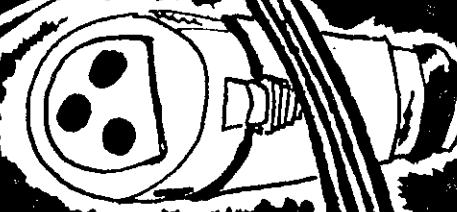
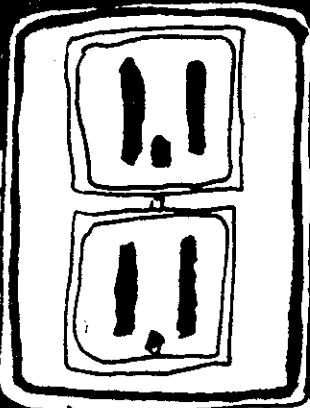


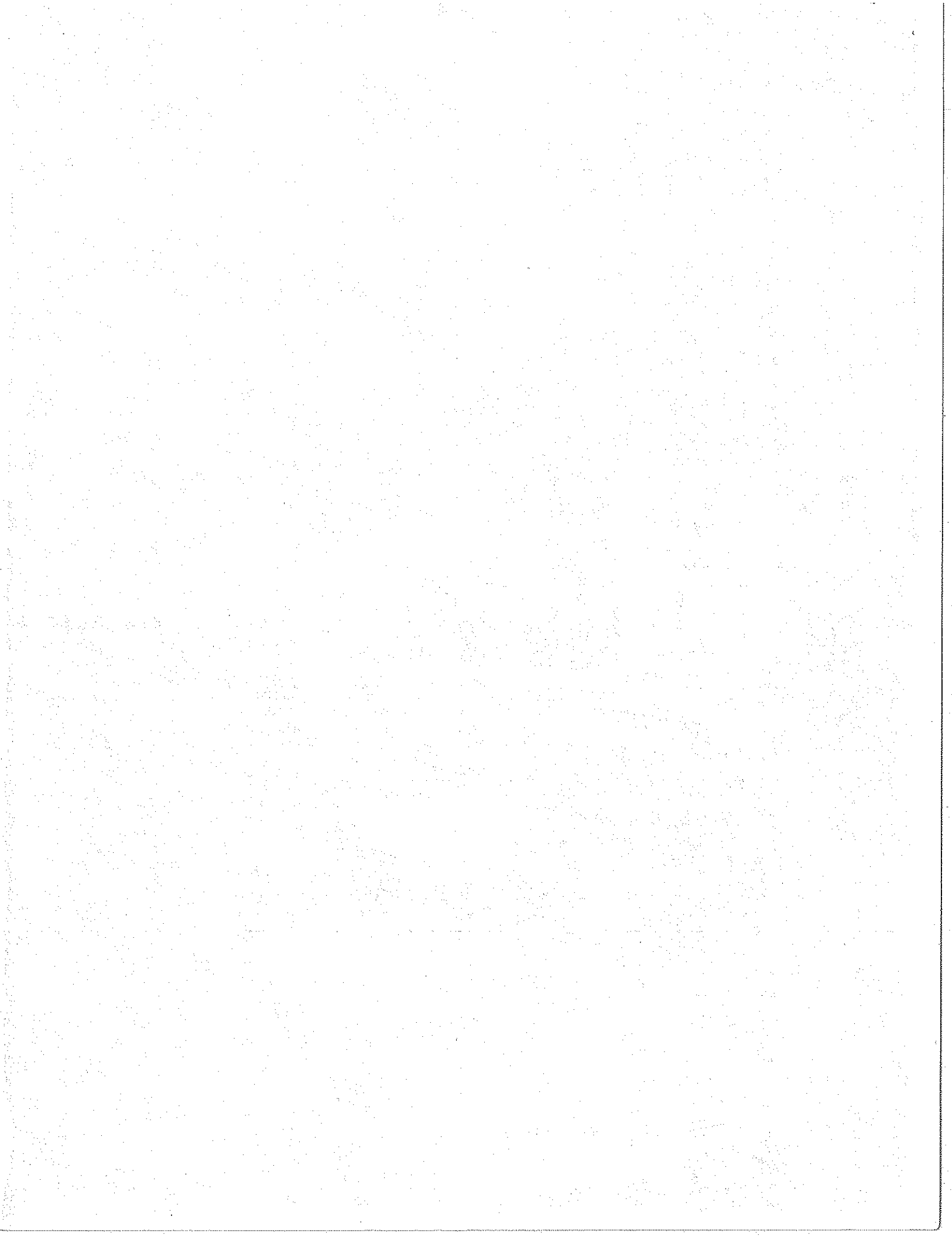
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Issue #4



BY DAN SMERT '96

Jan. 1996



Hurtin',

hungover and here to spread the word, no matter how much I so desperately want to go back to sleep, I sit at the computer. I think to myself "what do I have to say? What's new from the last time?" The year, for one thing. We here at Anti Matters are excited beyond expression about our first issue for '96. There's all kinds of stuff in here. Stuff that we like and stuff that kinda scares us. People gave it to us and now we're gonna print it 'cause that's what we set out to do. We don't take responsibility for what our contributors say. We don't edit, we just disseminate the info. So if youse got a problem with somethin' youse read here, then take it up with the folks who wrote it - don't kill the messenger (how's that for a disclaimer?).

There's big doings in Anti-Folk these days, a lot of stuff's going on and we're happy to bring it all to you in a nifty little package. We hope that we're giving you everything you wanna know about the folks you see down here at the Fort. If there's something missing, then write about it and we'll stick it in here. You all know who we are and we're nice folks. If you don't wanna write about it then you're lazy and that's not our problem.

My girlfriend just read through this and she says it sounds kind of repetitive. I guess so. I just want our relationship (OUR relationship, that is; mine and my girlfriend's is none of your beeswax) to be clear. Are we clear? You write, we print; we print, you read. Simple.

- JT

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THE FORT GIVES BIRTH

Lach was all aglow that night, January 15, as he started the regular Monday night Anti-Hoot. But a certain mood elevated the Anti-Folkies as Lach ripped through an opening number, the title of which can only logically be "Hey!" This was the night of the big press conference, at which Lach's new label Fortified was to sign a merger agreement with Shanachie Records, giving the voices of Anti-Folk international distribution, promotion, marketing, large indie-label contacts, and a bevy of dancing chihuahuas in little or no clothing. Following is a brief, incomplete, inaccurate, out-of-context, dated transcript of about a tenth of the conference:

(Lach first burns sage around Charlie from Shanachie, to get rid of evil record company spirits, then Lach and Charlie sign the merger agreement, then Lach takes q's)

Q: What's the first thing you're going to do after the merger?

Lach: We're going to put out our first record, the Super-Hoot CD, with many of the people we have here tonight. Then, we'd really like to have Madonna do an unplugged album.

Q: Charlie, what are you drinking?

Charlie: Jack Daniels and ginger ale.

Q: How long has Shanachie been in business?

Charlie: It's our 21st year.

Q: Who else is on your roster?

Charlie: Bunny Wailer, The Hush, The Skatalites, and a bunch more.

Q: Hey, I'm from Anti-Matters.

Lach: Yeah?

Q: That's all.

Lach: That's all?

Q: No, uh, how are you guys going to make Anti-Folk more visible, or audible?

Charlie: We're going to put it in Tower, HMV, Virgin.

Lach: We're going to send out kamikaze Anti-Folk tours with an Anti-Folk van, the magical mystery van. Any other questions?

Q: What number are we on?

Q: Is Fortified going to stick with Anti-Folk?

Lach: What is Anti-Folk?

(At this point Lach read his "Anti-Thesis" and begins another very special Anti-Hootenanny. The Q's above are various members of the press).

