

ANTI-MATTER



S_o...

A dark cloud has descended over the offices of Anti-Matters and the Voice of Eternal Cynicism is channelling a message to all readers: The human spirit does not exist (funny, that, coming from a channeller, but no one questions the Voice). Furthermore, the human body is just a bundle of electromechanical switches put together very coincidentally by no higher force at all. The piteous human affectations of "love" and "compassion" and such are just masquerading the fact that every organism acts in its own self-interest and only through force are people coerced into altruism. The popularity of the world's religions is testament to the fact that mankind is too weak to face the reality of death. Languid fecal matter like Michael Bolton and Mariah Carey top the music charts while true artists wallow in poverty and despair and obscurity. Scorched-earth politicians continue to battle axe the needy while propping up the rich and laughing all the time while their whores suck their overblown egos in their champagne and TV equipped limos. Mickey Maus entertainment conglomerates soak up all available space and kick out the poor to make room for towers of inanity and greed eclipsed only by the throngs of gutless maggot tourists who pay huge sums to feed their children the lies that will eventually destroy them and everything in their path socially, physically, spiritually, mentally, politically, economically and culturally.

Welcome.

- Ed.

What are
all these dots?

I think
it's rain

Editors

Scarecrow
Tom Nishioka
J.T. Lewis

Contributors

Jonathan Berger
Jocelyn Ryder
Joe Benlik
Anonymous
Seth Doolin
Soundguy
Gustav Plympton


Write to or for Anti-Matters

We print anything!

Anti Matters
443 2nd ~~Ave.~~ St. # 4R
Brooklyn, NY 11215
(718) 965-3491

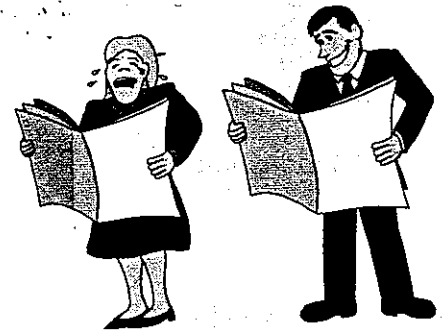
Note: Pappy, who used to be an editor, left and took the typewriter. Damn! We'll miss her.

"JUST AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE SONG"



so you want to be a songwriter, make music that people care about. first lesson--don't write about anything that you care about or that actually happened to you. people love epcot center, but would find actually visiting china a little too 'dirty.' next thing is, write love songs. political, topical songs don't age very well, and the issue you take up will likely be forgotten once the new management at newsweek shifts editorial direction or the new season of hard copy comes on. think ethiopian starvation or the threat of communism in central america. it's not every day that you hear "feed the world". people don't care too long about caring, and what you're looking for is heavy rotation and then a comfy tenure in at least two classic rock stations in each major market. let's not even consider the oldies niche for now. by the time that revenue comes in, you should be able to use it as bingo money in your high class sunshine state retirement community center. so write about love, but not love that you've experienced. write equal numbers of: 1 in new love, 2 confused about love, 3 dedicated forever to love, 4 sad about lost love--so that you can balance your set out to be fast one, slow one, fast one, slow one---upbeat, sad, upbeat, sad. in each song, towards the second, third verse, or bridge, throw in something appropriately non-sensical. let's call it the horoscope line. this is the one that isn't logical in the song, but makes everyone think that you're talking directly to them. people like to think that their lives are full of things that are so heavy they are beyond the power of words. they follow along in the song until they get to this point, when they go: whoa! in reality, most people's lives are more like a commercial jingle, but they will bend over backwards

to relate your horoscope line to something in their lives, and they'll be pleased to be reminded of this every time they hear your song. put in a solo on some instrument with a lot of high notes played faster than most of your high school marching band educated listeners could play. repeat the chorus and fade all the way to the bank.



GLASS CEILING: A 1995 report released by the Glass Ceiling Commission, a bipartisan federal commission established by Senator Bob Dole, confirmed yet again that the "glass ceiling" is firmly in place for women and people of color, still excluding them from the top management ranks. White males, who comprise 43% of the workforce, hold 92% of senior management positions in all Fortune 100 industrial and Fortune 500 service industries. Tellingly, the U.S. Bureau of Labor did not even keep records of women in professional and managerial positions before 1988. (*Federal Glass Ceiling Commission, 1995*)



Ten Reasons To Be Cynical Right Now!

1. Your parents aren't.
2. All the cool people are.
3. "Braveheart" won.
4. You're a fake.
5. Someone is having sex while you're reading this.
6. It's really good sex.
7. Fortune is smiling on the rich.
8. Santa Claus - well, you know.
9. Three words: Contract with America
10. Dogs can lick their balls and you can't.

Test Your Knowledge!

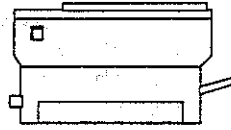
Can you identify the following office products? (Answers not provided)



(a)



(b)



(d)



(e)



(f) hint: guess



(gg)



(h) hint: you



(I) unidentified



(l) eggs



(m) boss man
a.k.a. the fuckin' man



(n) my empty
Rolodex



(o) you gotta
server somebody



(p) never rings



(n) an extra from
Yellow Submarine

What is Antifolk?

Gustav Plympton

A brief history: back at the dawn of time (the mid/early-eighties), some new songwriters headed out to the West Village to play some clubs. The traditional West Village folk clubs (like Folk City and a bunch of others I forget) heard the lyrical acoustic stylings of Brenda Kahn, Kirk Kelly, Lach, Roger Manning, Mike Rimbaud, and maybe some others and were... far from impressed. They hated them. Someone once said, "They stink like my aunt Lottie's feet," but that's probably another story.

Possible rationales for the antipathy for these players might be that they were: too loud, too aggressive, too punk, too bitter, too articulate, too intense, too senseless, too eclectic, too good, too bad. The result however, was that these players were shut out of the elitist clubs in the West Village.

In true punk DIY (Do It Yourself) fashion, Lach founded the first Fort on Rivington Street, to create a place where he'd be allowed to sing and play. It was a good plan: if you're rejected by the establishment, then establish your own damn place.

But what seems to be forgotten is the fact that the whole thing was borne of rejection. The original artists that would be known as antifolk pioneers were losers, who couldn't find a club to let them play.

This is not unprecedented. Frank Zappa couldn't sign a deal after being in the business for years. Elvis Costello had to throttle an A&R guy repeatedly to even get listened to. And Peter, Paul, and Mary sank to extortion to get Dylan to give them "500 Miles" (It's a fact!). The fact is, though, the alternative to traditional folk music that you so appreciate, that you have come to listen to this very night, was really created from shame, rejection, and embarrassment.

Were they so bad that no one would let them in the door?

"I'll show them!" the originals said, "I'll prove I can play!"

And they did. Sort of. I mean, I don't see anyone begging antifolk back in the West Village, dilapidated and pathetic as it may be.

