

# NAR

NORTH AVENUE REVIEW



FALL 2010

Some Ideas For



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Dear Reader,

*I'm so happy to be reporting to you from the good ol' USA again. I missed Georgia peaches, Fellini's pizza, and Georgia Tech too much. Although I could do away with the workload...*

*Did you like the cover? We the staff of NAR have compiled quite a fall issue for you. Isn't it crazy that only five years ago Facebook was a cool college phase and now it's all but taken over the definition of socialization? We've compiled and questioned many controversial topics regarding social networking sites these days.*

*Is your Facebook friend really a friend, or the on the flipside: do you consider someone a friend if you aren't linked on Facebook? When you make a Facebook event and mass invite your friends, how many people do you expect to physically attend? Do you feel like the world wants to know your daily mundane thoughts... or Tweets? These questions are out there and we tried to answer a few of them through our writing and photography.*

*I have to give a lot of credit to the amazing NAR staff this semester. They really delved into this issue and worked around the clock to create something special here. I'd like to say thank you for the late night design sessions, letting us photograph you in a random dark lecture hall (cool cover pic, huh?), and just exercising the left side of your brain for a bit to do something many Tech students think outrageous... write!*

*I want to let you know, reader, that we are always looking to expand the editing staff of NAR. We welcome writers, photographers, artists, or just people with a unique view on the world. Come out to our first meeting of the Spring semester, Thursday, January 13, 7 pm. We meet regularly Thursday evenings in the Flag Building's common area. You can always e-mail me to get on board sooner.*

*With warm regards,*

Stephanie Lyons  
NAR Editor-In-Chief  
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## North Avenue Review's Fall 2010 Staff

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# 125 *Years of Transcendent Traditions*

Since its founding in 1885, Georgia Tech has continued to build itself upon a storied past and limitless future. Throughout this time Tech has been able to revolutionize the college experience in the heart of the south. One of the great accomplishments of our school has been its ability to not only be at the forefront of academia, but also preserve and carry on traditions and honor its history. This fall, Georgia Tech is celebrating its 125th year of existence. Then Georgia Governor Henry D. McDaniel signed a bill establishing the Georgia School of Technology on October 13, 1885.

Over the course of its 125 years Georgia Tech has developed a tradition of excellence in academia and this is unmatched in the southeastern United States. However, I would be remiss if I failed to spend some time on the traditions that really make Tech the Institute we love...and hate...but mostly love.

Once upon a time, we were each a RAT wearing our funny, little, yellow hat. Many of us were on track to be world-class engineers. In a matter of days we were on the tracks...of the M-Train. We moved in to shoddy ole Glenn Hall confident that H.L. Smith and G.C. Crawford once lived there. (They were the first two graduates from Tech) You never forget the time you first saw our most beloved mascot drive down Techwood. The Ramblin' Reck bellows out a loud "AAAoooooGaaah!" and you dream of one day riding in the rumble seat of the 1930 Ford Model A Sport Coupe. You take part in one Tech's most commonly occurring traditions...receiving the shaft. You make your way to Bobby Dodd Stadium at Historic Grant Field on Saturdays in the fall. You're ready at all times with the words to Up with the White and Gold and Ramblin' Wreck from Georgia Tech. You get sucked in to a week long game of Humans vs. Zombies, in reality only providing entertainment for the upperclassmen. You drop a class. You fail a class. You pass a class. You pass a class even though you never made a passing grade. You find yourself wondering if our school even has a soul. You run in the Freshman Cake Race just hoping to survive. You participate in the Mini 500, again hoping for survival for yourself and your tricycle. You help our crazy friend Buzz crowd surf. Guys, you fight an uphill battle against the ratio. Girls, you wonder if there is a normal guy at Tech. You spend your Friday afternoon devouring a basket of chicken tenders or a plate of country fried steak while hanging out with Tommy at Junior's Grill. Walking to class, you hear multiple languages and become thank-



ful of the incredible diversity on your campus. The more time you spend at Tech, the more time you devote to finding a way to Steal the “T” only to realize you need a helicopter and helicopters are expensive. An all nighter becomes the norm and sleep is non-existent. Again, you receive the shaft. You feel bad for you friends in architecture only to realize you too still are a student at Tech and then you feel bad for yourself. People not associated with Tech immediately think you’re a genius because you go to school here. You are. As a good Tech student, you never miss an opportunity to make fun of our redneck rivals to the east. To Hell with Georgia! is one of your favorite phrases. You eat healthy and delicious meals at Brittain Dining Hall. “I’ll have a double cheeseburger and a referral to the cardiologist.” Legends of Tech’s past become your heroes and friends. Every Tech man aims to have the courage of Clint Castleberry while Side-ways the dog becomes each student’s friend at some point or another. You wonder what drownproofing is only to have an alumnus tell you that he almost did not graduate because of it. Again, you receive the shaft. The thought of “why am I here??” crosses your mind at least once a semester. Over your years at Tech you discover odd things like there once being a high school on campus (O’Keefe) and mind boggling things like Tech’s 222-0 victory of Cumberland College in 1916. However, in the end, you walk out of this place with a degree and a respect for an Institute like none other.

The humbling reality is that students have been experiencing these feelings and taking part in these traditions at some point or another in the past 125 years. Without a doubt, Tech will continue to be at the forefront of the academic field in the United States, both within its engineering roots and expanding colleges of management, sciences, and liberal arts. I do not personally know all that lays ahead for our great Institute, but I do know that George P. Burdell will be there!

