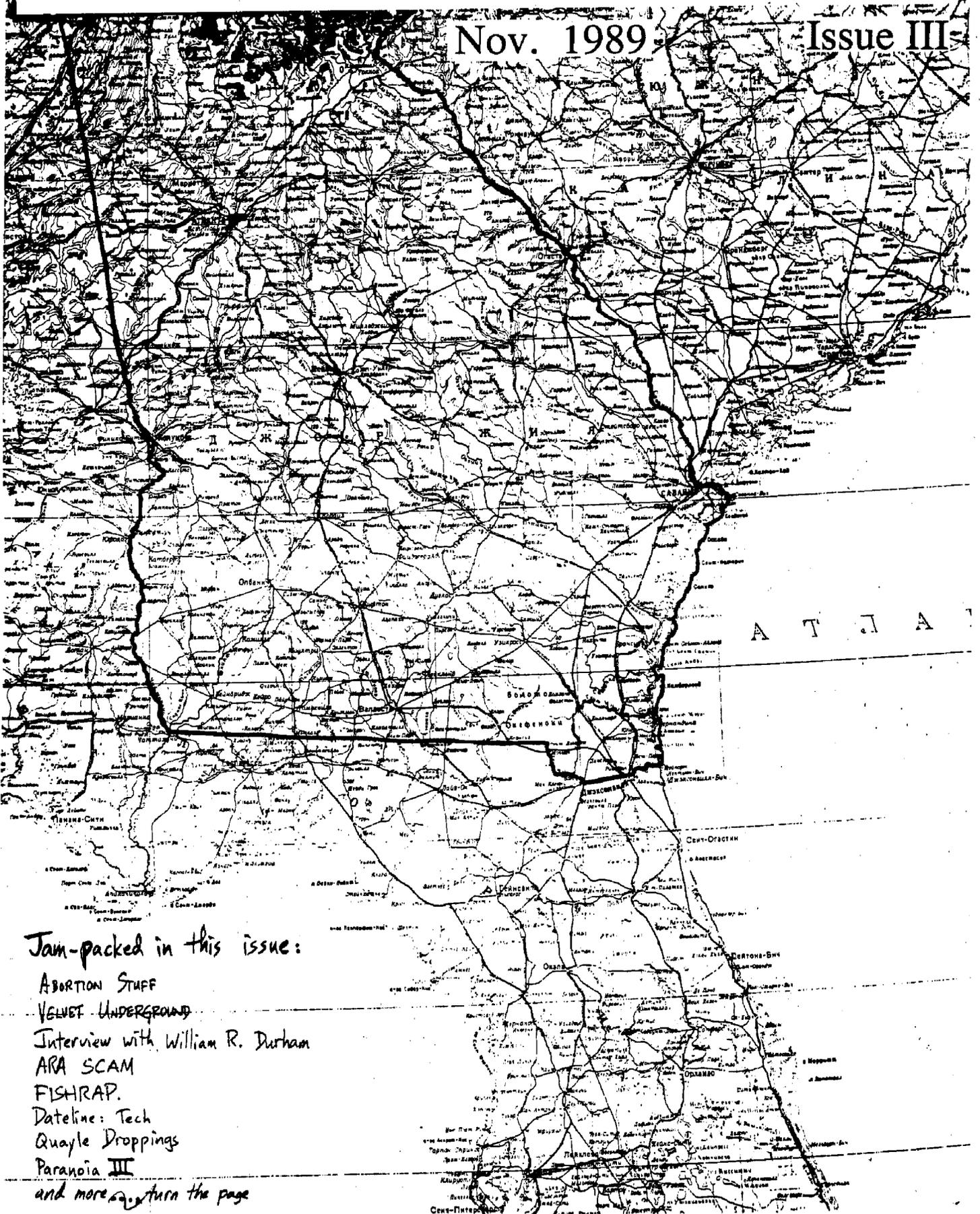


The North Avenue Review

Nov. 1989

Issue III



Jam-packed in this issue:

ABORTION STUFF

VELVET UNDERGROUND

Interview with William R. Durham

ARA SCAM

FISHRAP.

Dateline: Tech

Quayle Droppings

Paranoia III

and more... turn the page

STRUCTURE

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

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

The *North Avenue Review* is published twice quarterly by Chapman Publishing Co. in Norcross, Ga.

We are:

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Big thanks for this issue to:

GSC and USC: ^{over}
for allocating \$9000 to us.

Dr. David Ray and friends:
for still helping us with
everything we've done so far.

The Chapman Publishing Company:
...cheap, cool, and quick.

Shireen Khan and her friends at *The Technique*:
for helping us learn PageMaker.

SUBMISSIONS

General Information

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

Send submissions to:

North Avenue Review
GT Campus Mail
P.O. Box 33090

DEADLINE for 4th issue:
Thursday, January 11, 1990

NEXT MEETING:
Tuesday, November 21, 1989
D.M. Smith room 105, 6 pm

Anyone who submits articles, literature or graphic arts has the option of becoming one of many editors for that issue of the *North Avenue Review*. Just come to the meetings.

If there are any **c o n c e r n s**, questions, or problems, contact Steve Danyo (p.o. box 35307) or Jeff Cardille (p.o. box 33090).

Articles

The *North Avenue Review* welcomes any topics that you deem worthwhile by students, faculty, and staff. Be prepared to rewrite. Facts are important. Articles which we feel are unnecessarily inflammatory will be rewritten by the author or will not be printed. Submissions should be written in WordPerfect or Microsoft Word for the MacIntosh. You can use many of the Macs around campus. Save your writing, as we will use your disk to manipulate and extract your article to layout. Graphics with your article would be greatly appreciated!

Turn in your piece to the Craft center

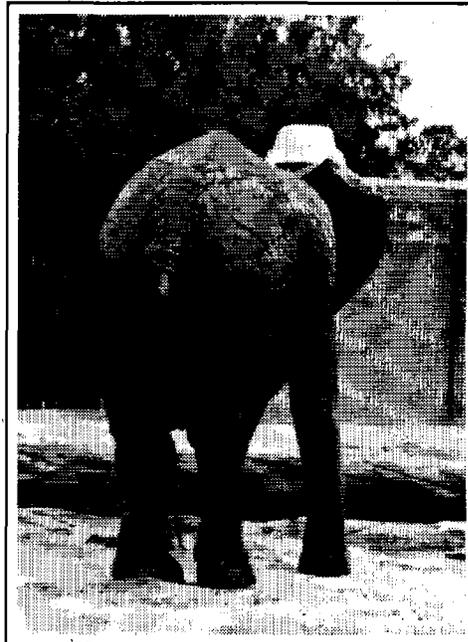
(located on the third floor of the Student Center) between 12 noon and 6 pm on the day of the deadline, or to our p.o. box a few days before the deadline. It is strongly encouraged that you attend the meetings to defend your piece during group review.

Letters

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

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

We welcome all of this stuff from students, faculty, and staff. Please submit it all to the Craft Center on the day of the deadline or to our p.o. box prior to the deadline.



JIMMY MOORE

"...Computer tutors are just as effective as human tutors. One can imagine a world in which we become two or three times more efficient in the way we deliver educational services."

-- John Patrick Crecine, originally quoted in *The Whistle*.

"We teach children how to measure, how to weigh. We fail to teach them how to revere, how to sense wonder and awe. The sense of the sublime, the sign of the inward greatness of the human soul and something which is potentially given to all men, is now a rare gift."

-- Heschel, from *The Wisdom of Heschel*



Praise and Warning

Editors:

I just thought I'd write to commend you on a fine second issue and on your recent SGA funding. I found the *Review* to be informative and to cover a wide range of topics and views. Overall, the writing was good, and I especially enjoyed Donkin and Babb's interview of the homeless folks. The poetry and art work were great, too. Keep it up.

As a writer for *The Technique*, I foresee some evolving roles for the two journals here on campus. I see *The Technique* as Tech's current news source, keeping people informed of campus happenings. The *Review*, on the other hand, seems to be Tech's "magazine"—a periodic publication where important campus and community issues are discussed and people express their views. I believe your editors used words to this effect during your funding review. To me, the two publications are complimentary, not competitive. I can only hope that *The Technique* and the *Review* work together to provide Tech with the information it needs.

I would like to warn you, however, not to follow the lead of a similar "alternative" (for lack of a better word) newspaper

that sprung to life while I was an undergraduate at Carnegie Mellon. It started just like the *Review* but transformed into a mean-spirited gripe rag, rife with name-calling and other angry words. I never enjoyed reading that paper, and I don't think it served many people's needs. Try not to follow this trend.

Lastly, I'd like to point out some irony in your presentation of the statistics comparing military spending with social spending. Eisenhower used those same type of figures in the 1950's to justify building up our nuclear arsenal in his defense policy called "massive retaliation." You see, nuclear weapons were far cheaper than the expensive conventional arms (I think that's still true today), thus freeing up money to use on social and economic programs. Ironically, I don't think that you intended to advocate nuclear arms, and, in fact, it's contrary to today's trend of cutting back on nuclear weapons.

Again, keep up the good work. I look forward to reading issue three.

Sincerely,
Mike Emmerth

Our response:
Your points are very well taken, especially the one about avoiding excess negativity in the future. One of our staffers,

in fact, wrote for a year for the Carnegie Mellon "gripe rag" that you mentioned. You are quite right to refer to it as sometimes "mean-spirited," and this tendency is something we are wary of at the Review. To try to reassure you a little bit, there are several important differences from the CMU paper that reduce our likeliness to get too bitchy. The first and foremost is that we were designed from the very start as a noncompetitive, inclusive magazine determined to open up debate at Georgia Tech; the CMU newspaper, in fundamental contrast, adopted confrontational stances with the established newspaper, trying to provide alternative interpretations of the same news events.

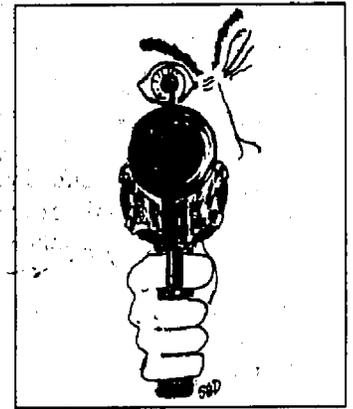
Luckily, we're not trying to do that. Although there will certainly be some occasional overlap between our and The Technique's topics, our emphasis will continue to be on the non-newsy aspects of Georgia Tech life. We definitely share your concern for becoming too negative, so please keep us honest; point out our good and bad points as we evolve. Thanks for the letter.

More response to gun control article...

This letter to the editor has been edited to increase readability and correct errors of spelling and grammar. Great care has been taken to assure that the content and style are uncorrupted.
(Edited by Matthew C. Kramer)

Letter to the editor:

I am writing this letter in response to Mr. Meredith's



views that appeared in his recent article on gun control concerning the Nazi activities against the Jews in the Warsaw ghetto uprising. If a handful of firearms in the hands of those people defied the Nazi death machine for a brief moment, what if all of the residents had been armed? Then the holocaust would have never happened!

"Power comes from the barrel of a gun," said Mao. He stripped all weapons from the people. Communist China has one of the strictest gun control programs in the world. The students of the democratic movement didn't have enough guns. The guns that were provided by some units of the People's Revolutionary Army were refused because it was intended to be used as justification for the PLA to declare war on the students. However, as it turned out, the PLA fired on unarmed students anyway.

I have more fear of the organized oppressive forces who insist on protecting me from injuring myself by taking away my freedom of choice, than fear of random criminal acts. May I suggest that Mr. Meredith and all Gun Prohibition groups read the novel 1984, and decide for themselves if that's the society that they prefer?

Tsang Y. Jon
P.O. 34397

THANKS.

In preparation for our October 10 meeting with the Undergraduate and Graduate Student Governments (USG and GSG), we solicited a number of letters of support from faculty. Although we didn't use the letters at any of our meetings with student senators, we want to explicitly recognize the efforts of our faculty supporters. Here is one of the letters, which affirms our efforts and is representative of the pieces we received. Thanks again to everyone who helped us to get funding.

To the members of the Georgia Tech Student Government:

I am a professor at Georgia Tech and am writing to lend support to the idea of having the student government financially back the new *North Avenue Review* magazine. An interview I gave this magazine (*The Growing Conflict Between Research and Teaching*) was printed in their latest issue. In this interview, I tried to speak candidly about the life of a professor and specifically about the balance between research and teaching as I view it. The topic was timely and I was pleased with the result of their work. I was glad to have had this opportunity to share my opinion on this subject and I hope it both educated and stimulated student thought.

I believe the *North Avenue Review* magazine was the only appropriate medium for this interview. However, I also believe the importance of this and the other topics discussed in the latest issue of the *North Avenue Review* magazine is self evident and that there is a continuing need for a forum to publish such material. In one issue of the *North Avenue Review* magazine we saw feature stories on capitalism, ethics, the homeless in Atlanta, and the idea of national service. Through debate and discussion on issues such as these, we can gain a perspective on our world not available in any classroom setting. I complement the staff of the *North Avenue Review* magazine for putting together such a string of quality discussions.

It is my sincere hope that the students of Georgia Tech will agree with me that such excellence and potential is worthy of our support, both intellectual and financial. It would be a wise investment.

Boatwright and Lunsford Praised

by Benjamin Hendry and Larry Sampler

Steve Lunsford and Jim Boatwright earned a measure of our respect at the October 10 meeting of the USC by exhibiting a commendable level of tolerance for opinions that they considered to be not necessarily in line with their own. Both Steve and Jim, themselves USC representatives, admitted that they "hated the *North Avenue Review* from front to back", yet realized that their own perspectives and biases should not supersede the right of others to express their views. Or, as Steve put it "This is what the Bill of Rights is all about, right?". Consequently, they voted to appropriate funds to the NAR in the interests of the whole of Tech rather than submit to personal whims. Steve even declared his intention to be a future contributor. Their attitude is an example for all of us; it recognizes that one can be humble enough to recognize that he is not infallible and yet courageous enough to risk his views in an open forum. We hope that their example can serve as an inspiration to every faction as, after all, this issue transcends the mere boundaries of Tech and is one of the very underpinnings of American society.



How To Be A Computer Geek in Four Easy Steps (Or At Least Look Like One)

by Ian Smith, gt4018c@prism

Maybe you're a really cool kinda guy or gal, but have these nagging doubts that you can't really fit in at Georgia Tech without being able to sling computer jargon around at boring cocktail parties. Well, let me give you some advice: you can really have (gasp!) some fun by using the resources available to you (for FREE - thanks, Clyde) on the GTNET.

To start you on your way to becoming a computer geek, may I suggest that you start out by "reading news." Every person who starts reading news becomes addicted to at least twelve of the newsgroups available. There are groups on every possible range of topics (over 500 in all), and they cover the entire spectrum of interests. There are newsgroups available to you on topics ranging from political theory to masturbation; from religion to wrestling; from cellular automata to movies; and so on. (More on exactly how to get at this information later.)

