N. A. R.

The North Avenue Review

issue 10
November 1990

"NOT NECESSARILY THE NEWS"
black marker on plastic
unknown artist (1990)
located near West Campus Commons
The North Avenue Review is a magazine of thought and expression communally edited and produced by a collection of Georgia Tech students, faculty and staff—all of whom have contributed writing, graphics, or time.

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

The North Avenue Review is published twice quarterly by Chapman Publishing Co., Norcross, GA.

All contents copyrighted by the Board of Student Publications, with original rights reverting back to the author.

The North Avenue Review is:

Clinton Alverson
Chris Aniedobe
Jilanna Babb
Dennis Barbour
David Burgess
Matthew Cowley
Jeff Cronkhite
Steve Danyo
Brian Dempsey
Mary Clare DeReuil
Steve Donkin
Ayman Fadel
Rich Franks
Edward Gibbs
Janice Gravly
Ben Hendry
Tom Hickman
Rafael Hidalgo
Sam Hooper
Phyllis Huster
Stacy Johnson
Matthew Kramer
Kevin Leeds
Donald Mead
Thomas Peake
Jim Pearson
A. Lowe Raiteri
Josh Reiss
Brian Smith
Karen Steadman
Glen Stark
Ryan Todd
Richard Tyler
Lee Whipple
Alan Yarbrough

The North Avenue Review

ISSUE NO. NINE

Next meeting: Thursday, November 8

Submissions

Graphic Materials, Announcements, Poetry, Essays, Fiction, Blurbs, Photos, Surveys, Small Items of Interest, etc.

We welcome all contributions from students, faculty, alumni, and staff. Pieces may be submitted at any of the meetings, or mailed to:

The North Avenue Review
GT Campus Mail
P.O. Box 50271
Atlanta, GA 30332

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

Letters

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

Articles

All articles must be saved on a Macintosh 3.5" disk because we will use your disk to extract your article to layout. Articles must be typed in Microsoft Word or WordPerfect in Times font, 10 point size. We will not type your article for you. Please do not use any tabs or indentations. Just leave a space between paragraphs. Please spellcheck your document. Facts are important, and please quote your sources. Be prepared to rewrite.

Creative Writing

The art section, called fishtrap, is dedicated to stories, poetry, and any other forms of art you can think of. Long poems and short stories must be saved onto disk following the criteria for article submissions.

Graphics

The Review can always use graphics. We encourage writers to submit graphics to compliment their pieces.

Editing process

At the deadline meeting all submissions are put out for group review. The editors then read everything, offering anonymous written, constructive criticism and write suggestions. If an editor feels that a particular submission is unnecessarily inflammatory, he/she can bring it up vocally in front of all the other editors in order to discuss the submission. A submission will be excluded from the Review with a 3/4 vote against printing it.

It is strongly encouraged that you attend the meetings to defend your piece during group review. It is also beneficial for you to attend meetings so that you can take your article and suggestions from the editors home with you. Rewrites are usually due two days after deadline, so it will be to your advantage to retrieve your piece from the deadline meeting rather than waiting for one of us to get it back to you.
Letter

NAR,

This letter is partially in response to Stacy Johnson's letter in your issue #9 concerning Allan Yarbrough's Souter piece in the previous issue. I think that the point that Ms. Johnson is missing is that Mr. Yarbrough and those who agree with him on the issue don't necessarily oppose any change in the Constitution and its interpretation, they simply oppose the politicization of the Supreme Court. The Court is not a legislative body but serves to interpret the Constitution as it is written, free of any political bias in either direction. Pro-choice supporters should strive to keep the Court "pure" by letting legislators (state or congressional) to pass a constitutional amendment guaranteeing the right to an abortion rather than pressuring them to approve only nominees who will legislate on certain issues from the bench. Mr. Yarbrough, by my understanding, was not claiming that it should be changed, only that it should be changed through the proper channels (namely, elected officials). Prof. 1251 professors, can you back me up on this?

Sincerely,
Ron Carter
P. O. Box 37071

Much Ado About OIL

Upcoming Panel Discussion

In the past few months the world has seen a decrease in the supply of oil. To address the oil shortage problem, the Environmental Forum will be hosting a panel discussion on this topic. Four Georgia Tech professors will be on the panel. Dr. Leland of the Earth Science Department will discuss "Oil Reserves and Extraction Methods." Dr. David Ray from Political Science will talk about "The History of OPEC." "A Historical Perspective" will be given by Dr. August Diegelhaus from the History Department, and City Planning professor Erik Ferguson will discuss "Alternate Fuel Sources and Transportation Modes." The panel discussion will be held Thursday, Nov. 8th, Noon to 1 PM, in the Student Center Theatre.

Progressive Student Union to Discuss U.S. Policy in Persian Gulf

A new group called the Progressive Student Union (PSU) has been formed on the Georgia Tech campus. The group's purpose is to increase the discussion of global political issues among the Ga. Tech community. Its current status is that of a pending organization.

The PSU has formed the Coalition on the Middle East Crisis to discuss the factors which led up to the current situation, to investigate the consequences of our government's current policy and to explore options to resolve this conflict peacefully.

The PSU meets every Thursday at 8:00 p.m. on the third floor of the Student Center. For information call 892-6480.

by Ayman Fadei

Talk by GSU Professor

Professor J. Jennings from Georgia State University will speak in room 105 of the Instructional Center on Tuesday, November, 13th at 8 p.m. The title of the lecture is "An Alternative View of the Gulf Crisis." In it, Professor Jennings will criticize the deployment of U.S. troops in Saudi Arabia as bases on a misreading of twentieth century Southwest Asian history.

The North Avenue Review November 1990
MANDELA AT TECH !!!

by Lewis Winter

In an unprecedented gesture of faith, the world’s most persevering freedom fighter, Nelson Mandela, through the efforts of the African National Congress and TransAfrica organizations, has embarked upon a diplomatic journey to address Wednesday, November 27, 1990, in Atlanta, Georgia. This event, which has been anticipated for some 40 odd years for any individual, whether king or queen or czar! America is smart. She knows the deep humanitarian and political events caused by the expression of the oppressed peoples of South Africa and how that expression can and does manifest itself in us descendants of the Diaspora. By turning up the fanfare, which in no way is undeserving, America portrays itself just as she wishes the world to view her: the smiling beauty of justice, freedom, and open-mindedness.

As a microcosm of this society, Ga Tech, its administration, is smart also. What should be questioned is the fact that on today, Wednesday, June 27, 1990, this man imprisoned unjustly for over 25 years and yet still undaunted in his cause will be addressing a great number of people of all backgrounds, nor the notion that Ga Tech and its administrators have solid and tricky connections (Whose dole is MaTech on??!!) to bring about the staging of such an event at its facilities, but the purpose and ultimate motive of Ga Tech and its administrators in their efforts to hold such an event or accept the offer of holding such an event.

All the facts are not known, but enough are. There would be no doubt of the school’s sincerity if it were not for the existence of no less than two pending lawsuits of racial discrimination against Tech or its employees. There would be no doubt if one of Tech’s employees in financial aid were not the obvious victim of academic-bureaucratic favoritism. If one of Tech’s most qualified black faculty members had not been anonymously (and cowardly) harassed through a haranguing, bitter letter (no-doubt copied to all her peers) from a top administrative official after she presented information that the victim could not accept: that within 10-15 years or sooner there was the strong possibility that the majority of Tech’s population would not be white. Were it not for the fact that only two years ago an administrator was brought in to direct human relations, but was brought in from experience at a series of small colleges at the expense of a more qualified, existing staff member (she approached by an officer for suspicion of breaking and entering ????!!! People respond to their environments and their leaders, to all the blame is not placed on the people.

Around 1962, Johnson, Green, and Long, Jr. were the first black students allowed on the campus (and that only because of the law). These students were chosen out of ten black applicants that year. They began by entering a 6-week “training” period where they were not allowed to hold workshops in the library, Long, or to transport all three boys to the campus on days. Sr. recalls driving up on campus in his Volkswagen and hearing the top forty hit, “Old Black Joe Is Coming” being played. Despite the fact that all three students were all-stars in high school football, basketball and tennis, all were denied the right to play on any Tech team. What’s more, in attending the first football game of the year, they were shuffled to the back of the stands, with the other 300 “niggers.” These boys were not allowed to enter and use the dormitory halls on the campus. Its no wonder that a graduate of Tech, Long, Jr. and Johnson, Jr. not even staying the first year. It is from the history that Tech and its administrators descend and evolve. Black students be patient. You are not dealing with new, progress minds, but old, dusty, Neanderthaloid minds, with reminiscences of how “good” it was.

If Tech’s gesture to host Mandela is genuine without ulterior motives of fame, praise, impressionism on the IOC, then applause is due and a salute is made to a smart and humane thought going on. But more realistically, if this event is the product of perceiving temporarily what good sports directors can be in showing such tolerance, then ideals they previously and presently have for use, then there is no surprise and they have not changed so much. Think of yourselves brothers and sisters. The facts and notions in this article may not be new, but they are enough.
WHO DO YA HATE? by Steve Donkin

IRAQI madman Saddam Hussein is the "anti-Christ."

"The horrible thing about the Two Minutes Hate was not that one was obliged to act a part, but that it was impossible to avoid joining in. Within thirty seconds any pretense was always unnecessary. A hideous ecstasy of fear and vindictiveness, a desire to kill, to torture, to smash faces in with a pledge hammer, seemed to flow through the whole group of people like an electric current, turning one even against one's will into a grimacing, screaming lunatic. And yet the rage that one felt was an abstract, undirected emotion which could be switched from one object to another like the flame of a blowlamp."

from 1984 by George Orwell

In October 1990 in America. Khomeini's dead, Noriega's in jail, and even the guys running the Soviet Union don't seem so bad anymore. So the question now is: Who are we to hate? Who is America's Enemy of the Year?

The while the government was unable to dredge up a satisfactory answer to this question, and this caused much consternation amongst our elected leadership. With no tangible foreign threat, Americans were beginning to look inward and see that, with ever-worsening economic indicators, political scandals, environmental degradation, and creative solutions to these problems, our own power elite was at least as worthy of contempt as any foreign power. And for President George Bush, it was looking particularly bleak, with his banker son gaining prominence as a chief figure in the multibillion dollar savings and loan scandal, and with the President's own admission that his famous no-new-taxes pledge of the 1988 campaign - the pledge that, perhaps more than any other, was responsible for his election victory - was, well, a lie. The White House and Congress desperately needed a foreign diversion, something to remove themselves from public scrutiny and focus attention elsewhere. On August 2, the leader of Iraq provoked just such a diversion, and a relieved Bush administration quickly made the official pronouncement: With annexation of Kuwait, the taking of foreign hostages, and his all-around rude manner, the new American enemy,
the man all good Americans should hate, is Saddam Hussein.

