

Northakhue review

Summer 91
Issue 14

• a georgian magazine •



* * The North Avenue Review * *

The North Avenue Review is an open forum journal of thought, prose, creative writing, visuals, and more produced by interested members of the Georgia Tech community

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. Students, faculty, staff and alumni are invited to share ideas, opinions, expressions, and illusions with *The NAR*.

The NAR is a communally non-edited magazine. The coordinators of its publication are non-biased, meaning members have complete freedom to express their ideas. We (those involved) would like to encourage participation from all corners of the campus, no matter what your ideology, disposition, or contribution. This is an open forum and a free press.

Procedure...

At 'writers' workshops' throughout the quarter and at the deadline

meeting, 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 or non-editor feels that a particular piece is unnecessarily inflammatory or obscene, he or she can bring the piece to attention of the other (non)editors in order to discuss the work. A submission will be excluded from *The NAR* with a three-fourths vote against its publication. This provision is essentially to prevent the publication of items that might jeopardize *The NAR's* existence. 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.

Unless otherwise stated, the views expressed herein are solely those of the individual contributors and are not intended to express the collective opinion or sentiment of *The NAR*.

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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.

All texts must be submitted on a MacIntosh 3.5" disk to lighten the burden of *The NAR's* oppressed layout workers. Articles must be typed in ten-point Times font in either Microsoft Word or WordPerfect. We simply cannot type your piece for you. To make layout easier remove tabs and indentations, leave a line between paragraphs, and spellcheck. Facts are important, so please cite and quote your sources appropriately. Be prepared to rewrite.

Writers are encouraged to find visuals to accompany their articles when appropriate.

Getting Involved...

The NAR needs your help. Anyone who wants to get involved is welcome, regardless of his or her literary or ideological pursuits. We are also searching for individuals to be responsible for specific tasks such as layout coordination, meeting arrangement, distribution, student government relations, mailing-list maintenance(!) and the like. Please feel free to join 'us'!

The first fall quarter meeting will be held on Wednesday, October 23, 6:00pm at the lounge area on the third floor of the Student Center. Please join us!

The North Avenue Review
50271 Georgia Tech Station
Atlanta, GA 30332

Since its founding in the of 1989, the North Avenue Review has felt the presence of a surprisingly large group of Tech people. Whether they merely attended a single meeting or worked on layout, or coordinated 'Writer's Workshops' the following list is an attempt to name all who have been engaged in the NAR's mission of free expression.

In the ominous shadow of yet another unfriendly Student Government Association, we hope this list will serve to remind those who would stifle this free community press that the North Avenue Review has been always been an open forum of thought, opinion, and expression. The whole idea is to foster discussion about relevant topics and share our ideas, concerns, and feelings in a constructive way. The concept behind the NAR is 'Non-Editorship'. By this we have meant that there are no 'editors' in the traditional sense. At the same time, all participants are editors. Anyone can show up to write anything he or she would like.

Don't fight the NAR, join it!

This is an attempt at a comprehensive list of people who were involved. These folks may have merely attended a meeting, or they have invested much time and energy into seeing the NAR through.

The North Avenue Review Hall Of Fame...

Ergun Akleman

Jillana Babb

Jeff Cardille

Raymond Close

Valerie Curtis

Steve Danyo

Jan Day

Steve Donkin

Fiah

Angela Fox

Ben Hendry

John Hewson

Erica Homung

Matt Kramer

Jeff Luck

George Magiros

Kate Mann

David Meredith

Jimmy Moore

Scott Morris

Michael Moryc

Thomas Peake

Jon Riggs

Larry Sampler

Daniel Scharfstein

Beth Stettler

Valerie Stuckles

Chad Stogner

Ric Ullio

Kaye Walters

John Gravitt

David Kiesling

Peter Rentz

Alpha Smith

Linda Whitaker

Lon Yuengert

Doug Alford

Kelly Brumbelow

Suzanne Burns

Chris Cullen

Brian Dempsey

Jill Dyken

Doc Eddleman

Ed 'Cattfish' Gibbs

Brad Grove

Ray Haleblian

Stacy Johnson

James Poch

Lon Remlinger

Steve Sams

Hank Schroy

Ian Smith

Mary Sorenson

Karen Steadman

Howard Thompson

Robert Warren

Allan Yearborough

Chris Yeagers

John Schendel

Tobias Pace

Nelson

Paul Barranco

Jerry Bennet

Charles Boyer

Dr. Cliff Bragdon

John Cross

Brian Dickman

Veronica Draffkorn

Louise Frantzen

David Gibson

Rob Gibson

Dale Gillis

Nick Griswell

Tom Hickman

Steve Hinton

Sam Hooper

Steven Jones

Jyoti Kolhe

Troy Lanier

Kevin Leeds

Lisa Little

Zed Lloyd

Sam McInnis

Cary McKeown

Wes Slaymaker

Brian Smith

Torrance Stephens

Scott Barnwell

John Cochran

John Mark Coney

Rich Franks

Alan Herod

Leah Herod

Mark Highland

Kurt Jacobus

James McElvaney

David Morton

Scott Orr

Michael Peters

Scott Register

David Burgess

Terry Crone

Brian Evans

Tonia Jernigan

J R McCoy

Brian Michael

High Mobley

Patrick O'Leary

Dr. Alan Rauch

Dr. David Ray

Marie Selck

Glen Stark

Ryan Todd

Richard Tyler

Lee Whipple

Li Cai

Paul Chung

Gordon Janaway

Bart Jones

J. Kane

Will Powell

John Roberts

Yancy Spruill

Jason Tolbert

Tom Rickard

Matt Satterlee

Robert Schuler

Nick Hess

Jeff Hostetler

Subhash Kamat

J. Kane

Andre Ross

Zuzana Thomas

Steven Arnold

Francis Flick

David Klein

Paul Philpott

Clinton Alverson

Chris Aniedobe

Dennis Barbour

Matt Cowley

Jeff Crinkhite

Mary Claire DeReuil

Ayman Fadel

Janice Gravely

Rafael Hidalgo

Phyllis Huster

Donald Mead

Jim Pearson

Ashley Raiteri

Josh Reiss

Ozong Aborsangaya

Tara Barker

Peter Betz

William Kalfellz

Eric Meyer

Beth Morris

Lewis Winter

Christopher Stanard

Kim Thompson

Manuel Torres

Joe Vignola

Eric Ayers

Suzi Beaumont

Jim Boatwright

Chuck Alexander

Julian B Allen

David Carter

Peter Clark

Craig Champplain

Margaret Horst

Huaidong Xu

Charles Isbell

Johnny Herbert

Greer Johnson

Shabnam Khan

Habibe Nehme

Joe Stallings

Bret Tanner

Laurie Tucker

Richard Wallace

and a few more...

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This issue of the NAR has been:

Eric Ayers
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 Li Cai
 Jeff Cardille
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 Steve Danyo
 Steve Donkin
 Ayman Fadel
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 Thomas Hickman
 Jeffrey Hostetler
 Stacy Johnson
 Shabnam Khan
 Valerie Louis
 High Mobley
 Thomas Peake
 Ashley Raiteri
 Peter Rentz
 Joe Stallings
 Laurie Tucker
 Richard Wallace
 Allan Yarbrough
 Chris Yeagers

These folks have attended a meeting, contibuted material, or worked on layout. All (and probably some others) were involved to varying degrees with this issue. Thanks.



The North Avenue Review thanks Dean Ed Kohler for his invaluable cooperation and assistance, and Dr. David Ray for his guidance.

The Silent Generation

Thomas Carlyle Hickman



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*Fool, said I. You do not know
That silence like a cancer grows.*

-P. Simon

Put your ear to the tracks, my young friends. Put your ear right down to the iron tracks upon which your people roll; and listen carefully.

What is it that you hear? Is it the anguished cry of the dispossessed? Is it the happy giggles of lovers? Is it the gleeful clinking of coins in the counting houses? Is it the hungry churning of a thousand stomachs?

Or is it the hollow empty chords of the silent generation?

Fool said I... for we are the silent generation.

We. Yourself, myself. We are young and we waste the meager coinage of our youth. We squander it in silence.

What is it to be young? What is it to see the world through eyes hungry for sights unseen? What is it to process information with synapses unhindered by the narcosis of the status quo? What is it to be young and to venture forth into the world from years untainted by toil, compromise and death? What is it to be young?

We are young. Yourself, myself. And we squander the meager coinage of our youth in silence.

It is fabled that youth has a voice. Youth's voice is sweet and clear of tone, resonant, angelic almost in its proximity to whatever incontrovertible Truth may still exist in the world. And we are young; we, the members of this silent generation.

Put your ears again to the tracks of the People. Where, in all the miles of ribbon-rail laid out beneath us, can be detected any vibration, reverberation, or faint echo of that sweet voice of youth? We are a silent generation, for in us the voice of Youth lies mute.

What is it to be aged before age is earned? What is it to early in life espouse a dogma not of one's own creation? What is it to thirst for the transient? What is it to walk through life as one dead to life's lessons? What is it to catch a glimpse of the world and to shirk from the implications of that glimpse? What is it to reach the grave in the wee hours of youth, and to live an entire life therein? We are the silent generation, and our silence seems at times to suggest that all of these things are our's.

Listen closely. Though the world is loud, from us you hear nothing. We are the silent generation.

Fool, said I...

But even in the quiescent vacuum of the silent generation, with one's ears planted firmly to the tracks of the people, might one not at times hear some slight sound? Certainly not the roar of an oncoming locomotive, but a ping perhaps: the barely audible sound, carried from untold thousands of miles away, of a tiny hammer tapping against steel, tapping in anger at its own tininess and at the steels cold immensity. Even among those of the silent generation, once

in a great while, might not a voice arise and speak a few words from the sweet strains of youth?

Like a cancer... That little ping... if you listen diligently, you might hear it every so often. *Annoying, odious little sound*, you might well think. But that ping is the voice of youth. We are the silent generation, and in the absence of all other sound, that tiny little ping may seem loud indeed. It may disturb the serenity of our living tombs. It may, from whatever remote spur it hails, force us to put our hands to our ears in fear: in fear that we might hear something that we have long known to be true: in fear that we may hear something that we have long known to be false: in fear that we might hear anything at all, and upon hearing, offer up our own voice, enter the world of the verbally endowed, speak, and in that speech become one with our hearts.

We are the silent generation. We fear truth and distance ourselves from our emotions. We relish the opportunity to be silent, to abstain from life. We demand silence of our fellows, and put our hands to our ears when that silence is violated. We are the silent generation. We are a sad excuse for young people. We fear the sound of our own voice and we embrace silence. We live in fear of that tiny angry hammer blow upon the tracks beneath us. We seem terrified of that little ping. Rather, we should fear silence and embrace that ping. Embrace it and hold it close to our hearts. Amplify it. Join it.

In a perfect world, we would all swing mighty hammer blows on to the steel tracks we follow. In a perfect world we would all stand and sing the sweet song of youth. We would rouse those close to us, raise a beautiful cacophony, awe and charm those far from us, make them remember the music within their own hearts.

We are young. Yourself, myself. We are young, and a perfect world should not to us seem beyond attainment. The voice of youth, though dormant, is within us; we have the potential to shatter the silence of the age in which we soon will live.

We are young, and though we do not know of it, refuse at times to acknowledge it, and ignore it or repress it when it does appear, we *do* have a voice. We are the silent generation: by choice. It is within our power to choose something other than silence as our chosen mode of expression. We have it in us to speak, to sing, to scream if we must.

We have it in us, yourself and myself, to speak with our own words, to say what we feel and

declare it as our own view. We have it in us to fill the world with our noise.

But listen. You shall hear nothing or little. We are the silent generation.

In the early months of 1989, several individuals local to the Georgia Tech Community cleared their throats, found their voices, realized that they had something to say. Ping. They decided to start their own magazine. Ping. They decided that it should not conform to any editorial norm, should not be the charge of any one human, should not assign stories or even topics to its writers, should not censor ideas. PING!

They decided that it should be an open press, a place for any member of the community to publish thoughts, in any form acceptable to the printed page. They thought it should be an open press. They decided it should be a *free* press.

Free.

Ping. Ping.

That was a binaural sound bit you just heard. Free. Doubly free. A publication devoid of cost, devoid of censorship. A free press.

Moneys were generously donated by faculty and friends. A cooperative printer was located. Meetings were organized, fliers posted. Articles were written, cartoons drawn, poems poemed.

And in July of 1989 the first issue of the North Avenue Review was published. It was free.

Ping. Ping.

Since that time thirteen issues have been printed. You are holding the fourteenth. Topics have been addressed, topics important to the silent generation. Topics such as hunger, war, peace, personal freedoms, the perpetuation of the species, the perpetuation of the planet. These fourteen issues were produced and edited by a motley assortment of over one hundred and fifty individuals and vagabonds. Thousands of hours of work were put into each issue... thousands of hours of uncompensated work, for their was no exchange of currency involved. The only thing the staff of the North Avenue Review received as compensation was the

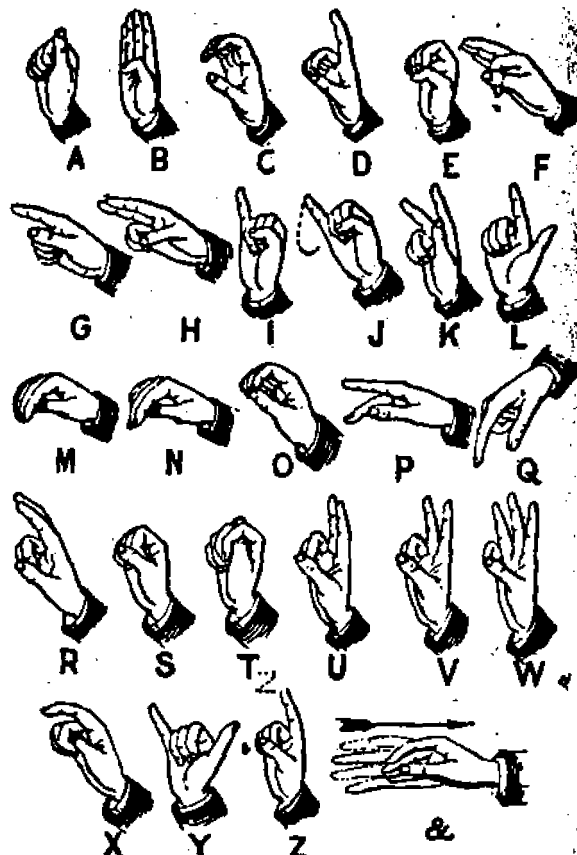
knowledge that they were working to shatter the deadly silence in which we live.

This may well be the last issue of the North Avenue Review. Paper costs money, a cold hard reality. The silent generation, hands to their ears in fear, has vowed to deny the N.A.R. funding. They have demanded silence in their sepulcher. They are a majority, and are armed with the mighty sword of bureaucracy. We are the minority, and however

strong our convictions, however sonorous our voice, we are armed but with tiny hammers, no match for the cold mass of steel we seek to reshape.

This may be the last issue of the North Avenue Review. Whatever else may be said, it has always remained true to one simple virtue. It is free. In every possible sense.

And though the press be shut down, though the annoying hammers of youth revealing itself be silenced, the people swinging those hammers, those one hundred and fifty or so who over the last two years have been a part of the N.A.R., they shall persist, their voice shall grow stronger with use, and they shall continue to haunt and torment those who would most like them silenced.



From the collective non-mailbox...

Senate Office Building
Washington, D.C. 20510

Dear Senator Nunn, Senator Fowler:

Please vote against the Brady Bill seven-day waiting period, or any compromise legislation of which it is a part.

The argument that the waiting period gives local authorities the opportunity to conduct a background check is fatuous, since any state requiring a background check can easily provide for a waiting period without the aid of the federal government. Similarly, those who suggest that the bill will prevent crimes committed in the heat of passion have failed to produce any evidence that the number of such crimes is a significant percentage of the total; worrying about such a minuscule problem distracts energies better spent dealing with the major causes of crime in the country.

The alternative justification, that *any* law restricting a citizen's access to firearms is worthwhile, is contrary to the natural law of self-defense, does violence of the Constitutional guarantee of the right to keep and bear arms contained in the Second Amendment, and represents a federal encroachment on state power.

Thank you for your attention. I would appreciate information as to your intentions on this matter.

Sincerely,
Allan W. Yarbrough

Dear Mr. Yarbrough:

Thank you for letting me know your opinion about the Brady Bill, S. 257, which would create a seven-day waiting period for the purchase of a handgun.

As a hunter and a veteran, I certainly understand your thoughts about the Second Amendment of the United States Constitution. I support the spirit behind the Staggers and Brady bills, which both lie within this framework. Therefore, I supported an alternative which combines the two approaches.

The alternative, which passed as part of a comprehensive crime bill, links a five-day waiting period with a mandatory background check. In addition, states will receive funds to update their criminal records in order to facilitate the incorporation of an instant check system.

Though the Staggers legislation would in theory provide for an instantaneous background check, the most optimistic supporters say this process is simply too costly for states to implement effectively for at least three years. Others maintain that the system could not be put in use until the year 2000. The Brady Bill, on the other hand, would have an immediate impact. I do have concerns, though, about mandating a waiting period without a background check, and since the main purpose of this legislation is to keep guns out of the hands of criminals, I will insist that any waiting period must include provisions to guarantee background checks.

Let me make this clear: While I can support a limited waiting period for those wishing to purchase firearms, I have not, and will not, vote for any measure which would call into question a law-abiding citizen's right to own a gun. Some lobbyists may try to tell you otherwise but there is no way a short waiting period (which all of us face in almost everything else we apply for from bank loans to marriage licenses) can be considered as a real hardship for hunters. This is not about registration or confiscation of anything.

Regarding hunters, I recently introduced the Sport Hunting Safety Act of 1991. This legislation is intended to protect individuals engaged in lawful hunts within national forests by establishing an administrative civil penalty for persons who intentionally obstruct, impede, or interfere with the conduct of a lawful hunt.

I would certainly agree that neither a waiting period nor back-ground checks are a panacea for our Nation's crime problems. For this reason, I am pleased that the Senate-passed version of the crime bill fits the

President's request that any waiting period/background check legislation be accompanied by a comprehensive crime control package. We must use our laws to fight criminals and to protect law-abiding citizens.

I do appreciate hearing from you and hope you will continue to let me know your thoughts on matters of interest to you.

Sincerely,
WYCHE FOWLER, JR.
United States Senator

Dear Allan:

Thank you for contacting me about proposed gun control measures. I appreciate your interest in this difficult but important matter.

I favor the right to bear arms, for both personal protection and hunting or sporting use, and oppose efforts to eliminate that right or make its exercise impossible. I do not, however, consider this right absolute, nor do I believe that it extends to the use of any conceivable weapon under any circumstance. Like many other rights, the right to bear arms can and must be limited by simple common sense and concern for the overall health and safety of the American people.

Current federal law already prohibits purchase of handguns by felons, drug addicts, and mental patients. The question the Senate recently considered is how best to enforce this prohibition at the time of purchase. Two different approaches were offered as amendments to S. 1241, the 1991 Omnibus Crime Bill: the so-called "Brady Bill" (S. 257), which would require a seven-day waiting period to allow law enforcement officials to perform a background check prior to purchase, and the so-called "Staggers Bill" (H.R. 1412), which would require the establishment of a nationwide hotline that gun dealers would call to determine if a prospective purchaser falls into a prohibited category.

