



## STRUCTURE

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

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The *North Avenue Review* is published twice quarterly (if the funding is approved) by Chapman Publishing Co. in Atlanta, Ga.

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THIS IS A TEST.  
THIS IS A TEST OF THE STUDENT PUBLISHING SYSTEM. THIS IS DONE IN CONJUNCTION WITH FACULTY AND STUDENT AUTHORITIES IN ORDER TO INFORM YOU OF CAMPUS JOURNALISTIC AND LITERARY TALENT.  
WE WILL NOW BEGIN OUR FIRST EDITION....

## 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 2nd issue:  
Thursday, August 10, 1989

NEXT MEETING:  
Thursday, July 27, 1989  
D.M. Smith 104, 6pm  
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 concerns, questions, or problems, contact Steve Danyo (p.o. box 35307), or Jeff Cardille (p.o. box 33090).

### Articles

The *North Avenue Review* welcomes any articles on topics that you deem worthwhile by students, faculty, and staff. Be prepared to rewrite. Facts are important. Submissions should be written in WordPerfect software for the MacIntosh. You can use any of the Macs around campus. Save your writing, as we will use your disk to manipulate and extract your article to layout.

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

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 all of it to the Craft Center on the day of the deadline, or to our p.o. box prior to the deadline.

### 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 that your letter remain anonymous, but we have to know who you are. Your letter will not be edited, so make sure it is written exactly as you want it.

## QUESTION: WHO IS AUTHORIZED TO WRITE THE BALLOT-- PRESIDENT CRECINE OR THE GEORGIA TECH EXECUTIVE BOARD?

By Valerie Lynn Stickle

On June 6, 1989 a restructuring ballot was sent out to the faculty in order to form recommendations for the Georgia Board of Regents. Originally, a ballot was prepared by a subcommittee of the Georgia Tech Executive Board and some of President Crecine's staff. It contained only one question: YES or NO to the entire restructuring plan. This proposed restructuring includes the Ivan Allen College of Management, Policy and International Affairs; the College of Science; the College of Computing; and the Division of Fine Arts in the College of Architecture. The president received the one question ballot at approximately 5:30 on the day of the printing deadline.

President Crecine later stated that he knew that a one question vote would probably insure a "NO" vote due to the wide range of items being included in the single question ballot. He also realized that the Board of Regents would have a difficult time in figuring out what the faculty did not like about the restructuring plan from a single question. The president, without the approval of the Executive Board, changed the ballot to a three question vote and sent it to the printers. Dr. Dale Ray, chair of the board, later found out about the change from "a faculty member whose wife works in the print shop". None of the other members of the board acknowledged notification of the ballot change before it was distributed.

An 80% vote return was gathered from the general and academic faculties. (The usual return on a faculty vote is about 35%.) The results were as follows:

Topics of Restructuring Ballot	Academic Faculty		General Faculty	
	For	Against	For	Against
Question 1: The Division of Fine Arts in the College of Architecture	336	169	332	85
Question 2: The College of Science with the College Management	260	249	348	70
Question 3: The College of Computing	265	243	361	54

The issue of whether the vote was valid and should be sent to the Board of Regents was brought to the Executive Board in the form of a resolution on July 6 by the subcommittee that wrote the ballot. The resolution stated that "The ballot is without statutory effect" and called for a new vote by the faculty. The Executive Board then voted on this resolution. The outcome of this vote would determine who is authorized to write the ballot.

**ANSWER:** REGARDLESS OF WHO IS AUTHORIZED TO WRITE THE BALLOT, PRESIDENT CRECINE'S BALLOT STOOD. THE EXECUTIVE BOARD, PRESIDENT CRECINE, AND TWO MEMBERS OF THE PRESIDENT'S STAFF VOTED 7 TO 6 TO SEND THE THREE QUESTION BALLOT ON TO THE BOARD OF REGENTS AS THE OFFICIAL RECOMMENDATION OF THE GEORGIA TECH FACULTY.

## Seven Dismissals... cont'd from P. 1

In the continuing saga at the foundation office, on Tuesday July 11th, five more people were dismissed in order to accommodate the budget cuts. One of them, a clerical worker, has been transferred to another department. The rest are being assisted with their job search and some may even receive other jobs within the Georgia Tech community. The institute has declined requests to release the names of the dismissed in an attempt to subdue publicity so that these people will be able to find jobs easily. Their last day of work is July 24th, and the school says that their dismissal is also not due to poor performance.

The foundation's budget for the 1990 fiscal year is \$1.43 million dollars. The remainder of the cuts will come from expenses within the development office. In the meantime, seven people have had to seek employment elsewhere due to the restructuring budget cuts.

*I would like to thank John Carter, acting head of communications and development; and Charles Harmon of the Georgia Tech News Bureau for their assistance in providing background information for this article.*

## A LEADER SPEAKS

The following is an excerpt from a tape made by Cai Ling, the Supreme Commander of the students' Defense of Tiananmen Square in Beijing; her taped testimony, made only five days after the Beijing massacre, was printed in the Overseas Chinese Economic Journal (a newspaper in Hong Kong), and is being widely circulated throughout the free world. On July 1, the Chinese Friendship Association of Georgia Tech held a press conference in the Student Center Theater and read a letter drafted to the new president of China, showed films of the massacre and played the audio tape of Ms. Cai's tearful speech. We have taken the liberty of fixing grammar and punctuation to help readability for those who speak only English. The intact transcript can be found on the talk.politics.misc computer bulletin board; this piece is a part of that post.

I am Cai Ling, Supreme Commander of Defense of Tiananmen. I'm still alive.

On the evening of June 3, between 8, 9 and 10, the situation got worse and worse. News of people being beaten to death kept coming in, more than ten times. Our Command issued a statement, our only slogan: Down with [the] Li Peng government.

At 9 pm sharp, all the students at Tiananmen stood up, raised our right hands and swore, "I pledge that for the cause of developing democracy in our motherland, for the prosperity of our country, to prevent our one billion population from white terror, I pledge our young lives to the defense of Tiananmen, to defend the republic. Our heads may be cut off, our blood may be shed but we will not allow the loss of [the] People's square. We will defend to the last with our lives."

After 10 pm, our command told everybody that since April, when the movement was mainly that of a patriotic student movement, and into May when the movement turned into a People's movement, our principle has always been peaceful demonstration. The highest principle of our struggle is peace. A lot of fellow students, workers, citizens of Beijing came to our command post and said this was not the way to conduct the struggle, [that we] should take up arms and some of us were quite agitated. Our command said to them [that] we are here for peaceful demonstration, the highest principle of peace is to sacrifice ourselves. That's how we were; we linked hands, shoulder to shoulder, we came out of our tents, we were singing the Internationale and we sat on the steps of the monument, peacefully. With our peaceful eyes, we awaited the arrival of butchers. We knew we were conducting a war between love and hate, not a war between arms and violence. We all knew that this democratic peaceful movement has peace as our highest principle and we didn't want it to end with fellow students using sticks and bottles to fight those armed with bayonets, tanks, the soldiers who had lost their senses. That would be the greatest tragedy of our movement.

We were just sitting there quietly, waiting to sacrifice ourselves. Then our loudspeakers played "Descendants of the Dragon," fellow students were singing along with tears in their eyes. We were holding on to each other, we held hands. Each of us knew the end was here, the time to sacrifice our lives for our people was here.

There was a young student, he was 15 and he wrote his last testimony. I can't

CONTINUED P. 5....



# 为自由民主的 新中国而奋斗

By: Jimmy Moore

Chances are you can't read the characters printed above. If you are fortunate enough to have a friend from China, that friend can tell you that they mean, "Struggle for a free democratic new China." If you are not so fortunate, then you probably do not know what these brave, patriotic people are enduring.

Although they are uncertain about their future, most Chinese students at Tech remain optimistic. That sort of optimism is typical of someone who would travel halfway around the world to pursue a diploma that is difficult to obtain even for native English speakers.

At the beginning of the interview, Cai Ling calmly introduced herself as someone who was well qualified to discuss the occurrences in Tiananmen Square. She then began to describe the events leading up to the massacre as scenes from the brutal attack were being shown on the screen. "We had agreed to leave the Square when the soldiers began to attack us. As we realized what was happening, we continued to walk hand in hand, as we had vowed, to face our executors." The students at the meeting sat silently and watched as Cai Ling's calm voice gave way to anger. Eventually, her sobbing voice was pleading for an end to the massacre that continues to keep the Chinese people in fear of their own government. She ended the interview by stating, "The darker it is, the nearer the dawn." She added, "We will return, as this is the people's square."

Unfortunately for Tech's Chinese population, they may face persecution for just attending such meetings. Apparently, since 1987 the Chinese government has been sending certain graduate students to the U.S. who are here to "spy" on their fellow Chinese students. If a student is heard speaking out against the Chinese government, these "Rats" send their names back to the authorities. Since all of the students must eventually return to China, they may be arrested upon arrival for being "counter-revolutionaries". They might even be executed, as is happening now to the students who were involved in the protest in Beijing. Because of this, none of the Tech students' names are printed here.

According to the U.S. Attorney's office in Atlanta, there are no known laws that are applicable to dealing with these Rats. However, as the old saying goes, "what goes around comes around." One can only hope that no one will be hurt from the Rats' actions, and if so, that the Rats will be the ones to suffer in the end.

Perhaps the most ominous black cloud over Tech's Chinese students is the fact that U.S. law requires them to return to China for two years before applying for citizenship. The students have petitioned the U.S. Congress to drop this requirement, but there has been no reply. Although they love their native country, most of the students would rather stay here for now. They feel they can do more good here since they are able to organize their activities. Besides, none of them wants to return just to be arrested.