Another very interesting thing to do on the network is "Forum." (This is also used by experienced computer geeks as a verb, e.g. "Shut up, I'm busy foruming.") This system allows you talk to college students all over the country in real-time (computer lingo for "you see what they type immediately after they type it"). This is a shrewd way to avoid long distance charges from Ma Bell if you can get together with a friend at another school at a planned time. This program is quite versatile and has a wide range of discussion topics.

There are lots more things that one can use the network for, but now down to the guts of this article: How to be a computer geek. All you need is:

- 1) Your gt number.
- 2) Your password.
- 3) Some time.
- 4) Enough guts to ask people you don't know to help you when you get stuck.

continued on page 5...

VELVET UNDERGROUND

by Suzanne Burns

In the history of rock and roll music there have been several bands that stood out from the crowd and made a great impact on rock music in the years to come. Especially in the period of the 1960's these influential bands changed the course of music as the world commonly knew it. There was the British Invasion that brought a deluge of great rock musicians from England to the United States such as The Who, The Rolling Stones, and of course The Beatles. At home there were a number of bands, including The Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, and Frank Zappa's Mothers of Invention in California creating new boundaries in rock music, and such legends as Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, and Peter, Paul, and Mary were greatly developing folk. The music world was exploding with new ideas and groups. Many of these great groups have undoubtedly influenced hundreds, if not thousands of fledgling rock bands since. It would be hard to find a rock band in existence now, or in any time since the 1960's, that has not been influenced by some innovative group of the '60's. Although most of these mentor bands were quite popular and successful when they began in this period, one group never had commercial success. They were considered relatively obscure during their brief existence but in the years since have gained a surprisingly large cult following and have been a major influence on countless rock musicians in the past two decades. This band was called the Velvet Underground.

Lou Reed was the backbone of the Velvet Underground. He had classical piano training as a child and while growing up he played guitar in several short lived bands. He played in bands as

a student at Syracuse University and after graduation got a job working as a songwriter for Pickwick Records. His job was to pump out songs that Pickwick could give to prospective pop stars to record. One song Reed wrote, "The Ostrich," was to be a new dance craze and Reed was thrown together with several other musicians to perform the song under the name the Primitives. Although the song wasn't quite the hit that Pickwick had anticipated this effort introduced him to John Cale. Cale was a Welsh avant garde musician with classical training in the viola whose musical concepts fit perfectly with Reed's brilliantly insightful lyrics. Cale had previously been in an experimental group playing an electric viola. Cale and Reed decided to start a band and recruited Sterling Morrison, an old Syracuse buddy of Lou's, to play guitar. They got Angus MacLise, who lived in the same apartment building with Lou and John, to play drums. They soon solved the problem of a name for the group when a friend found a paperback book in a gutter. The book about sadomasochism was called The Velvet Underground. The title was adopted by the band as a name because of their involvement in the underground music and art scene in New York City, where they were living. Soon after, Angus left the group because it was too restricting. Lou and Sterling had a friend from Syracuse, Jim Tucker, whose sister Maureen played drums and after auditioning she joined The Velvets.

The band played small shows around New York for a good part of 1965 until during a residency gig at The Cafe Bizarre in Greenwich Village they were introduced to pop art guru Andy Warhol. This was a major turning point in the life of the band. They became the musical accompaniment for Warhol's experimental multi-media event The Exploding Plastic Inevitable. This show bombarded all of the senses of the audience. There was VU providing the music, Gerard Malanga and Edie Sedgwick interpretively dancing and performing, and Andy's films and art being flashed on the screen behind everything else, and strobe

continued on next page. go to it now...

Computer Stuff...continued from pg.4
The procedure is as follows:

1) Walk up to any terminal that is on GTNET and sit down. There are terminals of this type in the library, in the Rich Building, and other places.

2) Type 'connect hydra' (In all the examples in this article, don't type the apostrophes, and hit the return key after every line.)

3) Type your gt number.

4) Type your password.

Now you own your account. Oooh, so you didn't know you had one... well, OCS has been kind enough to us to let each of us have an account on this system. See, it's not so hard.

From here you have a slew of choices, some of which are mentioned in this article.

I suggest that you do a little exploring. You are in the wonderful world of the UNIX Operating System, which is a bit (sic) arcane. Information on this system and how to use it, can be picked up in almost anyplace that OCS has a computer cluster, but Rich 104 is always a good choice.

To "read news", as mentioned above type, 'rn'. All of this news is nationwide, and most students don't have the ability to post their own information to it. However, if you are interested in local news, which you can also contribute to, type '/radar1/dsadmte/yak'. This is a wonderful system in its own right run by Keith Edwards and is a lot of fun (There are a lot of things to do on "the yak" other than read news, but

they are too numerous to list here and "the yak" will tell you about them anyway.). From "the yak" you can type 'forum' to get on the forum I spoke of earlier, or you can type 'yn' to read all the local news. (Note: at press time several student organizations had newsgroups there including: The North Ave. Review, The Technique, Radio Techwood, Amnesty International, and possibly Erato.) If you have questions or need help about "the yak" send mail (another UNIX command) to Keith by typing 'mail yak@kong'.

There are lots of other things to do on the network, and there is only really one way to find things out: ASK PEOPLE! Don't be afraid to ask anyone on Forum how to do something, or just lean over to the person beside you in the computer cluster. EVERYBODY LEARNS THIS WAY, just give it a try. Enjoy!

...continued from last page (the one you just left)

lights flashing everywhere. Andy was close friends with and a big fan of German model/actress/singer Nico at the time and at his suggestion the Velvets added Nico as part of the band, and consequently changed the name to The Velvet Underground and Nico.

Andy's E.P.I. toured the United States off and on from 1965 to 1967 when the energy and enthusiasm of the group seemed to dwindle and the Velvets began to learn more toward recording and performing normal shows than being involved in the New York underground art scene. With Andy Warhol as their producer they recorded their first album "The Velvet Underground and Nico" in 1967 on MGM Records' Verve label. Unfortunately MGM was not pleased with the public response to the album. There was a great deal of controversy over the content of songs like "Venus in Furs," a song about sadomasochism, "Waiting for the Man" about scoring heroin, "Run Run Run" about a drug park in New York City, and perhaps their most controversial song ever "Heroin," a song written from the view point of a heroin junkie. The album was banned from airplay in New York and MGM did little to nothing to promote or distribute the album. The ironic thing about all of the controversy over the record's contents was that these songs were in no way encouraging sadomasochism or any drug use, much less heroin. The songs simply gave factual accounts of what these vices were really like, and if anything, portrayed them in a light that might discourage their use. Nonetheless the public had formed an opinion of The Velvet Underground that would follow them throughout their career.

After the making of "The Velvet Underground and Nico" Nico left the group. She and Lou had been having some major personality conflicts that eventually lead to her departure from the band. She went on to pursue a solo career with Andy as her producer. At this point the Velvets drifted from Andy Warhol. The group hired Steven Sesnick as their business manager and in the "Summer of Love" of 1967 they recorded their second album "White Light/White Heat." The album name came from the feeling experienced when using amphetamines, which they often did. This title never drew much attention though because few people knew what it meant. The album was released in early 1968 and was much less controversial in its contents than the first album. Their musical style had also evolved greatly. "The Velvet Underground and Nico" was melodic at points and the concentration was more on the intense, chilling vocals of Nico and on John Cale's electric viola. "White Light/White Heat" stressed the heavy bass and electric guitars. It was a much heavier rock album. Although the record received decent reviews, MGM still would not put the time and money needed into the promotion to make it known and therefore it too got very little airplay or notice.

By 1968 the relationship between John Cale and Lou Reed was quickly deteriorating. Both had aspirations of being the star of the band and constantly struggled over who actually was the leader of the Velvets. When this personality conflict was added to their now frequent use of marijuana and amphetamines, the situation came to a breaking point. The band just wasn't big enough for both of them. Someone had to go, and Lou decided it was going to be John. Jon had just married Betsey Johnson, a New York fashion designer, and his new wife did not get along

with Lou which just compounded the problem. On September 28, 1968 John Cale played his last gig with The Velvet Underground. Although neither Sterling Morrison nor Mo Tucker had problems with Cale or wanted him to leave, they both knew that there was no way the band could continue under the tension of Lou and John's rivalry, and that Lou was irreplaceable. Within a week of Cale's departure the band had a new bass player, Doug Yule. Yule had formerly played in The Glass Menagerie, a Boston band and had been friends with the Velvets.

In March of 1969 the Velvets released their third album "The Velvet Underground." Musically the band had now changed moods again. This was more melodic and simplistic than any of their previous work. The substance of the songs was mostly happy and light. But once again, as the band was now accustomed to, MGM basically ignored the records' existence. This was more frustrating than ever to the Velvets though because now they were getting very positive responses from their shows and fans who had heard the record. These new fans found it virtually impossible to find any of the bands albums due to MGM's lack of distribution. In 1969 the band also recorded a live album "1969 Velvet Underground Live with Lou Reed."

At the end of 1969 the Velvets had finally had all they were going to take from MGM. They got out of their contract with MGM/Verve and went to Atlantic Records. They had recorded a fourth studio album at MGM before leaving but when they moved to Atlantic, MGM wouldn't release the tapes. This "Lost Album" contained some of the Velvets best material, including "foggy Notion," "Stephanie Says," and "I Can't Stand It." In 1984 at the demand of Velvets fans MGM released this classic Velvet Underground effort as "VU."

In June of 1970 the Velvets began their 10 week residency at Max's Kansas City, a Manhattan club frequented by underground artists, including many Andy Warhol groupies. While playing at Max's one night a long time fan of VU and cohort of Andy's recorded the show. She took the cassette to Atlantic who released it as "The Velvet Underground Live at Max's Kansas City."

During the stint at Max's the band was also recording their last record "Loaded." Mo Tucker was pregnant at the time so Doug Yule's brother Billy filled in for her on drums. Lou was having some big problems working with their manager Steven Sesnick and was increasingly having trouble getting along with Doug Yule and Sterling Morrison. Steling had never really forgiven Lou for kicking John Cale out of the band and was getting fed up with Lou's ego. Before "Loaded" was even released Lou Reed had quit the band. Consequently he claimed that the final released versions of several songs on the album were changed after he left and he sued to get full rights to all of the material. "Loaded" got a great reception by the public and to this day is probably the most well known Velvet Underground album ever released. It was without a doubt one of their most inspiring albums. The song "Rock & Roll" is one of their best remembered songs and "Sweet Jane" has been covered by countless bands since.

Reed's departure from the group was virtually the end of The Velvet Underground. Morrison, Tucker, and Yule found somewhat of a replacement but the band never recovered from the loss of Reed. They released "Squeeze" as a last attempt but it was never

continued on bottom of next page...

The Fisherman's Friend No Longer

by Mary T. Sorensen

Oppian, a Greek poet of the second century and the author of poems on fishing, states that dolphins were in the habit of pushing fishes into the nets of fisherman. But Pliny the Elder was even more specific than Oppian. This Roman writer lived in Gaul, and around 70AD was the procurator of the Province of Narbonne. There is a passage in Book IX of his *Natural History* based on his own observations:

"There is, in the Province of Narbonne, in the territory of Nimes, a pond named Latera, where dolphins fish with humans. On a certain day, a boundless school of mullet leaves the pond and heads for the open sea through a narrow channel which connects two bodies of water... a great crowd of people assemble at that spot, eager to see whatever may be seen. Everyone calls out in a loud voice: 'Simon!' [Apparently, the popular name for dolphins at that time.] Then the dolphins come, arranged in the ranks for battle. They block the way and push the frantic mullets back toward the shallows where fisherman encircle them with their nets. Nonetheless, the mullets try to jump over the nets, but they are caught by the dolphins who, for the moment, are content to kill them and defer their meal until the victory has been won."¹

And what has become of the dolphins of today? Fishermen still utilize the assistance of these energetic and graceful creatures for locating schools of tuna—especially yellowfin tuna. For unknown reasons, schools of yellowfin tuna swim just below the herds of dolphins. Then the practice known as "setting on a dolphin"

begins. Fishermen chase the dolphins with helicopters and speedboats. Exhausted and terrified, the dolphins are encircled in "purse seines" - nets up to a mile long that are drawn closed at the bottom.

"The poor animals are trapped!! Many suffocate or drown. Others are hauled through the power blocks that drive the nets...ALIVE."²

The three species that have been significantly reduced are the northern offshore spotted, eastern spinner, and coastal spotted. Environmentalists were able to get the attention of the U.S. government and pass legislation in 1972 with the Marine Mammal Protection Act. In summary :

"The MMPA is one of the principal wildlife conservation and management acts administered by the Department of Commerce and has been a key factor in the recovery of several marine mammal populations. Since a major concern of Congress, as evident in the act, is the continued variability and health of populations of marine mammals in their ecosystems, National Marine Fisheries Service has dedicated significant resources over the years to the study of marine mammal populations, life cycles and reproductive capacities to broaden our knowledge of these species."³

This Marine Mammal *protection* sounds very good; and compared to some other developed countries, the United States has taken great strides in wildlife protection. However, special interest groups through lobbying efforts have a significant influence in the law making procedures. A closer look at the "1984 MMPA amendments (P.L. 98-364) extend the cumulative mortality quota of 20,500 animals per year indefinitely. This cumulative quota was derived basically as a mortality rate of 0.24 dolphins per

see DOLPHIN p. 11...

...continued from last page

really recognized as a true Velvet Underground record without Lou.

After the band became defunct the members went their separate ways. Maureen Tucker became a computer programmer and is now working at Walmart as a cashier in Douglas County, Georgia. She is divorced and the mother of five. Sterling Morrison is now an English professor at the University of Texas at Austin. He is married and has one daughter. Doug Yule owns a cabinet making business in New Hampshire. Nico went on to record five solo albums and several movies, and had a son. In July of 1988 she died of a cerebral hemorrhage from falling off of a bike. John Cale recorded nine solo albums, divorced, remarried, and is now living in Manhattan. Lou Reed, the most well known member of the group since their breakup went on to marry and record more than 20 solo albums. He finally had a top ten single in the mid-1970's with "Walk on the Wild Side." His 1989 release "New York" went to the top 20 on Rolling Stone Magazine's top 100 chart. The recent death of Andy Warhol sparked Lou Reed and John Cale to reunite for a requiem for their dear friend. This collaboration "Songs for 'Drella" (Warhol's nickname) will be released in November and is greatly anticipated by Velvet

Underground fans.

