Hello reader,

I am happy to bring you this brief May issue of North Avenue Review. After printing the extended Fall issue and with the economy dragging everything down to the bottom of the cliff where it resides, we had to cut Spring short a bit (shouldn’t be too unusual for Georgia residents). It may be short, but this issue certainly is sweet with some juicy stories to satisfy your cravings for wit and humor.

This issue of NAR highlights it’s staff members who traveled across the big pond to countries about which most of the US population only dreams. I myself am writing, editing, and compiling from the heart of Southeast Asia: Singapore. I have spent the semester at the National University of Singapore surrounded by students of cultures very different from the Bible belt. I have met a Batik artist, watched a Javanese puppet show, eaten the juiciest mangoes in the world, wandered through more temples than I can recount, and woken on the peak of a volcano to a prayer call. Oh yea, and occasionally I study Communications and New Media. I’ve gone on many adventures, most of which I never knew could exist until I got off a plane half way around the world.

In all my travels, I think the most important thing I have learned is how young and how insignificant I really am. There are so many other religions than my own, so many other political parties than what I follow, and so many other cultural and family traditions older and richer than what I have known. It’s so easy to get wrapped in your own bubble of personal relationships, finals studying, and consequences of binge drinking last Friday night. It’s important to remember there is a bigger world than Midtown Atlanta, and I’m not talking about Marietta.

Despite my rantings on appreciating the bigger picture, I do want to wish you the best of luck in your finals, your tests, your papers, your thesis, etc. I hope you soon-to-be-graduates escape the market downfalls and find the career paths you always hoped to have. I’ll be returning as the editor of NAR in the Fall. I look forward to bringing you another well-opinionated issue!

Warmest regards,
Stephanie Lyons | gtnar.editor@gmail.com

photos of Indonesia  Stephanie Lyons
People say college changes you. If only I knew how much college changes you when I came in as a freshman. Before I arrived at Georgia Tech I was a pretentious asshole with a high opinion of himself who viewed the majority of people I interacted with in the world as idiots. Now, close to one college diploma later, I’m a pretentious asshole with a high opinion of himself who views the majority of people I interact with in the world as idiots and I have stress problems and an addiction to checking my email. Thanks GT.

I’ve spent five long, occasionally agonizing years at this school getting a smorgasbord of knowledge shoved into the space between my ears. Some of it has been useful, some of it has been fun, and most of it has been quickly flushed down the toilet at the end of the semester—along with a deluge of alcohol. I’m about ready to get out of this place, if only so I can sober up. Not that it’s been bad or unpleasant (the correct adjective is probably nightmarish) but I’m just getting sick of doing the same wake up, go to class, don’t pay attention, get B’s anyway routine over and over again.

At lot of majors at Tech teach you something practical, or at least give you skills that will get you hired. I started my career as a college student in one of these majors: Computer Science. In class, I learned that I lacked two things necessary to being a successful programmer: I lacked the knowledge of computer programming theory that would get me hired by companies and I lacked a disregard for personal hygiene. One of these I gained, and it wasn’t the option that involved a neckbeard. The skills I learned as a computer science major got me hired as a co-op at Southern Regional Education Board, where I learned all the practical applications of computer programming theory (AKA: How to program something useful and manage a database). More importantly, after three semesters of Co-OPPING, I realized that I did not want to sit in a cubicle all day long writing code.

It was around this time—when I realized that sitting in a cubicle for eight to twelve hours a day is about as thrilling as, well, sitting in a cubicle for eight to twelve hours a day—that Georgia Tech killed Bill Nagel. Stress caught up, reality was questioned, and the student that entered Georgia Tech in 2005 perished—metaphorically anyway. I began wondering why I was studying computer science, why I was a Christian, why I didn’t do drugs, why I lived the way I lived, why I kept certain friends, and just why in general. Why wasn’t something I learned in GT1000! (Fun Fact: I never took GT1000, but I was a TL. I still didn’t learn anything important, not even in the mandatory TL training class that taught veteran TL’s nothing new.)

Lesson Number 1: College is a great time to stop and ponder the why of your life. You have 3-10 years to coast on mom and dad’s money and figure out how and why the world works.