So here we are today, a decade later, still listening to those original sniveling whelps, complaining about their petty concerns, with their angry acoustic guitars as back-up. The same losers that left the Village ten years ago are still playing these tiny Loisa clubs. It's embarrassing, really.

See you here tomorrow.

DEMON TIPS

demo tips. the column everyone reads just so they can control everything. the column you all read so that you can be confrontational in the studio, or so you can get your own studio and take away my hard earned business. yeah, i know the likes of you. so here's some more ammo for your guns.

listening levels. PALEFACE, as told to me by MATT SUPERSTAR SHERWOOD, mixes his music at moderate listening levels in the studio, despite always playing it at immoral volumes. he said he cranked it during mixes for his first records, but they didn't sound good when played back at home or in the car or in the walkman. legends are to be learned from so check this out.

the fact is, different frequencies respond differently to changes in volume. bass gets more prevalent as you turn up. loudness is measured in dB's, so let's say you're listening to a mix at 70dB's (not so loud). let's say that you separate out the low (bass) frequencies and the high frequencies. you measure them and they are each 70 dB. if you turn up the whole mix to 80 dB, and then measure the low and high again separately, you might find the high to be at 80 dB, but the bass will be 84 dB. the actual numbers and terms are not so important, but the point is: when you listen at a certain volume, you are imposing eq boosts and cuts even before you touch a knob. it's like you're running your whole mix through a graphic equalizer and shoving some knobs up and some down. the more to a loud or soft extreme, the more the overall eq is affected.

if you mix loud and think there's enough bass and enough low end on the kick, when you play it back at lower volume the bottom end is not going to be pushed by the volume and the mix is going to sound thin. does anybody remember the loudness buttons on older home stereo

components??--this is what they did--they boosted the low frequencies so when you listened low

you didn

Archer, Roth Unveil Plans To "Kill Everybody"

Associated Press (Detroit) - House Ways and Means Chairman Archer and Senate Finance Chairman Roth issued a joint statement today saying they had begun work on a bill that would change existing law such that "every citizen of the United States shall be denied the privilege of life." The aim of the bill, according to one of Archer's aides, is "to strengthen the right to liberty and pursuit of happiness" by removing the precondition of being alive. The bill calls for summary execution of the entire populace of the United States, while granting corporations and other financial instruments the freedom to pursue their economic goals.

House Speaker Gingrich applauded the bill, saying that the original language of the Declaration of Independence was "vague, unworkable, and unenforceable." House GOP freshmen trumpeted the bill as a step in the direction right, but still complained that the bill "was not enough" and vowed to put into place a more repressive law before the year 2000.

Democratic lawmakers were skeptical, indicating they thought reform was necessary, but that the GOP measure was even more unworkable than the original Declaration. Representative Barney Frank offered, "Say we use electrocution. Now we get down to that last person, and he sits down and straps himself in. Who's going to pull the switch? And suppose that last person says, 'Well I decided I'm not going through with it.' Who would stop him from living?"

Republican Representative Dick Armey said that Frank was just stalling, and that a remote control switch could be used to "burn that faggot Frank and all his faggoty-ass-faggot friends." Frank shot back, "And who would get the contract to build that remote control?" Armey attempted to respond, but was so furious that he suffered a mild arrhythmia and was only able to whisper the words "faggoty-ass-faggot" again before he passed out.



you didn't lose the bass. they faked loudness. if you really want to get into this, you can get a sound pressure level meter from radio shack and start testing. otherwise, just remember that in mixing, louder is not always better. most of the engineers i learned from listen at about 75 or 80 dB (pretty moderate) and then turn it really low and really high every once in a while to see what happens at the extremes and to check balances. it's a good trick to make sure things are even to turn it way down to the threshold where the music disappears and see if you can hear every instrument there. if the balance is good down there, that's a good starting point for the mix. one more thing about listening while mixing in the studio: ear fatigue. your ears get tired and don't do such a good job after listening for a while. the louder it is, the quicker this happens. (think of your hearing after seeing a loud concert--the ringing in your ears is just one of the more obvious signs of ear fatigue.) it's a hard concept to accept when you're in the studio and paying by the hour, but sometimes a 20 minute silent break is needed to let your ears equilibrate. a good rule of thumb is: you know when you first come into the studio and turn on the mix and it sounds kicking? later, when it starts to sound dull and you have to turn it up to bring back the excitement, don't turn up. your ears are getting tired. take a break and come back. alright, go get 'em.



Po-et-ry! Po-et-ry! Po-et-ry!

Untitled
by Anonymous

It will never be sunny again
It will always be raining
Winter will forever cloud the dark sky

With isolation
With fear
With hate
With unrequited desire

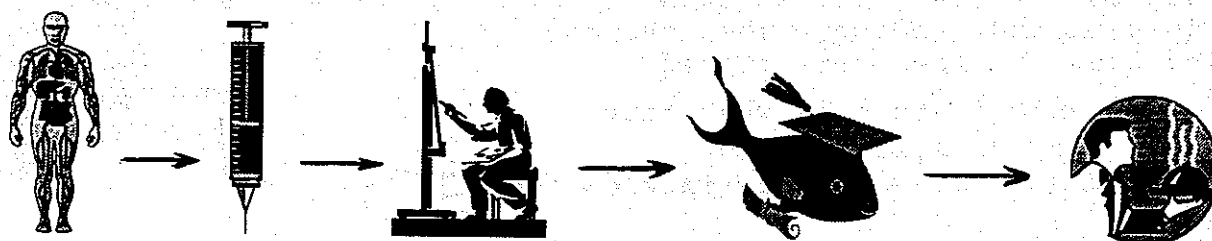
And longing
And pain
And misery
And strife

And a break in the clouds will yield

More rain
And pain
Hey hey
Go away



EVOLUTION OF THE ARTIST: A VISUAL HISTORY



Ah, I finally got a seat. Now I can finally get some rest. Oh no, a homeless skag.

Hey, buddy. HEY! Can't you see the sign? It's illegal to be homeless. You piece of shit. Why can't you just disappear and leave us all alone? We should just send you all to an island where you can rot with your friends. Better yet, we should force you to live in work camps, then you'd learn some values. I wish

Jesse Helms were President, he'd know what to do with all the worthless leeches trying to suck the life out of this great nation. Too bad all our leaders are wimps.

Adolph Hitler, now there's someone who knew how to deal with people. But no, we got Bill the Pill.

Sponsored by
NYC MTA and
Mayor Giuliani

LEARNING GUITAR

by Jocelyn Ryder



If you read the title of this column, then you know the truth: the reason I usually sing a capella is that I am just learning how to play guitar.

Ever since I started singing with bands, people have suggested I learn to play an instrument. "But I'm a singer!" I'd declare. "If I play an instrument and sing at the same time I'm not gonna do either one as well as if I concentrate on one or the other. And since I already know how to sing, singing it is." From the time I was 15, I auditioned for about one band a year. My lagging confidence couldn't withstand rejection more often than that. Answering *Voice* ads only brought me closer to the ugly side of the music business, to that scary breed of a-record-deal-is-my-bottom-line player I call the Music Mercenary. MM: "So, who have you recorded with?" JR: "What about the sound of my voice?" MM: "We'll get to that. Oh, by the way, do you have any spandex dresses?" Yikes! I'm gone like your heart, boy, the day you sold out.

