



## Black Like You

*"The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by the iniquities of the selfish and tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he who in the name of charity and good will shepherds the weak in the valley of darkness, for he is truly his brother's keeper and the finder of lost children. And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who would attempt to poison and destroy my brothers. And you will know my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance up on thee."*

-Ezekiel, 25:17

Another black history month has come and gone, and for the first time, I paid attention because of the strategically placed Black Awareness signs<sup>†</sup> at the Rich Bastard Wegmans. My home state of Maine had only one black person, Abraham Mathus, and I really wasn't exposed to anything like Down With Whitey month or Kwanza (you know: the holiday no one in Africa celebrates created in the 1960's by bastardizing several individual ideas. But who am I to cast a critical eye? Christmas, Easter, Earthday, Dandelion Day, and RIT's own No Name festival are all nothing but pagan celebrations with the pagan element removed. (Europeans: "We oppress the pagan out to history™")), so February was a time of enlightenment for me. I read about Benjamin Banneker, T.J. Marshal, Jean Baptiste Point DuSable and other even more obscure people in history. All in all, I'm impressed. Tell me where to sign.

No. Really. I've decided that I want to be black--black like you! Black as midnight in a coal mine. Which, if you know me, is really quite a stretch. Being of mainly Irish descent, I'm so white that I give white people a bad name.

I'm so baby white (Kids: Baby wipes! Seth: drools), and there's not much I can do about it. It's really too bad, too. What with the decreasing amounts of ozone, people with dark complexions are going to be better protected than us crackers. Shit, ain't no thing to imagine bunch o' beautiful Africans pumping that CFC shit right up into the sky to kill off

<sup>†</sup> I found it in questionable taste for the management to announce over the intercom, "There is a a black man in isle 5. He appears to be buying oatmeal, like the oppressed Irish of our land. Ladies and gentlemen, please bring your Protestant confirmed children to isle five to see a black man, but do not let them touch him. Limited time only."





## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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all us white muthas. Huzzah, skin cancer.

And with global warming causing the expansion of the equatorial zones, malarial mosquitoes will ravage the former white strongholds of the world in ways that the killer bees could only dream off. Thank God for sickle cell anemia. Sure if the gene is dominant your liver could clog at any moment causing insufferable pain and possible explosion,<sup>∂</sup> but as long as you're just a carrier, you're set. The only safe place for the whites will be Liechtenstein. From their reclusive mountain refuge, the few whites will watch their once great empires fall and become a black world after all. They will watch their women gradually succumb to the temptation of huge black penises, and they will witness the degradation of the white BMW pool.

Plus, if you're black, you get to buy your gold by the weight, and not by the so-called "discount price." You also get free food from the federal government, and we're not just talking cheese, here. Not like cheese is of much use to the black man, since they're lactose intolerant, but cheese isn't a high price to pay for a bigger schlong.

As proof that the inequity in our society still exists, whites can only buy Bud with their food stamps while blacks, being a stronger, more hardy race, are allowed to purchase 40 oz malt liquors. When not being used for cheese or malt liquor, food stamps are available for blacks to trade for crack cocaine. Crack cocaine, of course, is a high quality mood maintainer<sup>Δ</sup> that the black man has been forced to substitute for Prozac, which is a drug more firmly controlled by whites (housewives, to be precise). As Geraldo Rivera has pointed out on numerous occasions, trading food stamps for crack is often a starvation technique used on misbehaving black children. The children need to be disciplined in order to ensure their maintenance of the standards of blackocity; low-rider jeans, Adidas sports gear, cellular phones, pagers, gold jewelry, cornrows, hair extensions, and shoes that light up. Black

<sup>∂</sup> When Queen Victoria died, it was imperative that her subjects remained unaware of her previous childbirths. A professional embalming job was impossible. Instead, the royal circle enlisted the aid of a fly-by-night embalming service [they weren't union] who made a serious mistake. While the Queen was lying in state, her body exploded. Positively ripping, what?

<sup>Δ</sup> And when you don't have your crack, you're in a piss-ass mood.

children may also be punished for failing to realize that slavery was originally the invention of the white man, and that "the artist formerly known as" is, in fact, still Prince.

Until the time I can supersize my production of melanin, I can practice on the mindset necessary to be a minority locked in the socio-economic dungeons of this country, drinking 40 oz. malt liquor. Oh wait! I'm Irish-American and have it covered. I even drink 40's of Guinness, a fine malted beverage. Last time I checked my history books and heard stories about when my Great-grandfather, a fuckin' Mick, came over, the Irish were not particularly well liked,

because they were drinking black beer. Killed by the Ku Klux Klan because of their religion, hated by foofy (i.e.- Protestant) white America for their pride,

and despised by the working-class because Irish laborers would work for just about nothing. My family has a long and sordid history of struggle.