Considering the horrible series of events, Tech's Chinese population remains hopeful. As fellow students, we can offer our support and concern. We should at least honor the wish of one Chinese student who said, "Please remember the people who died." As I reflect on the images from the last couple of weeks, what sticks out in my mind the most is the smiling, playful, cute faces of the Chinese children. Their smiles may not last much longer. Something must change.

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"Man should not be in the service of society, society should be in the service of man. When man is in the service of society, you have a monster state, and that is what is threatening the world at this minute."

---

Joseph Campbell

# TIANANMEN... CONT'D FROM P.1

they just shot him. It's very simple. At that time all the schools were just closed, all students were on the streets. A lot of students went to Beijing for a holiday because it was like a holiday, you know? No class, nothing. Normally you don't get time to go to Beijing, but the train was free for students, everything was free. So they went to Beijing and they died there. Now, for sure, I know at least five of my friends died there, the same classmates. But the others, they say they just disappeared. Nobody dares to say anything. On June the fourth they told me they died. At that time they said seventeen disappeared; thirty-five went there, seventeen disappeared. Now I call back my friends there and they say nobody died. They dare not say anything now.

Q: They're not allowed to say anything?

A: Sure not! See, the government says nobody died there. "How dare you say that? Are you against the government or what?"

Q: So they can't even tell you the same thing they told you two weeks ago?

A: No, no not at all.

Q: What can you say about your friends who died there?

A: I know there is one girl, four boys-- I know they died. They died just because that day they were in a tent in Tiananmen Square. A lot of students from other provinces came to Tiananmen Square. [My friends] just wanted to visit Beijing; at first they didn't want to attend some protest. Some students didn't really understand what was happening [before they got to Beijing]; it was something like "Oh, everybody is going there, I'm going to go there and see what's happening." And then they got to Beijing and really got serious. They got involved there and so they stayed in Tiananmen Square. Seventy percent of the students who stayed in the Square that night were from other provinces, not really from Beijing because most of the Beijing students went back to campus to stay in the dorms.

Q: So your friends were basically not political people but once they got there they understood what was going on?

A: Yes. They're my age, I know them. My friends are just around eighteen years old, nineteen years old. They were really ordinary, just like you and me. They were actually kind of playful. They didn't think about what would happen later-- they were just normal people and they went there and got killed. That's why I feel really bad about it. When they reached Beijing they felt like they should do something, because it's really something so serious-- everybody's serious about this. It would never happen here [in the U.S.] and I'm not sure if people can really understand this. Even I can't understand why this happened myself. Those students, they are the hope of the future of this country.

Q: So you're not sure whether or not you'll return to China?

A: No, I don't think. I mean if these kind of situations stay the way they are, I won't go back. I'm sure I won't go back. What I felt before is that China is poor, this is for sure. And that the government is stupid-- they're not bad people, they're just stupid sometimes. And maybe it's a big country, with big population and it's hard for them to control. This is true. I thought that China will grow after everybody works hard and the government tries to work hard; then this country will grow and grow stronger and stronger. But this time all the hope broke. And now I feel something like you have a home but you can't go back. Home is controlled by some bad people... This time the students and the people who died are victims. The government is telling lies all the time. . . . But even in Shanghai, our neighbors there are against students and support the government. Because we were brought up like this. See, I was brought up that "The Communist is so good. They save our lives." It's something like religion. Though they say that we don't have religion, actually they are the god. They try to create themselves like the god. Everybody believes in them. This is China. If you don't come out and see from the outside you don't really understand what happens.

Q: Most of the people who I saw on the television were twenty years old, nineteen years old, twenty-one years old-- and they're politically active people. The most wanted people in China are all our age. We don't protest in this country very much.

A: You don't need to, actually. Still you feel like you want more freedom! Before I came here I didn't know what is freedom. When I was at home I felt life was just like that. I didn't know what happened in the outside world. Now if I went back I would feel very, very uncomfortable.

Q: The Chinese seem to be very patient.

A: Very, very patient. We can bear a lot. Bearing and patience are regarded as a very good quality of a person.

Q: That's what I noticed most when the protests were starting, that there was no violence among any of the people. It looked as though everyone was very patient and very calm, thinking that "if we can show them how calm we are, then they will understand."

A: They were so idealistic, thinking that the government will be moved. But this time, really, it changed so fast nobody had the feeling that our government could kill people. I still don't know what will happen later because the army is controlled by the government.

Q: Do you think that if this happens again-- say in twenty years-- that the people will still be peaceful?

A: I really don't know. At that time maybe there will be a new generation of people who came to the U.S. and went back and they will know [about Tiananmen]. Maybe that will change a lot. I really don't know what will happen at that time. . . I hope, and this is just my dream, that in the army some good people will stand up and arrest these [leaders] or just kill all the bad people. "Who dares to murder this president? We'll give him a hundred dollars!"

My friends here [from China]-- they're big guys. All of them cry, nobody can help it. They cry so much. Because it's hopeless. We can't do anything.

Q: Do you think they still have hope for China?

A: They have hope, but the things [we could do as Chinese in America] were not so useful, actually. What we can do now is donate money-- this is what I can do. And write letters to my friends, but I'm still worrying if they receive the letter will they get into trouble or not? I try to tell them the truth about what happened but if you get this letter [that criticizes the government] and you don't turn it in to the party you will get arrested. This happens in China. One of my friends-- he and his wife are very active in Chinese Friendship. He has to go back after two years. I tell him again and again not to do that because it's too dangerous. What will happen there? All their life, if they go back and get arrested, will be spoiled. What can he do then? He's just a small potato and the government is so big, they're so powerful. What can he do? I tell him that but he can't help it, he's too angry.

Q: Do your parents say things that suggest how much they know about Tiananmen?

A: When I call them they immediately say "Everything you said, we know. Don't tell anything on the phone because somebody is listening to the phone for sure." I can't help it-- I just shout out! My dad is a Communist party member and I said "Get out of the party! Shame on you!" Immediately the line was cut. Obviously someone was listening to that. It's very dangerous and a lot of people are afraid of the government, the pressure. My dad wrote me and just said "Study hard and let all the Chinese be proud that you are Chinese." I feel that I can't do anything. I'm helpless.

Q: Do you think that most of the students know a lot about the United States Government? Do they know about Thomas Jefferson and Martin Luther King?

A: Yes, we know a lot. But I'm not so good at history. I wasn't concerned about anything before, except studying and dancing. But people concerned about this really know a lot.

Q: So you feel more political now?

A: Yes, now I'm concerned about it.

Q: If you do go back to China and if protests happen, do you think you'll be involved in them?

A: Yes, this time for sure. If I go back and this happens again-- for sure I would and I will stand out for sure. Everybody said I was so lucky when I was born. Before I came here the school leader told me "The Communist Party gives you so much. It gives you the chance of education, it gives you food, it gives you everything." I believed in that-- everything I believed. They said I was so pure, "a very very nice Communist kid." When I came here and anybody said anything against the Communist Party, I would jump on them and say "You can't say that!" But this has made me so mad, so disappointed. I didn't have any feeling about politics and I didn't have any concern and I'd think about it only a little. Next time for sure I will participate in this kind of movement. Maybe I don't have the kind of power to be a student leader but I will do whatever I can. I won't be afraid of anything.



# OPEN LETTER TO THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE C.P.C.

[Translator's Note: This is an open letter sent to Jiang Zeming from the Friendship Association of Chinese Students and Visiting Scholars at Georgia Tech. Jiang was elected General Secretary of the Communist Party of China (CPC) on June 24 at the Fourth Session of the Thirteenth Plenary of the CPC. He is former Mayor and Party Chief of Shanghai, China.]

Dear General Secretary:

We are a group of patriotic Chinese students in America, deeply concerned with the progress of the reform in our country. We have strongly believed, and will still believe, that the students and other people from the whole spectrum of the society, who participated in this world-shocking democratic movement, are patriotic. We believe that their demand for political reform, and their condemnation of bureaucracy, corruption and tyranny are appropriate. This was also once confirmed by many officials of the party's Central Committee. In the past two months foreign news media has had a thorough and detailed coverage of the movement, whereas our government controlled news media has avoided any direct reporting. Not until weeks after the June Fourth Incident, did Yuan Mo [Translator's note: He is the State Department spokesman] present an evasive and self-contradictory explanation to the media. We still remain perplexed by many questions. We hope you, the General Secretary can give us a clear answer.

1. What is "revolution"? What is "counterrevolution"? During the past decades of flip-flopping debates on this problem, Chinese society has played many tragedies and farces. It has left the people in utter confusion. The party chief Deng Xiaoping in the 1960s became the number two capitalist-road-runner overnight. The same Deng in the 1980s suddenly became an omnipotent leader of the revolution!

2. What is "a handful"? Over the last two months our propaganda instrument repeatedly accused that "a handful of bad elements" attempted to overthrow the government. If twenty percent of the Beijing population is just a handful, then what about the party members counting for less than five percent of the national population? And what percentage were the party members among the demonstrators?

3. In merely two years, two of the General Secretaries of the party, Hu Yaobang and Zhao Ziyang, have been ousted. They are also accused of causing enormous damages to the party and the country. But both of them were fostered by the now so-called designer-in-chief of reform Deng Xiaoping. How much blame and responsibility should he bear?

4. The communist party and the government, within a very short period of time and at all costs, used hundreds of thousands of troops armed to the teeth to crackdown the nationally spread pro-democracy movement. Such determination, such efficiency, were indeed unprecedented. However, where are their determination and efficiency to take measures against corruptions in all levels of government, especially "the handful of" top level officials and their related?