The Velvet Underground has been called the most influential American rock band of the last 25 years, and with good reason. Despite their lack of commercial success, the Velvets have made more of an impact on rock music than could possibly be measured. In 1987 Rolling Stone Magazine ranked "The Velvet Underground and Nico," "The Velvet Underground," and "Loaded" in the top 100 albums in rock and roll history. Their influence is unmistakable in an amazing number of bands including U2, David Bowie, R.E.M., The Sex Pistols, Led Zeppelin, Roxy Music, The Dream Syndicate (the name was even taken from John Cale's pre-Velvet band), and Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers, who in turn have been an influence for many other bands. The list goes on and on. It is both sad and frightening to think of the tremendous success the Velvets could have had if only they had been handled by a record company who knew what incredible talent they were working with: the genius in composing lyrics that could make Lou Reed remembered years from now as one of the most insightful poets of our time, and the musical talent of John Cale that could make him remembered as another Beethoven. Without a doubt The Velvet Underground will be remembered as a band that was truly decades ahead of its time.

If you haven't thought about the abortion issue lately, consider this:

You're an undergraduate in your senior year at some prominent technical institute in Atlanta, GA. Because you can only afford three more quarters of fees, you are taking a heavy class load while singlehandedly organizing and carrying out a job search that seems at best frustrating and at worst hopeless. Despite the 16-18 hour days, endless homework and number crunching, you're surviving and with only three more quarters to go, you can see and smell the light at the end of the tunnel. But one day, in one of your few quiet moments with your girlfriend (or wife), she tells you that she's pregnant. Abortion is illegal in the United States, so your choices are limited: you can try to have an illegal abortion or you can choose to have the baby. Concerned for your girlfriend's life, there is only one real choice: to have the baby. You are forced to quit school and work to participate in the financial struggle involved in the \$5000+ task of having a baby. Three+ years of struggle for your Bachelors Degree at GT slip quietly away.

Or this:

A low-income woman living in the housing projects just across North Avenue. She is hopelessly addicted to crack, the latest and most alluring form of cocaine. Life for her is a single-minded day-to-day struggle to meet her increasing need for crack. The two month old baby growing inside of her further complicates the struggle. Not having the option for safe and legal abortion, she must have the baby. Unable to take care of it herself, the baby joins the multitude of unwanted babies in America that are born addicted to crack.

Or consider:

A 30-year old married woman living in a seemingly safe and secure Cobb County home. Her life seems cozy and content

except for the blood transfusion that 7 years ago transmitted the AIDS virus into her body. Before doctors were able to diagnose the illness, she had a child who now also is a victim of the virus. She is pregnant again because of failed birth control. In all likelihood, the baby she is presently carrying will carry and contract the AIDS virus. However, since abortion is illegal, she must have the baby. She will watch two of her children suffer as she dies of AIDS herself.

The above examples are not dramatizations. These situations happen and are not at all uncommon in real life. Contraceptives, no matter how carefully they are used, do fail and subsequently result in approximately 30 million unwanted pregnancies in our world each year.

Perhaps the most powerful argument opposing legal abortion in modern American society is that which maintains that life begins at conception and that the taking of such life is murder. Yet, because an embryo/fetus is not able to survive on its own prior to six months, whether or not the embryo/fetus is indeed a human life is and always will be a religious issue.

Perhaps, then, the responding argument to the above would question the changing viability threshold of the fetus as medical technology advances. Most medical people agree that the viability threshold can never drop below 23 or 24 weeks. Says Mark Evans, director of reproductive genetics at Hutzel Hospital in Detroit: "We have gotten much, much better at salvaging premature infants, but we have not dramatically lowered the age at which the fetus becomes viable."

The question of life beginning at conception, then, returns unavoidably to religion. By making abortion illegal, the federal and/or state governments will reunite the religion of fundamentalist Christians and state, an action that violates the very basis on which this country was founded.

Pro-life activists also promote the option to adopt rather than abort. In theory, this option seems ideal. If one person doesn't want a child, give it to someone else who does. Yet, the last thing America needs is

more children put up for adoption. 34,000 children wait in this country to be adopted, but the catch is that 82% are older or handicapped and 51% are minorities. Another 450,000 children are housed in foster care, taken out of their homes because of abuse. Is it really fair then to promote the birth of more healthy white babies while many black and handicapped children remain unwanted and homeless?

Sadly, the anti-abortion trend goes hand in hand with anti-birth control. Most anti-abortion/pro-life groups in this country also oppose many methods of birth control. The idea that life begins at conception automatically outlaws some forms of the Pill and the IUD, two of the safest methods of birth control available today, because they can abort an egg after fertilization. The French pill, RU 486 which aborts a fertilized egg without a surgical procedure, is already banned from use in the United States despite the fact that the pill is not only safer than conventional abortion procedures but also has other beneficial effects unrelated to abortion (such as the treatment of some forms of cancer).

One must also consider the reality of withholding legal and safe abortion from women in the United States. Women carrying unwanted embryos will continue to have abortions whether they be legal or illegal as was the case before the Roe v. Wade decision in 1973. Unwanted pregnancies before 1973 are not much different from those in 1989. Consider for example, the facts in Brazil where abortion is illegal. Out of a total population of 144 million, approximately 3 million illegal abortions are performed in Brazil each year as compared to 1.6 million legal abortions out of 246 million people in the United States. As long as coat hangers are available, regardless of U.S. laws, abortion will remain alive and undiminished. Rather than saving "human" lives, then, making abortion illegal will cost two "human" lives: that of both the unborn fetus and the mother who finds herself pregnant with an unwanted child.

I have two final questions for the pro-life movement:

If your concern is really for the children in

continued on page 10...

COOR and the First Amendment

... from the frontline of the
Abortion Battle

by Allan W. Yarbrough

Have some Liberals abandoned their commitment to free speech?

This is not necessarily a rhetorical question. Many groups of people have on occasion sought to limit open discussion on an issue either within an organization or in the public arena; however, when the group in question has made an obsession of libertarian interpretations of the First Amendment, one cannot help but add hypocrisy to the charge of repression. I have evidence of such repression by the activists of the Coalition Opposing Operation Rescue (COOR), witnessed this summer during a demonstration outside the Feminist Women's Health Center.

I arrived that Saturday morning with a group of friends from Tech to support the local church group that organized a prolife demonstration loosely affiliated with Operation Rescue. We were fairly disorganized: there were no circular pickets, and no one had brought copies of the songs that were being sung, so I perched on a nearby fence to read a book while awaiting further direction.

Suddenly I glanced up to notice the following scene: a young lady of our party was walking on the side of the street directly opposite the entrance to the Center while carrying a sign bearing the photograph of an aborted fetus. Trailing her was an unpleasant looking fellow attempting to block the view of her sign from the Center with a sign of his own and not being dissuaded by her constant attempts to escape him. This struck me at the time as simply discourteous; thus, I attempted to interpose myself between them while distracting him with conversation. (This last was not particu-

larly enlightening: from him I learned that a baby is a "salamander" before it is born.) We carried on like this for about ten minutes, until eventually the two retreated to their respective camps, and I returned to my book while dismissing the incident as isolated.

I was wrong. A few minutes later the slogan-chanting COOR activists assaulted our position in force, squeezing their way among us and obstructing our signs. Their primary target was a large banner bearing the message: "ABORTION IS MURDER". When the two people holding it attempted to back away, six of the COORites pursued them... all the way up Fourteenth St. to the traffic light, across the road, and back down the other side, screaming slogans and blocking the banner all the while.

These events greatly disturbed me, for they had never in my experience happened during one of these demonstrations. Fearing an outbreak of violence, I approached two officers observing the scene from the comfort of their police car and requested that the two groups somehow be kept separated as in the past. "We can't," they replied, with poorly concealed glee. "It's freedom of speech."

Wait a minute. Am I to understand that, under the pretense of freedom of speech, the COOR activists are now licensed to harass and obstruct those that do not agree with them? Notwithstanding the various mythologies of what the First Amendment does and does not require, one would think that, as a concept, "freedom of speech" would imply a broadening of the views expressed rather than a narrowing of them, but narrowing discussion and limiting dissent is precisely the affect of COOR's activities.

It is obvious in whose benefit these new "rules of engagement" for prolife demonstrations operate. In addition to being more numerous, the COORites have always been more aggressive than the prolife picketers, as anyone could surmise from watching one of these confrontations. The screams, chants, and curses of the pro-choice people contrast sharply with the hymns, rosaries, and quiet prayers of the Operation Rescue affiliates. It was only their commitment to peaceful protest that

prevented a violent clash that day.

"What about Operation Rescue?" the pro-choicer cries. "They also ignore rights by trying to prevent women from entering abortion clinics!" A prolife might point out that, while the freedom of information/ideas dates back to the principles of the Enlightenment of the 17th century and is specifically protected in the Bill of Rights, the abortion right was created by judicial fiat in 1973 and, as the Supreme Court affirmed in the *Webster* decision, will increasingly become a matter of state discretion. But there is a more fundamental distinction to be made: the Rescuers, with their own acquiescence, are hauled away in police vans to detention centers, while the COOR activists conduct their campaign of harassment with the full sanction of the authorities.

Which brings me to the point that the officers at the Center obviously did not of their own initiative begin to observe a double standard in whose rights they protect, for this incident represents a pattern throughout the city. The question is: Who gave the order? It would be ironic if Mayor Andrew Young, himself a veteran of the Civil Rights movement, is now abusing police power on behalf of the new Establishment. Otherwise, he certainly owes it to the people of this city to discover and reprimand the man who is.

According to the World
Population Crisis
Committee:

Women in Mexico have about the same number of abortions per year as women in the U.S. (~1.5 million). However, abortion is illegal in Mexico.

Last year, 140,000 women died in Mexico due to complications from abortions (almost 1 in 10). Last year, 6 women died in the U.S. due to complications from abortions (1 in 250,000).

A Man Needs A Maid

Abortion and the Threat to Male Dominance

by Steve Donkin

Sexism is alive and well and fueling the fire of the abortion debate. In the past twenty years, women have gained an increased presence in previously all-male or male-dominated areas of society, and this has posed a serious threat to some cherished traditions. Whenever tradition is challenged, a backlash is to be expected, and we are now seeing age-old sexist and outright misogynist attitudes surfacing and making a final stand on the front steps of abortion clinics all over the country.

Sexism as an integral part of

...continued from page 8

our world, why bring more into an already overpopulated world where millions are starving and millions more are abused (2.2 million in the U.S. alone) or homeless?

If you really believe that life begins at conception, why do I see you protesting every Saturday morning at Atlanta Surgicenter yet I don't see any of you at the Atlanta Humane Society where kitten and puppy fetuses are aborted regularly. Do unwanted animals not have to suffer, because according to the fundamentalist idea, only humans have souls? Why does having "a soul" lead us into more global pain and suffering rather than deliver us from it?

Despite the intensity of both sides of the abortion issue, the most detrimental force presently affecting either side is those who stand in the middle, uncommitted. No matter what your opinion, please speak up; your voice is desperately needed. Or you may find yourself with no choice at all.

Note:

Most of the above statistics come from the film "Abortion for Survival" (produced by the Fund for the Feminist Majority) and have been reconfirmed by popular articles. Although this film presents perfectly valid information, it may be dismissed by many as invalid because the film itself presents only the pro-choice side of the abortion issue.

Western culture has a long history that cannot be denied, and is continuously reinforced generation after generation through our teaching of that history. Only recently have sociologists and educators begun to question the way we perpetuate sexist attitudes in our schools. Philosopher Seyla Benhabib poses the question this way: "If what have hitherto been considered the major works of the Western tradition are, almost uniformly, the product of a specific group of individuals - propertied, white, European, and North-American males - how universal and representative is their message, how inclusive is their scope, and how unbiased their vision? In continuing to insist that their work alone constitutes the canon, are we not participating in the silencing, marginalization, and oppression of those 'others,' mainly women, non-white peoples, and members of non-Graeco-Roman and non-Christian traditions?"¹

The answer is, of course, yes, and now those propertied, white, Christian, North American males are leading the fight to preserve tradition in the only field where they have a hope of winning - that of reproductive rights. Not only are the battlelines clearly drawn in the area of reproductive rights (you are either pro-choice or anti-choice), but it is also the only theater that allows for effective guerrilla warfare in favor of men; because men have no chance of becoming pregnant themselves, they can hide in the trees and snipe at the women with self-righteous epithets about the evils of being pregnant with a child you don't want.

One need not look far for examples of feminist progress in our society. In 1969, 9% of first year medical students were female; by 1987 that figure had increased to 37%. Similarly, only 8% of the law degrees given in 1973 were to women; in 1983, the figure was 36%. And in 1973, women earned only 4.9% of the MBAs awarded; in 1983, the figure was 28.9%.² However, among the real policy-makers in the country, women are still sadly outnumbered. In the Supreme Court, the ratio is 8 to 1; in the House of Representatives, it is 408 to 27; in most state legislatures it is worse. Though they may be more educated and financially independent than ever before, women still have relatively little voice when it comes to the creation and enforcement of the laws that govern them.

The alarming direction that these mostly male-made laws and court decisions have recently been taking should at least worry some women, and at most enrage those who would otherwise take exception to being labelled as second-class citizens, for that is exactly the implication that anti-choice legislation carries with it. An article in a recent issue of *Ms.* stated, "It is impossible for the state to take a position on fetal life - whether that it has absolute value or that it should override a woman's right to choose - without denying the bodily and moral integrity of women."³ In other words, this is not just an issue dealing with pregnant women or sexually promiscuous women, but with *all* women. When the state tells women that it alone has the final say about their reproductive behavior, it is singling out women as a group both separate from men (because men can't get pregnant) and subordinate to men (since men dominate the control of the state).

Reproductive freedom is certainly not an issue that concerns only women. Men who pride themselves on their enlightened attitudes towards women's rights, or who take an active interest in creating and maintaining a society that is truly just, should be as dedicated to making their views known to their legislatures as women should be. However, if anti-choice attitudes prevail and restrictive laws are passed, then it is women who will suffer the humiliation of being classed as baby factories first and free citizens second. Likewise, it is women who will be forced to suffer the physical and financial hardships of gestating, birthing and then raising to adulthood an unwanted child. And, inevitably, it is women who will die from unsafe abortions, or even from pregnancies that should never have come to term. In that same issue of *Ms.*, Gloria Steinheim wrote, "We give freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, and other basic rights to the individual, limiting state power in the long-term interest of democracy; but reproductive freedom has never been taken that seriously. On the contrary, a man's house may be his castle, but a woman's body is rarely her own."⁴

¹Seyla Benhabib, "On Contemporary Feminist Theory", *Dissent*, Summer 1989, p. 366.

²Rhonda Copelon & Kathryn Kolbert, "Imperfect Justice", *Ms.*, July/August 1989, p. 43-44.

³Barbara Ehrenreich, "Feminism and Class Consolidation", *Dissent*, Summer 1989, p. 386.