On June 28, 1991, the Senate adopted a compromise between the Brady and Staggers bills, sponsored by Senators Dole, Metzenbaum, Mitchell, Domenici, Kohl, Thurmond and Gore. It draws on common elements of both approaches, authorizing a nationwide computerized "hotline" system, but also imposing a five-day waiting period until the computerized system is up and running. The measure also authorizes \$100 million in funding to states to cover the cost of the required checks or to update their computerized criminal history records. Shortly before voting on this amendment, the Senate agreed by voice vote not to pre-empt state laws that may require more extensive waiting periods.

The Dole/Metzenbaum amendment is not part of S. 1241 which the Senate adopted on July 11, 1991. The Senate bill will be sent to the House of Representatives which will consider its own crime bill. As you may know, the House passed a version of the Brady Bill earlier this year, but has not yet voted on a comprehensive crime bill.

I voted in favor of the Dole/Metzenbaum amendment because I consider it a reasonable compromise that adequately protects the rights of gun owners while it reflects the broader public interest in enforcing the ban on the purchase of guns by felons, drug addicts, and mental patients. While this proposal places a waiting period on the purchase of handguns, it also allows for the elimination of this waiting period upon the establishment of a national check system.

Because of the extraordinary publicity that gun control measures received during consideration of S. 1241, some may believe that gun control constitutes the major congressional approach to preventing crime and punishing criminals. In fact, S. 1241 is an enormous package of legislation touching on every element of federal law enforcement, from criminal investigation procedures to the death penalty. The Dole/ Metzenbaum amendment represents just a small part of the resources the Senate legislation will give our law enforcement officers in their unequal fight against violent crime and drug trafficking.

Again, I appreciate your sharing your views with me on this issue. I hope you will continue to contact me on matters affecting our nation.

Sincerely,
Sam Nunn

Correcting, Incorrectly

by Richard Wallace

I talk to my friends lately without someone broaching the subject of political correctness. I must confess, however, that I am somewhat of a late-comer to the subject; as recently as six months ago, for example, a friend told me that something I had said was "too PC" for his taste, and I had to ask what "PC" stood for. Now, of course, I am well aware of its meaning, have watched most of a five-part series on the subject broadcast on The MacNeil-Lehrer News Hour, and have engaged both friend and foe in debate on the value and implications of political correctness.

As far as I can tell, the bottom line in the debate over the value of political correctness is whether or not the freedom of speech of those who hold politically incorrect views should be curtailed in the interests of superficially eliminating intolerance and bigotry from public discourse. To be sure, I, and I hope, perhaps wishfully, most people, would welcome the actual elimination of prejudice and bigotry from our culture, but I fail to see how authoritative, institutional codes of speech (in the broad sense) will aid progress toward this worthy goal. It seems that we are pruning back one of our most treasured civil rights--free speech--without any real hope that the social tree will then bloom with unprecedented splendor.

Supporters of political correctness as a doctrine, I imagine, will accuse me of being insensitive to the feelings of groups who bear the brunt of hateful speech. To these critics, I can only reply that they are wrong, and I support strong punishments against those who transform their intolerance and bigotry into action, by, say, physically attacking members of groups who they dislike or discriminating against them in hiring or housing decisions. In order to insure that such actions will not be tolerated I support strong civil rights legislation and find it unconscionable that some of our political leaders, like George Bush, oppose both political correctness and civil rights legislation, but that is another sticky wicket. Oddly enough, Bush has taken advantage of his opposition to political correctness by painting himself as a loyal advocate of free speech, in spite of his fervent desire to make flag burning a criminal offense. Like most issues, I suppose, political correctness can be manipulated by the

politically powerful to serve their own needs.

On the other hand, hardcore advocates of political correctness have also, on occasion, turned their zealotry into objectionable action. At The University of Michigan, for example, as reported by one of the guests on the aforementioned MacNeil-Lehrer series, members of the university community who violate the school's rules against hateful speech are forced to take a sensitivity course designed to eliminate their bigotry or, at least, to increase their understanding of other cultures. While I am all in favor of encouraging interaction between members of different groups and believe this to be the only way to eliminate prejudice from our society, I find that such sensitivity classes too closely resemble the "reeducation camps" of Mao's China and Orwell's 1984; do we really believe that we can forcibly change deep-rooted fears and prejudices? Rather, I would suggest renewed efforts at integrating our schools at all levels. After all, what purpose do 99% -white prep schools serve, except to segregate the children of wealthy white Americans?

All things considered, advocates of political correctness seem, for the most part, to have their hearts in the right place, but in turning their ideas into dogma jeopardized rights equal in importance to those that they seek to protect. By all means, let's enforce politically correct action; better yet, let's pass laws that make politically incorrect action synonymous with illegal action. Just as importantly, however, let us not attempt to narrow the range of debate about issues of social concern. Free speech is essential for the transmission of ideas and concepts throughout the nation. We may hear some things that we would rather not hear, but at least we will know the range of values that operate in our culture and where our future work lies. I hope that we will accept the challenge of performing this real work--e.g., enforcing our civil rights laws and educating our children in the evils of prejudice, bigotry, and hatred--instead of hiding our societal sores under the fashionable cloak of political correctness.

THE GREAT DEBATE

Society and Technological Change

An ongoing discussion of the role of technology in our world.

by Thomas Peake

The past two decades have seen a dramatic increase in the intensity and frequency of discussion about the influence of technology on human life and the planet. Everyone agrees it is pervasive, while few agree about its harmful or helpful effects. Some assert that the race has never had such a glorious era, one in which most of us are spared worries about such basic challenges as sustenance, shelter, or security on a day to day basis. Others question this abundance, claiming that our desire to conquer nature has resulted in a mentality that has us tottering precariously on the edge of misery, if not outright extinction from the environmental 'crisis' and general unraveling of the fabric of society. Technological items, whether heroes or villains, are both familiar and exotic: the internal combustion engine, condoms, the wheel, the stirrup, scientific management, Pez, the ballpoint pen, aluminum cans, computers, the telegraph, telephone, just-add-water-and-you-get-gravy dog food, fax machine, pesticides, synthetic chemicals, rocketry, nuclear weapons, satellites, virtual reality, polypropylene undies, and so on and so on forever and ever, AMEN!

DEFINING TECHNOLOGY

I. There are plenty of definitions, assumptions, and misconceptions about technology. In *Society & Technological Change*, Rudi Volti gives this description "...a system based on the application of knowledge, manifested in physical objects and organizational forms, for the attainment of specific goals."¹ This definition is carefully worded to avoid bias. Important here is that 1) a technology is not necessarily a single object; technologies generally require support systems of some sort and 2) Humans are usually trying to attain some goal, meaning we are trying to further our grasp, extend our control, and in general make our presence known. This urge was codified and institutionalized in England in the mid 1600's by Francis Bacon, Thomas Sprat, and their gang in the scientific Royal Society. Their goal was nothing less than the transformation of society, for the glory of God, into a world of abundance via the implementation of mighty and noble technology. "While the scholastics quibbled over minor philosophical points, practical men developed new ways of powering machines, fighting wars, making books, sailing ships, and constructing buildings.

These technical changes were unequivocal proofs of progress."² Technology is defined in flattering terms more often than not because this is the foundation of the modern Western cultural perspective on it. But technologies don't have to be sleek and shiny or productive or even discrete objects.

The very dreams Victorian utopian technologists held in the 19th century were quashed by the often harsh realities of urban industrial life (the first several decades of industrialization both in England and America proved to be times of extreme scarcity and oppression for the 'working classes'). There is ample reason to question the dominant assessment of rational technological life, yet it is quite difficult to extract the connotations out of our definitions of technology, especially in the Age of Pervasive Technology.

II. Sociologist Talcott Parsons defines technology as the 'socially organized capacity for controlling and altering objects of the physical environment in the interest of human want or need.' This is a useful and fairly inclusive definition, but we are no longer confined to objects of the physical world. Technology creates as well as controls and manipulates. Information technologies and biotechnologies, Parsons' description might suggest, transcend technology, so we need an equivalent to the term 'supernatural'. Technology is no longer confined to machinery and simplistic large scale repetition or construction. It is now tightly coupled with the realm of science; it is delicate, inventive, and deceptively powerful. Virtual reality, performance of tasks in 'cyberspace' where senses are filtered through a computer medium, comes closest to a 'super-technology'. Virtual reality creates an imaginary plane of existence, allowing one to experience the impossible via total simulation. Technology is so pervasive, though, that it makes little sense to limit it to affecting our environment. Whether ultra high 'super-technology' or basic tool, we manipulate ourselves and our perceptions in unintended ways. More later on how we unwittingly alter our ways of seeing.

III. A final rather amusing characterization, by the philosopher Jose Ortega y Gasset calls technology 'production of the

superfluous'. This definition attacks Parsons' explanation of technology in the name of human want or need. Gasset would argue that technology satisfies only wants, and no needs. Though it would be a bare, basic existence, humans are animals and humans could and often did survive without technology. "He remarks that technology was just as superfluous in the Stone Age as it is today. Like the rest of the animal kingdom we, too, could have lived without fire and tools. For reasons that are obscure, we began to cultivate technology and in the process created what has become known as human life, the good life, or well-being."³ Such thinkers pin the catalyst of technological progress on the forces of curiosity, novelty, or diversity rather than sheer biological necessity.

HUMANTECH ?

Before one attempts to unearth the impacts of any technology or methodology including socio-economic, demographic, psychological, bodily, political, any number of areas, one ought to ask whether or not it makes any sense to separate technology and humankind in the first place. When we analyze technology are we not analyzing humanity itself? Or is this superfluous presence, in Gasset's idea, really not an integral trait of modern humankind? According to Jacob Bronowski, "Reliance on technology is as old as the human race. Whatever evils have accompanied the use of particular technologies, it is pointless to indict technology as being somehow 'unnatural.' Our past as well as our future as a species is inextricably linked to our capacity to shape our existence through the invention and application of instruments and techniques that allow us to transcend our meager physical endowments. It is certainly true, as Jacob Bronowski observed, 'to quarrel with technology is to quarrel with the nature of man - just as if we were to quarrel with his upright gait, his symbolic imagination, his faculty for speech, or his unusual sexual posture and appetite.'"⁴

On one hand, technological 'progress' is as common an occurrence as religious thought and kinship ties - having been with us since the earliest use of stone tools, earthenware, or sticks (i.e. the Flinstones era). On the other hand, must we regard recombinant DNA techniques and strontium-90, a highly radioactive (and very persevering) nuclear by-product, as 'natural' in any sense of the word? It is a matter of degrees. Where do we draw the line? What is natural? When should we start worrying? Why do clocks run clockwise?

At the heart of this controversy is the division between technological determinism and cultural determinism (a.k.a. voluntarism).

Determinist philosophers claim that our technological endeavors have become somehow 'autonomous,' that we have lost control of the implementation and development of technologies in our lives. Voluntarists maintain that some person or group of folks are making controlling decisions. Whether or not they are held accountable is another issue, but technology has not assumed a life of its own. Although very few people fall into either camp radically, the former generally use determinism to beef up their arguments that doom is imminent, we've poisoned ourselves, killed the goose, and atrophied our minds and bodies (as evidenced by the 'couch potato' syndrome). Voluntarists think everything will work out, we are in the driver's seat, and our technologically related problems will be solved by the application of more, more, and a dash more of it. These categories help us think about the nature of technology and, therefore, humankind.

So it is clear that our implementation of technology is pervasive, for we have witnessed an evolution of technology that has produced more change and called for more adjustment in the past three centuries than in all of previous human history combined. What is there to say about it?

FEEDBACK AND CHANGE

There are many important consequences and revelations.

New modes of thought have arisen, as rational man feeds on his accomplishments in a snowball effect, an elaborate feedback mechanism.

We can go on and on about how our ways of seeing have changed. Our perceptions of the world around us are based significantly on radically new assumptions and expectations. The way we do business, recreate, and think have been bounded by new dimensions of and access to time and space. In his book The Farther Shore: A Natural History of Perception, Don Gifford documents some of the ways our perceptions have changed since naturalist Gilbert White wrote about Selbourne, England in 1798 until America in the early 1980's. His approach is from a strongly literary and historical standpoint. The way we travel, for example (not to mention the amount), "...the rhythms of passage through space and time, once the biorhythms of walking or riding a horse, became mechanorhythms...The roadside, an intimate play of particulars when one is on foot or horseback, is homogenized by speed. Middle ground and horizon advance to lay claim to the eye. Henri Matisse, when taken for automobile rides through the Provencal landscape, insisted on speeds no greater than 5 kilometers per hour - slightly more than 3 miles per hour - 'otherwise you have no sense of the trees.'"⁵ Human eyes

have had to adjust to motion in their views of landscapes just as I often feel eye fatigue after extended exposure to high concentrations of billboards, neon signs, bright lights, and flashing messages. As the pace of information bombardment speeds, we struggle to improve our comprehension skills and absorb as much as possible.

Whereas a premodern citizen would encounter four score or so people in a lifetime, you and I are introduced to hundreds or thousands of folks. Change in quality and quantity keep us in constant flux.

There are seemingly infinite ways our perceptions have been expanded - overextended, some say - to include a larger area or time frame. When Henry David Thoreau strolled through the woods, he looked a few yards ahead to stay on his path whereas I stare a mile ahead down a superhighway through the windshield, focused on the horizon. As a matter of scale, we are relatively 'smaller' players on a larger playing field - be it the Bad News Bears or the Atlanta Braves. At the same time our 'reach' is extended to compensate in some ways. Fax machines, videoconferences, overnight delivery...is the 'Global Village' shrinking or are our tentacles expanding?

The implications of the television are endless. Not only does the t.v. scale down reality by increasing the rate and variety of information accessibility, it has psychological implications. To use Gifford's terms, it stresses 'visual continuity' over 'verbal continuity'. One can only speculate what this has done to the modern attention span.

The (accurate) clock, the telephone, and electric light have all had amazing implications for social life, one of which is the "...erosion of) the diurnal rhythms that were once so much more apparent in our lives. In the home, there is no longer a noticeable transition from daylight to dark, no making ready."⁶ Like it or not, whether you are a frustrated stargazer (city lights obscure the heavens) or a happy night owl (it's always daytime in Las Vegas) our lifestyle patterns and attitudes constantly adjust. This is why it is important to attempt to uncover the effects of technology and our affects on it.

POLITICS

Corporate strategy, public policy, and consumer preference are in large part influenced by technological change. Many of the important issues of the day, from criminal activity to international investment are controversial because the parameters of debate shift quickly. For example, in the early 1900's we talked about anti-trust legislation, preventing corporations (mostly manufacturing)

from pooling capital for greater leverage. Now we talk about capital flight. Corporations, of course, still act in their own best interest, a newly emerged strategy, utilizing easily mobile technologies to break distance barriers, now has industry erecting factories where the cheap labor is. Newer technologies allow greater flexibility by way of lower transportation costs, quicker long distance communication, and higher mobility.

To some these fundamental changes are the salvation of society, to others a mental and physical malaise that undermines social cohesion. There are simplifying and complicating technologies; centralizing and decentralizing; constructive and destructive; human scale, micro-scale, macro-scale; perhaps even political and apolitical technologies.

One should certainly avoid painting the picture with just one brushstroke.

I would go further to claim that most technologies are extensions of the human form. In evolutionary terms, another appendage that we have developed by using our minds. This concept goes back to technological evolution theories, a topic to be saved for another rainy day.

We should begin to talk more about causes and effects. As students and faculty at a techno-university, we should pay more attention these issues to help us understand what we're doing and perhaps why.

If you are interested in discussing, reading, and thinking about these issues you might be interested in the new School of History, Technology, and Society (HTS) which offers an interdisciplinary degree consisting of history, sociology, and political science. Also the School sponsors a very informal weekly gathering of HTS majors and other interested folks. Get in touch with HTS for information, 853 9302.

1. Volü, Rudi Society & Technological Change St. Martins Press New York 1988 p.4

2. Basalla, George The Evolution of Technology Cambridge University Press NY 1988 p132

3. Basalla, p13

4. Cited in Volü, Rudi Society & Technological Change Bronowski, Jacob "Technology and Culture in Evolution" *Philosophy of the Social Sciences* 1,3 (1971):199

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6. Gifford p44

Principe de Pureté

Valérie Louis-Wileman

The purity of the earth has to happen through us, humans.

Two aspects exist in the process of recovering a clean earth, earth as it has been for millions of years, earth in its purity. First, we have to clean up the mess, we have to eliminate the remaining polluting products, which have been generated mainly during the last few decades. Second, we have to learn how to live on the earth in harmony with it, without polluting it, and without acting as disrespectful parasites.

We have to include technology as part of our ecosystem, to make sure that it is compatible with the rest of the animals, plants and stones with which we share the space. If necessary, we have to renounce some of it because destructive technology is unacceptable. And if we do not want to understand why, and if we do not want to change the way we live because it would disturb our cozy lives and disturb our comfortable Sundays, if we do not start to invest our energy and our money now, we shall have to pay much more in a few years, so much more that we shall have to pay with human pain and human lives.

Earth has been wounded in many places, and, because of irresponsibility, those wounds are still open, bleeding and aggravated. (We know it; it is all over our newspapers: air pollution, water pollution, soil pollution, ozone depletion, green house effects, rain forest clear cutting and so forth).

Most likely, earth will survive its wounds and recover somehow, it will survive on a geological scale... but humans may not. Because of his much shorter time scale, he may not survive the disturbances that he has generated. Man, who foolishly believes that he will survive on a sick planet without being sick himself, has to realize that -like all other animals- he has to preserve his habitat if he is to survive. We have to let the wounds heal for a few thousand years, and the healing process has to start now.

In this regard, the treatment of our wastes is critical. We cannot be satisfied to simply bury them in the ground, cover them and forget them. They won't disappear; we just cannot pretend that they do not exist anymore. Our collective patrimony is polluted. We need to become responsible for our wastes, we have to accept them as part of us, and we have to deal with them in such a way that they can be reused and included in the universal cycle of generation - utilization - destruction - regeneration.

For this reason, recycling is necessary. Necessary as part of the effort to avoid greater disturbances that could destroy us just as easily as a powerful wave from a raging ocean would break the spine of a surfer. Recycling is necessary, awfully necessary, but it is not sufficient (incomplete, does not reduce the total amount of garbage generated, etc).

Earth is a giant organism with its own rhythms, its own requirements, and we are part of it, just a little part of it. However, we cannot live independently of it; and whatever affects it, affects us; and whatever affects us, affects it. The world has a fractal structure. The mechanisms found in the human behavior are found at earth scale and vice versa. Man will necessarily be polluted (i.e. unhealthy) on an earth that is polluted, but also earth will not be pure as long as man is not. (This is what I would like to call the "purity principle"). Therefore, if we are looking forward to a clean earth, a pure earth, we have to seek our own purity, and our purity will enhance the purity of the earth. We are intrinsically part of the same, the very same system. One organism, one being; one entity, one concept.

