North Avenue Review

Fall 1994

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The North Avenue Review is a student publication of the Georgia Institute of Technology. It is published four times a year by our staff composed of people who write for us, submit art, help with layout, show up to meetings, etc. for the students of Georgia Tech. It has become a (relatively) long-standing tradition as an alternative form of expression.

Mail suggestions about this page to Jimmy Lo at unreal@cc.gatech.edu.
Mail questions or submissions to the North Avenue Review at
dsadmnp@prism.gatech.edu.
The North Avenue Review
Belongs to No One

The North Avenue Review belongs to no one. It exists not for ownership but for filling a niche, not for ego inflation but for vilification. Its sometimes deviant passages allow the idealist, retreatist, and rebel inside to bud and flower. Any are welcome, none are refused.

The North Avenue Review belongs to no one. Its pages continue with or without any one, within or without any one. It needs no one, it has no sense of need or want. The author, poet and artist need the North Avenue Review. They are the North Avenue Review.

The North Avenue Review belongs to no one. No little boy with big toy can take it home to sulk in his bedroom, or leave it out in the rain to rust. The NAR lives not, but it can die. The NAR feels not, but can be hurt. The NAR knows not, but can remember. Or forget.

The North Avenue Review belongs to no one. Four times a year, the NAR owns someone. It presents someone four thousand times over and over to whoever, whoever will listen, whoever will talk, whoever will be heard, whoever will see. Through the NAR, anyone becomes someone.

The North Avenue Review belongs to no one.
So, Ya Wanna Go Out Sometime?  
Dating and Communicating at Georgia Tech

by Louise Penberthy, IDT grad student

A Scenario

A few weeks into the quarter, you notice someone good-looking in your math class. So you try to get to know this person. The two of you chat after class, exchange hints on an assignment, maybe see each other at lunch. One day you gather your courage and suggest that the two of you go out sometime, maybe to dinner or to the movies, something like that. You're expecting a delighted "yes" for an answer, since the two of you appear to have been enjoying each others' company. But to your surprise, the answer is a look of puzzlement, or maybe even of scorn, like the other person has discovered a new, particularly repulsive insect. The answer is "no," or else some excuse that seems really lame. And you're left standing there, wondering what went wrong. All of the signals were there. But when you suggested a date, you were refused!

Different Points of View

This kind of thing happens all the time. You're interested in someone, and you think the interest is returned, but it turns out you're wrong. Maybe you just shrug it off, or maybe you're puzzled and annoyed. Maybe you feel led on.

On the other side of things, it can be equally puzzling. You have casual conversations with someone, maybe help him or her a little on some homework, and suddenly this someone asks you out. You've never encouraged the person, just been nice, and for some reason he or she makes a big deal out of it.

Or maybe someone won't stop talking to you, and you can't seem to get rid of him or her.

Or maybe you never even get to the friendly conversation stage, maybe the other person appears to not even be aware of your existence. You think maybe the other person is preoccupied -- but what if he or she is ignoring you? How can you tell?

These examples all have to do with getting to know someone you're interested in, or in trying to date someone. Obviously that's not the only time you might misread or misunderstand someone. I'm choosing examples about dating because it's a common -- and stressful -- situation.

The Problem: Dating at Tech
If you're new to Tech, you may come across this problem in a particularly frustrating form. It usually manifests itself in heterosexual relationships. For instance, lots of men at Tech complain that, despite being nice guys, they simply can't get any woman to go out with them. They try to get to know women, but often they feel that the women give them the cold shoulder. And women often complain that they can't even smile at a man without his taking it as an invitation to ask her out.

Historically, a lot of this problem stems from the fact that Tech was originally a men's school. When there were very few women, the women often felt besieged. Over the years the numbers have become more even. But some of the problems remain -- certainly the perceptions of the problems remain, which often amounts to the same thing. Every so often, the problems get discussed on campus, in conversations, in the Technique (the weekly student newspaper, for those of you new to Tech), or more vehemently in one of the computer newsgroups. Tempers often flare. People take sides, and each side blames the other, while other people stand on the sidelines and wonder what all the fuss is about.

The problem is mostly discussed in the context of relationships between men and women. Of course there can be communication problems between couples of all sorts. The dynamic between men and women can be different, however, because relationships between men and women can carry along a lot of cultural baggage about the relationships between men and women in general. In this article, however, I'll keep the discussion gender neutral. Communication problems, which is what this article is about, can occur between any two people.

Communication: Part of the Solution

Many of the problems between people at Tech (and anywhere else, for that matter), would not be such a big deal, or maybe would not come up at all, if people could communicate better. Obviously better communication won't solve all problems. There still will be the times you're interested in someone but your interest isn't returned. Or maybe the other person isn't attracted to people of your sex. Or -- to broaden the scope of these examples a little, you and your roommate may still get into arguments, and you probably will never find your professors completely understandable. But good communication can go a long way.

Communication Defined

So let's talk about communication. The kind of communication we're talking about here is communication among human beings. A significant part of communication among human beings is language. Language is a set of symbols (i.e., words), with rules for combining them, that are used to convey meaning. If you want to tell someone something, you take the thought and put it into words, and convey the thought to that someone using the words. The words may be spoken, or written on paper, or transmitted electronically, or conveyed gesturally (as in American Sign Language). In any case, your goal is to take the thought or idea or concept, or whatever, that's in your mind, and put into the other person's mind. The other person's goal (at least ideally) is to listen to or read your words, and build up in his or her mind the thought you're trying to convey.
Literal Communication

Let's look at an example, something that could happen between any two people. Suppose you want to know what time it is. One way to find out is to convey that thought to someone who can tell you the time, for instance, someone who is wearing a watch. You might say to such a person, "Tell me what time it is." The person understands this, and tells you the time. So communication has been successful. In this case, you've used words literally. You've combined the literal meanings of the words "tell," "me," "the," and "time" to make a literal sentence. Most people agree that literal use of words leads to (or can lead to) successful communication. Some people believe that that's the only worthwhile and unambiguous kind of communication. Some people are unaware that there is any other kind of communication; they think that the literal use of words is the only kind of communication between people that exists.

Non-Literal Communication

But let's look at another way of conveying to someone that you'd like him or her to tell you what time it is. You might say, "Could you tell me what time it is?" If we take this question literally, it means, "Are you, the listener, capable of telling me what time it is?" An appropriate answer to such a literal interpretation would be the literal answer "yes" or the literal answer "no." After all, the other person either is or is not capable of telling you what time it is. And some people, whether for a joke, or to be uncooperative, or because they interpret language literally, will answer literally. But if you want to know the time, the answer "yes" or "no" is frustrating, because it doesn't answer your question.

In this case, the question "Could you tell me what time it is?" is not meant to be interpreted literally. Instead, it's meant to be interpreted non-literally. It's an example of what called an indirect speech act. When you use an indirect speech act, you are conveying meaning not by the literal combination of the literal definitions of the words, but by what the combination of those words is agreed upon by people to mean. Other examples of indirect speech acts are "Would you mind turning down the volume?" to mean "Turn down the volume," and "I was wondering if you'd loan me your notes from yesterday's class," to mean "Lend me the notes from yesterday's class."

To people who use language literally, indirectness like this can be frustrating. They wish people would say what they mean. But to people who use indirectness or any form of non-literal language, the command "Say what you mean!" is equally frustrating. They are saying what they mean. It's just that they're using a different -- and equally legitimate -- form of communication.