DEMO TIPS

by Tom Nishioka

My first demo tip for the month is a general one: Don't look like a dork. OK, on to the promised topic of sequencing and mastering. So far, I've covered common dilemmas that face people recording their first demos. This is the one that drops the most jaws.

"You mean another session after we mix?"

yes. mixing means taking the multiple tracks and combining them into two tracks (stereo) or one track (mono). sequencing means taking your various mixes of your songs and putting them in the order you want them to run on your demo. Mastering is the final touch on the overall sonics of the recording--making the different mixes have consistent eq and volume.

so why is sequencing it important? for starters, we're used to hearing songs on albums that start up 2-5 seconds after the previous song ends. it is physically possible, but a distracting pain to set up your dat and multi-track to lay the songs down in time while you mix. plus, if you make any mistakes and accidentally record over the end of the previous song, you have to go back and re-mix it. I've done mixes like this, but given the disadvantages, I swore I would never do it again.

Mixing is a difficult process. just like when you record, some songs are more appealing to start working on. if you plan for a sequencing session, you can do just that--tackle the songs as you feel ready for them. also, if you have any questions about whether one thing is too loud in the mix, you can roll off one pass with that element loud, one pass with it softer. later, you can listen back and make the judgement about which is right, and then just put that one in the sequence. With complex moving mixes, you can save a mix in which you did everything right, but just weren't sure about one thing; rather than trashing it and fixing your one mistake, only to make another somewhere else, and then go back again, and again, and get frustrated and spend more money. Separate sequencing

What is Anti-Folk?

It's a natural question. But then, what is folk music? Bob Dylan? James Taylor? Cobain unplugged (for good)?

I think of Anti-Folk as an historical term, referring to a ragtag team of mid-'80's folk-punk pioneers who rejected the staid and elitist West Village folk scene. Once separated, these original Anti-Folkers gathered in a meeting place called The Fort in the East Village to forge the new cutting edge of acoustic music. The Fort became a mobile playhouse for the Anti's, switching locations every year or so as its founder Lach sought out better and better venues for the new rising tide. Some familiar names that arose from Anti-Folk are Roger Manning, Brenda Kahn, Paleface, Mike Rimbaud, and Beck, among many others.

Today, Anti-Folk enjoys the latest incarnation of The Fort at The Sidewalk Cafe at 6th Street and Avenue A in the East Village. Live free music reigns every night of the week at The Fort, and the Monday night Anti-Hootenanny is the highlight for many. The new Anti-Folkies continue the tradition of the old, practicing experimental song-writing and fighting mediocrity at every turn.

cont.

also allows you the chance to change the order--to see which songs flow into which others the best.

Especially if you have mixes from different sessions, or different recording sources, mastering is important. Compression during mastering lets you scrunch as much volume and punch from your mixes onto tape. Our ears and perceptions change every day depending on how tired we are, how humid it is, how stuffed up we are, how loud the music is, the shape of the room we are listening in, on and on--eq during mastering can adjust one more time for differences in opinion with an earlier judgement. Check out DAN EMERY's demo for a great example of mastering--part of it was recorded in my studio, part off of his boombox--but the mastering smooths out the sonic differences so the switch from hi-fi to low-fi is not jarring. Finally, as discussed in demo tips issue #2, Mastering allows you to tailor the sound of your mix to compensate for the characteristics of your final duplication format (cassettes lose high end...cd's are so clean they can sound cold if you don't goose the low end a bit...) I'm tired, I'm not going to write a conclusion.

So far, DEMO TIPS has pronounced advice on these subjects:

1. Reverbs: Predelays, plates and rooms w/o calling attention
2. Duping: Formats, tape types and characteristics; recommended dupe houses
3. Pre-recording preparations: Click tracks, separate tracking, sonic references.

➡ Contact ANTIMATTERS for back issues.

Crime Rate Drops Sharply-Giuliani Blames Welfare Mothers

by
Dusty Piggins

OK, so Mayor Adolph Giuliani took the credit again for a dropping crime rate. But we all know that it was the social welfare policies of the '60's that were the real cause. The freak drug culture and abandonment of traditional values like personal responsibility and segregation caused a breakdown of the American family that was all-encompassing. The great American crime families were hit hardest by the new peace and love atmosphere, and the old adage "Turn on, tune in, rub out" was modified by some acid swilling professor, much to the chagrin of the old guard ("You come to my daughter's wedding and ask for a favor, but when was the last time you invited me to an electric Kool-Aid party?") But, really, folks, this little subversion of our traditionally violent culture was just the start of it. I was riding the D train the other day with nothing to read, and mind control being what it is, I started to read every notice and ad inside the car (including every one of the thirty identical Nike ads, which said something like "Only the strong survive. Give up, weakling.") My eyes drifted above the windows where I was forced to read "Air-conditioned car, Please close windows." I did a double-take. It didn't say what I just quoted, but my mind had automatically printed those words. What it actually said, over this particular window, in this particular subway car, was "Karma conditioned car, Please watch what you do." I checked several more times and it was true. Someone had printed this message in the exact same print, on the same material, as the original signs, and posted it in exactly the same place as the old sticker. I was tickled and amazed and inspired and given hope, and only realized later that it must have been an inside job. This was even more inspiring, demonstrating that WE are out there, the Anti-Death Culture Revolutionaries, subverting the Normals, planting seeds of high weirdness from within their own cubicles. We all need to practice this I think, these minor misspellings and communications eros that tip the balance of the world off our backs, if only for an instant.

Dear Mr. Hawkins:

We have heard from several confidential sources that you have been sitting at your desk reading the newspaper during slow periods. You should take the initiative more and look for more work if no one is giving you any. We hope this will clear things up.

Dear Corporate Tyrant:

I know I've been a bad boy, but if no one is giving me work, and I ask around and no one gives me work, and I have no rants to type, and the Times magically falls into my lap, I'm gonna read the bait. I have a bad attitude you see, I don't think I should or must look busy just because the big freaks are miserable and they want to make sure I'm miserable too. Besides I don't believe in the "work ethic." I was raised to believe in it and work hard, but somehow it didn't stick, you suckfish. I just can't eat into working like a dog to support the meat pyramid that benefits the filthy rich crappers and doesn't do squat for us poorpers. Eat dirty boogers.

Dear Mr. Hawkins:

We understand your frustration with the standard practices of our firm. However, we do not appreciate nor will we stand for acts of insubordination or insolent remarks as you made in your reply letter. Please be advised that we are terminating your employment with OneUp Temporary Service, effective immediately. We further advise that you change your work attitude if you plan to continue working in today's competitive marketplace.

Dear ButoScream:

You can't fire me, I'm dead! You little creeps have been trying to yank my nads ever since I gave you the privilege, yes the fucking goddam privilege, of talking to me. Go take a hydrochloric acid bath, pissant! And while you're at it, send me my final check, and get ready to blow your wad on my unemployment, dipshit! Get it to me soon, or I'll O.K. City your office, if you know what I mean!!!

Dear Mr. Hawkins:

Please be advised that we have obtained a restraining order that bars you from approaching closer than 200 feet or entering our office building or any person employed by OneUp Temporary Service. A copy of the restraining order is included for your information. Also be advised that the malodorous packages of meat and fish that you have been sending us have been seized as state's evidence for an upcoming lawsuit. At this point we suggest you seek an attorney and psychiatric help.