I experienced this purity principle and I understood its meaning: I climbed a mountain.

There are many different reasons that push people to climb mountains, to go and sweat, to freeze and get wet, and to keep going uphill: because it's there, for the fun of it, for the challenge, for the beauty of it. There are also many different reasons that make people succeed: chance, training, experience, perseverance.

There, in the effort, I experienced something unusual, something new. The main thing was, like most things in life, just to keep going -one more step, one more step- keep going and forget how difficult it was, how steep it was -one more step, one more step- keep going until you forget everything: pain, cold, wetness, muscle stiffness, shortness of breath -one more step, one more step- everything but the brightness of snow, the pureness of air, the beauty of the moment, the joy of being there -another step, another step- I felt as if the earth's heart was beating through me, through the cold, the wind, the whiteness, I felt something like ecstasy; a force was pushing me forward. At some point it was like flying, I wanted to go higher, faster, to experience some of this profound joy; it became like a deep thirst, almost an addiction for these steps going upward, upward -one step up, one step up- then, then I

hit the wall: exhaustion. The wall, there is always a wall: marathoners hit the wall, and there was a wall in Berlin. I understood this wall as being the expression of my own limitations, the limit of my purity. I that the pollution I was carrying with me was the factor that was hindering me and was preventing me from being any further in harmony with the reality of that instant, and in general from feeling the beauty of nature through the most remote end reclusive places, the highest mountains, the deepest oceans or the simplest piece of grass.

I understood this pollution in two different ways. First it was coming from all the bad things I had ingested before, from the high processed junk food to the polluted air. And I felt that if I had not eaten so many unhealthy products, I would have gone much further before banging the wall. What is striking here is that not only the organism gets polluted by such

food, but also the earth because of packaging and treatment. In a simplistic example that would compare the effect of a candy bar and an apple, it appears, as a coincidence, that what is unhealthy for man is harmful for the earth. The second and more subtle aspect of this pollution was the way of looking at things, by being unaware of some *a priori*, by accepting so-called evidences and well-admitted principles that emerged in the very society that is leading us toward world ecological wreckage.

We have to find the simplicity again, simplicity that would allow us to appreciate the power of nature, to rediscover in it the beauty and harmony that we find in a cathedral, a symphony or a tragedy in five acts; simplicity that would let us vibrate with nature, once more, through body and soul.

fin.

THE PSU FILM SERIES

All films will be shown in room 321 of the Student Center. All films will begin at 7 pm on Friday night.

October 25. **The Harder They Come.** This film, set in Jamaica, depicts a Jamaican reggae musician's exploitation by his producers and managers. The film avoids the Jamaica which tourists see and introduces viewers to other scenes of Jamaican life, particularly the origins and development of reggae.

November 1. **A Great Wall.** The model Chinese-American Leo Fang (Peter Wang, also the director) quits his job after being overlooked for a promotion and returns to China with his American-born wife (Sharon Iwai) and son (Kelvin Han Yee). Comedy ensues as the gap between Asian and Asian-American becomes apparent.

November 8. **Matewan.** This drama portrays a New Mexican community's attempts to take control of its destiny and rid itself of sexist and classist behaviors.

November 15. **Z.** A fictional story of a U.S. journalist's attempts to discover the truth behind the accident which killed a fictional South American politician, 'Z'.

November 22. **The Official Story.** This movie is about Argentines attempting to deny the atrocities of their government in the 80's.

A GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING FOREIGNERS

Goggi

Something has always bothered me about life in the United States. Ever since I came here a few years ago from a far away place - a place as different from America's reality as a fairy land - sometimes it felt as if I were Alice wandering around in the wonderland; ignorant of this land's way of life; ignorant of what were the social norms, and what were the social taboos. My world was a wonderland; but not the nice kind where everybody dreams of going; it was a place with everybody emotionless and cold. The people around me were like the bright pictures on a T.V. screen; talking, laughing, and having so much fun among themselves; but I could not talk to them, feel them, or touch them. Sometimes I wished that everybody hated me for being a foreigner. At least it would have felt that they knew I existed. All I felt was a coldness that gets to your heart, and makes it numb.

It would not help anybody if I keep on rambling about myself, let me switch to the problem I want to talk about: the problem of lack of communication that exists between the natives and foreigners on this campus and else where. I want to make people realize that a problem exists and that everybody needs to do something about it and try to improve the situation.

The lack of communication stems from foreign cultures being so different from the American way of life. One might argue that the newcomers should learn the American way of doing things, since they are the aliens. Pressure from parents and relatives to not lose touch with the culture of the homeland does not help. I have seen foreigners getting along better with American culture if they are of the same religion as most Americans - Christians that is. Most cultures are not as outgoing as the Americans'. People are naturally shy. Don't hold that against them.

The foreigners, as the term implies, do not know how to act in typical "American" situations. They do not have an idea of what is the appropriate thing to say or do at times. Let me give an example. In Pakistan friends are a lot more informal than I have seen them to be over here. I called a friend of mine the other day. At the end of the conversation he said "well! thanks for calling." I was sort of bewildered by the statement (I seriously thought that he didn't want me to call him too often), and I replied " well thanks for taking the call." I can

imagine the astonishment on the other end of the line to my reply, because I have come to know that it is a normal practice over here to thank somebody for calling - at least among the people I know. Thanking people for taking a call, on the other hand, may be a normal practice in wonderland; not in the U.S.A. The moral of the story: foreigners might seem weird at times, but try to understand that they are trying hard to be just like you. Give them a chance. They might become "normal" once they start interacting with you.

The tallest barrier to overcome for a foreigner is the language. I can probably count my entire vocabulary on a couple of fingers. (My SAT English score was on the negative side of the scale.) A pathetic vocabulary can be generalized to just about everyone who's native language is not English. The problem of accents can also be counted as a language problem. Foreigners are accused of having thick accents. The accusation being very true makes the outsiders shy about talking to people, which does not do a whole lot to improve the Indian or French accent. [I never could understand why a French accent is such a chic thing to have, while an Asian accent is an embarrassment to mankind.] People assume the shyness to be a coldness and alienation from society on the part of the foreigner, and are cold in return.

I am sure you have noticed a lot of foreigners being friendly with people from other countries. This is not because foreigners don't like to mingle with natives, but they are afraid of not fitting in. Newcomers mingle with each other more because every foreigner NEEDS some friends, while the general population usually already has a lot of friends and acquaintances, and are not looking for new ones. You may ask; if foreigners want friends so bad; why don't they go out of their way to be friends with Americans? The reason is what I just mentioned. Americans Look like they don't give a damn. I am not implying that you have to go learn a foreign language to make foreigners feel at home, but you can take the first step toward establishing a friendship: that is, look a little friendly. **LOOK LIKE YOU CARE.**

Foreigners are often seen as geeks who just stay away from human beings. Although it can be true at times; it is not always the case. Most of the time foreigners stay away from others is because they

are embarrassed about a lot of things. It may be their language, their accents, or their different ways of behavior that might seem weird to a typical American. Foreigners also need to realize that Americans generally are not so cold as they seem at

times. My American friends don't make fun of me a lot of times (only when I genuinely deserve it.) I am enjoying my friendships with the friends I have. And I hope you will, too.

Political Correcting

by S. Danyo

The university is the last bastion of liberal thought in the United States. Conservatives dominate every other aspect of mass American life from business to politics. One must assume that their desire for control borders on megalomania. By controlling the centers of higher education as well, the conquest will be complete. The critics of "political correctness," led by one-time *Dartmouth Review* editor Dinesh D'Souza, identify straight white conservative males (SWCM) as the most victimized minority group on the American campus. While there are a few isolated incidents at places such as Oberlin, for the most part the charges of political correctness are only trumped up rhetoric.

What started as a joke among the American Left about themselves has been picked up by the William F. Buckley's and Dinesh D'Souzas of the country. They argue that pluralism and tolerance do not exist on many campuses, as conservatives allegedly do not have a voice at these places. Isn't it ironic that the conservative set is opposing the civil rights bill, and in favor of limiting women's reproductive choices? Furthermore, they seem intent on relegating the African-American community to second-class economic status. And on this campus, isn't it also ironic that SGA conservatives (possessing a double-digit voting blocks of a single fraternity in an electorate of only 65) wish not to fund the *North Avenue Review* or travel by GALA members to a nationwide conference, while at the same time funding the College Republicans' travel to their conference?

In a further twist of irony, D'Souza, when editor of the *Dartmouth Review*, ran "such witticisms as 'Genocide means never having to say you're sorry' and 'The only good Indian is a dead Indian,' [as well as] an interview with a Klansman illustrated by a staged photograph of a black person hanging from a tree. Additionally, he used purloined documents to 'out' officials" (David Corn, *The Nation*, 7/8/91, p. 38.) of Dartmouth's Gay Student Association--some tolerance and pluralism.

Opposing affirmative action, for example, on intellectual merits is one thing, but printing hatred is quite another. Declaring that conservatives are oppressed is an absurdity and an affront to common sense; SWCMs have had the only say on this continent since it was taken over by them four hundred years ago. When it is they alone who possess every privilege in our society at the expense of that society, it is a mockery of the intellect to argue that they are shut out in any way from the general discourse.

and I wish you well in your future endeavors.
 resume on file for future reference.
 candidates we are seeking more closely with an individual whose
 The position has been filled with an individual whose
 we have decided to pursue other scope of experience

Entering the Capitalist Meat Market With Vigor

Again, thank you for your response.
 behalf, I am sorry to advise you that we have no immediate openings.
 After carefully reviewing your resume, we will, however, retain your
 information for future consideration.
 Best wishes for a successful career.
 However, there are no positions currently available.
 We will, however, retain your
 information for future consideration.
 Investigated several areas
 (or how to get a job even during a recession)
 by Torrence N. Fike

Unfortunately for you, you are living in a decadently capitalistic society. No one will cook you lunch, issue you state underwear, or assign you to the optimal commune. Even if you buck against the system, you will end up holding an "I will work for food" sign which is a job in itself. As much as you hate the idea, you will have to go to work.

Do not fear comrade; You are new to this, but I am not. I can help you. Sit back and let me tell you my story.

It all began with my graduation from Georgia Tech with a bachelors degree in computer science, fall quarter, 1990. This post graduation euphoria overwhelmed me, and I signed up for graduate school. For some reason I lost my passion for computer science a bit. I faced that classic academic dilemma: Why am I doing this? A scarier thought raced close behind: What am I gonna do with my life? These thoughts were unsettling at best. One thing was for sure, and that was that I could not continue graduate school without a passion for it. Therefore, I decided to drop out after one quarter and get a job.

Work wasn't new to me; I've had summer jobs before. I figured I would just work for a year or two and save money. Since I would be in a computer job, I might regain my passion, and then I could return to graduate school, else I could do something else: a win win situation. Moreover, the company I worked for two summers ago, Control Data, was hiring full time people for big bucks. Looked like I had it made.

But alas, in this tragedy called life, I was laid off after five weeks. It turns out I was working under a government contract for the Navy, and they pulled out all their funds to pay for the war. I only regret that I have but one paycheck to lose for my country. Nevertheless, I was out looking for a job. I just now, after two months of searching, managed to find one. The following is my sum knowledge of job hunting from my pre and post graduation job experiences.

The Omnipresent GPA

Don't let your fraternity brothers fool you. GPA is one of the biggest factors in getting you into an interview (along with work experience). Now let's say you are a genius hacker and were bored with your classes so you blew them off. You may have a lousy GPA, but if you could only get an interview you might wow their socks off. Chances are you will never get an interview. Employers assume that if you are slack in school, you'll be slack at work too.

Social and Writing Skills

It is hard to underestimate the power of the pen and a forceful, articulate presence in the job search. Companies rarely need just a technical person; they need someone who can deal with people. Many companies get all excited when they find out you are a writer. In many smaller companies, each person must at times be a sales rep, tech support, tech writer, engineer, etc. Social and writing skills are critical for each of these.

How do you get skills like these? Well, start by writing for the North Avenue Review. Besides improving your writing skills, this can also make you more articulate as you debate the merits of your submission with someone who disagrees with you with every fiber of their being. (No matter what you write you will find someone to fill this role for you.)

Summer Internships or Co-op Jobs

This is the stuff an entry level plebe's resume is made of. Without these experiences along with their accompanying references, companies have no insight into your work ethic.

To co-op, go to the co-op office and sign up (I think you must begin within 4 or 5 quarters of starting at Tech). There is also graduate co-op. See the co-op office for details. GPA is vital for a good position, especially in a recession since many companies may deep six their co-op programs, leaving demand for co-op jobs high. Tech has one of the oldest and best known co-op programs around. Prospective employers get really excited about someone with co-op experience.

Acquiring a summer job is a lot less formal. I used two approaches. The first was to get a job through friends. A company loves to hire someone who has a reference within the company. Also, much less is at stake with a summer position because if you are a loser, they just say goodbye forever at the end of the summer. Therefore, one person is usually enough to pull some strings to get you in. Beware of huge companies, though, because if they don't have a summer program it may take them decades to get one due to the bureaucracy.

My second approach was to go the information sessions that companies hold on campus the day before interviewing. The times and places can be found in the Ajax Placement Center. Don't be afraid to use the information they provide, even if you aren't following "the plan." Chances are that these companies are not looking for summer people specifically, but if you

dress sharp and have your resume in hand, something might happen. Last summer this initiative not only got me a summer job, but I pioneered the summer intern program for my division of the company.

Summer jobs are just plain neat. Last summer, the company I worked for paid me 26 cents a mile plus food and lodging to drive out to beautiful Portland, Oregon. You won't get the chance like this to temporarily try out a new location and life-style once you get out of school. And that is the key to co-oping and summer internships; you get to see what you like without the long term commitments. This is very important, as it can be an early signal as to whether you are on the right track. Either way, a person with one year of Tech under their belt does not have to flip burgers over their breaks.

Getting Interviews

The key to this whole thing is getting interviews. The best way to get interviews while you are still a student is to use the Ajax Placement Center. Not every company comes to campus, though, and once you are out you no longer have this resource. Therefore, you must send out tons of resumes.

The first thing you must do when sending out resumes is gather information. You must figure out the companies you want to send resumes to and you must find out who to send them to within the companies. You must then come up with a good cover letter. Spend a lot of time on this and get it right. It is the only thing that will separate your resume from the other three hundred that pour into a human resource department. Don't use a standard form letter from a book as they can spot it from a mile away. A cover letter should never be over a page. Simply tell them what kind of position you are interested in and if you have some work or school experience relating to the job then include that also. Don't go in to too much detail, just whet their appetite. As for the resume, seek out sample resumes from the Student Counseling and Career Planning Center, friends, etc. Never use the Georgia Tech on line resume that the Ajax Placement Center uses. You do want get on the system and fill one out (even as early as your Sophomore year - get your name out) since many companies look through this database, but as a stand alone resume it is hideous!

Spare no expense in the resume mailing process. Laserprint the resume and letter. Don't put your letter on as nice of paper as your resume. This cheapens your resume. Put your letter and resume in a 9 by 12 inch manila envelope so that you do not have to fold anything. Use typed labels on the outside. You may

think this is overdoing it, but I guarantee it will set you apart from the other job seeking Visigoths.

My approach was this. I called every company in the yellow pages under the sections I was interested in (this was many hundred companies). I called each company and recorded the date, the company's address, who to send a resume to, that person's title, and a few notes on what they did and how good a prospect this company seemed. If a company was looking for someone right a way, I would hand deliver a resume to them. This would sometimes turn into an interview in itself. Aside from the yellow pages, I also got leads from the Alumni Placement Center news letter and the want ads. Once I collected all my data, I created four categories of cover letters: one where I was sending the letter to the person I talked to, one where I was sending a letter to someone I didn't talk to, one for the classified ads, and a custom letter for those companies that asked me for specific information. Once I got all the letters ready, I laser printed them, printed labels, and sent them out. This whole process takes enormous amounts of time, but it will yield results.

There are also placement agencies. They may be a good thing to try. It has been my experience that they don't work well with entry level people because most companies only will cough up the agency fee to meet a certain critical need. Beware of the agency fee and make sure you read their contract carefully. Only have them set you up with companies that will assume the fee themselves. Sometimes the fee is one third your annual salary; You surely aren't that desperate. Unless you want to feel like a nameless commodity at the hands of an industry that thrives mainly because we've become a nation of job hoppers, you may want to avoid these.

The Interview

The interview is the scariest part of the job search. There are all sorts of interviewing techniques from casual to intimidating. The casual interviewer will let you tell him whatever you want. He just sits back and tosses out some starter questions to get you going. The intimidating interviewer tries to shake you by asking intense technical questions, bragging about people he or she has fired, or using excessive profanity. Usually you will get a moderately casual professional who asks a lot of questions. The questions asked are very typical: Why do you want this job? What do you want to do with your life? What do you want to be doing five years down the road? Tell me about your class experience. Tell me about your work experience. What are your strengths? Your weaknesses? etc. Get a

list of commonly asked interview questions so you are prepared. You can get this plus a wealth of other information at the Student Counseling and Career Planning Center in the Dean of Students building.

I hope I don't even need to say this, but there are some clueless folks I need to address at this point. Take a shower, wash your hair, shave, brush the scum off your teeth, clip you nails, polish your shoes (wear polishable shoes!), and wear a suit. Good hygiene is critical in an interview. And have a pleasant demeanor. Don't act cocky, aloof, and certainly don't lambaste your past employers. They will think you'll get along that lousy with their company also. Be kind, polite, subdued, but strong. Talk to the interviewer the way you would talk to your pastor or grandfather.

The important thing in the interview is to be relaxed. Sometimes things will just connect with an interviewer and they will be putty in your soon to be employed hands. In others you will sound like a babbling fool. Expect this. Your goal in preparing for the interview is to reduce the percentage of these types of interviews. Be ready to tell all about a pertinent class or design project. Get out some old text books and do some studying if you have to. Prepare to tell all about any work experiences listed on your resume. Once you are prepared, you simply need to relax and go through with it.

Regardless of the interviewer's style, it is paramount to gain the psychological edge. You see, even an easy going interviewer is going to put you under some pressure as it is the nature of an interview. They are on the offensive making you explain why they should hire you, while you are on the defensive trying to justify why they should hire you. You need to turn this around so that you can be on the offensive. Once you are on the offensive you have a type of control over the interview in which the interviewer will let you guide the questions.

This edge can be achieved in many ways. For example, if the interviewer's zipper is down or if he or she begins asking questions from someone else's resume, you will gain the edge. These situations embarrass the interviewer and shifts the psychological edge to you. One time I gained the edge right as the interviewer was at the "activities" part of my resume. I began telling her all about the NAR and pulled out a fistful of my articles. She became so engrossed in them that she seemed to forget I was there. The rest of the interview degenerated into a chat about the subjects of my articles. Not only had I spoken clearly and forcefully (because once you gain the edge you have confidence), but the interviewer liked me as a person and was sure to remember my name when looking through a stack of resumes.

Which Job Should I Take?

I am confident that you will get many job offers. Which one should you take? There are important factors involved in this decision. Do you like the job? Do you like the people you'll be working with? Are they a team or a pack of cutthroat ambitious power mutants? What hours do they work? Many high tech companies expect their employees to work 50, 60, or more hour weeks. If you do a little math you may find out that a 35K offer at one of these places isn't even minimum wage. I have even seen places where the engineers work these hours out of their own ambition. Don't sacrifice your family and other important things on the altar of work.