Text | Cody Fortune  
Sketch | Jorge Palacio  
Photos | Alumni Association  
Archives

**“you never miss an opportunity to make fun of our redneck rivals to the east.”**



The one and only Ramblin' Reck is riding into its 50th season as Georgia Tech's beloved mascot.

Maybe year 126 will be better...

Homecoming is supposed to be that time on campus where everyone gets really excited about being a Georgia Tech student, alumni come to join in and celebrate the occasion, houses decorate for the corresponding theme, and everyone holds their breath as Georgia Tech takes the field and hopefully comes away with a victory.

Well, this year it seemed that Homecoming was more of a pain in the butt for everyone which is really disheartening considering we were celebrating 125 years of being an awesome school. I say this because Homecoming exec was completely and utterly disorganized. No one knew who to contact about certain issues, questions went unanswered, and things were changed last minute. One of the worst things was that the 3 different organizations that are in charge of homecoming – Student Center, IFC/CPC, and Ramblin' Reck Club – seemed to not have any contact with one another. It was very frustrating having to know which particular person to contact. I suggest that on top of having one head representative from each of these organizations that there also be one person who serves as a liaison between all three organizations because to campus, homecoming is one huge event, not a bunch of smaller events put on by 3 different groups.

Furthermore, being a homecoming enthusiast, I personally ended up not enjoying homecoming because of all the stress that was brought on by an unorganized exec. At one point during the week, one of the exec members voiced to me that he was concerned that people weren't having fun. My response: Because everyone is so stressed out because no one has any idea what's going on!

For example, the rule book for organizations planning to participate in events was not posted until a little more than a week before the events started, and everyone was expected to turn in participation forms and checks by a deadline that was less than a week away. Also, the rule book had obviously not been updated efficiently because dates overlapped, locations were wrong, and rules were not stated clearly. Beyond the rule book, the website that was being used to field a lot of the questions was not adequately kept. If you're going to ask an entire student body to refer to a website for information on something, I suggest that the website be working and up to date. Otherwise, everyone gets even more frustrated and it puts even more stress on the people in charge of things for the entire week.

Overall, things got a little better and more organized as the week went on, but homecoming is such a big event and is one of the few things that includes a lot of (rich) alumni, and it should flow as smoothly as possible throughout the week. Maybe next year's homecoming exec should start working earlier and try to fix a lot of the problems that were faced this year. I guess all in all, the football team saved the week and my personal overall homecoming experience, but had Georgia Tech lost to UVA, I think I may have been able to confidently say that this was my worst homecoming experience ever solely due to the amount of stress that was put on those attempting to participate and have fun in all aspects of homecoming by the disorganization of the entire week.

-Disappointed Homecoming Supporter

## Sleep

The lack of sleep causes thoughts to nosily cascade inside the brain, like speeding Toyotas, brakes lost somewhere in the neurons' synapses, secreting chemicals that sluggishly crawl to their receptor because they're running on fumes. Dopamine is at an all-time low, in the last hour the body struggles to stay awake. Muscles ache and twitch.

-Faraz Kamili





text | Emily Young  
photos | Corey Black

# How **twitter** is Changing You

Social networking sites such as Twitter and Facebook are new cultural phenomena that allow a single person to instantly be connected to virtually anyone. What is particularly interesting about these sites are the social rules which can be so different from the rules of real life interactions. However, are the rules of virtual interactions slowly creeping their way into real-life situations? Could Twitter be turning you into a terrible person?

Twitter allows its users to say whatever is on their mind at any particular moment. Some users, believing their followers are faithfully reading and enjoying every single Tweet, can easily get caught up in themselves, believe that people actually care what they ate for breakfast, and become just as self-absorbed in real life. Not that this happens to everyone or even the majority of people, but over time, I can see an epidemic of people who think everyone else thinks they're awesome while simultaneously caring about no one. Take celebrities for example. They are some of the most egotistical people to begin with. But give them a Twitter account and suddenly you have Brooke Hogan tweeting, "I really love Clowns and Unicorns." And the fact that

she thinks people care provokes her to tweet more inane garbage.

Twitter also has the potential to make everyone socially awkward and creepy. And I know that is a really out-there statement but think of a world where people who you barely talk to are able to find out the most personal details of your life in mere seconds. Imagine trying to make small talk with someone you barely know, but just bumped into at the super market. "Oh you're leaving for Florida tomorrow? I just came back from there a few weeks ago." "Yeah I know you went to Panama City Beach. I saw your pictures on Facebook." This is not OK.

Not to mention that social networks can turn you into a jerk. On Facebook if someone you really don't want to talk to posts a message on your wall you don't have to respond. If a chat box pops up you can go offline. In real life, if somebody you don't want to talk to approaches you, you have to be polite and make small talk until you can escape. You can't stand there and pretend you don't see them. However if Twitter begins to influence even our real-world interactions you might soon find yourself being ignored on a day to day basis.

Twitter is also making our pop-

ulation as a whole seem a lot less intelligent. Chat speak and writing like you're trying to fit everything you need to say into 140 characters are slowly creeping their way into our written and spoken language. Have you ever felt like a sentence you just added to your English paper needed to be lightened up a bit with a lol? Or maybe you have that friend that cannot end a sentence without saying "wtf," "btw," or "brb." Either way, it's slightly disturbing when it happens. I would like to hope that social networking is not influencing the English language and that teeny-boppers everywhere will one day be able to communicate intelligently but right now it is not looking too promising.