The success of the propaganda war against Hussein rivals the worst of Orwellian nightmares. It’s not that he doesn’t deserve to be challenged for what he’s done (although from his point of view he had very little choice if he was to save his country’s economy), but the really amazing thing is that American public opinion has been so quickly mobilized from indifference toward his past atrocities to a sudden furious rage at a comparatively minor infraction. When Hussein started a war with Iran, used chemical weapons in that war, used chemical weapons on his own citizens, and even “accidently” bombed an American ship and killed thirty seven of our sailors, the U.S. government was still happy to sell him weapons components and buy his oil. He was portrayed as a moderate ally, and the American public bought it. But now that he has threatened our oil interests, and at a time when the position of America’s Most Wanted Foreigner was temporarily vacant, he was immediately assigned to that position, and the American public, like brainwashed sheep, stepped right into line and obediently despised him.

The wave of hatred for Hussein has swept the nation at an incredible rate. It is perhaps no surprise that here at Georgia Tech, anti-Hussein rhetoric is particularly strong. After all, while Tech is supposedly an institute of “higher” learning, its student body is famous for its lack of deep thought concerning complex global issues. People who, a few months ago, couldn’t even locate Iraq on a map are now angrily calling for an American airstrike to blow that same country completely off the map. Similarly, those who until recently had no idea who Saddam Hussein is, are now making scholarly comparisons between Hussein and Adolf Hitler.

If the analogy between Hussein and Hitler is to be drawn (and it is not entirely unjustified), then a similar analogy begs to be drawn between George Bush and Neville Chamberlain, the British prime minister whose naive optimism and lack of character judgement was a major factor in encouraging the German leaders near-conquest of Europe. In 1938, Chamberlain journeyed to Munich to sign an agreement with Hitler stating that England would stay out of Germany’s affairs if Germany promised to respect its neighbors borders. Chamberlain, understandably wanting to avoid war above all else, returned to England claiming a major victory for peace. Hitler, for his part, ignored the agreement and proceeded to invade Poland, thus beginning World War II.

George Bush has been similarly naive, blind, and just plain stupid in his dealings with Hussein. This past spring he sent a congressional delegation headed by Senator Robert Dole to meet with Hussein, and after many handshakes and exchanged pleasantries, they returned proclaiming the Iraqi dictator as “someone we can work with” (New York Times, April 13, 1990). Around that time, Bush was also refusing to endorse sanctions against Iraq, allowing Iraq to remain the world’s largest recipient of subsidized U.S. grain, in spite of evidence that agricultural credits were being used by Iraq to finance military equipment (New York Times, May 4, 1990).

The week before the invasion of Kuwait, the U.S. ambassador to Iraq met with Hussein and never once questioned him about his massive troop buildup that was currently being staged along the Kuwaiti border. For weeks, the White House had been receiving intelligence reports warning that an invasion was looming, but Bush and company chose to ignore the issue and continue business as usual with Iraq. Hussein naturally read these ambiguous signals to mean that the U.S. would not be unreasonably upset if he went ahead with his aggression against Kuwait (after all, the U.S. had just a few months earlier staged an invasion of its own on one of its neighbors). Of course, when Hussein finally acted, Bush couldn’t ignore it any longer, and now we are paying millions of dollars a day for troop deployment, and may end up paying much more in lost lives, all because Mr. Bush was governed in a daze.

Real war may yet come, and maybe it won’t go too long before its stateside cheerleaders realize what a tragic situation we’ve gotten into. Unfortunately, for many it will be too late by then. It is of course too late for the several dozen American soldiers who have already died during the deployment and the hundreds of Kuwaitis who died in the invasion. Undoubtedly, much of our decision-making by the U.S. will be carefully orchestrated around election day, but after that, then what? At this point, concerned citizens should make their opposition to Bush’s bungled foreign policy clear by writing letters participating in protests, and encouraging resistance among their acquaintances, especially those in the military. Maybe war can then be avoided, and attention and national resources focused on the real enemies of U.S. interests, namely ignorance, greed, pollution, bipolarity, and poverty. When, Mr. President, will those wars waged?
They call me a connoisseur, although being an alcoholic, I am really an undiscerning wine taster. I cannot be sated. I thirst all the time and as often as I have tasted, I testify that you are good.

You are the perfect wisdom that ordered my cosmos even as at this day when I have reached another milestone as Iudge towards my destiny. I believe although I do not know. I claim that I was born on my birthday. I also claim that all claims are refutable and there can be no truth or objective reality. With a clearly defined datum, anything can be shown to be relatively true thereby relatively false.

This is not a rediscovery of relativity, nor is relativity altogether condemnable in so far as it is the foundation of science that enables us to quantify phenomena; yet its basic inaccuracy must be seen as an impediment to transcendental reasoning.

When I say that a bowl is full and believing such to be true, I automatically presuppose an extreme of a completely empty bowl - hence I postulate the existence of an empty state characterized by the absence of anything in the bowl. Then to justify the notion of fullness, I claim that there apparently exists a state where the bowl is neither empty nor full.

Again, the things around me are beautiful because against a backdrop of their beauty is something ugly. Yet when presented with something surpassingly more beautiful than the first, that which was beautiful becomes ugly. Similarly, that which was ugly would not have been so if that which was not ugly did not exist. Thus truth or falsity is ad hoc, both must exist side by side at all times specifically serving to render a false notion of their existence - a state of pseudological corralization.

Thus you may not be intrinsically good. I call you good because I have felt the power of your anger. If my world were perfect would I have recourse to you? Are you therefore the product of my invalid mind or do you truly exist? I cannot prove that you exist unless I believe that you exist yet if I truly believe that you exist then I should not prove that you exist.

You leave me no choice but to postulate your existence so that through you I might have a purpose. You to whom nothing can be compared which is why you are who you are.

Since I cannot exist independently of you, I claim that I do not indeed exist. To this extent I question the intrinsic quality of life in general - life being the property of not being nonalive. Thus, I exist because I commuted my existence whereas time and space and all the notions that form their framework are intricately webbed in an infinite set of nonexistent loops forming a gossameric labyrinth of immense fluidity. You are then the wisdom that raises phantoms in my midst and creates the periodicity that imparts mission and order to this chaos.

Therefore, my birthday reminds me of the cyclical nature of all things. Those seemingly endless cycles of night and day, of birth and rebirth leads me to believe that the seat of your wisdom is the impermanence to which everything has been imbedded. All things exist because of you, therefore, all things must perish but you will endure. Although I am oftentimes dismayed by my nonexistence, I never cease to marvel at your wisdom. If I came and must depart, then I can claim a temporary existence but since I do not know whence I came and whither I depart, I claim that I am just a phantom.

Therefore, how can I celebrate my birthday if I really do not exist? I claim therefore I exist is not justified since I could be existing in death and would be dying to life and yet how could one exist when they are dead. You and I know that my logic is basically weak and my dialogue unintelligible since there can be no facts. Therefore, the wisdom which I desire to attain is itself the greatest illusion- hence it is indeed a virtue to be unthinking. Is not your kingdom for those who are wise enough to be dumb? To be dumb is to be perfect because you will not transgress transgression itself being the plight of a knowing mind. For when they were dumb they were good and when they became wise they fell from grace. I must be perfect even as you are.

Permit me to live out my vainglorious life with the utter stupidity that it deserves. Grant me the grace to be increasingly stupid so that I may understand your ways. Grant me the courage to accept that this today, my birthday, could easily have been my deathday. Let me attend it with all the mourning it deserves since in nonexisting, I have assumed less in common with you.

Continued on next page
You, my chief good are the only reality in my miserable world. You are the impermanence that marks the seasons and ushers in the epochs. You are the creator and all that is created represent you. The most enduring of them all is to you as a blooming flower is to me. It exists today and is gone for all times and its place knows it no more. I know that to you I am like a withering flower but even the latter had its moments of glory, brief but unalterable.

Take all that you have given me and let it be yours. You and I know that you have not given me anything of value. Therefore, let me not presume that I have been magnanimous in giving you my greatest resource- my life since I do not have any life in the first place. I do not live but in you. I cannot exist but in you. I dwell in you and you dwell in me, therefore, how can I give what was never mine to you.

I claim that you dwell in me because I cannot live apart from you. I do not have any secrets or thoughts that you are not privy to. I have never been alone because I cannot be. My guide, my helper, my deliverer, my assailer, my maligner, you alone are all in all. Yet all your creations dwell in you. If they dwell apart from you, they would have a real existence and pursue their inclinations, but you are the sole justifier for all things.

What really are you? What is the relationship that links us together? Are we real or are we just pieces of creative logic that must lend itself to coarse semantics? Surely you must be nothing. You must be the nothing that existed afootime, that authored the duration of time and that would continue to exist at the end of time. Thus, you are not coeternal with time. You were before time. Hence in the beginning of time you were there. You being nothing had no beginning since nothing existed before the beginning. You created all things not that they may have life and have it abundantly but solely to justify the paradox of your existence. How could you being nothing desire to exist?

O sweet nothingness my bewildered, that sometime, the immensity of the universe would collapse to your glorious nothingness and I not existing in time would at the end of time exist as part of your majestic godhead. This is my destiny. Hence, I beg of you to grant me this fleeting moment of glory in my nonexistence. Let me on this day, commemorative of my death, be the center of all that you created. Let me not fall prey to the folly of loving anything that you made since as they do not exist I can only be hurt by my indulgence.

Therefore, how could I not love you?
But then you are a con man you duped me you are much stronger than I, you raped me repeatedly you smite me with restlessness and you poured guilt into my heart you chasten me for my unbelief although you hid the truth from me you charged me to come to you and obtain rest but you made me a wanderer and yet guided me in every step.
You say come to me even though I live in you?
You are dismayed that you spoke to me of earthy things and I would not understand, yet you made me blind and hard of hearing.
You confuse me yet when I put you to a test you are angry with me. You urge me not to harden my heart when I hear your voice although I have no will of my own.
How can I have a will when I have no power? How can I have power if they all belong to you? What have I accomplished except that which you accomplished through me. Even when I go against your will, it is by your power.
How long must you conquer me even though there be no spoil. You accuse me, you victimize me you are not moved by my tears you surround me with fatalities, my very nature is fatal.
You have made an innercity of my nonexistence, and a ghetto of my inward being and yet you fill me with a disquieting longing for you, you my joy, my bride, the price of my restlessness, when will you come to me since I cannot come to you?

Do not turn your face away from me for only you can inspire me. Who understands the mechanics of my spirituality or the dynamics of nonexistence? Who else has the power to commit me to this state of powerlessness?

How wise it seems that I should dread to live away from you and aspire to be with you since I was stupid enough I should realise that such injuries are the misguided outcome of a mass spiritual catharsis, an opium to the desperate selfseekers.

O woe is me a spiritual scoundrel, a purveyor of obscenities, a solemn heresies, a dabber in sophistry and satanic dialectics. O that my arrogance be trimmed and my stupidity magnified. O that I could truly see and truly live and would thereby truly live. Then would I make verses to your taste in attaining to a vainglorious state of utter dumbness.
Ghetto Ties.

by Stephen Danyo

Here’s what we need to do: blow off classes and learn something. Go to the park and read a book. Check out the Oakland cemetery. Go to southside Atlanta. Spend an afternoon at the High Museum. Take a weekend off and hike around North Georgia or Cumberland Island. B-but don’t watch T.V.

After four years of struggling through classes, students often look back and say, “What have I learned? What have I experienced?” Then comes a financially-rewarding (but usually not a soulfully rewarding) job. Then a car, a house, and other ties. Ties that restrict. Ties that demand your time, your presence—which is fine, except that these ties won’t let you take off and check stuff out.