What is the pay? It's hard to know what you are worth right out of school. Don't be arrogant but don't be a wimp either. You worked hard for five years and you are worth what they pay you. Remember that 30K in Atlanta is probably equal to 40 or 50K in San Francisco or Boston. I would say a good ball park average for Tech graduates is in the lower thirties for entry level positions. This is purely a guessed average.

A Psych degree probably won't make you as much as a Chem E. degree.

Is this company supporting itself, or is it still living out of the pocket of investors? If it is not supporting itself, does it have a marketable product? In other words, will they be able to continue paying you in the foreseeable future? This is important!

How far is the commute to work? Have you checked the benefits? They make up a large percentage of your remuneration. Be very careful about small companies. Check the rating of their insurance companies. You don't want to find out that their health insurance company went under two days before your brain surgery.

How do you have to dress? Is your boss going to be like a big brother or Big Brother? Is there too much bureaucracy? Too little? Do you have a neat title? Do you care? Are the hours flexible? Can you hang your inflatable shark over your cubicle?

That is enough for now. I hope all this helps you get a job. If not then don't worry. Remember, you could always go to law school.

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Three Cheers for...Reagan?

The Triumphs of the Conservative Revolution

by Joseph M. Stallings

August 1991 marked the ten-year anniversary of the monumental federal tax cut of 1981 which triggered what we now know as the "Reagan Revolution." And oh, how quickly time changes things. In 1984, Americans returned the "greatest president of the 20th century" to the White House with a sweeping mandate. And yet even as early as Reagan's second term in office, many Americans were redefining their terms. Today, as the proverbial cock crows three times, is American denying the very figure it idolized not six years ago? Was America in the 1980's, as one Reagan biographer quipped, "sleepwalking through history?" Or is there something that, perhaps, we are overlooking?

"The ordinary leader is satisfied with ameliorating the environment, not transforming it; a statesman must be a visionary and an educator."

Kissinger

If leadership were judged wholly upon *tangible* merits, history would be written very differently indeed. Many times, it is the personal characteristics of a leader, more so than his or her particular policies or executive decisions, that will ultimately determine whether that leader is a success or a failure. For it was John F. Kennedy's ability to raise the hopes (and fears) of a nation - not a sparse, mediocre record on foreign and domestic policy - that generated and has enhanced the mystique and majesty of the Camelot legacy. Likewise, Soviet dictator Josef Stalin, whose iron-fisted totalitarianism bore down hard upon the proletariat, was nonetheless hailed as one of the Soviet Union's "great comrades", to where even today, a handful of Soviet citizens (and not just communist elites, mind you) still embrace neo-Stalinism, despite the regime's bloody "Reign of Terror."

On the other hand, Woodrow Wilson was the definitive strategist. Cold, analytical, and brilliant, his achievements in foreign policy, many argue, are what posited the United States for the global leadership it would enjoy in the post-World War II era. Yet what will always be remembered of Wilson will not be his policy victories, but instead his political shortcomings - and his personality shortcomings. The cult of personality prevails.

Is personality, then, always preferable to policy? Not necessarily. President Franklin Roosevelt's ability to pull the nation out of a global depression, and to wage and win a war, certainly had as much to do with the confidence Americans had in his persona as in his policy decisions. Conversely, it was only through Lyndon Johnson's firm grasp upon the mechanisms of congressional bureaucracy - and not some incredible ability to "rally the nation" - that led to the passage of the most exhaustive set of domestic welfare programs since the New Deal (ironically, a task that Kennedy - the master of rhetoric - found insurmountable).

Of course, some periods of American history are naturally more inclined to embrace this kind of vigorous, outspoken, personality-driven leadership. These are the times of war and military conflict, rampant inflation and unemployment, social inequality, crime, and so on. In the past 20 to 25 years, these periods have been accentuated by bleak political and economic uncertainty. Such a year was 1980.

1980 was a year marked by severe American negativism and pessimism about both itself and the world around it. Fifty-two Americans were being held hostage in the previously little heard-of country of Iran in a crisis that was as embarrassing as it was relentless. Back at home, the American economy was described by mammoth inflation and unemployment. There were grave uncertainties about America's ability to procure energy resources, as OPEC strangled the

world oil market. And the Soviet Union, after a period of remarkable cooperation and detente, was up to *its* old tricks again, sending tanks across the border and into Afghanistan (subsequently, prompting the discouraging withdrawal of American athletes from the 1980 Olympic games). For those who needed more, the bitter memories of the Vietnam quagmire and the Watergate scandal fit the bill, and further enhanced what history would later term the *crisis of confidence*. Enter Ronald Reagan.

Now, don't get me wrong - if Ronald Reagan were able to run for president again, I would not vote for him. While I (like countless other Americans) must ultimately succumb to the Great Communicator's warm charm, affability, and happy-go-lucky persona, I (again, like many other Americans) sharply disagree with his policies. To be sure, the United States will be paying for his fiscal policies for a long, long time. Supply-side economics (*voodoo* economics/Reaganomics) was a colossal miscalculation. At the same time, his "get-tough with the Soviets" rhetoric apparently did more to accelerate the "nuclear scare" and justify his defense expenditures than to alter the real East-West balance of power. And yet despite the administration's long list of policy non-achievements, there was something quite different about this "Reagan Revolution"; something unusual, unique...indeed, something quite wonderful.

Intelligencea disagrees. For instance, economists are still trying to figure out how a man who has apparently wrought so much long-term damage upon the American economy could have been so overwhelmingly popular among his subjects (including, among others, a substantial portion of those who carried the brunt of Reaganomics - the middle class). Likewise, foreign policy analysts continue to marvel at how the Reagan administration, which could count its foreign policy victories on a few fingers, could so drastically improve America's stature in the international community.

Political scientists, too, are perplexed. In 1980, Ronald Reagan promised to undo what he called the "failed policies of the past." And yet history will inevitably show that the record of his predecessor, President Jimmy Carter (a splendidly misunderstood figure in his own right) far outdoes Reagan's record in both foreign *and* domestic policy. Go figure.

But unlike Carter, and Nixon, Reagan did not hold the belief that the United States had entered upon a period of irreversible decline. Reagan was intolerant of those who viewed the future of America with pessimism and cynicism. He bought into the argument of "the future is what

we make it" - and clearly rejected those who prophesied that America was fast approaching the "beginning of the end." Whether or not Reagan was or is correct for believing this is unimportant. What is important, then, is that the White House *believed* in (or at least gave that impression) America's future. The public caught on, and the crisis of confidence was soon over.

This was the great achievement of the Reagan Revolution - a revival of "feel good about America" sentiment. No economic policy, no foreign policy, indeed, *not any* policy could have been more appropriate for 1980's America. For if America's malady was negativism and disappointment, a rejuvenation of national sentiment - more so than any single policy decision - was the perfect prescription.

Reagan's strengths, of course, were like Kennedy's: personality and image - not policy. Reagan had little grasp on substance, and yet complete grasp on style; it was like watching a movie that made you happy, sad, and angry all at the same time, and yet the day you would find yourself wondering: "*What was the name of that movie...?*" Reagan could not produce the sweeping legislative victories of a Lyndon Johnson (the 1981 tax cut notwithstanding, if you consider that a victory), nor could he score big in foreign policy like Nixon. But what Reagan *could* do - *unlike* Johnson, Nixon, Ford, and Carter - was to give America just what it needed: determined leadership, a clear and direct agenda, optimism about the future, and a revival of national pride.

As the evidence of America's decline becomes more visible, the Reagan Revolution becomes more and more significant. Even the so-called "revivalists" (who believe America's decline is not acute) admit that the United States will never again enjoy the share of real power that it did when it was the globe's lone hegemon in the early post-war years. And yet today, we have at least a significant portion of faith in our nation and its ability to adjust for the future. Certainly, the panic and uncertainty of the 70's have been scrapped in favor of determination and purpose for the 90's and beyond. Are "three cheers" for Reagan now in order?

Whether or not the United States was really "better off" in the 1980's than in the previous decade is irrelevant. Reaganite America, much like the man himself, at least gave the *impression* of being a winner. And don't be too quick to reject the importance of impressions and perceptions in politics. National confidence was *very crucial* for America in the 80's. Indeed, it is still important for America in the 90's. If America is to reverse (or at least make more smooth) its would-be decline, confidence - which ultimately

leads to resolve and conviction - is everything (the Persian Gulf War, not matter if you supported it - is a brilliant case in point). And confidence is precisely what the Reagan Revolution gave America - nothing more, nothing less. Now we can get on with executing foreign and domestic policy from a position of strength...instead of weakness.

Finally, it may be interesting to examine the more subtle underpinnings of the Reagan Revolution, such as its effect on social and individual attitudes (or, if you like, the *conservative reaction*). If, as Leslie Gelb has said, Reagan was the "embodiment of twentieth-century America", so too are we the embodiment of Reaganite conservatism. The Reagan Revolution pervaded society even on a personal, intimate, level to where today, America continues to be, by and large, a society which embraces the conservative ideology.

For liberals, this could have been disastrous. Granted, conservatism, when not taken in moderation, can be dangerous. The memories of Falwell and Helms, certainly, are a chilling reminder of extremism. But today, radical conservatism is a social and political *faux de pas*. The Falwell's and the Helms's eventually

discredited themselves and subsequently quelled that movement. Today there is a "New Conservatism" - not necessarily premised upon the sanctity of life and morality, but rather a loose value system based upon pragmatism and realism. It is not a system described by social conformity, but rather a broad (and much-needed) social consensus.

For the individual, the conservative revolution spawned an increased emphasis upon the value of (or at least the role in society of) things such as life, death, the family, sex, marriage, war, money, religion, and so on. Apparently, America has returned to the more "traditional" values of Americanism; i.e. thrift, patriotism, and individual enterprise. When we look back at the past - and think about the future - we must inevitably consider these "new" values and the machine that generated them, the Reagan Revolution. Think about these values carefully. Think about how it feels to be an American in 1991. And then consider the Reagan Revolution itself. Finally, ask yourself: "Was it *really* such a bad thing?"



RON MENDOLA DIRECTOR



IN CONCERT:
October 17 11am
Student Center
T.V. Lounge

THE GEORGIA TECH JAZZ ENSEMBLE

Book Commentary: A Brief History of Time

By Jeff Cardille

The point, which can hardly be repeated too often, is that differentiation is not separation. The head and the feet are different, but not separate, and though [humanity] is not connected to the universe by exactly the same physical relation as branch to tree or feet to head, [we are] nonetheless connected-- and by physical relations of fascinating complexity.

- Alan Watts, in The Book

With so much personal isolation and bitter separateness among the humans of the world, how could theoretical physics ever play a part in beginning the healing process? Does the learning of the fact of "personal time" mean that everyone will become even more selfish and greedy? Or might some notion from theoretical physics unite people in a more positive way? I believe that powerful images of both separation and unity are hidden inside Stephen Hawking's A Brief History of Time, and that humans who read the book can come away with a peaceful feeling. We can recognize both the beautiful individuality of all things of the universe and the underlying interdependency that unites every quark, atom, human and nonhuman in the universe.

The spiritual effects of demolishing absolute time are not to be taken lightly. Destroying absolute time means removing one of the few things that seem to tie humans together; if we cannot even agree on what time it is, on the rate at which we age, on the length of moving objects, how can we ever agree about solutions to the race problem, to the gender problem, to the homophobia problem, to the unhappiness problem? It would seem that humans who fully incorporate the deep meaning of "personal time" would become more self-serving, justifying greed and hate on the literal fact that they are fundamentally separated from every other being in the universe. With the concept of personal time, one might think that scientists are again trying to convince people that they are separate organisms that have unique experiences of reality.

Let's look at the scientific support for the separateness of beings. According to Hawking, the concept of personal time is a direct consequence of Einstein's special theory of relativity; Einstein was that objects traveling at very high speeds appear to be shorter; they also have slower-running clocks. This might merely be a neat fact, isolated to the world of theoretical physics, were it not for the related discovery that "time should appear to run slower near a massive body like the earth." (p. 32) Although the metaphysical implications of the high-speed findings might be missed by human beings seeking a new sense of self (we could all avoid the issue by saying "I never travel near the speed of light"), the literal fact of differing clock speeds due to gravitational fields cannot be so easily ignored. The reason that the philosophical effects of gravitation-caused truths cannot be dismissed is that while none of us travel at cosmically high speeds, we all live in the gravitational field of the earth. We encounter effects due to the earth's pull every day of our lives. The philosophical implications of varying clock speed can thus be potentially effective for changing attitudes.

Hawking gives us the example (p. 32) of a water tower that had recognizably different

clock rates at the top and bottom. Suppose that a unity-oriented person, wary of the apparent divisiveness of "personal time," used this water tower test as evidence that she was not fully separated from the rest of the universe, but that she shared the same time as all other beings on the earth who lived at the same distance from the center of the planet. Unfortunately for this person, a chemist or geologist might well counter with the fact that even this slim refuge is not spiritually sage; they would explain those at the same height as our observer have different personal times. The reason for this is that matter inside the earth is not distributed quite uniformly. For example, heavy uranium under the feet of South Africans and light methane under the feet of Bedouins. The differing densities produce correspondingly varied gravitational pulls. Furthermore, as Hawking points out, the rotation of the earth pancakes our planet out in the area of the equator, and this unevenness causes further fluctuation in the earth's gravitational field. SO with each of these variations compounded on top of one another, scientists could probably convince the holdout that each participant in the planet's affairs runs to a different clock.

So if we are left with "personal time" as a tool for fitting into the universe and if we cannot draw on either space or time absolutes (p. 33), where can we take hold? Is there another metaphor that we can pull from theoretical physics to show a sense of unity underlying and supporting the uniqueness of everything? Luckily, A Brief History of Time does provide us with the means to talk about interdependency, even in the midst of the apparent separation of "personal time." I'll address two tools for unity from theoretical physics.

The first result, although not explicitly addressed by Hawking, is that the equations supporting the special theory of relativity are nothing that a modern calculator cannot handle. Although the math shows that the clocks of any two items in the universe do not follow any absolute time-scale, it does not by any means indicate actual *independence* of the clocks. Instead, the mathematics behind relativity theory relate the clocks of the two observers by a simple set of equations that are presented in seconds semester college physics courses. Metaphorically, this can be interpreted to say that beings in the universe, although their outlooks are different, can communicate, each on the other's own terms, if both know where they're coming from.

The second hint at unity is provided by string theory, which Hawking discusses in the last part of his book. He describes string theory as the idea "that particles like the proton and the neutron could be regarded as waves on a string. The strong forces between the particles would correspond to pieces of string that went between other bits of string, as in a spider's web." (p. 161). The picture Hawking points is of a "world-sheet" made of strings connecting all particles -- and thus the objects they compose -- in the universe. The trick of spiritualizing string theory, though, is to see not just two particles connected by a single string, but instead to imagine the entire world enmeshed in a huge spiderweb of strings, with everything inherently, essentially, literally tied together.

This web image presented by string theory is eerily similar to the Indian metaphor of the "Net of Indra," which is explained in Joseph Campbell's The Inner Reaches of Outer Space. The Net of Indra, or "Net of Gems," can be imagined as a fishing net, with a jewel at each crosspoint. There is a gem for every being in the universe, and the jewels are faceted in a magical way such that any particular gem has the reflection of every other gem in it, and that it in turn is reflected in every other gem of the universe. No gem can move without pulling all others simultaneously. An improvement for one is improvement for all; similarly, suffering for one is suffering for all. This Net of Indra is Known in Buddhism as the concept of "mutual arising."

There has been much writing about the beauty of the Net of Indra, but probably not quite so much has been done for the spiritual consequences of string theory. However, just as the evidence for personal time can be used to illuminate the beautiful diversity of beings, so should

the string theory be used to talk about the beautiful dependencies and essential unity surrounding that diversity. I'll end this essay with a piece by Joanna Macy, an ecofeminist and contemporary Western Buddhist. This meditation, which she adapted from earlier Buddhist writings, consists of beholding a single human being, face to face, as together you are led through the Four Abodes of the Buddha: lovingkindness (a celebration of the uniqueness of the individual), compassion (an empathy with the unique suffering of the individual), joy in the joy of others (a seemingly mixed celebration of both the individual's joy and the commonality of human happiness), and equanimity (a recognition of the inherent unity of all things). Joanna Macy, in "Taking Heart," from The Path of Compassion: Writings on Socially Engaged Buddhism:

Sit in pairs. face each other. Stay silent. Take a couple of deep breaths, centering yourself and exhaling tension. Look into each other's eyes. If you feel discomfort or an urge to laugh or look away, just note that embarrassment with patience and gentleness toward yourself and come back, when you can, to your partner's eyes. You may never see this person again: the opportunity to behold the uniqueness of this particular human being is given to you now.

As you look into this being's eyes, let yourself become aware of the powers that are there ... open yourself to awareness of the gifts and strengths and the potentialities in this being ... Behind those eyes are unmeasured reserves of ingenuity and endurance, wit and wisdom. There are gifts there, of which this person her/himself is unaware. Consider what these untapped powers can do for the healing of our planet and the relishing of our common life ... As you consider that, let yourself become aware of your desire that this person be free from fear. Let yourself experience how much you want this being to be free from anger ... and free from greed ... and free from sorrow ... and the causes of suffering. Know that what you are now experiencing is the great lovingkindness. It is good for building a world.