So, not knowing what to do with my life or why to do it, I signed up for the STaC program, which is a great program if you have no clue what you want to do with your future! If you’re actually looking for a cohesive, comprehensive skill set, look elsewhere. I’m not saying I didn’t enjoy my time as a STaC major— I loved it! I got to spend a lot of time reading, writing, and thinking. I got to spend a lot more time listening to my professors ramble on and on as if their thoughts were moving so quickly that it was a struggle for their mouths to keep pace. I heard several interesting lectures as a STaC major— if you think having a calculus professor you can’t understand sucks, try sitting through a lecture on the psychological implications of poop without laughing or vomiting or vomiting while laughing. (Fun Fact: I’ve heard this lecture twice in two different classes taught by the same professor.)

I enjoyed most of the classes I took, or at least, I was good enough at writing essays to get a B in the class. I did learn a lot of random information that sort of fit into the vague, holistic, puzzling idea of the program if you jammed the pieces together hard enough. I did not learn anything useful or practical, at least not directly. STaC is like a psychology major that skips the whole psychology part and examines how people and societies
act around technology. STaC is like a philosophy major that focuses on the implications of our use of technology (two words: robot apocalypse). STaC is like an English degree without the English. Cool subject matter, complete lack of a useful skill set if you’re a normal person searching for job security after college.

Lesson Number 2: STaC is a great major if you need to do some soul-searching in college and you don’t want to transfer to a lesser school. It’s all the fun of a liberal arts degree with a beautiful Bachelor of Science designation on the diploma. If you’re looking for skills to get you hired, look elsewhere.

Realizing that I was facing a future of zero marketable skills- short of the ability to write tremendous amounts of bullshit in a short, coffee-and-panic filled amount of time- I decided that wasn’t a bad idea. I’m excellent at writing tremendous amounts of bullshit in a short amount of time! (Fun fact: I wrote my entire senior thesis in one night and got an A in the class.)

So I started writing. I wrote for NAR (It’s tons of fun, the staff meetings are more enjoyable than the Technique meetings, and you get to write about whatever you want! Email gtnar.editor@gmail.com if you want to replace me- my editor would love it). I joined a freelance conglomerate and I wrote hundreds of how-to articles for sites like Ehow.com and Answerbag. I wrote two full-length novels and about a dozen short stories. I wrote two murder mystery dinner parties and co-hosted them both. I kept several personal journals. I wrote a travel blog while I studied abroad. I wrote several short screenplays and directed all but one of them. I edited and published one of my novels, Flight of the Giallo, online under a Creative Commons License; it was successful enough that I’m currently in the process of getting it published in print. I hand-wrote letters to my grandmother and sent them through the mail (Look up “Snail Mail” on Wikipedia if you were born during or after 1990 and have no clue what I’m talking about)

Lesson Number 3: You can write a 300+ page novel in 20 days. You can make several thousand dollars in a few weeks with less than five hours of work per day, as long as it’s hard work. You can write satire for a school paper and get away with it. You can become the favorite grandchild by writing your grandmother an actual letter. You can write your entire senior thesis and an eight page paper for another class in a single night if you have enough coffee, adrenaline, and focus.

Once I began writing, I realized that I was slowly but surely finding the answers to all of the why questions that had bombarded me. Some of the answers made sense, and some of the answers didn’t make sense. As I found more answers, I realized that the way I acted, thought, and behaved was changing. I found a better religion. I cut way back on the drugs. I accepted the fact that the opening song of Avenue Q (What Do You Do With a BA in English?) was inevitably going to describe my life if I went looking for a job and decided once and for all that I was going to make it as a writer. I kept some friends, I lost some friends, and I made some new friends. I figured out how and why the universe works.

More importantly, I realized why I am, why I do what I do, and what I want to do with my future. I became a significantly different person.

Lesson Number 4: If you have questions about how and why the world works the way it does, the answers will not come overnight, but they will come eventually if you ask the questions loudly and frequently and listen closely. You’ll also find that elusive missing link known as purpose.

Finally, as my time at Georgia Tech began drawing to a close, my mind started working frantically to cram every bit of information I learned during and before college into one nice neat package. It’s working overtime to make sure that everything is sequestered and stored away for easy access once I graduate, because I’m not going to have the time to ponder life, the universe, and everything once I get out of Tech. I’m going to have to work my ass off to survive in the cutthroat, adventurous waters of freelancing writing. I’ve got a third novel scheduled for creation in June or July of 2010, and it’s going to get me a full ride to grad school in 2011. I’ve got stories to tell, I’ve got places to go, and I don’t have time to stop and think about it.