Meta-Messages

While most people understand and use the non-literal forms I gave above, some kinds of indirectness are even more indirect and may be harder to understand. For instance, suppose you've just seen a movie with someone. You don't want the date to end just yet. You could say, "Let's do something else, I want to
spend some more time with you." That's direct and literal, and probably unmistakable. But to some people, saying or hearing something like that could be too direct, even abrupt, especially if they don't know the other person very well (maybe it's a first date). It's also pretty scary to be so open! What if the other person doesn't want to prolong the date? But maybe you're a little hungry, or a lot hungry. So you might say, "Would you like to get something to eat?" This is less direct, which may be more polite, and less literal. It also allows you to save face if the other person isn't interested. And if the person you're saying this to understands it, it's just as unmistakable as literal language.

The problem arises when the other person doesn't understand. When you say, "Would you like to get something to eat?" the other person may take it as a literal inquiry about how hungry he or she is. He or she answers, "Nah, I'm not hungry. Well, great movie, see you later," and leaves. You're standing there, feeling hungry, and maybe hurt or pissed, and possibly disappointed that the two of you couldn't have decided to at least go out for desert, so you could talk some more and get to know each other a little better. And if you ever ask that person about this later, he or she may frown and say, "Well, if you were hungry, why didn't you say so??" Unfortunately, you did say so. But there was a mismatch between how you expressed yourself and the way the other person understands.

Saying "Would you like to get something to eat?" to mean "I'm interested in spending more time with you, let's go get something to eat," is an example of what Tannen (a sociolinguist who studies communication) calls a meta-message. A meta-message is a communication that is not conveyed by the literal words, but by the fact of having said a particular combination of words. For example, you may be feeling depressed or unhappy, and you want a friend to commiserate. So you say to your friend, "Gee, I'm really worried about this calc test tomorrow." The message you're conveying with the literal words is "I'm worried." The meta-message you're conveying by having mentioned your worry is "Please commiserate with me, please give me some moral support."

To people who use language primarily literally, meta-messages may seem to be something that can be too easily misunderstood, or else just plain wrong or stupid. But have you ever felt like someone was asking you to read his or her mind? Or that you were expected to do or say something, but didn't know what? Probably the other person was using meta-messages, and you weren't picking up on them.

Who's to Blame? (Is Anyone?)

It's tempting to blame the other person when communication goes awry. Two things people commonly say, or think, are "Why don't you say what you mean?" and "Why aren't you listening to me?" But it's not fair to blame one person. No one is a perfect communicator. And people use different communication styles. We may do our best, but we don't always understand each other.

Earlier, I said that a significant part of communication among people is words. But from these examples you can see that there's a lot more than just words. There's the meaning that can be conveyed that's not part of the literal meaning of the words, or even by the fact of your saying something. Some people object that non-literal meaning is wrong because it isn't there, it's just something you add on to what you
Dealing with Communication Failures

What happens if we don't attach the same meaning to the same combinations of words? What if you primarily use literal language and someone you're talking to uses a lot of non-literal language? How can you understand each other?

Recognizing that There's a Problem

A major problem in coming to an understanding despite differing use of language is recognizing that there's a problem at all. It may be hard to believe that you couldn't not notice communication failures. But think of the example of the person at the movie. When you say "Would you like to get something to eat?" the person may hear that as a literal request. So he or she answers you literally, says something nice about the movie, and leaves. From the other person's point of view, nothing has gone wrong. But you, feeling hurt or pissed, may decline that person's next offer of a date, wondering why you would want to go out with someone so insensitive and selfish. Or maybe you think that the other person, after seeing the movie with you, decided that he or she wasn't interested in you after all. But now that you've declined that person's offer of another date, it's the other person's turn to be puzzled. The movie date was great -- so he or she thinks -- now what's gone wrong?

A good clue that communication has gone wrong is a nagging feeling that you aren't getting what you're asking for. Another good clue is when someone you're talking to seems to be talking about something completely different from what you're trying to say. Yet another clue is when the other person always seems to be doing the "wrong" thing, say, clamming up when he or she should be talking, or interrupting you all the time. (I put "wrong" in quotes because, as I've said before, usually it's not that someone is doing something wrong, but rather that he or she is doing something different.)

Things You Can Do

So. You think there's a communication problem. What can you do? Several things. One is just to let it pass. This may sound like a cop-out, but it is an option. If you're probably not ever going to meet this person again, and the misunderstanding isn't about anything important, you might choose not to do anything about it.

If you do decide to do something, probably the most important thing to do first is to verify your impressions of what the other person is trying to say. What the other person appears to you to be saying may not be what he or she is trying to convey, so it's a good idea to ask. But it's worthwhile to be careful about how you ask. If you exclaim, "You're giving me the silent treatment again!" or "Why do you always interrupt me?" or "Why can't you ever say what you mean??" you might come across as
accusatory, and put the other person on the defensive. A better way to verify your impression of what
the other person is trying to say is to describe your impressions, and ask if they are correct. So you might
say, "You seem to have gone silent all of a sudden. Is something wrong?" And then wait. Give the other
person a chance to say something. Or, in the other example, you might say, "I'm feeling like you're
constantly interrupting me. Is that what you're doing, or do I just seem to you like I'm finished talking?"

Verifying your impressions isn't always easy to do. You might be so pissed at being interrupted so much
that you will burst out with "You f*cking *sshole! Stop interrupting me!!" This will happen. But try to
learn to verify first. You may be right, the other person may be intentionally interrupting you. But you
may be wrong; for example, the other person may have a more interactive conversational style than you
do, or you may be (unconsciously) be giving off signals that, to the other person, indicate that you're
finished talking. So it's always safer to verify.

Another thing to do if you think communication has broken down is to alter your conversational style a
little, as much as seems comfortable to you. For instance, if you tend to speak literally, but the person to
whom you're talking seems startled or offended, you might try being less direct. Instead of saying,
"Come on, let's go eat," you might say, "I'm feeling hungry. Would you like to get something to eat?"
This might seem excruciatingly circumlocutious to you. But it might be more acceptable to the other
person.

On the other hand, if you use meta-messages, and the other person doesn't seem to be understanding
you, you might try something more direct. If you're worried about the calc test, and mentioning your
worry doesn't invoke the help and support you want, you might ask for it more directly. You could say
something like this: "You know, I really am worried about that calc test, and I'd like to talk about it. I
could use some support. Do you have some time to commiserate with me?"

Perhaps surprisingly, directness can be as hard for some people as indirectness is for others. If you have
been brought up to believe that indirectness is polite, you might feel rude when you are being direct.

One of the best things you can do to understand other people better is simply to know that there are
different conversational styles. And it's important to remember that they are different, not wrong.
Although you may never feel comfortable around someone whose conversational style is radically
different from yours, you can probably understand more people more often than you thought.

**Going On From Here**

In this article, I've only begun to discuss communication and how to solve communication problems.
And even though I've discussed communication mostly in the context of dating, the techniques I've
talked about can help you mend broken-down communication in lots of situations.

In summary, here are some things you might want to keep in mind about communication.
Communication among people is complicated, using words, non-literal meanings, and meta-messages.
(Body language is also important, but that more than I want to go into here.) If you don't seem to be communicating with someone, be patient, and remember that there are different styles. Verify your impressions. And alter your style a little if you want.

None of this is a guarantee that you will get that date. But you may be able to figure out when you're likely to be rejected, so you can (if you choose) not ask and save yourself the rejection. Or you may figure out why someone is hanging around you so much, and be able to say frankly and directly that you're not interested. In any case, you may be able to communicate better, and that's half the battle.

If you'd like to know more, here are some books you might like to read. The things I've said in this article come from my own observations and from these books. You'll probably be very busy here at Tech, but maybe you'll find a little time to read some of them.