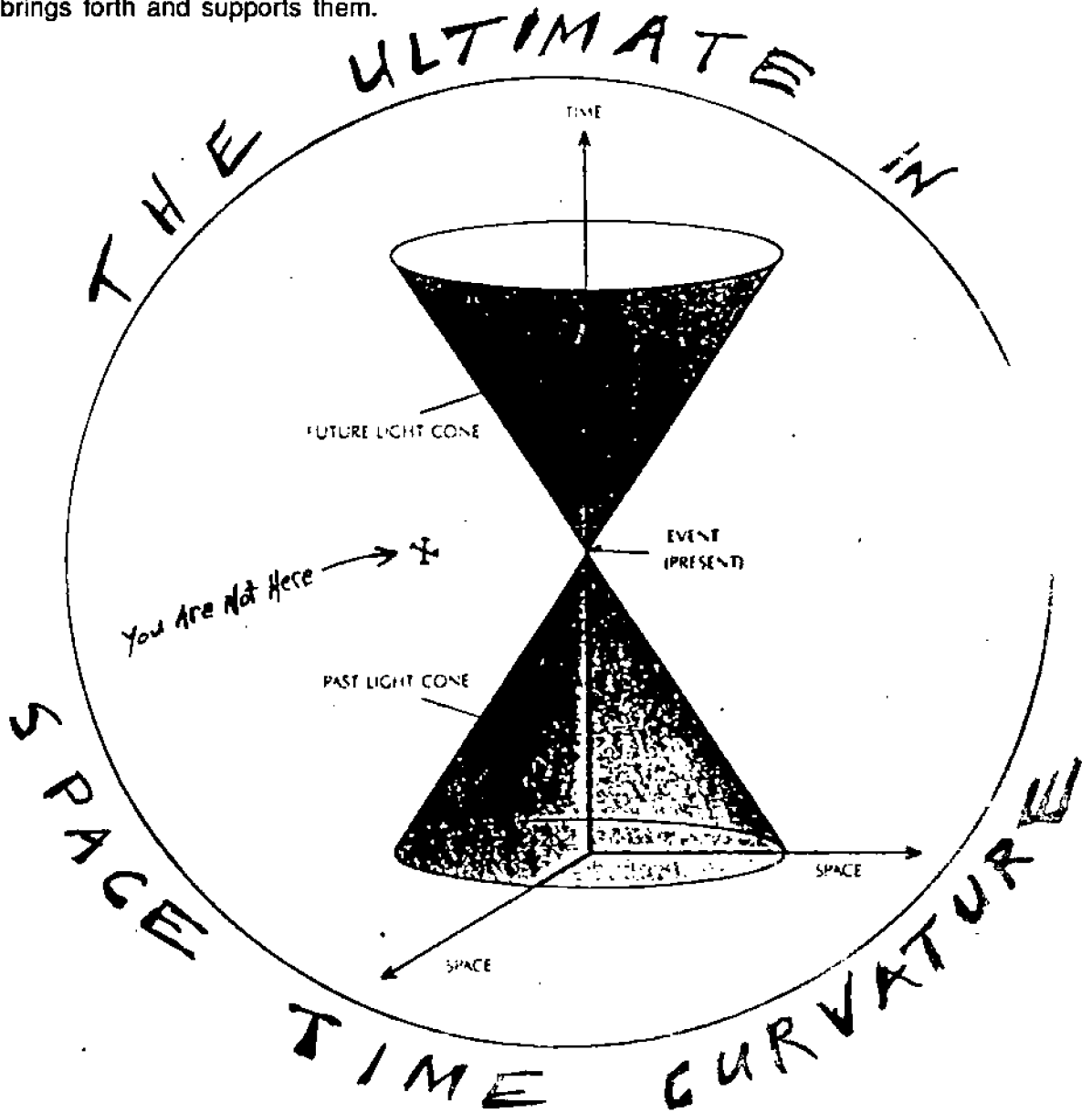
Now, as you look into those eyes, let yourself become aware of the pain that is there. There are sorrows accumulated in that life's journey ... There are failures and losses, griefs and disappointments beyond the telling. Let yourself open to them, open to that pain ... to hurts that this person may never have shared with another being. What you are now experiencing is the great compassion. It is good for the healing of our world.

As you look into those eyes, open to the thought of how good it would be to make common cause ... consider how ready you might be to work together ... to take risks in a joint venture ... imagine the sext of that, the excitement and laughter of engaging together on a common project ... acting boldly and trusting each other. As you open to that possibility, what you open to is the great wealth: the pleasure in each other's powers, the joy in each other's joy.

Lastly, let your awareness drop deep, deep within out like a stone, sinking below the level of what words or acts can express ... breathe deeply and

quietly ... open your consciousness to the deep web of relationship that underlies and interweaves all experience, all knowing. It is the web of life in which you have taken being and in which you are supported. Out of that bast web you cannot fall ... no stupidity or failure, no personal inadequacy, can ever sever you from that living web. For that is what you are ... and what has brought you into being ... feel the assurance of that knowledge. Feel the great peace ... rest in it. Out of that great peace, we can venture everything. We can trust. We can act.

In a way, the progression of the meditation -- spiritually recognizing the individuality that emanates from unity, yet understanding the essential oneness of all the individual manifestations -- is the same trip that A Brief History of Time takes. The concept of personal time is not a trap in which only greedy and selfish people can benefit. Rather, identifying with the concept of personal time can be a means of liberating oneself from the traps of superiority and contempt for another's outlook. By coupling personal time and string theory, we can perhaps begin to understand the term "personal" in a different way that it is normally used. By embracing the spiritual implications of both personal time and sting theory, we can celebrate the uniqueness of all of the universe's manifestations, while acknowledging the unifying world-web that brings forth and supports them.



Communis.

by S. Danyo

This fall will mark the beginning of my twentieth quarter at Georgia Tech. Such an inordinate amount of time spent in one institution of higher learning has afforded me precious insight into the workings of what (or who) the near-sadism known as Ma Tech is. Many, if any, readers familiar with my writing in these pages over the last two years will no doubt cringe at the sight of yet another ranting and raving from that Danyo lunatic and turn the page. But my intention here is not to offend or criticize others' connections to Georgia Tech or to their life choices. I merely wish the contemplation of our surroundings and our "community" in a positive manner, in the hope of creating a wide-ranging campus dialogue. Indeed, that was the fundamental idea behind *The North Avenue Review* at its inception back in May of 1989; we recognized the lack of true community on our campus and wanted to do something to start building one--hence the open forum, all-inclusive, non-hierarchical nature of the magazine.

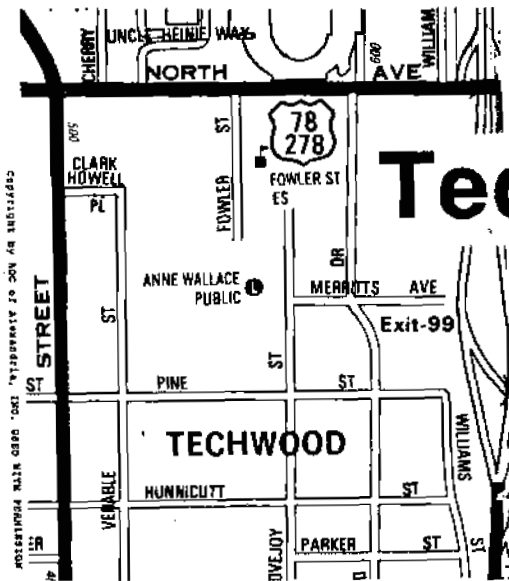
The Tech "community" has not yet earned the title of community: community as a noble concept, reflecting the deepest concern for our fellow humans and our natural surroundings. The point of community is *to commune*, a central principle found in Christianity, Buddhism, Taoism, Islam, Hinduism, Humanism, as well as in less widely-held religious philosophies such as that of Native Americans. If we truly embrace the common cultural-religious value of communing, we should first start with ourselves and build up from there. In other words, before we turn outward toward one another and create a community greater than the sum of its parts, we must each develop empathy for one another.

Empathy. My first confrontation with this mother of all values was with my parents, who constantly reminded me, indirectly or not, to put myself in the "other person's shoes." While I am continually struggling with this value (like most people I often fail), I am positive that this is the first step toward true communication, and later, communion--again the building blocks for true community.

So how does this relate to Tech?

Our community is actually anti-communitarian. Undergraduates *compete* against each other for grades, some "winning," some "losing," causing further isolation on an already bitterly-divided campus. Learning is attempted by unknown assembly line students working standardized, multiple-choice tests overseen by impersonal professor-foremen, all undemocratically managed by technocrats such as Dr. Crecine. Even more distressing than this rigid academic hierarchy is "disciplinolatry," an approach to knowledge organization that limits everyone's ability to learn. I used to think Tech was especially bad because of the way it organized and disseminated knowledge. It think so, but I now realize this is characteristic of most every U.S. university, college, or other institution of higher learning. To be sure, however, there are worse places to learn; the University of Florida, for example, has 800-student classes, with the professor appearing at lecture via closed circuit television! Disciplinolatry is the near-obedience paid to one's major area of study or professional practice. By conforming to the values and ideas of their one discipline, the student (broadly defined, as we are *all* students in the larger sense) is intellectually, emotionally, and spiritually *contained*. This may occur in Economics, Physics, Architecture, Social Science, Literature, Biology, Engineering, and so on. It is not enough to become interdisciplinary as in Biotechnology or Agronomics; we must become non-disciplinary by softening all the barriers between all the disciplines. But this doesn't have to be undisciplined; we must find spirituality in our Physics, we must find poetry in our lectures, we must find beauty in our Biology. Beyond that, we must find Ecology in our Economics, Sociology in our Engineering, and Art in our Science. No longer may we pretend to act as if mathematical models alone explain individual economic behavior. No longer may we pretend that our art alone describes ourselves. Each of the disciplines provide only minor clues to the immense landscape of human, biological, and geological history. Discovering the beauty and vagaries of this now-elusive landscape is our greatest challenge as a species, and in the process of finding it we will have created or recreated true community.

If you are confused about Tech's perpetuating anti-community and the continued atomization of the individual, ask almost any veteran student about how the wise Ma Tech treats her young. Look at the first-year students' faces a mere six weeks into the quarter: all enthusiasm drained and its remnants erased, the freshperson's smile becomes a frown or at least a blank stare like that of a degenerated feline. Such a student's first experience away from home is a sink-or-swim engagement with their new fiancé, Ma Tech. The incestuous metaphor here is, I think, right on target. It may sound extreme, but the way a technocratic society approaches education is an extremely narrow affair promoting intellectual inbreeding. Reform is needed, beginning with individuals and progressing by default into community-based, participatory education. In this sense and in its larger context, the needed reform is revolutionary, not in the machine-gun style but in the hearts and minds of every person. I am talking here of spiritual revolution, or as Mahatma Gandhi said, soul-force revolution. Some pundits will cast aside my plea by arguing that "Mr Danyo's idealistic mush is not realistic or pragmatic. Ma Tech prepares you for the *real* world!" They are exactly right; that's why we need a new real world as well.



Techwood Diary

Torrence N. Fike

For this installment of Techwood Diary I interviewed a resident of the Techwood Projects. He is not an official resident, though, since he lives in a hallway. He didn't want me to use his real name, so I'll call him Louis.

I first met Louis some time ago. He occasionally stops by my house in Home Park, wanting to barter his house maintenance skills for food. Whenever he comes by, we always accept his offer.

Typically, when Louis comes over, he will do his job and take his food to go. One time I convinced him to stay and talk for a while. I asked him questions about his situation and the Techwood projects. The topics ranged from life in a hallway to Miami Red (he says he's a crazy man). He has an amazing street articulation, painting horrid scenes of urban blight with calm, candid, slang punctuated sentences. His serene and graphic presentation make him seem as though he was narrating a twisted play. I was quite affected by what he told me, and after he left that night, I decided that next time I would ask him for a taped interview.

The next time Louis came over he agreed to an interview. I'm not sure whether he agreed because of his fondness of talking (which he is) or to justify his stay until the raging thunderstorms outside ended.

I asked him about a wide range of topics, all of which he expounded on. I have only included the parts of the interview regarding the Techwood projects here. I told Louis to "tell it like it is," as thus he did. Since some aspects of housing projects are offensive, so is some of this interview. The reader's discretion is advised.

Torrey: Is it true that you're homeless?

Louis: Yes.

Torrey: Could you tell me a little bit about how you got that way?

Louis: Well, it started with the rent manager.

Torrey: With the what?

Louis: With the rent manager.

Torrey: Oh, the rent manager.

Louis: Um hm, cause see what was going on, some uh, I was using some spray paint [to] paint things with, and I knew these kids was, you know these little small kids was around, right?

Torrey: Uh huh.

Louis: And I caught myself hiding it, right?

Torrey: Uh huh.

Louis: And they found it and they was writing old nasty stuff all on the wall and stuff, and the rent manager thought I was doing it.

Torrey: Uh huh.

Louis: So at the time I wasn't working and my daddy, my father rather, he really wasn't too...

Torrey: Supportive, maybe?

Louis: Supportive of me being there, right. So him and the rent manager got to talking and he kind of put it in my father's head to have me took off of the lease. I told my father what happened, about the paint and stuff, and I said, how would I look like painting a big old circle on our [garbled] door? I said I'm going down there and tell the rent manager. So [the rent manager] would get smart with me, telling me he know I did this, and I'm telling him, hey I didn't do this. I told him hey man, I'm seventeen years old, man. I don't do no childish stuff like that. And he just gonna tell me what I done did and I know I didn't do it. And so I got me upset and I got a little pig headed and I started cursing.

Torrey: Like teenagers often get.

Louis: Yeah like teenagers... Started cursing him... And, uh, like I said, when my father wasn't too hip on me being there--no way--so [the rent manager] talked him into taking me off the lease and that put me in a homeless situation.

Torrey: So where were you living at that time.

Louis: We was living on Techwood.

Torrey: Have you... were homeless since that time or were there times when you did have a home since you were seventeen?

Louis: I had started staying with my aunt until I got about 23, and then I met this girl and I stayed with her up until I got up around about 29. And then I got back homeless, so I have been homeless now for about two years.

Torrey: Well, most of these various stints of homelessness and housing occurred in the vicinity of the Techwood projects. Is that correct?

Louis: Uh huh.

Torrey: Could you tell me about the projects, what they are like, your impressions?

Louis: What they are like? From what? How it is now?

Torrey: Sure, you can compare now and then, or tell about how it is now.

Louis: Well, for one thing, if it's a (how can I put this?), if it's a straight up person, I wouldn't advise no one to want to stay there, 'cause I been there for around about 15 years now and man, it's no place [to be]. They done slowed the dope down, but still there is, you know, the young, today the young generation man, it's just outrageous man. You can't tell them nothing, you can't tell them nothing. They gonna tell you, and will get some friends and will hurt you. It's bad man.

Torrey: So you're saying, when you say the young generation, you're saying how old?

Louis: I'm saying from, hey man, I'm saying from 9 on up, 9 to maybe 17, you know, 18 like that.

Torrey: [Are] a high percentage of males in the Techwood projects participating in [the drug scene]?

Louis: Uh huh. And as I was telling you a while back, a nine year old walked up to me and went in to his pocket and brought out a handful of dope.

Torrey: Crack?

Louis: No, it wasn't no crack. Cocaine.

Torrey: Cocaine?

Louis: Um hm. And was trying to sell it to me. It's bad man. And you can't, like I said, you can't tell them nothing. And one of them, about two years ago, he was fourteen, and he is still running. They haven't caught him yet. He is still running from the police. He shot and killed a boy.

Torrey: Over drugs?

Louis: Over drugs. And you know, hey, he roundabout 17 now. He was only 13 or 14 then. And man, the young generation today, you just can't tell them nothing. They will tell you and they will hurt you. And they don't be playing. They had one cop, it was about 6 or 7 of them had Uzis, them powerful guns...

Torrey: The drug dealers?

Louis: Yeah, the teenagers. They ran the police away from there.

Torrey: There was a drug bust going down?

Louis: Yeah. And they told him, hey, you ain't fixing, Un Uh, to get our money, and ran him away.

Torrey: Wow, that's incredible. Tell me... so you've lived in the Techwood projects for how long? Since you were 17 or before?

Louis: After my mother passed, I was in a little trouble and I was in juvenile. I got out of juvenile. I was about.. I had just turned 14.

Torrey: 14, so you've been there... you're 31 now?

Louis: [Yes]

Torrey: So you've been there approximately 16 or 17 years?

Louis: Uh huh.

Louis: Like I said, I stayed with my aunt, then I stayed with this girl, then I been on the streets now for about, maybe about two and a half years now.

Torrey: When you first got to Techwood, what was it like? It obviously wasn't paradise, but how was it?

Louis: Oh, now, when I first got to Techwood, hey, it was okay man. They had, wasn't no, they wasn't selling no drugs and stuff. You know that. They might sell a little reefer...

Torrey: Uh huh.

Louis: But wasn't no cocaine or nothing like that. It was out, but, you know, it wasn't selling it, you know, like that there.

Torrey: Probably not much different than some suburban areas...

Louis: Yeah. But no it was... They was having parties mostly, every Thursday they had parties, go to parties, didn't nobody hurt nobody, didn't see no fights or nothing like that, just had a good time. They had little roller shows on the Fowler, you know Fowler School.

Torrey: Um hm, Yeah.

Louis: Had little roller show, on, you know, in the field back there.

Torrey: What's a... what was that?

Louis: You know, them roller shows that come.

Torrey: I'm not sure I'm familiar.

Louis: Roller show, you know, like a, say like, not no band, we ain't gonna say, not Michael Jackson. Nobody like that.

Torrey: Oh I see, but they would have little bands come in.

Louis: Little bands, like that. And they had them for, they was doing pretty good, up until a couple years, and then folks started getting crazy and started shooting up people, started robbing them going on.

Torrey: So did this come about the time that crack got popular or a little bit before?

Louis: No, a little bit before. They just...

Torrey: So the cocaine came in, was that the [cause]?

Louis: No they was just doing like... What they were doing then mainly like Georgia Tech having them games and stuff, they was parking cars and getting them towed away and all like that and tearing them apart.

Torrey: I see.

Louis: And stuff like that. Doing all that kind of stuff. Still drugs weren't as heavy, and like I said, drugs didn't start to get heavy until after around about the early eighties.

Torrey: Well, tell me about the changes in the early eighties. What happened to the neighborhood? What did drugs do to the people, the children?

Louis: It made half of them stop school and start selling drugs. Young, young, young, young... Tell it like it is?

Torrey: Tell it like it is.

Louis: Young, young girls, bad man, from nine years old, on drugs and stuff like that, having oral sex in the hallways, in the hallway.

Torrey: Of the project buildings?

Louis: In the project buildings, all in front of people's doors and stuff. People can't even come out of their door. They looking at, like I said, young teenagers having that kind of sex in the hallway.

Torrey: For money?

Louis: Yeah, for money to buy drugs. Maybe they might be... they may even be short of two dollars. And the drug dealer won't let them go for two dollars, and they will do that for two dollars. The man will give them two dollars. It's awful man, awful.

Torrey: That's horrible.

Louis: And they just had people, you know, had people... I don't know why they move them because wherever they go they sell drugs anyways, so they just had people to move and stuff. One girl, she moved over there; she didn't even stay there two months. They came in there and shot and killed her. Shot her little baby too.

Torrey: Was this a friend of yours?

Louis: No.

Torrey: Someone you knew?

Louis: No, I didn't even knew her. She had just moved over there. Up there by the library, on Merritts.

Torrey: Uh huh.

Louis: Two months. They just went in there and she was real decent and stuff, and they just knew she had money, and just went in there and shot her. Shot her kid too. Killed her.

Torrey: Wow. They did that to get her money.

Louis: [yes]

Torrey: That's really horrible. Where do you see this heading? Do you see it getting worse?

Louis: No, they done slowed it down.

Torrey: The police have slowed it down?

Louis: Yeah, they done slowed it down. They still selling it, but they ain't as wild and stuff like they was back in the eighties and stuff.

When the interview was over, the rain had stopped. Louis got up to leave. I asked him if I could do anything else for him. We ended up at the Varsity, and then I dropped him off at the corner of North Avenue and Techwood. He disappeared into the night, heading for his hallway I suppose.

TECH, MEET WREK

by Thomas Peake

Many folks in the Georgia Tech community are not aware that WREK 91.1 FM is Georgia Tech's student owned and operated campus radio station, and some might be surprised to learn how significantly the goals and philosophies of Tech and WREK overlap. The following explains what WREK (pronounced 'wreck') is all about.