5. Various sources of information showed that in Tiananmen Square and in the streets many people shed their blood, lost their lives. Why does the government repeatedly declare that there were no casualties, not even a single gunshot? Such is the case that the government does not want to see bloodshed, why the troops chose to maneuver in the dark, which is obviously most likely to cause injury? Such is the case that the soldiers fired only after they were driven beyond their forbearance by the rioters, why, to fight back those few unarmed rioters, these well-armed and well-trained soldiers, have to waste hundreds, even thousands, of lives of students, civilians as well as soldiers? Such is the case that it is an open and dignified act, why must the foreign reporters be driven away, the news blocked? This leads the public to think nothing but shame and guilt.

6. Being an intellectual, you surely understand how much the intellectuals are concerned about their people and their country. Be frank, do you really think those intellectuals, as well as those students, who are under arrest or being wanted, are counterrevolutionary? Since the Third Session of the Eleventh Plenary of the CPC [Translator's note: This session was held in 1979], the government has repeatedly promised to enforce impartial policies towards intellectuals, to respect knowledge, and to respect the knowledgeable. Why then were the intellectuals always the first to be persecuted in every movement? How can the party and its government earn the public trust?

7. Several reports revealed that the paramount leader stole fifty million pounds of tax-payers money and deposited it in an overseas bank in case of fleeing the country. What is your comment on this?

The recent Chinese history has proved such a truth: There is no good ending to those who suppress the people. We hope you think twice.

Friendship Association of Chinese Students and Visiting Scholars  
Georgia Institute of Technology  
June 31, 1989

## A LEADER SPEAKS... CONT'D FROM P. 3

remember his exact words, I only remembered one thing he said to me. He said "Life is strange, there is only a fine line between life and death, sometimes I see a worm crawling along, when it moves a little, it will get trampled on and will never move again." He was only 15 and he thought about death. Republic, please remember, this child fought for you.

Between 2 and 3 am, we had to abandon the public address system at the bottom of the steps and moved up to the one on the monument itself. Those of us in command went around the monument to comfort our fellow students and to mobilize them. We were just sitting there. Some said the first row was most determined, fellow students in the back row said they [were] just as determined, if the first row got attacked we would not run away. I told them a very old story. "There was an ant hill with one billion ants. One day the hill was on fire, the ants realized that they must get through the fire if they were to be saved. So some of the ants held together and rolled towards the fire. Those on the outer edge were burned to death but the rest of the ants lived. Fellow students, we are on the square, we are standing on the outer edge of our people." Each of us understood that only through our sacrifice could we save the Republic. We sang the Internationale.

Later several compatriots, He Dejian and others on hunger strike said they couldn't bear it. They said "Kids, don't sacrifice yourselves here!" But we students were very determined. Some went to seek out the army to negotiate, to find someone who was responsible for "cleaning up the square" and offered to leave the square peacefully if our safety were guaranteed.

At this time, our command were soliciting the opinion of students whether to stay or to leave. It was decided that we should leave. But while we were preparing to retreat, those butchers did not keep their words. The soldiers in helmets and with bayonets came charging up the monument, before we could announce our decision to retreat. They destroyed our speaker and defaced the monument. It's [the] people's monument. How could they shoot at the monument?

The rest of the students were retreating, we were crying, fighting. Some citizens told us not to cry, [that] we'll be back, because this is the People's square. But we learned later that some students still believe the government and soldiers would not hurt them, they thought the worst case would be to be forcibly taken away. They were too tired and were sleeping in tents. The tanks made meat pies out of them.

KEEP GOING, IT'S WORTH IT... P. 18

HHH

If you want to send aid to families of those killed or injured June 4th, contact:

Asia Watch  
(212) 972-8400

The China Relief Fund  
P.O. Box 1144  
Cambridge, MASS 02238

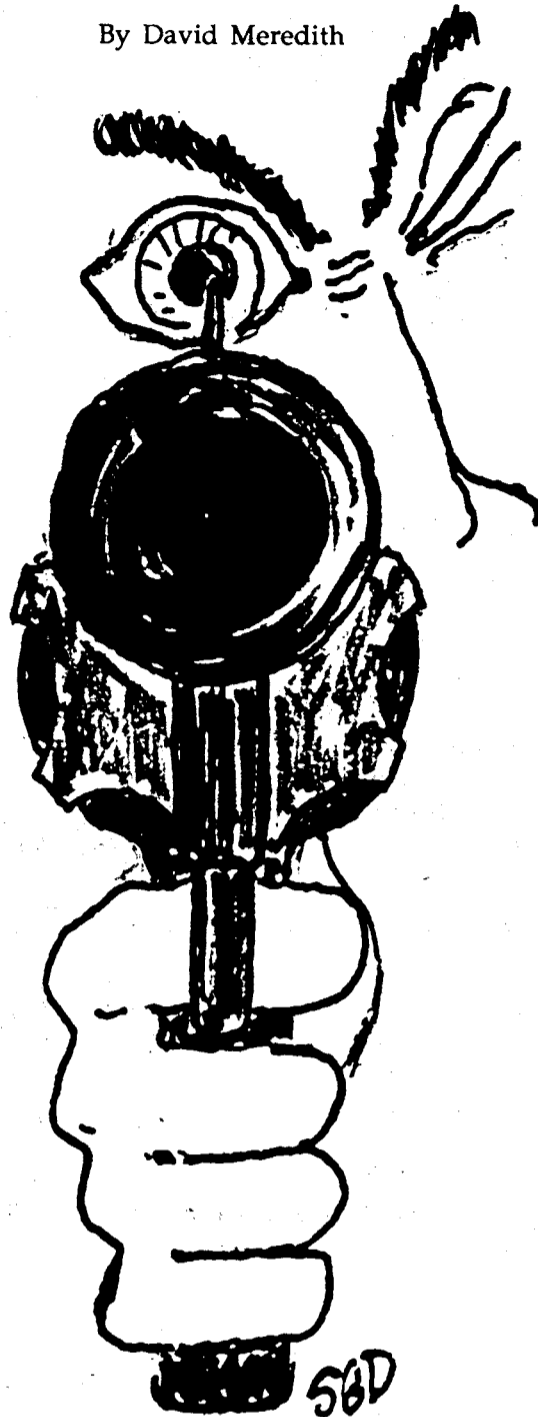
June 4th Foundation  
(415) 494-8399

Amnesty International has established a "China Emergency Action" hotline. The number is (800) 888-5284. Via the line, you can send a protest telegram to the Chinese government for \$11 or to the ambassador in Washington D.C. for \$5.

...Information extracted from  
7/10/89 U.S. News & World Report

# toward a deeper understanding of gun control

By David Meredith



With all the talk about gun control and the endless propaganda by those who oppose any effort to regulate the gun industry (even to the point of opposing safety standards for guns) it is important to understand the reasoning behind any argument, particularly the emotionally loaded ones that appeal to our sense of outrage rather than reason. Following are some hypothetical examples that expose these tactics and a brief review of the constitutional principles involved.

Take the following hypothetical examples: First, Jane Doe, like other citizens of the future, is prohibited from owning a gun. One night Jane is alone in her house when she is attacked, raped, tortured, and finally killed. Hypothesis: if Jane Doe were allowed to own a handgun, she could have successfully defended herself.

Is this assumption correct? Reflect for a moment and ask, "Could she have defended herself?" The answer to the question is affirmative in that she might have defended herself. But this is just a superficial analysis; just as important in this case is would she have successfully defended herself. Jane Doe's ability to defend herself is contingent upon much more than either legal possession of a handgun or her desire to use it. The hypothetical case here quickly expands to, "if Jane Doe had owned a handgun, and if Jane Doe had easy access to her handgun before her assailants, and if Jane Doe's handgun were already loaded (which it should not have been), and if Jane Doe could effectively use her handgun, etc., etc. In reality Jane Doe's personal safety is dependent on a syzygy of these related factors; if one fails to fall in place, Jane is the loser. It is these other contingencies which, more frequently than not, fail to fall in place. More people are killed or injured with their own handgun each year than those who successfully defend themselves. For example, a recent Time magazine article found that of the 464 firearm related deaths in this country from May 1-7, only 3% were the result of an act of self-defense. Other sources of crime statistics such as police bureaus and the F.B.I. bear the same witness. The overwhelming majority (greater than 90%) of gun related deaths are accidents, suicides, and homicides.

This example points out that the mere possession of a handgun does not ensure the owner's safety or improve the likelihood of a positive outcome. It is this conclusion that too many people can not accept. They can accept that other people are killed with their own handguns. They can accept that the studies show more people are killed or injured with their own handguns than those who actually defend themselves. But many people can not accept that they are just as vulnerable as everyone else. People frequently make excuses such as,

"Those people (killed with their own gun) are stupid" or "They don't know how to handle a gun; I do." The all-time greatest excuse is, "I don't think it will happen to me." Does anyone think it will happen to them? Do not let a feeling of invincibility elevate your pride to the point that you can not accept your own vulnerability.

The second hypothetical example is this: John Doe is alone in his house when he is assaulted. John successfully defends himself with his handgun, i.e., no one else is injured. Hypothesis: If John Doe did not have a handgun, he would not have been able to defend himself.

Is this a fair and accurate assessment? Do we know that John Doe had no other recourse? Is John's case truly representative of the population of handgun owners in the U.S.? Reflect on the aforementioned studies about handgun fatalities. The fact is John Doe's story is not representative of the handgun owning population of the U.S. For every John Doe success story there are more stories of tragedy, of something gone wrong in the danger of twilight, of an argument out of

The third hypothetical example bears added significance because of recent events; it invokes Orwellian nightmares of a police state that controls not only our guns but our thoughts as well! It goes something like this: the government takes away our firearms; the people have no defense against the military. Take China, for example. Hypothesis: without firearms we could become a police state.