"You Just Don't Understand: Women and Men in Conversation",  
by Deborah Tannen

A great book. If you read nothing else, read this. Among other things, she discusses meta-messages, which I mentioned. Her thesis is that you can understand communication problems between men and women better if you view men and women as coming from different cultures (there is some evidence that this is true), and study communication problems as cross-cultural communication problems. She clearly discusses, with lots of examples, how women and men communicate differently, and gives suggestions for gaining understanding. One drawback with this books is that she presents men and women as having completely different styles of communication. It's more accurate to say that there is a collection of conversational methods; everyone uses a subset of them, but men may favor some methods and women may favor others. Another drawback is that she discusses mainstream use of language; she rarely discusses how, for example, use of language might differ between African-Americans and European-Americans.

"That's not What I Meant: How Conversational Style Makes or Breaks Relationships",  
by Deborah Tannen

Another great book. It was written before You Just Don't Understand, and has a chapter on communication between men and women, as well as chapters on all kinds of communication problems. She gives some examples from gay and lesbian relationships as well as straight. She discusses the difference between highly-interactive and less interactive conversational styles, which I mentioned.

"The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense",  
by Suzette Haden Elgin
How to spot conversational attacks, even well-disguised ones, and how to let them fizzle harmlessly. Sort of like verbal aikido or judo. I've used her techniques more than once. One warning: real-life verbal attacks don't always present themselves as clearly as in her examples. But it's a good introduction, especially to the verification techniques that I mentioned. She has a special section on students and professors which you may find interesting, except that professors are often more human than she makes them out to be.

"Getting to Yes: Negotiating Agreement without Giving In",
by Roger Fisher and William Ury

One of a series of books out of the Harvard Negotiation Project, some with Scott Brown as a co-author. It discusses principled negotiation, and how to reach agreements that are good for all concerned and take everyone's interests into account. The slant is on business and political negotiations, but you can use the techniques in your personal life as well. There's a section on how to negotiate with people in positions of power over you (such as professors!)

"Miss Manners' Guide to Modern Living",
by Judith Martin

I haven't read this; it was recommended to me by someone in a recent discussion about dating at Tech. But I have read her Guide to Excruciatingly Correct Behavior. Her writing is excellent and her humor subtle but rapier sharp. If you want to know how to rebuff someone (either gently or not so gently), while still being irreproachably polite, these are the books for you. She also has a column which appears in the Atlanta Journal-Constitution on Sundays.

"Speech Acts: An Essay in the Philosophy of Language",
by John Searle

Not for the faint of heart. It would help if you had a psychology or linguistics background. This is the book in which Searle introduced speech act theory. Indirect speech acts, which I mentioned, are a kind of speech act.
Most readers have probably encountered propaganda about Generation X in their literary and social travels. The common mainstream assumption is that Generation X should be applied to the twenty somthing generation because they are a bunch of crybaby slackers who love popstar icons such as Kurt Cobain, will buy anything and whose parents are predominantly divorced. I say the mainstream media and everybody else who believe the above are wrong.

The Generation X generation is the one that could come. I jusitify that because the vast majority of people that I know whom fit the Generation X characteristics are predominantly teenagers. Due to my selling records and other paraphernalia at various punk shows and other happenings I happen to have the fortune (or misfortune???) to know numerous individuals that are still in high school or just out of high school. To be honest with you, a lot of them are procastinating whiners that love any kind of pop icon, that will buy anything that is marketed correctly. Of course this is a giant generalization with no scientific proof whatsoever, which means that the Generation X characteristics might only be manifested in the punk/alternative/grunge social circles.

I think that in many ways the characteristics of Generation X are prevelant because well to do/rich parents practically give their kids whatever their kids might want, thereby creating a bunch of spoiled crybabies etc etc. However what happens is that the kid reaches the age when he/she is thrown out of the "house" and they have to learn to start taking care of themselves, which means that initially they whine, because that had always worked before. For most of them though they find out that whining does not work. They then come to grip with reality and either realize that they have to find a more productive way to survive or they become "trash". Then such things as buying anything pleasing and worshiping pop icons start to disapear (seriously though, if you go to a big pop icon concert the majority of individuals present are teenagers, young twentysomethings unless you are dealing with say Michael Jackson who has been around too long to be hip with the "kids") because they are to busy with their lives to necessarily worry about worshipping some pop icon. Only teenagers can worship pop icons and buy whatever because they are the only social group that have the time to worship some rock star and look for any pleasing item to buy.

As for divorced parents, it has to be remembered that Generation X'ers are predominantly middle class or higher, therefore even though their parents are divorced a lot of them tend to be well off unless their father (or in the rare case their mother) is a delinquent in child support payments. Which implies they tend to be just like other kids who come from middle/upper class two parent families. (Note. It has been my experience that a lot of individuals that I know who have divorced parents in which one pays no child support (and therefore don't have much money) don't tend to have the Gen. X characteristics(Note:
Again another generalization based on no fact whatsoever).

I would have to write that the characteristics described as Generation X really only applied to bored middleclass teenagers that have plenty of time and money to "have done it all" and therefore be a bored whining bunch used to getting their way. I think this is a scenario which has been building since the 50's when the middle class begin to experience some serious growth and suburbia was created which allowed upper/middle class kids to interact only with other kids that have the same economic and social background, thereby paving the way for the spend as much money and act as bored as possible youth revolution. However, I also think that such attitudes change when the environment that fosters such an attitude no longer exists (ie for most kids that is when the parents kick them out to go to college or work, then money becomes tighter and the kid has to come face to face with the question of what are they going to do with their lives(you can see the denial by the way many freshpeople act during their first quarter/semester at school(some of you probably acted this way) by just trying to have one big party and deny reality), however those whose parents are really rich sometimes never learn). So effectively what I am saying is that Gen. X is nothing but a bunch of spoiled rich kids that either stay spoiled and usually do nothing with their lives or get "their act together" (and conform to what society wants them to be, but that is another article) and "succeed" in society (i guess). Which in itself implies that it should not even be considered a generation syndrome because the cycle has always happenned before, except on the level that it now occurs. There is a further twist which relies on the premise that since the media and mainstream society are expecting individuals in the twentysomething generation to act this way, it might become reality. What I am getting at is if kids are told that is how they are supposed to act, a lot of them will act that way and hence the real Generation X will be manufactored and created. It will become twice as likely for Generation X to be created if parents believe all the Generation X propaganda about their kids and allow/support their kids acting that way. As of right now, there is no Generation X in my opinion, just a bunch of kids in their mid to late teens who are spoiled.

(a response to this article can be found in our spring 1995 issue)
interlude

by Mike Blakeney

ONE

Cue theme music (Also Sprach Zarathustra performed on calliope and bongo drums). Fade in to wide-angle aerial of sunrise over a sub-Saharan, African savanna. Fade music, slow zoom on a rock outcrop in the middle of the plain; on the eastern face are several caves, overlooking a sluggish, anemic stream.

As the first rays of sunlight penetrate the darkness of the uppermost cave, a small hominid, a fine, adolescent specimen of Australopithecus africanus, emerges, rubbing his eyes and scratching his testicles. He wanders down the embankment to the stream which marks the boundary of his tribe's territory, and leans down to drink. He rises and walks to the stand of scrubby trees that shades the creek downstream from the cave, and urinates into the water.

Finished, the young man-ape climbs back up the outcrop to the caves where the rest of the Clan still sleeps. The floor of his family's cave is littered with the bones of animals that the Clan has recently begun to hunt and kill for food. Many years ago, the Clan had been forced to subsist on roots and berries, and scraps of gristle from the occasional carcass (when they could beat the vultures and hyenas to it, which wasn't often). Starving, the Clan had been on the brink of extinction.

Then everything had changed.