⁴Gloria Steinheim, "A Basic Human Right", *Ms.*, July/August 1989, p. 40.

LH LH

POLITICS OF THE ABORTION ISSUE

By Janice Day

I was marching in a rally for pro-choice earlier this year when a funny thing happened to me. An elderly man stopped and told me that if I didn't have sex then I would not need an abortion. This was rather strange because I never said I needed an abortion nor was I recommending women have them. I was advocating a choice for all women if they became pregnant. More strange, however, was that this man was telling me I must abstain from sex unless I want a baby. So according to his theory, if I want two children then I am allowed to have sex twice during my life.

This is the theory of the anti-abortion movement. This group talks of religion and ideology, forgetting the real world. They say every fetus will be born wanted. Many times I have heard anti-choice people tell me about adoption. Unfortunately, the world we live in is not perfect; most adopting couples are searching for a blue-eyed, blonde, male infant. Children are born addicted to drugs, severely handicapped, some have AIDS, and many are born minorities. These children will probably NOT be adopted. Yet they must be born because their mothers became pregnant and the punishment for sex is children. Look inside yourself; are you concerned for the welfare of the fetus or are you punishing women for having sex?

A classic tactic in overcoming opposition is to label and place the threat into a category. Once the problem is distanced and removed in this way it can then

be discarded. All feminists are "lesbian men-haters", all democrats are "liberals", all black people have small brains, all Georgia Tech girls are looking for a man or must be fat and ugly - these are all examples of discarding a categorized group. The anti-abortion advocates have perfected this distancing technique. They have accomplished separating the pro-choice and anti-abortion issues with the slogan "abortion must not be used as birth control". This seems logical; no rational and intelligent person would use abortion as a contraceptive. But what does abortion for birth control really mean? The purpose of an abortion is to prevent a birth. Therefore every abortion is used

for "birth control". This empty phrase simply separates the "us" from the "them". "We" use proper contraceptives; "they" use abortion. "They" are the minorities, poor people, feminists, (fill in the blank), people who are definitely not "us". The "pro-lifers" are isolating themselves into the "perfect people" group.

Obviously neither side is perfect and isolation will not solve any problems. We cannot avoid natural human sexuality and ignore our vulnerabilities. We need to work together because the only way to eliminate abortion is to eliminate the need for it. When a 100% effective birth control method is available to ALL women, when men no

longer violate and rape women, when every child is born healthy; then we will not need abortion. If there is no alternative women will always have the ability to choose to reproduce. They will continue to demand control over their own bodies - illegally if necessary.

The abortion problem affects all of us - maybe your brother or sister, your friend, your parent, maybe you. While we are perfecting society, the time will come for all of us to face the issue. When that time comes, will the government ask why you had sex if you didn't want a baby? When the time comes will you have a safe and legal choice?

...DOLPHIN from p. 7

every ton of yellowfin tuna harvested.

It must be noted that, though shockingly inadequate—some safety features for the dolphins are utilized such as additional equipment on board the vessels to release tangled dolphins. Also a prohibition of sundown sets (of nets) reduce mortality. "But the fishing companies say dolphin deaths are 'incidental for their work. But the dolphins are known to be intentional targets sought out to maximize tuna catches — and profits.

So the question here is what we can do to help this situation. One of the primary roles of the Environmental Forum here at Georgia Tech is the distribution of information, and the information here shows that something needs to be done. Most people have heard of the organization Greenpeace. They have become an effective force in fighting environmental disaster. They say that with our support they can awaken public opinion, arouse world press and compel U.S. government and other nations to take action to stop this needless slaughter. Support can mean donations or support can mean boycotting all canned tuna or fresh tuna unless you are sure it was not caught at the

expense of dolphins' lives. Let's not be passive. If you value the lives of these dolphins, don't just say, "hey, I don't eat tuna." Next time you are at the grocery store or see a can at a friend's, get the address and write to them why you are boycotting their product. This is the only way your efforts will be acknowledged. So where does ARA get their tuna anyway?

Just as a last thought-- the 20,500 incidental death figure is for the U.S. fleet alone. That is really just the tip of the iceberg. This is a matter of hundreds of thousands of dolphins in jeopardy. We all can make a difference.

Consider this eyewitness report from a government biologist working undercover on board a tuna boat:

"Listening to 500 dolphins shrieking in panic as they fight and gasp for air... standing by helplessly as living dolphins were dragged aloft thrashing and flailing in terror before being literally crushed to death in the power block... It's enough to make you give up tuna for life."

1 Dolphins, Jacques-Yves Cousteau, Doubleday and Company, Inc., New York 1975
2 Greenpeace, 1436 U Street NW, PO Box 3720, Washington DC 20007
3 U.S. Department of Commerce, National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, National Marine Fisheries Service

Fishrap

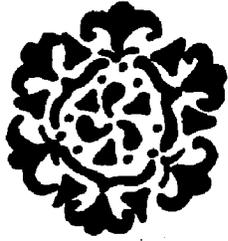
We own your soul for the
next 9 pages...



MEN OF THE MOUNTAIN

HHH HHH II

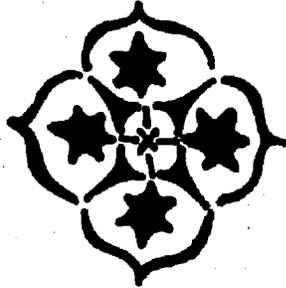
Loneliness



It means that you're not happy with the way people are around you and you're eating dinner with a monster on your shoulder. Your cat won't talk when the TV's on and the couch is changing colors. Your clothes don't fit because it's too cold and the grass hasn't grown in months.

It's the way that your keys set in your pocket when the leaves fall and the dew comes more often.

Scott Morris



Black and Blue
I see you
Through battered eyes.
A vision clouded
by blood and sweat.
Mine.

The next day
The bruises come
to remind me how much
you love me.

J. Kane



-Jillanna Babb

III III III

Insomnia

On the night of August 7th, 1979, a young girl was raped by three men in a empty cow pasture just outside the town of Massey, Alabama.

I knew something terribly wrong had happened the moment I walked into the room. It was like a surreal drawing of a family scene. Everything was in place, but there was something subtly wrong with the picture. Everyone knew their role-- the hostile mother, the contemplative father, the penitent child-- but, tonight, my mother was confused, searching for the words to set everything in its proper place. As for the others, they had crawled back into themselves, only their bodies there to witness the mother's disorientation. It wasn't that late, either.

We had been at the town swimming pool until nine that night, playing pinball and floating on the inner tube. When the pool closed, I walked home, but my sister and our neighbor Angie went to the Civic Center. About eleven, I went to bed.

It wasn't the first night I had waited up on her. She had turned fourteen almost a year earlier, and felt that she was grown, ready to deal with life head-on. My parents didn't agree, however. So, weekends, she would go out, curfew set, warnings issued-- and do just as she pleased. Grounding didn't stop her, either; with parents in bed, the rear windows were easy to open, and there was always a getaway car parked down the street. So, weeknights and grounded weekends, we would talk until eleven or so, until my parents were settled in their bed, and then she would go. I would go back to my room and wait. Usually two or three, and even occasionally as late as five, I would hear her come back through the window, and then and only then, I would go to sleep.

So, anyway, its Saturday night, a little after two, my mother is waiting up and my sister comes home. When I hear the car pull up, I know it's her, and can feel my mother preparing for an all-out verbal assault, the waves crashing against the rocks once again tonight. Then the door opens, and silence strikes, as if the child's mere presence had sucked the fury, the life

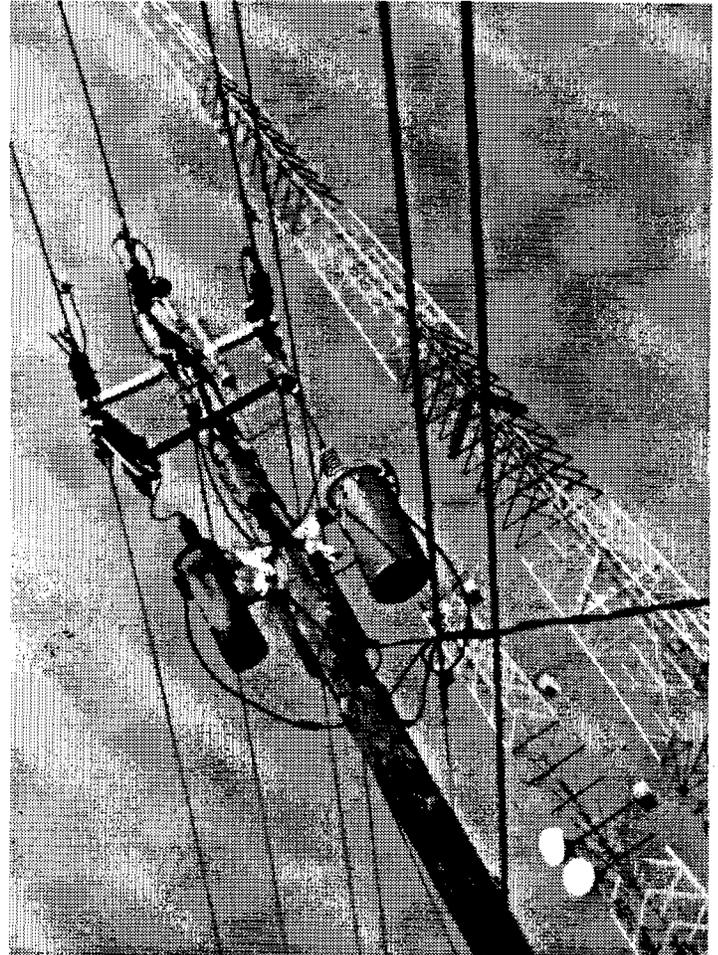
thoughts skitter wildly
across a tired mind
without reproach or
response they dance.

-Ray Haselbian

from the older woman. I hear my mother wake my father.

If you can, picture this: The young boy lying in his bed, waiting for the coming storm, hearing the growing wind and thunder, then, nothing. I got up and went to the living room. The detail I noticed wasn't the sight of my mother and sister crying (seperately, to be sure), or that of my father fighting within himself, or that Angie was sitting in our living room at two in the morning. What struck home with me wasn't the appearance of the police, the questions they asked, or the details of the horrible events in that cow field. It wasn't her bruised wrists, her shaky hands, her swollen face, or that night's trip to the hospital. What struck me, convinced me, crawled up inside my mind to die and rot there was this: My mother allowed Teresa to smoke. She brought her an ashtray, and even lit the cigarette, since my sister could not hold the flame to the tip. Seeing that, I could feel my life, the normal (happy?) small-town life coming to an end, and in its place, a hard, cold, and empty (alone) existence. It was the end of my childhood.

I was only twelve.



-Stefan Jaklitsch

III III III

LUNCH WITH JULIA ♥

what a surprise she actually remembered and to think that I had been preparing myself to be let down yeah that's my philosophy don't expect anything and you won't be disappointed but she pulls up I'm sitting there on the bench waiting she's in her car with that beautiful smile swimming pool eyes yay here we go again falling too fast so do you think she'll like the food it could be an acquired taste maybe damn and we're laughing I feel good giddy happy feeling you get when you're falling she's someone I trust wow this is the kind of softness I want to land on fall into sink immerse myself in tasting candy cheeks rosy I just wanted to take her ooo but she's leaving forever life gives us tastes of bliss ~~almost~~^{almost} unnoticeable sometimes the scent awakes us again and we step outside stretching yawning looking back amazed at the path behind us already and to think that it's only a fraction of nothing amounting to a miserable trillionth of a wink of the cosmic eye 
Pluto Juno just pebbles grains in an enormous microsystem pulsating vast waves overcoming engulfing enchanting pulverizing drowning waking up again we go back to what we're used to embracing the pattern established by apparent chance.

-Henry Schroy

Do Not Turn The Page!

by Raymond Close

Art is not supposed to be pleasing images, as many people think. Art is an attempt to mirror reality, often with the intent of conveying some message. Thus, while art can be pleasing, its more general function is to cause people to think. This is why clip art is, in fact, art. A well-executed clip art piece can convey a complex message better than other art forms in many cases and it is often superior to prose in delivering emotional content. This combination makes clip art a useful art form.

For instance, the piece of clip art on the next page deals with my feelings about Playboy magazine and the sexism involved with it. The overall meaning is that Playboy is sexist, and is therefore destructive to both women and men. Various devices are used to express this point. "Found" phrases are used, often rearranged, sometimes not. (I think the arrangement of the two phrases at the top of the page from the Playboy flyer that was distributed on campus is particularly nice. It reveals the "true" meaning of the flyer.) I could go into more detail about the piece, but I'm going to stop here. The point of clip art is to cause people to think, not to entertain them, so I'm not going to subvert the piece's purpose. Look at the piece and try to figure out what it all means. You may not agree with it, but you will have thought about the subject and, hopefully, if I've done a good job, you'll understand the world around you a little better. Now, go ahead and turn the page.



||||| ||||| ||||| |

CLIP ART

BY
RAYMOND
CLOSE

GIRLS OF THE
SOUTHEASTERN
CONFERENCE

ON SALE NOW!

PLAYBOY

How Easy Is It To Sell
YOUR Freedom

HOW TO



Sample
Ladies

CUM



Color
Centerfold
inside Edge
Issue

SEXUAL
Weapons

Yes, You
Can Train!
WOMEN

a hellish multiple-choice
question to which
the correct answer is
none of the above.

A Common
Sense Guide
To Training

Your

HARLOT

They're appealing to the
frustrated wildness and
hunger for spontaneity
that career-bound students
can't experience.

PL

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

"I don't need
this shit!"

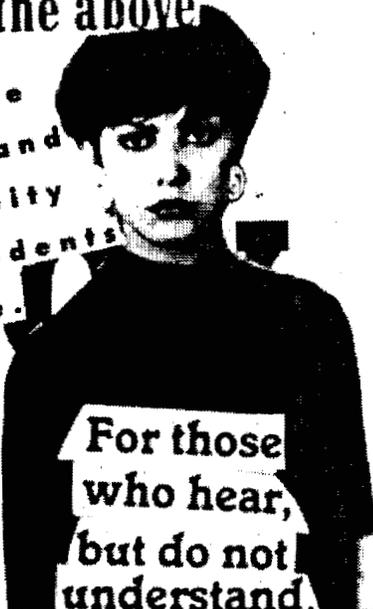
It's all this and more.

For those
who hear,
but do not
understand.

OBJECT

1989

We're Here To
Enlighten You.



!!! !!! !!! !!



What I remember

My grandmother's hand, pale and bony, hung over the back of the seat of the car like the injured wing of a dove. The worn gold band hanging loosely from her skeletal ring finger looked very heavy. I couldn't take my eyes off that ghostlike hand that night on the way to the hospital. The wrinkled skin reminded me of rice paper, it was so thin and pale. The sinuous blue veins snaking underneath it looked vulnerable.