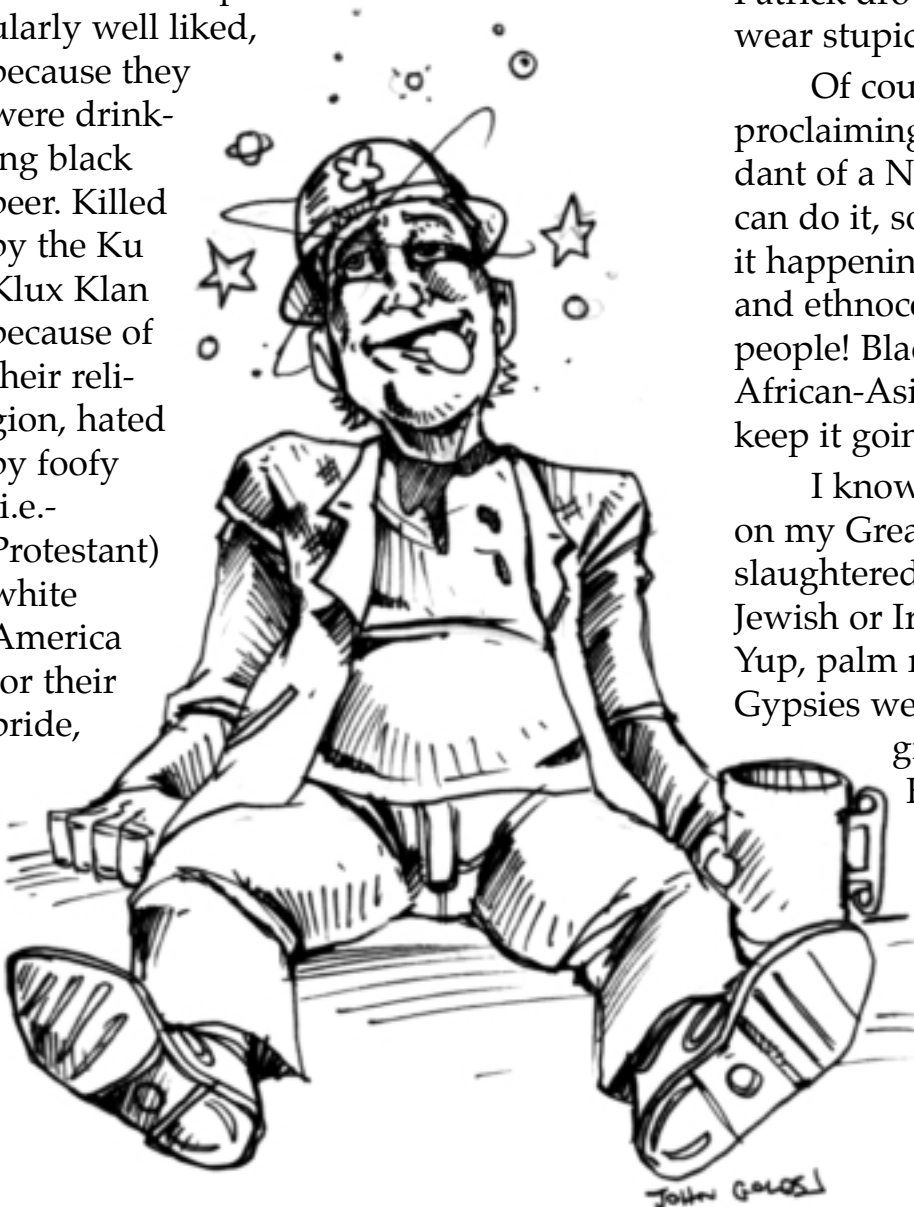
Coming from the dying land of Ireland where the potato blight and England helped clear the land of the unwanted populace<sup>§</sup>, the Irish that fled were simply happy to be able to work instead of die. Signs reading "Niggers and Irish need not apply" or "No Dogs or Irish allowed" might have been common, but the Irish succeeded in machine politics. Now look: we celebrate Samhain's corrupted cousin, get shitfaced because St. Patrick drove the snakes from Eire, and wear stupid pins saying "Kiss me, I'm Irish."

Of course there are few pins proudly proclaiming "Kiss me, I'm a proud descendant of a Nubian princess," but if the Irish can do it, so can the Africans. Oh, I can feel it happening already! I'm feeling prideful and ethnocentric...oh, it's working! Free my people! Black is beautiful! (especially African-Asian woman. Yowzah!) I've got to keep it going....

I know, I can talk about how my family on my Great Grandmother's side were slaughtered in World War II. No, she wasn't Jewish or Irish. Better: she was a Gypsy. Yup, palm reading, tea drinking, swarthy Gypsies were one of the lesser known groups that were a part of the Final Solution. (If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem.) It's beginning to look

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<sup>§</sup>Including James Joyce, who was also hated for his footnotes.



a lot like Christmas.Σ

Where's the memorial for my kind? The Irish-Gypsy-American community should have a monument! And why aren't the achievements of Gypsies included in our school's textbooks? It's the Man, keeping us down, that's what it is, all you non-leaf tea drinkers.

This is great...I've now feelings of persecution for a racial group which has had a minimal impact on the culture. I feel so repressed! Fight the power! I'm going down to the corner mart with my Kings of Africa Express card to buy a beeper on credit.

Shit yo, if I was black (and I'm getting more black by da minute), I be bustin' out all the fly gear, kid, that would look bad on any you cracker beeotches. Rollin' in da drop top BM I scored wit all de ill rock transactions goin down in da hood, beats pumpin large, chillin' wit da homies on my whack Nokia while I head down to the sto to buy foties o da O'E (Old English Malt Liquor) and some Phillie blunts wit my food stamps. Any yall muffukkas mess wit me, I ain't be hesitatin to lay down the fire wit my nine, comin at chall like a MUTHA-FUCK!