Now, do I really believe that Twitter and Facebook will turn every single one of its users into an illiterate egotistical creepy jerk? No. But I do think it will be really interesting to see how new technology influences our social interactions in the years to come, especially in the younger generations who will grow up with social networks. I would also be interested to see if sites such as Facebook and Twitter bring people together more, or cause them to feel alienated. In any case, to keep up with the theme of the article, ttyl.





## How well do you know your social network?

text | Faraz Kamili

Every time I see the message “new friend request,” my heart jumps a little. I become anxious to find out who wants to join my growing network of cyber friends. Besides, if you’re not friends on Facebook, you’re not really friends in real life. It’s convenient, and a short-cut way to get to know someone,

avoiding the chitchat and conversation. You can witness your friends’ development by going through their photo albums, understand their inner psyche by reading their status updates, and understand them at a deep level by reading their interests, favorite movies, quotes, etc. The Facebook

profile is the encyclopedia that provides the most comprehensive way to understand another person in the 21st century.

According to Facebook’s press room, there are more than 500 million active users on the website, and those users spend over 700 billion minutes per month on the site (that’s 1.3 millions years!). There are smart phone applications available that allow users to directly update their status, upload photos, videos, post messages, and most recently update their location. Facebook has turned into the virtual Truman Show, where we are the directors and are fully aware of being watched, and seek to gain greater exposure. Facebook has resulted in mass social voyeurism, where people can discreetly peer into the lives of others. This doesn’t seem to bother most people, who willingly post personal information without any concern.

I joined the Facebook club senior year of high school, at the insistence of my best friend. Everyone was on the site, and talking about cool things, looking at interesting pictures, getting invited to exciting parties. Also, I thought it would be a good way to keep in touch with friends as we went off in different directions. Along the social contact hierarchy, Facebook is in a unique position. Posting on someone’s wall is less informal than a telephone call or email. But obviously the information you can share with a wall

post is also very limited. "Hey, you look super cute in your profile picture! How's school going?" Response: "Thanks! It's great, how about you?" The other person forgets to respond and the wall post is buried under a pile of other posts, thus end of conversations. Most Facebook conversations like these are superficial and are mere pseudo-socializing. That's not to say people can't develop relationships online, as the recent documentary "Catfish" illustrates.

Of course, a profile is hardly the most accurate representation of an individual; people often create online profiles to portray the most idealized form of themselves. Unflattering images are frequently untagged, and a quick glance at profile pictures usually shows the most smiling and glowing image of a person. How far can idealization go? Anyone who's made a fake profile knows how easy it is to create a nonexistent person online. All you really need is a picture, which isn't difficult to find on google images or Flickr.

The movie "Catfish" is about a 24 year-old photographer named Nev who begins corresponding with an eight year old girl named Abbey on Facebook. This friendship begins when Abbey sends Nev a painting of one of his pictures that is published in a magazine. Nev soon becomes friends with Abbey's mom, Angela, and her older sister, Megan. Soon, Nev and Megan develop a relationship and begin talking nonstop over the internet. The only thing Nev knows about Megan is what he sees on her profile page, he's never met her in person. As the story continues, Nev and Megan get more serious, call and text each other constantly.