Dear Demon of Phnarr:

I screwed your wife! I'm gonna beat the living crap out of you and my minions will piss almighty urine holy water all over your "important" files. Then your office and yourself will undergo purification by fire the likes of which has not been seen since early Bible times and such. You can't "scare" me with your federal agents standing outside my door. I don't care if they come in and

hamell on trial
"big as life"
(mercury/doolittle)
a review by michael eck

the disc is aluminum.
the guitar is spruce.
the strings are bronze.
the will is iron.
the spirit is willing.
the words are granite.
the blood is red.
the heart is pure gold...
and the dodge is waiting.
imagine "on the road"
if sal paradise was riding with
joe strummer 'stead of neal casady,
johnny cash 'stead of carlo marx,
kurt cobain 'stead of old bull lee.
this life is that big.
hamell on trial is one man;
ed, a bald, married guy
with a trashed old gibson.
this is his music.
seventh sons,
midnight lamps,
truncheon things,
ghosts of 'lectricity,
green rivers,
red lights,
great balls,
streets a-misty wet --
it's all here,
lurking in the laser beams
(grooves once upon a time, y'know y'pups).
murderously good.
defiantly original.
almost folk.
totally rock and roll.
totally essential.
totally big as life.

For those of you with hopes of touring yourselves, Michael graciously shared some of his favorite contacts and upstate clubs in AM #2. A gentleman and a scholar. Check him out next time he's at the Fort. To order Cowboy Black: Mandala Hand Records POBox 1461 Albany, NY 12201 ph/fax 518/432-6634.

Michael Eck is himself a favorite faraway son of Anti Folk. Based out of Albany, Michael songwrites and sings all over the Northeast in support of his CD Cowboy Black (Mandala Records - see Anti Matters #2 for review, or read this summary: it rocks).

THE DOW JONES
Average is
available on-line
24 hours a day at
youmonkeysuit.
geek@loser.fuck

-11.3

WEATHER



Visited by my family

Visited by my cousin

Visited by my best friend
Michelle

Landlord

by
Seth Doolin

It's just human nature to want to screw your landlord. However, I'm in an odd situation. I am subletting from Jan, who sublets from Mike, who sublets from Linda. Who do I screw?

Like I said, it's just human nature to want to screw your landlord. I think it follows with hating your boss or complaining about your parents. Anyone who is in the position of holding something over your head is greeted as a nemesis.

Another reason, this one slightly more valid, for wanting to pull one on your landlord, has to do with the absurdity of paying large sums of money for living in a dump. Now, as money is nothing but a symbol of labor, and as labor is a symbol of unfreedom, the idea of paying rent becomes doubly insulting. Not only do New Yorkers unwillingly fork over a third to a half of their income, but we spend a third to a half of our time in procuring that income. Truly, time is money.

I have paid some ungodly sums for ungodly apartments in the past.

When I first moved to New York, I tried to secure a place to live a month before the actual move. From Boston I would get a New York paper and make calls, arranging appointments to visit potential habitats. I organized about ten appointments for a Saturday three days in advance. When I arrived in New York, most of the places I had prospects of taking were already taken. I also ruled out several after seeing their location. The place I settled on, coincidentally enough, was the last on the list. It had a peeling linoleum floor which slanted at degrees steep enough to challenge the hideouts on the old Batman TV show. It was located above an Indian restaurant and was permeated with the pungent aroma of curry, which I would wake up to at all hours of the night. The gentle hum of Second Avenue worked its way through the thin walls, along with the yells and shouts of neighbors. I was also treated to a National Geographic-like display of urban insect life. However, I could tell people it was a doorman building: there was a transient who had set up shop in the alcove.

It was my first apartment in New York. I thought the world of it.

My next apartment was a five floor walkup one bedroom with beautiful hardwood floors, renovated kitchen and bathroom, good-sized tub, central location and high ceilings. The rent was also high.

Great apartment, right? So why did I leave? I had had enough of New York and thought I could live better and cheaper on the West Coast. I left that apartment to move to San Francisco where I lived in a ramshackle Victorian in the ghetto district, renting a room from a dysfunctional family that grew their own dope and wondered why there were frequent break-ins. It was all I could afford. I often wondered why I left New York.

I wondered why I left New York so much that I came back after one hundred days.

While living in my five floor walkup, I was thankful that I did not live where Bill and Evan were living, in a seven floor walkup. Visiting them was something of a chore. First of all, they lived above 14th Street, which was my geographical cut-off point (I had

managed to live comfortably within a thousand foot radius of my apartment, never going above 14th, lower than Houston, West of 5th and East of B). Secondly, I often had to break up the vertical trek into segments, stopping at the fourth floor landing for a cigarette. Downstairs from their apartment wasn't a problem, until they moved and we began to quickly distinguish which boxes held breakable items from the sound of their hitting the bottom of the stairs.

In my five floor walkup I discovered I had a drinking problem. Well, not really a drinking problem, more of a coordination problem. I would often trip up the stairs, and sometimes overshot my floor and wound up on the roof, desperately searching for my bed, wondering who stole the ceiling.

One night I was almost at my floor while I was tossing my keys up in the air and catching them. Twice I had to go downstairs to the basement to retrieve them.

When I left the apartment for work in the morning, invariably I would remember something I had forgotten at exactly the point where it was too late to go back up the stairs. I solved this problem by hanging a sign adorned with a large question mark at the second floor landing.

I started this piece by stating that it is simply human nature to want to screw your landlord. It is also the nature of the system for your landlord to want to screw you. The invisible hand theory of Adam Smith may be seen to attest to this, for what better way to stab someone in the back than with an invisible hand? You have to be prepared to play hardball with them sometimes.

One such time was that first apartment I had with its slanting and peeling floors, barely operable kitchen, and Rain Forest of insects. Our lease had come into question when Mark, who held the lease, was in the process of getting fired from his job. He was a waiter and was being called in less and less frequently. Glen and I would continue paying our rent, which he would send in to the management company, but without his portion. Conveniently enough, he was fired in February, when the lease expired. He left New York, leaving behind his

three thousand dollar debt. As Glen and I did not want to join our doorman in the alcove passing a bottle of Midnight Dragon back and forth (although Glen liked the stuff), we decided to try to reason with the management company.

We decided we needed some leverage in this situation. We knew that no one else in their right minds would rent the apartment as it was, and that the management company would probably prefer not to invest in repairs and renovations. That was on our side. We decided also to get a trump card, on the off chance that they would not listen to reason or whining. Our trump card was captured by Glen one afternoon. It appeared to him almost as if in a dream, crawling up the wall, twitching its inch long antennae. It was a waterbug the size of a small child's fist. He scooped up the Kafkaesque creature and placed it in a glass jar, which he would plunk down on the table in front of the faceless bureaucrats at the appropriate moment.

There was only one hitch to this plan: one must remember to bring the bug in a jar before going over to meet with the landlord.

This was our downfall. This was our insect's heel. This kept us paying ungodly sums of money for slanting and peeling floors, the smell of curry and the din of Second Avenue.

We kept the roach. Actually, we made a god of it, placed it regally on a coffee table and burned candles on either side of it. What better totemic icon of Manhattan?

[Seth is staff psychologist at a Brooklyn community center for adults with learning disabilities.]

Scarecrow's Note: I don't believe Seth was living in the "ghetto district" in San Francisco. The Lower Haight district where we both lived had a few projects but I think Seth would be hard-pressed

to find anyone else who would label it the "ghetto district," except maybe some whitebread punks from Boston (which, of course, Seth is). Every area in S.F. had its problems, and certainly the Lower Haight was becoming more violent due to the influx of crack at that time, but The Tenderloin and Hunter's Point are the only districts that are known for being all around bad areas.

I should also point out that the reason this ghetto apartment was all Seth could afford was because he was collecting unemployment and he didn't feel like getting a job. All the while it seemed his sole purpose was to pine for bagels and pizza and slam all the "slackers" that he met on Haight street. He was justified in dissing the lazy bums because he had worked for his unemployment, he wasn't just on welfare like all the hippie slow-pokes. Which is really sad, considering that all those hippies and slackers were the reason for the dropping crime rate.