I have no plans to sing "I'm Not Going to Hell For You," the first song I ever performed at an Anti-Hoot, with anything but spontaneous, percussive accompaniment. Still, I love the way a guitar, when it's not being used as a phallic extension, can turn a song up to 11. When I started doing gigs, I knew I didn't want to do them all completely a capella. And as Hamell on Trial told me, "The reason you need to learn guitar is so you don't have to be at the mercy of some guy's ego." This convinced me.

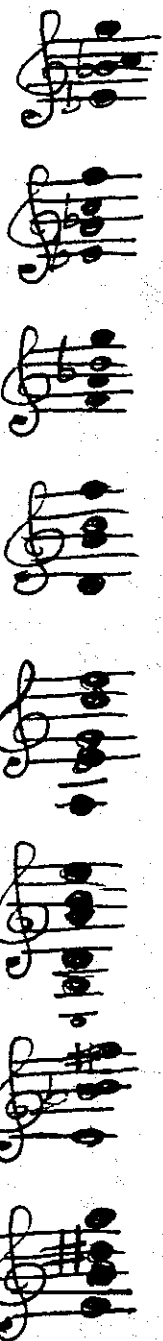
The first guitar I picked up at Sam Ash sounded really good. I already knew from watching approximately what my hands were supposed to be doing—but I had no idea how anyone contorted their fingers into all those weird shapes they made against the strings. The big-hair, hard-sell vibe was threatening to intimidate me, as the strings buzzed with the fumbling of my inexperienced hands. Even if I couldn't make it sing, I liked this guitar—a Yamaha—which Lach had suggested was a good and cheap first guitar to buy. So, I called over a salesman (I use the gender-specific here since I don't recall seeing anyone but men working the salesfloor—reminding me once again that I am a minority in this world of music) and said, "Tell me about this guitar." "First of all," he said, "it's left handed." Ah, yes! Upside down strings. They didn't have a right-handed one. Bummer.

I finally bought my guitar at Carmine Street Guitars a few days later. I had already decided to name her Ukulele. She's made by Washburn but the name above the tuning pegs is Oscar Schmidt. I worried for a minute that Oscar might've been some genius Nazi instrument maker. But the vibe at C. S. G. helped me feel confident I wouldn't be sold anything having to do with the Third Reich.

Next, I had to find a teacher. Some people can confidently pick up an instrument and play till it sounds good. Not me. My mind is in a constant tug-of-war over what I think I should be able to do and what I can actually do. I needed a teacher to remind me that punching a wall when I was frustrated with my level of expertise (or lack thereof) would not aid me in my mission to learn. When I saw Dan Emery play sometime around Christmas, he dedicated a song to his guitar students; they made it possible, Dan said, for him to sit around and play guitar all day. Thrilled at having found a prospective teacher from the Fort, I ran up to Dan after his set. He'd scarcely had a chance to remove the instrument from around his neck when I asked him about taking lessons. He gave me his card which identified him thus: Patient and Supportive Guitar Teacher.

I've learned six chords and just began writing my first song with the guitar. Ukulele doesn't sing real pretty yet. My fingers still feel like they're ruled by some alien's brain when I'm playing anything other than an A or E. But when I learn new chords, when I have breakthroughs in my playing and my ability, I giggle.

Next issue: How strings can be used for self-flagellation without taking them off the guitar.





Fordham, Weiss, & Swiss, L.P.

623 Avenue of the Americas

New York, NY 10018

(212) 442-6000

Internal Memorandum

To: All New York Office Staff

From: Charlie Weiss, Partner

Re: We're Downsizing!

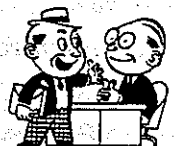
The National Office is proud to announce that with the excellent help from K.K.J. Management and Consulting, we have devised a new strategy for 1996 that will enable our firm, indeed your firm, to achieve the goals of the Vision 2000 plan within the expected timeframe. As you know, one of our goals is to become the world's largest service provider for the industrial and service sectors and to compete in the ever-changing global economic climate. It may be hard to reach, but we want to say "We're number one!" by the end of the century.

Accordingly, we want to thank you for your tireless dedication and years of service and to advise you to clear out your desk and office of all personal belongings by five o'clock today and meet in the lobby where an armed security officer will escort you to the front door. We appreciate your cooperation and invite you to join us once again in cheering "We're number one!"

Duh

Correction! We are very excited because this is our first correction column, and that means we're bad!

1. In the last issue (#5), Gabrielle Vitellio's article had a glaring typo. In the second column, first question (with the horses next to it), second sentence on should read "The copyright for the compilation record which is the sound recording would read _____ John Doe, 1996. This copyright is separate from the copyright in the composition of each separate song on the record which would read © John Doe, 1996." I don't have the little P in the circle on my computer that should have gone in front of the first John Doe, and I was supposed to remember to draw it in but I didn't have time or I forgot. Anyway, I hope we cleared this up.
2. In "One Prank Phone Call" by John Muck, we were not supposed to put a byline because John Muck wanted to remain anonymous because John Muck was afraid that if people saw his name under the headline, then maybe some friend of the guy John Muck made fun of over the phone would find out it was John Muck and find him and beat him up or make a prank phone call back on John Muck.
3. We reported that Sonny Bono was a write-in candidate for the Republican primary. However, our sources found out that Sonny Bono is actually a computer virus that "piggybacks" low-level C++ programming and corrupts semantic composition of almost any hardware, thereby robbing servers of all memory.
4. Those weren't really the Super-Hoot pics!
5. Above, where it says "we're bad," it should say "we're bad-ass fuckers!!!"



Hurry up, dammit! Outta my way! Leave me alone!

by
Seth Doolin



Patience is a virtue, but who the hell has time?

There are a hell of a lot of things I have absolutely no patience for, one of them is a busy signal. I almost don't recognize this one when I hear it. Most everyone I know has call waiting, this has become a common courtesy in this day and age. My mother, for instance, does not have call waiting. This is almost understandable as it took her a few years to catch on to how to use an answering machine. She has left the same greeting on it since the day she bought it. Evidently she is still unaware that you can change the greeting. After four or five rings, you hear her voice, a bit startled, saying "... hello?! [unsure of herself] uh ... you have reached the Doolin residence, and ... we're not home right now, so please leave a message at the sound of the beep." I think hers is the only answering machine which still leaves instructions as to what to do at the beep. My grandfather never understood what was going on. He heard her voice and began talking before the beep. It didn't really matter, though, he tends to ramble.