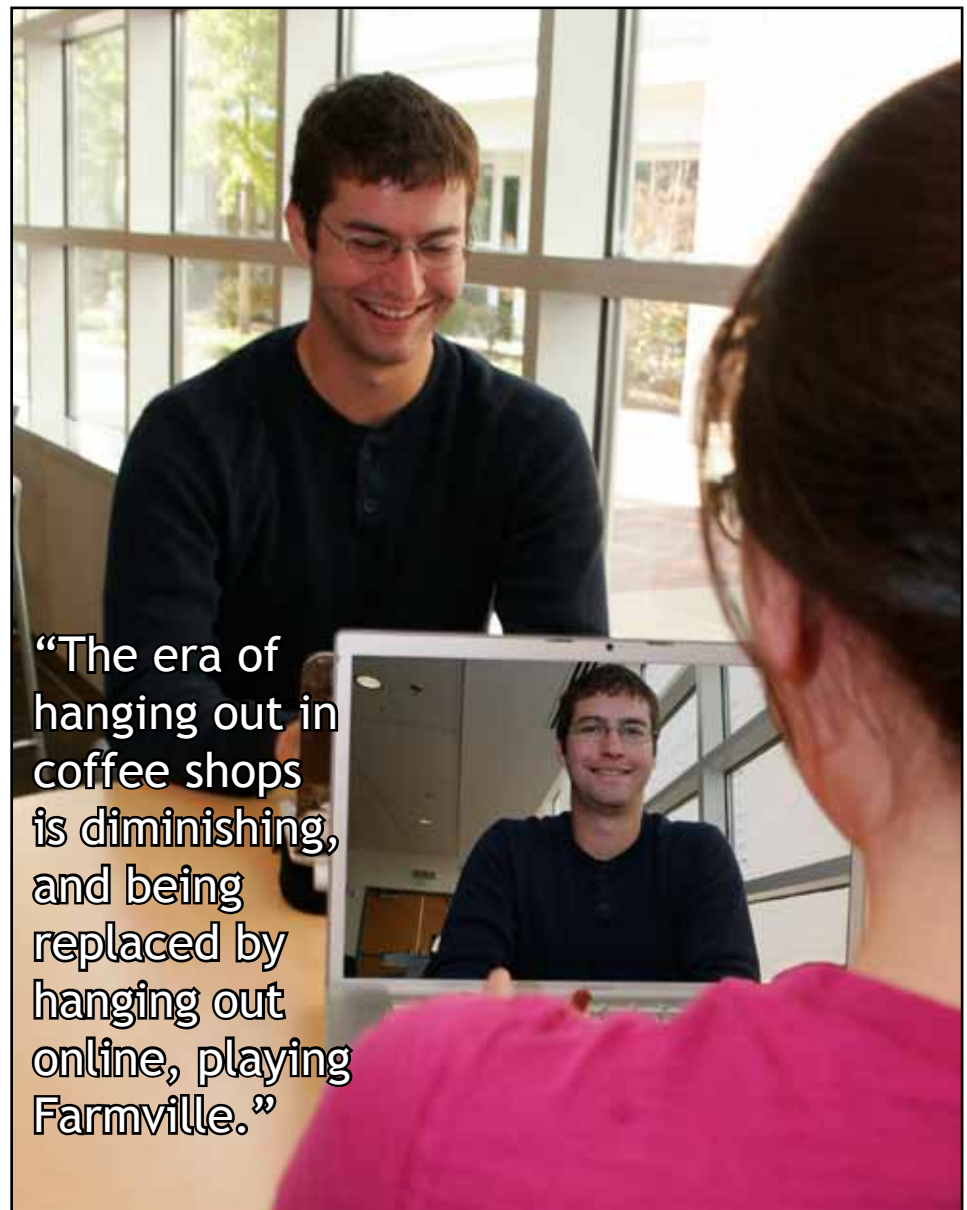
Meanwhile, Nev's friends are recording everything. Megan sends pictures of herself, and appears to be very attractive. Nev seems like he's falling in love. The turning point is when the friends decide to embark on a road trip to visit Megan's family. They show up unannounced and are shocked to find out who Megan really is. "Catfish" is a great critique of how little we can know about people online.

Facebook has transformed the act of socialization. The era of hanging out in coffee shops is diminishing, and being replaced by

hanging out online, playing Farmville. Online socialization has the power to bring people closer, but also has the potential to create a greater distance between individuals. As we begin to put more personal information online, the way we get to know one another and develop relationships transforms. Time will tell the ultimate result of these transformations.



photo opposite | Corey Black  
photo below | Alex Orr



**"The era of hanging out in coffee shops is diminishing, and being replaced by hanging out online, playing Farmville."**

## + Create an event

### Are you dreaming with a broken network?

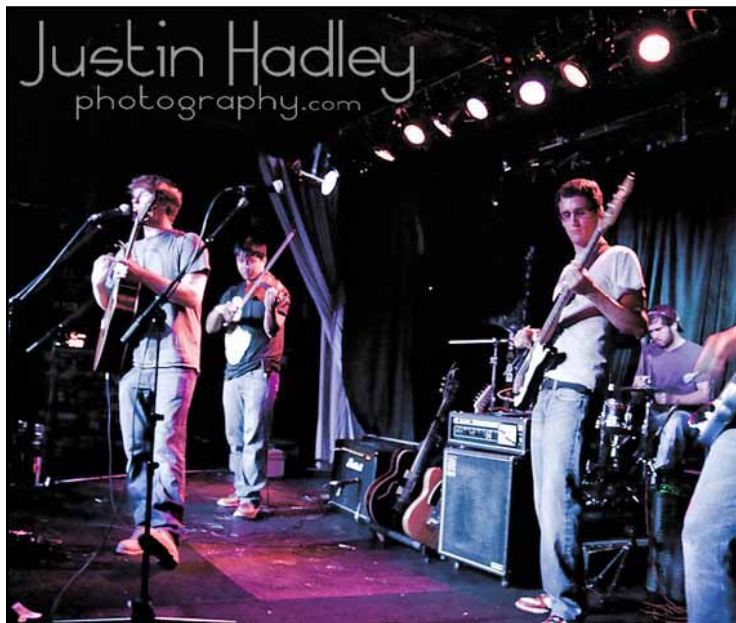
text | Brendan O'Leary

Dreaming is the easy part. Imagine yourself belting out the lyrics to your own legendary rock song in front of tens of thousands of screaming fans at a sold out Madison Square Garden. The glitz, the glam, the girls—it's nearly utopia. It's also damn near impossible. This kind of fantasy doesn't happen on its own and to get it rockin', you've got start with the basics.

First and foremost, you need music, and it has to be good. It needs an edge that draws out the listeners' emotions without being so abrasive as to be divisive. It needs a sound that captures a listener's ear without tearing eardrums. At the same time, it should grip the listener's conscious thought through either deliberate consideration or passive appreciation. It needs lyrics that stir the soul and inspire brilliant imagery, yet refrain from soaking the listener in extravagant detail. It has to be both concise and descript, both approachable and unique. Clearly, writing music is tough. Still, though, the toughest part of achieving the dream of music leg-

end is not writing the music itself. In practice, the toughest obstacle is acquiring a physical audience.