I closed my eyes, but the image wouldn't disappear. I squeezed my eyelids shut as hard as I could until my head began to spin, slowly at first, then gaining momentum like a tire rolling down a hill until the noise of the turning and whirling grew almost unbearable. I suddenly realized that the noise I was hearing was someone humming *Amazing Grace*. I strained to hear it better but the sound faded in and out like a radio station going off the air. My grandmother used to play *Amazing Grace* on her old, dusty piano—the one with the flat F and the pictures of all those old people I didn't recognize on its worn, dust-covered surface. How had those frail, claw-like hands played those notes so passionately?

There was blood on her hand. It filled the tiny lines between her thumb and index finger, coloring them brick red and reminding me of some macabre road map. I knew she had a towel soaked with blood in the front seat with her. Fresh blood. Her blood. I wondered how the veins on the back of her limp, pale hand were so swollen after she had lost so much blood.

My mother drove fast. She didn't talk. She looked very old. I noticed how gray her hair had become. Since when did my mother have gray hair? I watched the second hand ticking slowly, steadily, on my grandmother's watch.

"Get up—we have to take Grandma to the hospital."

My grandfather had a comfortable lap and a huge sack of walnuts. I remember singing songs with him. I remember laughing at his stories. I remember wincing as I bit into that bitter part of the shell that sometimes sticks to the walnuts.

"You're my favorite," he always told me with a wink, "but don't tell anyone." I never did.

My grandmother had once teased that I only came over to visit my grandfather. I remember being very defensive. It was true.

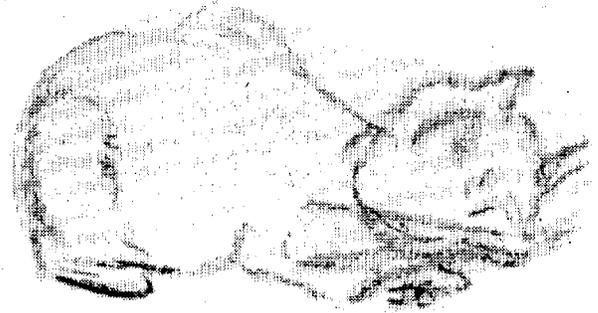
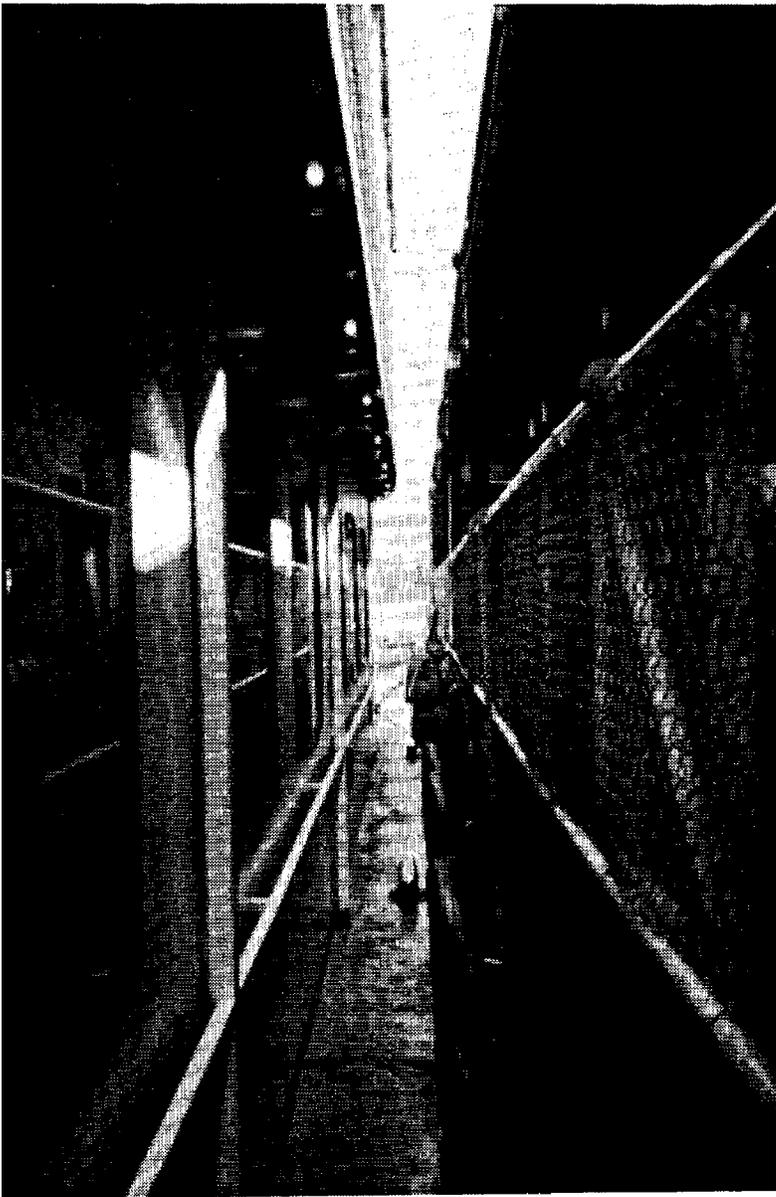
The room at the hospital smelled funny, a mixture of bandaides and plastic flowers. I never trusted rooms that smelled funny. A family was crying while the overhead light mourned in fluorescent monotone. My mother had gone with the doctor when he had whispered something in her ear. My brother looked dazed. The heavy air in the room with the funny smell was humid. My skin felt clammy but my throat was dry and raw. When my mother returned she was crying. I don't remember if I cried.

"You knew she was going to die," they told me, "you knew, so you were prepared."

My sister was at camp when my grandmother died and didn't get to attend the funeral. The men in the black suits opened the casket for her at the burial. The image of my grandmother's colorless, motionless face haunted me. The frozen lips seemed to tremble, the eyelashes seemed to flutter. I had to look away, wincing as if I had been eating walnuts with my grandfather again. Her hands were folded like the wings of a sleeping dove. Her wrist had looked like naked bones without her watch, which now lies dormant in the cluttered coffin of my jewelry box. The one that plays *Amazing Grace*.

-Jillanna Babb

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We conspire with
an ageless enemy.
Here's your allowance
and a rose for emily
One dollar, twenty-six cents
Never enough.
Can't buy what we
really want
love
immortality
god-or a rolex, if we gotta choose

-Steve Danyo

My Father

-Jillanna Babb

An eel in the minnow net
bounced and flashed of black.
It's black whipped so the white shined silver.

My father wrapped it in
the hoard of knots of string.

"You can not hold lightening!"

And he took his heel and missed.
My father missed, missed again.

My father grounded that sole upon that eel's rebellious head.
And the blood shaken forth
onto his pant legs stained like hope.

-John E. Poch



Schur

!!! !!! !!! !!!

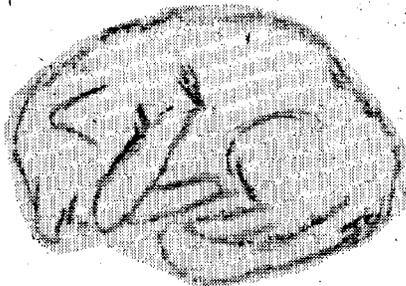
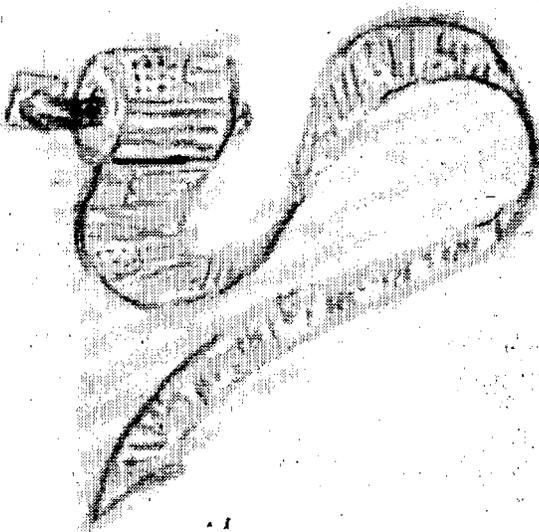
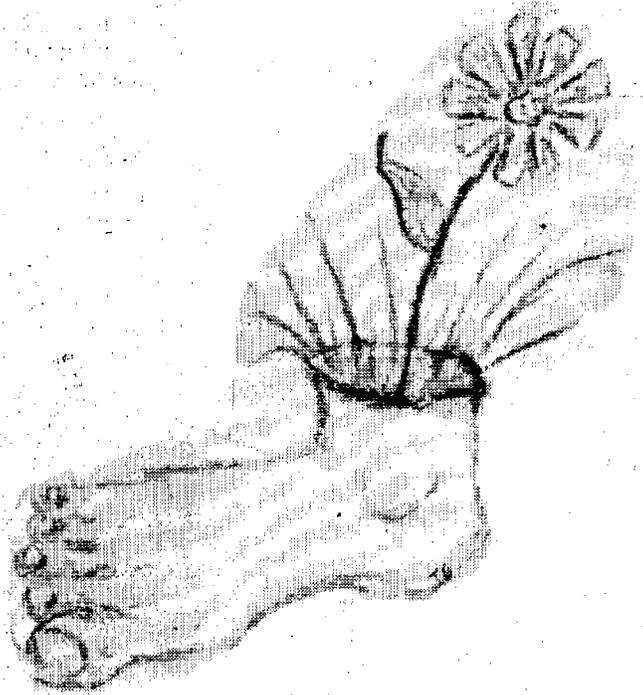
The Under Side of a Leaf

Living in a jar of urine
A quiet house
Young eyes smell the poignant stench wetting a nation in stink
The bowl is full but flushing would awake the occupants
Lid is shut, the light left on, and bags put out on the porch
Full of leaves
The nose lifts to the wind of seasons
It is time for adolescence to hit the road

Hanging off of skyscrapers washing windows
Windex wipes in insignificance
Fingers fondle a dangling crucifix
Among the forest of the concrete trees
His leaves block the sunlight pouring in like greasy spaghetti
Far away from the loud arguing voices
Deaf to the underside of the leaf

Wherein moist soil his reason worm
Stretches a body to fit new shapes
Twisting a kid to play with retarded blocks
And the geometric patterns of leaves protecting the darkness

John Hewson



HIGHER EDUCATION

The man drones on,
intrigued by his trivial mathematics.
Out in the hall, the janitor dozes
already half done with a bottle of Mad-dog.

The man drones on,
he has chalk in his hair, on his clothes,
maybe in his blood; and he drones on.
Across the street a hungry 12 year-old mother cries,
already done with her childhood.

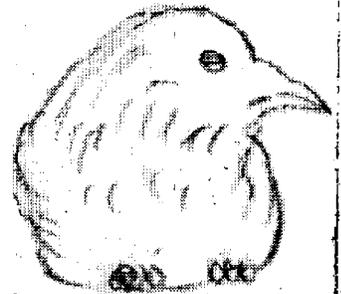
The man drones on,
chalk squeaking, feet thumping to-and-fro on his raised wooden dias,
Across town an unwed mother and her children are evicted,
their meager, threadbare belongings - all they owned - dumped on the sidewalk,
left in the rain for the dogs and vagrants; scavengers more desperate than they.

The man raises his voice;
students are shaken from their stuporous, hung-over naps.
In a neighboring state, a pretty 16 year-old girl screams,
it's an out-of-state illegal abortion, paid for by her father - *the* father.
There is no anesthesia. She'd wanted to keep the child; she wanted its love.

The man drones on;
students watch the clock, waiting for the freedom of the bell.
In a neighboring country an illiterate peasant watches the clock too,
strapped naked to a table, waiting for the next blow or cut.
For the abuse of his eyes, teeth, testicles or ass.
His freedom comes only with death.

- Larry Sampler

||||. |||| |||| ||||



DESTRUCTION ON PEACHTREE:

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ALL OF MY FAVORITE BUILDINGS?

by Valerie Stickles

I was sitting at the kitchen table reading the newspaper and I saw an article on the Columbia theater. Apparently a church owns it and is using it for outreach ministries. Okay, the church is helping the community, but what do the homeless need the world's largest movie screen for? Even though all of the historical value of the Columbia has been lost through the numerous renovations, somehow the sentimentality remains. If there was a place large enough in my house, I would ask the church if I could have the screen. At least it would be preserved and not torn down like the marquee that was outside. After all, the theater was donated to the church. The surround sound would be nice to have also. No fraternity would be able to compete with my stereo.

Practically next door to the Columbia is "The Ponce" apartments/condos. They look nice, but the truly beautiful building is the one just across the street on Ponce de Leon. The Georgian Terrace Hotel needs to be gutted (to remove the fire damage) and redone. The windows and tilework on the outside are absolutely spectacular and right now it serves as a homeless shelter. However, this property wasn't donated to a church. Whoever owns it will probably tear down the sign on the roof and then sell the building so that a parking garage can be built.

Speaking of tearing down buildings in order to build parking garages, that is what happened to the Sears building on Peachtree. When plans for the "Emerald City" of Oz near the Roxy in Buckhead were revealed, a parking deck was in the place of the Sears building. So down it came. I heard that the collapse was rather spectacular — but for a parking deck?

Once upon a time a rather interesting group of apartments existed at Pershing Point on the corner of Peachtree and West Peachtree. The tenants made the wait for the stop light

"Where is the Dream?" Architecture Students Battle Intolerance and Apathy in Promoting Free-Expression

by Steve Donkin

This past summer, some students in the School of Architecture erected a structure in the lobby of the New Architecture Building as part of an on-going campaign to promote free-expression within the department. Named "The Kiosk", the structure consisted of a wall of cinder blocks and some other blank walls made of wood and paper, arranged in a way that encouraged interaction. The viewer could walk around the structure as well as through it, and could write on the walls or otherwise adorn them. There were no rules governing the means of expression that one could use.

However, during the weekend of October 14-15, the means of expression took on the form of vandalism as persons unknown toppled the heavy cinder block wall and wrote derogatory comments questioning the underlying purpose of the structure and its builders. This incident was only the latest in a series of obstacles that the students have had to face in their year-old struggle to foster more discussion and interaction within the department. Graduate students Barbara Bond and Chris Fullman took time to discuss the history of their cause and the ideas behind it.

In the fall of 1988, the School of Architecture was seen by some within it as needing a single unifying venue for creative

much more bearable. I believe that the entire Atlanta music scene resided in this one run-down apartment complex. I wonder if there was a shuttle between the Pershing Point apartments and the Metroplex? At first, a park was put in the place of the apartments, much better than a parking deck, I suppose. Now the new NSI building occupies the spot. The new tenants don't really look like local music fans, and the stop isn't nearly as interesting either.