The problem is, most people know this. They know they are being trained instead of educated. They know they must get out of Atlanta (or at least out of Tech) periodically and enjoy the fruits of life that abound everywhere. Ma Tech can only offer so much—after all, there’s a reason it’s called Ma Tech. Do you think Mom can teach you everything you need to know?

The more we hang around Tech without checking out other lives, other lifestyles, other ideas, the more we are stifling our potential. The most dramatic illustration that comes to my mind is found during the time I used to live in Heidelberg, Germany with other American Department of Defense people. About two miles outside Heidelberg was this residential Army base, Patrick Henry Village, complete with bowling alley, teen club, and middle school—all the necessary amenities of life. There was another base with a PX. I met many fellow students who had never ventured into Heidelberg itself. Never talked to a German. Never went to a German restaurant. Never ventured beyond the “Ghetto,” as Patrick Henry Village was known by many Germans. They didn’t even watch German television.

The similarity to the Tech environment is striking, except I suspect the reason that some do not explore outside our ghetto is that they are too busy working duplicitous problems, too busy ironing that suit for Public Speaking class, or too busy trying to keep up with design after design deadline. Most Tech students do blow off class responsibilities, however—in order to keep up in another class. The cycle keeps going.... This is supposed to train us for the real world? How can we be ready for the “real” world when we don’t know anything about what it’s really all about?

We may know how to build a bridge, how to retain and enforce a bottom line, how to market a cheap product with an expensive wrapper, but what do we know about culture, about expression, about soul, indeed about life itself? It’s time to start living, start learning, and start rejecting our ties to our ghetto.
You would be amazed how many "environmentalists" one can run into who will go to MacDonalds (or BK, Wendys, Steak and Ale, whatever) and get a big fat greasy, rainforest destroying burger (steak, lasagna, whatever). Rainforest destroying? you ask. Yes. The American meat habit is responsible for the destruction of more acreage or rainforests than logging, mining, growth of civilization centers, military operations, and anything else combined. We import over 200 million pounds of meat annually from Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Honduras, and Panama. The natives of these countries eat less meat per year than the average American house cat. If you call yourself an environmentalist, think about Chico Mendez the next time you eat a dead animal.

Oh, right, a few of you may not have heard of Chico. Chico was killed for fighting to save the rainforests of Brazil from rich ranchers. The ranchers were (and still are) slashing and burning their merry way through the lungs of the earth, turning once rich, resplendent, fertile rainforests, home of the most concentrated species diversification of the planet, into razed, overgrazed, dirt. Chico was the head of a Rubber Tappers union bringing charges against these illegal activities. His head was cut off. Now the current head of the Brazilian Rubber Tappers union has had death threats from the same people. They continuously destroy more rainforest land because the cattle overgraze and kill the land they are on.

It doesn't matter if your particular dead cow meat comes from Brazil (et al). Even by eating an American dead cow, you create demand for more dead cows, which means evil Brazilian ranchers can make mucho bucks. A principle reason behind the destruction of America's indigenous forests? The leasing of land to ranchers for cattle grazing, and farmers to produce grain for cattle consumption (90% of the grain grown in the U.S. are consumed by cattle).
Czechoslovakia 1990
by Scott D. Orr

For those of you who don’t keep up with the news (at Tech? now!), Czechoslovakia underwent a revolution last year, and is now a democracy. Political scientists and economists and other assorted experts now spend a great deal of their time speculating on whether Czechoslovakia and the other Eastern European countries can ever build functioning democracies and free market systems. But why think when you can go on vacation? That’s what I did anyway—I went to Czechoslovakia over quarter break to teach English, and now I’m going to tell you all about it.

Geography, History, Etc.

Many Americans can’t find the U.S. on a world map; therefore, to be safe: Czechoslovakia, or rather, the Czech and Slovak Federal Republic, is in Eastern Europe; it’s the long country running southeast from Germany. The capital is Prague (in Czech, Praha), on the banks of the Moldau (Vltava [vol-TAV-ja]). The country is composed of four major ethnic groups, the Czechs, the Slovaks, the Hungarians, and another group called the Slovaks or something (I never could figure out what the name was, so I eventually gave up); and is divided into two federal states, Bohemia (actually, “Czechia”) and Slovakia. The President of Czechoslovakia is Vaclav Havel (VATS-lav HAV-el), who ran on the Civic Forum ticket and used to be a playwright.

After the Revolution

Like I said, Czechoslovakia had a revolution, led by Civic Forum. Now they want a democracy and a market economy, but this is easier said than done. They already have a democracy, and on January 1 they start the sort or “shock therapy,” or instant free market, that Poland is now undergoing. The problem is, though the revolutions are or soon will be in place, the people of Czechoslovakia are not prepared to assume their roles in these institutions. People who agitate for change (like, for example, getting the bathrooms cleaned) are labelled as dangerous non-conformists, as are people who actually do their jobs eight hours a day. Coming from Tech, none of this surprised me, but there is an important difference between Czechoslovakian apathy and Georgia Tech apathy. At Tech, people just plain don’t care (unless it involves G.A.L.A., apparently), whereas in Czechoslovakia, people want freedom and prosperity, but they expect someone to just hand it to them; the reason is simple: for 45 years, the government has given them everything they’ve needed, work or no, and they’re just not used to doing anything for themselves. As free markets take over, leading to inflation and unemployment, the people of Czechoslovakia will realize that they have to pay a price in the short run for the Western lifestyle in the long run. How they respond to this realization is the $64,000 question.

Another problem also deserves note: the ethnic problem. As mentioned previously, there are four major ethnic groups in the country, and various traditional disputes between them. The most often focused upon dispute is that between the Czechs and the Slovaks; each nationality controls one of the two federal states, Bohemia (in the northwest, population 10 million) and Slovakia (in the southeast, population 5 million). It has been suggested by Western analysts that demands for autonomy by the Slovak minority will eventually tear the country apart. This is simply not true; while the Slovaks are rabidly nationalistic and demand autonomy for Slovakia (which, for the most part, they already have) and respect for the Slovak language (which is broadcast one third of the time on national TV, printed one third of the time in national newspapers, taught exclusively in Slovakian schools, and used by the Slovakian government), a serious quarrel is unlikely. There is one good reason for this: the Czechs don’t really care. As far as the Czechs are concerned, the Slovaks barely exist, and they can do whatever they want. In fact, even in parliamentary debates, the Czechs speak Czech and the Slovaks speak Slovak; as it turns out the two languages are almost identical, making them mutually intelligible, and even the distinction of nationality is not drawn by any examination of lineage but by place of birth.

Of far greater seriousness is an ongoing dispute between the Slovaks and the Hungarian minority, which lives primarily in southern Slovakia. Hungarian is a completely different language than Slovak, yet, by law, local governments in Hungarian areas use Hungarian exclusively. This fact is of particular significance inasmuch as Hungarian isn’t actually taught in any Slovakian schools, even in Hungarian areas. Hungarians want Hungarian-language schools, Slovaks want to be able to travel within their own country and still be able to communicate with government officials, and the whole thing is a big mess. Watch for this to blow up real soon. (Still, we’re not talking about anything on the order of the Soviet Union’s Islamic republics.)

Czechoslovakia for the Tourist

If you can stand starchy food and bad service, Czechoslovakia is a great place to go for vacation. Prague in particular is a breathtaking city (and here I’m not referring to the air pollution) with some of the most important architectural structures in Europe, including over 400 towers. The city has beautiful buildings, beautiful artwork, and most importantly, people who actually love Americans and jump at the opportunity to speak English. Additionally, Czech money is cheap, making everything but the plane ticket inexpensive (for example, I bought a three-volume set of 217-year-books for about a hundred dollars). If you want to go to Europe, go to Prague.

You Too Can Go to Czechoslovakia

I was invited to Prague by a group of students, who, in exchange for my teaching them English, paid for all my expenses while I was there and acted as tour guides. If you can afford any time at all (two weeks, six months, whatever) and a plane ticket, I suggest you write this address and offer your services as an English teacher:

Jiri Pavlicek
Pitkova 261
Opocno 51773
Czechoslovakia

The North Avenue Review November 1990
There are some of you out there who do not realize by destroying the rainforests, we kill ourselves. Many of those same individuals force the high risks of heart attack out of their minds, assuming they are immortal (this behavior is common among young, upwardly mobile/preppie persons). Well allow me to make one final appeal to those persons.

If you are one of those insane individuals who are willing to eat a handful of toxic ash, DDT, or dioxins (don’t laugh—people have done this to show they aren’t afraid of toxins, watch the news—you’d be surprised how many televised suicides there are) anyway if you are one of these fools, don’t read any further. If not read on.

The U.S. FDA tells us not to worry about toxic residue from pesticides and herbicides because the intake is minimal. Even if you can accept a grossly unfounded claim such as that, it does not take into account the bio-accumulative properties of most toxins. In reality only 6% of an “average” American’s intake of pesticides comes from vegetable (and 4% from fruit) sources. The vast majority — 55% comes from dead animal flesh. Another 23% comes from dairy products.

Because the US allows export of DDT, and import of produce sprayed with DDT 99% of mothers milk in America is contaminated with levels of DDT past what the FDA considers toxic (Ask Greenpeace about the “Circle of Poison” if you’re interested in this). The reason we know the contamination levels of DDT is because this substance is controlled. There are dangerous levels of a myriad of toxins, (pesticide/herbicide or otherwise) in meat. However since these chemicals are not controlled their levels are not monitored.

Pesticide contamination in the breast milk of meat eating mothers compared to that of vegetarian mothers is 35 times higher. The same applies to PCB’s, Dioxins, heavy metals and other fat soluble toxins.

As for you men, the percentage of male college students that were sterile in 1950 was .5% in 1978 it was 25%. The sperm count of the average American male has dropped 30% in the last 30 years. The principle reason for sterility and sperm count reduction among U.S. males? Chlorinated hydrocarbon toxins (including PCB’s, dioxin, DDT, etc.). The percentage of Organochlorine residues in America attributable to meats, dairy, fish and eggs? 94%.

Of course you might note that the USDA tells us our meat is inspected. This is true. What it does not tell us is that less than 1 out of every 250,000 animals is tested for toxic chemical residue. After all these are the same people that stamped our meat “choice” “Prime” or “US no 1 USDA” with Violet Dye no 1, a chemical later banned because it was a proven carcinogen.

Coming in the future — why the meat habit is a principle source of world hunger and topsoil depletion. If you would like more information on rainforest depletion, dioxin contamination, pesticide residue, the “circle of poison”, or any other environment related health problems, I would suggest calling Glen at Greenpeace - 874 8581.

Glen Stark
Confessions of A Hypocrite

part I: confessions of a sexist

by Ash Raiteri

Let’s start by realizing a few things. I am as confused and contradictory as Catch 22’s Yossarian. Whenever one begins to examine oneself, a lot of strange things start happening. Very often when I examine myself I discover contradictory patterns in my beliefs and behaviors. However it is important to decide whether my belief is contradicting my behavior, or vice-versa. If my belief contradicts my behavior that would tend to imply that my behavior is the basis of my psyche, or rather that a deeper belief is being contradicted by a surface one. This may be the case. However if my behavior contradicts a belief it tends to say that I lack the willpower to act upon a deeply ingrained belief. For the sake of my not wanting to admit or accept the first, let’s build upon the latter.