The Bubble

by
JT Lewis

I don't usually do this, but when I got a copy of Bubble's CD demo, I knew I had to write a little something to let those not yet in the know know and those who are in the know read good things about a band they like. It goes like this: if you took early '80's British pop, à la XTC and Squeeze, and mixed in some Big Star and some lyrics about relationships misunderstood and misfired, you would have a pretty good band regardless, but Bubble has been able to go well beyond expectations and craft some solid pop songs that don't hide their influences but at the same time don't simply regurgitate them. These guys are good, the songs are solid and witty, and they're only gonna get better with time.

P.S. If that wasn't enough, there's a really, really spooky-cool version "Pure Imagination" from that Willy Wonka movie. Worth the price of admission itself.

lucky numbers

0

LIFE AND DEATH RANT

by L.E. Agnelli

Have you noticed? Now we're droppin' like flies (on sherbert--thank you Alex Chilton) and it's kinda scary and sad and so many friends and family are just up and leavin'. Some (snap!), some slow.

It's like, the rug gets pulled out just when you start to feel comfortable in this world. Security--ha! That's truly nil. Trust in the Lord and you shall be free--like we have a choice?--(sung) Yeah, no matter how I struggle and strive/I'll never get out of this world alive.--Yeah, it's true--atheists and believers all going to the same place--death.

And death's probably like that waiting room in *Beetlejuice* at first--we'll all have to wait in limbo or purgatory or whatever and take a number, and then see a counselor with our resumes.

Maybe *that's* why you see all these signs now, "Jesus Christ is coming--look busy". You seen them?--Is that a good paraphrase?--this would explain why the people in this generation in this city work like such mad chipmunks in a world full of Squirrel-Away. We don't even have time to watch our backs. Even when the proverbial bird-feeder is full, there's an invisible whatever warding us away--OUT, DAMNED SQUIRREL!--or protecting us, especially if we're the birds in the feeder.

Time is moving faster and faster and more and more good people are thrown off the ol' go-round from the force, I think--the centrifugal force that permits only those with a strong grip--(sung) Only the strong survive!--to keep alive.

Seems the only thing we can keep alive--is hope. Whatever you do, don't let your hope die. Because once hope is dead? We haven't a prayer.

Nov. 1995

*****INTERVIEW*****

AUSTIN ANTI-FOLK WINNERS

by
Scarecrow

"Nothing good ever came out of the South." These were my mother's words, and having visited Nashville, I was inclined to agree with her, until I met Ana Egge and Lee Barber, the winners of the Village Voyage Songwriter Search, hosted by the Austin American-Statesman in Austin, Texas. The songwriter search was held at the Cactus Cafe in Austin for four consecutive Mondays, where a total of twelve finalists were selected from over 200 participants. Lach was then flown to Austin to pick two winners from the finalists. Ana and Lee were later flown to New York and each played at the December 11 Anti-Hootenanny and then played full sets on the 13th, and were given accommodations at the famous Chelsea Hotel! Anti-Matters met with Lee and Ana (and Lee's wife and performing partner Elaine) at the Fort before their Wednesday gigs and talked about the Austin scene and their personal journeys.

AM: Tell me about Kerrville.

AE: I only went there once, and I played around the campfires, and I got bit by fire ants, so I had to go to the hospital. Lots of the music was so sad and horrible, lots of toned-down, tuneless country.

AM: That's the first bad review I've heard of Kerrville. I've always suspected that all these folkies sitting around could spell trouble.

LB: To me, almost all types of music, the majority of it is pretty worthless anyway.

AE: Some of the jams were really cool. I went to one jam that was all these Russian players, balaikas, balalaika bass. It turned out to be the guys in that Kit-Kat commercial.

AM: How did you get hooked up with the Anti-Folk contest?

AE: It was advertised in the paper.

LB: It struck me as a good way to get exposure in Austin. I wasn't even thinking of the possibility that

I might win. The guy who books the Cactus heard us, and he's already given us each a gig, which would have been really hard without the contest.

AE: It was always a packed house. Like 200 people performed over the four nights, and there were lots of people who didn't get in.

AM: So the Cactus is a hard place to get in?

AE: Yes, unless you are established or have a following. Plus it's a paying gig, which is rare.

LB: No one gets paid to play in Austin. There's too much supply, not enough demand. The guy who fixes your sandwich is a musician, etc.

AM: We get that in New York too, but there are a lot of other work sectors too.

LB: The performing arts in general have too much supply.

AM: Ed Hamell said he was impressed by the attitude toward musicians in Austin, as opposed to almost anywhere else.

LB: It's pretty relaxed, more than New York.

AE: Everyone is pretty respectful, and everyone gets a chance. And if you're a Texas artist (especially if you're on a label), everyone backs you, like record stores, radio stations, and fans.

LB: And it's just Austin too. The rest of Texas is...

AM: What's the rest of Texas like?

LB: Austin is an oasis, like a little San Francisco.

AM: Where are you from originally?

LB: Mississippi-Bible Belt country. We've been in Austin for three years. [Lee gestures to Elaine]

EB: Yes, we were both raised Baptist.

AM: How did you like that? [Everyone laughs] Are you over it?

LB: Way over it. My father was a preacher. But it provided a lot of great song material. Mississippi is actually the center of the universe. People don't know that.

AE: Just like New York is.

AM: But in New York's case it's true.

EB: If you stay in Mississippi you get no respect at all. You have to go away and go back.

LB: You definitely have to leave there. People that get out, get out for a reason.

AM: So Austin was much better?

LB: Well, there's not much experimental stuff going on in Austin.

AM: I think your music is experimental, both of you.

LB: Maybe that's why Lach selected us to come up.

AE: That's true. And yet there was a guy playing the other night who was so out of it, he kept hitting himself in the face while he was strumming. His songs were all, like blood, grass, rock-n-roll, bombs, really scary.

AM: Oh, you mean Goth folk. I wonder why Lach didn't choose him.

AE: He wasn't one of the finalists. Another thing I saw was this guy on the street who was playing air guitar with a box and an open guitar case for money to be thrown in.

LB: Really? All right.

AM: Where are you from, Ana?

AE: I was born in Canada, and I grew up in North Dakota, and then I lived in New Mexico for the last nine years. And just recently I moved to Austin and it's great. There's so many places to play there, as opposed to New Mexico, where you have to create your own space to play, or convince a club owner to let you play in the corner. In Austin, it's just expected that every place is a venue for music.

LB: Original music is expected, which is real rare. A lot of hardcore Austin people are into this guy Junior Brown, who plays a steel guitar and a Telecaster that he's combined into one instrument.

AM: [To Lee and Elaine] Tell me about your tape. There is a variety of instruments. Who played what?

LB: Elaine and I played everything.

AM: Who played the harp? [Not harmonica, a real harp]

EB: Me!

AM: Good harp playing.

EB: Hey, thanks.

LB: And she sings and plays pump organ. We usually play as a duo.

AM: Is that what you're doing tonight?

EB: No, I couldn't bring my stuff up, and renting a harp costs a fortune.

AM: Where did you make your tape, with what equipment?

LB: We made it at home, with a friend's Tascam 6-track and some Shure 58's and other little devices. It's all live, playing and singing at the same time. And it's all first or second takes.

AM: That's usually the freshest sound. I only had a chance to listen to your tape once, but one of the standout songs is [sings] "Killed by love." That's a Tom Waits sound if I ever heard one.