The latest destruction on Peachtree that has peeved me has involved my favorite

DESTRUCTION Cont'd p. 32...

thinking and interaction. Many viewed architecture as an important expressive element in society, and not simply a field requiring technical expertise. Thus, some students saw the need for more debate, discussion, and general exchange of ideas about the role of the architect in society. With assistant professor Mark Linder as their faculty advisor, the students launched a publication called *Static*, the purpose of which was to provide the School of Architecture with an internal recourse for expression.

It was not easy, though, to bring all students together for such a project. Undergraduates especially seemed to feel that the publication was solely a graduate student endeavor, put out by an elite group to which they didn't belong. Others apparently felt that it just wasn't worth their time. The steadily increasing apathy finally inspired a new approach, which resulted in the construction of "The Kiosk." It was hoped that students would more readily interact with something that was harder to ignore, and feel encouraged to make a statement of some kind about anything.

There was some positive response, but the general attitude remained one of apathy or simply confusion. Early in October, frustration gave way to an even blunter approach. *Static* members wrapped the wall in paper and painted on it the words: "Do you dream anymore?" and "Passive voice is no voice." In addition, a banner was hung from a balcony outside reading:

Passion
Conflict
Desire
Action

Where is the Dream?

The result was the act of vandalism that occurred the following week. A meeting was then called for students and faculty to discuss the problems the group was having in igniting student interest. Fliers were distributed saying "Efforts are being made to construct a vehicle for student discourse. Are we destroying our own voice?", and announcing the October 18 meeting. This meeting was fairly well attended and involved some productive discussion on the purpose of the group and the opportunities that it presented to students.

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Washington March for Democracy in China

The author wishes to remain anonymous.

October 1 was the fortieth anniversary of the communist control of China. We drove all the way from Atlanta to Washington D.C. the day before. We did not come to celebrate, we came to join the Washington March for Democracy in China.

It was a dreadful day. Rain could come any moment. Meteorologists said it was the effect of Hurricane Hugo. I started to wonder what kind of weather it would be in China. Yes, it must also be dreadful. Didn't the army massacre hundreds, even thousands, of innocent people in Beijing not a long time ago? Isn't the purging and arresting still going on in China? The hurricane that wiped out Tiananmen Square had an effect that is far more than just a few days of rain. It destroyed the body and soul of those who participated in the demonstration, and intimidated those who were already scared. People are not allowed to mourn their beloved killed by their liberators because they are accused as counterrevolutionary thugs. The whole nation must study the old man's speech to the army officers who orchestrated the massacre. The whole nation must unify their thoughts to that of the old man. The

...DREAM continued from p. 21

Ms. Bond and Ms. Fullman conclude that they are still optimistic about the future of the group. More students seem to be taking an interest in group's intent, possibly spurred on by the recent startling events and the realization that free-expression may truly be at risk if no opinions are voiced. A film project is now in the works, as well as a design competition to reconstruct "The Kiosk", and *Static* still meets weekly to discuss future topics of exploration. The meetings are Wednesdays, 12 noon, in the New Architecture Building lobby, and all

whole nation must confess that they are guilty of supporting the rioters. The whole nation must shout the forty slogans issued by the Central Committee of the Communist Party. The whole nation must salute to those "Guards of the Republic" for their butchering.

On my way to the Lincoln Memorial, where the gathering took place, my thoughts were heavy. I asked myself why Chinese had such bad luck. After over one hundred years of democratic revolution, democracy still seems so remote. On October 1, 1949, Mao proclaimed the founding of the People's Republic, "Chinese people have stood up!" We established a nation under the so ironically named *People's Democratic Dictatorship*. What this means is that there are two categories: *the people* and *the enemy of the people*. If one is classified as "the people," his complaints will not cause him punishment. This so-called democracy is applied to him. Mercy or tolerance by the government is the full meaning of democracy! But if he is classified as "the enemy of the people," then he must be dictated by "the people." We gave all our rights to the hand of the Communist Party. We were willing to follow the party with our eyes blindfolded. We had full faith that the interest of the party was the interest of *the people*. This was the supreme interest of the land. No individual, of course, should claim his rights for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. No individual should have the right to own property. We let the party decide whether we belong to *the people*. My destiny depends on which category the party puts me into. Every day when I wake up, I have to find out which category they've put me in. What resulted from such a blind faith was fear and disaster. Forty years later, we started to realize that it was not a good idea to let a wolf guard the sheep. We created dictatorship with our own hands. How naive! How pitiful!

When I arrived at the Lincoln Memorial, a huge crowd had already gathered there. On the stage, prominent figures were speaking loud, the band from California was singing "I cry! I cry! Tiananmen Square!....." I admired those people coming all over America cherishing their dream of a free and democratic China in spite of the threat on People's Daily and the telephone warnings by the Chinese embassy personnel. I saw the hope of China. I also saw Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. addressing thousands and thousands of human rights fighters at this very place. I must remember this moment! Remember it in my memory as well as my film. I took out my camera. In my viewfinder, I saw Abraham Lincoln sitting there solemnly looking down on us. His eyes were full of confidence. He seemed to be saying: "Go for it, Children! You can make it! Dictatorship is not fearful. What is fearful is the surrender of the dictated."

It started to rain around two o'clock. At three-thirty we started to march to the Chinese Embassy. Nobody noticed they were already soaked. I did not know how many marchers there were. I could not see either end of the procession. It was like flood pouring down from a mountain. Nothing could stop it. That was power, power of the good will. Now I believe that sheep can drive their wolf guardian away. However, it must have been a different scene in China! The people there were supposed to wipe tears off their eyes, then put a grin on their face and shout: "Happy birthday! I love the party and the government from the bottom of my heart!" What a solidarity! What a world of peace and prosperity! Later I found out that 100,000 carefully chosen people were to dance in Tiananmen Square with 80,000 soldiers on guard. Residents of Beijing were advised to stay home watching TV. People outside Beijing were forbidden to enter the city. Nobody was allowed to throw white confetti or to dress in traditional Chinese black or white funeral color during the two weeks before and after October 1. What a celebration! Some people found a little comfort and satisfaction from the tranquility derived from guns and tanks. They believe their own lie that people's thoughts are unified. They hate democracy because in a democratic country thoughts can never be unified.

As we marched on, the Lincoln Memorial disappeared from my sight. But the Washington Monument was still aloft in the Horizon. I imagined what Deng Xiaoping would say when he saw the monument. He would say: "George, I am smarter. You see, I am eighty-five years old and I am still in power. Why did you set up a system that limited your own power to only four years?"

Ethnocentrism: A Different Look

by Allan W. Yarbrough

Eth-no-cen-trism: *n. Sociol.* the concept that the attitudes, beliefs, and customs of one's own group, people, or nation are of central importance and a basis for judging all other groups. (Funk and Wagnals Dictionary)

Ethnocentrism is a word used often these days, almost invariably as a pejorative. An article appearing in the pages of this journal made me lament the dearth of serious writing on the subject; thus, I shall attempt in my own small way to make a contribution. Let me say first that I believe that a small degree of ethnocentrism is both good and necessary, but that there are limits to its practice and distinctions in its type. I will examine these limits and distinctions in an effort to differentiate between "good" and "bad" ethnocentrism. I will make no attempt to cover all the facets of ethnocentrism but would like to explore three topics within its purview, which I will call the taste/principle distinction, universality, and sphere of influence.

There is an old saying engraved in my memory from a source I have long forgotten: "On matters of taste, go with the flow; on matters of principle, stand like a rock." This statement makes a distinction between tastes: our personal preferences in food, clothing, music, women, etc.; and principles: our notions of truth, justice, right and wrong, and personal integrity. The former we select for ourselves based on what we like or on convention. I wear blue-jeans and t-shirts because that is the school uniform, and I eat peanut butter and jelly sandwiches because I think they taste good. Others may elect to wear plaid suits and eat raw cauliflower; although I do not understand these tastes, people who choose them need not suffer my interference for this reason. People derive principles, however, from much deeper sources. The reason I would tell the truth in a potentially embarrassing situation has nothing to do with taste; in fact, I may prefer to lie to escape the situation. But I wouldn't, for this would incur the judgement of God and prejudice the good order of society. Truthfulness is a principle I would exact from myself and those around me. There are two mistakes we often make with this distinction that constitute "bad" ethnocentrism: mistaking our tastes for our principles and mistaking other peoples principles for their tastes. An example: a friend of mine, a man of essentially conservative views, is positively horrified by the idea of deer hunting. They are beautiful and peaceful to him and he gets a personal satisfaction from watching these animals in their native habitat. He believes that no one should hunt them, but he has no principle with which to judge and forbid the actions of deer hunters who, obviously, view the animals somewhat differently. He is making the first mistake in practicing "bad" ethnocentrism. However, I would be guilty of the second if I applied this analysis

to that faction of animal rights activists that believes in the oneness of nature and man's equality with the rest of the animal kingdom. I flatter myself that I could refute this position; however, ethnocentrism is not their problem.

In the Eighteenth Century, Edmund Burke criticized the Revolution Society in Great Britain for advancing the doctrine of the "Rights of Man." Their list of rights were incorrect, he said, and derived from a foggy, abstract source. The only real basis for rights could come from the tradition and customs of a particular country; thus, he emphasized the "Rights of Englishmen" as distinct from those rights other people may enjoy. This earned him the criticism of America's founding fathers, who, drawing from the Enlightenment philosophy of Thomas Hobbes and John Locke, declared that they enjoyed the rights "life, liberty, and the pursuit of property" by virtue of their humanity, ie. by virtue of being created by God. This debate over which of our rights, if any, are universal and which belong to us only as citizens of the U.S., or more likely, as members of Western Civilization, continues to the present day, with a mix of attitudes being found in our populace. Consider the outbreak of rage in this country over the Tinnemen Square massacre in China last spring. Our anger reflected a decisively ethnocentric claim: that all people should be permitted to peacefully express their discontent without being arbitrarily massacred with tanks and machine guns. However, it is important to realize that we ourselves enjoy these rights only because we are heirs to a liberal democratic political tradition of freedom of assembly, a tradition held almost exclusively in Europe and America. We routinely criticize and condemn Israel and South Africa for practices that are mild compared to the brutality that other Arab and African governments regularly mete out to their own people and that go relatively unnoticed. This is right and proper, for both Israel and South Africa claim to be, and in fact are, outposts of Western Civilization on their respective continents, and as such should be held to a much more exacting standard of behavior. (I must say in passing, however, that Europe and America have been horribly unsympathetic to the unique situation these countries face in being surrounded by barbaric and hostile neighbors. If, immediately, Israel were to grant political power to the Palestinians, or the white South Africans let their blacks vote, nothing is more certain than that all rights and freedoms would quickly disappear as these countries came to resemble the rest of their regions, and the light of Western Civilization there became extinguished.) But are there *any* rights that all people everywhere enjoy, not as Westerners, but as human beings? I believe there are, but I rather suspect that the list is slightly shorter than what the philosophers of the Enlightenment believed and that different rights differ in importance, eg. that the use of chemical weapons by the Iraqis on their own Kurdish citizens is more barbaric than the deprivation of property rights in the Soviet Union, which is more barbaric than the deprivation of political rights in Chile. And the debate goes on.

My last distinction has to do with sphere of influence. I make the following postulate: the people of a community, city, state, or nation have the right to determine and control the environment of

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their own community, city, state, or nation; however, they do not have the right to determine the environment of another people's community, city, state, or nation. An example: when Salman Rushdie wrote *Satanic Verses*, Iran promptly banned the book and pronounced the death sentence on its author. This is behavior that was entirely to be expected from a country dominated by fundamentalist Islam. However, when Iran then took out an international contract to the tune of several million dollars on the author's life, it incurred the justifiable outrage of the West. For the first time, a country tried to impose the *ethos* of its region on the *ethos* of our region, which believes in freedom of the press. Iran was acting outside of its sphere of influence. On a local level, it is appropriate for the citizens of, say, Tennessee to legalize pornography in their own state. However, it would be inappropriate for these citizens to go to Congress in an attempt to regulate the pornography of Massachusetts; that is a matter for the citizens of that state. Likewise, it would be wrong for the citizens of Massachusetts to attempt to deregulate pornography in Tennessee. Either action would be acting out of the state's sphere of influence, thus constituting "bad" ethnocentrism.

In all probability these are not the definitive answers to these questions. They are merely reflections on a subject that has been much abused by dogmatic assertions that all ethnocentrism is bad. This is self contradictory, paramount to the dogmatic assertion that nothing can be dogmatically asserted. Even worse, such a statement is nihilistic: the denial of objective truth. If really and truly held, it undercuts the basis for any judgement about truth, justice, right and wrong. Not only would we be unable to criticize the actions of Iran or South Africa, but we could not justify punishment for the crimes committed by our own people. Who is to say that murder is wrong, rape is wrong, theft is wrong, if there is no truth? Whatever conclusions we come to about the limits of ethnocentrism, we must be careful to avoid abstract generalizations that will inevitably lead to the destruction of all that we cherish.



JEFF CARDILLE

Interview With Mr. William R. Durham

by Stacy Johnson and Jeff Cardille

Sometimes you're walking around and see something that really knocks you out. For the last few weeks some workers have been building a wheelchair ramp outside of the Student Center. When they began laying the brick for the wall, some of us at the North Avenue Review noticed the simple beauty of the work; we wanted to find out what these workers think about their trade. When two of us approached Mr. William R. Durham, who was building the wall with mortar and bricks, we were amazed at his easy ability to express things that are universal in all of us. Our conversation ranged from the mechanics of bricklaying to the desire to have a family, but Mr. Durham's expression of the love he has for his trade was the most striking. His feelings for his dream and for his love of bricklaying moved us, and we hope some of this emotion has carried through to these excerpts from our conversation.

WHY A BRICKLAYER?

First of all I've been doing this for eighteen years, this is my eighteenth year and I'm 41 now. I started in 1972, I went to Holden Technical Institute in Raleigh—Raleigh's my home. It was

just after I got out of the Army, and I thought that one day I might want to be able to build my own house. I always had that dream so I wanted to learn how to lay brick and some other things. I've always liked being outside, that's one reason why I work out here. Even when I was a kid I was always out in the back. When I'd come in from school I was always out there somewhere. I always loved being outside, I remember one time I wanted to be a game warden, always in the woods. I don't like being inside, I love being on the outside, especially in spring and summer. Even in the cold weather I don't mind being out, I'll put my clothes on, get dressed and get right on out there. I've talked to other masons I've worked with over the years and they say the same thing, they love being on the outside. It'd be dark and I'd be in the woods and I was supposed to be inside but I couldn't stand to go in, I loved being out in the woods.