This brings me to the answering machine. Everyone has one, right? Wrong! There was this young woman I met some time ago and I told her I'd call her. Now, the first phone call is really the initial contact. Meeting at a bar doesn't count because you generally don't remember what you said or what she looks like, so the first contact is really the phone call. I like to make these calls on Monday afternoons, especially if I know the woman I met works in the day. It is always better to leave an amusing message than to fumble around with the words when she picks up and you've forgotten your clever repartee.

Okay, so I met her on Saturday, and somehow it's been drilled into my head that you don't call a woman you've just met the next day (don't ask me why, it's just what Tony says, and he gets cranky when you don't listen to him and his wealth of advice). So come Monday afternoon, I prepare and practice something cute and clever to say. I look for her number and dial.

Ring.

Ring.

Ring.

(Cool, she's not home, get ready with the funny message).

Ring.

Ring.

(The machine should be picking up soon).

Ring.

Ring.

Ring.

Where the hell is the machine?

I figure I've called at the exact moment someone else has, and the machine can handle only one message at a time. I call back in a half hour. Same deal.

Okay, maybe she forgot to turn on the machine.

Later that night, I find her number and call again, after thinking of something funny to say.

Ring.

Ring.

Okay, machine should be picking up.

Ring.

"Hello?"

What the hell is this? A real person answering the phone.

"Umm, hello?"

I thought this was very clever on my part. The best I could come up with after being caught off guard.

The next best thing I came up with, first contact with her, mind you, was "Why the hell don't you have a machine?"

People moving slowly also has become a pet peeve for me. I think that was the last straw for me in San Francisco. The pace of life there was just too slow to believe. It took me over two weeks to get an apartment simply because people would not return phone calls. In New York, every apartment I got took less than a full day. Appointments on the West Coast were treated as theory only. I remember one day when I was at a hardware store. The line was about six deep and the cashier asked who was next. While everyone else was deferring to anyone else, I stated: "This would never happen in New York, I'm next, dammit!"

I was in midtown the other day when I witnessed a supermarket delivery person (you can't call them delivery boys anymore) accidentally run into the back of a woman's legs. He told her, "Look, I'm really sorry, ma'am, but you just gotta move it!"

I hate being caught walking behind tourists or the elderly, often the only alternative is walking in the street, taking my chances with passing cabs on suicide missions. Broadway between 14th and Houston is the worst, at any time of day.

Another thing that gets me is people trying to bum cigarettes. What with the fluctuations in price as of late, cigarettes have become a commodity. I bought Marlboro at 1.75 and I am sitting on a stack until they go back up to 2.75. Buy low, sell high. Anyway, what I hate is when someone offers you money for a cigarette. Out and out bumming is okay, I've done it myself. But offering money ...

Allow me to illustrate: I'm around Sutton Place one day, and some guy stops me and says: "Hey, chief." (I hate this term). I stop. "Lemme buy a cigarette from you," he says.

"Okay," I tell him. "Two bucks."

"Two bucks?"

"Yeah," I repeat, "two bucks."

"I could buy my own pack for two bucks."

"Yes, you could," I tell him, and walk away.

The subway is another thing I have no patience for. Somehow it just doesn't seem to be worth \$1.50 for the opportunity to rub elbows (and other bodily parts) with the great unwashed. The ②/③ is definitely my least favorite line, there are more panhandlers per mile than any other. The ①/② is next, followed by the ④ and ⑤.

I have no patience for Central Park. Not the actual park itself, I have nothing against grass, trees, muggers, dope peddlers, rapists, wild dogs and people selling whistles (like this is a good idea, buying a whistle from a grungy man who had probably drooled over all of them), but it is the location of the park that irritates. I will be moving to the Upper West Side (not my preference, but I got a good deal on a tiny ventilated shoebox), and there is really no way to get from East to West between the fifties and Harlem. No Man's Land. I once proposed a tram like the one going to Roosevelt Island as a means of commute. Another idea was a cannon with a net on the other side.

Spitting bugs the hell out of me. I'll be walking down the street and hear the unmistakable sound of mucous being summoned from the depths of a throat and turn in time to see the gobby gooby gelatinous projectile leap from pursed lips. I find old Asian women to be the most frequent offenders. The "No Spitting" signs should be in Chinese.

While I'm venting about the subway, how's this: the signs that read "Token Entry." What the hell is this? Does this mean that I am allowed some sort of minority entrance on the subway? I keep looking for signs that read "No Irish Need Apply" on the ⑥ train.

And the damn bus. When I was living in the Bronx, I was waiting for the Express Bus (or as I refer to it, the Depress Bus, bummer of a view, unless you're into urban decay as a backdrop), and it's supposed to show up at 6:45. Well, 6:45 shifts into 7:00, which bleeds into 7:15. At 7:20, when the bus finally got around to getting there, I asked the driver if he were on schedule as I slid my money into the slot.

He told me he wasn't.

"Do you have a good reason for being late, then?" I asked, hoping there was some sort of justification for the wear and tear on my stomach lining.

"No." His response was without guilt.

"So you're just late then, right?"

"Yeah."

"Is this any way to run a bus company?" I asked, becoming more and more indignant, more and more like my father.

"Probably not."

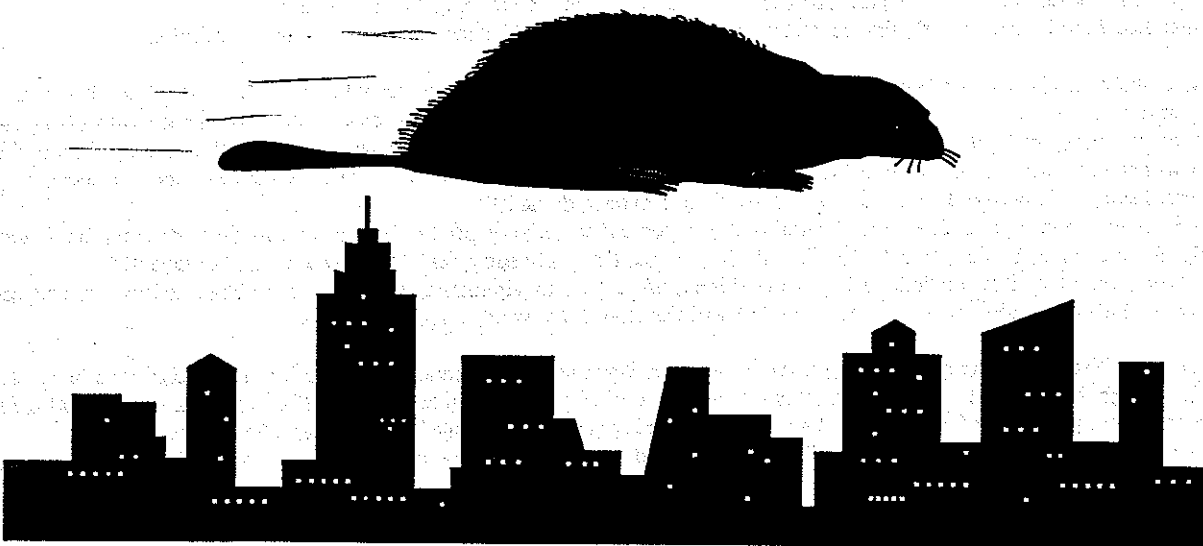
Well, he was right. It probably wasn't a good way to run a bus company. I had to give him points for insight.