Although I am still relatively naive in the ways of the rock world, I have drawn on my few experienc-



es to learn by leaps and bounds what actually goes into creating the dream. Considering my confidence as an older and well-connected college student at a large campus, I believed that attracting and audience was simple. I imagined that I'd create a Facebook event page, invite all of my friends, and then see those who RSVP'd as "attending" at our next show. Considering the vast population of

Facebook, not to mention my relatively large number of Atlanta-based friends, I believed my event page would reach hundreds, if not a thousand, friends, relatives, and acquaintances in the area. Surely, I thought, out of nearly a thousand friends on Facebook, I can easily get 40 to show up to our show. However, as I soon learned, the event page that I'd created to promote my band was passed off by nearly a thousand people as unimportant spam. The

remainder had inspected it briefly and absent-mindedly chose an RSVP option with no regard to what that implied for the band. I discovered through this course of action that in the age of social networks it takes a lot more networking skills to get the word out than just posting a page on Facebook. A Facebook page pronouncing an important event has evolved to become nothing more than a forum for "friends" to

show their brief interest and mild support by leaving their name in the "attending" column. Once completed, the average user feels as though they've shown their support and never actually considers a follow-through. I learned quickly, then, that the new standard is personal contact—consequently reinstating the traditional standard.

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Mark  
Zuckerberg  
portrayed  
by Jesse  
Eisenberg.

## A Review of “The Social Network.”

text | Inez Falcon

More a movie about the creators of a business than about the website itself, David Fincher’s “The Social Network” is a flawless depiction of the complications and betrayals that arise from starting a company; a multi-billion dollar company at that. The movie follows Harvard student, Mark Zuckerberg (Jesse Eisenberg), from the bar in which he reveals his desire to be accepted and admired, to a court room in California as a defendant in two lawsuits. The first lawsuit is against the Winklevoss twins (Armie Hammer), Harvard graduates who claim he stole the idea for Facebook from them, thus stealing from them the chance to a multi-billion dollar corporation. The second lawsuit is against Zuckerberg’s former best friend

and CFO of Facebook, Eduardo Saverin (Andrew Garfield), who claims to have been unjustly shut out of the company. The movie smoothly shifts between the courtroom statements and past events to give viewers a fair viewpoint of all three parties (Zuckerberg, the Winklevoss twins, and Saverin), leaving the viewers to decide for themselves in the end who, if anyone, was right. The irony of the film lies in the fact that in his creation of an online social network, Zuckerberg ends up furthering his isolation from the college social network he so desperately longed to be a part of.

Even more impressive than the direction, script, and soundtrack are the convincing portrayals of the main characters by Eisen-

berg and Garfield. Zuckerberg is obnoxious and abrasive, yet his character is delivered in such a way that the audiences remain sympathetic to his inability to realize how his ambitions cost him his girlfriend, his reputation, and ultimately his best friend. Eisenberg’s acting, from the first scene in which Zuckerberg rambles about his desire to be in a Harvard Final Club to his girlfriend, to the last scene in which Zuckerberg sits alone at a desk, repeatedly refreshing his ex-girlfriend’s facebook page to see if she has accepted his friend request, is effortless and impressive. Saverin, the voice of reason, also maintains the audience’s sympathy through his obvious appreciation of Zuckerberg’s friendship and inclusion in starting the company. Garfield’s ability to emotionally draw the audience in to the story is a major point in the success of the film delivering its message. Another gem of the movie is Justin Timberlake’s performance as Shawn Parker, the sketchy yet bold former founder of Napster.

The film was overall well-cast and well-directed. “The Social Network” is a smart movie, exploring the ambitions and intentions, actions and consequences of some of the brightest young minds of their time. At once both comically witty and sobering, “The Social Network” strikes the perfect chord in viewers, leaving them satisfied and exhilarated.

*Rating: A+*

# Global Warming: Food for Thought

text | Bailey Wright  
sketch | Jorge Palacio

Climate change is a hot topic today. Evidence suggests that global warming is a real issue with real consequences, one of which could be a dramatic reduction in global food supply. It's ironic then that the way we eat contributes greatly to our own carbon footprint. And that by changing what we eat, how we shop for food and where we dine out, we can each reduce our personal environmental impact.

The earth includes a complex system of feedback loops that help it maintain equilibrium. These systems have helped Earth adapt during climate changes that have occurred naturally throughout its history. Our planet now seems to be in a warming period. Because the Earth has experienced natural climate variations, many people are skeptical about whether or not humans are actually causing this global warming. We now have strong evidence however that anthropogenic, or human caused, sources of greenhouse gases are at least exacerbating the natural climate change the Earth is undergoing. These greenhouse gases, as listed by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, include carbon dioxide, methane, nitrous oxide and fluorinated gases.

The real risk is that exogenous human factors, such as energy consumption and population growth, will cause global temperatures to rise too quickly, disrupting the Earth's built-in feedback cycles and pushing us past a tipping point where the Earth cannot adequately adjust. Take water vapor, for example. While not on the EPA's list, it is in fact the most abundant greenhouse gas in the atmosphere. If global temperatures were to rise too quickly as a result of anthropogenic factors, atmospheric water vapor pressure would increase exponentially. And these increases in pressure would cause further increases in temperatures by increasing the greenhouse effect, creating a vicious cycle. If disruptions push the Earth's delicate climate equilibrium past the tipping point, we could see melting polar ice, rising sea levels, changes in atmospheric and oce-

anic circulations, and altered weather patterns. Together these changes would lead to the deterioration of ecosystems. Even minimal increases in temperature can be detrimental. An increase of only one degree Celsius in global average temperature over the next 10 years would increase the risk of extinction for 20 to 30 percent of known species. And these climate disruptions may be irreversible.