(Note: I am operating under a definition of sexism to be the discrimination against people based upon their gender, this includes but is not limited to the sexual objectification of women.)

A few years ago I began saying that I believed mildly in the feminist movement, but that I definitely opposed sexism. I simply thought there was little sexism to oppose. As I’ve grown, I’ve begun saying that there was an enormous amount to oppose and that I strongly support feminists.

I’ve only just finished reading Refusing to Be a Man by Stoltenberg. I’m discovering some interesting things about myself and our society. It seems that upon conception embryos are sorted out into two sexes. In truth there are no sexes. Some beings have penises, some do not. We raise those with penises in a series of twisted gross mistruths, propaganda, lies, and misrepresentations of life. We tell them secretly that having a penis makes one a “man.” Then we tell them if they don’t feel “manly,” it isn’t because “men” don’t exist, it’s because they lack the goodness to be a “man.” And as far as those who are fortunate enough to be birthed peniless, we tell them they are property, slaves of “men.” The day their father no longer owns their souls is the day he gives them away to a husband who will. Through the refusal to give women control over their reproductive rights we continue to remind them that they are subservient. Males fantasize of the ideal women who will make them feel more manly, this is objectification. From pornography to masturbation, women are turned into objects needing, wanting and hating for the male’s penis. In this way “men” relieve themselves from responsibility for their actions. It’s okay because it’s not a penis they’re doing this to, it’s an object. And through the continued lack of support for unwed rape victims, we tell them we don’t care. They are strays, if some one owned them we’d care...that’d be property devaluation and the owner is entitled to compensation. Our language and our culture are full of blatant examples of this penis domination.

More importantly, I’ve neglected to mention the motivation for all of this. It’s not because men are inherently bad. That’s the whole problem, men aren’t inherently men. The notion of a male sex is a politically constructed device used to suppress les gens sans penises. We teach them from day one, how to be a man. When a man begins to suspect that there really is no male sexual identity, that male supremacy is not biological, he commits sexism in order to support the myth and scare off the truth. That’s why rape happens, that’s why sexual manipulation, objectification, and masturbation happen. That is why.

This is what I’ve interpreted Stoltenberg to mean. (Granted, it’s not fair to sum up an entire philosophy in two paragraphs.) When I examine myself I find this is what I believe, wholeheartedly. Especially where male dominated legislative bodies are concerned, there is a classic example of penis oriented domination concerned.

However, here’s the contradiction. Notice the discrepancies in the following behavior:

- Constant and repeated shock upon discovering the object
- I’ve just finished manipulating is actually a person
- Continually initiating if not basing relationships with objects determined by their physical appearance (or rather how well they help support the myth)
- Refusal to commit to more than a three hour relationship with an object
- Deriving pleasure from seeing a typical object who fits a male defined role as sexy, unclothed
- Total disbelief when a non phallus keeper talks about anything “deep.”

And the list goes on and on. Recently I’ve been celibate in order to prevent any actual damage being done by my objectifications. But has my behavior changed very much, I doubt it. One, or rather those owning penises, needs to examine nearly every facet of his personal life and try and shun those things which are self defense mechanisms operating to support the myth of a male sexual identity. There are no men, and no women, only people with or without penises.

Would you like to hear a real kick in the ass? I’ve just thought that perhaps my real motives for believing these things is not truth or justice. You see, perhaps I’ve grown bored with manipulating and suppressing those who don’t fight back. Perhaps I’m trying to do my duty as a MAN by getting those who resist. Those feminists are dangerous. But show ‘em a dick and they’ll get in line! By God! (another penis have-er, by the way) she’ll learn!

Feminist in order to get laid. Could it be? I can’t say, but I don’t doubt the possibility.

Graduate Student Government: A Short Guide

By Clinton Alverson

The Graduate Student Government (GSG) is composed of three branches: the executive, legislative and judicial branches. This article will describe these branches, as well as the joint functions of SGA.

The Graduate Student Senate (GSS) is the legislative branch of GSG. GSS has senators from each school, as well as a number of at-large senators. The GSS elects three officers: a treasurer, secretary, and a coordinating officer. The treasurer and secretary do the usual things, and the coordinating officer relays information between USG and GSG.

The Graduate Student Body President, Vice President, and Standing Committees comprise the executive branch of GSG. Here is a list of standing committees: Academic Affairs, Financial Affairs, Internal Affairs, Welfare, and Graduate Campus Organizations. Academic Affairs addresses academic concerns, such as grievance policies. Financial Affairs oversees internal graduate finances. Internal Affairs takes care of things like elections and such. Welfare oversees quality of life issues for graduate students. Graduate Campus Orgs oversees the chartering process for graduate student organizations. The President and Vice President are elected from the graduate student body. The President represents the graduate student body and makes appointments (committee chairs, representatives, etc.). The Vice President runs the GSS and assists the President.

The Judicial Branch rarely operates—it convenes when graduate students are accused of Student Code violations.

In many concerns, USG and GSG have no common interests. But a few concerns are addressed jointly by USG and GSG; such as finance, chartering, and institute representation. When bills are considered by both GSS and USC; the Enactment Ratio is used. Basically the ratio is just a weighted average of the voting done by USC and GSS.

Finances are of joint concern to SGA. The mechanism for finance consists of two committees; Joint Finance Committee (JFC) and the GSG Financial Affairs Committee (GFC). Money for student use is drawn from the Student Activity Fund. This fund is sustained by a student activities fee (tax) charged to students with six or more hours each quarter- this fund amounts to about 1.5 million per year. JFC handles the Budgeting Process, joint requests for money, and undergraduate requests for money. GFC handles graduate requests for money. The annual budget for student organizations is voted on by USC and GSS, joint requests for money are voted on by USC and GSS, and graduate requests (or under grad requests) are voted on by GSS only (or USC only).

Chartering is of joint concern to SGA. The mechanism for chartering consists of two committees; Campus Organization Committee (USG), and Graduate Campus Organizations Committee (GSS). The USG committee functions as a joint committee, and handles joint or undergraduate requests for charters. The GSS committee handles graduate requests for charters. Joint charters are voted on by USC and GSS, and graduate (or under grad) charters are voted on by USC only (or GSS only).

Institute Representation is of joint concern to SGA. Many institute or faculty committees require student representatives, and these positions are shared by USG and GSG.

The US/Japan Society

We are forming an intercultural group of people interested in the American and Japanese cultures. Our group will serve as a support group for Japanese students, and will give interested students, faculty and staff the opportunity to learn about the Japanese culture. We hope to explore the form of friendship and partnership our countries and societies will share in the next few decades. Our activities will include forming small pockets of American and Japanese students. These pockets will provide everyday social activities and interaction. If you have an interest in this group, please drop a note to Campus Box 35685.

The North Avenue Review  November 1990
Becoming a Conscientious Objector
by Steve Donkin

The so-called "crisis" in the Middle East is fast becoming the largest U.S. military mobilization since the Vietnam War, yet the objectives remain foggy. A new generation of soldiers is learning that, besides providing job skills training, college scholarships, and a chance to see the world, the primary purpose of military service is still to wage war when your government calls upon you, no questions asked.

However, many people both in and out of uniform are asking questions about our role in the Middle East. Many are doubtful that a cheaper tank of gas and continued American bullying of the Arab nation are principles worth killing for, or dying for. For civilians, the question is little more than an interesting point of debate. For those who are currently in the service, the question could be the most important one of their lives.

Alternatives do exist for people who are committed to the military but are against its current function in "Operation Desert Shield." Information on becoming a conscientious objector can be obtained from the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) at 92 Piedmont Ave. in downtown Atlanta, 586-0460. Committee staffer Elizabeth Enloe says they will soon have available the following informational literature:

Youth and Militarism Directory 1990 - a national listing of counselors and attorneys in draft, enlistment, and military law. Price: $5

Getting Out - a guide to discharge from all branches of the U.S. military. Price: $5

The Reserves: An Overview
Reservist Unsatisfactory Participation
ROTC: Disenrollment and Discharge
Three separate chapters from a military counselor's manual, each available as a booklet. Price: $1 each

Advice for Conscientious Objectors in the Armed Forces - Price: $3.

All of the above can be obtained from the AFSC or from the Central Committee for Conscientious Objection, 2208 South Street, Philadelphia, PA 19146, phone (215) 545-4626. The Directory is published by the Youth, Militarism, and Alternatives Coalition at the same address.

Those interested in further information or military counseling can also contact Brian Taylor at the Atlanta Peace Alliance. His address and phone number are P.O. Box 54225, Atlanta, GA 30308, 523-1618.
Signs of a Maturing Student Movement

Four Georgia Tech students were among 7000-plus who attended Catalyst, the National Student Environmental Conference, the weekend of October 5th. The conference, held at the University of Illinois in Champaign-Urbana, was attended by representatives from 50 states and eleven countries and was the largest ever of its kind. The large turn-out, nearly twice the original estimate, was proof that apathy on college campuses is a myth. The conference served both to inform and inspire attendees through contact with other environmental activists from around the world. Speakers, panels, and workshops covered topics ranging from recycling to coalition building with minority and religious groups.

The conference included a myriad of speakers including the likes of Benny Vasques, a 15 year-old Brooklyn High School student who founded the "Toxic Avengers," and Robert Redford, a celebrity with a long history of dedication to the environment. Redford criticized the Bush administration’s handling of environmental issues and went on to say, "The movement is coming from the bottom up, because there is clearly no level of enthusiasm at the top of the administration." In response to the crowds cheers of agreement, he said, "I feel hopeful and encouraged after many years of frustration."
Arriving later than scheduled, but enthusiastically received, Ralph Nader gave advice on how to start and organize a grassroots movement. Nader, founder of the consumer rights movement, is one of the nation’s most effective organizers for safety and environmental protection. He was instrumental in establishing seat belt and airbag standards for auto safety. He stressed that the activists needed a "laser-like personal intensity" to accomplish their goals.

The cry, "Keep Hope Alive," echoed through the arena during an inspirational closing speech by Jesse Jackson. He revealed the startling fact that 3/4 of all America’s hazardous waste dumps are located in poor, minority, and non-voting communities. He called for respect and recognition of the Native American peoples, who he called, "the original environmentalists". Jackson also called for increased cooperation among ethnic groups, religious groups, women’s groups, and environmentalists.

Other speakers included Helen Caldicott of Physicians for Social Responsibility, John O’Connor of the National Toxics Campaign, **Cesar Chevez of the United Farm Workers, Randy Visco of People for a Socially Responsible University, and Dave Foreman of Earth First!.

A reoccurring theme of the conference was the relationship of Native Americans to the environment. Winona LaDuke, a leading activist on Native American issues, spoke on the plight of Canadian and American indigenous peoples. Conference-goers learned that 40% of North American natural energy reserves (such as coal, uranium, and potential hydroelectric sites) are located on Native American reservations. The intrusion of those who seek to exploit these resources threaten not only the environment, but the health and cultural sovereignty of the Native American People.