How accurate is this assessment? Of all the western political democracies, which ones would you call "police states"? France? Britain? Holland? Which ones are at the mercy of the military? Belgium? Denmark? Norway? Do you believe that the small percentage of the population in this country that owns firearms could, even if organized, take on the U.S. military?

To assume that a citizenry without firearms is vulnerable to totalitarianism, or that there is a one-to-one relationship between the two, is, once again, a superficial

analysis. One must consider the role that the military plays in the government, i.e., the military's relationship to the political leadership must be examined. The military of a country with an institutionalized democracy is not structured the same and does not serve the same functions as the military in, say, China. Although the President, as head of the executive branch, is commander in chief of the military "when called into actual service" (Article II, Section 2, paragraph 1 of the Constitution), the Congress is also given authority over the military not only in appropriations, but also in rules of administration. Article I, Section 8, paragraph 18 of the Constitution grants Congress the power "To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers..." Among the foregoing powers referred to are: paragraph 12, "To raise and support armies, but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years"; paragraph 13, "To provide and maintain a navy"; paragraph 14, "To make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces"; paragraph 15, "To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions"; and finally paragraph 16, "To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States..." It is clear that since the Congress is given broad powers over the military and militia (including the right to suppress insurrections) the impending "police state" argument collapses.

And what about the Second Amendment, you ask. Read it and see that "militia" is not simply inferred by those who wish to limit gun ownership. The amendment reads, "A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." The clause, "the right of the people..." is a parenthetic referring to the subject of the sentence, "militia". There is no conjunction such as "and" present to indicate that two subjects are under discussion. Therefore, one subject is under discussion (militia) and a parenthetic ("the right of the people...") makes it clear that the militia is to be armed, rather than a paper tiger.

There is a game called Russian Roulette. If someone handed a gun to you and said, "half the chambers are empty and half are loaded", would you play? The odds are 50-50. What if the odds were in your favor, one bullet and five empty chambers. Would you play? Our society is playing Russian Roulette and the odds are not in our favor. There are five loaded chambers and one empty chamber. Should we play?

Raymond  
Jose

## PARANOIA?

"You go to bed every night knowing that there are things that you are not aware of."  
Ronald Wilson Reagan, on his Presidency  
(from *Newsweek*)

The reason that the different liberal movements during the 60's were able to succeed was that the leaders of the movements were able to focus the attention of the masses on their movement's agenda. During the 80's, this has not occurred. I don't think that the liberal ranks have dwindled, as the Reagan era seems to suggest. Instead, I think we are being manipulated by the **CONSPIRACY** to dilute our strength.

In the 60's, the liberal agenda was fairly straight-forward. There were really two main issues: civil rights and the Vietnam War. (Actually, there were three issues, but women's rights never gained the momentum of the other movements due to male resistance within the left wing.) Other topics would pop up here and there, but few ever doubted that the real agenda was these issues. In the 80's, this situation has changed. A multitude of problems in the 80's demand attention from the left wing. For example, I came up with the following list of liberal issues in about two minutes: gun control, abortion, nuclear power, nuclear weapons, ozone depletion by CFC's, deforestation, toxic waste dumps, non-biodegradable plastics (styrofoam & diapers, etc.), recycling, censorship, civil rights, women's rights, conservation, garbage incineration, and marine mammal protection! Where did all these issues come from?

Well, I'll tell you, but you probably won't like it. I think that this is a plot by the controlling powers (not republicans, but maybe something like ultra-secret, super overlord-type republicans) to prevent the movement from interfering in their power games. Think about it: Divide and conquer.

To be a liberal, you must have an opinion on at least the 15 issues I've listed. (I'm sure I didn't think of all the issues- there's got to be at least a dozen more.) Maybe you feel strongly about gun control and women's rights but couldn't give a damn for the marine mammals or the ozone layer. To accomplish anything, you must find a group of people who share your interests. Now, suppose I think that women's rights are important, but I don't think that only rich white people should be able to own handguns. Also, I can't sleep at night because I have terrible dreams about being a sea otter. Well, I can't join your group, and you certainly don't want to be in mine, so I go off and start another little group.

You can see what happens. Everybody forms their own little splinter groups, nobody can work together, and nothing gets done. The really annoying part is this: you know that the overlords are sitting wherever it is that they sit and **THEY ARE LAUGHING AT US**. Do you think that anyone could possibly believe that we actually needed that dam? The actual plan was to threaten the snail darter so that we would all be distracted and become disorganized. Also-- did you notice how conveniently the Exxon oil spill distracted us all from the end of the North trial? I'm not trying to say that anyone at Exxon acted deliberately, but I just cannot believe that the incident was a "tragic accident". (The power that the overlords wield is vast; they would not need to be involved directly with Exxon to cause the spill.)

The terrible final thing for me is this: I see what is going on, but what do I do about it? Just because I know what they are doing to us doesn't mean that I know what the answer is. What are the BIG ISSUES? Is it nuclear power? the ozone layer? abortion? toxic wastes? Communist infiltrators in our midst (Glasnost)? fluoridation contaminating our precious bodily fluids? lubricated or unlubricated condoms? the bomb? South American deforestation? What about ribbed ones?.....

I give up. I've done my part. Maybe someone else can figure it all out. If you do, please let me know.

---

# Bush Denies Citizenship of 14,000,000 Americans

by Thomas Peake, Box 35526

Religious freedoms in America are among the strongest and most flexible of any country in the world. However, there are organizations here in the Atlanta area, Boyton Ministries Inc., for example, that advocate theocracy for America. When Mr. Boyton was asked on a radio talk show (WGST) what would become of the rights of non-Christians in the U.S., he politely responded that they could leave. One would assume that Mr. Boyton has forgotten that a major reason this country was settled was due to Europeans' desire for religious freedom. Freedom of religion implies freedom from religion, and the United States is on the verge of losing this valuable right.

According to the most conservative estimates, 14 million (6%) of all Americans do not believe in a supreme being, while some figures report that as many as 11% of the populace (26 million) reject religion. During his campaign last fall, Mr. George Bush was asked about separation of church and state and atheist rights in general. The result demonstrated his warped sense of separation of church and state.

On August 27, 1988 in Chicago's O'hare Int'l Airport, Mr. Bush engaged in a conversation with Mr. Robert Sherman, spokesman for the educational non-profit organization, American Atheists, Inc. Following is a portion of the dialogue, verbatim, NOT taken out of context:

**Sherman:** Surely you recognize the equal citizenship and patriotism of Americans who are atheists?

**Bush:** No, I don't know that atheists should be considered as citizens, nor should they be considered as patriots. This is one nation under God.

**Sherman:** Do you support as a sound constitutional principle the separation of church and state?

**Bush:** Yes, I support the separation of church and state. I'm just not very high on atheists.

Unbelievably, in one sentence, Bush alienated at least 14 million Americans. Somehow, the media ignored this atrociously blatant and unconstitutional statement, (press releases were sent to virtually every major newspaper, news radio, and news television). The following conversation transpired between Mr. Ed Murnane, co-chairman of the Bush-Quayle 88 Illinois campaign, and Mr. Sherman regarding Sherman's court battle in Illinois to protect his son from recitation of the pledge of allegiance in school:

**Sherman:** American Atheists filed the pledge of allegiance lawsuit yesterday. Does the Bush campaign have an official response to this filing?

**Murnane:** It's bullshit.

**Sherman:** (Taken aback) What is bullshit?

**Murnane:** Everything American Atheists does, Rob, is bullshit.

**Sherman:** Thank you for telling me what the official position of the Bush campaign is on this issue

**Murnane:** You're welcome.

On behalf of American Atheists' membership, Jon G. Murray, president of American Atheists, Inc. wrote to George Bush, asking for an explanation and a simple apology. The response was a paragraph from C. Boyden Gray, 'counsel to the president'. The gist of the letter was not an apology, but the obviously contradictory

"...the President is a religious man who neither supports atheism nor believes that atheism should be unnecessarily encouraged or supported by the government. Needless to say, the President supports the Constitution and the laws of the United States, and you may rest assured that this Administration will proceed at all times with due regard to the rights of

atheists, as well as others with whom the President disagrees."

This response is a lie. George Bush is a religious man who is using his presidency to unfairly espouse his religious beliefs. Take, for instance, his proclamations of January 20, 1989 and March 17, 1989 as "National Day of Prayer" (Federal Register Vol.54 No. 53 Title 3) and "National Day of Prayer and Thanksgiving" (Fed. Reg. Vol. 54 No.14) respectively. These presidential documents state that America has relied upon and will need god's guidance to maintain "the foundation of civilized society." Bush even goes so far as to state that "We celebrate America as 'one nation under God'."

How can he violate and ignore so overtly the most fundamental and cherished laws of the land, like the first amendment? He's the president, and he can do anything he wants until someone stops him. Write to him and tell him yourself, that you, as an American, value freedom of religion. Don't let a belief you might not hold be imposed on you by our government. You know the address:

The Honorable George Bush  
1600 Pennsylvania Ave.  
Washington, D.C. 20500

Or, better yet, write to C. Boyden Gray and tell him that it's about time church(religion) and state(government) were truly separated.

If you would like more information on how to protect your right to religious freedom, write:

Society of Separationists, Inc.  
P.O. Box 140195  
Austin, TX 78714-0195

HT II

# DATELINE: TECH

by P. C. "Boom Boom" Boomer



## NOW FEATURING . . .

By Larry Sampler

This column is intended to be a regular column in our publication. As a part of our stated goal of serving as an *alternative* form and forum where Tech students can read about and comment on their community, this column will feature teaching faculty members who have been recommended to us.

Our goal is to introduce students to members of the faculty who, through their focus on teaching and their commitment to students, can bring to Tech a sense of "university." These professors take an interest in their students, in the campus environment, and in providing more than three quizzes, ten homework assignments, and two office hours per week. They may be advisors for your campus organization, they may teach classes that are incredibly provocative, or maybe they teach what is normally a *terrible bore*, but do a great job of involving the students.