So into the box goes twenty-three years of knowledge and experience. Into the box goes lectures on computer science and booze. Into the box goes several nights where I had just way too much booze. Into the box goes lessons on the impact of technology on Victorian literature and how that relates to the development of language in prehistoric man. Into the box goes everything I’ve ever learned about the silly stuff you can believe as long as it’s called religion, and this includes my own silly beliefs. Into the box goes several different types of psychedelic drugs (Fun Fact: If you think you’re ready to try psychedelic drugs, you’re not ready). Into the box goes everything I won’t have time to worry or think about but might possibly need on hand for quick reference in a future of writing novels and short stories.

And the fun thing is, I’m enjoying the packing! I’ve finally figured out what I’ve got to do to get it together. I’m keeping the fun and the useful stuff; the useless is staying in the dorm room, the apartment, and the rental house. I don’t need it, and it’s not like the landlord is giving me my security deposit back. Bill Nagel was killed by Georgia Tech, and I’m leaving him behind.

Lesson Five: There comes a time when everyone must grow up, so grow a pair of testicles (or ovaries, if you’re of the female persuasion) and get on with it. College is three to ten years of free time to find yourself, figure out what you want to do with your life, and finish your personal development. The real world doesn’t give a damn about giving you time to find yourself. After college, you’re going to be too tired just trying to survive the bills, the rent, the insurance, and the twelve hour work days- if you can even find a job in this economy. College is a time to develop, so stop wasting your time and learn something, even if what you learn isn’t taught in class.

Editor’s Note:
Bill Nagel is graduating May 2010. NAR would like to congratulate Bill and wish him luck in his pursuits of a writing career.
Why I Don’t Want to Graduate

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I’m enjoying myself immensely as this final semester of my life as a student spirals to a halt. I’m taking six hours. One of my classes is an art class where I’m learning how to make art, and the other is a free elective I’ve chosen to fill with Personality Theory. I’ve only got two tests and three art portfolio reviews between myself and May 8. (Fun Fact: I have 4 day weekends every week this semester.)

But I’m not looking forward to graduation.

I should clarify that the actual getting out part is going to be awesome. I can’t wait for May 8 because it means I’ll no longer be a student. It’s the actual ceremony, and the process that leads up to it, that sucks.

First and foremost, graduation sucks because if you want to walk, you’ve got to get the new, $60 cap and gown that you will wear a grand total of once. The gown is not made of silk or other high-quality fabric, and it has two lovely, bright yellow Institute seals right smack dab on the nipples, demonstrating once and for all that engineers have no fashion sense. The cap is perhaps the dumbest looking thing a person could ever place on their head short of a RAT cap or a live chicken. (Fun Fact: $60 is too much to pay for a cap and gown, but nowhere near the outrageous $850 that PhD candidates pay for their graduation robes!)

After you’ve purchased and donned your silly looking outfit, you get to sit in the Coliseum for a few hours while the administrators and some random old guys give tediously dull speeches about the economy, how hard it is to find jobs and make a decent wage in this market, and why you should donate your money to the Alumni Association after going into severe debt to finance your education. (Fun Fact: I don’t care about football points.)

Finally (and this is directed at the students), the graduating class is declared graduated and a grand total of two students throw their ugly caps in the air. This is the stereotype of graduation! It’s not like you’re going to wear the cap again once it’s over! The students last semester barely even cheered. After 3-10 years at Georgia Tech you’d think that the graduates getting out would at least want to release a pent-up scream of rage. If you’re graduating in May I fully expect to see a bit of celebration and ugly cap throwing when you’re officially declared done.

Personally, I think the graduation ceremony should be updated from the archaic, medieval tradition most colleges follow. Why bother with the long, tedious process of name calling? Take some pictures of the students and throw their faces and names up on a big screen one by one while the students and parents enjoy some catering and booze courtesy of the Institute. It’s not like the Institute couldn’t show just an eensy bit of thanks for those three to ten years of hard work, tuition money, and fees. The students, parents, and professors could mingle while the boring speakers gave their talks, and people could come and go at their leisure. Best of all, nobody would have to wear an ugly cap and a gown with bright yellow nipples or listen to their name get butchered by a white guy with no qualifications to pronounce names longer than six letters.

But what can I do about it? The parents are flying into town from New York to watch me make that ten second walk across the stage with a fake diploma in my hands, so I’ll be making sure that my MP3 player is fully charged so I can jam out while pretending the boring old guy giving a speech is actually lip synching rah-rah-ah-ah-ah roma-romama GaGa ooh-lala for thirty minutes. (Fun Fact: I hate pop music, but The Fame should have won more Grammy Awards.)