Over 100 different seminars and workshops were offered at the conference. Workshops topics were in the categories of organizing, tactics, issues, corporate accountability, diversity and coalition building, governmental elections, and the student movement. The Georgia Tech Environmental Forum delegates attended several of these seminars. The workshop on coalition building, for example, inspired a joint effort between The Environmental Forum, The Institute of Transportation Engineers, and Georgia Tech Cycling, to propose the implementation of a system of bike paths and parking areas (See related article). Other highlights of the conference included a march through the streets of the town, a rally on the university quad with an open mike, and a Saturday night concert with Casselbery-Dupree, the Bodeans, and Billy Bragg.
Ga Tech: A Campus Cycling Catastrophe

By Peter Betz and Jim Pearson

BIKES! You’ve encountered them on campus. They’re growing in numbers and they seem to adorn all lampposts and handrails. Have you ever wondered what can be done about them? Every pedestrian, driver and cyclist has their own view on the situation. In order to achieve a solution benefiting all sides, a coalition incorporating The Environmental Forum, The Institute of Transportation Engineers, and Georgia Tech Cycling has been formed.

Pedestrians often find themselves competing with bicycles on sidewalks and steps. A prime example is the newly constructed AECAL building. If you have had the pleasure of attending class here or in the physics building, you have undoubtedly witnessed the coagulation of bicycles along the fence surrounding the AECAL building. A proposed solution to this and other similar situations is to establish multiple bicycle parking sites located conveniently around campus. This would alleviate congested sidewalks and prevent handrails and posts from damage. With pedestrians on sidewalks and cars on the roads, there is a need for safe bicycle routes through campus. Roads on campus have been drastically narrowed to their minimum width, and sidewalks have acquired obstacles which limit the safe passage of bicycles. One suggestion would be to establish a separate bike path, parallel to the sidewalk. Another recommendation is to create a bike lane on existing roads which have not yet been narrowed. Possibly a combination of the two ideas could be used throughout campus. These concepts would hopefully reduce the danger to cyclists, cars and pedestrians.

The three organizations will be working together in order to achieve a feasible solution which may benefit all sides of the situation. In order to help this coalition accomplish its goal, any ideas, thoughts, criticisms, or opinions which would help increase the possibility of finding a solution may be forwarded to Peter Betz @32560 or Jim Pearson @30470.
White man, Black man
They don’t understand
It’s all in your head,
Not all in your hands Socialistic

To judge a man by his skin,
Not the serious character within
Is to pervert the brain and its use
Setting ignorant thoughts to play loose.

They say its equal on the books;
    They know its not - play us like rooks
They say we’ve won and “overcome”
    Not realizing the fight has just nearly begun
We’re a pressure cooker ready to explode
    Just a few more minutes, justice, and my gun, down the road.
Why does a man have to fight for justice?
    When our mandate says it’s there in the first place.

They say to keep the race pure, keep that damn dark blood out!
    Not accepting their original roots from the dark land, then they’d SHOUT!
Is this just human nature in its purest form?
Or is it a curse of selfishness, dominating the norm?

They rape my sister and my mama, say theirs is better than the rest!
    When all they really want are my genitals to be their best
In the same day they kill my children with their white rocks they put in the streets
    But they claim to know nothing when for it we kill each other; they say, “Must be the heat!!”

Now its AIDS, they want to blame us for
When they cover it up, slide it under their door.
Its now our disease because we’re “morally insane”
But they disguise the numbers, it kills all colors, ... its all the same.

They say we’re crazy for wanting out power and out rights
    But they run scared, knowing our wrath and its heights

Our day is coming, Brothers and Sisters, maybe sooner than they think,
But that’s not surprising, they’ve always been missing the link.

200 years of bondage can tear down for centuries a man
Maybe it IS a Black thing, started by them, but they WILL, one day, understand!!

- Richard T.
Something about tired stairs
straining from their own height
lead from a wonderless world
of primrose and the homeless,
denizens of train tracks and junk
a floor of long wood needs sweeping,
a room too large needs dreaming,
trudge through a doorway
to a room with a bed
phonograph crackles like fire
and the train rumbles like fire
and the burning noises squeeze
through the shrinking windows
timidly I drop a lily stem on the mantle,
dreams wilt and bend,
still...this room will ever mend.

-Steven M. Sams

A. Marie Selck

Something about round pegs in square holes
Square little minds in conservative navy blue suits
Feeling caught between a rock and Georgia Tech
Fuzzy, ill-formed somethings
Something about struggling
Pushing out against the walls of oppression
Those subtle walls constructed of
Rhetoric, innuendo, taboos and laws, men's laws
DAMN laws...

Something about voices hushed
Ideas stifled, no solutions to this imminent global
doom
Our voices silenced, what a pity

Something about a 4 year sentence
Alas! We scream at the chance to finally be heard
Yet muffled are our cries, stifled are our fears
Fears for our children, our little women of the future
Marching into this patriarchal Earth Hell that the
square Pegs have so carelessly created...

Something about the corporate world
Who awaits our entry with open arms
And affirmative action smiles they are forced to wear
Though they grimace behind our backs....

Something about Persistence
Striving, against all odds to sing anyway, and yes
Our voices lifted up, a chorus of joyous melodies

But it doesn't matter, the men are singing louder
And everyone knows it's he who sings the loudest that
wins
Donald Trump kind of victory — or loss depending on
point of view

Something about glass ceilings
And frail, dainty glass hearts shattering easily
Broken into tiny bits and pieces like the fragments
Of a round peg brutally forced to fit into a square hole

Something about holes
Women's holes
Men's violent, competitive pursuit of women's holes
Women's pursuit of wholeness, intellectual freedom

Something about???
Just FORGET IT!!
Something about....
If only I could forget it!!!
The Black and the Gold
by Josh Reiss

So what are they doing there,
standing on the yellow
defending the black?

Why, it's money, of course, good 'ol American Greenback.
Can't let them control our black gold, no sir!
We'll fight on the sands, protecting our rights.

Rights? Where do they enter into this?

The right to drive gas guzzlers
down congested highways, of course.
The right to kick sand in the little guy's face

The rights of the Kuwaitis?

The who?

The Kuwaitis? The people who lost their homeland!

Don't you know it's all in the colors boy.
The Black and the Gold!
Wars aren't fought over rights and ideals,
and all that yellow-bellied liberal claptrap!
Naah... you watch too much TV.
timber
down we go
a renovated castle by the sea-
ballroom for my friend and me.
over and over
it's been polished
but the scuffs still shine through.
hardwood pulling the walls together-
pulling our dance like a tether
daring eyes-
earspradd fangers-
void the flailing scissors.
Now the sea has risen to the lower window.
Am I the only one
to see it moving slow?
with nothing left to entertain,
the timber shall drain.
are we waiting to be washed
from the waterlogged floor?

-Stevean M. Sams
They killed my friend Rover. They came and shot him in the head. Then they took a knife and flayed him. They said they wanted to wear his skin. Rover was always happy wearing it, but he's not any more. Now he's dead. Then they took Rover’s poor naked and bloody body and chopped it up. They said that he was good to eat. They said that was why they killed him. Then they put Rover in a pan and fried him. The smell was sickening. I vomited, remembering how much I had loved my friend Rover. As I sobbed, they told me that what they did was natural, that Rover was “real food for real people.” They said that I must eat my dead, mutilated friend if I wanted to be healthy and normal. They said that the charred remains on my plate was no longer my murdered friend Rover. Somehow it had miraculously transformed into something fun and tasty. I did not believe their lies. I believed in Rover. No matter what they did they could not make me eat my poor friend. I never gave in, but one day they did. They told me that I was right to defend Rover. That “sometimes you just gotta break the rules.”

by Janice Gravley
Funeral by Jilianna Babb

Last night I attended a black flower funeral—a dark dismal drizzling night it was and the corpse lay sweating tears of acid onto white styrofoam paleness never never to biodegrade degrading it was degrading because last night was the funeral I felt bad firstly but no no nonononononononononono I hate them Them capital Them I hate Them I hate loving Them loathing loathing me last night crisp crumbling styrofoam corpse whispered wet words of dead fish reality into my aching yearning shell drum ear drum with my heart drumming until the bursting of the universe I hate I hate Them and I hate because They hurt people They hurt themselves They hurt me They hate me and love me and that is the worst horrible atrocious hate I know I know more than I did last night last night at the funeral as I shoveled flakes of dried blood and watered the Earth with tears of hate and love and joy and sadness hopeless hopeful tears into the grave the grave deep Earthy grave was tender crying crying for the death the dying the infection of the soil soiled dirty filthy grindy violated raped soil They muddied with blood-caked boots and steel toes digging kicking and sliding I hate Them I despise Them and the funeral They sent to me the funeral that made me believe what I refused to believe and see beyond my own eyes and see beyond the veneer of goodness the sun reflected from burned from white white and yellow melting us together—I and They They and me—molding molding until Earth swallows our remains like nuclear toxic waste and our glazed eyes porous smiles soak it in the nuclear waste the orange the rust the neon lights at the funeral flashing above the headstone flashing reflecting burning white and orange at the plastic flower funeral gnashing teeth and weeping moans lamenting and rejoicing rejoicing We WE we weep wash dirt mud slide it from the casket til it shines like patent leather reflective white white sunlight radiating searing my flesh for roaches to click and pick scatter into the mud the grave graveness and hopelessness the funeral the black plastic nuclear wasted styrofoam clicking picking dying filthy dirty horrible black plastic flower funeral.
The blood runs in Vegas basking in the neon glow
Oil and life intermix snarling the endless traffic

A tourist pays little attention to a few extra lights
Picking his way among the halted cars
Toward Caesar's and the glory of elegant gambling

Crimson congeals giving precious water to the warm, warm air

A local kid turns off Flamingo passing the grim scene
Even the sidewalks of Caesar's are empty
Moist tourists pressed against yellow ribbon
Never seen the Strip blocked from Flamingo to Sahara

A narrow finger of blood feels for the gutter

Lost behind rows of electronic poker machines
The tourist pushes quarters into the colorful bandit

Slowly red liquid drains into gutters filled with a wealth of water

The kid watches as dozens of sweaty, badged men take control
Can't have the Strip stopped like this
Bad publicity

Softly the blood thins and fades

Now the tourist is done with slots
Ready for glorious release
Off to see Bambi Jr. at the Golden Nugget, room 101

Now the blood spreads out sprayed away from Caesar's

The troubled traffic goes cruising on now down the glorious Strip
It has been enough tonight for the teen
Time to get home to a dry air conditioned room
Turning left up Sahara away from the lights and the many California plates

It will wash up on scummy end of the strip — wedding chapels and bookstores, nothing to tarnish

They have nice green lawns in Vegas

Edward "Catfish" Gibbs

The North Avenue Review November 1990 Fishrap
She's standing in front of me, obvious in his mannerisms and words. Only I feel revulsion. He's spent and resting still watching me. I was his life. She begins to touch me, then kiss me and I turn, he mine. We were inseparable. Giving up she returns to him and they spoke not of two separate men who were her and she's on her knees. Her face towards me and as he pushes into her I see her from the corner of the room. He's behind, were friends but one being with two external manifestations. I reality. Her tongue snakes out and then back in. A moan escapes her clenched teeth. He's a dream. From the corner of the room I can barely see them. The bed sheets from the top bunk are hung to cover the lower, creating a canopy effect. The lamp in the opposite corner creates an image for me. Her knuckles are paling from grabbing. The two inches or so that are visible are colored with the edge of the bed. Fleshy hues and body hair, and the space above is a white field. They've got a rhythm field with two black silhouettes twisting together in an erotic mass.