Ramblin' WREK Radio is one of the non-commercial stations you will find in the specially designated area towards the left end of your FM stereo dial (below 92 or so). The format is most accurately described as 'Diverse' - ranging from programs of a single genre like jazz, bluegrass, or hip-hop, to formats featuring eclectic, adventurous free-form. WREK maintains an atmosphere of experimentation, tradition, and learning throughout its broadcasting schedule of music, public affairs, and informational programming. More specifically, WREK features genres such as:

atmospheric, rock, ambient, pop, new wave, punk, reggae, dub, classical and symphonic, grunge-rock, metal, classic rock, jazz, hip-hop, blues, folk, bluegrass, country, international, experimental, electronic, synthesized, industrial, spoken word, soul, funk, news, Tech sports (baseball and Lady Jackets basketball) and more...yes, there is more!

WREK is similar to its host institution in that both are places of learning and discovery. In fact, both organizations' missions coincide, stressing education and service as ultimate goals. For WREK, this happens through public affairs presentations and 'musical research'. Shows like Continental Drift (featuring international music) are the result of such devoted research. The station's programming philosophy stresses both a dedication to musical traditions and a progressive, exploratory zeal, reflected in the motto "We don't fit the mold, we make it." Diversity is the key word here.

WREK attracts a wide spectrum of students, making it a campus group that provides contact with different folks and exposure to otherwise obscure music and ideas. WREK encourages its participants, meaning staff and listeners, to broaden their horizons to a vista which may include heavy metal, Hungarian folk, American minimalism, big band jazz, and Buddhist vocal choirs. Both WREK-workers and WREK-listeners learn how music has different function, form, and content in various cultures. WREK is more than a bunch of kids spinning their fave discs. WREK is a search for different ways of hearing. One may not necessarily like everything he or she

WREK, MEET TECH

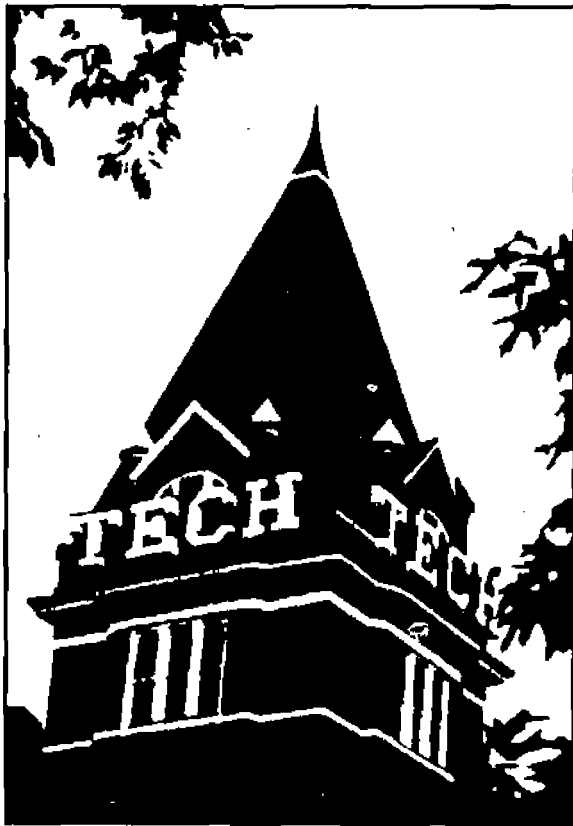
hears at a given frequency; but to absolutely tune out unfamiliar musics is comparable to the scholar who only researches one side of a complex issue.

WREK has a non-commercial FM broadcasting license from the Federal Communications Commission (FCC), which has "...emphasized that non-commercial broadcasters should reflect their 'special status' by providing communities with *significant alternatives* to the programming of commercial stations."¹ WREK accomplishes this via public affairs programs and the music it chooses to broadcast. WREK is challenging radio. It asks something more than passivity of its listeners in that its staff and audience explore WREK's huge 23-year-old vinyl and CD library for music that satisfies and invigorates in new and unusual ways.

Getting to know WREK is a stimulating journey. The voyage begins when one's attention is captured by one of the many styles of music broadcast. This point of interest may be stimulated by familiarity with or curiosity about the sounds one hears. Because WREK makes a concerted effort to maintain its diversity and experimental tendencies, one is subsequently drawn in by previously unknown artists, performances, and ideas. The appreciation of these new sources of entertainment transcends mere gratification by repetition. After becoming accustomed to WREK's mission, the listener expects to be introduced to the unexpected. Numerical measures of popularity, the Billboard charts for example, are certainly not the sole determinant of the value of such important human endeavours as art, literature, philosophy, and, of course, music. This is why a genuinely diverse, open-ended format can accomplish so much more than the simplistic radio monoliths at the other end of the dial.

Before you dismiss all this as half-baked 'politically correct' rambling, think again. WREK maintains that without denying (in fact, relying upon) one's own cultural identity, WREK can be more inclusive and more adventurous simply by airing a wider variety of material with less repetition. This is not to say, as critics of multiculturalism contend, that one must value all musical expression equally.

As the mere existence of a programming philosophy might suggest, WREK does not claim to be unbiased. WREK does not aspire to be the elitist 'alternative' radio station, telling you how you should hear and what you should think. Rather, it has a broader scope and a different set of



WREK publishes a quarterly magazine/program guide, called **WREKOLOGY** that describes in detail formats, specialty shows, public affairs programs, and special events. It also features articles and features of interest to listeners, such as reprints from *The New Republic*, *MotorBooty*, *Fernbank Quarterly*, and others. If you are interested in receiving **WREKOLOGY**, free of charge (!) just write:

WREKOLGY
c/o Program Director
WREK RADIO
Georgia Tech Station
Atlanta, GA 30332

If you are a Tech student interested in getting involved, by all means take the initiative! WREK has positions available in business, management, engineering, news and sports coverage, promotions, operations, and, of course, dee-jayin'! Call 853-3066 and leave a message for the Operations Manager. WREK is situated in the GTRI Human Resources Building, on Eighth St., in the Alexander Memorial Coliseum Annex.

1. Perry's Broadcasting & the Law Vol. 14, No. 14, emphasis added.

standards by which it judges. In the same fashion as a newspaper, a literary journal, a theatrical outfit, or a television station, individuals - in this case students - must make editorial and programming decisions regarding validity. It is necessary. Most importantly, these decisions are made by students for students (as well as the greater Atlanta listening audience, a separate yet important obligation).

Another key point to remember is that WREK is the result of the students running it. Ten years ago WREK had a different sound. The important decisions of radio operations have been made differently before and will change again. From its inception in 1968, WREK has embraced original and innovative music. Its air sound, on the other hand, evolves with the course of innovation.

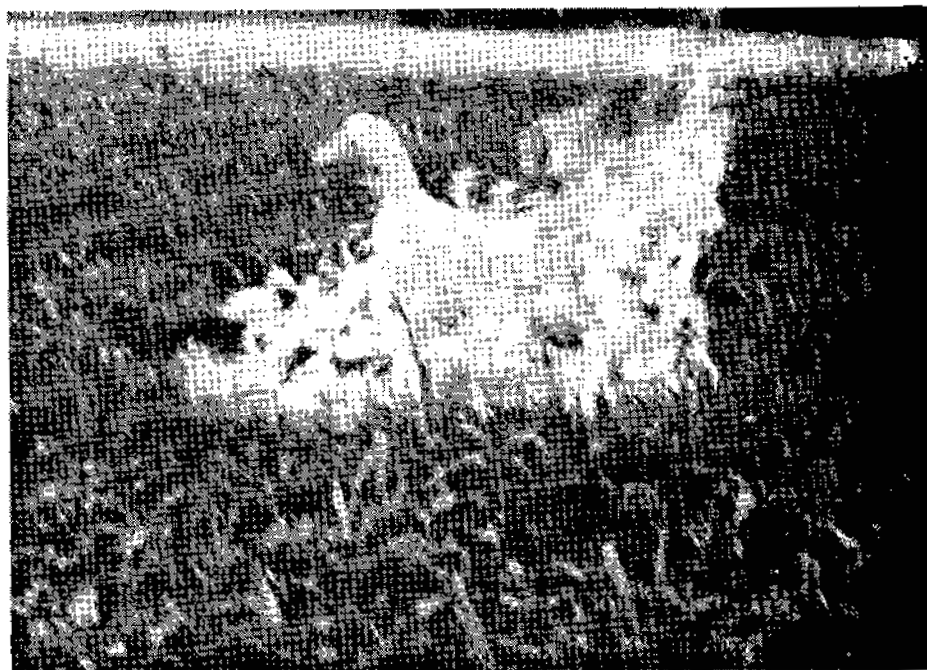
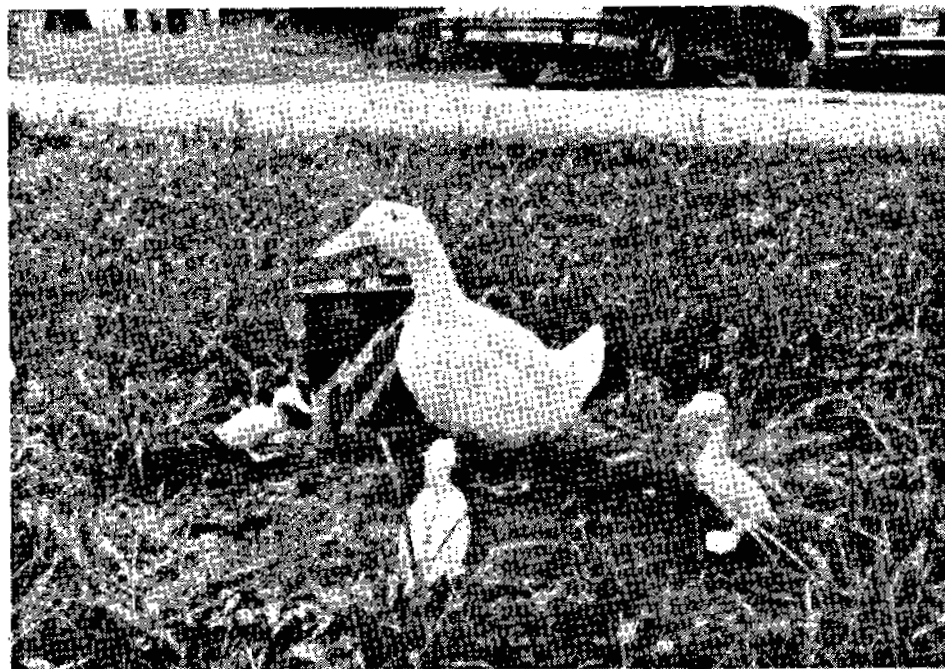
One may think of WREK as a provider of radio nourishment to those who are hungry. These providers feel that the rewards are well worth the effort. Diversity can be enriching and, ultimately, quite habit forming!



Welcome to Fishrap...

...The North Avenue Review's arts section.

Buddhist Ducks Protest the Garrison Diversion Project





Photos by Ackerman & T. Fike



Sink Your Teeth into Death

by Jeffrey K. Hostetler

Last Spring, a Tech student loaded a gun and shot himself in the head. His death was a shock to the campus. He was a graduating senior and a popular brother in a fraternity. He dated and he partied.

When he raised that gun to his head, felt it's hard, cold steel against his face and it's easy weight in his hand, that trigger must have felt so comfortable against his finger. With a mind blazing in a haze of emotion, or perhaps cooled, numbed by the logical, irrational thinking of a desperate person, he pulled his finger down on top of that trigger, feeling the spring tense up the gun's mechanism. Then the explosion rocked his head back and his hand flexed momentarily against the gun's kick.

It was quick, efficient, and utterly final.

On campuses around the nation, similar feats of personal destruction are played out monthly. Georgia Tech has the highest suicide rate of any college in the South, but the Ivy League schools reside at the top of the statistics. Why do our most intelligent, gifted, and well-guided men and women take their own lives?

At the University of Texas at Austin, there is a huge orange brick tower. The tower is now locked due to the frequency with which students jumped from it during and after finals, but that doesn't stop them. Students still find bridges, buildings, dorms, and other towers off which to jump. The less dramatic slit their wrists, binge on pills or alcohol or both, drive their cars into rivers and walls, or hang themselves - at a time in their lives when their true potential has not yet been measured or tested.

Does being dumped by your lover justify taking your own life? Does bombing a test or a quarter or a semester justify ending your life forever? Is hating where you are or how you feel justification for never feeling again? Does not knowing why you are on this Earth or who put you here justify disallowing yourself the chance to ever find out? There is no reasonable answers to these questions. No one has ever returned from the other side - the other side of life - to argue the pros of such actions.

So you decide to find out.

And once you've found out - what then? Your life is over, but you've realized the cons. you'll never walk in the sunshine again, swim in a lake, drive really fast at night with the windows down and the radio turned down so you can hear the wind rush past, feel the rain tickle your face,

ruffle a puppy's silky fur, kiss a lover, eat a greasy cheeseburger and fries with enough catsup to drown them, struggle with the cheese strings of a big slice of pizza, throw a frisbee, fly in an airplane, sleep in on a Saturday, stay up late all night watching bad movies with a huge Coke and a bag of potato chips until the sun rises, wake-up early for the sunrise, watch the sun set over an auburn horizon, take a hot shower, take a cold shower, hear your favorite band on a weeknight when nothing's going right- but hearing that one special song makes everything fine; or come home.

Does ANYTHING justify losing all of that forever? Perhaps you could make a similar list - in fact I suggest it. Make a list of all the things you'd do before you go through with it - indulge yourself, after all, you'll be dead soon, so this little exercise will give you a few extra minutes on the earthly time clock. It will be a long list, I guarantee that. Now when you feel like getting out that gun of yours or walking out on that bridge or getting out that half full box of razor blades, read the list. It's all there - everything you love and everything that you'll never do again if you proceed.

When you read that list and then think about why you're going through with this most unwise proposal, you'll realize two things: 1) These things on the list are why you live, what you enjoy about living, not what drove you to contemplate suicide. 2) Because one's faith is only as strong as the person who holds it sacred, what strength is there in giving up? What's to say that your faith hasn't failed you? Faith and religion give hope. You obviously doubt yours. Perhaps it's time to re-evaluate your faith. Even an atheist knows that there is no valor in dying.

So sit down and let that wonderful mind of yours roll in a different direction. You've obviously got a lot of questions, and none of them can be answered alone. Go talk to someone. Often it only takes another opinion to drive home the irrationality of suicide. Usually all one lacks is direction.

You must go out and find what you want out of life. For far too many people the answer to their wants is money, but you must ask yourself: What do I want the money for - What do I REALLY WANT? Once you brush away all the clutter of other people's wants and expectations, you'll realize that what you want is very clear. It may take some time and hard thinking to find out exactly what it is that you want, but you will find it. Once you've got that idea, lock it up and guard it. Don't

let anyone interfere with your wants and don't let anyone tell you they're wrong. You know best.

It's your life, and you must live it for yourself. There's nothing else worth living for.

Putting My Finger On Reality (A realist's complement to the above optimistic entreaty)

"We live as we dream - alone ..."

Conrad

A true revelation of reality comes not so often. Perhaps taking one totally by surprise or merely slipping into one's consciousness, the odor or taste of reality can either stimulate the spirit or damn it.

In more than one instance, I have woken up from my conscious dream of life to realize an unsettling truth: I live my life chasing a series of pestilences that, like flies, buzz just out of reach, pulling me ever closer to my grave.

Goals may be regarded as my pestilences, but everyone calls them by different names. Throughout my life I have struggled to reach finite achievements that when realized bring no lasting pleasure or satisfaction, and I am inevitably driven to a new resolution - else I die; with nothing to drive my mind or soul, I am forever lost in a terrible world of boredom and insanity, whose walls are not solid, and whose light is not precisely visible.

But this brings me to the mystery at hand: where is the reality in chasing well dressed phantasms? When I catch them, they disintegrate in my hands, flowing to the winds, only to be replaced by new tantalizing poltergeists. And then I will stop for a moment, like this one, and my sense of time and space locks into focus, and I can dissect my perceptions where they lie - I feel life. It is not a splendid thing, nor is it a miracle. Life happens, whether or not I choose for it to continue. There are certain drastic steps, though, that can bring one total control, but these remain taboo and senseless.

And as this life occurs, the true sense of it, a tangible, understandable realization of it most often is obscured by the pestilence at hand. I see not the lack of water, only the beautiful grains and beaches and dunes of yellow sand that lead to my goal, and I am caught up in the drudgery of

realizing the extreme thirst or arid nature of my surroundings. For a more down to earth example, I have seen the rain fall outside my window, and I have been forced to walk through it, but rarely do I SEE the rain for itself; I am caught up in its effect upon my life: how cold it makes me - to wear jeans, to bring an umbrella, to wear crummy shoes, to curse the damned weather that holds back my plans. And then, occasionally, I will look at the city's skyline, and I will stop walking and watch the long skirts of the low floating clouds brush between and over the tall buildings, lacing them or completely smothering them in an angelic white, softer than the fattest duck's down. A thin mist of angelic breath washes chilly fingers of moisture over my face and arms, making my blood thick. I can smell the earth's rebellion to human progress in the sea of air that envelops me. For a brief instant I have felt life. It was nothing thrilling nor all too beautiful, but it was real, tangible, understandable, and it was mine for an instant. Within that microcosm of existence, I reached for no goals, nor did I worry my mind on petty rat races; I was alive, and I felt it. That in itself was wonderful.

And then life moves on, and I am jolted back to my chase, knocked senseless by my futile goals and submerged back into my delusion. I live as I dream, alone in this empty world of mine, dancing with the other solitary characters of my act, who chase their own endless fancies. An illusion can be a good thing; it fills our lives with cheap replicas of purpose and irreplaceable mute pleasures, but when one sees past the charade, the results can be either devastating, as in the case of a suicide, or it can reveal the true essence of life: to live.

The Swansong of an Empire

Thomas Carlyle Hickman

We watched the five o'clock news
And when the sun went down,
We made love.

Our post-coital calm was disturbed by the strains
Of the last political speech.
Mr. Id threw his notes triumphantly
Into the hands of an angry breeze.

Inscribed in blood upon a soiled page
Were writ fair words of death's next dying rage.
By human hand those words were writ. But who?
Some babe removed too soon from mother's womb
And raised with none of peace or work or bread?
The soul which penned those words on hate had fed.
So heavy were the strokes, so strong and bold
That as I read I felt my heart turn cold
Embittered and enraged, alone I stood
And shook my feeble fist at all I could.
I renounced the many years I'd spent in vain
So hard at work to ease the world's pain.
The world was as those reddish-brown words said:
A change machine for the coinage of the dead.

I crumpled up that page. Such was my anger
That I cursed the smiling face of every stranger
I chanced to meet all through that evil day.
I went about my task without delay,
Musing pensive thoughts of lust and power.
I went about my day until the hour
When all the world's clocks chimed out thirteen
And all the world's starving children screamed
And all the world's dying poets dreamed
That things weren't quiet exactly as they seemed.

And there and then upon the thirteenth chime
It came to me, the reason and the rhyme:
The truth of life so lived and death so died:
The truth that words so writ have always lied.
I shook my feeble fist without a sound
And threw my feeble body to the ground
And thereupon I writhed in ecstasy,
For I love this world much more than it loves me.
And though at times I writhe with pure delight,
I cannot ease my ever growing fright
That a hundred thousand soiled pages more
Lie on some dank and mouldy forest floor,
Lie waiting for the ever roaving eye
Of those who search too oft for tears to cry.