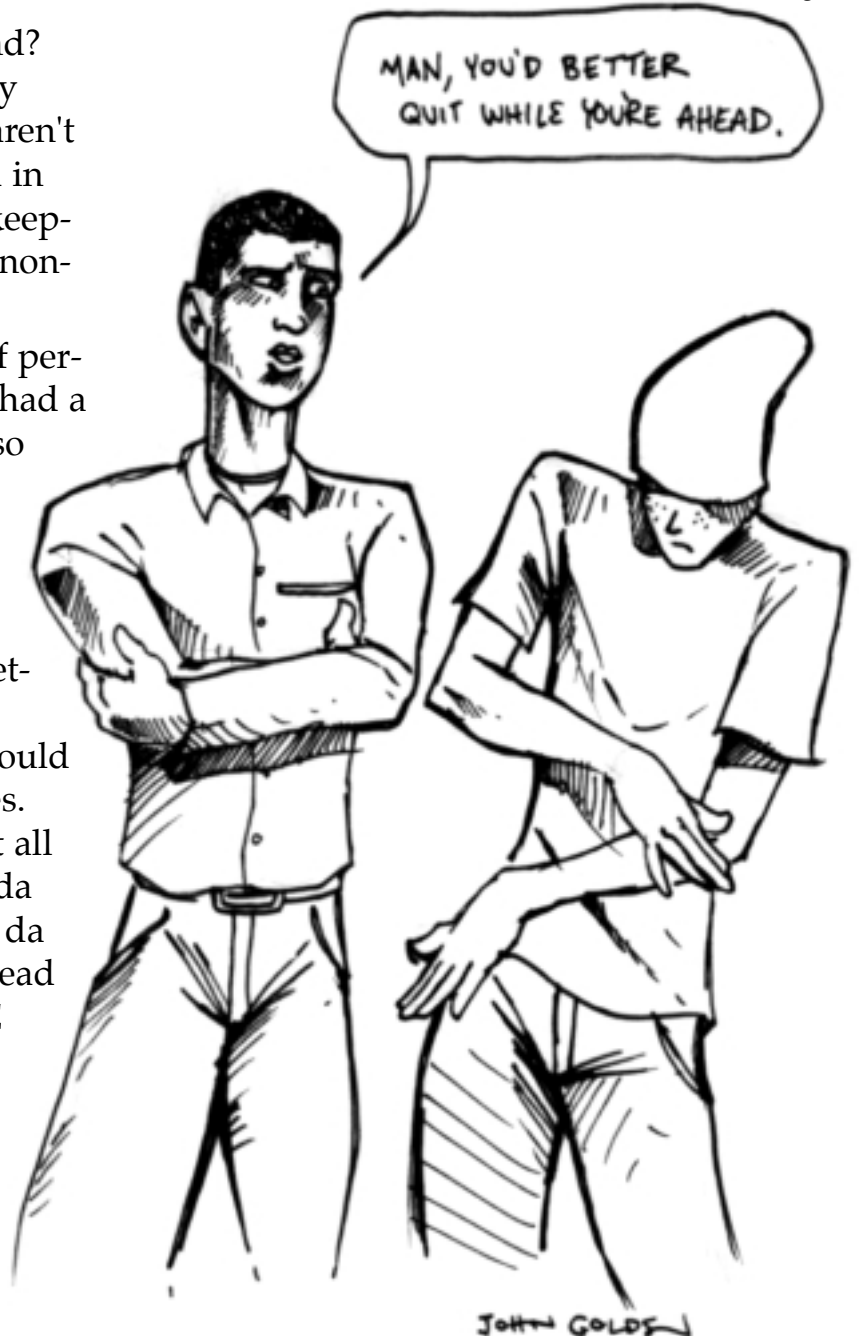
*(sound of crowd cheering)*

I'm sendin' shouts out to:

The Acheron Community for bustin' out during naked time

CSH for generally (slippin' back inta da whitey sheeit, golly. Gotta keep it reeal) keepin' it real.

Troy for comin' out da closet an' gettin'



jiggy wid it.

Copy Centa for them extra inserts, yo' yo' naumsayn'.

Yiggity-yo, Tourist here giving an extra special shout out to the dopest directors of dem all - My homeskillet Mr Lynch, and my propa bizzzznich Mr Cameron. Pease.

ΣThe ash that coated towns where camps were located gave them a year-round Christmas cheer. Unfortunately, ash is what the fire has refused to consume, in this case the Jew. A fair amount of the ash were also the Gypsies. In many academic circles it has long been believed that Oskar Schindler's car was in fact coated with Gypsy, and not Jew ash.



## Thanks for all the Fish

by Kelly Gunter

This is it, the 100th issue of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre. Our anniversary if you will permit. Well, I guess this is the last you will ever hear from either Sean or I.

It would have been anyway. There is only one problem: since the beginning of the year we have been grooming various prodigies to take over in our absence. Only, one of them called it quits a few months ago, and the other said he didn't want to do it anymore last weekend (great timing Josh. Really, I mean that). So Sean and I are stuck on our "last issue" with no one to take over immediately. Well, no one with training, and with a quarters worth of subscriptions to fill, our sense of duty simply won't let us bail.

We've got interested parties to take over for next year, but they don't know the ropes yet. This is just a little explanation for the next time you are rummaging about our Dramatis Personae thinking to yourself, "Hey, I thought he died." Not yet.

On to other news. Some of you may have noticed that the issue came out late this late week (others of you may not have, this is in part due to the fact that I...uh...fucked up. Oh well), but you would be mistaken. Hell's Kitchen, and by extension Gracies Dinnertime Theatre (a well known appendage) has changed its publishing date to Wednesday for our own convenience.

Now Wednesday,

WEDNESDAY,

WEDNESDAY!

You can read the whole issue, but you'll only need the corner!

-orner!

-orner!

## A Quick Intro from the *other* Editor

THIS WEEK'S GDT IS ONE OF THOSE ISSUES WHEN WE INTENTIONALLY POUR LEMON JUICE INTO THE PAPER CUT OF STEREOTYPES. I WAS GOING TO SAY A LITTLE BIT ABOUT MY FEELINGS TOWARD GENERALIZATIONS AND THEIR USE IN SATIRE, AND POINT OUT THAT GDT IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY BIGOT (GDT: WE HATE EVERYONE™), BUT THE FOLLOWING PIECE DOES THE JOB FOR ME. ENJOY.

.....

### Humor is not offensive, unless you let it be

by Corey Resnick, *The Daily Free Press*, Boston University

(U-WIRE) BOSTON -- I am exhausted of people getting offended over silly things. Like language. What someone else says, just the words, should be taken lightly.

What should be examined is the intent. Words are simply bunches of letters put together to make sounds and usually have meaning. The words and the meaning can be mutually exclusive.

Why were the Jews in the desert for 40 years? Someone lost a quarter. What do you say to a Mexican in a three piece suit? Will the defendant please rise? How do you get a one-armed Pole out of a tree? Wave to him. What do you call one white guy amidst 200 black guys? Warden. What do you call the useless part around the vagina? The woman.

Needless to say, these are jokes. I'm sure that some people are offended by the content. You should not be offended by the content. You should look at the person telling these jokes and determine whether the teller actually believes the stereotypes. After all, jokes are based strictly on stereotypes. Unless you have led a very insular life, you know that not everyone fits into the mold of stereotypes. In fact, most people do not fit the mold.

As a general rule, people should reserve their judgment until they can accurately evaluate where the person telling the joke is com-

ing from. For the most part, jokes are told simply to elicit a laugh, not to be analyzed for censorship. You shouldn't be afraid of the stereotypes; you should be afraid of psychotic neo-Nazis who actually buy into them.