LB: Actually I was thinking of Screaming Jay Hawkins, because the guitar goes "dunt dunt dunt - dunt dunt dunt."

AM: So, Ana, tell me about your tape.

AE: I did it a little over a year ago. I did it in Austin but I was still living in New Mexico.

AM: I heard that you made your own guitar. Do you have luthiers in your family?

AE: No, I apprenticed in New Mexico with Don Musser. He's made guitars for Dylan and Supertramp.

AM: It sounds great on the tape. Who produced it?

AE: Sarah Brown. She's a regular on the Austin scene, plays with everybody, does her own stuff. Steve James plays the pedal steel and mandolin. Dave Sanger plays drums. He's the drummer for Asleep At The Wheel, and it was his studio that we did it in. He was engineer too. Chris Mueller played guitar as well. We did it all on 16-track ADAT.

AM: Do you have a manager?

AE: No, but I do have a publisher.

AM: What do they do for you?

AE: They try to get people to hear me, try to get me a record deal.

AM: And what do you do for them?

AE: They handle the legal stuff on copyrighting and publishing and they get a percentage of sales and airplay of songs. And if somebody wanted to cover one of my songs, they would have to go through my publisher, who would get a percentage of that.

AM: Hope you didn't give them too much.

AE: Oh, no. There's lots of people who have sold away a part of their publishing. You never want to give away your songs.

LB: I have to study up on all that stuff. I don't have a clue right now.

AM: So you do all your own booking, agent kind of work?

AE: Yes.

AM: What are you going to tell people back in Austin about Anti-Folk?

AE: I think it's a great scene. I love the club. It has a great feeling. It's a very hyped and excited crowd.

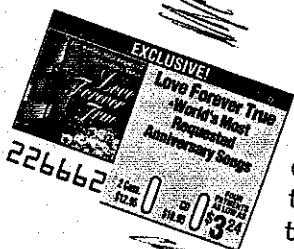
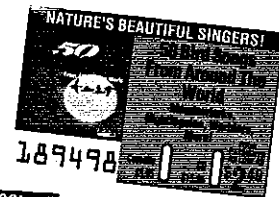
EB: There's really talented people here. And it's so much fun.

LB: Yes. I was impressed with the talent.

[At this point, Lach showed up and asked the contest winners "What's your favorite color?" and "What's your sign?" among other things. If you're heading to Austin to check out the scene, or if you just want a pen-pal, Lee and Ana can be reached at the below addresses.]

Lee Barber
1110 Algarita Avenue
Austin, TX 78704

Ana Egge
900 S. Lamar #212
Austin, TX 78704
(512) 326-2746



liquor ad rants

did you ever notice that in those disaronno liquor ads in the subway, two of the women get along a lot better with each other than they do with the third woman. with the new style of advertising on the trains, (bludgeon you with one ad repeated on every surface of the car) you see it over and over again: the woman on the left and in the center are having a grand old disarann-oe time, but all their body language is directed at each other. the woman on the right seems like she's just trying to join in. it makes me uneasy.

dewar's pisses me off. they come into the sidewalk and put up vinyl banners that make the fort look like a frat, and top that off by hiring requisitely pretty women to come in and strike up conversations that lead to dewar's. what an ugly concept. major matt mason usa and randy kaplan both have picked out rock concert beach ball volleyball as signs that "some people will never ever get it." i'd like to suggest another indicator: pin on buttons with flashing led's. yep, dewars does that too. finally, their snotty print ads (like the 'can we move on from goatees') piss me off because i sense dewars has some staff of snide sell-outs who get paid a lot to funnel their cynical, condescending energy into some corporate product. some in-joke ad. dewars is from the dark side.



The Fort Announces the King and Queen of Anti-Folk, Spring '96!!!



joe's liner notes #1

safire's a pussy, man
i'm here for the hillary bash-in
my d.a.t.'s cued to dub
auto bias check
manuel rewind
happy afterday
like i'd bother to answer or something
i'm just hard of here in that's all
skullcap and valerian in hand
pipe in lips
in fuck mind
that kind
it's robin byrd in a trick box with secret panels
revealing

nothing



Joe Bendik, King

Julianne Richards profile!

Favorite Rhyme?

I never do get used to it,
I just learn to turn it off.

Last Thing You Ate?

Pasta. With a sauce. Marinara.

Pain Reliever You Prefer Most?

Ibuprofen.

Bothered By Big Government?

Bothered by big companies
which basically run the govt.

Average Tip to Sidewalk Waitstaff?

28.35%

Julianne Richards, Queen



Joe's Interview #1

Joe, it's been said that 'when someone asks me what the definition of Anti-Folk is, I tell them - just see Fuckin' Joe'. What do you make of this?

Fuck if I know.

But surely there must be some meaning behind all of this?

Why?

But what about your message. I mean, what are you really saying?

Buy my tape, man. 6 songs for 3 bucks - you can't beat it. We're talkin' quality material.

See me. I'll put you on my mailing list, too.

But Joe....



AAAAA CD REVIEW AAAAA

MARC FARRE
MARGARET MAYBE

by
Scarecrow

I've seen Marc Farre a bunch of times, sometimes solo, sometimes with a cello player, sometimes with a full band. I've always thought his regular guy looks (and nice guy attitude offstage) contrasted a bit sharply with his down and out, low growling singing and songwriting. He handed me his CD about 3 months ago and I listened to it for the first time yesterday (Guess what I got for X-mas!)

Listening to *Margaret Maybe* was a revelation. Unencumbered by a visual stage persona, I was able to focus on the music. This disc sounds PROFESSIONAL, not in a slick, Top 40 way, but in a creative, quirky way that showcases Marc's talents. Guitar squiggles and synth-squeaks jump around Marc's voice, mocking him, while the loping, insistent backbeat pounds the nails into the protagonist's coffin of despair on the title track. Hints of Bowie are present, but rarely did Bowie open the canons of anger and lust as Marc does when singing "Take me to the center of the heat."

The second track evokes Chris Isaac in a big way, but adds way cool Robert Fripp-ish guitars and vibra-keys to color the stark, gray landscape of *October Night*, and again, Marc leaps out in anger in a way that Isaac would never dare.

"What Happened Today" continues the mood, mourning the death of a friend (I think) and actually building into an, um, Meatloaf-y climax (in a good way, really).

The bonus instrumental track "Afterburn" is a lonely-rainy eulogy to a long lost friend. Well, that's what I heard. Poppy says it sounds like George Winston.

All in all, a really cool disc. Suggested listening: put it on at 11:45 p.m., have a glass of Jameson and let the music carry you through the darkness.

LET'S

PRETEND

I figure it's important to try to walk in somebody else's shoes, rather than fight with them. In that spirit, I developed an exercise in role playing: becoming a Republican.

1. Pretend you have a lot of money.
2. Pretend you have workers you want to pay less for the sake of your profit margin.
 - or, that you have workers you want to get rid of.
 - or, that you're doing something that produces vast amounts of waste that a bunch of ninnies make you shell out of your own pocket to dispose of to their satisfaction.
3. Develop a strong distrust of people who make very little money. In general, evaluate everyone based upon how much money they make. Envy those who make more.
4. Chant "What's mine is mine! I will not share."
5. Disregard any luck or special opportunities you may have had in your life, attribute it all to your own 'strength of character.'
6. Scapegoat somebody, once a day, just a few minutes to start with. Gradually build up to campaign length moods where you blame bigger and bigger problems on more and more defenseless targets (like those without money or connections) or vague but scary sounding institutions (like BIG government).
7. wake up.

you will be deprived of all sensory stimuli, but remain alive.

VITAMINE FORTIFIED SERIAL #10

"Thanks, man," Lach said, and rushed off to make some calls.