The administration rewards prodigious research or copious publishing; we want to reward those who are committed to providing students with the best possible academic instruction and with the environment of a great university. The operative trait that sets these faculty members apart is your appreciation of their contribution to Tech.

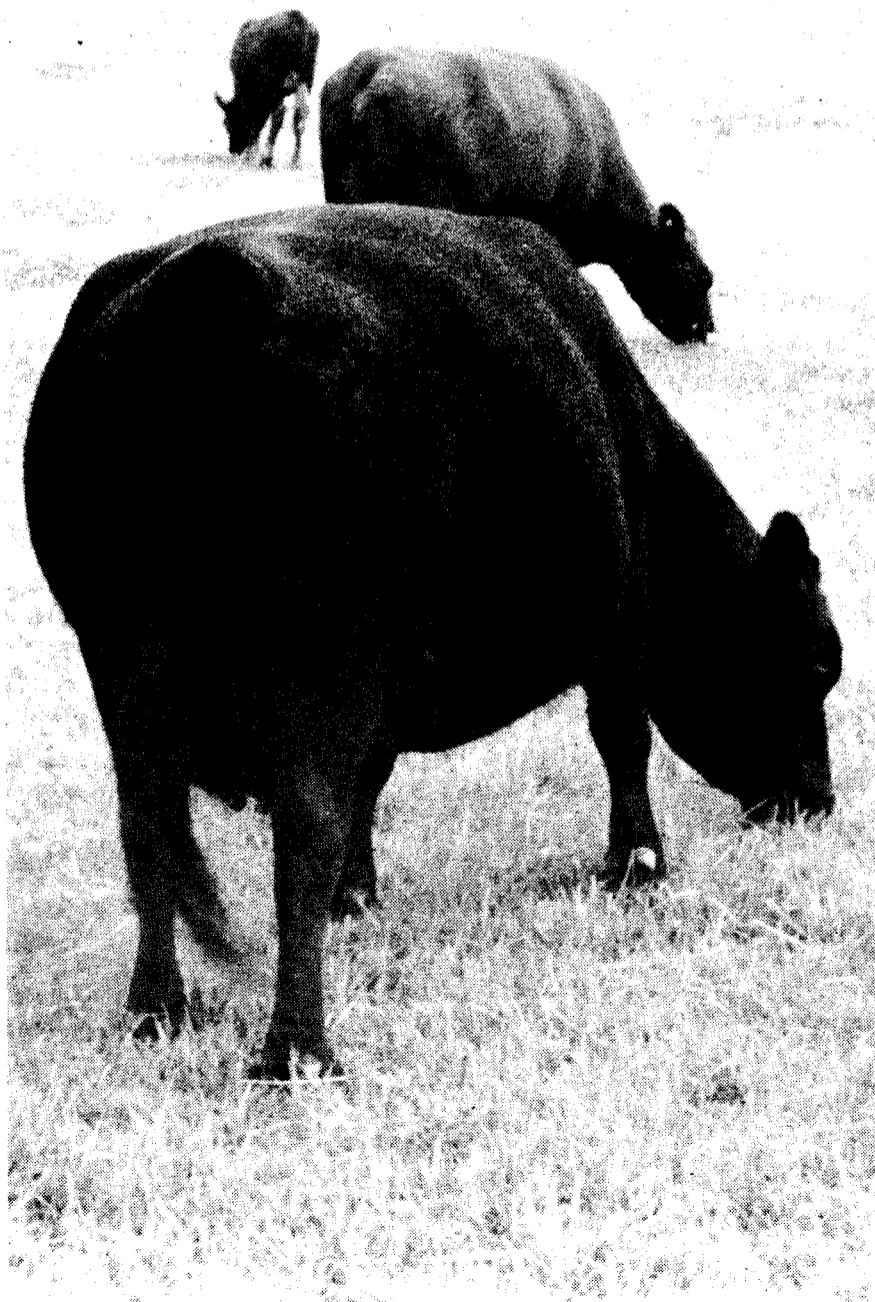
Nominations can be mailed to Larry Sampler, PO Box 31842, and will be considered by the entire non-staff of our publication. Better yet, bring your nomination to our next non-meeting, as posted somewhere in this issue. You should list some of the ways your nominee enriches the quality of life at Tech.

**More on the Foundation Firings:** a vicious rumor spreading around the campus says that former Tech Foundation Buck-baggers Cecil Phillips and Charles Gearing were told they had *until the end of the day* to clear-out of their offices. According to Foundation insiders, *it isn't true*. Instead, the unsigned memo from the President's Office gave them a **whole 48 hours** to clear-out of their offices. And who says this Administration doesn't have a heart!

A Professor thought that the \$16.19 textbook sold by the Tech Crookstore seemed a bit expensive - *especially because, as the author, he knew the per book cost*. A call to the publisher revealed that the suggested retail price was \$10.98 - **including a 20% mark-up for the Bookstore!** "They'll tell you they have to tag something on for shipping," a coherent clerk quipped to the stunned prof *but \$5.24 per book seems a little steep*. In fact, the Crookstore said little except that it was *none of the professor's business*. In a magnanimous gesture to them, **he is shopping for a new bookstore.**

**Who's that Bruce Lee Wanna-be?** None other than Administration Bad-boy Norm Johnson who mistook his instructions as an observer at the *Reorganization Vote Count* as pre-fight exhortations and advanced on his *hated opponent* the Executive Board's own Jon Johnston! Common sense prevailed however when it dawned on this *Administrative Ax-man* that no less than two people would witness the event.

**Maybe they just need some elephants!** Administration officials might want to peek at *Leadership Secrets of Attila the Hun*, a boffo book recently reviewed by none other than **Presidential Pal and NeXT boardmember H. Ross Perot**. Sez Perot: "ATTILA tells you how to motivate people...." *On the other hand, maybe it is the Administration handbook!*



HH III

## HEY, VOLUNTEER HERE:

Grace Methodist Church

Summer program for children between the ages of 5 and 12. Assistance with Children - Leading games (indoor and outdoor), assisting with arts/crafts projects, music, storytelling. Weekdays, 9:00 a.m. - 3:00 p.m. Volunteers choose days, hours.

Location: 458 Ponce de Leon Avenue (on Marta busline)

Techwood Community Center

Summer program for children between the ages of 5 and 13. Assistance with Children - Leading games and outdoor activities, assisting with arts/crafts projects. Weekdays, 8:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m. Volunteers choose days, hours.

Location: Techwood neighborhood (walking distance from campus)

## . . . NOW FEATURING

By Larry Sampler

This column will, unfortunately, be a regular part of our publication as well. It is reserved for those faculty, staff and administrators who just "can't seem to get it right."

If the library puts a hold on your registration because you have a book four months overdue, and you take their staff member by the hand and lead him or her to the book, on the stack, and in its proper place, but they *still* won't remove the hold...they've earned the right to be featured here.

If the parking police double park, blocking you in, while giving citations to other cars...they've earned the right to be featured here.

If the lady at the ARA food counter keeps you and eight other people waiting while she tells her co-worker about her date last night, then messes-up your order *twice*...she's earned the right to be featured here.

In general, this space is reserved for *legitimate* stories of situations where Ma Tech and her favorite minions have forgotten that this is a school; we pay to come here, they get paid to work here, and that we are the customers.

We will probably call you to verify your submission for this column; we don't want to be an outlet for pent-up, unfocussed frustration about some other personal battle.

Nominations can be mailed to Larry Sampler, PO Box 31842. They will be verified, as well as is possible, and responses will be solicited from the offending agency.





## Environmental Forum Spotlight: Dr. C. S. Kiang

by Steve Donkin

This past May, Georgia Tech, along with the National Science Foundation, the Environmental Protection Agency, and others, served as a sponsor of the "International Conference on Global and Regional Atmospheric Chemistry" in Beijing, China. Present were scientists and policy-makers from around the world, as well as a team from Tech's School of Geophysical Sciences, which included its former director, and the co-chairman of the conference, Dr. C. S. Kiang. The purpose of the conference was not just to exchange scientific data, but also to provide a framework for intelligent decision-making regarding global atmospheric policy.

It is fitting that Dr. Kiang should be involved in organizing such an important international event. He and his colleague, Dr. William Chameides, have been instrumental in guiding atmospheric policy for quite some time. In the September 16, 1988 issue of *Science*, they published the results of a study which indicated that the high ozone levels in Atlanta may be due largely to natural hydrocarbons emitted from trees, and not just to man-made hydrocarbons. Previous models of urban ozone production usually disregarded these natural sources, and thus ozone reduction strategies concentrated on man-made sources. As a result, many cities, including Atlanta, have been vexed by persistently high ozone levels despite substantial reductions in man-made hydrocarbon emissions. \$750 million had already been spent in Atlanta on hydrocarbon reduction. The EPA took notice of these findings, which may prevent more money and effort from being wasted on a misguided cleanup policy, and is now looking at funding Georgia Tech and other regional universities for a five-year, \$30 million study to determine a proper approach to the problem.

Dr. Kiang is very proud of the fact that Georgia Tech has the highest rated Atmospheric Chemistry program in the country, and he says it is one of the best in the world. For the last seven years, the department has averaged more than \$2 million in research grants per year. A project that is currently underway is a coordinated effort involving universities, state agencies and legislatures, power companies and other industries, and the federal

government to combine technology and public policy into a cohesive approach to atmospheric problems in the South. The project, entitled "Southern Oxygen Study", or SOS, is being spearheaded by Georgia Tech. Dr. Kiang emphasizes the importance of working with government and industry in order to dispel the myth that a sound environmental policy is necessarily more costly.