Jokes and vulgarity, in and of themselves, are not offensive. There are only people who get offended. There are only people who interpret the words to be offensive.

For instance, let's say I'm telling a joke to two black people. I say: "What did God say when he created the first black person? Oops, burned this one." The two listeners may have vastly different responses.

One may be appalled at my racist tendencies, while the other may simply laugh. The one who got offended probably believes that I look down on blacks and this joke is a manifestation of that. The other will take it for what it is - a joke.

What if the person who laughed was actually a friend of mine and the other person was a stranger? Would that lend more credence to my sensitivity? Probably, but it shouldn't.

Some might say that those things should never be said at all, even in jest. I disagree. Just because you think certain language is offensive, that by no means makes it so.

Jokes are for amusement. As I said before, they are based on stereotypes and they exploit our views of these generalizations. Only the most uptight, insecure individuals take jokes



### 'nuff said

seriously. They obviously missed the point of telling a joke at all-- humor that does not take reality into consideration.

Intent. That is what's significant. I have a very good friend named Ric who is of Dominican descent. Occasionally, I will call him a "spic" jokingly. He doesn't get offended or angry at me. That is because he knows I say it simply for the effect of a joke.

He laughs; I laugh; we go on. I have other friends who call me a "kike" because of my Jewish heritage. I laugh it off as a joke, because they don't actually look down on me for that. At least that's what I think.

It is harder to distinguish between who is telling a joke and who is actually a racist when you don't know the person that well. I think it's safer to assume the person is just joking, because nine times out of 10, they are. Who's the 10th person? You really should be able to figure that out on your own, almost immediately.

Drawing conclusions about other people prematurely can be dangerous. So can getting offended too easily. Frankly, it's a turn-off to many people. It indicates an insecurity and lack of faith in others. For the most part, people are inherently good. You should trust other people. Don't let bunches of letters, words, phrases and meanings cloud your intuition.

Curse words are just words. If you interpret them to be offensive, then you will be offended. The same is true with jokes-- racist, sexist or otherwise. They are meant to be taken as a vehicle for humor. So don't be that guy with the pole up his ass.

But you should be on the lookout for the 10th man.

## Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

by Kelly Gunter



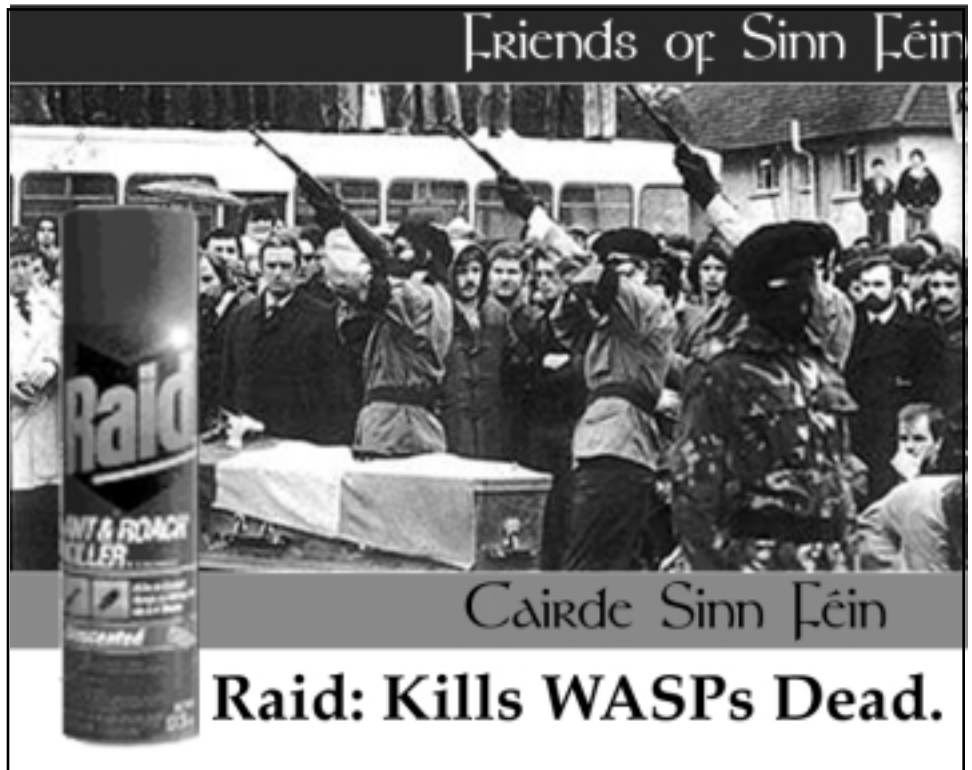
DEAR BFG: WHY DO PEOPLE CLAIMING TO BE "PRO-LIFE" SHOOT DOCTORS, RECEPTIONISTS, AND BOMB BUILDINGS? DO THESE PEOPLE ALSO DELIBERATELY RUN OVER CATS AND SQUIRRELS FOR FUN?

-RED 9

Dear Red9

The terminology "pro-life" can be misleading and is actually intended to be. The pro-life movement is really just a subset of the taxidermy/embalmers lobby. It is not the act of abortion that disturbs them so much as the presentation of the remains. When they shoot doctors and receptionists (after a little bit of research into their background) they can get a pretty good idea of whether or not those particular individuals will be using an open casket upon death, prior to the experience of living vicariously through their bullet.

What they protest to so vehemently is the fact that the bodies of aborted feti are discarded so readily into nearby trash cans and toilets without prior embalming or even basic cosmetology technique practiced on the wee corpses. This explains why the flyers they send around are always filled with the muti-



lated bodies of third trimester feti--they have so much more potential for ferocious posturing than first or second trimester feti.

In the case of abortion clinic bombers, they are the few specialized taxidermists and embalmers (but mostly taxidermists) who really enjoy a challenge. What better representation of your skills than a patchwork-human pieced together and smiling at their viewing public?