The Clan is doing well these days. In the days of the Elders' grandparents it was discovered that a wildebeest femur could double as a wicked cudgel. This has revolutionized the clan's way of life. The children of the Clan are much more likely to survive and become adults now that the women are able to devote their time to raising them instead of foraging for food from dawn to dusk. Now a single hunt can supply the Clan with enough food for many days, but that's only the beginning. In her youth, one of the Elders found that when a certain type of black rock was broken in the proper manner, it formed a sharp edge that could be used to scrape the hides of the same animals that provided food. The hides could then be used to carry food or water, or stretched over a frame of branches and used as shelter: a portable cave. This allowed the hunters to remain away from the cave and the stream for many days at a time. More recently one of the hunters, Boulder-Head, has begun using sinew to tie a sharp rock to the business end of his club, enabling him to bring down an antelope alone, sometimes with a single blow.

Rival tribes no longer present a threat; they can be efficiently dispatched when necessary. These unfortunate Others have not advanced as the Clan has. The Others remain at the mercy of forces beyond their control. Many are unable to find enough food to survive, and those that do frequently end up as food for the leopards that once terrorized the Clan. Now, sometimes, the Others will become so
desperate that they will cross the stream that separates their domain from the Clan's. Two or three of them will try to slink into the Clan's caves during the night and carry off one of the antelopes or wild boars that the hunters have brought back from the plains. They are typically beaten to death and thrown back across the stream by the pair of hunters assigned to watch over the kill that night.

Lately, these incursions have been happening less and less frequently; the Others no longer have the strength even to steal food. Each morning, fewer of them come to the stream to drink, until now less than a dozen of the Others remain, competing with the other herbivores for scarce resources, and slowly losing the battle. Soon the Others will not even be an interruption to the Clan's sleeping habits. The Others are about to go the way of the great beasts whose bones are sometimes discovered in the mud after the spring rains wash away the soil. Meanwhile, the Clan is living in the lap of luxury.

Small wonder, then, that most of the Clan has chosen to sleep in today.

TWO

The young hunter's name is Mud-Slinger.

He received his name in the summer of his fourth year, when he found that a handful of muck from the bottom of the stream, when thrown with enough force against the white stone of the outcrop, would make a fascinating pattern of reddish-brown tendrils snaking across the rock. Mud-Slinger was enormously proud of his discovery, and went immediately to show it to his father Skull-Crusher, the leader of the Clan.

On that morning, Skull-Crusher had been attempting to show Sky-Watcher (his elder son) how to grasp a thighbone with both hands, so as to deliver a killing blow. The proper technique, as practiced by the great hunters of the Clan, was to raise the club high over one's head and bring it crashing straight down onto the head of one's prey, thereby turning the prey into a mush of mangled flesh and splintered bone. This system had been recognized as superior to all others since its adoption by the earliest hunters.

Sky-Watcher was simply not catching on. Even after repeated demonstrations of the correct method, the hunter-in-training insisted on bringing the bone back over one shoulder, then swinging it around in a wide horizontal arc at chest level. Skull-Crusher grunted his disapproval, but to no avail. Sky-Watcher had run away with the club, and was swinging wildly at everything in sight. He swung at birds, flies, trees, even a couple of the Elders who happened to be in his path; fortunately, his aim was as bad as his technique.

Finally Sky-Watcher stopped, panting for breath. After a moment's consideration, he picked up a fist-sized stone, tossed it straight into the air, and swung at it. His first swing missed, so he retrieved the rock and tried again, unsuccessfully. Once more, Sky-Watcher threw the rock into the air. This time, as the
rock fell, his swing connected, and the rock sailed over the stream and into the territory of the Others.

Sky-Watcher howled with glee and ran off in search of more fist-sized rocks. Mud-Slinger had been watching all this with fascination, and had almost forgotten why he had come looking for his father. Skull-Crusher had long since given up on his older son, and had joined a group of the Elders when his younger son came running towards the group, gibbering and waving his arms for no apparent reason. Skull-Crusher opened his mouth, but he didn't speak, since there was no expression in his vocabulary meaning "What the fuck...?"

And so, as Skull-Crusher stood slack-jawed, his younger son let fly with a fistful of brown muck, hitting him square in the face.

THREE

Mud-Slinger sees that none of the others are awake yet, and decides that he will go and play by himself until they are. He leaves the cave and begins to make his way to the top of the granite outcrop.

Several trees grow in the pockets of soil and moss that are scattered about the summit. Most of them have been gnarled and stunted by the harsh droughts that has ravaged the land each Summer since before the Elders were born. Lying across the small rocky plateau, however, is the trunk of a tree that had once stood mightily over the others, at least five times the height of the tallest hunter, rooted in a deep pit in the rock. There was a tale that the mothers told their children, that when the Great Tree still stood, you could climb to the top of it at night and touch the moon. This story had been largely discredited, however, when a group of hunters had stayed up late one evening, long past sunset, throwing pebbles at the moon as high as they could manage. Not one of the pebbles had actually hit the moon, and so the hunters came to the conclusion that the moon must be really, really far away.

The hole in the ground where the Great Tree had stood, however, remained an object of fascination for the Clan's children. The hole was about eight feet across at its widest point, and deep enough that the sun's rays only reached the bottom for a short time around noon. The children were strictly forbidden from going near the hole; years ago, during the rainy season, two rambunctious children had drowned in the mud that filled the crevice. Their bodies were not found until the middle of summer, when the water standing in the hole had dried. Their small skeletons were still entangled from when their play-wrestling had carried them to lip of the hole, and they were halfway embedded in the caked mud. Since then, children have not been allowed on top of the outcrop.

Mud-Slinger is not aware of any of this; he only knows that he is not supposed to be here. Standing by the fallen trunk of the Great Tree, the young man-ape decides, in an amazingly complex chain of thoughts that will not be duplicated by any other being for many millennia, that this hole is exactly where he needs to play, right at this very moment.
The pit is shadowed by the low sun. As Mud-slinger approaches, he is able to see farther into it. It is deeper than he expected; at the point where he should have been able to see the dim outline of the hole's muddy floor, there is nothing but blackness. It is as if the bottom has simply fallen out.

Standing at the edge of the hole, looking down, Mud-Slinger is gradually becoming aware of a low rumbling in the distance, although he cannot tell from which direction it comes. As the sound increases in volume, its pitch rises also. Now a deafening scream, the sound seems to have focused on, or rather in, the pit.

Mud-Slinger has fallen to his knees, eyes and ears covered, and when the noise stops, he is unable to hear his own screams over the lingering echoes. Opening his eyes, he briefly wonders why the rest of the Clan hasn't awakened and come to investigate the sound.

Standing in the middle of the pit is a stone which was not there before. Twice as tall as Mud-Slinger's head, the monolith is not like any stone the man-ape has seen before. It is perfectly rectangular, with a narrow groove running down the center of its face. On either side of the groove are long, vertical bars, attached to the stone at each end. The strangest thing about the monolith, though, is its color. It is a shade of green unlike anything that can be found anywhere in the world. At least not in the part of the world where Mud-Slinger lives. The closest comparison he can make is to the color of newly budding leaves in the Spring, but new leaves don't shine like the Stone does.

Fear is being quickly overtaken by curiosity, but Mud-Slinger is still cautious as he approaches the monolith. The air is unnaturally still, but he doesn't notice. His attention is focused on the two thin strips attached to the smooth front of the Stone. They are both just the right size to grasp and pull. Mud-Slinger doesn't know why he wants to pull on the strange boulder; he just does. He reaches out and grabs the handle on the right-hand side.

Almost without effort, the right half of the Stone's face swings open, and Mud-Slinger is blinded by the light that emanates from the space behind it. He suddenly feels as is he is being grasped by a gigantic hand, but he feels no urge to struggle. The green door slams with a deafening thud as Mud-Slinger disappears into the monolith.