I have no patience for religion, dogma, activists, liberals, conservatives, fascists, intellectuals, idiots, trendoids, against-the-grainers, slackers, yuppies, deadheads, mohawked kids on St. Mark's (it's over - it died with Sique Sique Sputnik!), metal megalomaniacs, nostalgia waxing whackers, hip-hoppers, neo-beats, Trekkies, Ayn Randians, well, the list goes on and on.

Yeah, patience may be a virtue, but go bother someone else with that crap.

--Seth is Staff Psychologist at the League Treatment Center in Brooklyn.

Editor's Note: As in Seth's last article, his perception of San Francisco is a bit off-base. When you introduce yourself to a prospective landlord as Seth Doolin - Spawn of Satan, they generally don't get the joke. When Seth was interviewed for a room share, he always showed up with a few bloody chicken necks in his pocket, which he would proceed to "cleanse" the apartment with. If the potential roommate was a woman, he always asked what size panties she wore and would usually make obscene references to his "little Dooly" which had to be "slapped silly" three times a day to keep it in line. Maybe this impressed people in New York, but in San Francisco it put them off.

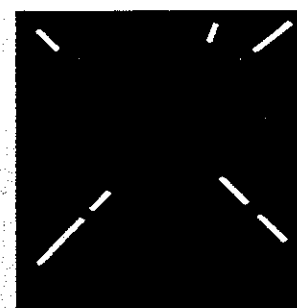
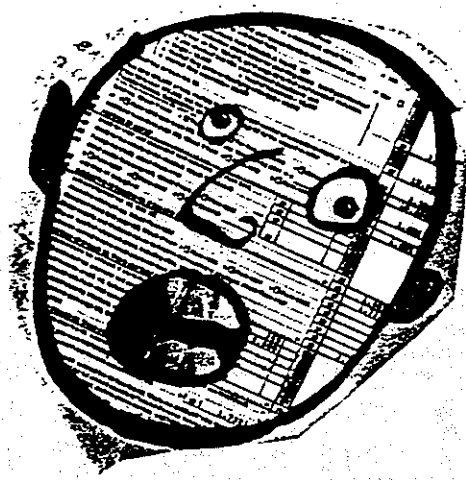




MOVIE MOMENT

by
Critic

I love the fact that we have Coca-Cola advertisements before movies nowadays. It's obviously worth the new \$8.50 admission price to see the latest work of our sellout brothers and sisters in advertising (\$8.50 for a two hour movie is equivalent to \$3,060 per month, about the rent for a nice place in Tribeca. I say stay in the theater - it's got high ceilings and someone else cleans the bathroom). Not that what comes after the advertising is much artsier - previews for the latest Hollywood dreck that usually include: a bittersweet dodgy mob comedy that features Joe Pesci or Danny Aiello (whoever thought to raise the latter to stardom should be nailed crucifixion style to the billboard for his latest *Pickle*) playing older father figures with some sort of nasty sexual habit; a whick-whack action-pack smack-back gang-crack drug-ring stoolie-sing murder-resurrection thing; Disney's latest kiddie-morphine; some on-the-road-but-really-everything-you're-looking-for-deep-down-is-waiting-for-you-in-your-home-sweet-trailer-trash-park morality play starring one of the brat pack who needs movie cash for a new house and generally looks (a) pasty, (b) strung out, and (c) bewildered; and a "quirky" European romance, the preview of which shows quick cut shots of all the beautiful Italian/French/Greek people that the producer knew, along with some announcer claiming that love transcends language barriers, a ploy which disguises the fact that you're going to get to this movie and find out it's in subtitles which your date knew and you didn't. With all this bad acid in your head, you are now invited to enjoy the feature presentation, which if there were justice in the world, would open with Steve Buscemi standing Gulliver-like over a miniature Los Angeles, shouting "Adios, assholes!" and wiping out the whole place with a giant drunken urination. Now that would be movie magic.



Better than a Hotel

The King's A Sham!

"I couldn't live the lie!" Anonymous source says.

(Fort - Sidewalk Cafe - Avenue A - New York City Anti Press)



Coming forward in disguise, an anonymous source recently claimed polling inaccuracies in the selection of antifolk royalty.

At the turn of every season, a new King and/or Queen of antifolk is selected at the AntiHoot, ostensibly by popular opinion.

"It's a sham," an undisclosed source admitted, "Public opinion has nothing to do with the selection."

At the prodding of Lach, the legendary AntiHoot's regular MC, audience members clap for their favorite performers after they have done their songs. Lach, using an alleged myriad of electronic equipment, gauges popular reaction and, on this basis, chooses the reigning King/Queen of the Antifolk for the beginning season.

Or so the story goes.

According to the source, however, the equipment, while extant, does not necessarily reflect audience reaction. The decision, evidently, are made behind closed doors.

"The machinery's rigged," the anonymous source was quoted as saying, "They make it seem all democratic and honest, but it's just another example of getting stuck by the man!"

The source wishes to remain anonymous because of the negative repercussions this whistleblowing might have in the antifolk community. However, he made clear that his reason for coming forward was based on his own dissatisfaction in the choices of Antifolk royalty.

"I've been coming to these open mics for eight years now, week in and week out, and I haven't even once been offered the crown. It's ridiculous. I've packed the house with ringers, mic'd clapping and played it after my song's over, even started a campaign to get me elected King one year. All for nothing."

While this is not clear evidence that there is any wrong-doing in the election of AntiRoyalty, it does call into question the efficacy of the electoral process. And the process itself. How much does the normal Fort scenester know about how their King and Queen are chosen?

Another source who also chooses to remain anonymous, suspects knowledge as to how the decision is really made.

"I don't know, but I've heard that Lach and some of the other bigwigs go into a smoky room and discuss all the possible candidates, and decide who would best represent antifolk at public appearances, who they owe favors to, who greased the wheels. It's all very byzantine."

Kamal, the reigning King of Antifolk, Spring '96, denies any wrong-doing, or knowledge of such. "I just come to play, you know?"

The question arises as to how the decision is actually made, and if any deceit is involved in the process. Those who are chosen to be King and Queen of Antifolk have to arrive regularly at the AntiHoots, performing as an active participant in the scene. Are there any other necessary qualifications? Does sexual politics come into play at all? Is there a sex for royalty exchange?

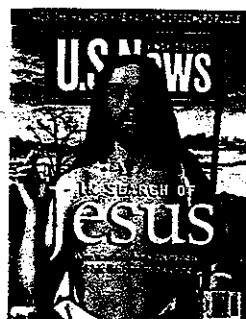
"Well, sure, I've kissed Lach a couple of times, maybe sat on his lap, but I don't see what that has to do with my election," Joe Bendik, King of Antifolk, Winter '96, stated.