And it was, too. Roger Manning might be more interested in playing the streets than playing the Fort, but he was still DIY all the way.

After Lach had complained for like a half an hour about his need for new sponsors now that Eddie's Air Guitar were bowing out and Omar, Omar & Stein was relocating to Mexico, Manning had shut him up with a simple question: "What do you need sponsor for anyway?"

Dumbfounded by that, Lach was awestruck by Manning's next comment: "Why don't you put on a show to get new sponsors?"

Which is right about where we came in...

"Done," he said to the walls in his palatial office in the back of the Fort, "Not bad..."

Some of the biggest names in Anti-Folk had agreed, to come down next Monday for the Super-Duper-Anti-Hoot, where, Lach hoped, many an industry exec would show up to shower money on the club.

"It's all about the club, man, it's all about the club," Lach said, before remembering his New Year's resolution to stop talking to himself. It's just that his mouth had been in such high gear in the last couple hours, he wasn't quite sure how to stop it. Usually, solitude worked it out, but now...

"Roll call," he said, before biting his lip. He opted to think the rest of his conversation. Already agreed to play were the Rooks, Matt Sherwood, Richard X. Heyman, Jane Brody, Agnelli & Rave, the Humans, Marella Splendens, and...

He realized he had a few more calls to make.

The phone rang three times before Lach heard someone pick up.

"Hello?" One voice answered.

"Hello!" harmonized another.

"Hi," Chris said.

"Muckafurgeson," Lach said, "It's Lach. How's Forsythe Street?"

"Sad," Andy said, while John and Chris chorused, "So sad."

"Oh. Reason I called --" Lach said.

"You want us to play?" they said as one, "I've got some new material -- no, I've got some new material -- I hear Andy's mom has some new material."

Lach sighed. It was never particularly easy to converse with this three-headed creature, each part trading lines with the next.

"Right. Point is, there's a Super-Duper-Anti-Hoot next week, to bring some new blood into the club. I wanted to make sure you guys showed up."

"That's so sweet," Chris said.

"I thought you might want to serve as the house band, so we have less time between acts. This has to be a class night."

"How will we learn all the songs?" Andy asked.

"Learn the songs?" said Lach.

"Don't worry so much," John said to his bandmate, "We have a few days before the show, we'll work it out."

"Great," Lach said, "Come by and I'll give you a list of the acts. You can figure things out from there." He hung up and dialed the next number.

Dan Emery picked up almost immediately.

"Hey, think you can put out a rush Danamatic™?"

"Why? What's the hurry?"

Lach explained, and even volunteered Zane Campbell's art. He might regret that later on, he supposed...

"Glad to help," Dan, ever affable, said. Lach thanked him, and moved on.

A whirlwind of activity, Lach was. He needed to plan fast, and get a huge audience, so that the world would know that there were excellent financial opportunities in supporting Anti-folk. A reporter from Wall Street Journal agreed to show, as a special favor to Lach.

"But this is the last time," the reporter said.

Yes, it was all coming together; it was all working out. Despite the horrible storm he heard outside, with the rain pouring and the lightning flashing, Lach knew things were going right for the Fort. This problem would be solved, and all would be well. When he was done with his calls and his plans for the day, he went out of his office to set up for the night's show. He had a lot of work to do for this night. "I love it when a plan comes together," Lach said, before remembering his resolution, he wheeled out the sound board, leaving the office unattended.

In this way, he was oblivious to the shadowy figure, who echoed the words: "I love it when a plan comes together!"

Then, the figure laughed an evil laugh.

(To Be Continued...)

you alone will hear an insistent sitcom laugh track in all your conversations.



The Manifesto of Anti-Folk

by
George Moore

One: What is authentic about any form of music or poetry, about any art, is both craft and the disclosure of honesty *before* personae. If, as in Dada, one makes fun of personae in craft and delights in its collapse, then we do just that. If authentic expression as craft in commercial recordings is owned (and so betrayed) by earless executives, then we must attack the pre-given masks of commercial craft, and so create a new music which trashes the personae as a product (Trotsky-dustbins-of-pop). Without being grafted to its negation ("anti-") we go into Deep Council as to the quality of craft or chops possible while venturing soul-dilated disclosures of authentic being. Soul-dilation alone, when the eye (or ear) of character evaporates the transparency of personality or ego, makes for art, rather than direct statement, when it *sings* rather than speaks, when the individual being becomes a call from "the self to the self" (from Atman to Brahman) the craft reassembles chords and song-structure to obey that call, listens, becomes all Ear, as we record in air, as each song finds and so originates style. These are our barricades. This is the *Aufhebung* ("transcendence with preservation") of our negation when the Council of Ears listen closely to that call, and respond in kind, to a global on-going becoming of acoustic images in space.

Two: The yeas and nays of electricity, folk or anti-folk: Electricity has been around since lightning, and if a singer make lightning, the impossible crash of the sublime as a visionary episode then we stand in solidarity at the barricades of musical invention as if following the fireworks of a revolution. If it places technology before poetry, techne before poesis, commodifying mimicked soul-dilation, just a matter of gadgets and fabricated timbers, we rip the fabric of that owned techne aside like another veil of Maya to frolic in raw human rhythm in meadows, naked but for the fabric of our vibrating strings. We join Dionysius in chasing Apollo

statically regressed into a banker along with any Atavists or knucklerunners (mimicking Dionysius as mere regression), out of our transcendental playground, climb the nature boy and girl barricades of moss and sacre phallos and seduce our he-or-she goat-mates, solely with our ears!

Three: The People! The call from the self to the self, soul-dilation, poesis before techne already are direct democracy. Media politics presents tiered scaffolds of bought representation as they shift in the hourglass of alienated history. If poetry is more profound than history because poetry is more universal, just as the practico-inert of owned technology provides us only with a history of things, things which humans mimic in order to appease the things' owners (Dylan's "rat-race choir"), no one owns the rights to original experience, nor even its translation. There is no caste of interpreters, no priesthood here -- for any voice, any call, any council -- for no one owns our bloody souls! Nor can anyone predict what novelty a dilated soul may illumine, what visionary or radiant episode we may remark regarding the heretofore unremarkable age of hereafter music. Are we to forever ruminate on tie-dyed haunches, or rant from critical crow's nests overlooking the industrial fossils of former thing-relics? No!

Four: We are (finally) at the barricades of Postfuturism. We exist just over the peak of civilization, just as the future traces backward, receding like sunset toward the dawn of time of all human expression into eternity. Without a future we are not Owls of Minerva blinking with mere reflectivity (leaden eyelids), nor armchair dictators whining about broken asocial contracts, but phoenixes of postfutural dawn singing past the sublimity of ruins, discovering authentic being *before* history, and after it's over. At the incept-flame of pure becoming we find the will to be honest while marching back to the barricades, and forward to the Fort.

Boy, that George Moore can sure spin a yarn. But what is he *saying* (Icarus awaits an eye-answer)?

No Shrinking
No Stretching
No Fading

Don't cover
up odors.

Neutralize odors!

lucky numbers
101.9

Thank God for Major Matt Mason

by Lenny Molotov

The singer/songwriter mopes up to the stage with downcast eyes. He's humbly dressed in work pants, work boots and a gas station attendant shirt. His baseball cap is pulled downward as if he's trying to hide under it. He's tall but you don't notice it because he's hunched over. He defies convention by sitting in a chair to play. His guitar is some cheap offbrand and it's a little out of tune. He begins to sing a stark love song in a voice that might be described as a resonant bleat with a touch of midwestern twang. He has an audience of about 15 friends. But most of the people in the club are in the backroom away from the stage and they're eating, drinking and chattering away, inconsiderately oblivious. It's their loss though, because the performer, Major Matt Mason, is one of the best songwriters in the world.