Sky-Watcher is the first to wake this morning. Seeing that the rest of his family is still asleep, he decides
Moments later, the entire Clan is awakened by Sky-Watcher's shriek of terror. Skull-Crusher is the first to reach the summit, with the other hunters close behind. Sky-Watcher runs to his father and tries to hide behind him. Skull-Crusher and the others are silent; all eyes are glued to the giant green Stone standing atop the outcrop.

After a time, Skull-Crusher realizes that he should do something; he is the Clan's leader, after all. He lets out a roar and runs toward the Stone with his club held high over his head. He stops short, at what he judges to be a safe distance from the Stone, and bellows a challenge. The Stone does not respond. Tentatively, he approaches the monolith and reaches out to touch it. He grasps the bars on its front and gives them a hard shake. The doors don't budge, and Skull-Crusher makes a hasty retreat. Boulder-Head, wanting to appear as brave as Skull-Crusher, follows his lead and, with a loud grunt, rattles the bars on the green rock. Soon all of the hunters have taken their turn, but still, the monolith remains motionless.

Some of the more courageous children have climbed to the top of the cliff to see what all the fuss is about. One of the older children creeps quietly up behind the group of hunters, and none of them take any notice when the child walks calmly up to the Stone. Ignoring the bars on the front, he walks around to investigate the back of the object. Where the front and sides are a smooth and featureless light green, the back is dull gray, and covered with a dusty mass of tangled wires and pipes. Continuing back around to the front of the monolith, the boy notices a small area near the bottom which is gleaming silver in the morning sun.

Of course the young hunter is not able to read the strange symbols embossed on the monolith, but even if he could, it is unlikely that the word "Frigidaire" would have meant anything to him.
This Was Supposed to be an Article about Marijuana...

by Gavin Guhxe

As the title suggests, my original (to be completed eventually (it is currently evolving)) article was to concern the issue of marijuana legalization and the pros and cons of the whole issue. Since I am still digging through the pro legalization propaganda trying to decipher what is truth and what are half truths, lies and other assorted falsehoods, that article will not be reality for a while. :-(

So what is the purpose of these words that is filling this space that a very small percentage of your activity fees were used to produced? I would have to say that this is an open letter to anybody remotely attached to Georgia Tech in one way or the other. Quite frankly, the North Avenue Review needs a major uplift. NAR (The North Avenue Review) has been rooted in a substandard format for too long. One of the main problems lies with the fact that NAR is viewed as a small clique of people, and in order to write for NAR, you have to be in that clique. That view has to be changed as soon as possible. The North Avenue Review is meant to be a forum for intellectual articles from all viewpoints to be used to make and state arguments. As any readers can tell, the NAR has not been doing anything remotely similar to serious discourse for a long time. Instead the North Avenue Review has been a host to articles which are very condescending and make a mockery of a lot of its readers intelligence (I have been guilty of that (of course writing these articles are fun, but unless you agree with the author, reading such articles become a chore).

The North Avenue Review needs to expand and diversify itself or it will die (it almost did die this year), and in order for it to do that, it requires articles from all sources of information. One area that the NAR has to start focusing more on is the Georgia Tech community. Everybody knows of something that is Georgia Tech related that could use publicity in the form of an good article that actually tries to reveal the intricacies of the situation in depth. Actually, the NAR needs more articles concerning Georgia Tech in general, besides the usual social political droning that we have been providing.

Therefore, in conclusion, I am asking for all interested writers that are willing to write articles for NAR, from all walks of life, to get in touch with us immediately.
Chaos in the City

by Eric Chang

On a dark and ominous mountain, where heaps of fog-ridden air surrounds in circles, lies an inward cave which is hidden to human eyes. For to humans, this is a simple ominous mountain, but to mutants it is home. Here is the home of the super group, the Eradicators. They are a band of super heroes destined to fight for good and eradicate all evil. We will now take you deep inside their lair....

* "Oooh baby, look at how those nuggets shine in that costume."

# "Go to hell Glo-Worm! I'm sick and tired of your sexual harassment. Proton, do something."

+ "I'm sorry Woman with Freezing Powers, but you might consider another costume, because I think the neon pink stripes on the front are what's accentuating your, your, uh, stuff."

# "Oh you men are all alike, strutting your masculine powers on defenseless women like me. I oughta freeze your balls Glo-Worm."

* "Go ahead, I'll just use my mutant powers to melt them. Anyway, at least I have a cool name. You've been with this group for 2 years now, and you haven't even thought of a good super hero name."

# "Too bad you have a wuss mutant power. Who the hell would want to change into a long, slimy mass of jizz and then glow with effervescent light?"

* "Dare you cut down my power! I've saved this team many a time in dark tunnels and caves."

# "Something a simple flashlight would've cured."

+ "My fellow Eradicators, might I remind you that we are a team, and we must not tolerate conflict within the group. This will only slow our progress in giving justice to the world. Now, about your name, Woman with Freezing Powers, we must come up with a super power name soon, for a mutant with great abilities as you needs to have a catchy name. How about 'The Icicle.'"
"But I'm not an icicle, I'm just a woman who has freezing powers."

"How come you can't come up with a name by yourself, Miss Ice Queen, I mean you're the one whose wielding the power in the first place."

"I know, I know. I'm trying, but nothing sounds very good. I'm not very good at thinking of catchy names. It's just that the names that I think of, sound so sappy and not very assertive."

"In due time, young one, in due time."

Just then, the massive computer system Telnet, that the Eradicators base their livelihood on, signals warnings throughout the cave...


"Onscreen, Telnet."

The gigantic rectangular television screen blips on an image of a white Caucasian male dressed in coat and tie, carrying a briefcase of some sort.

"Let him in Telnet, he seems innocent enough."

The computer controlled locks and rods move slowly away from the seven-foot thick steel door that separates the Eradicators from the secular world. As the door turns like clockwork, the man enters into the cave as quickly as possible...

"Hello, Steve Gladney here to see you, and that's Gladney as in Gladney to see you, heh, heh, heh. Well, what I've come here for is to tell you about a little product I have here called the Mephisto. You see the Mephisto is a crazy little thing... blah, blah, blah."

While the salesman gets completely engrossed in his own aura, Proton motions to one of his subordinates, the Leech, to do away with this trifle bit of trash that seemingly glided in.

With lightning speed, the Leech grasps on to the salesman's neck making the salesman's eyes roll back and causing him to sweat profusely. (You see, the Leech's power is to latch on to his formidable foe, sucking the inner evil truths and displaying them for all to hear. The Leech proves once again the power of self-incrimination). All of a sudden words pour forth from his foaming mouth...
"(Gargle, gargle)... I admit it... (snick, snick)... I'm a Republican, I eat sushi, I touched little Billy, I watch Class of '96, I've got the clapper, I have the complete Tony Little Target Training tapes... (ack, ack)... my grandfather is Don Rickles!"

Just then, the salesman melts to the floor, his face red with embarrassment. The Woman with Freezing Powers aims her fingers at his feet hoping to shackle him with ice blocks, but instead, zaps ten rock hard snow balls at his face. The salesman dies from massive head wounds.

# "Oops, did it again."

+ "Oh well, there are too many salesmen on the earth anyway."

* "Where's SuperPoet? He's been gone all day."

With a gust of wind, SuperPoet, the famed laureate of avant-garde vocabulary, floats in from the outside world.

* "Well, speaking of the devil."

& "Oh it's been a long day my treasured little butterflies, reciting poetry into the hearts of evil-doers everywhere. Today, I had to recite 'The Raven' from memory just to keep a boy from mugging this old lady."