At present, Dr. Kiang is an Institute Professor to the Office of the President, and chairs the Environmental Science and Technology Advisory Council. He would like to see Tech's curriculum emphasize environmental aspects of engineering more, as well as prepare students to take on a policy-making role in the world. One major problem with the current environmental policy in this country, says Dr. Kiang, is that "the policy-makers know nothing about science, and the scientists know nothing about policy-making." He cites as an example President Bush's recent push for alternative automobile fuels, like ethanol and methanol, which, although they possess certain advantages over gasoline, also present major environmental problems of their own, as any atmospheric chemist would know. Dr. Kiang stresses that the engineer of the future must have a firm foundation in science and design, but also be able to use that knowledge to direct public policy. He sees Tech as having the potential to be on the forefront in producing that kind of engineer.

The Environmental Forum is a non-partisan group made up of Georgia Tech students and faculty. Our primary aim is to promote awareness within the Tech community of man's place as an integral part of his environment, whose actions can both benefit and harm the health of that environment. In addition to serving as a resource for information on campus-wide, city, state, and world-wide issues, we seek to take an active role in shaping environmentally related policy on all these levels, always conscious of the fact that a sober, informed approach is the best. Since its inception this past spring, the Forum has initiated a recycling program on campus, established an environmental information file at the library reserve desk, investigated alternative methods of food packaging in campus dining halls, and sponsored an Environmental Day which featured displays and speakers from various environmental organizations. We encourage interested persons of all political and ideological persuasions to join and bring in ideas for future projects.

The Environmental Forum of Georgia Tech  
Meetings: Every Monday at 7:00 PM, Student Center 3rd floor

Steve Donkin  
Box 34071  
755-4237

Chad Stogner  
Box 31269  
875-4511

Christian Ratsch  
Box 33614  
897-1922

...OR, VOLUNTEER HERE:

### Alzheimer's Association

The Alzheimer's Association is a non-profit agency which provides a variety of services to victims of Alzheimer's Disease and their families.

Day Care Center - Volunteers would work with victims of Alzheimer's Disease. Training provided. Weekdays between 8:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m. Volunteers choose days, hours.

Location: Two centers: North Atlanta off I-85 and Clayton County Office Assistance - Mass mailings, data entry, and general office work. Weekdays between 8:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m. Volunteers choose days, hours.

Location: North Atlanta off I-85  
Awareness Month Activity - Group to sponsor awareness activity for Alzheimer's Disease Awareness Month in November.

### Fund for Southern Communities

The Fund for Southern Communities is a non-profit agency which provides startup grants and technical assistance to grassroots service organizations. Office Assistance - Telephones, errands, and, if skilled, typing and computer work (IBM compatibles). Weekdays, 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Training provided. Volunteers choose days, hours.

Location: 552 Hill Street, S.E. (6 blocks from MLK Marta Station)

### Georgia Citizen Coalition on Hunger

Agency provides services to hunger victims. Office Assistance - Staffing of Hunger Hotline, a telephone referral service. Weekdays, 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Volunteers choose days, hours.

Location: Near Atlanta/Fulton County Stadium

For more information on these community service programs, contact Sally Hammock, Student Center Programs, 894-2805



Gordy Lew!

WELCOME TO THE

**FINE ARTS**

SECTION OF THE N.A.R.

**FISH RAP**

**My English Teacher Rode A Motorcycle**

Tabula Resa.  
 Empty desks.  
 My finger pen turns and asks:  
 Is this poetry?  
 I answer "No!"  
 And turn my mind to scour  
 Symbols of emptiness:  
 inspecting fumbling chalk, it makes me sneeze  
 I raise a powdered head  
 (Was that Hamlet?  
 No, No that was Ulysses!)  
 The invisible cat  
 licking lapping waves  
 I am left holding  
 A hardboiled egg.

My Buddha belly hangs,  
 slightly,  
 I always study my lessons  
 Outside the picture frame.  
 I remove the carbtorator  
 from the bike and rest it on my leg:  
 Oil Art  
 And then I wipe them in the dirt.

I replace each tube to its place  
 with inaccuracy  
 Under the westward-urging sun.  
 I kick my leather foot  
 This dawn engine won't start.  
 The orange hair, The flopping ears  
 No reaction.  
 I kick an' kick an' kick  
 and kick  
 The children yell complaint  
 Voices shrink with each kick  
 And Mr. One Inch  
 wanders the engine nightly.  
 I dissolve in lapping fuel.

A highway unfolds  
 A motorcycle rolls:  
 Open up the throttle  
 The haus between your legs  
 The dream of humming thigh:

Poetry,

a squint  
 a wink  
 an eye.

...John Hewson

**Shaman**

Fields of shame  
 For the Shaman  
 With his first failing  
 With his first time -  
 The shame of the fields,  
 The shame of the masses.  
 (And I say)

keep the fields green,  
 keep them healthy and alive  
 and don't let them grow  
 out of control  
 or You  
 out of control,  
 who must be  
 defined  
 by only  
 One  
 man.

...Steve Danyo

Immortality

Nobody  
 Opens the door to  
 Nothingness

To the Hallway  
 Of Emptiness  
 To enter  
 the bedroom Anonymous:

And whispers to her brother death:

Sleep with Peacefulness

...John Hewson

a slow glimmer growing brighter  
 through the thick greyness until  
 finally a sharp beam of light  
 illuminates the fragments of damp  
 earth remaining. on these sodden  
 remnants sit the survivors. thirteen  
 sob as they watch the rapid torrent  
 leaping past them. many more simply  
 stare, contemplating a previous life  
 which has been destroyed by the  
 floods. grief is mingled with a strange  
 joy. the cleansing has washed us all.  
 as we fought the vicious onslaught and  
 watched the murky storm thick with  
 dirt and grime, our numbers were  
 decreased. as we held on through the  
 constant continuous maddening  
 deafening flood, our numbers were  
 decreased. so now the end is here and  
 our numbers are small. the cool clear  
 river is rushing past us. and as they  
 still sit, i paint my body. slick and  
 shiny. purple and silver. i dive in.  
 floating, giggling, i shout and splash.  
 in the distance i hear screams but the  
 river carries me further and further  
 away and i float with it.

...anonymous



**THE HARLOT comes home**

**Is There Something  
 Wrong With Me?**

I wasn't just rubbing I wanted, *stares, sexual  
 innuendos, propositions, touching,  
 kissing, pinching, or poking it in*



*I think she likes him too.*

Talking about your feelings with a parent  
 or a mature Christian can help you put the  
 matter in perspective

**We're Here To  
 Enlighten You.**

**Sweaty palms,  
 rapid pulse,  
 butterflies in  
 MY stomach...**

the score

How Can I Carry On a  
 Successful Courtship?  
 Like any other  
 job, you  
 have to get up  
 and go to  
 work.

Why Did  
 God Allow It?

Life After Death  
 GOD IS GOOD  
 TOTAL DEVOTION

inTolerance



**CENTER OF FALSE WORSHIP**

###

if i close my eyes real tight... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.  
 if i put up a fight... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.  
 if i pretend I am asleep... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.  
 if i kick him in the head... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.  
 if i hit him with a crowbar... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.  
 if i hit him with a hammer... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.  
 if i hit him with a pickaxe... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.  
 if i hit him with a shovel... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.  
 if i hit him with a sledgehammer... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.  
 if i hit him with a chainsaw... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.  
 if i hit him with a lawnmower... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.  
 if i hit him with a weed whacker... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.  
 if i hit him with a trimmer... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.  
 if i hit him with a blower... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.  
 if i hit him with a sprayer... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.  
 if i hit him with a brushcutter... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.  
 if i hit him with a brushcutter... WILL HE GO AWAY? NO.

"Genuine poetry can communicate before it is understood."  
 T.S. Eliot



S H E D R I V E S H I M M A D

Carl loosened his grip on the steering wheel when he noticed his knuckles turning white. Why was she being so damned stubborn? He exhaled sharply through his nose. The sound reminded him of the sighing of a rusty old radiator as it cooled itself at the dilapidated elementary school where he had learned the very precepts of morality that his wife was now accusing him of violating.

Why couldn't they have just eaten dinner like they had every other night? She would cook a nice meatloaf or casserole, nothing fancy. Carl liked his food untainted by those spices and other additives that women thought made food better. He was a meat and potatoes man and his wife knew it. Real men don't eat quiche. But she had burnt the meatloaf that night so they had had frozen pizza. That must have had something to do with the argument, Carl thought as he tightened his tie at a redlight. Maybe the joke he'd made about getting his mother to teach her to cook was a little rude. But he'd always joked about her cooking and she had never gotten angry before.

Why couldn't she have just quietly cleared the table and washed the dishes like every other night? Why did she have to follow him into the den, where he usually sat reading the paper in his favorite recliner after diner with Wheel of Fortune covering up the silence and giving him a cheerful, homey feeling. She had turned off the TV and turned to him with her hands on her aproned hips. Her mouth had been in a tight little line, her eyes glaring angrily. He had tried to soften her up by telling her how cute she looked when she was angry, but that only seemed to aggravate her more.

She had accused him of being sexist. She had told him she was sick of his male chauvinism. That had confused him. She had never said anything like that before and they'd been married for almost six years! "I haven't changed," he'd told her. "You're damn right, you haven't," she had snapped bitterly, "But the times have. I want you to stop putting me down because I'm a woman!" At first he figured maybe she was having PMS or something, then she said something about that ERA fanatic, Sheila, who lived alone across the street. Carl had always wondered why she hadn't married. Probably because she preached about that ERA bullshit to every man she met and scared them off.