The sun glints through the shades here, and there mostly the room is dark. My shirt is off, and my right hand is last week it was the two of us. And he's pulling himself into her with increasing violently for a second and the sheet, urgency. Like I watched him just now around in the corner, The love he felt for me is pushed away briefly turning the silhouettes into colors. I watched again. Last night she called and he listened from the corner. Almost a year later I see him. He is holding the bars behind his head, his eyes closed inside my jeans. Strange because then I thought I hated his obsession. And words, he mine...it seemed in those weeks we were happy. He in love with me and I in love with him. And now I miss the attention. Some ways the same some ways different. And I catch myself feeling jealous that I'm not an obsession. We spent all night talking until on the phone she says things that made me sweat. About the three of us. Last week I could not possibly have imagined this. My hand is there too it was dark, but he could see as I/he scraping her back with his nails and her eyes are on me. now enticing me to join where I am now, moving faster. Thighs rubbed myself.

While she told me she was here in the room, where I am now, the more she talked, when people spoke of us, but a part of me wants a part of it. Which part I'm not sure, but somehow the more I felt until it's true finally plasmic juices covered me and he watched intently sucking his fingers. Grief cascades my skin and I'm mire in a memory of the future now enticing me to join. I can see her in a pornographic film, or a wet dream; and I suddenly feel as though tongue sliding along him. Her teeth are sinking into her lips. A drop of blood escapes and her teeth are grinding, I focus on the blood. I'm tasting now. A drop of it, another moan and my pants are off. She smiles, her teeth stained rose and her tongue wags, I'm crawling towards his nails are now drawing blood. He's riding her, a drop of it drips onto the sheets and nails scraping more invitingly to me the crimson liquid dribbles from the corner of her lips. She's prostrate on the bed. Their skin squishing and separating making this coming together sound. And still her tongue from more blood coming my lips are red sucking the salt from her wound. Darkness from the bulb and her fangs are on me. Burns out and I'm being turned over, she scraping my thighs with her claws and someone's grabbing with force I taste. The blood more and then my mouth is filled and my tongue is hers and she's on me with his warm octopus salt and white knuckles crimson juice on a field of white the sheets fall from above and my world becomes a moan of ecstasy and despair.
And another thing that I've got to say
Is stop the madness we're creating in our own way

Our social attitudes leave a lot to be desired
When our mutual respect for one another should be a thing greatly admired

Black women you're beautiful, svelte and deep
You are powerful, smart, strong, but realize that what you do sow you will reap
It is not an individual responsibility you have, but that of your entire class
For you are our future and have been our past

Let me cut to the chase and say what's got to be said
Ladies, you don't prove yourself and don't create love, ...in the bed.
When you lay down with a man who doesn't care,
You disrespect yourself and and your "race", and yes, others will stare

You've got a powerful tool (or gift) in your sweet lovemaking
But you should use it as the ends, not as the means
Your sex should be an expression of what's inside, not as a means of "caking"
And, of course, don't be fooled by those with unworthy intentions, saying that you are in their dreams

You see when you spread your legs in lust and without reason
You contribute to the vicious cycle, and they expect you again the next season
Men are not taught to respect, love and care
But to conquer and attack, playing a game, where it's not who do you care for, but who can I get I dare
But if they can always play, and win, by laying you down,
No wonder they'll dog and act a clown

Ladies you must dictate the rules of behavior in our men
You have the power to command respect when
You meet up with the man who wants you, but must want you for more than your sweet stuff.
Call his bluff.

Fellas you've got to work, too, on the respect of your ladies and their men
Do unto others as you would have them do unto you
Stop the looking and lusting after other brother's women until you turn blue
You only create tension that has no purpose

Let's take this "Black thing" and use it for our own good
Use our knowledge and energies to clean up OUR neighborhoods
For you know we're on our own as we always were
And its up to us; you, me, him and her.

- Richard T.
In the dark about KAFKA
By declan Quinn

I had this book that I used to read, it was by Kafka, and the character had just turned into an insect...
but I didn't read much further...
and I wanted a place to keep my book
but there was nowhere to store it.
the world was in turmoil.
i didn't keep my book in a library.
then the commies came in and
i had a bumper sticker that said
"they can have my book when they pry
it from my cold dead feet"
because I had nailed it there to protect it
from terrorists.
then the sun went out because they didn't have any more oil
and there was no way left to keep it on.
so it was dark and I couldn't finish my book.
i tried to read, but the ink wasn't neon.
so I got my cat to read it to me 'cause
they can see in the dark,
but I couldn't understand it 'cause he only spoke in meows!
and the libraries were full of people looking for my book,
but they couldn't find it.
they'd never think to look for a shoe...
but I still haven't read it either because
it's still dark and I can't find any bi-lingual cats.
NOT eating tuna is NOT Enough

by Jillana Babb

Dolphin screams—I hear them in my dreams; they haunt me in the daytime; they pervade every song I hear, every voice around me. Dolphins are dying. Dolphins are dying!

We know that dolphins are highly intelligent. We know that dolphins are suffering from pollution in the oceans. We know that dolphins are literally suffocating to death in tuna nets. We know these things, so why do we allow the slaughter of the dolphins to continue? We can stop eating tuna, but that will not stop the poisoning of the oceans that is already way out of control.

In 1987 and '88, over 50% of the off-shore dolphin population off the East coast died. The dolphin population will not reach the previous level again for a century! Researchers do not know why the dolphins died, but they do point out that the death of so many dolphins, which are at the top of the food chain, is a sign (as if we need one) of the unhealthiness of the ocean. You probably already know this. I have known for some time. We've all seen the television specials. We've all read the Greenpeace pamphlets. We've seen the ‘Save the Dolphins' t-shirts, stickers, buttons. My roommate and I taped a dolphin special hosted by some TV star and one of those Cosmopolitan models that was on TV this summer. We watched it at least five times and cried every time.

Dolphin earrings, dolphin posters, dolphin keychains... Do you think someone is making a bit of money off this? Do people feel as if they are helping the dolphins when they buy 'Save the Dolphins' paraphernalia? If I cry in front of my TV set five more times, will it make a difference to the dolphins?

I realized at a concert I went to this summer that we cannot go on dancing blindly, singing along happily to songs about the murder of dolphins. Do something—DO something—DO SOMETHING! I chant these two words to myself over and over, constantly. For a long time I had no clue what to do about the dolphins. Finally, however, a friend told me about The Dolphin Project (TDP).

TDP is a volunteer organization that conducts quarterly surveys of the dolphins off the coast and in the tributaries of Sava, a. The volunteers divide into groups and go out in boats. They search for dolphins and observe them, count them, describe their behavior and physical appearance, and photograph them. TDP sends all information, including slides, to the Smithsonian Institute, where it is made available to researchers. TDP also publishes information in magazines and newspapers. The main objective is to observe and count the dolphins, reporting any problems or strange behavior to scientists.

My friend Karen and I went on the last survey, which was held October 13th and 14th this year. She recorded data and I photographed the dolphins. (Survey groups consist of a skipper, who usually owns the boat, a team leader to organize the materials and make sure no one violates the Marine Mammal Protection Act* or gets too sunburned, a data recorder to record all the information, including sightings of unusual animals (some people saw wild pigs, donkeys, and bald eagles), and a photographer to photograph the dolphins. Larger boats may have more people.)

Our survey zone included Moon River and Burnside River. The weather was perfect—the sun was warm, the sky clear, the breeze was refreshing. Too much coffee added to my nervousness and excitement that first day. Not only would I see wild dolphins, I would be helping them by gathering information for the scientists! I was DOING SOMETHING at last.

At first I was very tense and I stared at the water so hard that I started hallucinating, thinking every breaker was a dorsal fin. After about an hour, after I had relaxed a tiny bit, our skipper called out “Dolphin at nine o'clock!” I was so excited I almost forgot to take pictures. Even then it was difficult, not only because my hands and knees were shaking, but because the two dolphins were very fast and kept diving under the boat and appearing on the other side just as I was about to snap their picture. I would be focusing on a footprint, a smoothed out place on the water where the dolphins surfaced, when someone would call out “Dolphins at three o'clock!” I would turn to three o'clock just in time to see a small ripple in the water. Then someone would cry “Dolphins at seven o'clock!” Then the dolphins just disappeared. They were the only dolphins we saw all day.

That night everyone got together for a shrimp boil. There was shrimp, crab, potatoes, corn, and plenty of beer. I talked to some people who saw sixty dolphins that day! One group saw dolphins mating. Another group saw dolphins turning fins and diving together in graceful formations. One person told me his group saw some dolphins muddling—that's when the dolphins herd fish up onto muddy banks then slide up and eat them! Later, someone else told me they saw some dolphins muddling at another survey and one of the dolphins slid too far onto the shore and couldn't get back in the water. The other dolphins splashed water onto the mud so the stranded one could slide back down!

The TDP volunteers are a very diverse group, consisting of nurses, students, business people, park rangers, ditch digger, bank presidents, old and young. All these people have one thing in common—they want to help the dolphins. And they're DOING SOMETHING about it.

The next day we only saw a small, evasive creature we seemed to stay under the water for long periods of time. He came near the boat and did a very beautiful dive, his sleek body shining in the sun. I think I got a good picture of it. It was breathtaking.

The preliminary count from our October survey was 450 dolphins. In October of 1987, the survey counted 585 dolphins. The count may be down because of the hurricane, as I heard some more experienced TDP volunteers comment.

If you'd like to DO SOMETHING to help dolphins, too, you can contact the people at The Dolphin Project at P.O. Box 724206 Atlanta, Georgia 30339.

A lot of people laugh at those who want to ‘save the world.' Well, maybe we can't save it, at least not alone, but together we can make it a much nicer place to live—in for humans and other animals!

*The Marine Mammal Protection Act protects dolphins and other marine mammals from stupid tourists who want to feed them and harass the dolphins and also restricts amount of dolphins that tuna companies may kill.
This essay spontaneously arose out of a result of a brief encounter and discussion about where our responsibility lies (as supposedly free-thinking subjects,) in a society so complex and yet so impulsive as ours. We were sitting on the grass and I thought to myself: "We could all be Socrates’ students, &contented with the compt>and confining social order of Athens!" Somehow, in other words, I felt we had struck a “rebellious young” are actually “rebellious” in a very shallow and ephemeral way: in fact, the very act of “rebelling” is built into the structure of conformity. Everyone knows, for example, if you give people plenty of room to “speak their minds,” or “blow off steam,”...sooner or later they’ll calm down and willingly (or more often the case, unwittingly) assume their stance as cogs in society’s impersonal mechanism, good little either too cliched or clinical.