+ "Well, did you stop him?"

& "No, he just looked at me quizzically, bashed in the lady's mouth, and ran off with her purse. I'm telling you, being a super hero is tough. No one appreciates your help, and they don't even think that we get tired of helping others, either. I mean, I'm getting old! I can't keep saving the earth from death and destruction. I'm only human...well, sorta human."

* "Here, here. I say we fight for a life of crime, plundering those puny humans, who have weak and feeble bodies. I'm tired of saving people, too, because every time I do, they either laugh at me or try to pour salt on me when I turn into a worm. They just take everything for granted!"
"Hold on fellow Eradicators. Remember, we are the Eradicators. We fight for good and eradicate all evil. We are the staple of the American way of justice, that's why we have pledged to help the people of this earth out of sorrow and pain. Do not forget that my friends.

Now, we have an urgent problem in the streets of the city below us. There has been abnormal activity, where it seems that the white collar office workers have been causing most of the crimes. Burglary, car theft, vandalism, loitering, bank robberies, and even murder, have been committed by the people you would least think of when dealing with criminals. We must go there now."

So, in a flash our super heroes arrive in downtown, where the metropolis is alight with chaos. Cars have been overturned, bodies lie in the streets, buildings have been torn to shreds.

# "Who could have caused all this? Who is responsible for the rape of this city?"

! "It is I my dear."

The foreboding voice comes from a tall, shadowy figure with the height of a giant and the body of a WCW wrestler. He is human, but so strong and powerful that the people are following his every command, his every wish. He seems to be telepathically sending his plan of destruction into every white collar worker in the city.

* "Who the hell are you?"

! "I am the culmination of all those evil powers, the core of darkness, of that which is the base of evil itself -- the U.S. Judicial System! Yes, my futile opponents, I am the mother of all attorneys, I am 'King Lawyer'!"

With his formal introduction out of the way, King Lawyer sends a telepathic energy blast to five stock brokers, who simultaneously run mad at the Eradicators. SuperPoet reacts immediately with 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock.' Three of the five adversaries wince to the ground crying out of shame. The Woman with Freezing Powers glares at the remaining two culprits, sending a sheen of ice, but misses wildly. The ice, though, hits a street lamp causing it to careen on top of the two brokers, breaking both of their backs.

! "Interesting, but still you are no match for me."

& "How you ever passed the bar exam, we'll never know, but I will put an end to this charade now."

By focusing his words and voice directly at King Lawyer, SuperPoet proceeds by chanting his deadliest of poems: 'The Quagmire.'
& "I went a hunting in a quagmire,
    To search for my soul.
    But I tripped over a car tire
    And fell in a hole."

! "Ha, ha, ha, try again beatnik."

& "Slipping sunlight through a portal of mist,
    The time has come for a kind love tryst,
    Where beauty evermore did see,
    To bring the pretty, pretty flowers to thee."

! "Sorry, SuperPoet, but your pansy powers have no effect on (said with an echo) King Lawyer!"

& "What? I don't get it, I even used the right didactics and rhyme scheme!"

! "Now, SuperTulip, it's my turn. Based on the case of Murdock v. Philadelphia, it is unlawful that any purported slander be issued under quotation without the proper consent of the publisher."

& "Aaaaaahhhhhhhhh."

Just then, SuperPoet's body turns void and colorless, as he wilts to the ground.

King Lawyer gives a hearty laugh at the Eradicators, making the Woman with Freezing Powers cower with fear. She panics and crawls to a nearby street corner.

! "Yesssss! I am the most powerful professional with a six-figure salary in the world! Feel the wrath of my primordial brood!

* "Primordial brood? What the hell's he talking about?"

With the signal from Proton, the Leech launches at King Lawyer, firmly attaching to his neck. But what the Leech and the Eradicators do not know is that King Lawyer is evil itself, and self-incrimination will have no effect. King Lawyer rips the Leech off his neck and flings it into a mob of financial analysts. The Leech is so busy attaching to all of them, that he is carried off and drifted away from the team.

Seeing the situation, Glo-worm uses his mutant power to change his mortal body into a mutated form.
* "Hopefully the light from myself will blind him temporarily."

But King Lawyer whips out a pair of $200.00 Ray-Bans and calmly steps on Glo-worm. He is crushed underfoot.

# "All of my teammates are down. I must conquer this fear and help them out. I need to be more assertive and commanding. I must remember that I am an Eradicator!"

With time running short and seeing the predicament of her friends, the Woman with Freezing Powers slowly stands up and overcomes her panic-stricken fear.

# "How dare you! You will pay for my friends! Taste the force of the Woman with Freezing Powers!"

The Woman with Freezing Powers outstretches her arms and changes the air around her into a freezing bolt of ice, and sends it straight at King Lawyer. But the bolt, itself, becomes unstable and melts before it even comes close to her enemy, causing a huge influx of water into the streets to form a minor flood of every building on the block.

! "You imbecile. You might have been a good super hero had you been a little more aggressive. But too bad, I'll have to sue you for all the flood damage that you've done to these buildings, not excluding the damage done to the street lamp, medical costs for those two brokers, worker's compensation for the time they're in the hospital, and not to mention punitive damages, too."

# "Nooooooo!">

The Woman with Freezing Powers dissolves into the saturated streets below her.

! "Ha, ha, ha. I am the most powerful man on earth! I will reign forever, breeding more and more corrupt lawyers like me."

+ "Do not speak so fast, King Lawyer, for you have forgotten the unlocked power of Proton. Although I am aged, I still have the raw and primal force of nuclear power within me to destroy you."

! "Tsk, tsk, old fart. Sec. 36, paragraph B, specifically states that no energy, power, or waste hereof, shall be construed in accordance of the powers that be, without expressed written consent of official federal regulation."
+ "What?"

Just then a burst of energy knocks Proton into the Seven-Eleven on Parkway Drive.

Will our heroes ever regain strength? Are they doomed to serve the almighty and powerful King Lawyer? Find out in next week's episode.
I wrote the following as a stream of consciousness after trying to come out to my parents about my bisexuality. This was posted to alt.sex.bondage, one of the newsgroups I frequent, in early October. Some names have been edited out to protect the innocent.

Where to begin... if you have come this far thanks... if you read any further, well... you belong in an insane asylum. Shit. Parents... can't live with them, and without them I wouldn't be here today. Well, without them I might not be as stressed/depressed as I am today. Why? Well.. many reasons...

Last year I finally realized and became comfortable with the fact that I enjoy BDSM (bondage, discipline, and sadomasochism) and I am bisexual. Fine and dandy, I was happy as a lark. I was finally myself, and I found a great support network around me which smoothed over the rough spots of coming to these conclusions about myself. What, and how to tell my parents about my bisexuality though... that became a problem. You see... everything I do which they don't approve of (piercing ears, etc) is in their eyes, an attempt I have made at hurting / embarrassing them. Regardless of my intent, I did whatever just to piss them off. Fine, I knew this for many years... so when contemplating my nipple piercing I tried to talk to them about it and warn them that it had nothing to do with them, it was my body, my choice, my decorations. Well my mom reacted with, "What are you, a FAGGOT!?" Without missing a beat I said "Well, bi-curious." That was my coming out... well sorta.

This all happened just before Thanksgiving... and when I was home I caught hell all week long. Finally it came down to I am straight and part of the family OR I am a faggot and they want nothing to do with me. So I lied... told them what they wanted to hear to get them off my back. I wasn't happy about it, I hated lying about it, but what could I do.