There is little conclusive proof for these charges. Authorities have been unable to access the machinery, or even verify its existence. There has never been any clear description of the terms, responsibilities or selection for the King and Queen of Antifolk. The public has yet to make their opinions known on the subject. Anti-Matters encourages the general populace to make a stand on this issue, while they still have a voice in the matter.

The original whistleblower, while admitting he has a personal axe to grind, nonetheless believes there are severe inequities in the selection process, and will continue speaking out until he feels the situation has improved.

"Until I get my chance as king," he stated, "There will be no justice, no peace."

Lach was unavailable for comment.



Last week's newsweeklies:

A VALUABLE ASS

PERFORMING TIPS
from the soundguy

maybe it's a new column.
maybe not.
most of the audience is
probably talking anyway.

1. if you are or have a bass player, never take your hand off the neck when you play an open string. none of that "hey look, i'm so casual and cool" facial expression while looking out into the audience and smoothing your hair. exception: if you make a raised fist, it can be cool, but only during a power ballad.
2. when singing harmony, keep your finger out of your ear. die burning if you have to, but not since 40 very earnest pop stars did it in the "we are the world" video has it been a safe maneuver. exception: i saw grace jones do it the other night (not at the sidewalk), but you're not grace jones, are you?
3. tip the person doing sound.

1995 Was Good for Companies, And Great for a Lot of C.E.O.'s

By LOUIS UCHITELLE

A preliminary survey of the compensation of chief executives at a number of America's largest corporations indicates that executive pay may have risen last year at the fastest rate since the mid-1980's, when pay for performance became the guiding principle for rewarding corporate chiefs.

The median salary and cash bonus rose nearly 15 percent in 1995, more than \$2 million, for chief executives at 76 of the largest 100 companies in a survey conducted by an expert on executive pay. The survey compares with median pay for chief executives at large companies of 11 percent or less last year.

Add the value of other compensation, mostly in the form of stock options, and the median increase in compensation rose 31 percent last year, to nearly \$5 million. Such a rise, however, is sharply rising stock prices. The median increase was nearly 100 percent in 1993 for those among the 76 executives in their jobs that long.

The increases in executive pay come against a backdrop of stagnation in the earnings of most Americans. The pay of chief executives of publicly traded companies, who number in the thousands, has been rising at an average annual rate of

nearly 9 percent since 1990, according to Graef Crystal, the compensation expert who conducted the survey. But the wages and salaries of the nation's workers have never risen by more than 4 percent a year over the same period, the Labor Department reports. Lately the rise has been under 3 percent a year.

While raises for chief executives for years outpaced what most people get, the early returns were especially significant at some chief executives criticized for being receiving hefty pay increases for what result in the layoff of employees.

Incentive pay encourages that increases the value of a company's stock, and in some cases that means downsizing," said F. O'Byrne, senior vice president of Stern Steward & Company, a consulting firm.

Chief executives argue they are being rewarded for making critical decisions that play a big role



Continued on Page D8, Column 1

THE WOODLAWN CEMETERY OFFERS SUPERIOR cremation facilities. For a free informative pamphlet call 718-920-0500 — ADVT.

45 EAST 72nd STREET HAS BEEN LIBERATED from the cable monopoly! Better building-wide service. Better prices. Call Liberty Cable 212/891-7777 — Advt.

↑ Reprinted from the Times

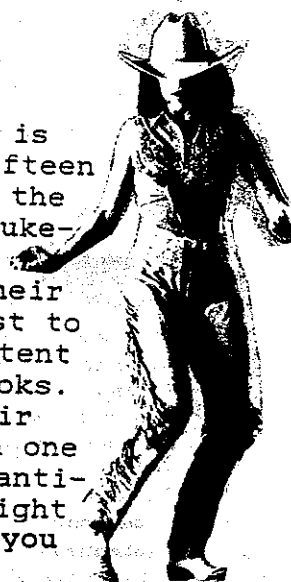
THAT'S WHY HE'S THE KING

Singer/Songwriters make me sick. They think that everyone is hanging on every one of their words in every one of their fifteen verses. Then they criticize when the audience doesn't give the "proper response". To me, the proper response is to spill lukewarm beer over their high priced

Guild/Gibson/Takamine/Taylor/Martin(s) while spitting in their wide-eyed expressionless faces. These "artists" are the first to condemn "lesser" talents by mocking their lack of lyric content and bemoaning the fact that someone might actually write hooks.

They also seem to love to "impress" the audience with their ability to memorize and play all of Mel Bay's 101 chords (in one song). I'd love to follow one of these living legends at an anti-hoot and play one chord while screaming about my bathroom light fixtures (of lack of any). You know who you are. Why don't you just die.

Thank you. Best regards.
joe BENDIK 4/11/96



CMJ Music Marathon SHOWCASE

application

CMJ MUSIC MARATHON & MUSICFEST '96

September 4-7
New York City

To be considered for a Music Marathon showcase, complete, sign and date this application and submit it with an audio cassette or CD (three songs minimum) and promotional material to:

CMJ MUSIC MARATHON SHOWCASE DEPT., 11 Middle Neck Road, Suite 400, Great Neck, NY 11021-2301

The absolute deadline for submission is June 14, 1996, for domestic artists, and June 3, 1996, for international artists.

ARTISTS FAILING TO SUBMIT A FULLY COMPLETED SHOWCASE APPLICATION WILL NOT BE CONSIDERED FOR SHOWCASES.

(To avoid delay in considering your submission, all information must be clear and legible. Please print.)

Artist/Group Name:

Mailing Address:

City: State:

Zip Code: Postal Code: Country:

Telephone: (Day) () (Evening) ()

Artist/Band Member Names:

Instrument:

1	1
2	2
3	3
4	4
5	5

Main Booking Contact (if different from above):

Telephone: () Fax: ()

Additional Contacts, if any (management or label only):

Name: Company Telephone: ()

Name: Company Telephone: ()

Have you played CMJ Music Marathon before? What year/venue?

Names of clubs you have played in New York City:

Signature: Date:

For CMJ Use Only:

PLEASE NOTE MUSIC MARATHON SHOWCASE POLICIES.

1. Send one cassette or CD (3 songs minimum). Artist name, contact and telephone should be included on both the cassette or CD and J-card.
2. Keep promotional material to a minimum.
3. A separate application (photocopies are acceptable) must be filled out for each artist.
4. Only one showcase per artist will be recognized as such (multiple bookings do not equal multiple listings).
5. Outside bookings without the prior consent of CMJ will not be considered CMJ events; will not be included in event advertising, showcase listings and promotional literature; will not entitle artists to registration badges.
6. Artists are solely responsible for all advance work done with participating venues.
7. Artists/band members ONLY receive complimentary registration badges. Managers, crew, etc. do not.
8. Artist materials postmarked after the deadline date will NOT be considered for showcases.
9. In the event an artist receives a showcase slot, notice will be given by telephone after August 5, 1996.

For more information call: 516.466.6000.