First of all, let’s face it: we live in a world obsessed with the outward and with the particular: ever wonder why “trivia” is so popular in our culture, for instance? Our world-view is atomistic, reductionistic, pragmatic, positivist. All of this translates into one thing: profoundly egotistic. It’s down to the level of our language. Richard Niebuhr, for example, writes about

very perennial theme, colloquially phrased as the "generation gap;" you the dissolutioned with the power structures of the social matrix.

But it is oft cynically stated: "Old age and treachery will always overcome youth and skill." Yet, in the case of many cynical aphorisms, they often prove too true to be funny, so we try to make them funny. Freud observed in Civilization and Its Discontents that the so-called citizens that we all are. This is an old trick, for example, employed in industry, in the hiring of "psychologists" or "counselors" whose job is basically to listen to the workers bitch about their conditions so the illusion is created that something is being done for the worker.

Rather than embark on a long psychological or sociological tangent I will try to offer some of my reflections concerning this self-society dichotomy— hopefully without sounding the Hopi Indian language which treats the world as a continuum, a process: where the Western mind sees “tree, “hill”...i.e. objects occupying a void, the Hopi sees rather "tree-hill-sky-ground..." all a continual process, like an ocean wave. In fact, there is no Hopi word resembling what we would think of as a "static object."

Now why is this significant? Well first of all, the physicist would argue that the Hopi...
world-picture is truer to the actual nature of reality than our modernist world-picture: separateness is an illusion, (Newton’s “billiard-ball” cosmology has long since discarded.) For those still not convinced ask yourselves the simple question: How long can you survive without the environment that surrounds you? In fact, can you even define yourself independently from your environment?

There now, on top of the food chain, the buck stops with us. We’re scared as hell. “What are we doing?” we ask ourselves. “Assuming responsibility,” a voice answers.

The greatest part of “assuming responsibility” means in my opinion examining the way we think. “What we are today comes from our thoughts of yesterday, and our present thoughts build our life of minds. (I hate to break this to all of you identifying yourselfs in the institutions that shaped you.) But look at it another way: take a poster of a satellite photograph of the planet Earth, and stare at it until you see what simply is, no “third world,” no nations...just simply land and water. That is what I believe should take ontological precedence over all things: “We all need to get back down to Earth,” and make the territory more

Self, Society and All That...
- William Kallfelz

Interdependence and interrelatedness are not popular concepts in our post-industrial technocracy. We’re used to being competitive, not cooperative. We’re used to exploiting, not promoting the natural development of things.

No wonder we’re in such deep trouble now. I paraphrase Paul Williams from Das Energie: We’ve clawed our way until we’ve made it on top of the heap. We’re up tomorrow: our life is the creation of our mind...” so began the Dhammapada, written over two thousand years ago. Examining the way we think is not so easy, in this life. This is the Age of Unexamined Life.

But now is the time. Our institutions are creations our minds, they have no inherently independent existence, no ontological precedence. We sustain our society and culture through the collective power of our

I believe in the creativity of the mind. Revolution is not the answer, just like sacking and burning a city leaves a dead one behind. Transformation is the key. Stop scapegoating. Dissatisfied with society, the powers that be? Transform it. Be creative. Like the bumper sticker says: “Think globally, act locally.” We inherit a living city.
Birth, Copulation, and Death. Is That All?

by Rafael E. Hidalgo

Throughout our lives we constantly search for an explanation of our existence, but we always come up without any answers to the ultimate question; what is the meaning of life? In response, people often embrace fake philosophies, such as religions, to provide emotional stability to their lives. This is a cowardly response to a question that needs no answering.

The human life cycle is a journey delimited by birth and death: two actions that mark the passing to and from existence, respectively. This journey is only punctuated by the experience of copulation; an action that, at best, reminds us how our behavior is tightly governed by our animal instincts. Life is simple. Yet, some people believe there must be a higher reason for our existence. This idea arises out of man's need to prove his own significance.

People must realize that there is no ultimate reason to their existence. There are no omnipotent beings controlling our destinies. This implies that there is nothing more to life than birth, copulation, and death, the three highlights of our physical existence. By themselves, these three elements provide our lives with enough emotional hills and valleys to keep us going without the need for following false icons produced by a society afraid of accepting its own simplistic nature.
I was in psychology class last week. The Prof was going through his lecture. Just his voice and the sound of chalk scratching on the board for almost an hour. It’s amazing. The students had their heads bowed over their notebooks, furiously scribbling the contents of the board.

Suddenly, in the back, a rare inquisitive fellow pipes in, “but why?” The professor looks shocked, dismayed even. How dare the student interrupt his rhythm?

“Why what?” asks the professor.

The student picks one of the facts sketched upon the board and says, “Why is behavior the result of conditioning?”

The professor looks angered, as if his very research were being attacked. “Well, the facts are in the book; have you read the chapter?”

“Yes, and I still don’t understand.”

Now the professor seems truly confused. Here’s a student questioning the very essence of his field. In fact, the student digs deep into the very paradigm upon which rests this professor’s branch of psychology. Realizing he must defend his paradigm, the professor furiously erases part of the board. He then proceeds to scribble and talk in an agitated, evangelistic way. All the other students are scribbling furiously to keep up with the professor. Except for the student who asked the question, and he’s leaning back in his chair, arms folded, listening carefully to every word.

“And so you see, by these experiments, we have unequivocally determined man’s behavior is the result of conditioned reflex,” proclaims the professor in a proud, condescending way.

The student just shrugs and shakes his head, apparently unconvinced by the professor’s argument.

And then another student’s hand darts up, this time to ask, “Do we need to know this for the test?” The professor proceeds to underline those facts on the board which he’s putting on the test.

And way in the back, silently, sullenly, the student asking the original question gets up and exits the lecture hall. Perhaps that student is one human whose behavior is NOT the result of conditioned reflex. And how have the others been conditioned? If it’s not on the test, don’t study it!
Given the nature of events that have transpired recently, I believe it is of utmost importance that we Americans give proper honor to those whom I think are our most deserving citizens. I am speaking, of course, of those individuals who have sacrificed themselves in service to this country against its most insidious contemporary enemy. The duty performed by these patriots has allowed the majority of us to comfortably avoid the hardship associated with what we all see as a grave threat, and we owe them our thanks. Moreover, it appears to me that the sacrifices made by this army of American soldiers have gone almost completely unrecognized and unappreciated by the majority that depends on them.

These special men and women suffer the fate that they do because the U.S. economy is, as are most other modern industrial economies, inflation-prone. The war against inflation has been fought on and off more or less regularly since the end of World War II, with countless millions unwittingly drafted in to service to fight it. The primary weapon in this war has been monetary and/or fiscal policy used by the Federal Government to take advantage of the tradeoff between inflation and unemployment formally known as the Phillips curve: while low unemployment tends to allow high rates of inflation because worker shortages bid wages upward, high unemployment can be used to bring inflation down because competition for jobs bids wages downward (this is just the law of supply and demand applied to labor). In practicing Phillips curve economics to control inflation, the government uses the Federal Reserve to lower the money supply and raise interest rates (it can also run a fiscal surplus rather than a deficit, with similar effects, but this obviously hasn’t happened in a long time). This has the effect of reducing aggregate demand in the economy, thus inducing producers to reduce production and lay off labor. The resulting unemployed workers fight inflation by providing an excess supply of labor that competes for scarce jobs, bidding wages downward (or at least easing upward pressure on them).

They have a proven record of success in this heroic endeavor; since the end of World War II, seven recessions have been created in this way to ease inflation (we are now entering the eighth).
A dramatic example of the use of this reserve army made available by the Phillips curve was seen in the recession of 1981-82. In order to control inflation Federal Reserve chairman Volcker, under the aegis of the President, tightened the money supply and drove interest rates toward 20 percent. The resulting unemployment of nearly 11 percent caused inflation to fall by 4.2 percentage points compared with 1979-80 levels. It was the toughest battle since the Great Depression. The price, not entirely limited to those on the front lines, included a recession, no economic growth for two years, 35 percent of the nation's capital capacity sitting idle, a worldwide industrial shutdown, and tens of thousands of firms and individuals filing for bankruptcy. But ultimately(with some help from fortuitous oil and farm prices) inflation was licked. By the mid-1980's economic growth had recovered to nearly its 1976-1980 levels, and without the burden of double-digit inflation.

Fed chairman Greenspan, a commander in chief of the nation's inflation-fighting forces second only to Volcker in his unyielding determination against the enemy, took quick and decisive action to tackle the problem. The money supply and interest rates were adjusted in the hope of driving people out of work. Now that recessionary forces are taking hold, this policy may be reversed, as usual too little, too late to prevent still more of our inflation-fighting troops from being called into action.

And unfortunately, whenever the next round of inflation threatens, the Bush administration will have only the Phillips curve to which to turn for controlling it. Deliberately created unemployment must be the staple of his administration, just as it was for the Reagan and Carter administrations in their respective times.

But as long as no better solution can be found, we should at least give our draftees in the war against inflation our appreciation. So be sure the people in the crowd at the unemployment office see you waving the Flag in their direction next time you drive by. After all, haven't these "veterans" served us valiantly?

This sign can be seen at the newly remodeled Burger King on Northside Drive. Burger King Corp., which owns that particular joint, is using the restaurant as a style model for other Burger Kings. This sign is a one-of-a-kind prototype for 5000 planned signs. The production has been scrapped because of cost. So...go see this unique sign, but don't eat there. Eat healthy!

Brian Dempsey

The North Avenue Review  November 1990
Angels,  
Left and Right

Amidst the many political clashes that manifest the central ideological conflict of our times—the conflict between liberalism and conservatism—there are a handful of issues in which both sides, each approaching with their particular philosophy, arrive at the same conclusion, prescribe the same solution, and join forces to accomplish the same objective. In the rare instances in which this occurs, we may hail the unanimity, lean back, and watch the earth move.

Or, at least, small corners of it. Here are two:

Immigration

When Representative Bruce Morrison (D-NY) authored a bill calling for immigration reform, he was bringing to life a measure advocated by every economist from Harvard leftist John Kenneth Galbraith to University of Chicago’s Milton Friedman. Rep. Morrison’s bill calls for increased immigration quotas, particularly for those equipped with the high tech skills that drive our economy. Employers had pleaded before Congress for permission to bring in workers from other countries who possessed capabilities that our moribund education system fails to give our own students. Foreign students already comprise the bulk of our graduate school population, and many of them remain in this country to provide us with the professional expertise that native-born Americans seem to have little interest in acquiring. Morrison’s measure will now allow people from other countries, eager to be both rich and free, to become Americans while contributing to their new country tremendously.

Not that the Morrison bill does not have its detractors. Leading the opposition is Senator Alan Simpson (R-WY) and a gaggle of culturcrats who fear the “alien influence” of a sudden influx of foreigners on our culture. However, a glance at America’s astronomical rates of divorce, illegitimacy, abortion, alcoholism, and crime is enough to prompt the response “What culture?” Indeed, immigrants should very well provide precisely the rejuvenation our culture needs.

Even more idiotic complaints can be heard from organizations like Negative Population Growth, Inc., whose lust for wide open spaces leads to their endorsement of triage solutions to imaginary population explosions. Their economic prophecies are so mired in “zero-sum game” doctrine that, when anyone talks of immigration, all they see are more mouths to feed, failing to recognize that the entrepreneurial spirit of our newest citizens actually increases employment levels and prosperity.