For in this shrinking world there is no room
For angry spiteful minds which brood on doom.

We saw humans rotting on the vine
Like grapes
A season removed from their wealth.

Green leaves turned brown
Outside our window
As we smoked our cigarettes.

We were quiet,
And we heard the world's words.

DIPLOMACY HAS FAILED US!
though it's clear we never tried
THE INFIDEL MUST PAY THE PRICE!
we trembled then we sighed
MAY GOD BLESS EACH AND EVERYONE!
the old among us cried
TONIGHT THE BATTLE HAS BEEN JOINED!
upon their word men died

THE WORLD WILL TREMBLE WHEN WE SPEAK!
we tremble for the lonely dead
OUR WORD WILL BE THE WORD OF LAW!
for them no word was said
WE'LL BEND THE WORLD TO OUR WILL!
we'll feed the world with poison bread
DEMOCRACY SHALL YET PREVAIL!
the poor they killed, the rich they led

the old among us knew the score
they'd played this heinous game before
they knew that love would live no more
they'd seen another war.

the young among us didn't hide
no up they stood, and said with pride:
"Wave the flag on high. We won!
What death, what blood, what fun!"

We blew out the last candle
And the five o'clock news watched carefully
As Love made us
Of the air we breathed and of the Truth we lived.

Diary OF A REsentful MESSiah

The WRITings OF TOm BOmbadil

CHapter ONE

crickets chirping loud
and still the highway moans
and spits up its grotesque phlegm of CO
and the house gets up and
relinquishes its lead over the others
by trampling on its own lawn
and knocks you out of bed in the meantime
and you see that only six hours later
you'll be fully dressed, with a red tie on
what a thought! and your wife hasn't
even considered coming home yet
and the kids said they were spending
the night at the all-night movie theater
but you called and there isn't even such a
place in this dimension, so they probably
snuck in the house and are sleeping on the
sheets you paid for, those bastards.
only don't wake them up cause they'll think
that you worry and they'll ask if you can cope
and you'll have to explain to them of course
you can, because you're a qualified
psychiatrist, but the ceiling fan got sick
of its job and turned itself off
and now the beads of sweat that are
supposed to collect on your brow are
making a puddle on the pillow instead
Only it doesn't mind cause it hasn't had
a good drink in a while now, and your sweat
is still full of that imported whiskey that
came with the tv dinner you ate for breakfast

CHapter TWO

Dollar

Forcer of wills
Bender of minds
Wicked ruler of states

You bring not wealth
but poverty

You bring not happiness
but homelessness and misery

I hate you
loathe you

detest you

Yet I cannot shun you
for I want to live
and I must buy my bread and
water

CHapter THREE

You slip in the back door
a burglar; late-night with a
full moon shining in the background
On a Friday night
you steal my thoughts
It's not that I don't want
to think about you
I just don't like it that you
always show up in the
back of my mind
Facing the other way,
you speak; but not to me
And I really think you like it
that way. You enjoy it
My open hand is never taken
And my gestures go unnoticed
Like a cat who has just killed a bird
you know that you have done
something wrong but you don't care
You lick your chops
Stepping through the minefield of questions
you are nimble
A politician, you are quick to avoid
slow to answer
Picture without a frame
I can't tell where you end for you blend so
well
Chameleon, you change your suit
Rarely sharing, you hide your fruit
And floating around you seem
always to be there
but not in person
Clouding my mind and when I
put my finger on it you're very deep
almost opaque
You have slipped in again; through the back
door
Why don't you knock?

Chapter Four

WATER RUSHING BY SO FAST THAT EVEN
AQUAMAN WOULDN'T SWIM RIGHT HERE
AND THE ORCHESTRA OF
SPLASH PLAYS ENDLESSLY TO ALL OBSERVERS
AND ENERGY NOT CARING ABOUT CONSERVATION
COMES FROM NOWHERE, SMASHING HERSELF UPON THE
ROCKS THEN LYING DEAD HER BLOOD SEEPS OUT
TO FORM A POOL THAT SLOWLY RUNS AWAY
THE GUSTS OF MIST LIKE SHOWERS FOR
GIANTS SWEEP US AWAY FROM THE
CLIMAX OF THE CRESCENDO
THEN CLIMBING UP THRU ROOTS AND TREES
THRU MUD AND BRUSH
WE REACH THE
TOP AND FIND ANOTHER SMALL BOTTOM
BUT SOMEHOW THERE WE FIND OUR HOME
BIG TREE, BIG ROCK, BIG WATER.

HOME.

WE STOOD. AND TALKED. AND DREAMED. AND LAUGHED.

HOME.

BUT WE DIDN'T LEAVE.

HOME.

THEN CLIMBING DOWN AND LOOKING OVER THE
EDGE. JUST THINKING OF HOLDING ON TO
NATURE'S DRESS FLAPPING WILDLY AND
FALLING (EVEN SLOWLY) INTO THE HUGE
TURBINE BELOW

THE THRILLS, THE CHILLS, AND THINKING BACK OF

HOME.

(DID WE LEAVE SOMETHING THERE?)

AND CLIMBING DOWN TO REACH THE BOTTOM
THE SOUND ECHOING THRU OUR
SOULS.

THE SPLASH LIKE NEEDLES ON OUR FACE
THE ROCK, THE FLOOD, THE HUGE

AND OTHERS WERE THERE, BUT THEY KNEW NOTHING OF

HOME. OR THE TOP

THEN BACK UNDERNEATH THE FALLING
SKY, SO LOUD THAT DROWNING IN THE
SOUND SEEMED NOT FAR-FETCHED AND
SEEING OURSELVES CRUSHED AGAINST THE
ROCK HAD WE JUST JUMPED, AND THE
BEAUTY OF IT ALL

THEN WALKING BACK THRU TREES WITH
FLOWERS AND TRYING TO COMPREHEND WHAT WE HAD SEEN.
AND THINKING OF HOME.

(I KNOW WE LEFT SOMETHING THERE)

BIG TREE, BIG ROCK, BIG WATER

HOME.

Chapter Five

Oh, human being. Like an impromptu essay, with ad hoc propositions and weak support. A vague introduction and an unconvincing conclusion.

Yet sometimes sentences of brilliance and purpose in between
But not like a stream, coursing steadily downward to the ocean; more like the fish in it, swimming from the ocean upstream, with flippant jumps, fighting all the way, and thinking it can eventually return to the safety of the sea.

Oh, foolish fish.

Ill prepared, bounded yet free, a strange attractor. Paradoxical, self-contradicting, a bundle of irrationality tied to the machine of reason.

Creator and destroyer, understanding yet revolutionary. Wanting to be accepted, and yet to be unique. Appealing to reason, but if it fails then throwing all caution to the wind of emotion.

Dear human, a poor schizophrenic, at times a pauper living in a castle; at others, a king in a hut, but never in the right place of the right mind.

Why do you exist?

Chapter Six

STORMING, THE ECLIPSE OF THE UNIVERSE
IN HER EYES, SHE TOOK THE KNIFE AND
STABBED ME.

OVER AND OVER

AND I FELT THE HOT, SALTY BLOOD
POUR DOWN MY SIDES AND THE SOUND
IT MADE WHEN I STEPPED ALMOST
MADE ME FAINT

THEN PUTTING DOWN THE KNIFE,
OF COURSE REMEMBERING TO CLEAN IT FIRST,
SHE HELPED ME ONTO THE FLOOR AND
COMFORTED ME UNTIL I DIED

Chapter Seven

OH, KUBLA KHAN I'D BE NOT YOU
I'D HAVE NOT OF YOUR HONEYDEW
NOR DRINK YOUR MILK OF PARADISE
OF WHICH YOU RAVE WITH GLEAMING
EYES

THE RIVER ALPH, IT WOULD BE NICE
AND ALSO YES TO CAVES OF ICE
LET STAND LIKE JAGGED EDGES HIGH
TO SCRATCH THE EYES OF THOSE NEARBY

YOU SPEAK OF IMMORTALITY
TO LIVE FOR ALL ETERNITY
THIS CONCEPT, TOO, I SHARE WITH THEE
BUT ON THE NATURE, YOU AND I, I'D HAVE
TO SAY WE DISAGREE

YOU SPEAK OF SEPARATE ENTITIES
EACH WITH THERE OWN SMALL
FANTASIES
IMMORTAL SO I'D NOT WANT TO EXIST
MUCH RATHER LIKE SPACE OR DUST OR
MIST

TO BE SCATTERED THRU THE HISTORY
BY TIME'S CHAOTIC ENDLESS SEA

DEAR KING, YOU SPEAK OF PARADISE
BUT I BELIEVE YOU'VE LOST YOUR EYES
FOR WHAT YOU SEEK, IT IS NOT NEW
AND XANADU,

IT LIES IN YOU.

Chapter Eight

If I could see above the wall
Maybe I'd see that hearts aren't that small

If I could hear above the screams
Maybe I could hear about our dreams

If I could feel more than my pain
Maybe I could feel what we have to gain

Sitting here thinking
And steadily sinking
I find the rope that unites us
Has been knotted and tied and cut

I do not fear death
But I do fear life

I fear myself
And those around me

Not for what we can do
But for what we seem unable to

To see above the wall
To hear above the screams
To feel more than ourselves

Let us untie the knot
Let us untie the thread
Let us make it whole
I will
Until I die

Chapter Nine

I said I would put the table together, but I never did. You had all the parts: the top and all four legs. Even the mounts and the screws. And you wanted me to make it whole. And I said I would. But I never did.

Sure, I hung the blinds so nobody could see. But I would not get the drill. I would not drill the holes into the wood and set the screws and screw them tight. Maybe for fear for what I might find in the soft wood.

And you wanted me to make the table whole. I said I would, but I never did. Now, someone else has, and I - I sit and eat off the floor.

Chapter Ten

*Moonlight twitches thru the shades
My eyes are closed, yet I can see
This painfilled wondrous fantasy*

*Breaking off the chains
To rise into the depth
And refuse to believe in pieces
Strewn across this hybrid space of life*

*Colours humming endless tunes
Of fascination and delight
The sun shines bright
into the wandering night
Complete with cane and withered
Hat crouches softly on the
Turtles back*

*In unison we turn to face myself
Thru the fabrics of a forgotten age
Where even Merlin is awestruck
By the splendor of its wealth*

*Sound enveloping we
carrying us away to where I are*

*Dr. Olson, take our hand
Do not forsake yourself for fear
Can't you see? The voices that
Are calling us to sanctity
They are us
It is we*

*feel the beating of the heart of the sunrise
Cascading upon the shores
Of all who care to sense*

*Oh beauty has revealed itself
As the other face of death
Even Hoffman did not know this*

DOGS

by Li Cai

In the evening, I went down to the recreational room of a fraternity house where I am staying for the summer and walked toward the kitchen with my mind far far away. Ever since coming to America, I have found that recalling the past and dreaming about the future give me happiness. I have made these thoughts part of my life and have tried not let anything disturb them.

Suddenly, a roar behind me interrupted and destroyed my delighted recall. I looked back and saw a dog barking at me from a foot away. "When do you stop? Those dogs!" I thought angrily. In front of my eyes, I seemed to see what happened a few days ago.

A few days ago, about 2:00 am, I stood outside the computer center, thinking about how to go home. It was the first weekend after finals; the school was so quiet that even the sound of rain droplets falling down from tree leaves could be heard clearly. The yellow street lights were shining in the drizzle and projecting dark shadows under the trees; away from the sidewalks, some places were completely dark, giving a sense of mystery. I read in a newspaper that Georgia Tech has the second highest crime rate of universities in the United States. According to police statistics, most crimes occur between 10:00 pm and 2:00 am, especially during weekends and holidays. Among the victims, foreign students are the favorite targets of criminals. Recalling that information, I became a little nervous. Since moving to a fraternity house on 10th street for the summer break, I had never walked home from the Rich Building so late at night by myself. I took out my keys, credit cards and other important things from my bag, put them into my pockets, and took off the bag from my shoulder, holding it with my right hand, ready to drop it whenever an emergency occurred. In order to detect any danger sign as early as possible and keep myself far away from any possible attacker, I walked in the middle of the street, and constantly scanned all around me. As far as I could see there was no one around and everything seemed okay.

Suddenly I heard a loud sound. My muscles contracted and my heart seemed to stop. I turned back instantly. A dog! It was running from a Fraternity house toward me and quickly stopped about a foot away, barked and advanced toward me. I hurriedly moved my bag between the dog and myself to set up a block. Seeing the dog was trying to bite the bag, I remembered a story about a dog

crippling a person. "Stop it before it goes crazy." I said to myself. As a student in physics, I understand very well that the force acting on the dog per second equals the mass of my foot times the speed of it. I slowly moved my bag, which was about twice as large as its head, toward the dog to keep it from seeing my movement. Then I slightly rotated my feet to see if my shoes were tied well, shifted the weight on my left foot to leave my right foot free and moved my body to put the dog on my left side. The distance between the dog and myself was such that I could finish two kicks, the first one with my right foot on its throat, and the second with my left foot on its rib, in less than one second. However, just before I was going to attack the dog, I remembered a Chinese proverb: "Think about the owner before kicking his dog." Then I decided not to strike it and waited for a fraternity guy to come. "It won't bite you. It won't bite you." the guy shouted while he was walking towards me...

Presently, the barking dog awaked me from the recall. I looked at it and all my anger toward dogs bursted out and I decided to shut it up. The room we were in contained a pool table, a TV set, many chairs and other things. I picked up a basketball and threw it at the dog, then I threw chairs. The dog ran to the pool table and danced there to avoid the chairs, not barking. When I calmed down a little bit, I realized that I should take a picture of the dog and show it to the fraternity. It was that dog who scared me many times in last few days. I could not live in a condition where I had to be afraid of a dog everyday. I took a camera out of my bag to take a picture of it. However, it took me quite a while to finish photographing, because the dog was very afraid of my camera. When the flash was sparkling, I saw it trembling. Nevertheless, when I took the second picture of it, the dog stood there, staring at me without any sign of fear, and seemed to tell me: "I am ready."

After taking the pictures, I left a way out to the dog, expecting it to go into the kitchen. The dog passed me, ran to an exit door near the kitchen and tried to get out of the room. The door was closed. The dog stood up and put its two front paws on the door, pushing it and trying to open it. It did not work. The dog tried again and failed again. It tried and moaned. Feeling hopeless, it stopped the action and came to me trying to lick my feet. I was surprised by the change in its behavior, and wondered if it was possible for a dog to pretend to

be gentle and then suddenly bite people. I pushed it away and opened the door of the kitchen, and the dog ran into it. Closing the door, I went to see the house manager, trying to get the problem completely solved.

We went down to the dog and let it out. Outside the kitchen it licked the manager and panted, and the manager stroked it. Looking at the scene, I thought that I might overreact and go too far according to American culture. In the society where I grew up, dogs are only raised in the countryside and are aggressive, while in America dogs are everywhere and seem nice. I went back to my room, told my American roommate what had happened and asked him if he were me, what he would do. He said he would first go to see the house manager and ask him if he and the dog could become friends. "Be a friend of the dog? Maybe I should try it." I thought.

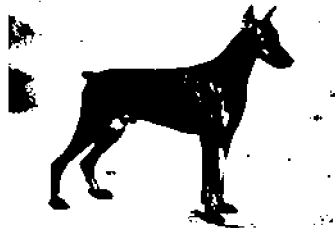
The next day when I was eating in the TV room, I saw the dog and split a piece of bread to give it to the dog and put some water in the dog bowl. He cautiously smelled the bread for a while, then ate it and drank. I knew dogs use their tongue to drink, but at that moment, the dog's action stimulated my curiosity. "How will we feel, if we use tongues to drink?" I went to a water fountain

and tried to get a feeling of drinking water with my tongue. Uncomfortable! In order to know more about his tongue, I tore up another piece of bread, put it on my palm and fed him. When his tongue touched my palm, I felt a lot of friction. Then I tried my own tongue; it was very smooth. After playing with the dog, I started to watch movies while he lay down sideways in front of me and fell a sleep with his four legs straight out. Looking at his position, I wondered how many ways dogs sleep. We human beings have four basic positions - face up, down, left and right. Dogs only have three basic ones - left, right and down. However, about one hour later I found the dog face up sleeping. His back touched the ground, stomach up; two front legs held together, and two hind legs opened, hanging in the air. It was an unstable balance!

Looking at the quietly sleeping dog, I realized that if I had known more about American cultures, I could have become a friend of the dog earlier and avoided the conflict with him. I fondled his neck and asked myself whether any prejudice and hostility among human beings also come the lack of knowledge about other countries' cultures.



Poodles



Doberman Pinscher



English Springer Spaniel



Beagle

Photo of Dugan Rentz by Thomas Peake



Campus Police

by Jeffrey K. Hostetler

Another day of dreary Atlanta weather roused me to consciousness, an aggravating patter of monotonous rain chilling my limbs which still embraced that cozy bed feeling of the early morning. Two heavily armored bodies dragged me by the shoulders. Their dark gray coats scratched my arms and ribs as they struggled against my limp body's dead weight.

The rain water coursed down my cheeks and nose in an annoying fashion not unlike Chinese Water Torture. My high tops scraped along the slick pavement at a disturbing speed. The two giants at my sides moved with the urgency that only impassioned law officers can muster. Before I had been roused to full wakefulness I was already half way through the campus, dragged past the dormitories, the stadium, the empty classrooms, and black streets.

The sun hid guardedly behind a thick veil of clouds which turned the morning light to a ghastly hue of death and depression; it was a fitting color for wartime America.

Four more guards joined the others in carrying me bodily toward a swarming crowd of people gathered in front of the Student Union. The officers looked like storm troopers in their heavily armored long coats and kevlar helmets. Sinister visors drew authoritarian masques over their faces, concealing all emotion or humanity. Every glance made them look more like senseless, unfeeling automatons. My best view was of their black, spit polished, steel tipped boots which pounded the street in a blistering, medieval manner.

My discomfort increased with my speed as the extra guards hoisted me by my legs, stomach, and crotch. Tears accompanied the rain water dripping from my chin, and I moaned loudly, struggling less and less as the atrocious pain in my groin monopolized all of my senses. A guard muttered something under her breath. Had she not spoken I would have mistaken her for one of the other manly brutes. Appropriately, she had the grip on my genitals.

The crowd parted amid a flood of curses and taunts apparently aimed at me. Several knew me by name, personalizing their insults, but I didn't recognize any of their flushed, angry faces.

After an agonizing moment of stationary bliss, I was thrown over a short, crudely constructed barbed wire fence. It looked like the looped razor wire you see on TV in the Middle East footage on the NBC Nightly News.

My face met with rocky North Georgia mud briefly, but I quickly leaped to my feet in an electrified reaction to the shocking cold and dampness. I was in a pit of sorts at the lowest point of the commons, surrounded by a ring of precariously strung barbed wire and a much more dangerous obstacle, about two hundred pairs of wild, hate choked eyes. The accompanying voices came from everywhere, fogging my thinking and bringing those burning eyes down on top of me. Within that circle of hate and rage, though, I froze.