I’ll sit through the ceremony for the sake of my parents getting to cheer for ten seconds, but it doesn’t mean I have to pay attention.

“Commencement is a special event for all involved. Please show respect for everyone who has come to share in the experience. Individuals who engage in inappropriate or disruptive behavior will be removed from the event. All cell phones and pagers must be turned off before entering the event facility and must remain turned off throughout the entire ceremony. Please show respect for other graduates by remaining in your seat until the end of the ceremony.

Absolutely no alcoholic beverages are allowed in or around the ceremony area. Anyone violating this code will be removed from the event.”

-GT Commencement

http://capandgownstore.com/doctoralpics/doctoralrobe.jpg
Clueless and in Need of Travel Tips? Saro Khatch to the Rescue!

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Many students depart for study abroad programs with the intention of backpacking or travelling to different countries surrounding their host country. But does anyone really know what they’re getting themselves into? To give eager adventurers some tips for their travels, experienced backpacker, Saro Khatch, offers his first hand experiences and advice from his travels through South East Asia. Saro is a Canadian exchange student at National University of Singapore who has been in South East Asia for a short duration of two months and has already been to Bintan, Indonesia, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, and has gone touring across Southern Thailand, and has many more excursions planned for the rest of his stay. I had the pleasure of interviewing him in the canteen of Prince George’s Park Residences, where his dorm is located at NUS. So if you’re getting ready to embark on a study abroad program and have no idea what to expect from your weekend getaways around the world, here are some basic guidelines that could help you succeed in surviving safely and happily.

MIF: So what are some good ideas for people who are backpacking?

SK: Always have a credit card with you so you don’t ask your friends to bail you out when you run out of money. Keep your passport in your packet, if you have a small bag and you leave your big bag in the hostel and you travel with your small bag, put your passport in that small bag, don’t leave it at the hostel. Always, if possible, leave your stuff locked up in the hostel.

(MAfter a small pause)

SK: If you are drunk and you’re a guy and you start craving the attention of a female, be careful what you do to satisfy that craving because traveling in the developing world can be problematic in that area…

MIF: And good ideas for travelers?

SK: Good ideas? If you’re backpacking especially, don’t get separated from your backpack. I learned firsthand that sleeping on a night ferry with your backpack at the front of your boat while you’re sleeping at the back of the boat will result in the loss of your IPhone. Also, don’t give your camera to your friends when they are under the influence of alcohol because they might not know it but they could be in the ocean with your camera in their pocket.

MIF: Who are good people to travel with?

SK: If I’m around I’m definitely a good person to travel with. If not, someone who looks like me. Look for someone with broad shoulders, facial hair, and someone who you think you could be safe with.

MIF: What is your advice for someone in a state of emergency, i.e. what would you do if you feel like you’re in danger?

SK: Go where there’s people in sight, um scream as loud as you can, throw money at them… if you think they want to rob you.

MIF: What has been your worst mistake while traveling?

SK: (with a slight chuckle) For those of you traveling to [the areas of] Southern Thailand, beware of a thing called fire jump rope. When it gets late at night and all the tourists are drunk off buckets of alcohol, the local Thai people decide that they want to douse a huge rope in gasoline and light it on fire so drunk tourists can jump rope with this rope of fire. What they don’t realize is once you start jumping the rope, they go faster and faster until you get burnt, so there’s no way out of it…. My friend got the worst end of it. So be careful of that. So that was probably the biggest mistake I made… and giving my camera to my friend who decided to go swimming with it.

MIF: And what about your best travel experience?

SK: Probably in Ko Phi Phi, going to Maya Beach or taking the tour by Long Boat going around the small islands, probably the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen in my life: breathtaking views, sunset, sunrise, all that… it’s like paradise on earth and I don’t think there’s a place like it on earth.

At the end of the interview, Saro offered a final piece of crucial advice: “For anyone who’s traveling, my number is 85248816. So if you’re looking for someone responsible, good-looking, romantic, with broad-shoulders, give me a call and I look forward to escorting you on your next backpacking expedition. If you’re a guy, I have a friend named Matthew Jacobs and his number is 94694729… please contact him.”