LEARNING:

I started to get out of this trade a couple of times, back around '73 or '74, because it hit rock bottom and there wasn't much work going on. I started to get out of it but I guess [the money] sort of kept me in it. I think the reason I continue to do this is because I love it, really, and I want to learn as much as I can about it, too. There's something to learn every day. Every day you come out on the job there's something you learn about laying brick and block. And not only brick and block but you've got other people working—carpenters, plumbers electricians, and you learn something about their work, too. You're working with each other, hand in hand. If I had a choice to take plumbing or be an electrician or a carpenter or whatever, I still think this right here is what I'd pick out of the rest of them. I like this better than any of them, I do. I love it.

BUILDING A HOUSE:

I think my whole motivation behind this is that I wanted one day to be able to brick a house for myself. If I don't do anything else, one day I want to build a house for myself. I don't want to just lay the brick. I want to do, or at least help

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do, the plumbing, electrical, I want to be in on the whole thing, all of it. Because I think it'll be an enjoyment to live in a house that you built yourself, I really do. Once you have a dream you don't ever give up on it. Some people have dreams and they don't make them happen until they're forty or fifty, so you just have to keep holding on to it. But I plan to someday. Whenever that day comes I'll know how to do it.

CREATIVITY:

This is one thing that you can do that allows you to be creative. There are jobs that you go in in the morning, you punch a clock and you go to a certain place and you do what somebody else tells you to do the whole time. You're doing it exactly the way you're told. But laying brick allows me to be creative sometimes, I can use my own talent. It doesn't necessarily have to be like something I've seen, or like the house next door—I can put a little creativity in

pain. They even had a couple of other fellas that played years ago—there was one that played with the Miami Dolphins and he's in a wheelchair. He can hardly walk. Every one of them said that it's for the love of the sport, that they just loved it so much. If you love doing something, if you're happy doing it, I guess it's enough motivation to keep you going. Sometimes it's not the money, it's just the love of it. If you love it enough you just continue to do it.

I say that to say this: sometimes it's during the winter and it rains or it's cold or I might be in mud and I think "hey, I've gotta get out of this, it's rough" but I find myself still doing it because if you love it, it's just like anything else: just like a football player loves to play football and for some reason or other he can't leave it. Lying in the bed at night I think "Well, what would I do?" but the next morning I'm right back out here.

THE FUTURE:

I went to Old Dominion University in Virginia last year and it's a course that comes under Engineering—blueprint reading—and you learn to do the carpentry, electrical, plumbing—there's about seven or eight classes that you have to take. You start with one and go all the way through and when you complete the last one you get a degree in Cost Estimating. What it does is it teaches you all the phases of construction, anything that's got to do with building a building from laying down the footing all the way up. There's knowledge to gain every day. The whole thing in a nutshell is that I want to learn everything I can learn about it. As long as I'm able to come out here and work and learn something, I want to do that. Everything can be rewarding in its own way, you've just got to do what you would do with anything—work hard. I love this, I love it a lot. I love it more than I could tell you really, because we're never really going to admit how much we really love it. I just plan to someday get something back out of it. This trade will give me something back someday.



JEFF CARDILE

ENGINEERING AND BUSINESS STUDENTS:

Anybody who's going to school for business or engineering, or anything like that should just go and pursue it all the way. Those areas have just improved so much—the money is good. But if you're doing something that you're making a whole lot of money but you're not happy doing it, then you're not satisfied. Even though you're making a whole lot of money, if you're not happy with what you're doing, then you probably ought not be doing it. People go to work every day working at jobs and they're not happy at all with where they work or the type of work they do. I don't think it should be the money so much, it's the certain amount of satisfaction you get out of doing your job. There's got to be a certain amount of love for your work. I'll be honest with you, I love this, I really do. Yes I do.

there. Especially if you're working on a fireplace or something like that, you can use your imagination. There's a whole lot to it that I love. I could go on naming things that I love about it all day. And the satisfaction I get out of it is that when I do some work and finish it I can back off a couple of steps and look at it and I can see what I did. I think different people have different talents that they can put into their work. Two work. I think the same thing goes with this.

THE LOVE OF THE SPORT:

Like I say again, it was mostly for the love of it. I'll give you a good example. I was watching TV the other night and they were talking to a professional football player who's averaged one or two operations on his knee every year, and they were asking him why he continues to play; it's got to be a lot of

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Another Modest Proposal

by Lon Remlinger

Sometimes it takes an uncommon point of view to see one's duty. This essay discusses one such duty. The necessary point of view is from space, where planet Earth can be clearly seen as a single unit.

The organic matter of the Earth can now be easily visualized as a single living thing, made up of countless millions of "micro-organisms." Occasionally in ordinary living things, a micro-organism that serves as part of the living thing experiences unnaturally favorable conditions for growth. This is commonly called an infection. The infecting organisms produce toxins and destroy host-tissue. If we had been giving the Earth physical examinations over the last million years or so, we would see that the Earth has a serious infection. An organism known as *homo sapiens* has colonized and multiplied to an enormously unnatural extent, and is characteristically producing great quantities of toxins and destroying huge tracts of Earth-tissue.

The Earth's "immune system" is efficient and complex, made up of groups of organisms that hold each other's population within healthy limits. Some unlucky mutation must be responsible for *homo sapiens*' ability to overcome this system. Some would argue at this point that the increase in *homo sapiens*—though clearly damaging in the short run—is a necessary part of Earth's reproductive cycle, since inter-planetary travel requires such an increase. However, the Earth's condition appears to be deteriorating at a rate that makes the possibility of Earth-reproduction remote. Furthermore, Earth-life is not a product of reproduction, as far as we know, so there is no reason to think that inter-planetary travel is necessary for other planets to develop life.

Thus, reassured that the Earth does have a dangerous infection, as Earth's physician we would quickly prescribe measures to reduce the count of the infectious organism. This produces a terrible conflict of interests, since the position of Earth's physician must be filled by none other than the infectious organism itself. Never before in medical history has such a problem been faced. I say that our duty lies in the role of the physician over that of the pathogen; for surely any sensible virus, given the choice between an indefinitely long existence in reduced numbers, and a brief existence in large numbers, would choose the former. The reason we don't observe viruses voluntarily reducing their ranks in this way is that they do not have the cognitive power

to make such decisions, or perhaps they simply have an abundance of hosts. In either case our course is clear. It remains only to implement the decision.

The task falls into two parts: reducing the number of pathogens and repairing the damaged tissue. The first part might be accomplished with a disease, but lack of control makes disease a dangerous proposition; we don't want to destroy any healthy tissue (i.e. non-*homo sapiens* or *homo sapiens* beyond a normal, hunter-gatherer concentration). The best method would be to create a device that keeps the human populations at a healthy concentration, the way the fox keeps the hare in check. Self-propelled machines programmed to seek out and destroy harmful colonies of humans, would satisfy the control requirements. The machine method would also take care of our duty to heal the planet, since machines capable of mechanically killing organized bands of technology bearing humans could also be made capable of destroying man-made structures and surfaces and then moving soil and organisms onto the flattened remains of these structures in order to graft life onto the scarred areas.

The predator/healer machines must be accurate and thorough and fairly intelligent, since faulty human-detection or predictable tactics would result in the destruction of the predator/healer force, leading to a worsening of the infection. The machines would also need to be able to reproduce themselves, since some units would be destroyed and others would wear out. The unhappy ending of *The Terminator* can only be avoided if there is no way that the humans can take control of the predator/healer units or shut them off from a remote location. When a concentration of humans greater than that possible with a hunter-gatherer level of technology is detected, it must be eradicated quickly and completely. If a complete eradication requires the destruction of healthy tissue, as in the case of a subterranean human stronghold, so be it; a good surgeon does not balk at removing a deadly tumor not even when the surgery threatens the life of the patient.

Saving the Earth from himself will be the most difficult project man has ever undertaken, but it will also be the most important. I'm confident that a significant number of people will recognize their duty, as thinking beings, and that the project will be carried out. Though there probably won't be anyone left alive capable of making the comparison, the curing of the Earth will surely compare favorably with the construction of the pyramids and the exploration of the moon.



KAREN STEADMAN

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DATELINE: TECH

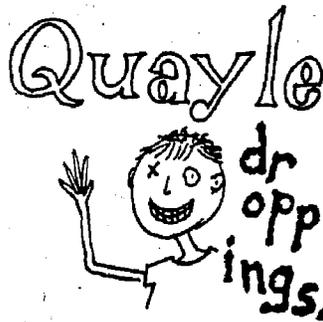
by P. C. "Boom Boom" Boomer

Well, it's fall again - the leaves are changing, football and unbridled humor are in full swing. As part of what is sure to be an annual ritual, the administration is just completing its first parking space elimination marathon by erasing spaces along Ferst Drive in order to force more students (and staff) to use the Student Center Parking Deck. In a brain-numbing example of bureaucratic quad-triple speak, a sign has been erected at the upper entrance to the deck, stating NO FREE PARKING, "as though anyone paying \$100 a year for a hunting - sorry, parking - permit could be accused of expecting free parking. "Ho Ho," we might have cried as we backed out onto Ferst Drive, "and we thought 1984 had come and gone." Peace is War! Love is Hate! What a nostalgia trip!

And don't think that the administration keeps their unbridled wit on campus! It was reported to Dateline: Tech that at a presentation to the Regents by Textile Engineering, it was stated that women prefer the general textile concentration over the physics and chemistry concentrations in the school, "because, we think, women relate better to the word 'textile' than to the words 'chemistry' and 'physics'." "Ha Ha," the women in the audience must have certainly thought as they rested their eyes during the slide show.

Of course, we thought it might have something to do with the poor support for women in high school science and math, or the lack of role models. But, it turns out - like everything else in the reorganization plan - that it is merely a matter of the name. **DATELINE PREDICTION:** Dr. Michael Thomas, executive director of the reorganization will announce that in the future, all textile undergraduate programs will be carried under the rubric Fashion Science!

DATELINE SPORTS!! We're certainly glad to see that accused felon Kevin Salisbury has been reinstated to the



• compiled by Steve Damp •
This is a regular column in our little magazine spotlighting the wonderful work our charming V.P. is doing for America. Please send any nice pictures, clippings, quotables, and so on to: Quayle Droppings c/o North Avenue Review, po 33090.

First things, first.... Dick Nixon, former President, says Danforth J. Quayle is "a very different man from the intellectual midget who has been portrayed among the media." Hmm. Now that we've gotten that out of the way, let's get on with it:

"I stand by all the misstatements," said the Vice-President, responding to allegations—unfounded, of course—that he occasionally screws up sentence syntax.

In the interest of this issue's emphasis on abortion, we sought out Danforth's unwavering pro-life stance: "I understand that immediately after a rape is reported, that a woman can go to the hospital and have a D & C. At that time that is before the forming of a life. That is not anything to do with abortion."

On other issues of personal freedoms: "[The Satanic Verses] is obviously not only offensive, but, I think most of us would say, in bad taste." Please note that he has not read

football team and is slashing through opposing players as through the bridge of a coed's nose. It's not fair, though, to place all the blame on Kevin since he couldn't have deterred himself in the absence of a disciplinary policy - which the administration has admitted it does not have. So, we at Dateline: Tech, in our continuing effort to assist the administration with difficult problems, would like to propose one:

"Any player involved in a fight resulting

the controversial book.

During his recent visit to Hawaii, Mr. Quayle said of our beloved 50th state, "Hawaii has always been a very pivotal role in the Pacific. It is in the Pacific. It is part of the United States that is an island that is right here." Let us hope he doesn't write the travel brochures for the island that is right there. But, now that I think about it, maybe he *does*.

Recently Danny visited El Salvador to meet with Roberto D'Aubuisson, leader of the fascist ARENA party now in power there. Mssr. Quayle said of the meeting, "I made very clear our position on human rights." Remember, Roberto D'Aubuisson is the scum who said, "The Germans did the right thing [about the Jews]."

During a background briefing for reporters about the trip to El Salvador, the Honorable Danforth Q. said the United States "condones" violence in that country; later he said he meant "condemns." Then he explained further: "We expect them [Salvadoran officials] to work toward the elimination of human rights." 'Nuff said.

Finally, in the interest of national and personal good cheer, let us hold in our hearts the following wonderful Thanksgiving message from our beloved Vice-President: "I suppose three important things certainly come to my mind that we want to say thank you. The first would be our family. Your family, my family—which is composed of an immediate family of a wife and three children, a larger family with grandparents and aunts and uncles. We all have our family, whichever that may be."

Have a nice holiday.

in notification of law enforcement officers will be immediately suspended from the team. Subsequently, if it is determined that the player was involved for any other reason than to stop the altercation, he will be released from the team and all financial support."

We have to admit, however, that *this seems pretty stiff compared to Salisbury's penalty of a three game suspension - ouch!* Maybe we're dampening that competitive spirit a little too much! *Lighten up!*

PARANOIA

PART III

by Raymond Close

In the Army, new inductees don't automatically become soldiers—first, they go through basic training. While in training, these future soldiers learn a lot of things of little or no importance. Sure, they learn a lot about their friend, the rifle, but the main reason for basic training is to mold the new inductee into a tool that the Army can use effectively. Basically, the idea is to create a machine that will go where it is told and try to kill whoever else is there. Basic training may sound distasteful to you, but you probably don't think about it in terms of conspiracy theory. The problem is that every day the exact same type of training is used on us.

If you don't believe it, take a look at some campus policies and see how they compare to the Army's indoctrination program. First of all, think about the wonderful world of P-Plant. Maybe you think that the ridiculously designed sidewalks and posts'n'chains[®] are simply the result of idiocy in campus planning—I don't. It's a carefully designed ploy to train students to comply with the demands of their superiors. Sure, we all know that the sidewalks aren't in the right places, and we all find the posts'n'chains[®] ugly and inconvenient. Sure, it makes more sense to walk straight to the chemistry building, but, the sidewalk is there, and it's simply too much trouble to step over the chain. Seems harmless enough, right? Until you realize how much of this type of crap we have to tolerate, and you start to think about how it may effect your mind-set.

One more example—dress codes. In my ChE labs' oral reports and my public speaking course, students are evaluated on their adherence to a dress code. Now, maybe I'm a special case, but I find this outrageous. I am a college student working part-time to pay my expenses. Also, let's see—in the past twenty-two years I have needed a suit on, hmmm, about, oh, I'd say, Zero occasions. But, because of the classes, Tech expects me to go out and buy a suit for them so that I can wear it for a grand total of thirty minutes this quarter. Is this reasonable? Do I need to practice wearing a power tie for when I graduate? Does the buck private in basic training need to practice shining shoes and correctly folding socks? Once again, it's simply a scheme to get us acquiesce to the demands that our occupations may place on us, whether they are reasonable and appropriate or not.