Global warming would also affect worldwide precipitation and weather patterns, which would damage global food supplies. Weather patterns will change as global oceanic and atmospheric circulations change. The warmer atmospheric temperatures and melting sea ice will decrease the temperature and pressure gradients from the equator to the poles. These gradients are a major driving force in circulations; without them the winds and oceans become more stagnant. As a result, some areas will experience much greater precipitation while others will face prolonged drought. The amount of useful agricultural land will be diminished. Regions with currently favorable agricultural conditions – such as Southern Asia and Sub-Saharan Africa – are likely to be hardest hit and may no longer be as capable of producing food. In other regions, where weather and climate might become ideal for farming, other conditions could inhibit food production. For example, while the weather and climate in Canada could become ideal for crops, very rocky soils might make farming costly and less productive. In order to maintain the world's food supply, new land will need to be cleared for agricultural purposes. This deforestation will further increase the amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere by taking away one of its carbon sinks, or reservoirs, exacerbating global warming.

The decrease in food supply associated with continued global warming, combined with increasing food demand from a growing population, will lead to a sharp rise in food prices. Developing nations, many of which are situated in ar-

reas where drought will be increased, will be hit hardest. As food becomes scarce in these areas, malnutrition will rise as daily caloric intake declines. The International Food Policy Research Institute predicts that 25 million more children will be malnourished in 2050 as a result of the impact of climate change on agriculture.

I recently took the "Carbon Footprint" test to see how many Earth's it would take to support the global population if everyone lived like me. My result was four Earths! A surprising amount of my carbon footprint was from food consumption. It turns out that the way we eat contributes to a large portion of our carbon footprint. So I did a little investigating to find out how food contributes so much to my carbon footprint, and what I could do to reduce my impact.

I've heard that many hardcore environmentalists choose to be vegetarians. But I've always wondered how much of an impact the vegetarian lifestyle really has. One of my professors, Dr. Crittendon, and his colleagues Min Kyung Kim, Ki Won Ahn, and Yu Jin Nam, performed a life cycle assessment comparing vegetarian and non-vegetarian lifestyles. They found that a vegetarian diet is three times as sustainable as a non-vegetarian diet.

A vegetarian diet can reduce our carbon footprint in several ways. For starters, the land use associated with a vegetarian diet is only 27 percent of that required for a non-vegetarian diet! The meat industry uses large amounts of land. In fact, livestock production accounts for 70 percent of all agricultural lands. Much of this land is used to grow crops to feed livestock (rather than to feed humans). Greater land use means greater deforestation, and since forests act as a carbon sink, less carbon is removed from the atmosphere. Meat must also be cooked more than almost any other food item, which requires electricity. Electricity is most commonly produced in the U.S. by burning fossil fuels. Burning fossil fuels emits carbon dioxide and methane, which are both green-





# DALÍ, THE HUMAN.

text | Regina Rodríguez  
photo right | Guillem H. Pongiluppi

Salvador Dalí is known around the world for his work and for his eccentricities. He was an incomparable artist that created some of the most transcendent pieces of art in history. He was a showman that fed his eccentric fame with omelets in his lapel, penis-shaped swimming-pools, and calling himself “the divvvine.” Dalí’s work is a blend of the highest scientific-mathematical methods and the most surrealist, colorful creativity... So it was Dalí himself. Like all artists, like all human beings, there was a hidden side to Dalí, his basic core, on which everything else was constructed. And this part is born in a place and in a house. This article talks about Dalí’s human and imperfect side; and the place where it was born.

*“I have been made in these stones, here I have shaped my personality, discovered my love, painted my work and built my house. I cannot separate myself from this sky, this sea, these rocks, I am tied for ever and ever to Portlligat, where I have defined all my most sincere truths and my roots.” Salvador Dalí.*

Go back to the nineteen-thirties, to a little isolated town in the most western part of the Iberian Peninsula, in the Mediterranean coast of Catalonia. It is called Cadaqués. It is summer; a warm summer night. The musicians play havaneres -typical catalan sailor songs- on the beach while the air is filled by the smell of rom cremat (burned rum with sugar) served by fishermen. Grandmothers observe the panorama from balconies brimming with geraniums of all colors, yelling at their grandchildren not to drink too much rum, and not to get into the water. Bohemians from all European shores have gathered in Cadaqués, a town with no rules, seeking freedom and inspiration. Among them, sitting on the beach, there is a very young artist who has spent his summers there since he was a kid. His name is Salvador Dalí and he is with his new girlfriend, Gala. They have rented a four square meters shack in Portlligat, escaping from Parisian society and its events, seeking a life of asceticism and isolation in a hidden bay one kilometer away from Cadaqués.

Eighty years later Cadaqués has doubled its size, and tourists from around the world drink sangría in its terraces. But the town still hits you with its fundamental, Mediterranean beauty. The local spirit remains untouched; the town is still white, still stoned, still flowered, still Catalan. The trace of its most international artist is inevitable: there is a big sign in the main square pointing towards Portlligat, Dalí’s private home.