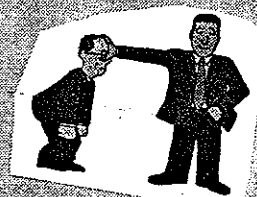
Check out CMJ Online at <http://www.cmjmusic.com>

Go ahead, apply. I dare you. You'll never make the grade.
Winning is for other people, not you. Each said we all
should apply, but what's the point? No one ever wins...



The Sched.

**So hip
So now
So wow**



All shows start at 8:00, if you can believe that.

Generally, 1st act listed is at 8:00, 2nd is at 9:00, etc. but don't quote me on it.

AntiHoot sign-up is at 7:30, show starts at 8:00, not like that means anything.

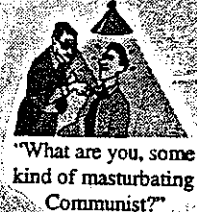
Call the Sidewalk (94 Avenue A, x 6th St., NYC) on the day of a show for more info. (212) 473-7373.

APRIL

- 23 TUES Adam Vane, Pete Redmond, Gary Negbaur, Michael Eck, Andy Boose, The Goodrow Allstars
- 24 WED Dave Hall, Gene & Mimi, Renee Cologne, Jack Dermand, Matt Sherwood
- 25 THUR Eric Wood, 20% Tippers, Olivia Cornell, Karen Davis, Arnie Lawrence Jazz Band
- 26 FRI Special Guest TBA, Dot Swill Echo, Sweetfeed, Red Velvet Room, Kingstone
- 27 SAT Leroy Lange, Jigsaw Man, Daniel Harnett, Lach Solo Acoustic Stylee, Hubris
- 28 SUN Smokin Word Benefit for Amnesty Int'l. featuring John S. Hall, Brenda Kahn, Amanda Vogel, Lach, and Manny More.
- 29 MON The old crusty dog that crawled out from under the porch to save the town known as the AntiHoot with Lach
- 30 TUES Ashcan Negative Research Caberet, Carla Hall, The Jazz Magnets, The Goodrow Allstars

MAY

- 01 WED MAY DAY - Aki, John Sonntag, Key Wilde, Lenny Molotov, Men Without Hope
- 02 THUR The Novellas, Honey, Jen's Revenge, Crushed Mahogany, The Arnie Lawrence, Herman Foster Jazz Band
- 03 FRI Ruth Gerson, Michael Eck, Box of Crayons, Joe Bendik, Canine
- 04 SAT Trina Hamlin, The Trouble Dolls, Marella Splendens, Zane Campbell, Bill Birch
- 05 SUN Pamela Mann, Doug Wynn, Charles Herold, Gregg (from Hush), the Charettes
- 06 MON The International Incident secretly known as the AntiHoot with Lach
- 07 TUES Ellsworth-Leal, Jimmy James, Dean Kostlich, Charlie Eubanks, The Goodrow Allstars
- 08 WED Miles To Go, Jeff Murray, Rafe, Mr. Scarecrow, Shoo-fly, Pinata Land
- 09 THUR Valerie, Pastor Frank, Pat Stern, Lee Feldman, Arnie Lawrence
- 10 FRI Ruth Gerson, Ricky Byrd, Lach Solo Acoustic Stylee, Industrial TeePee
- 11 SAT The Humans, Betty Alvarez, Voodoo Martini, Muckafurgason
- 12 SUN Strange Folk Sunday with George Moore, Silent Bear, Trey, Those Guys, Kamau, The Charettes
- 13 MON The Fresh New Cleanser known as the AntiHoot with Lach
- 14 TUES Dondi, Sean Thompson (of Sparrow), David Baker, Charlie Eubanks, The Goodrow Allstars
- 15 WED Larry May, Peter Fielding, John Brown's Body, Asa Somers, Shaner & Harnett
- 16 THUR Matt Keating, Karen Davis, Tom Nishioka, Heather Eatman, Arnie Lawrence Jazz Band
- 17 FRI Antifolkadelic Night: Confession, Bubble, Bubble, Wylde Olde Souls, The Gripweeds
- 18 SAT Carolyn Farhie, Gene & Mimi, Voodoo Martini, Fur Dixon
- 19 SUN Antifolkadelic Night: Starchile, G'nu Fuzz, Cytomotogoat, The Charettes
- 20 MON The Monstrous Bipedal Life Form known as the AntiHoot with Lach
- 21 TUES PETER'S NIGHT OUT: Peter Spink, Peter Galub, TPA, The Goodrow Allstars (with Peter)
- 22 WED Samsara, Deb Pasternak, Mike Rimbaud, Trina Hamlin
- 23 THUR Golden Carillo, Heather Eatman, Matt Keating, The Arnie Lawrence Jazz Band
- 24 FRI Estelle, Torn & Frayed, Bubble
- 25 SAT Richard X. Heyman, Voodoo Martini, Meow
- 26 SUN My Dog, Billy Kelly, Special Guests, Jazz Jam with the Charettes
- 27 MON The AntiHoot with Lach known as the AntiHoot with Lach
- 28 TUES Uncle Carl, Jim Raeder, Faith Solloway, TBA, The Goodrow Allstars
- 29 WED FORTIFIED/SHANACHIE PREMIER CD RELEASE - "LACH'S ANTIHOOT"
A special party celebrating the first release on Lach's indie label, Fortified Records (Shanachie). The CD is a live recording taped at The Fort capturing a Super-Antihoot featuring Brenda Kahn, Hamell On Trial, Lach, The Humans, and Manny More.
- 30 THUR Betty Alvarez, Matt Keating, Heather Eatman, The Arnie Lawrence Jazz Band
- 31 FRI Sweetfeed, The Novellas, Matt Sherwood, Canine



"What are you, some kind of masturbating Communist?"

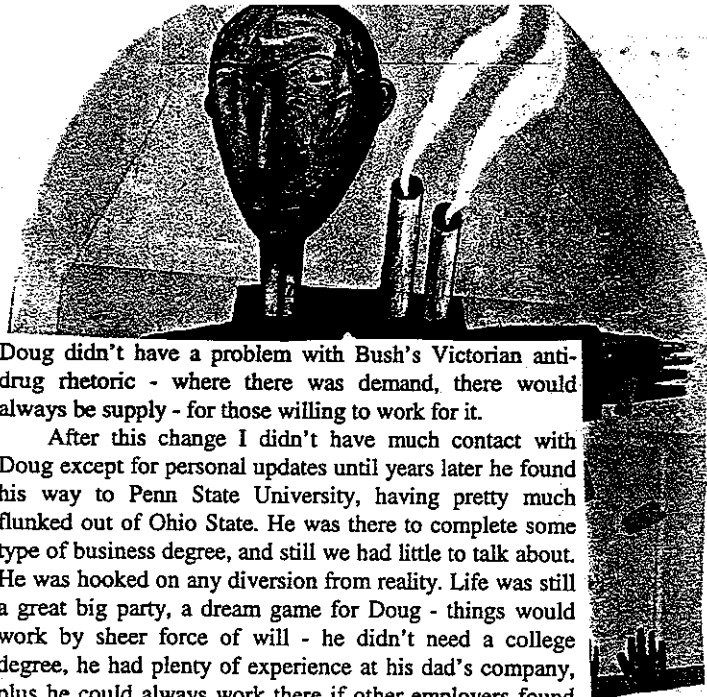
"Gettin' high in the green bug Me and my best friend, Doug."