The Morrison bill is not without its faults: it will result in only modest increases in immigration and will leave intact a regional quota system that has prevented people fleeing the socialist tyranny of nations like Vietnam, and the citizens of Hong Kong seeking to escape the closing grip of Communist China, from starting a new life in America. But it does represent a step in the right direction, the direction of making America once again a refuge for the “huddled masses yearning to break free.”

Education

When Brookings Institution scholars John Chubb and Terry Moe released their study of educational choice last spring, they put the centrist imprimatur on a proposal that the National Review, the Wall Street Journal, and a bevy of conservative intellectuals had developed and advocated for a decade. The Brookings report calls on governments to issue vouchers that allow parents, at government expense, to select the school, public or private, religious or secular, that their children shall attend. In essence, the plan would create a free market in education, and let all schools compete with each other for education dollars based on their ability to educate, and therefore attract, students. It would permit inner-city youngsters to flee the failing public school system by granting them the economic empowerment to afford the successful private schools, while at the same time giving incentive to established private schools and “education entrepreneurs” to reach out to or locate in inner-city neighborhoods.

I once had the opportunity to ask a Republican politician seeking statewide office in Georgia his opinion of the voucher plan. “Well, yes, maybe in ten years we can do something like that. But first we need to build magnet schools.” Well, yes, maybe a government that has endangered the economic security of the country by failing abysmally to educate kids can build yet another government-operated school and make it work simply by declaring that it should do so. I just happen to be a little skeptical. The whole point of voucher plans is to get students out of the public schools that do not provide an education and into other schools that do. In a market system there would be no need for the governments to build schools, for private citizens would do it for them.

This fall, the theory of educational choice became reality in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, as the parents of a little over a hundred students enrolled their children in private schools, defraying the cost with vouchers provided by the state. The measure was sponsored by Democratic state legislator Polly Williams, the statewide director of the Jesse Jackson 1988 presidential campaign. Passed and implemented over the vociferous objections and lawsuits of the education bureaucracy, which saw the beginning of the end of its grip on education outlays, the law establishes a voucher system funded out of the education budget that creates vouchers worth $3000.00 (in a district whose public school expenditures exceed $6000.00 per student) to meet the cost of private education. Like Bruce Morrison’s immigration bill, the Milwaukee plan is also quite limited. It is laced with restrictions: the parents income must not be above poverty level, the school may not cost more than the voucher, the plan only funds about 200 students, and parochial schools are forbidden to participate. This is in marked contrast to the Brookings report, which distinguishes itself with its recommendation that there be no restrictions on participants, reliance should be placed entirely on the good judgement of the parents. Yet, again like the Morrison bill, the Milwaukee plan also represents a step in the right direction. If expanded and emulated across the country, it will represent both a tremendous increase in personal freedom and allow America to be once again a leader in academic excellence.
Recycling centers in North Atlanta

A-aluminum, C-aluminum cans, G-glass, L-plastic, M-metal, N-newspaper, O-oil, R-rubber

AGCM A&A Recycling
63 Whitehall
non-ferrous metals

AGCM A&A Recycling
2497 Bankhead Highway
Brass, copper, stainless steel

AGCM A&A Recycling
362 Luckie Street/P.O. Box 1066
Brass, copper, stainless steel

O A.B. Cooper Texaco
825 M.L. King Jr. Dr., N.W.

N American Legion Post #156
2465 Warren Rd., N.W.

N Ansley Mall at Kroger
Morroc Dr.

ACM Atlanta Metal & Battery Company
75 Airline St., S.E.
Brass, copper, scrap ferrous/nonferrous, stainless steel

C Atlanta Recycling
829 Hollywood Rd., N.W.

M Atlantic Steel Company
1365 Mecasl St., N.W. (Home Park)
P.O. Box 1714 30301

N Big Sur
2045 Bankhead Hwy., N.W.

N Calvin Courts
479 E. Paces Ferry Rd., N.E.

O Camp's Chevron
1475 Carroll Dr., N.W.

C CanBank of Atlanta
call 659-8266 for info

CMN Central Metals
950 Marietta St., N.W.
M-F 8-5; Sat. 8-12 Fee Paid

N CNN Center
1050 Techwood Dr., N.W.

GNP Druid Hills United Method Church
1200 Ponce DeLeon Ave., N.E.
Including waste paper

N Dunbar Community Center
477 Windsor St., S.W.

N Dunk'N Dine
2277 Cheshire Bridge Rd.

AM Dynamic Metals, Inc.
584 Edgewood Ave., N.E.
Metals: brass, copper, lead, stainless steel, etc.

N Garment Center
400 Flat Shoals Ave., S.E.

O Georgia Environmental Project
429 Moreland Ave., N.E.
Call for nearest Oil Collection Center (521-1837)

N Georgia Tech
Caldwell Residence Hall parking lot
(corner of 8th St. and McMillan)

CGP Georgia Tech Student Center
(west side, by parking lot)

R Georgia Tire Dealers and Retreaders Assoc.
300 W. Wieuc Rd., N.E., Suite 115
Used retreadable and scrap tires

P H. Vander Kley & Assoc., LTD
1025 Jefferson St., N.W./P.O. 93546
Scrap paper, paperboard, ledgers

N Hartman Associates Real Estate
494 Boulevard S.E.

N Howell Mill Kroger
parking lot

N Ivy Condo Association
3777 Roswell Rd., N.E.
ACGLN Junior League of Atlanta
3154 Northside Pkwy., N.W.
1st wkend ea. month, F 8:30-3, Sat. 9-1; also corrugated

ACGLMN Mindis International
1990 DeFoor Ave. or 1-800-666-4634 for nearest buy-back center

ACGN Tuxedo Center
4191 Northside Dr., N.W.

M Kalco Inc.
239 Grant St.
ferrous and non-ferrous M-F 8-5; Fee paid

M Lindbergh Plaza
Marion St., off Piedmont Rd.
at very back, behind police precinct

M Little 5 Points Community Recycling
1111 Euclid Ave.
behind Sevenanda Food Co-op

OM London Shredding Division, Inc.
2100 Spink St. N.W.
ferrous & non-ferrous, autos, appliances

O M&J Solvents Company
1577 Marietta Rd. N.W.
oils, paint & ink sludges, solvents

N Martina-Highland
Martina Dr.

N Mid South Salvage Company
1625 Bankhead Hwy
non-ferrous metals

ACGN North Avenue/Piedmont
Rio Shopping Center parking lot

AM Oscar Goler & Son
594 Decatur St. S.E.
Copper, brass, aluminum, lead

ACNM Ponce de Leon Exxon
1161 Ponce de Leon

AC Reynolds Aluminum Recycling Center
339 Northside Dr.
Near the Omni; Tues.-Sat. 9:30-12:30; 1:15-4:30

ACGNP Sierra Club Monthly Meetings-3rd Thurs. 7:30 p.m.
Trinity Presb. Church-Howell Mill & Moores Mill
cardboard, white ledger, computer paper, & magazines

NP Sonoco Products Company (paper scale house)
2490 Marietta Rd.
Newspaper & cardboard only

NP Southeast Recycling Corp., Atlanta Div.
565 Western Ave., N.W. (rear)
All grades paper

NP Southern Cellulose, Inc.
4530-B Patton Dr.
Telephone books, newsprint, computer paper
No magazines

ACGLMNP Southern States Landfill Recycling Center
19 Collins Rd.
M-F 7:30-4:30; appliances too

ACGM Star Iron & Metal Company
1041 Howell Mill Rd. N.W.
non-ferrous metals, steel, copper, brass, cast iron

N Tuxedo Center
4191 Northside Dr., N.W.

CGP U.S. Recovery, Inc.
643 Delmar Ave., S.E.
Office & Apartment complex recycling programs

O United Oil Brokers
1455 Fairmont Ave., N.W.
8-7:30 M-F; waste oil

O Vickery’s Gulf Car Care
1605 N. Decatur Rd., N.E.

R Waste Recovery, Inc.
1593 Huber St.
tires only FEE CHARGED

N WSB TV/AM-FM
1601 W. Peachtree St.

Most of this list was provided by Wendy Crager of the Sierra Club. If you would like a more complete directory of recycling centers all over Atlanta and surrounding suburbia, contact Stacy Johnson at p.o. 31047 for details.
d I hate because They hurt people. They hurt themselves. They hurt me. They hate me and I love me and that is the worst horrible atrocious hate. I know I know more than I did last night. Last night at the funeral as I shoveled flakes of dried blood and watered the Earth with tears of hate and love and joy and sadness hopeless hopeful tears into the gravel.

3 Oil
Ayman Fadel
they took Rover's poor naked and bloody body and chopped it up. They said that he was good to eat. They said that waxed stairs straining from their own height lead to a wonderless world of primrose and the homeless.

4 Mandela
Lewis Winter
a wonderless world of primrose and the homeless.

Steve M. Sams something about holes
Women's holes Men's violent, competitive pursuit of women's holes.

5 Who Do Ya HATE?
Steve Donkin
Black and the Goldby Josh Reiss So what are they doing there, standing on the yellow defending the black?ood pulling the walls together I pull our dance like the world around me.

7 Phantoms Everywhere
Chris Aniedobe
fading eyes - fearspF un e r a l by Jom 50 states and eleven countries and was the largest ever of its kind. The large turn-out, nearly twice the original estimate.

9 Gutter Ties
Steve Danyo
was proof that apathy on college campuses is a myth.

The conference served both to inform and inspire attendees through contact with other environmental activists from around the world. Speakers, panels, and workshops covered topics ranging from recycling to coalition building with minorities and religious groups. The conference included a myriad of speakers including the likes of Benny Vasques, a 15 year old Brooklyn High School student who founded the "Toxic Avengers," and Robert Redford, a celebrity with a long history of dedication to the environment. Redford criticized the Bush administration's handling of environmental issues and went on to say,

12 Hedonists Unafraid
Glen Stark
they're being rumed o blood more and then my mouth is filled and my tongue is hers and her's on me with his warm ectoplasm salt and white knuckles crimson juice on a field of white the sheets fall from above and my world becomes a moan of ecstasy and despair. R Iality. Her tongue snakess out and then back I'm being turned over, she is scraping my thighs with her claws and someone's grabbing with force i taste. The blood more and then my mouth is filled and my tongue is hers and her's on me with his warm ectoplasm salt and white knuckles crimson juice on a field of white the sheets fall from above and my world becomes a moan of ecstasy and despair. Their skin squishing and separating in. A moan escapes her clenched teeth. He's a dream. From the corner of the room I can barely see them. The bed sheets from the top bunk hung to cover the lower, creating a canopy effect. The lamp I Their skin squishing and separating L

15 Objector
Steve Donkin
is filled and my tongue is hers and she's on me with his warm ectoplasm salt and white knuckles crimson juice on a field of white the sheets fall from above and my world becomes a moan of ecstasy and despair. Their skin squishing and separating in.

33 Birth...
William Kalfelz
I know more than I did last night last night at the funeral as I shoveled flakes of dried blood and watered the Earth.

37 Angels
A. Yarbrough
me and that is the worst horrible atrocious hate I know. I know more than I did last night last night at the funeral as I shoveled flakes of dried blood and watered the Earth.