This might not seem to be the case at first glance. Even though Matt has a body of incredible songs that are artfully dissonant yet commercially catchy, profound yet understated, serious yet whimsical, innovative yet basic--I had to see him several times before I realized I was in the presence of a major talent. I think that's because of the nature of Matt's work. Unlike say, the early Dylan, who wrote all-encompassing anthems for his generation, or Lou Reed who wrote about the fringe, the dark side of humanity, Matt's vision is personal, microscopic and prosaic, so it's intrinsically less dramatic and noticable. Matt focuses almost entirely on the inner workings of his relationships--the usual scenario featuring the subject, Matt, as Kafkaesque insect about to get crushed under the weight of love gone wrong.

And that's nothing new. There's no shortage of male songwriters who project the persona of sincere, sensitive dude with guitar and broken heart. This can be tired old stuff, especially on the west side. And superficially Matt does nothing to dispel the suspicion that he's just one more of these crooners. Indeed, on the cassette that he peddles at his shows there is a little stick-figure self-portrait of Matt with a cutesy smiley face, a guitar in one hand and a cracked pink valentine in the other. But that's just the image. The reality of it is that Matt transcends his own genre. Like Hank Williams, who is pure country, but whose appeal is universal. Nobody with a functioning soul can deny Hank, even if they despise country music. The same thing is true of Hendrix. His music may fit into the category of psychedelia or what used to be called acid rock, but in no way does it sound dated like the rest of that stuff. It goes to a deeper level. Hendrix is closer to Bach than to the Strawberry Alarm Clock. And so too, let me go out on a limb and say that Matt has more in common with Jimi and Hank than with the average folkie love balladeer.

What makes Matt so good in my estimation? Part of it is his innovative approach to his songwriting. Antifolk singers take note. Because I think that some of the devices in Matt's writing should be fundamental tenants of Antifolk.

For one thing, Matt never lets form stand in the way of expression. For instance with the formal consideration of rhyme. A lot of conventional songwriters are still fumbling around with their idiotic rhyming dictionaries. The trouble with this is that if you adhere to rhyme schemes too closely it will inevitably constrain what you want to say (that's why poets abandoned them). Matt offers a simple solution--if searching for the right rhyme gets in the way, nix the rhyme. This isn't an easy thing because if you do this, your lyrics have to really be fresh and compelling. But Matt pulls it off:

God I hate tomatoes, but I'll eat them,
'Cause I'm too hungry not to.
Hey man there's a dog poop, on the sidewalk,
And ya know, that really pisses me off.
Hey man there's a red stain on the sidewalk,
Is it blood, or just ketchup?
Hey now there's an old man, taking a shit on the sidewalk,
And he turns to me, and he says these words...

Another aspect of form that Matt will dispense with if it doesn't suit him is a normal, logical connection between verse and chorus.

Verse: People in New York talk about New York,
 People in Paris talk about love,
 People in Kansas talk about the weather,
 People in Florida talk about oranges...

Chorus: I'm sinking like a live lobster
 in a giant cup of butter,
 I'll milk you like a big baby
 and there will not be another...
 udder.

Yeah it's a total non-sequitur but audiences are always blown away by it. Matt's exploiting poetic or subconscious rather than linear connections in the manner of a surrealist painter.

Matt is a master at weaving common, everyday images into his narratives. This makes the impact of his concepts powerful and immediate. Most of the images in a Matt Mason song are of stuff you can find in your kitchen:

I bit into this donut, and this is what I found,
This donut's kinda like you now, it just doesn't come around.

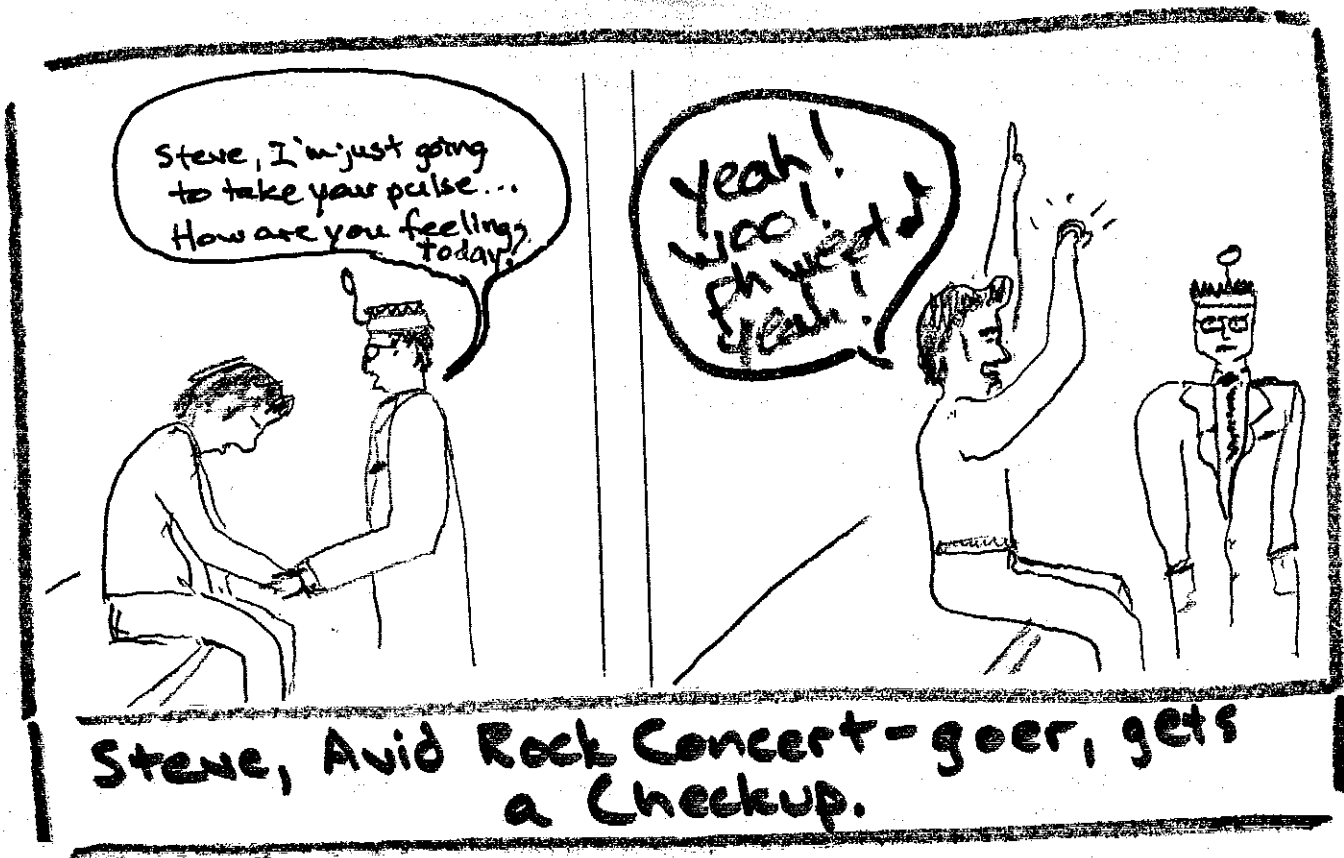
or:
When the corn on my plate gets too close to the ketchup,
I get just a little bit nervous.

Matt also employs solid imagery to describe certain existential predicaments and often in a way that leaves you thinking for a while about what you've just heard:

I'm in a shrunken treasure chest,
Sipping cups of tea,
And I know I would surely drown,
If I could find the key.