As for whether these distinguished Americans run over cats and squirrels for fun, the answer is no. Running over cats and squirrels is strictly business; they have to have something to pose in their diorama of cat-riding, squirrel-hunting, pre-birth babies.

-the Bare-foot Girl

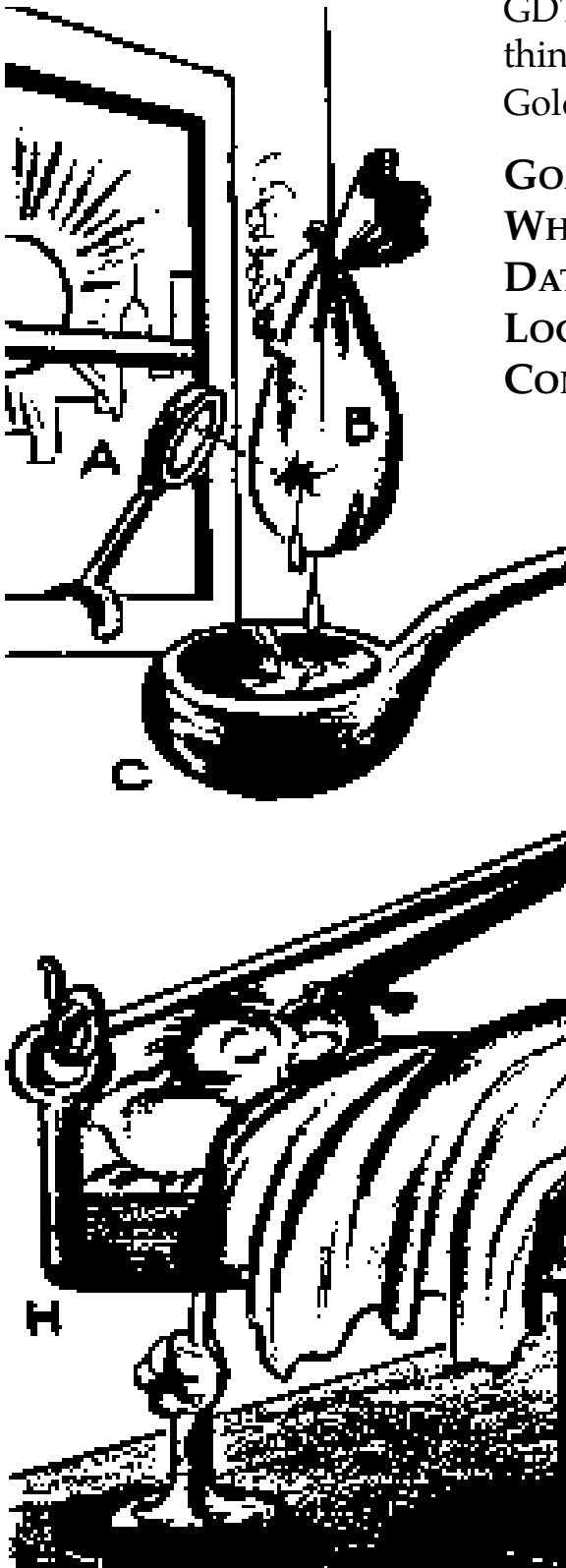
**Do you need help with your homework? Having an existential crisis? Don't know what that fuzzy stuff on your toe is? Then send your questions to the Bare-foot Girl care of <gdt@iname.com> She's not just wise...she's a wise ass!**



# "Stop the Noise!"

## Rube Goldberg Contest

W i n \$ 2 0 0 +



GDT's third, but probably last, contest. In honor of all things crafty & wacky, GDT is sponsoring a Rube Goldberg Contest.

**GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.**

**WHO CAN ENTER: ANYONE!**

**DATE: APRIL 18TH, 52AT (1998)**

**LOCATION: TBA, RIT**

**CONTACT: GDT@INAME.COM OR (716) 235-7666**

### **RULES AND REGULATIONS:**

- The dimensions of the machine shall not exceed 6x6x6 feet.
- Each team must submit three copies of a step-by-step description of its machine by 10:30am on the day of the contest. The description must be legible and concise.
- Each team is responsible for the security of their machine and for removing their machine and related debris immediately following the contest.
- During the run, each team may assist their machine once without penalty. Any further assistance required will entail a penalty for each occurrence.
- Only two people from each team will be allowed to interact with the machine once activated.
- Machines must not use combustible fluids, explosives, open flames, or overtly hazardous materials. Safety issues will be decided by the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
- Machines must not incorporate live animals.
- A minimum of eight separate steps must be made to complete the task, four of which must be non-electrical. Each step beyond the required eight will represent additional points.
- There will be an upper time limit of ten minutes for the completion of machine's run. Judging will cease at this time. A run includes activation to completion of the task.
- Two separate attempts will be allowed to attain the objective.
- Supply your own damn alarm clock.





# Spic' and SPAM

## Worker and payment in one compact package.

The Buzz from  
**DONLAND**  
 donland.base.org

By Don Rider

### Macworld Theory Continued

Remember my theory that the Macintosh magazines *Macworld* and *MacUser* were mirroring *A+/InCider's* activity right before the Apple II's demise? Well, now that the magazines are ultra-thin, and combined into one, we find that coverage of a competing operating system, Windows NT, has started. While *A+/InCider* always carried news of the latest developments in the Macintosh world, its coverage was predominantly Apple II. However, as time

passed, the magazine was running out of Apple II material, and began increasing its Mac coverage, until it was about 50/50 Apple II/Mac coverage.

While *Macworld* hasn't reached 50/50 Mac/NT coverage--nor do I think ever it will-- we see the Mac's biggest competitor infiltrating *Macworld's* pages. Tips for surviving in a Windows world? Making Windows look like a Mac?! Okay, these were already done in *MacAddict*, anyhow. But Intergraph's Pentium II-based ExtremeZ on the cover?!? Yes, things are dire when the best thing Mac Mags have to talk about is Windows.