In the time since then I have become active in the bi community, started the Atlantamunches (a social group for the Atlanta BDSM community), and become very comfortable with who I am and the choices I have made. I am feeling happy and successful with my life... well I was. =-(

My roommate and I took a road trip a few weeks back to the north east US. On my return I called my mom & dad and in our convo they asked if we had stopped at a Cracker Barrel
on our trip (since they line the highways down south). I told her no, and then went into a
discussion about why I boycott CB, etc. (Cracker Barrel has a policy of discrimination
against its gay/lesbian/bisexual employees) This slowly moved into the familiar "queers
deserve no special rights" and "queers have infected the rest of the population with AIDS,
its a gay disease, gonna kill them all." I started getting frustrated and upset, but I couldn't
say my piece because in their eyes I am still straight. Or I was... the next convo we had
was a few days later... mom asked the all important question.. "are you gay or not? Tell
me the TRUTH." So, after warning her that the truth hurts I told her I am bisexual.

Here comes the guilt trip. "I think you are perverted. You are sick, you need to see a
shrink. You make me want to puke. How can I be proud of you?" The last one struck
home.. hard... My parents, who have loved and cared for me for 21 years and supported
me in my endeavors suddenly had nothing to be proud of. No longer did the fact that I was
one of 100 students in the state of Texas to be accepted to a "gifted" school in 1989, or
that I graduated college from the Johns Hopkins University at 19 and a week later I began
working on my Ph.D. in a fully funded doctoral program. No, none of this, or any of my
other lifetime achievements matters any longer. Going to state math and science
competitions when I was younger, awards for swim team competitions less than one year
after being hit by a car and two major surgeries. None of it matters anymore... I am now
reduced to "that bisexual" in my mom's eyes. The son who was once a prized jewel for his
accomplishments is now worthless. Why?

Why the fuck does the fact that I like women AND men make me any different? My life
has not changed, the perception my parents have of my life has now changed. "You are
going to catch AIDS. You are never going to meet another woman who will want to date
you. You will ruin your career. You'll never be happy.. I feel sorry for you." DON'T FEEL
FUCKING SORRY FOR ME! I AM HAPPY NOW! Well, I was happy until this...

My birthday was last week. Right after I came out (again) to my mom. The sum total of
our conversation was, "Hi. Happy Birthday. Goodbye." Last night we talked again, I got
the same shit from her. And then she calls me back over an hour later to tell me how upset
she is with me and that she is not going to speak to me until she is ready. And then she
hung up on me.

Who knows how long it will be... I don't know whether I will ever speak to her again. My
dad is having his 50th birthday in a few months, I was supposed to go home for that, to
help celebrate his half century of life. Last night my mom told me that she doesn't know if
she wants me to come home. She is afraid I will embarrass her.

On top of all this I am being punished... yeah right. I am forbidden to tell anyone of my
sexual orientation. FUCK THAT! I just told 280,000 people worldwide (the estimated
number of readers of alt.sex.bondage) that I AM BISEXUAL! I know it is not quite what
she meant, I am not supposed to tell the family. Why? Are they so immature that they cannot deal with my sexual preferences either? I am proud of who and what I am, if I am asked about my sexual orientation or politics, or confronted with gay jokes, etc, I will speak out. I will not be silenced by my parents who try to oppress me. I will march in Gay Pride, I will wear freedom rings and display a rainbow flag, I WILL NOT BE SILENCED! I am ME, the sum total of all my thoughts and actions, and I am the only one who is responsible for me. Not my parents, not society, not the government, nobody but myself.

I feel it is a real shame that it had to come to this with my parents. They think I hurt them. What about me, can't they see I have been hurt too? This will not just go away by them ignoring it and ignoring me. How can I just make them understand... Is a normal, healthy relationship with your parents to fuckin’ much to ask for? I am beginning to think it is.

Within 6 hours of posting this message I received my first reply from a gay man in Norway. In the few weeks following the post I received more than 50 replies worldwide from people of all walks of life wishing me luck with my parents. I could not possibly thank them all individually, but every reply meant that someone out there cares about me, that I have a community which cares about me...
Helpful Hints for the Financially Challenged Freshman

by Julian Collier

food

one thing that gets really expensive is food. it's almost as bad as having pets. vending machines are the most convenient. but to survive all the stress around here, you have to eat real food occasionally. eating out is almost as easy as a vending machine, but it gets expensive real quick. the most economical way to eat is to buy or rent a fridge. you can usually manage to bum a ride, or take marta to the grocery store and stock up on cheap food for a week or so, depending on how big your fridge is. most of the dorms have microwaves and stoves, so you can nuke those 37 cent frozen burritos. or, if you have lots of free time you might even try doing your own cooking. frozen dinners are a lot easier, though. quicker to cook, no dishes to wash.

you can save even more money if you are careful at the grocery store. you can pay 5 bucks for a tv dinner if you aren't watching. check the specials. grocery stores often put cheap priced tags beside expensive items, to fool you into buying them. read the bar codes on the shelf tags, compare them to the code on the product so you know what you're paying. some good sources of nourishment are peanut butter, frozen burritos, eggs, pasta, cereal, candy bars (these are much cheaper from the store than from a vending machine), and of course your favorite carbonated caffeinated beverage. if you are a chocolate addict, generic semi-sweet chocolate chips are cheap, and really potent chocolate.

if you're really slick you might can get by with hiding a toaster in your dorm room. then there's a whole world of toaster food you can enjoy-- pop tarts, frozen pancakes, waffles, and even toast, for recovering from those alcohol-induced digestive disorders. Remember to stay healthy by getting the proper nutrition. See Figure 1 for the suggested balance of food groups.

financial aid

there is no such thing as a financial aid office. that would be too logical. it's called the Office of Student Financial Planning And Services (or something like that). quite a mouthful, and they live up to it. be prepared to stand in line for hours, and when you finally get to the window they tell you you've been standing in the wrong line. be prepared to meet delays and miscommunication at every step. the most important thing is to be polite to the Student Financial Planning And Services employees. you will usually get your money eventually, if you're polite. believe it or not, the OSFPS is much more organized and efficient now than it was a couple of years ago. they get better every quarter.
watch out for those stafford loans. the lenders take out a huge chunk of the money you think you're borrowing, just for the hell of it. hundreds of bucks off each check. then they expect you to pay back the money they never gave you, plus interest. the good news is, if you get a subsidized loan you don't have to worry about payments until you graduate -- or drop out.

the financial aid process will go a little easier if you meet all the deadlines. turn in all your forms on time, with all the blanks filled in. remember to log onto the financial aid computer every quarter by the deadline, to confirm your attendance.

books

you can save lots of money on books if you look around and find used ones. the engineer's and west campus bookstores usually have more used books than the main bookstore, but check all three before buying a new book. on a typical quarter, you can save more than fifty bucks if you buy all used books. and individuals sell books, too, usually even cheaper than bookstore used prices. check the ad board in the student center and posters around campus. if you're not planning to use the book much, go in with somebody else in the class to buy the book, so each of you only pays half price. studying is easier if the person you share the book with lives near you.

then you can sell your books when you're done with them, make some money back. check to be sure you won't need them again, though. some calculus and physics classes, for example, use the same books for up to five quarters. the most profitable way to sell your books is to other students. the bookstore buys used books, but they don't pay very much.

this has been a few pointers about getting by without much money. hopefully they will help you, but remember money isn't everything. you won't have any fun if you worry about money too much. you can always find more somewhere, somehow. where? how? i'm afraid that will have to wait for another time... when i have figured out the answers to those questions.
N.A.R. Restaurant Guide

by Tom Kemp

(Tom Kemp is a full-time restaurant patron and a part-time restaurant reviewer. His reviews may be read in finer magazines and publications everywhere.)