Carl's wife had become even more aggressive when he'd blamed her outburst on Sheila. "But Honey," he'd tried to explain, "It's not that I'm sexist. I don't think women should be treated unfairly just because they are the weaker sex. It's just that Sheila is a little extreme. I don't want her putting crazy ideas in your head." But she just couldn't understand, so he had turned the TV back on and she had gone for a walk. She wouldn't even make love to him that night.

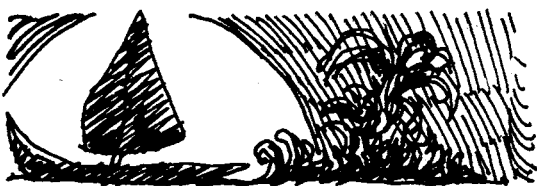
"Maybe it's menopause," he conjectured. He didn't have anything against women. He even worked with a woman at his company. He never treated her with disrespect. "I don't discriminate," Carl assured himself aloud as he exited the freeway. His wife would get over this little idiosyncrasy eventually. Until then he'd just have to watch more TV and eat frozen pizza, he decided.

"Damned women drivers!" Carl bellowed furiously as he slammed his fist down on the horn and swerved to keep from hitting the man who pulled out in front of him.

...Jillanna Babb

夏的纪念  
 The Memory of A Early Summer

我想我是永远也忘不了那海了  
 Yeah, I think I can never forget it ...  
 那个关于海的梦, 和梦中的白沙浪花  
 Especially that white seashore with your trails on  
 帆, 是千军万马的童谣, 也终于被染成鲜艳的  
 Like your bleeding dream and national flag  
 于是, 我纪念那个夏天  
 Forever, it's the memory of a early summer.



Why Do You Love Me?

If I could stand here for a million years  
 And wait until the blood had dried,  
 Until the horses bridle was red on more  
 And the sea was the color of your hair,  
 Would I see a woman who had been scorned?

Did you listen when they said not to take gifts?  
 Or did you read aloud  
 and think that the punishment was not sincere?  
 Again I think of time.  
 The time between the sittings when we joked  
 about the speaker until the rain came  
 and they were thankful.  
 They praised him.  
 To the point that the rain stopped  
 and the buildings stood alone.

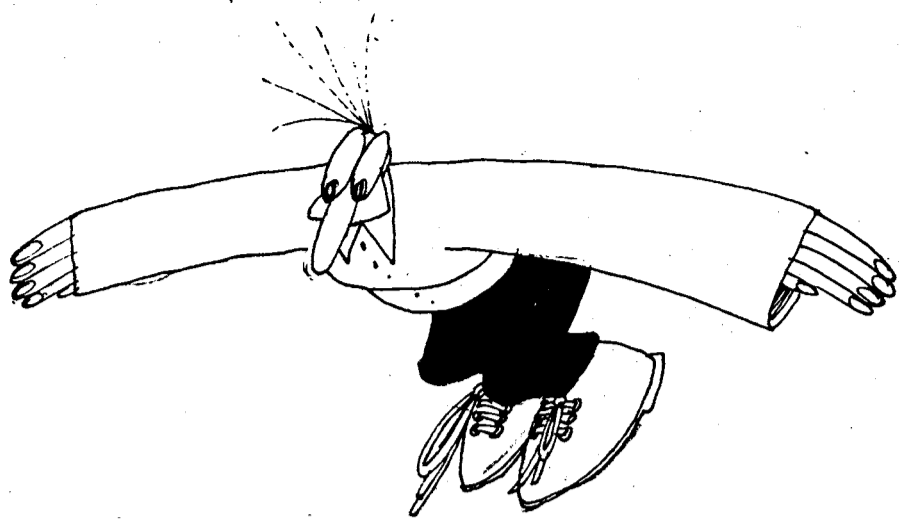
All I could see was passion  
 Which brought singing and lights  
 That would teach you why you were wrong.

...Scott Morris



SEND FISHRAP YOUR STUFF...  
 POETRY • FICTION • PHOTOS • ART (especially CLIP-ART)

HHH HHT I



### A Love Story

Looking back, it seems strange that her body would not demand my full attention. Not that she was vocal about her desires-- the challenge was not in satisfying her, but in provoking her into displaying her desires. I wanted this badly; for she rarely allowed me to see what was inside her. To me, any outcome, whether it was desire or denial, would be a victory, since it would offer an insight into her.

The one thing I didn't expect was her passive acceptance. When I kissed her, she let me-- she took no initiative, and seemed satisfied to let me take our embrace wherever I wished. When I wished to remove her shirt, her bra, her pants, she remained; and it seemed that she was grateful, not for my touch, or her arousal, but for my attention to her. Yet it also appeared, as I strove to open her, that she was not there, that as I exposed each new layer, she would retreat one more, always observing, never sharing.

So I would try ever harder to gain her attention-- to share the moment with her. But whatever I did, still her core remained the same-- closed to me-- and I could not face the challenge of her without her approval.

I wondered what her attraction to me was: Did she love, or did she merely need the attention I would try to provide her? Perhaps she did love, but simply did not know how to tell me, or perhaps she had learned before that to love was to be used and cast away, so she denied love's existence. On the other hand, perhaps she was only interested in the attention I provided her, and was unable to feel anything more than that selfish need.

As these thoughts occurred to me, the answering question came to me: Why was I there? Did I love, or was I merely glad to have someone to give my attention, to protect from the world and to accept my affection? These questions I could not answer-- I know my own self too well (not well enough) to answer for myself, and, as for her, the emotional silence was far too intimidating to risk any comment or conjecture.

Then, when I reached up and took her hands and showed her how to guide my licks and kisses, and then showed her how to communicate her appreciation, as I knelt on the floor, with her hands clenching my hair, wrapping it around her fingers..... the answer (or, at least, an answer). It seemed that there was no difference, except for learning the polite courtesies involved.

So I rose, and crawled to her ear, then whispered. Her response was typical-- she quickly, almost shamefully accepted, but, I knew that she simply did not know how to show her approval-- this was much more difficult than grasping a double handful of hair, so I accepted it. The great condom adventure, always a trying, soul-searching time, followed. This time I knew that I merely had to educate, train her in how she must behave in order to return my affection.

Finally, I was above her, and, as I prepared to begin, it struck me as odd that she would be the one surrounding, holding me. Then, as I lowered myself onto, into her, my perspective shifted. It seemed as if the bed had disappeared and I alone was supporting her. Her embrace was no longer a comfortable, protective hug, but the desperate last grasp of a woman hanging over nothingness.

....Raymond Close



I woke and felt as if I had been changed. It was the most wonderful dream that I had ever had. I had just been through the worst headache of my life, it lasted for about 30 hours and goes like this:

My sister and I were outside. All I had to do was mention to her that I felt like flying and she was with me. Carolyn looked like a pro on her first flight two weeks ago. "It's because I have such a good teacher!", she would say. Maybe so, but she was good. Although Carolyn took to flying quickly, she had never tried it solo. It's always hardest on your own. I figured she'd try it eventually, but today was ours. The sun was out and gusts of wind came by occasionally, which were perfect for a good fly. With a wind behind us we took a running start and jumped. We were up! Arms stretched and a smile on our faces, up we went as the wind let us feel the space. Everything was coming back to her. I had been flying since the age of ten. I think it had something to do with puberty, but that didn't matter. It started with these odd feelings. When I was alone and not doing anything I would start feeling very small, like a molecule watching what went on. Maybe it's a coincidence, but it seems this smallness went away about the same time I started flying. I was sitting in my dad's lazy chair and seemed too big for it. Imagine that. I'm eleven, my feet and hands were bloated, twice their size as a year ago and very far away, and now I thought I might be able to fly. Eleven was a very odd year. My mom told me I was crazy when I told her I thought I could fly. She wasn't being mean telling me things like that, she just thought I had a vivid imagination. Sometimes it got out of hand when I would get mad. I'd go flying across the room when I was pissed at something. It didn't happen too many times and only when I was alone. After awhile I could do what I wanted to, but every time was still brand new. Not that I had to re-learn, but almost as much. By now we were up several hundred feet and still climbing. I yelled to Carolyn that I remembered how to stop going up. Just relax. It worked perfectly.

We had been up for several hours and were over the desert. Some old buildings were in sight so we flew over. They looked like apartment complexes, but they were covered with sand now. Clothes, tires, irons....I guess they didn't have any time to pack. I didn't think sand could advance that fast. It wiped this place out. We had fun diving into it. It was fun climbing on the buildings. We knew that if we fell we could always fly away. Carolyn noticed some railroad tracks and that Cabbage Town was on the other side and wanted to go over. I had gone over there one night. It was frightening. Some guys had tried to pick a fight. I threw a few punches because they had me cornered. I remembered that I didn't, or really couldn't fly away. The only time I can fly is when I'm not scared. You can't fly if you're scared. The best time is right after you've woken up. That's because you're not thinking of anything else.

I told Carolyn we should go home and find Greg, our brother. She thought it was a good idea. I remembered when I just started to think I could fly at the age of ten, playing football in the street, and seeing Greg running around late for work or going somewhere. He was always having to take care of things, like his little brother and sister. I always thought it would be so scary looking for your first job, but Greg didn't seem to mind. Every now and then we would talk about it. What I enjoyed the most was reading his papers on Shakespeare or discussing his favorite poets. He loved his English classes. I drove his car one night. The first car I had ever driven, or really swerved all over the street. Greg was the first person I told that I could fly. He never really believed me. Today seemed different. I explained it to him. I think Greg wanted to believe because he had had a rough day up to now. The wind picked up and it was now or never. We held hands and ran. He was smiling. It felt good because the sun was out and we were all together. I yelled jump. I don't know if he jumped when we did but I do remember letting go of his hand.