# Tourist's Movie Reviews

-Sean Stanley

## This week: "Schindler's List"

What can be said about a docudrama starring Ben Kingsley and directed by Spielberg? NOTHING AT ALL, according to most critics, who wouldn't touch the film with a ten foot pole, saying it was excellent no matter how poor it really was. "You can't say anything bad about Schindler's list! It was so moving..." Yeah yeah yeah, blah blah blah. Well let me break it down for you, Sweethearts. Here's an honest review. The movie plot was simple:

A guy saves some Jews.

Awesome. Super. Good for him. The world needs Jews. I have no problem with that. What I can't stand is the fact that if someone makes a movie about the Holocaust, it is automatically a "Grrreat" film. Are topics these days so sacred that one overlooks the quality of a film to keep from being ostracized? So ostracize me, it'll go along well with my excommunication.

Steven Spielberg is getting trite. Did you see "The Lost World"? If you did, you know what I mean. He's lost it. I submit that he lost it years ago, around "Jurassic Park". Don't get me wrong, that movie was bitchin, but only because Dennis Muren scored Spielberg some phatty CG dinosaurs that were hailed as the next step in modern filmmaking (uhhhh, did someone forget a little movie by some guy named Cameron called "Terminator 2"? I believe the technology was perfected in 1991 for use in its special effects...). The acting was poor, the continuity was sloppy, and you wanted the dinosaurs to eat those little bastard kids (known as the "Shelly Duvall Effect" - as in when you root for Jack Nicholson to maim her with an axe so she will finally shut up). Anyway, since then, Spielberg has used various camera tricks to hide his suckyness from the average viewer. What techniques did he employ in "Schindler's List" you may ask.

By shooting the film in grainy black and

white, he made the viewer think "Jee-hos-aphats! This film is in black and white when a man like Steven Spielberg can obviously afford to shoot it in color. It must have some sort of esoteric and artistic significance that I'll never understand, but shall pretend to appreciate at dinner parties, to prevent people from finding out that I am really a Creton and hate black and white movies - unless they contain candid footage of the fitting room at Victoria's Secret."

The second technique is the use of Ben Kingsley. Now I know darn well that Ben Kingsley is a fine actor, we all do. But not many realize that when watching his delivery on the screen, in the deepest part of your subconscious, a voice was saying "Wait a minute, that's Ben Kingsley. He played Gandhi and won an Academy Award. Everything he says, thinks, or does is of the utmost importance, for he is the anchor of any good docudrama. It matters not WHAT he says, as long as he's saying something because he is Ben Kingsley, after all. You are a dumb yak clamp."

The last technique was what I lovingly refer to as "Spielberg Lighting". This is similar to bioluminescence in that just as some insects and deep sea creatures produce light without heat, in every Spielberg movie, you'll find light



Saved

without lights. What do I mean? Well, in all of his films, there will come a time when you say to yourself "Where the hell is the light coming from? The salt shakers? That woman's crotch? There are massive amounts of light, however I cannot discern where its coming from..." So what? Isn't that how movies are supposed to be? No, goddammit! Unless you're one of those experimental, artsy jerks who go around intensely smoking clove cigarettes and wondering what the impact will be on your audience when you double-project synchronized looping segments of "Unidentified Ass Number Fifty Three" onto a table sporting a fruit basket, lighting should be designed to go unnoticeable. Not with Spielberg. If he were to make a movie about blind midgets living in the deepest recesses of Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, there's no doubt that he'd make light come out of somebody's asshole. I have a sneaking suspicion that his obsession began after he made "E.T.", when he realized that he could get away with making light come out of a finger. By screwing with the lighting, he draws attention away from the poor-ass nature of the film, and directs it towards an Oscar for best picture.

Look at the movie again sometime. But really LOOK at it. There's a lot of mistakes, and a whole bunch of tired cliches that were derived from MTV. You think I'm kidding, don't you! There's that old guy from the "Enter Sandman" and "Heart Shaped Box" videos. We've seen him before. My pity for him wore off when he was featured in the goddamn music video! It's a paying job, EAT SOMETHING for chrissake! Then there's that little red riding hood character, forcing the viewer to go "Oh my, the only part of the film that was colored was that little girl in red. That's so powerful. I think that I should cry now..." Ever seen a Nuprin add? Or perhaps you can cast your memory back to the black-and-white-with-snippets-of-erratic-color video for Ah-Ha's "Take on Me"? Spielberg totally



### Where's that finger been, Kyle?

bit off that, and the ironic thing is that the three minute video was far more entertaining and moving than the three hour epic that got so many accolades in 1993. Halfway through the film, I expected a little astronaut to come out and saw a television in half with a chainsaw under the billowing MTV flag. That would have at least given credit where it was due (and probably build a connection to the "unreachable" youth of today - MTV's Schindler's List, a top twenty countdown hosted by Martha Quinn or Kennedy and featuring Itzhak Stern, Rabbi Menasha Levartov, as well as Prince and the New Power Generation).

The Holocaust was a dark time for humanity. I was moved by the events recorded in the history books, in the faded pages of hidden diaries, and in the faces of those who lived to tell the tale. It puts perspective in my life - no matter how bad I think it is, it could be far worse. I was not moved by "Schindler's List", which was a two-bit ripoff of many other good films about that time period, that hid itself in a blur of Meleise-esque camera trickery. If you really want to be moved, watch 1989's "War and Remembrance", or some of the retrospective on the History Channel. Hopefully, you'll have some nice nightmares.

# pluggéd

by Michael Grandner and Justine Grey.

## Clowns For Progress: PROGRESS

At first, I was a bit unsure about Clowns For Progress' second album PROGRESS, released on Last Beat Records (their first was on the Flipside label); I hadn't heard of this band, and hailing from NYC I expected just another indie band, but I was quite surprised.

The album begins with the fringe-punk romps "Sammy Says," "Joyride," and the interesting "Kiss Me On The Moon," but the song "Inundated Man" caught me. It still bordered on traditional punk, but I realized this wasn't just a punk band. It was pure rock, in the old style with just enough punch. The rest of the album follows on this path: great, solid rock with a good dose of roots punk (I loved "Streetlights" and its bassline that reminds me of the Cure's "Pictures of You").