Huddled in the mud, flinching every time that the crowd threw a bottle rocket or fire cracker into the pit, were a dozen muddy, half naked bodies like my own. They all squatted together, like terrified sheep. I soon gravitated to their ranks, squatting next to a girl whose blue eyes seemed to have melted in the icy rain. She trembled like a lost foal, and I could feel the cold creating a shiver in my own soul.

Rubbing my bare arms and chest with cold fingers, I attempted to keep warm. The early rude awakening by the guards had afforded me little time to wake up properly or even dress myself. I was clad in the faded jeans and unlaced high tops that the guards had wrestled my body into in a matter of ten seconds. The puddled run-off had already soaked through to my feet, and the jeans did nothing to insulate my legs. In minutes I too was trembling uncontrollably, but my mind had cleared to it's current state.

The guards had no problem keeping the crowd away from the wire, but they made no attempts to diffuse their aggressive behavior or put a stop to their clever antics. The mute creatures in the pit hid within a veil of silence, but their weathered and tortured faces spoke of the unceasing trials that they had been facing for up to three days. Only yesterday had my paper gotten real distribution.

It all came down to one article in the school's secondary paper, a magazine of sorts in which I published student submissions no matter what the subject. I figured that every legitimate school should publicize its students' thoughts, unedited and unrestrained, but the pro-choice article had been too hot. The new revival of the church and all Christian based religions during America's darkest hours had brought about ultra-conservative legislation (whatever the hell that is) that forbade the sale of "pornographic" art or music, some rights for political prisoners, and abortion. Bush's years of increasing police powers had opened quite a few

eyes before the elections and then blackened even more. America was fast becoming a police state, but gradually enough for popular opinion to accept and promote the reforms. Freedom of speech tottered on the bevelled edge of slander and libel, and the lawyers continued to make quite a living. I was neither formally charged nor properly arrested, but I was definitely in a cell of sorts, and my future, like the country's, mirrored the dying man's sight as he falls down a deep well.

Within ten minutes of being trapped in the pit, one of the pranks was played out in front of me.

The wind whipped through the tree tops - icy gusts that made the brown leaves dance and flutter away in the wind - but we were fortunate to feel none of its bite. The crowd acted as a good buffer against any wind chill, but the rain pulled the raw temperature well below its claimed sixty five degrees. In this damp, chilly environment, exposed skin faded to a ghostly white, feet and hands throbbled, and fingers and toes were numbed, wrinkled and pale like a corpse's entombed in a watery grave.

The crowd parted suddenly to my left accompanied by a deafening roar and a fraternal chant. I stood my ground, and so did another unfortunate soul nearer to the action. Four fraternity brothers slid to a stop at the wire's edge, splashing brown slop and launching a wave of scalding water into the pit from a stout aluminum pot large enough to contain a ten year old. The stationary man almost disappeared from view under the wave's bilge of steam. I heard his scream, though. It rang out loud and shrill in the frigid air.

Seconds later he was lying face down on the ground, shaking violently, propping himself up on his hands, but trying to remain utterly still. The man's face was frozen in a grimace of scalded agony. His skin seemed to smoke, and I could hear his cries over the crowd's applause as the fraternity brothers danced like loons, shouting pro-establishment cheers.

There were only eight guards around the pit. Each carried an assault rifle unslung. Any one of us seen trying to make an escape would have been shot immediately.

As noon neared, the crowd grew in number, and the first familiar faces appeared among the pairs of fiery eyes. Stan arrived first. He always was an early bird. His conservative facade was a real snow job. I knew him to be a bleeding heart, but he had adopted the yuppie lifestyle and its rewards as a substitute for his morals and dreams. A black umbrella protected his neat hair and wire rimmed spectacles. Stan was no wimp, though he tried to

exude an air of superiority and intelligence. The glasses and newspaper were convenient props.

A set of all American shoulders hid beneath his overcoat, and thighs that were better suited for plowing over linebackers and defensive tackles were now reduced to clothes hangers adorned with immaculate shoes. Stan was a Senior, and he had a job all lined up upon graduation. He had rushed me really hard and become one of my close friends in our fraternity.

Stan's eyes caught mine immediately. My aged brown ones met his mysterious greens. I observed him observing me, staring at my bare, paled chest and soaked jeans. Soon his eyes locked with mine again, but they remained devoid of emotion, and then he was walking to lunch.

It was only a matter of time before more of my brothers arrived. Soon a small group of them stood at the wire's edge, but they refrained from speaking to me. Two shouted insults my way. It hurt worse than any scalding water or bottle rocket. Together we had sworn to an everlasting brotherhood of men. Several of my pledge brothers stood beside the ones hurling taunts my way, but they did not get caught up in the mock patriotism of the scene. Their own hurt and confused eyes helped to strengthen my own. I stared at them, and they looked at me, then at the guards, then at the others in the pit, and then at each other. All of them left except for Jake.

Jake was my pledge brother and dearest friend in the fraternity. He had grown up in the East Texas hustle of Houston and played a little football in high school, but his real passion was parked out behind the fraternity. It was a '67 Camaro - a real road beast.

Jake stood with his hands clasped to the wire. His face and eyes told me all I needed to know. His determination was only swayed by the sheer impossibility of my situation. Somehow, the reality of my imprisonment had eaten away at his stubborn nature and nailed a cold lesson to his heart: if he tried to help me escape, he would end up beside me, and he would die too.

Jake stayed at the side of the pit until dark, and then he left. I watched him walk to the East. There was no lightning left in his spirit, no punch in his cylinders. His denim jacket dripped water onto the back of his jeans and into his high tops. I lost him over the far hill, near our house.

A hearty bunch of fellows waited up with us all night, drinking beer and hurling the empty bottles at us. The guards both greeted and appreciated the drunkards' diversions: it kept them awake and gave them something to warm their hearts.

I slept a little, sitting on my butt with my knees at my chest and my head hung between my

legs. I was woken once by the sting of a flying bottle as it smacked into my side, but I soon drowsed off again, just as my flank began to cramp.

The rain quit just before dawn, but there was no sun to speak of. The sky burned amid its own smoke, bringing a solemn, manic light to the land. As the first crowds began to gather, a heavily armored vehicle pulled into the commons. Twelve soldiers got out; they were U.S. Marines. Staring at us with no pity, they took a quick breakfast with the campus police. My stomach growled as sticky glazed doughnuts and steaming, fragrant coffee disappeared down their camouflaged gullets.

The first fire cracker of the morning nearly saw the deaths of several students as the high strung Marines prepared to draw a line of fire at the culprits. The campus police yelled for the real soldiers to relax, and the Commanding Officer quickly ordered his troops to stand down. The sight brought a wicked smile to my face.

At about nine the wire was cut down and we were hustled violently into a cattle truck. Our numbers had grown to twenty freezing, desperate detainees over the night, and we were glad to be leaving the pit's crowded quarters. The smell of urine, stale beer, and human defecation

was becoming unbearable now that the rain had stopped.

The back of the truck was slammed into place and we were thrown forward as the truck backed up. The silent, terrified woman with whom I had sat in the pit grabbed my arm and stared into my face. Her blonde hair hung in stringy webs about her neck and face, but those blue eyes mesmerized me. She opened her mouth to speak, and faltered momentarily.

"What is it?" I croaked.

"Are we . . ." she began. "Where are they taking us? I didn't break the law. I didn't DO anything."

"I dunno."

"My grandfather was in a cattle car like this, except that was in World War Two, in Poland- What are they gonna do with us?" she asked, urgency suffocating her beautiful voice.

My resolve cracked as the truck entered the highway and headed south, and I began to cry silently to myself. The woman beside me sobbed loudly against my shoulder, and the rain started up again, only this time it poured.

fin.

come to a showing
of

"BURN"

Starring Marlon Brando

and see why it was blacklisted



Thursday, 17 October, 5pm in 104 D.M. Smith Bldg

ODE TO THE DANGERS AND HYPOCRISY OF LITERARY ANALYSIS

by Thomas Peake

his word is his word
her phrase is her phrase
his sentence is his sentence

two meanings each
in the very least
linked together, multiplied by the sentence
and only the author knows the product

the background is moot
on any given day
twenty years later I heard a teacher say
" "
and the author rolled over in his grave

a circle is hollow
yet also complete
the pet is loving
yet also a fool
wood, the combustible
is mighty and strong

my message to you is simply put.

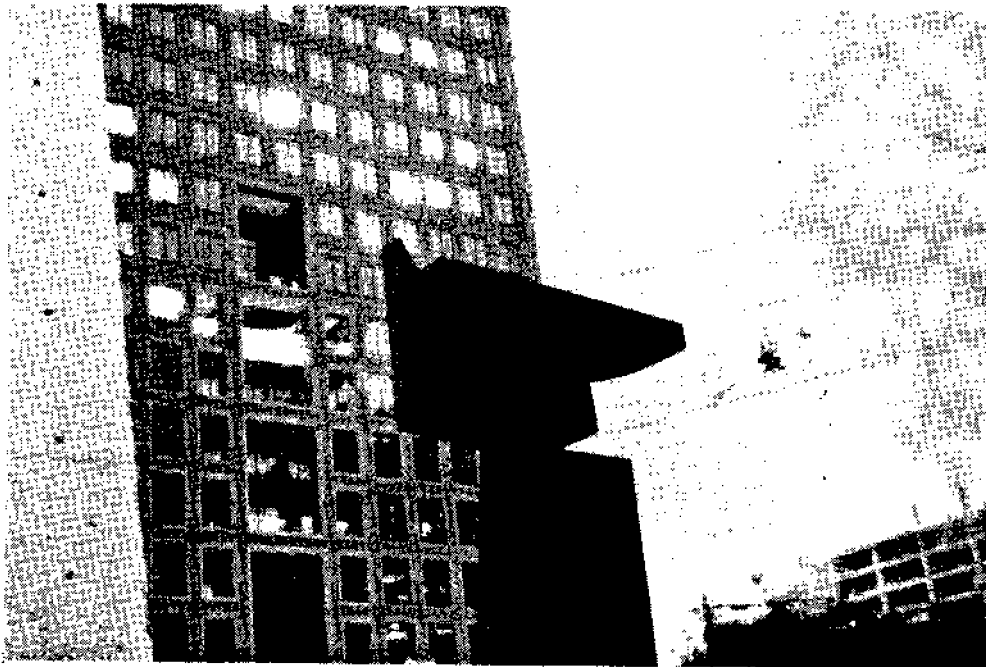


Photo: Thomas Peake

How to be an Intellectual

by Eric Ayers

So, boy, you really want to know,
or do you just want to know how?
I don't know, I don't know.
You really got guts to ask me that question.

A few travel the road,
find wasted travelers, dirty,
some coming back, others just trying.
But you can't tell just by watching.

So I guess you are entitled to a little advice.
I'm hardly the one to tell you, but then,
I'll just tell you what you already know--
You'll just kick yourself.

You might go read 10,000 verses,
Climb the guru's craggy peak,
Burn through a hundred degrees,
Not sparing a night to sleep.

It's worked for others before,
don't get me wrong, now.
You see, I really don't know,
and you'll just kick yourself.

Eating behind the Boulevard Hausmann
out of the rubbish heaps of Paris,
Sucking in a hundred thousand wasted words,
eyes and heart hollowed.

It might be painful,
but it might not be either, you know
how pain is. You do.
And you're going to kick yourself.

Here's a marker for you conscious death;
I'll hold a funeral for you tomorrow.
You fill in the date today,
If you have to ask the question.

Photo: Ashley Raikert



FULL CHROMOLY

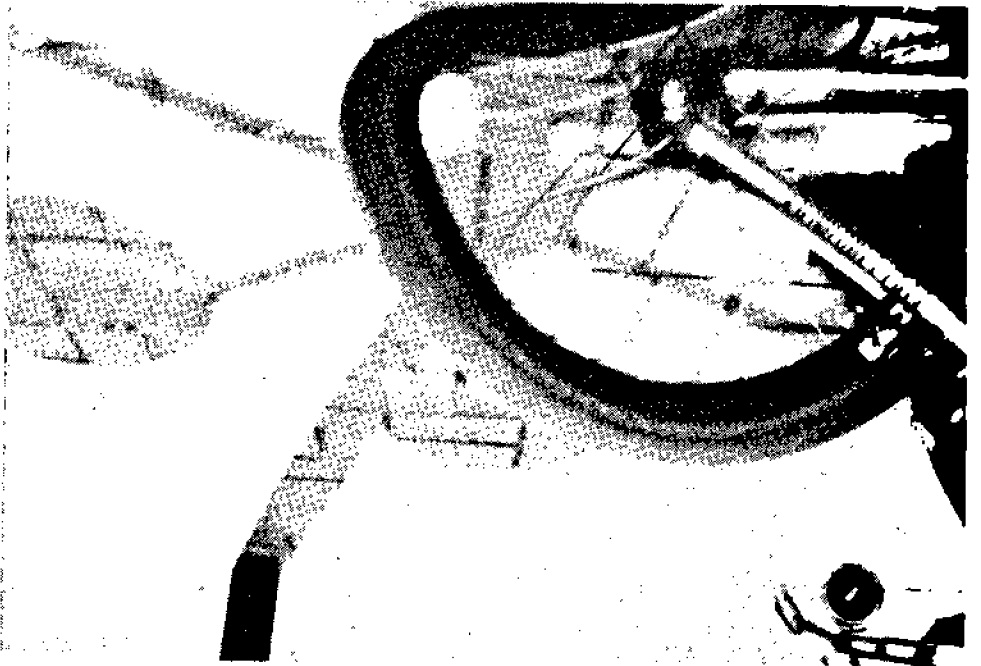


Photo: Peter Rentz (and Thomas Peake)

North Avenue Review

• a Georgia Tech magazine •

Volume 1
Issue 1

July, 1989

Welcome to the first issue of *North Ave. Review*, the new Georgia Tech magazine. We began this magazine in mid-May, and in the few weeks since then we've been fortunate to have a great outpouring of support for our efforts: there are twenty volunteer contributors to this first issue, and with many more students returning in September, we hope to expand this little twice-quarterly effort in the fall.

Why a magazine? Don't the students here already know all they need to know? Don't *Erato*, *The Technique* and *The Blueprint* cover everything? We started this magazine because we see gaps in the current chronicles of campus life—gaps that cannot be filled by any of the existing publications because of their deadline restrictions or publishing schedules. Georgia Tech needs a format in which students, faculty and staff can step back from the everyday concerns of college to reflect on the deeper meaning of current events.

Here's what we plan to do:

We'll discuss campus events, of course, but our periodical format will allow us to be flexible. Because we'll publish only occasionally, we won't

be constricted to traditional news dissemination, and this freedom will allow us to look for the deeper significance of the stories we cover. Our news emphasis will be tilted more toward thoughtfulness than timeliness.

We'll also place a strong emphasis on city, state, national and international events as they relate to the student body. We want to get a bigger picture than just the physical boundaries of the campus.

We will have an ongoing arts section in every issue.

Through publishing regular columns from cultural and political organizations, we seek to inform and unite the diverse groups that make up Georgia Tech.

We will highlight exceptional professors, courses and facilities to present a positive image of the academic community.

By accepting contributions from across the spectrum of opinion at Georgia Tech, we will present an open forum for a genuine exchange of ideas. Through working to integrate an emerging

student awareness with faculty concerns, we hope to unite the campus.

We feel that these issues are crucial to the continued development of Georgia Tech as a nationally respected university. Though Tech's current publications are excellent in fulfilling their designed purposes, there are still issues not covered—pressing concerns that cannot be thoroughly or frequently discussed in any of the current outlets at Georgia Tech. Through adopting a nondivisive, reflective tone, we seek to raise the level of discussion among Tech's students, faculty and staff away from mere grumbling toward a sincere search for solutions to the problems confronting the Georgia Tech community.

This first issue is funded by the Board of Student Publications through Dean Edwin P. Kohler, who has not placed any editorial pressure whatsoever on the contents. We thank him for his help and his trust. We feel we have a good issue and an excellent chance to improve this university.

Dig in.

NO MORE NAR?

A Strategy:

On the home front, the NAR needs some new methods and new people. At the first meeting, October 23, 6:00pm on the third floor of the Student Center we will discuss opportunities available for a core of committed individuals. The NAR's operations will be defined and assigned to avoid the current amorphous mode of production.

Tentatively, one person will concentrate on the Student Government. This means lobbying, maintaining relations, and whatever it takes to convince this body that we are a bargain, and good for ya, too. This will require (GASP!) initiative on the part of the SGA 'liason'. This may be rough and adventurous terrain.

Another person, hopefully a computer literate person, will be called upon to streamline the layout process. Where, how, when, and by whom will each issue be laid out? Tech has the facilities, it is merely a matter of accessing them.

Perhaps the next 'position' would be that of a mailing list keeper. This pioneer would maintain an up to date listing of writers and contributors for communication purposes, as well as a list of 'subscribers' on campus who might like to receive issues regularly.

I imagine one might also like to empower a meeting coordinator and publicizer. While he or she would share overall publicity responsibilities with the SGA specialist, this person would set up a time and place (we have no convenient, fully legal place to meet), for our 'Writer's Workshops'. This person would make flyers and notify the *Technique* as to when and where things will happen.

It all seems simple in my mind. Based upon this summer's efforts, however, I know it is possible. If you are at all interested, please come to the first meeting of fall quarter and introduce yourself!!!

October 2, 1991

Dear Professor Mary:

My essay may not be published any more. Today I met the editor of the school magazine and asked why the magazine did not come out the summer quarter. He told me that the magazine was killed by the Georgia Tech Student Government.

The Georgia Tech Student Government supported two student publications: a weekly newspaper and a quarterly magazine. Last quarter when the magazine was to be printed, the Student Government refused to provide funds for it because the SG believed that it was a left-wing publication. I asked the editor what kind articles had lead the SG to believe that they were left wing. He said that they published some anti-war articles and some articles about homosexuals.

Because I have been trying to improve my English and to understand what American students think, I read every issue. If the editor did not mention that they had published some articles about gay students, I would not have realized that there were that type of articles in it. When I opened the magazine, if I did not like an article, I just would not read it. Their presence in the publication did not bother me at all. Also, I think gay students have a right to express themselves in student publications as long as they express themselves in a reasonable manner. As for the anti-war articles, I remember that during that period the magazine published opinions from both sides. I wonder why SG cannot tolerate anti-war articles. They were just some people personal view.

Well, let's talk some positive things. Georgia Tech is good. It provides one of the best teaching and researching. . . .

With Love,



(Name available upon request)

NO MORE NAR?

The above letter was written by an anonymous contributor distressed at the prospect of the North Avenue Review's collapse. The NAR has organizational glitches which prevent it from flourishing, but the major obstacle ahead does indeed seem to be funding. The Student Government has allocated funds in past years, but it has not been easy. In the event that the NAR gets its act together enough to face the Student Government on this issue, it will be a lot of work. What is needed is involvement: The easiest thing you can do, if you have ever contributed or have considered it, is call your Student Government representative and let him or her know how you feel.

EVERYONE



is invited to contribute free
expressions to the

North Avenue Review



regardless of ideology,
politics, or mental persuasion!

Come to the meeting, Wednesday, October 23, 1991
at the Student Center, 3rd floor lobby, 6:00pm. All
are welcome, there is much to be done!