Where to eat. It's a question we ask ourselves daily. It can be a divisive and confusing issue, especially when you're new to town (ie., our beloved Tech Freshmen). So here to help you find at least a few dens-of-mastication that are to your satisfaction is your handy, dandy, friendly NAR Restaurant Guide.

Cheap-o Dives You'll Love

Tortillas

Located on Ponce De Leon Avenue across from the Clairmont Lounge and the Ponce Kroger, Tortillas serves up great San Francisco style burritos and quesadilas. The Super Burrito is huge in any form (bean & cheese, chicken, shrimp, broccoli, etc.), weighing in at close to three pounds! All prices are competitive with your neighborhood soup kitchen, starting at around $2.00 and going as high as $5.00. Even a student on the tightest budget can afford Tortillas.

Frijoleros

Located on Peachtree Street near the 10th Street intersection, Frijoleros was the third place I ate after coming to Georgia Tech. Good food, Frijoleros serves Mexican fare in a style that mixes San Francisco, Texas, and Mexico cuisine (go figure...). I always get the large Barbecue Chicken Fajita (it's huge!), but other good dishes include the Bean Man's Special and Big Nachos. With cheap prices, you can always get out of Frijoleros for under $6.00.

Eats

Owned by the same folks that run Tortilla's, Eats specializes in pastas, vegetables, and jerked chicken. Located on Ponce De Leon, about one-quarter of a mile west of Tortilla's (across from City Hall East), Eats gives you something known in the trade as "cheap bulk food, NOW!" Never too long a wait, with portions to stuff even the heartiest eaters (like me), Eats is the place to go when you want cheap pasta or lots o' vegetables. Cheap prices galore.
Junior's Grill

Located right here on our very own campus, Junior's Grill has been a Georgia Tech tradition for nearly 50 years. Choices include a wide variety of fresh vegetables, three different entrees daily (including vegetarian choices), hamburgers, and grilled cheese sandwiches. Run by Tommy Klemis and his family, Junior's is only open for breakfast and lunch. There's always a wait between 11:00 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. Prices range from $3.00 to around $5.00.

Fellini's

Located all across town (Little Five Points, Ponce De Leon, Peachtree Street in lower Buckhead), Fellini's doles out thin-sliced & Sicilian style pizza along with calzones and other goodies. The salads are the best pre-mades in the city. Lots o' good beer on tap, including Bass and Rolling Rock. You can stuff yourself for $6.00.

The Majestic

The first place I ate after coming to Georgia Tech, this all-night diner is located on Ponce De Leon near the intersection of N. Highland. Your dining clientele will vary greatly depending on whether you're dining during the night or during the day (go at night when you feel frisky). All the usual fare of a Greek diner, The Majestic serves up everything from chicken livers to hamburgers to a grilled cheese sandwich. The price of a meal ranges from around $4.00 to $7.00.

Nuevo Laredo Cantina

Located on Chatahoocee, about 2 miles off of Howell Mill Road (ask somehow how to get there), Neuvo Laredo Cantina serves good Mexican at good prices. Lots of vegetarian choices, the meals are big and the sauce for your chips is unlike any other in the city. Prices range from $5.00 to around $8.00.

Restaurants at the Usual Price

Murphy's

Murphy's is an in-town Atlanta tradition. Located at the corner of Virginia and N. Highland, Murphy's serves everything from pastas to sandwiches to Italian Spinach Meatloaf. Good for either their take-out deli or a sit-down meal, Murphy's food is consistently very good. Be sure and try their vegetarian chili. Meals range from $5.00 to around $12.00.
Everybody's Pizza

Located both in Virginia Highlands and near the Emory campus, Everybody's pizza is some of the best in town. Gourmet pizzas for every taste, Everybody's toppings include artichoke hearts, chicken, sun-dried tomatoes, and your usual assortment of pizza goodies. Their pizza salads are not to be missed, nor are the pizza-crisps. Good selection of beer on tap, including Guinness and Anchor Steam. Prices range from $8.00 to $13.00.

Houston's

Located across town, my favorite location is the Houston's on Peachtree near Bennett Street (lower Buckhead). Always good, Houston's specializes in hearty meals. Entrees include various chicken dishes, prime rib, and fillet mignon. The Caesar Salad is big and good. Always a long wait on Friday and Saturday nights. Priced from around $11.00 to $18.00.

Pasta da Pulcinella

Pasta da Pulcinella is a new restaurant located next door to Frijoleros on Peachtree Street. They serve up some of the best Italian in the city. Everything from raviolis to linguine to lots of special pastas, da Pulcinella uses homegrown recipes compiled by its chefs. Their sauces are fabulous. Prices vary from $5.00 to around $10.00. Basically, it's a gourmet meal without the overhead of a gourmet restaurant.

Honto's

Not much on decor, Honto's has the best Chinese (Hong Kong style) in town! Over 160 truly original dishes to choose from, be prepared to try something new. THIS food is nothing like your everyday buffet Chinese. Be sure and have the chicken with black bean sauce. Located way up and off of Peachtree Street on Chamblee-Dunwoody Road. Prices vary from $8.00 to $13.00.

Silver Spoon

Various locations, I always prefer to visit the Silver Spoon at Phipps Plaza. The wait is never too long and the food is always pleasing. Different choices abound, from pizzas to pastas to soups and salads. Their chicken and fish dishes are consistently good. The ice tea, made with oranges, is great. Try their spinach dip for an appetizer. Prices range from $9.00 to $13.00.

Mick's

All over town, my favorite Mick's is the one located on Peachtree Street just south of North Avenue (across from Crawford Long Hospital). Always consistent, always good and filling, Mick's serves up specialty hamburgers, pastas, and some really excellent milk shakes. Can be crowded after a show at the
Fox Theatre. Almost all meals are priced around $10.00.

**French Quarter Food Shop**

Located next door to The Stein Club on Peachtree Street (near the 10th Street intersection), French Quarter Food Shop specializes in, you guessed it, Cajun-Creole cuisine. The po-boys are great, especially the shrimp and oyster po-boy. The jambalya and gumbo are good, too. Be sure and get a Dixie beer when you visit. Priced from $7.00 to $12.00.

**Einstein's**

Named after the great man himself, the walls are covered with mathematical equations you'll be able to crack in a minute (after all, you are part of the Tech community). Located on Juniper between 11th and 12th Streets, Dishes include sandwiches of all types and wonderful specials of the day. The food is very hearty; I usual have to take some of my dinner home for later eating. Meals vary from $8.00 to $13.00.

**Camille's**

Known as "calamari central," Camille's is located on Virginia Avenue near the intersection of Amsterdam Avenue. Good Italian in the Brooklyn-style, Camille's and her customers love their calamari. Lots of food, especially with an appetizer. Service can be quirky, but don't let that keep you away. Prices range from $10.00 to $15.00.

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**Save Up for This Dinner**

**Dailey's**

Located downtown on International Boulevard, Dailey's is a favorite restaurant of mine. Owned by the same people that own Mick's, Dailey's serves continental fare that's not off the deep end. Some of favorite entrees include sesame shrimp, chicken stuffed with spinach and pistachio nuts, and the grilled sword fish. The desert bar is enormous and a sure-fire heart stopper (try the fried ice cream!). Meals vary from $15.00 to $25.00.

**A Country Place**

Also owned by the same folks that own Mick's, A Country Place is located on Peachtree Street near the intersection of 14th Street. Good continental food, A Country Place is a step between Mick's and Dailey's. The deserts are great, including an apple-caramel pie and the Mile High Pie. Prices range from
Atlanta is a bargain city when it comes to restaurants. These are just a few of my favorites. Go out and find your own favorite restaurants and spread the word on what you like and on what you don't like.

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