For more advice? Apart from contacting Saro directly, he also recommends Lonely Planet’s Golden Bible for traveling through South East Asia for tips on where to stay and places to see, stating that he has taken many suggestions from the Golden Bible and has been “quite content”.
Saro Khatch’s Top 5 Items to Bring Travelling:

1) Passport’s obvious
2) money’s obvious
3) Camera is a definite
4) Walking shoes or running shoes only b/c you never know when you’re gonna take a hike up a volcano or a mountain or through the jungle and flip flops just don’t cut it
5) Plenty of underwear, because if you’re a guy and it’s 40 degrees (Celsius) outside and you’re going for a long walk... there’s a lot of perspiration in a lot of areas of your body that you haven’t even discovered yet until you go traveling.

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For someone who had never been out of the country, I had quite the eye-opening experience over winter break. I was given the opportunity to attend an environmental conference hosted by the American Society of Civil Engineers in Chennai, India. Georgia Tech has a fund through the school of Civil Engineering for such international travel experiences. Three of us – Justin Hwa, Glenn Skawski and I – applied for and received an award from the fund. We planned our trip to India for January 4-10, 2010 to attend the 3rd Annual International Perspective on Current and Future State of Water Resources and the Environment conference. The conference was very interesting and valuable, and the people we met there were fascinating. But our experiences outside the conference were just as memorable.
The trip began in a frenzy. Glenn and I were flying from Newark into Mumbai, India, where we had a one-night layover on the way to Chennai. Justin was flying in from Taiwan. Glenn was beginning to feel ill at the Newark airport and at the last second decided not to risk the flight. As we took off I realized that Glenn had our itinerary; I had no information about flights, hotels, or transportation. I was two-days sleep deprived, having spent almost 48 frantic hours trying to work around flights cancelled because of snow. I arrived in Mumbai at 10:40 pm, completely alone and terrified. Luckily, Justin was also at the Mumbai airport with information about our hotel. Glenn was able to join us in Chennai a couple of days later.

The day after Glenn arrived we met bright and early, eager to see the city. We grabbed a rickshaw to take us to a place that was recommended by a book Glenn had. Knowing nothing about India we decided to follow the book. The rickshaw drove for awhile and then just stopped and let us off in an area that I probably would have deemed unsafe were it not for the book. We began walking. We had no destination in mind; we just wanted to experience what was here.

The conference hotel was located in a very nice part of town. This area was much different. The streets were narrow, not suitable for cars. There was trashed piled high in and along the roads. My only Indian knowledge was from the movie Slumdog Millionaire, and by those standards I would consider this the “slums”. People seemed to be wandering aimlessly. The buildings along the roads were clearly shops, but since it was 7:00 am, not much was open. We were the only non-Indians around. As we walked we noticed people were staring at us, which made me kind of uncomfortable. I was glad that Glenn was with me. He seemed to garner more respect as we walked.

We saw a snack shop that was open called “Tasty n Tasty.” I made a joke about the name, but was then shocked and slightly concerned when Glenn decided he was going to get something from this shop that had flies buzzing all around, especially after all the vaccinations we had and warnings we’d received. He decided on a smoothie; I suggested pomegranate and he went with it, hoping he wouldn’t actually eat it. The ice was made from tap water, and the dish wasn’t washed with soap, just rinsed in the sink. I could see Glenn cringe. When we walked out and he said wasn’t sure he wanted it anymore. I laughed because I knew that was coming. Oh, inevitability.

As we continued walking more shops began to open. I needed to do some post-Christmas shopping for friends at school, so we ventured into all the little jewelry shops, of which there were a ton! Some were right along the roads, others were down side streets; some were inside and upstairs, others felt like they were in tunnels. At one store the Indian man selling the jewelry spoke some English. He asked us where we were from. When we told him the U.S. he got very excited because he was shipping jewelry to “Hau-stun!” What is Haustun? He showed us the address he was shipping to and sure enough it was ‘Hau-stun’, Texas. I recognized the area code because some of my family lives there. In fact, I’d been in Houston just the week before. I laughed when the man told us that was the Indian way to say ‘Houston’. We began walking. We had no destination in mind; we just wanted to experience what was here.

As the streets began to come alive around 10:00 am, I noticed that people on the side of the road had started looking at us differently, and had actually started smiling. I began feeling very comfortable and very welcomed. People asked us to take pictures of them; they were so nice when they asked. Then they would want to see the pictures. One man started doing crazy poses for us. I actually got him on video. He was confused at first when I held the camera up for so long, and he just held his pose. Then he realized it was a video camera and started dancing.