The four square meters shack is now a big, beautiful, white house that stands out from the others, breathing among the olive trees, crowned with six big eggs on it. Eggs: The first symbol of fertility, one of the couple’s biggest obsessions and a habitual element in Dalí’s work. The house is located at the end of a privileged bay, known for its special light and blue, with a small dragon-shaped island as an entrance to the bay.

It is a sunny gorgeous Saturday morning in September. Two weeks ago I contacted a friend’s friend’s friend’s grandfather, who has lived in Cadaqués since he was born. He used to go fishing with Dalí, and became a habitual converser-on-the-shore with him. He said he would try to remember the truth that has been traveling through years and interests, transformed into legends, exaggerations and poor versions.

He guides me to the main door of the house. It is a conjunction of long strips of wood put together in two big pieces, all of them painted shapeless and unevenly in an abstract blend of electric blues, whites, greens, browns, blacks and grays.

-Look very carefully at the door, and tell me what you see. Take your time. I’ll wait for you in the shade. Guillem says.

Assuming that the door is the first critical-paranoiac method experience -surrealist technique developed by Dalí-, I take it seriously. I stare at the door, very

# International Interests

## *Outside the box and outside the borders.*

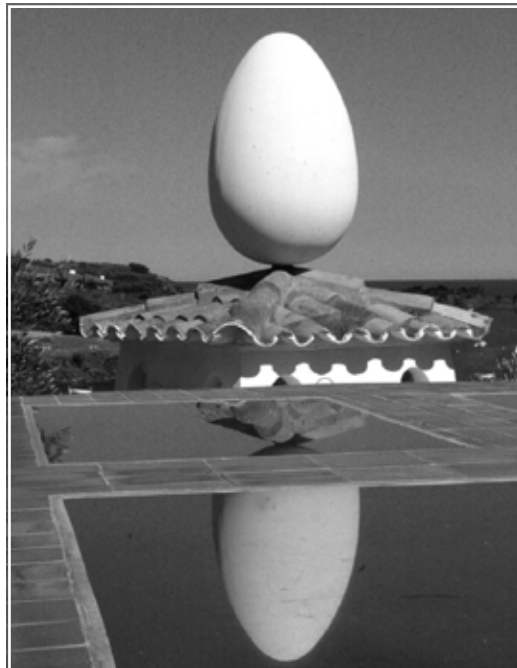
focused. After a while, specific shapes start coming up, I can even perceive their movement. I see a brunette can-can dancer waving her leafy and exuberant blue skirt with a green feathery edging. She moves sensually. A few centimeters below the figure of the dancer I see brown Africa, very well defined; I can even see Madagascar. I see a woman. A woman divided between the two doors; she has blue hair and the two handles of the doors are piercings hanging from her breasts. She wears a black loincloth, or that's what I think. I go to the shade to tell Guillem about my interpretation.

He listens carefully to my discoveries. He remains unperturbed when I tell him about Africa, even when he hears about the woman with the piercings, but he cannot avoid laughing when I tell him about the can-can dancer. He tells me that Walt Disney also saw the woman with the piercings, and that Maria Callas saw Africa -without Madagascar-, but he has never heard about the woman that sensually waves a skirt of feathers.

He opens this door of anarchic fantasy, and behind it, we enter Dalí's private space. The nest of his inspiration, his work, and his human side. We reach an area of the house where the rooms are connected by steps, narrow openings or tiny corridors, making it difficult to locate oneself in relation to the other rooms. A complex of sea urchin skeletons, mannequins, a Japanese parasol, butterfly-lamps, masks, and more stuffed swans introduces you to an original space, cozy and intimate, for the exclusive use of the painter; the place of inspiration and refuge: the studio.

Dalí spent most of his time here. He was an orderly man and would follow a regular work schedule: in the studio he worked from sunrise to make full use of the day light; after a bath, lunch and a siesta - short-lasting, what he called "sleeping with a key"-, he returned to his

studio until nightfall. Gala often read to him aloud while he painted. There are two unfinished paintings in the room: a human body with breasts and a penis; and a huge one, with vague and brown brushstrokes. They impress me. I feel as if Dalí had been there just minutes ago, painting. He left them unfinished on June 10, 1982, the day that his life became forever less complete. The day that Gala died. Guillem tells me that Dalí left the house that same day, a house that he



would never return to.

The next room we go to is their bedroom. The only bedroom in the house; there are no guest rooms. It is a house designed for two people who did not want to lose their privacy. It is crowded with semprevives flowers: they are in the curtains, in pitchers, between the books, and around a strange mirror facing the exterior. They make the room smell of wilderness and home. The floor is completely covered by a thatched carpet of different friezes. It's a three-level room. In the first one there is a wide and long yellow sofa with a big window of nature above it: the blue and sunny bay of Portillgat behind it. There

is a snail-lamp on the table in front of the sofa. Guillem tells me that a famous jeweler from America gave it to him. He tries to remember the name of the jeweler: Phifany, or Estiffani, or something like that.