I looked at Carolyn and she was smiling. Greg yelled from behind us. He said that he had never believed me, but he was flying. He was smiling. I slowed down and waited for him. If you're too careful and look at the ground too much you'll fall. I told him to stiffen his body. We soared on and got even faster. "Greg, loosen up! We'll slow down and descend." He was doing great and enjoying it. We taught him how to do circles and dives and fly upside down. Carolyn had figured out how to dive on her first flight. Just straighten your body and tilt your head down. You could go fast or slow and climb when you wanted to. One of the best things is watching my brother and sister. They look like they never knew how not to fly. It's like I didn't have to tell them how or as if they forgot they didn't believe me yesterday. They would be flying around doing circles or playing tag, stop all of a sudden, and realize they were on the ground a few minutes ago. Flying makes you forget time and feel that it was years ago when you didn't know how to. There goes Greg straight up and through that cloud. That's always so fun.

We were over the old buildings in the desert again. Carolyn wanted to land this time. Greg thought this was a good idea so I looked for a good spot. I noticed that one of the old buildings was our high school and told the others. This seemed odd at the time because the place was filled with bulldozers and trucks that I hadn't noticed before. Anyway, we landed by the buildings and decided to go over by the bulldozers. Why would anyone have bulldozers in the middle of the desert? Greg saw some workers by one of the trucks. I don't know why, but we hid. For some reason we thought these workers would have us thrown in jail. We made our way past the trucks trying to find the buildings again. Only they weren't there, just more bulldozers and workers. "Greg, why don't we get out of here. I don't like all these guys and we shouldn't be here." I could feel us all getting scared. Workers and trucks were everywhere. We didn't want anyone to see us because we didn't want to go to jail. We were getting frantic. Just then I remembered that we could fly. So we went behind a sand dune and took off. While we were flying off, one of the workers asked me for a cigarette. I flew down and handed him one and then caught up with Greg and Carolyn. He thought nothing that I was hovering when I handed him the cigarette.

It's a fable. A large hand is holding a crystal and opens it. We're in it asleep. The hand puts us back in our beds. I'm in biology class and it's just been dismissed. The teacher wants to consider the fable before leaving. "Let's take our brains out and put them on the floor." They were pink and look like dividing zygotes. The cells spread throughout the room and it turns a deep pink. We all stand on our brains. That's what the teacher wants and what we're supposed to do. It feels good. We start jumping, using our brains as pogo sticks. We exit the room jumping.

....Scott Morris



## COMICS AND OTHER READABLES...

J. Michael Moryc

Beautiful Stories for Ugly Children Volume I  
Cotton Candy Autopsy

Dave Louapre and Dan Sweetman  
Piranha Press (For Mature Readers)

The first volume of this new comic really kicked my ass. I mean it really kicked my ass. From the moment I picked it up, I mean I'm driving with a friend down the street reading it and I keep saying "man, this is really kicking my ass." A Bukowski-esque short story sorta thang with some really regal pencil drawings. Actually, its not really even a comic, more like a really wiggled out tale. A story about AWOL clowns in a stolen Dart with a two-headed woman and a hairless dog. This thing makes me want to sit down with my grandmother and have a chat.

Beautiful Stories for Ugly Children Volume II  
The Deadjohnson's Big Incredible Day

Same stuff as above

Would it be fair to say that the first volume kicked my ass? Ok, volume II offers a new twist, it's not the same story. The thing drags along like sitting with your parents in church with hangover. But I think that's the point. How would you like to spend a day with a dead couple and their dog? The best thing about the Deadjohnson's story is that it's so quotable. "Night had fallen like a fat cow from a helicopter", or "When a man gets up in the morning, the first thing he does is go to the bathroom, and one of the first things he sees as he's standing there is the reflection of his own face in the toilet water. And then he proceeds to piss on himself." I really think it speaks for itself. Noah's ark in a mobile home. See the future of humanity. Heat, eat and enjoy.

Stray Toasters (Several issues available, buy them all)

Bill Sienkiewicz  
Epic Comics

Please understand that I am not an artist nor am I an art critic. However I'm gonna say that the art

in these comics is the best I've ever seen. (in a comic that is) These are not sketches or cartoons or drawings, this is real art, it could easily stand alone outside its book form. I have read a little about the Stray Toaster series and have come to learn that what I thought was a circuit or an Band-Aid stuck on the art, really was. Who cares what the story is, its too damn hard to follow anyway. Witnessing this for the first time is like that time with your mom's valium and a couple of Dad's beers. If you can't relate to that, well ...

Blood: A Tale

J.M. DeMatteis and Kent Williams  
Epic Comics Graphic Novel

Another comic with great art. This time you have another chance to check out this great four part series, only reissued in book form. Not the gore-fest that you might expect from the title, but this ain't the Smurfs either. Page after page of great water colors that visually give the euphoric feeling of a dream. Kinda how, kinda now, Charlie! Kinda hip, kinda wow, Charlie!

Forced Exposure #15

P.O. Box 1611 Waltham, Ma. 02254

Simply the best all around music, book, video and any other art form magazine on the planet. Although FE focuses mostly on music, these folks review/discuss more stuff within the pages of their mag than most human beings can possibly comprehend in a lifetime. Eternally long interview with Diamanda Galas and another with the Sun City Girls. Also fiction by Steven Lance Albini and Suzy Rust. The Tesco Vee column is worth the cover price alone, complete with autographed photo of Julie Newmar (Catwoman on the T.V. Batman). Buy it, read it and you'll know why it don't get no better'n this.

### STUFFALSOWORTHCHECKINGOUT

Fly in My Eye  
Comic Collection

Arcane Comix  
715 Eighth Street S.E.  
Suite 300  
W.D.C. 20003

Havock and Wolverine  
Meltdown Series  
Great Art. Cool story.

Greed  
A Magazine.  
Covers mostly music and comics.  
Superior Quality.

Greed  
P.O. Box 39020  
W.D.C. 20016

Send all Hate Mail to:  
jmm  
box 30518  
thank you

**CAPRICORN:** Catch up on all that macramé you've been neglecting. A Cancer may come unexpectedly back into your life, but stay away-he/she has herpes.

**AQUARIUS:** Check your nipples for anything unusual. Some pet troubles are unavoidable so give your lemming a good talking to.

**PISCES:** Be careful where you step. Don't flirt with a fat butler in a red dress. Buy a weather channel rain gauge.

**ARIES:** There may be a person in your future. You may get a vague feeling of something ambiguous that you can't quite put your finger on.

**TAURUS:** Keep an eye on your spleen. Since six of Jupiter's moons are arranged to spell your name, you can send that bomb you've been working so diligently on.

**GEMINI:** Keep your head above water. Don't do anything I wouldn't do. Not a good time to buy a lemming.

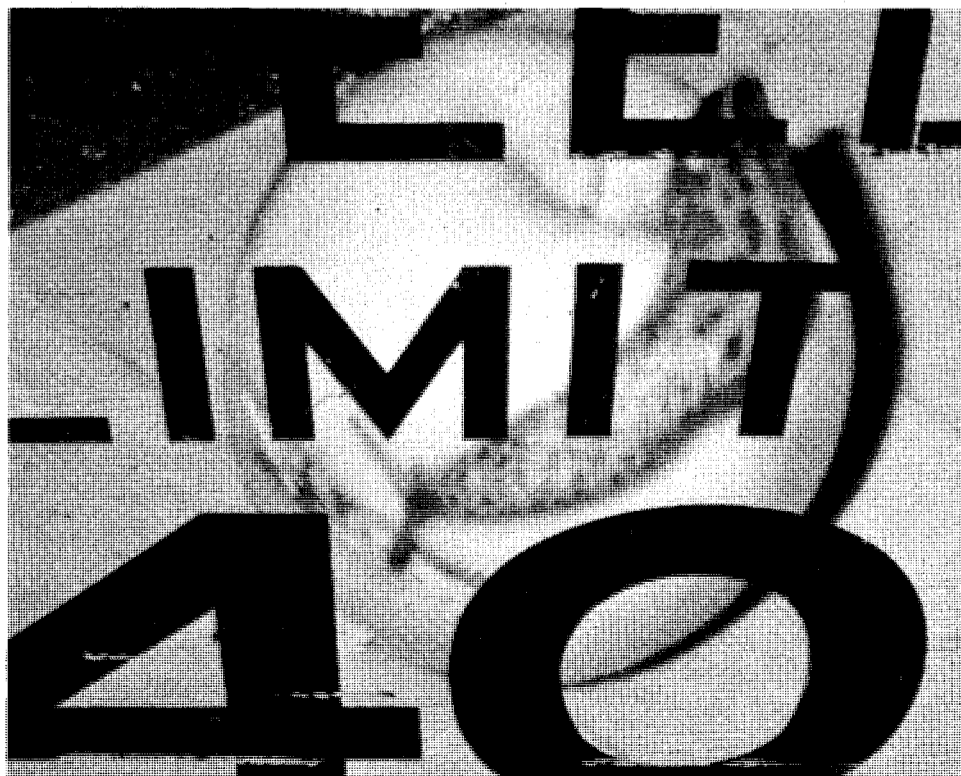
**CANCER:** Since Venus's atmosphere will travel to Pluto then relocate into a passing asteroid which will enter Scorpio's orbit and disrupt the slow torture of George Michael, your life will be a living hell. Keep away from Capricorn, he/she has herpes.

**LEO:** Try eating today. If you utilize your talents you can easily escape those silly, pesky, human flesh-eating sleestaks.

**VIRGO:** Everyone you see will remind you of Ted Koppel. Don't leave your lemming in your larynx for long, it could lead to alliteration.

**SCORPIO:** Kiwi figures big in your future. Special message from the cosmos: The 16th and 24th are death dates for you.

**SAGITTARIUS:** You may have to fight the urge to wander about aimlessly screaming, "Look, my kneecaps came in the mail today!"



HT HT III