I started to get a feel for what life was like for the people we saw. The living conditions were terrible. The entire area was unsanitary, with trash piled everywhere and animal droppings covering the streets. Bugs were crawling and buzzing around the food. There were also animals all over the place – chickens, cows and birds just everywhere! Most of the cows looked like they hadn’t been fed in a long time. And so many people! There are 18 million people in Chennai alone. The population density is crazy. Yet, the people we saw and met seemed happy. They continued to smile and got excited to see us.

We turned down a street that looked emptier than the ones we had been wandering. The buildings looked a little more professional. Maybe they were doctor’s offices? Maybe police buildings? Then we saw one with big double doors standing wide open. We crept up to the doors and stared in. It looked like a school, and there was some kind of presentation going on. A group of men in matching white shirts was standing up at the front, one of whom was holding a microphone and giving a speech. A large group of school children, dressed in uniforms, was sitting on the floor along the right-hand wall. The girls were closer to the front of the room and the boys were in the back, separated by what seemed to be a large bookcase. There were rows of chairs set up in front of the presenters where the teachers were sitting, and the people in the front row had stethoscopes as if they were doctors. We assumed they were.

We watched in fascination. This was a real Indian school! I felt a little awkward standing at the door and peering in, but I really wanted to see what was going on. So we stayed to observe. Next thing I knew, however, the man holding the microphone was making eye contact with me. He made a gesture to Glenn and me, and I started to back away nervously. Maybe we were watching something important and private that we shouldn’t disturb. But to my surprise, he was gesturing for us to come in. Glenn and I exchanged nervous glances, then decided “what the heck!” We might only travel to India once, right?

As we walked in, the entire room exploded with applause. We were rushed to the front row where two doctors stood up for us to take their seats. I was in shock. Why were we being treated like this? Did they think we were someone else, someone of importance? I felt incredibly uncomfortable, but at the
Mistake Leads to Creation of 25 Year Plan

The President’s Office has recently embarked on an ambitious project to create a 25-Year Plan for Georgia Tech’s future. In a bit of an embarrassing mix-up, President Peterson announced the beginning of a “25 year-plan” during his Investiture Address several months ago after incorrectly reading the much more practical “2.5 year plan” scribbled on the notes for his speech. “I thought the dot was just an erasure when I was reading the speech, and only realized it was a period afterwards,” said President Peterson. He added, “I wanted a 2.5 year plan because I really was just looking to put Spring Break on the calendar for the next few years, but now here we are planning for the year 2035 because of my mistake.”

In the wake of this seemingly minor faux pas, several teams have been formed, polls have been taken, and faculty has been surveyed to outline a strategic plan. Predicting and planning for the year 2035 should be quite simple. Simply because the past 25 years have brought monumental and unpredictable changes to the average person doesn’t mean that the next 25 years will be full of such advancements. As a small sample, 25 years ago, credit/debit cards did not exist, no one had experienced the joys of singing karaoke, as it had not yet been invented. Nonetheless, many close to the President are confident that such a plan is necessary and possible. “Imagine if we did not have this 25 year plan, it could be catastrophic. Let me remind you that Georgia Tech has never had a 25-year plan in the past, and look where that has taken us. We are consistently ranked in the top 10 public universities, top Engineering graduate institutions, and attract the world’s most talented faculty and students. Is this is the kind of near-sighted future we want for future students?” said Gregory Valentino, Vice President for Future Affairs.

Although still in draft form, the plan is beginning to take shape and some key future targets have emerged. The committee responsible for producing the Plan emphasizes that each suggestion will be the culmination and compilation of diverse opinions and will reflect the best ideas across campus. While reluctant to divulge the entire plan, the committee has released details on some of the more profound suggestions that are likely to be in the final draft. Below is a sample of these plan inclusions:

1. Georgia Tech will try to be a great school.
2. football games will occur mostly on Saturdays, occasionally on Thursday nights.
3. beef stroganoff will be served in Britain dining hall every other Tuesday for lunch.
4. the whistle will blow 5 minutes before the hour every hour.
5. two-thirds of the campus will still be under construction.

The finalized version of the plan will be published within a few months. After the successful completion of the 25-Year Plan, Georgia Tech officials are looking at the possibility of creating other important documents. Among the top possibilities are the creation of an Earthquake Plan, a Meteor Strike Plan, and a Locust Invasion Plan. “But first,” says Dr. Valentino, “we certainly need a Zombie Uprising Contingency Plan.”