After crossing an unexpectedly austere bathroom and a closet of eight wardrobes lined by thousands of pictures of Gala, we finally arrive at the terrace. The humid breath of the Mediterranean cuddles my face and dries up among the leaves of the olive trees, being reborn in another smell. It is so easy to feel inspired here. Every step I make, I feel I am in one of his paintings; there are human-sized eggs dispersed randomly, a big, white pigeon loft surrounded by crutches, a fifteen meters long giant of trash, and two silver heads, leaning towards each other, staring at the sea: Castor and Pólux. I go down several steps. I arrive at the "Cups terrace", where the trees grow in big white pots. Guillem recommends me to pay attention to the walls surrounding me. There are tiny little holes where Dalí used to spend hours and hours hiding, observing how his guests interacted in the parties he offered; his "social experiments." Just a few meters separate the cup's terrace from the swimming pool. Two uneven testicles give birth to a long penis; at the end, two royal chairs where Dalí and Gala receive their guests. Guillem remembers one of his parties, in the sixties. Some of the highest social strata of the European bourgeoisie had anchored in the port of Cadaqués to visit Dalí, and he offered them a big party at the swimming pool. A few hours before the party started, Dalí went to Cadaqués to invite some fishermen, and his more hippie, bohemian artist friends to the party. He gave them overgrown, exuberant outfits to wear, so they could fit perfectly among the royal crowd. He also gave them names; Guillem says he was "James The First." Of course, the artists and more cheeky fishermen had

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## + Create an event

Are you dreaming with a broken network?

*continued from page 11*

For sure, social networking sites act as strong backup plans. If you can get a solid following on Twitter or Myspace, your group's show dates and new information will be haphazardly glanced at by the general population. For the sake of ease, most social networking sites have worked to become cross-compatible, allowing status updates to several accounts with different domains to be updated simultaneously through one update. For instance: Facebook status updates link to Twitter, which in turn automatically updates Google Buzz. Myspace is cross-compatible as well, and most promotional sites aimed towards musicians pull large amounts of fan and band data from the band's Myspace page. As convenient as all of this cross-compatibility is, the main point in social networking is lost. No longer does a person maintain personal contact with their own network of peers, but an automated interdependence simply fires quick blurbs about a person's recent and upcoming events. While this information is interesting for the four seconds a "friend" or "follower" may spend reading it, it is soon forgotten under the pile of new updates roaring into the reader's feed.

It is clear, then, that this dependency on social networks as promotional tools is ineffective at best. It leaves a gaping hole in the personal touch that used to be the starting point for people look-

ing to promote themselves and their endeavors. Of course, the personal aspect of networking is not one-sided. It's not to be overlooked that the idea of common courtesy by the friends and "supporters" of these promoters was lost as the advent of promotional networking took hold. I'd like for it to be understood by any and all readers of this article that the reason artists promote is to gain an audience. Musicians in particular live and die not by the quality of their music, but purely by the business they create for the venues they play at. In other words, no audience means no money for the bar. If the bar doesn't make any money, the band doesn't get invited back. If the band doesn't get invited back, the band and the dream that was the band die on the spot.

So please take time to consider the artists circumstances the next time an event page or announcement bashes its way into your ever-expanding inbox. Take a moment to find the date of the show, check your calendar, and mark honestly whether or not you'll be able to attend. It's better to be warned now than disappointed later, and it's tough not to take a flaky friend's last-minute bailing personally. Not to mention the band needs an accurate estimate on how many to expect at their show because if they don't make quota, the dream dies. Make sure they know they need that last-minute PR push, and I pray to John Mayer's Strat that they don't choose Facebook or Twitter to do it.

text | Brendan O'Leary

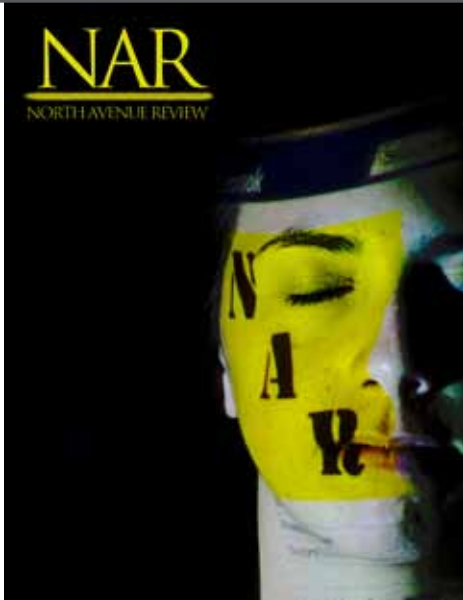
## DALÍ THE HUMAN.

text | Regina Rodríguez  
*continued from page 16*

such a good time inventing stories about their ancestors' conquests and their fortunes, inviting princesses, heirs and dukes to their paper palaces. While the highest and the lowest social strata were enjoying each other, the host remained behind his strategic little windows observing such an impossible mixture.

In Portlligat he was just Salvador, the kid that learned how to paint in the sand, the painter who liked to cook fresh fish in his kitchen, the shy guy who enjoyed walking with his muse on the beach. Outside Portlligat he was Dalí "the divvvine," the artist, the genius. And he was, and he meant it, and he told the world about it through his eccentricities. He was Salvador Dalí, the result of the two worlds he combined and ended up being his one reality. He was the simple man who would ask the fishermen to clean their brushes on the main door of his house after they had painted their boats. But he was also the artist, the character that would make his admirers believe that what they were admiring in that door was the most splendid expression of art ever created.

## North Avenue Review ▷ Create an event



When?

Thurs, 13/01/2011, 19:00

What are you planning?

First meeting of Spring 2011

Where?

Flag Building, Common Area

More info?

Thursday at 7 PM is a weekly meeting time for the NAR staff. Come by and be a part of something cool.

Who's invited?

You and all your friends

Create event



Congratulations on fifty golden years,  
Ramblin' Reck!