Anyway, the problem isn't having to wear a suit, or having to walk around the field behind the student center. The problem is that all these little things that the conspiracy forces us to endure mount up. You can't park on campus, you can't walk across campus at night, without the lights going out and you can't find an open terminal to use so that you can type in your article. What can eventually

happen is this: You eventually give up and accept all these things and apathy takes charge. This is what the conspiracy wants. If enough people believe that there is nothing that can be done to end poverty and hunger, protect the environment, and stop racism, then they become correct.

Note: I am not trying to suggest that anyone associated with Georgia Tech is a member of this conspiracy, although I am also not trying to not suggest that anyone associated with Tech could be involved. The conspiracy wields great power and influences decisions in many ways. Often, the conspiracy reaches its goals by causing people to believe that these goals are beneficial to the actual people making the decision. Just as frequently, however, goals are reached by making them as unattractive as possible to the decision-making party. Also, although the conspiracy would never stoop to the level of bribery or strong-arm tactics, the conspiracy certainly would never hesitate to do so if it deemed such action necessary.

If conspiracy theory seems ridiculous to you, that is only because you do not believe it. If you would only take it on faith and examine the world around you using this new outlook, you would see that conspiracy theory is the only explanation that can account for the mass of evidence refuting it.



JILLANNA BARD

HT HT HT HT HT III

UGLY NUGGETS

by Chris Yeagers

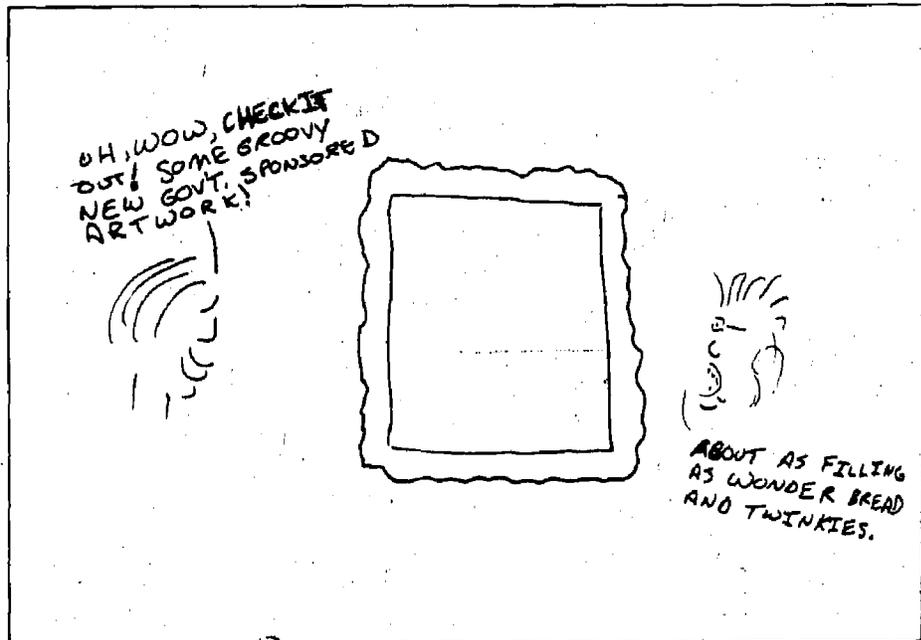
To question or not to question? To question, I think. Ever seen something that you think stinks? Well, I have, so here I am to share some ugly insights with you; I like to call them ugly nuggets. I've noticed some stuff lately that seems to be of some significance, yet is relegated to a behind-the-scenes spot. If anyone should be offended by something that I say herein...SO WHAT!?

First off, I'd like to speak globally. Did you know that our wise and wonderful prez, the one who said in a speech to the United Nations that he favored immediate steps to "halt and reverse" the worldwide threat of chemical weapons, is not willing to do any halting and reversing himself? In fact, he intends to continue producing these killers even after the Geneva treaty goes into effect. This policy makes our Bush-boy look pretty indecisive to me. The Defense department urges this course of action so that we can continue producing "binary" chemical weapons, non-lethal until combined. Thanks, boys, for making us all that much "safer."

Now, how about some of the junk that affects just our wonderful, free country. It looks like Jesse Helms is gonna get, if not all, most of his art bill passed. (The bill in question limits gov't financing of art that is deemed obscene or indecent or that offends any religion, race, ethnic group, age group, or handicapped group). Hey, it's not art if it doesn't make you think a little. Sen. Helms offends me, but I can't just order him to disappear. Nothing can be done in today's society without offending some group or individual somewhere. So who is to decide who is right or wrong? Here's a test: say, "congressionally approved art." Catches in your throat, doesn't it? Now, say, "A mutant zealot like Jesse Helms should be publicly flogged on national television while millions cheer." Much easier, huh? Mr. Rogers would probably thank you. (Addendum: J.H recently killed

a nice little bill limiting violence on television by tacking on a clause that limits sexually explicit stuff, also. His reasoning for this was that if violence on TV begets violence in society, the same must be true for sex. Wouldn't that be awful? Our society losing some of the taboos that were ingrained in us by bucketheads like him in the first place? Call 911! Call 911!

Here's a meaty bit I found: There is a senate proposal up now to create a presidentially appointed inspector general. One group opposing this idea is the CIA. Why? Because the inspector general is responsible for checking up on the CIA.



CHRIS YEAGERS

Well, guess who currently hires and fires the Inspector General? The CIA does! Just to get an idea of how ludicrous I find this, think of being able to fire your profs when they give you a cruddy grade. Right, I would have a chance to graduate in the four years allotted.

But wait, I've saved the best for last. You know how the gov't is supposed to fine nuclear arms contractors for safety

violations? Well, they can't anymore. Picture this scenario: Ma wondering why Jimmy's hair is falling out and why he's barking at parked cars. "No problem Mrs. Jones," the feds say, "that's only because DuPont sprayed your rosebushes with their excess radioactive water. Death should cure his problem." Sounds silly, but wording in these business's contracts with the gov't states that the gov't is responsible for "all costs...with respect to any and all liabilities...arising out of or related to safety and health activities (of the aforementioned contractors)." Woah there! Stop this train, I want to get off! Can you imagine the committee that this got by? Either these guys are complete morons or their bank accounts are numbered and in Switzerland. The gov't recommends that this deficiency be corrected. NO SHIT! At the very least, we should hunt down the dog(s) who negotiated these contracts and see that they play rock-hockey with Bubba

"Hey, boy, you my little pumpkin now Lee, resident prison rapist (I really enjoy writing that, I hope you enjoyed reading it).

I've written this because I hate the fact the people get away with so much stuff and barely anyone knows it. If you know something you think others should know feel free to send it to me c/o North Avenue Review P.O. 33090.

UHT UHT UHT UHT UHT UHT

The Intelligent Viewer

by Brad Grove

Tom, the Average American, settled into his favorite chair for an evening of television. Nothing short of tragedy could interrupt this nightly ritual. "What a wonderful thing this is," thought Tom. "Had I the time, I could be totally entertained 24 hours a day." Tom was proud to be an American, he could just imagine citizens all over the country tuning in at this very moment. The sense of brotherhood brought tears to his misty blue eyes. Tom found his Sony remote control sitting on the Readers Digest Condensed Books that he like to use as a beer coaster. Tom marveled a moment at the thoughtful simplicity of this tiny unit, and then miraculously turned on the television without even leaving his chair.

"...With our new Waste Away diet plan, you can lose hundreds of pounds without any effort at all! As a bonus you'll receive the bestselling nutrition guide, *Cooking With Bean Skins*. Remember, if you're fat, you're useless..." (click)

"...What are we gonna do now Hannibal,

we can't save the orphanage while we're trapped in this here basement. No problem boys, I think I've got a plan. We'll make automatic weapons out of those paint shavings and ball bearings in the corner. Then we'll shoot..." (click)

"...Let's take a look inside Tom Selleck's enormous beach-side mansion. Yes, it's quite a sight for those of us who have no lives of our own and must feed like parasites off of the experiences of the rich and famous..." (click)

"...and should the 20 million be raised, God himself has given me his personal assurance that Jesus Christ will return. In a few minutes I will read to you, my brothers, the very post card that I received from God. But first, let's take a look at the latest tour dates for the Second Coming. Jesus will be appearing at the Long Island Convention Center on October 21st, Radio City Music Hall on the 23rd, then in Chicago for a Bible-signing party at Peter's Bookshelf on the 30th. In December..." (click)

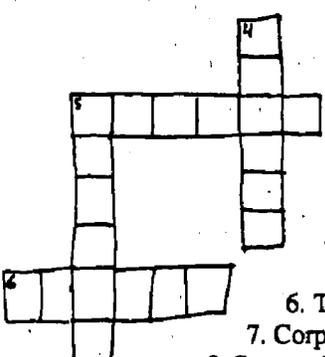
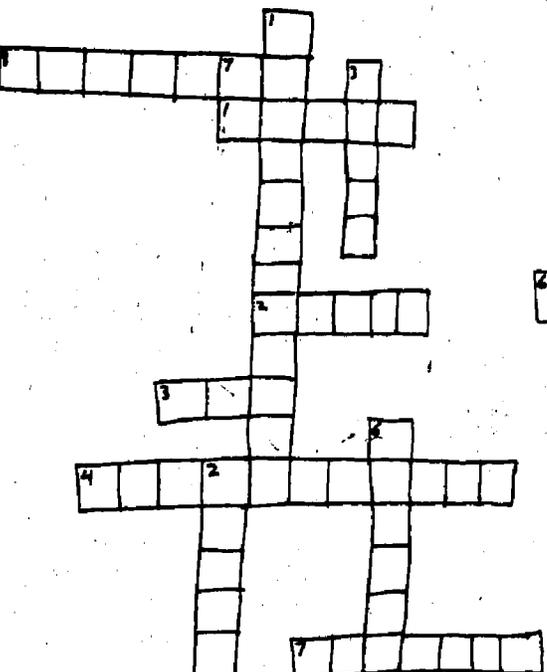
"...Satanism, one more time. Next on Geraldo. We keep it coming because you

keep watching..." (click)

"...Alcohol is good, marijuana is bad. Alcohol is good, marijuana is bad. Alcohol is good, marijuana is bad. Alcohol is good, marijuana is bad. This public service announcement paid for by the Coalition to Reinstate Moral Hypocrisy..." (click)

"...Join the NRA now and get *The Sportsman*, our official guide to hunting with assault rifles. Listen to what our members have to say about this handy publication: 'It's really increased my appreciation of nature and the ecological world around me. Last weekend, when I was out in the woods, I honestly felt I'd become one with my environment. I killed five deer and a wild pig. You shoulda seen the look on that old boar's face when I opened up on 'em from the blind...' POP!

It was an old TV and the picture tube was bound to go sometime. There was a tiny electric pop, then nothing but darkness. Suddenly it was very quiet in this little suburban home. Tom stared uncomprehendingly for a few moments at the broken television, looked helplessly around, and then died in his favorite chair.



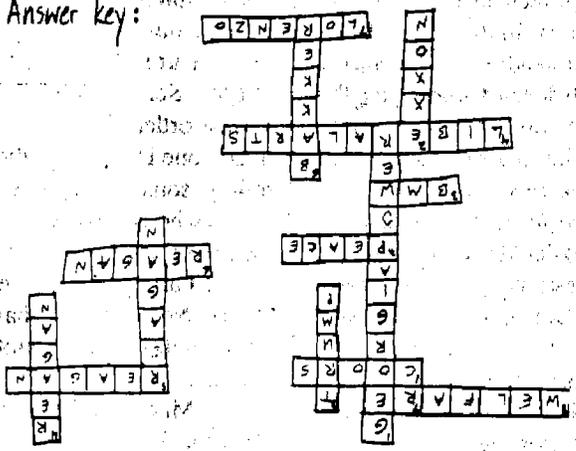
- Down**
- Utility Company whose slogan about moral employees is: "You can't kill just one!"
 - World environment threat; Earth raper.
 - Syn. forego and money.

- "Psycho of the stars;" Nancy _____.
- Here I go again.
- True gauge of modern religious integrity.
- A cola brand; also makes '8 Across' fit.

Across

- Right-wing leader responsible for the deaths of thousands of ethnic scapegoats; Adolf _____.
- Greatest financial threat to the GT graduate.
- Acronym that proves you can't purchase style.
- Curriculum that the Tech student body believes is taught in the inner ring of the *Inferno* (that is, if they had ever heard of Dante).
- Prototype 1980's imperialist.
- Teleprompter king.
- Corporate homewrecker; Frank _____.
- Concessions from the dominant class to pacify the suppressed.

Answer key:



ART AND REVOLUTION
30 YEARS OF CUBAN ART

ALDO SOLER AVILA

Distinguished painter and member of the
National Union of Cuban Writers and Artists
honored guest for

A talk and slide presentation on the topic of
"Contemporary Cuban Art"
Sponsored by the School of Social Sciences

Friday, November 17, 1989

~~3:00 PM~~

Time is yet to be
announced, actually. But
it will be Friday afternoon sometime.

Room 104, DM Smith Building

-- all are invited to attend --

Send us
your
writings.
P.O. 33090

Also your graphics, your photos, your
drawings, or whatever else you want.

Issue 4 out WINTER QTR 1990.

See page 2 for more information. Have a nice day.

Amnesty International is a worldwide human rights movement which works impartially for the release of prisoners of conscience--men and women detained anywhere for their beliefs, color, ethnic

DESTRUCTION from p. 21

place to go after being shafted on a test. I drove over to 14th and Peachtree one evening only to find out that:

GORINS IS GONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Does any more need to be said?

What will be torn down next? The High Museum of Art, The Fox, or Frijoleros — only time will tell what destruction will occur next on Peachtree. In the meantime I'll just sit here and read the paper, hoping that my name will not be in the obituaries along with my favorite buildings.

origin, sex, religion or language, provided they have never used nor advocated violence. AI opposes torture and the death penalty in all cases without reservation and advocates fair and prompt trials for all political prisoners. AI is independent of all governments, political factions, ideologies, economic interests, and religious creeds. Amnesty International was the recipient of the 1977 Nobel Prize for Peace. The Georgia Tech-Amnesty International group meets every Thursday at 7:15 pm in D.M. Smith room 105.

On Amnesty International:

"...an arm of communist propaganda..."

-State Premier, Queensland, Australia, 1981

"...completely maintained by imperialist security services.."

-Izvestiya, USSR, 1980



DANIEL SCHARFSTEIN

HABITAT FOR HUMANITY

by Daniel Scharfstein

A chapter of Habitat for Humanity is being organized at Georgia Tech. Some students are already working on building homes in Cabbagetown (see picture). If you are interested in getting

involved, come to the first meeting on November 20th (Monday) at 6:30 pm in the Student Center theater. The primary purpose of this meeting is to act on the recommendations of the steering committee, one of which is to build a Georgia Tech house as soon as possible. For further information, call Dr. Ray (894-2792) or Bob Geiger (894-3905).