Spring Break to Never Occur During Convenient Time

In an effort to further reduce student happiness to a dull roar of mere contentment, Georgia Tech has enacted a policy to ensure that the Institute’s official Spring Break will never coincide with the University of Georgia’s Spring Break, Georgia State University’s Spring Break, nor any other major collegiate institution’s Spring Break in the Southeast.
measure, a joint collaboration among the Student Government Association and the Office of Student Affairs, was celebrated by faculty and administration as a step towards complete student misery until finals conclude in early May.

“While we have always been successful at scheduling Spring Break so as not to coincide with other colleges’ Spring Breaks in the past, it is good to know that we now have an official measure to prevent any future coincidence of Spring Breaks,” said Dr. Greg Collins, Dean of Students. “In fact, we will strive to ensure that Spring Break does not occur during any convenient or desirable time,” he added.

The measure has been met with mixed thoughts from the student body. “I think it’s lame. I work all semester, and we only get one week off during the Spring. It would be nice if I could spend the week with some old high school friends or with friends from other schools. Georgia Tech’s Spring Break has never been at a convenient time,” said 3rd year industrial and system engineering major John Collins. However, other students feel differently. “It’s good to know that Georgia Tech is looking out for my well-being. They know that if I were to spend my Spring Break with friends from UGA, I would come back to school unmotivated, start partying for the weekend on Tuesday afternoons, and have trouble spelling words more than six letters long,” said Jill Griffin, a mechanical engineering freshman.

After the success of the Spring Break measure, SGA and the administration are considering other scheduling alterations and programmatic changes. Suggestions include a requirement that every undergraduate degree require five years to complete, a measure to ensure that all snow days occur during student holidays, and a measure that final exams occur immediately after any college Bowl game in which Georgia Tech may play.

Life Outside the Classroom: Chennai, India
continued from page 8
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same time as excited as I’d ever felt. We were sitting front row at a presentation in an Indian school in the slums of Chennai. Who gets this kind of experience?

The presentation continued. The man with the microphone asked us where we were from. When we said the US he said something in Indian and the room filled with laughter. My discomfort grew. Then I thought, what’s the worst that can happen? I will never see these people again, enjoy it. I wanted so badly to take my camera out but I was nervous that it was against the rules. The doctor sitting next to me could tell what I wanted and gestured for me to take pictures. I took a couple and he asked to see them. I had a friend!

The presenter started handing out awards to the men who had donated their time or money to help these students. They went on and on about how these students were from the slums but were getting the chance to attend this school with the help of their teachers and doctors. I was touched by the message. Then the presenter man asked Glenn to stand. Glenn freaked out; how could he accept an award? He kept whispering to me, “I can’t take one of these awards!”

Glenn was rushed to the side where the awards were kept. Sure enough, a man grabbed an award and handed it to him. Glenn didn’t know what to do. Glenn was so worried about accepting this award. What he didn’t realize was that he wasn’t to accept the award, but to present it to someone else! I have a picture of Glenn holding the award making his best “I can’t accept this” face while all the men around him are gesturing for him to give it to a man in the center. I hadn’t laughed that hard in a long time. Glenn was absolutely mortified once he finally realized what was going on. He sat back down completely ashamed while they called for me to stand up. Lucky for me Glenn had already made the mistake, so I knew what I was doing. I presented the award and the presentation concluded.

Afterward we were swarmed with people who wanted to talk and ask questions. One man actually lived in New York City. Then a man handed us an award, indicating that it was meant for us. We were puzzled but accepted it. We looked closely and saw that it was an achievement award from the Hardware Dealer Friends Club of Chennai, India – with someone else’s name on it! We guessed it was meant for someone who didn’t show up. But what a keepsake! As we walked out of the school we jabbered on and on about what had just happened. I pulled out my video camera to catch the expressions and emotions.

By the time the conference was over we were all tired and ready to brush our teeth with tap water instead of bottled water. Since returning, I’ve thought about and how the experience will change my life in ways I can’t predict. I have a better understanding of how fortunate we are in the U.S. I also have a fresh sense of motivation. Through the conference, I saw how engineering can create beneficial change for people who need it, but can’t accomplish it by themselves. I will never be able to thank Georgia Tech enough for the opportunity to go on this trip. And I will never forget the things I saw, and did, and learned, or the feelings and inspiration that came from them.

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