"Inundated Man Pt. 2" is a good, relieving break in the middle of this (quite heavy) album. But, by far, I was most impressed with the album's close. Track number 14 is a cover of Neil Diamond's "Cherry Cherry" with an added bonus -- Bosstones' Dicky Barrett makes a guest appearance!

To top it off the album ends with "Saturn Rain." This is definitely the most interesting track. All thoughts that this is a punk band quickly abate as you experience an experimental, almost electronic song that ends with a short, sweet jam. In all, Clowns For Progress' PROGRESS is nothing new and breakthrough, but it is definitely refreshing and worth a listen.

-Mike

## Long Fin Killie: AMELIA

Scotland's Long Fin Killie, taking inspiration from many sources to create their own mixture, will release their third album, Amelia, on April 7th. The fact that Long Fin Killie utilizes so many sounds, styles, and past musical history makes it all the more interesting. The songs range from the styles of Morrissey gone jungle, Spiritualized, The Fall, My Bloody Valentine, and Slowdive. All of these styles and influences emerge creating a complex mass of sounds, and a new form to these styles. Their interpretations succeed in most cases, and they come out in the end with a complex, unexpected journey through British musical influences.

"British Summertime" is shimmering pop, "Lipstick" has a Morrissey-jungle influence, "Kismet" with muted vocals, and "Resin" with strings all making an interesting, worthwhile experiment. In all, I felt the album is an interesting trip across many musical landscapes.

Some of the songs, drawing on so many influences, turn out a little chaotic or messy, but the sound is very consistent nonetheless (even sometimes a bit repetitive). However, in all, the album is interesting and unique, and the pioneering efforts on Long Fin Killie's new album Amelia are well received.

-Justine

**pluggéd is a weekly music column focusing on the newest releases, providing accurate, up-to-date, and relevant information, coupled with informative and informed opinions. Contact pluggéd at 716-274-3793 if you have any questions or comments, or if you want us to review a CD.**



## Goin' Bananas

by Matt Goldich, *Brown Daily Herald*, Brown University

(U-WIRE) PROVIDENCE, R.I. -- Most likely, you've never heard of the group of Brown students who call themselves the Post-Indigenous Farmers' Market for Community Revolution (PIFCMR). However, if you've ever been walking around campus early in the morning and seen bananas and manifestoes hanging from trees and carrots sticking out of the ground, you may be familiar with some of their work.

The PIFCMR's manifesto urges Brown to return to a pre-academic environment, in which students, faculty, staff and administrators alike would forage and hunt for all their food.

The group's most recent attempt to

increase awareness of its mission -- placing carrots, bananas and manifestoes on Main Green trees -- was censored by Brown Police and Security and Plant Operations workers, who deemed the group's use of public space inappropriate and promptly removed the offending objects. The group's outraged co-founder, a first-semester senior, contacted *The Herald*, hoping that the press would give his group some much-needed publicity and prevent such disrespect to its ideals in the future.

And so, he was granted an interview, which he only agreed to under the condition that neither he nor any of his compatriots would be identified by name since doing so would be counterproductive to the group's "guerrilla tactics." In fact, all the members of the group have opted to remain anonymous.

Before coming to Brown, the group's co-founder and spokesperson spent two years working on a farm in the desert. As he put it, "Coming from the city to the country, the lifestyle change really woke up my senses." After coming to Brown, though, he was dismayed by the unnaturalness of the typical Brown student's routine.

"I saw the way people lived," he said. "They get phase-shifted; they stay up all night and sleep all day, during finals especially. They have an enormous amount of stimulants, like coffee, and it really makes you feel bad."

And so, the co-founder got together a group of interested students and formed the PIFMCR, which now has about 50 members, although most are not as active as the co-founder.

One of the group's first important tasks was writing its manifesto, which states its goals.

"We have moved too far from those natural and organic tendencies which form a healthy and livable society," the manifesto reads. "The time for Marxist Revolution is overdue and passed. We need radical change."

"Only through the ancient and noble processes of hunting and gathering, farming and raising livestock may we find a livable existence. . . If you see a fruit, gather it. If you see an animal, hunt it."



Although the co-founder's ideal society would be pre-academic and based on hunting and gathering, he realizes that this is not likely to happen. Instead, the group tries to inspire people to incorporate some of its

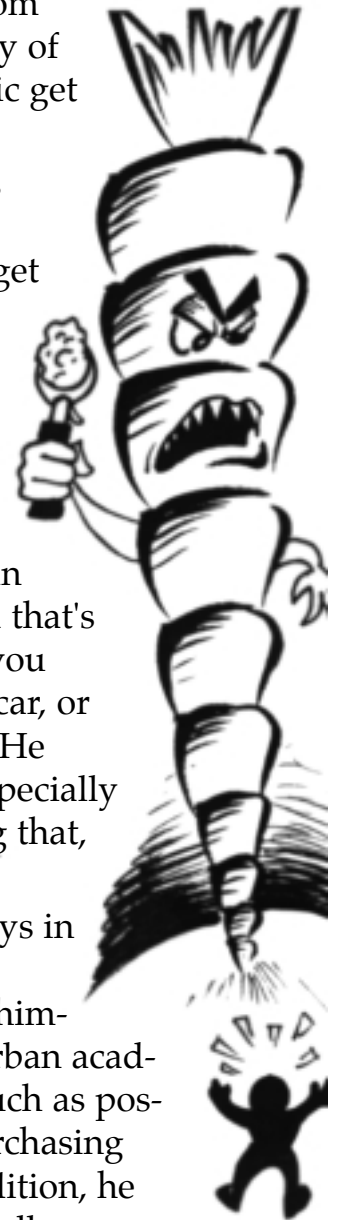
more realistic ideas into their daily lives. "We see ourselves as basically a consciousness-raising organization," says the co-founder. He sees allowing people to pick fruits and vegetables from the Main Green as a way of letting the general public get involved.

The group also has several other ideas that would allow people to get more in touch with nature. For instance, they believe in "an hour a day." According to the co-founder, "An hour a day basically means that you spend an hour a day outside, and that's not including the time you spend walking to your car, or from your car to class." He believes this to be an especially simple task, considering that, "It's so minimal, really."