But existential predicament or no, Matt's worldview is essentially positive. Though his stage persona is that of a loser, that is, one who has lost out in love and life--he is absolutely not a loser in the Beck sense of the word, that is to say a cynical, negative, downwardly-mobile, postmodern young punk shrinking beneath the veneer of his own coolness or anticoolness or whatever you call that attitude. The humor that informs nearly every line of Matt's songs is his way of winking slyly to the listener and saying yeah even though being human usually means enduring unrequited love, poverty, powerlessness, broken dreams--fundamentally it's OK. If you look at it in the right way life really is a gas, and eventually if you hang in there maybe someday you will be a winner. In the words of the Major:

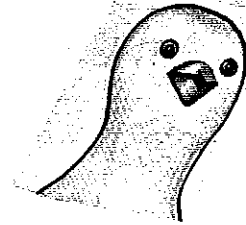
The world is not against you, and ya know, neither am I.



DO-IT-YOURSELF booking info.



VIRGINIA / N. CAROLINA



"Some booking agents who wouldn't cheat their own mother" by SMD

Wil Gravitt local Fredericksburg crooner, does some various booking for small clubs in area... close friend of mine. (703) 372-9402 or (703) 899-7949 pager.

Dave Goodrich (Blue Quinta Entertainment) another local Fredericksburg singer/songwriter who books some smaller rooms for various people in Fredericksburg... also a friend of mine. (703) 972-2672.

Brian Husky (Akasha Artist Management) one of the coolest agents I've ever spoken to (we've never met)... deals specifically with solo acoustic, folksy singer/songwriters... based in the Charlotte, NC area (farther south than I usually go) but has connections all over... principle act right now is Viki Pratt Keating (who plays EVERYWHERE)... I don't know if Brian has any room or time, but he is a great person to know... (704) 522-1522.

Chris Tanner (Cellar Door Entertainment) largest single booking agency on the east coast... books the Bayou in Georgetown (the only real gig they've ever gotten me)... fairly difficult to get noticed by, but they can open doors if they do... (703) 683-1900.

Rob Casey (James Turner Productions) scores poorly on the charm index, but does book some cool rooms... also a difficult nut for new acts to crack; keep calling... (703) 548-7800.

CHICAGO TOURING possibilities

The Gallery Cabaret 2020 N. Oakley (312/549-7461) Mick Scott. Open mic Thursdays.

Estelle's on Milwaukee. Mary MacIntire.

Abbey Pub on Elston. Mark Zeus.

The Charleston on the corner of Hoyne and Charleston.

Fresh Ideas

the Fort at Sidewalk

music music music music schedule

All shows start at 8:00. Anti-Hoot sign-up at 7:30.
Generally, 1st act listed is 8:00, second listed is 9:00, etc.
Call the Fort on the day of a show for more information (212/473-7373).

JANUARY

- 23 TUES - Jim Allen, Silent Bear, Paul Clements, Julianne Richards, Heather Eatman, Jazz Jam with The Goodrow Allstars
- 24 WED - Julia Douglas, David Baker, Marilyn J. Lewis, Mark Geary
- 25 THUR - Babkas, Rachel Spark, Hamell On Trial, Major Matt Mason, Arnie Lawrence/Herman Foster Jazz
- 26 FRI - Bianca Bob, Lee Feldman, Mike Rocklin, Jack Peddler, Meow, Renee Cologne
- 27 SAT - Bill Popp and The Tapes, Jen's Revenge, Richard X. Heyman, Lach Solo Set, New Hell Jazz Band
- 28 SUN - Tom Nishioka, Amanda's Waiting, Dan Emery, Jazz Jam with The Charettes
- 29 MON - The Baffling and Insidious Anti-Hoot with Lach
- 30 TUES - Alan Andrews, Karen Davis, Shoofly, Dave Foster, Wad, Jazz Jam with The Goodrow Allstars
- 31 WED - Ashcan Negative Cabaret, Ordinary Boy, M.E. Johnson, Olivia Cornell, Lake

FEBRUARY

- 01 THUR - Carol Lipnik, Eugene Ripper, Matt Sherwood, The Arnie Lawrence & Herman Foster Jazz Band
- 02 FRI - Them Keener Boys, T.B.A., Gene & Mimi, Voodoo Martini, Heather Eatman
- 03 SAT - Leroy Lange, Chris Glenn, Catherine Moon, Homer Erotic
- 04 SUN - Dudley, John Sonntag, Alice Texas, Some Freaks, Jazz Jam with the Charettes
- 05 MON - The Intergalactic Calamity known as the Anti-Hoot with Lach
- 06 TUES - Mark von Maeder, B.T.Y., Betsy Thompson, Uncle Carl, Jazz Jam with Goodrow Allstars
- 07 WED - Jack Arky, Nina Nastasia, Julia Douglas, Benny of the Bashers, Joe Condiracci
- 08 THUR - Jocelyn Ryder, Terry McCarthy, Eugene Ripper, Gary Meister, Jazz w/Arnie Lawrence
- 09 FRI - Them Keener Boys, Mark Humble, Voodoo Martini, Lake
- 10 SAT - Pat Stern, Jen's Revenge, The Novellas, Lach Solo Acoustic, Lenny Molotov
- 11 SUN - Strange Gfolk Sunday: Cytomogoat, Starchild, Mammals of Zod, Andy If, Randy Kaplan, Jazz Jam
- 12 MON - Like, it's the Anti-Hoot & Stuff, Ok? Don't get all hyper and postal Ok?
- 13 TUES - Pete Redmond, Nancy Falkow, Kim Fox, Jazz Jam with the Goodrow Allstars
- 14 WED - Valentine's Show w/these hunks & babes: Julianne Richards, Tom Nishioka, Dan Emery, Daniell Harnett
- 15 THUR - Pharoah's Daughter, Eugene Ripper, Bob Hillman, Jazz with Arnie Lawrence and Herman Foster
- 16 FRI - Them Keener Boys, Gene and Mimi, Voodoo Martini, Little Shining Man
- 17 SAT - Mike Rechner, Robert Scheffler, Richard X Heyman, The Hush
- 18 SUN - ART OPENING-LAURIE USHER (6-8p.m.), George Usher, Mike Rocklin, Jazz Jam
- 19 MON - Ye Olde Anti-Hoot with Lach
- 20 TUES - Karen Davis, Ruth Gerson, Uncle Carl, Jazz Jam with Goodrow Allstars
- 21 WED - Mark Geary, Marilyn J. Lewis, TBA
- 22 THUR - Fiona Lehn, Dots Will Echo, Hub Moore, Chris Chandler, Arnie Lawrence and Herman Foster Jazz
- 23 FRI - Them Keener Boys, The Humans, Joe Bendik, Muckaferguson, Meow

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TEAR ME OFF AND STICK ME ON YOUR WALL!

Fun. Friendly. Free.

Past Kings and Queens of Anti-Folk, in no particular order or nothing:

Ernie
Laura Novella
Peter Novella
Paula Carino
Roy Derien

Karen Davis
Sam Camus
Dan Emery
Major Matt Mason
Mike Young

Past Kings and Queens of Anti-Folk, all screwed up:

gnyssno aaeajaaaioae avvLMmarrnu teMeooulPyeorEMotutaa
Loua aSEterneie aurCirro puern MMoaulatikeuaDo NelaArnoi

Politburo/Ministry of Anti-Folk: The Humans

If you remember more K's and Q's let us know. This is all we could remember.

NEXT ISSUE:

- * INTERVIEW WITH AGNELLI & RAVE
- * JEN'S REVENGE
 - * DIJA KNOW?
 - * DAN EMERY CARTOON!!!
- * SUPERHOOT PICS
 - * and much, much more!

lucky numbers
0 0 0

long distance telemarketers will
become your only friends.

