten faceless by rifle-butts now. At the same time he recalled once reading a line from Orwell's 1984, where O'Brien the torturer explains to Winston Smith that the only eternal laughter is the one derived from the sight of a boot, forever squashing and stomping a face. To him at that moment also the engine's roar reminded him of what he believed lay at the very center of nature and in the nature of man, (as he embellished from Joseph Conrad): a pulsating Heart of Darkness trying forever with futility to shred itself apart, contorting and contracting and forever spasmodically slashing at itself from within and without. He, being no philosopher nor theologian, never expressed this belief , nor did he ever trouble himself to question it . Until now it sustained and satisfied him throughout his brief excursion into philosophy, religion, and psychology during his college years. Freud's Thanatos, the Problem of

Evil...isn't this what it all boiled down to? He recalled having discussions with his friends whereby he always exasperated and annoyed them, but then again he always at the same time seemed to have the last word. If man was not meant to destroy the world, and 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 now complacently 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 and in a small voice he never heard before, called out to him, semiconsciously: " Hug me, please?" Instantaneously he was at her side, instinctively with his arm around her shoulder. Now he longed to lay with her, bury his face in her breast and release all his travails and put his arm around her, not unlike the way he saw the burnt soldier's arm around the other burnt soldier. Tears welled up inside his eyes as he realized that all his life, in accepting the pumping Heart of Darkness permeating all nature, including human nature, he could never reconcile himself with 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.

- William Kallfelz





Coke. Pepsi.  
Democrat. Republican.  
Burger King. McDonald's.  
Red. Blue. We're already white.  
Georgia Tech. UGA.  
USSR. USA.  
Communist. Capitalist.  
No choice  
Two options  
and no opinion.  
28 September 1991

S. Danyo

## ON ULYSSES

a king away from his throne  
suitors devour deep flock and red wines  
to suitors, with pleasure there is always

Poseidon's enduring vengeance--fuel  
Ulysses' name lives beyond years on soil  
eternal honor, pelted tactitioner  
living is constituted of action, not survival

moving is stealthy experience  
stagnant is Ulysses--dull, lifeless  
inaction negates life  
of his gray spirit that yearns "desire"

of me, son only hears of his  
own majestic name  
Telemachos never prematurely  
boisterous, else subdued by suitor

justified roles while absence is just  
will of the gods is not to be rationed  
pleasure is paired with pain

refer to beloved mariners  
died by rallying sea's means  
years mortalize, will to explore transcends

live for the sea, die by the sea  
heroic hearts, not bodies  
are immortal undying relentless seafoam

## OSCAR O'FLAHERTIE



**north avenue review is not dead**

**if you still have doubts, come to  
next meeting**

**first monday spring quarter, third  
floor student center 7:00pm**

was not only the climb, Ned explains, it was the illegality, the "imaginative approach." Susie rolls her eyes. She has her own idea of excitement. Upon their return from Tibet, Susie took Ned on a 24-mile mountain run. The attraction was not only the run, Susie explains, it was the fact that Ned threw up. One man's agony is another woman's adventure, so to speak.