There are other ways in which the group's co-founder tries to relieve himself of the burdens of urban academic life. He tries as much as possible to refrain from purchasing consumer goods. In addition, he tries to purchase only bulk, unprocessed foods and buys locally grown produce. For him, "It does extend into everything I do, truthfully."

Although most people associate movements like this with vegetarianism, the hunter-gatherers actually encourage hunting animals.

"It's not a hippie movement," says the co-founder. "It's not an environmentalist



movement. There's something different about it."

The group does not plan to seek official University status anytime soon. "We don't see much benefit in being affirmed by the University," the co-founder said. "I'm not sure what it would do for us. We're more of a grassroots movement than a club."

Although the group uses some of the same aggressive campaigning methods as the International Socialist Organization (ISO)s in trying to spread the word, the co-founder stressed that his group's goals were very different. On Marxism, his personal view is: "It seems like there was a strong movement towards that for a while, but it seems to be really weak right now, so to spend your time doing that right now seems futile.

"What our group advocates is lifestyle change rather than revolution. You, in changing your lifestyle, and making sure that the services around you permit that, you can change the way things work."

Although the co-founder does not know of any similar groups on other campuses, he feels that he and his fellow hunter-gatherers can fill a gaping hole specific to Brown.

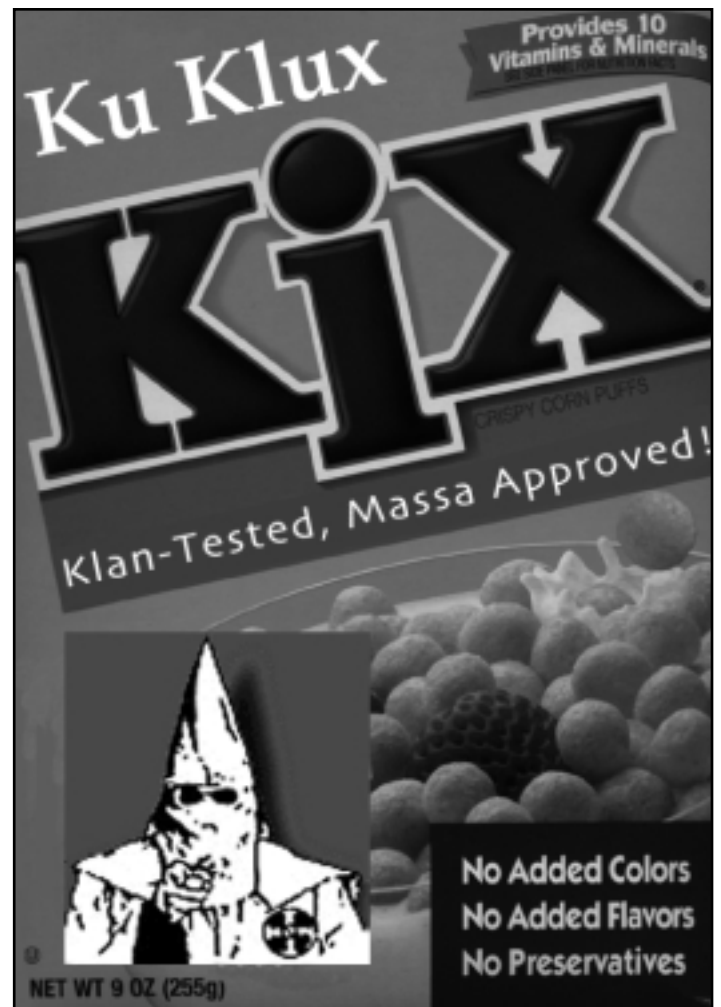
"One principle that is foundational to the group is community," he says. "There's a lot of talk at Brown, I think, about community. I think the formation of the group came about partially on the idea that [Brown] is not a community. In order to find the epitome of community, he suggests that one would have to look to the rain forests, where each person works toward the common good.

Although many might dismiss the group as just a joke, in the grand tradition

of the Association for Children's Suffrage and 21-and-over night at the Underground, the co-founder insists that he takes the idea very seriously.

When asked how he would respond to the inevitable claims that the group's aims are ridiculous, the co-founder said, "I think that the situation, as it is, is ridiculous, and therefore a ridiculous response is called for. People do such ridiculous things as it is."

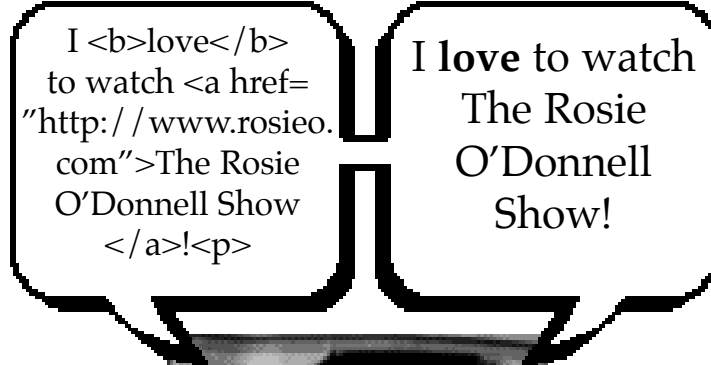
He feels that the best way to alleviate such claims is by getting the word out, a goal that cannot be achieved if the University continues to remove the group's manifestoes from around campus. As the co-founder puts it, "I think the hilarity of it will be reduced if people understand it."





# Webonics

## A Panel Discussion



Recently, the Oakland School Board voted to recognize HyperText Markup English (or Webonics) as a distinct language. Reaction was strong both for and against this decision. What do you think? Come and let your voice be heard on this important topic!

### Panelists:

Marc Andersen, founder, Netscape Communications Corp.  
Bill Gates, CEO Microsoft, computer industry dominatrix  
Pammy Cooper, 5 year-old Webmaster for RIT

Saturday, March 4  
5pm  
Clark Meeting Room (SAU), RIT

Refreshments will be served/Interpreters have been requested  
Presented by: Information Technology Student Organization, and  
Computer Science House. May not be real.