--Kiss Loves You
by Lach

I had a best friend name Doug, too (though some rumors say that Lach's best friend wasn't named Doug, it just rhymed). Doug introduced me to my first bowl of pot when I was 14. It didn't get me high, but the fifth or sixth time I smoked, I was off on a lifelong adventure. I remember the day as being very sunny, and a few minutes after we toked the green gold, everything suddenly became more mellow and more intense at the same time. The sunlight got brighter, but somehow friendlier. In fact, the sunlight seemed to not just shine on the tall trees in my neighborhood, it seemed to inhabit them, like a living thing, or millions of living things. Some shit like that. It was way cool.

High school turned into a big ego-driven out-outrageousness party. Suddenly we were doing acid, coke, crack, the requisite beer guzzling and such, though we never hit the smack market (that was too risqué even for us). Doug was a golden boy, an irresistible good-looking non-jock who was friends with all the jocks and the brains and everyone in between. He could party harder than anyone, play any sport and win any video game. He always had cash on hand, and if you were lucky you could visit his parents' house across the street from the country club. Every girl swooned over him, and with him I felt like nothing could go wrong. We were idealists. We were rebellious against our rural Catholic upbringing. We had a band. We played AC/DC and Neil Young. We were bleeding heart, peace and love communists. The dull, thudding jackhammer of adulthood kept drawing closer but what could anyone have told us to stop us from playing rock-n-roll and getting high. It was supreme.

I pretty much stopped using (except for beer) during college and five years later when I finished I was pretty strait-laced. I guess I had outgrown it. You can only learn so much from any one drug, and I had learned plenty. But Doug had more to learn, it seemed, so he continued using and abusing his way through college (he was in Ohio, I was in Pennsylvania). He picked up more steadily on the harder line of cosmetics, mostly coke and crank, dealing "on the side" and continuing to hide it from his parents and girlfriends. I didn't hear from him much in the first few years, only that he had gone to South Carolina for a month to canvass door-to-door for George Bush's first presidential campaign. This, to me, was the first sign of trouble. I talked to him over the next Christmas break and he told me the Republicans were doing the right thing, making people work for a living (Doug had worked at his tyrannical father's chemical plant since he was 8). Doug was studying economics, supply-side style, and all the formulas added up to a cynical new assessment of human behavior. People weren't weak (that wouldn't fit the formula), they were lazy. What everyone needed was a good lesson, a hard lesson, like Doug had had from his family. Work or get hit!



Doug didn't have a problem with Bush's Victorian anti-drug rhetoric - where there was demand, there would always be supply - for those willing to work for it.

After this change I didn't have much contact with Doug except for personal updates until years later he found his way to Penn State University, having pretty much flunked out of Ohio State. He was there to complete some type of business degree, and still we had little to talk about. He was hooked on any diversion from reality. Life was still a great big party, a dream game for Doug - things would work by sheer force of will - he didn't need a college degree, he had plenty of experience at his dad's company, plus he could always work there if other employers found him offensive. Things were just fine. After graduation I moved to San Francisco and didn't hear from (or about) Doug for about three years.

One day I received a newspaper article from my father. It detailed how Industrial Solvents of York, Pennsylvania, had filed for bankruptcy after being ordered to pay millions in fines to the state for dumping toxic waste for years into the Susquehanna River. The owner, Andrew Rawicz, was being sued and had been brought up on criminal charges. Mr. Rawicz had secretly and rapidly turned over ownership of the company and most personal belongings to his sons, Michael, Douglas, and Matthew.

I talked to Doug about six months later. He had been running the company since his dad quit. Doug was quitting too. He was losing hair - a lot - since running the company and the stress was just too much. He said he might move to San Francisco, or maybe Philly, he didn't know, he was confused. Things weren't working out the way they were supposed to. I needled him a bit about supply-side economics and the Reagan-Bush era causing competition and greed to replace fairness and law-abidance, but not much. It was just sad.

A couple years later I moved to New York and I visited with Doug over Thanksgiving. He had moved back in with his parents. His dad had settled out of court and was trying to think of ways to reopen the business (it had been completely shut down). Doug had spent two years in Philadelphia doing and dealing drugs and working at some vague office job where he got paid in cash. He was in Narcotics Anonymous but was still using and that was o.k. with him. He kept saying "I don't know who I am." I couldn't answer him. I didn't know. I made something up about "You're my friend from high school who I had good times with" but my heart wasn't in it. Doug had finally crashed. I felt terrible about him. I knew that I had truly lost him. Then, as if his despondency hadn't depressed me enough, he started talking about "the Lord Jesus Christ will be my salvation," and "the blood of the lamb will purify me." He had swallowed yet another drug, one more dangerous than those others, and not nearly as fun.

I was losing my faith in people.

--Scarecrow

"DUANE" (A Tragicomic) So what do you WANT? be!
by DUG NAP

Well, just ASK YOUR dad, MOSSES

I don't THINK I better

It's OK To be WHAT YOU WANT

Oh, I don't KNOW, DUANE

Go ahead AND ASK him

Well, OK - hey, daddy.

daddy CAN I be GAY?

No! If I CAN'T be GAY then you CAN'T be GAY either



I found him beneath a Tree.



*I have said to the Worm:
Thou art my mother and my sister.*



WHAT IS MAN!

*The Sun's Light when he unfolds it
Depends on the Organ that beholds it.*



*At length for hatching ripe he
breaks the shell.*

Four engravings are reproduced.¹ The first and leadpiece deals with the mystery of birth, and shows how biological imagery enters into prescientific and mystical conceptions. The embryonic soul of man is pictured as a cocoon: a baby lies asleep in its chrysalis, like a baby in the womb. It bears the caption, "What is Man!" The second emblem reads: "I found him beneath a Tree!" It depicts a woman who already carries a babe at her breast and who pulls another out of the earth. "The tree of life, at whose roots the child is found, is a weeping willow; for the infant comes to birth in a sorrowful world of the four elements, out of which it has grown, as a plant develops out of the ground, where the secret of its birth lies hid."

In the innocence of childhood, the aspiring soul breaks through its imprisoning shell and emerges into a hostile world full of temptation and folly: "At length for hatching ripe he breaks the shell." The last scene of all is the shrouded figure of the soul, seated below the roots of an ancient tree, near a great worm. This time it is the worm of death and not the life-giving caterpillar shown in the first emblem. The legend is a verse from Job (xvii, 14): "I have said to the Worm: Thou art my mother and my sister."

PUT IT ON A T-SHIRT!

TRANSFER ON T-SHIRT...\$15.00
TRANSFER ONLY...\$5.00

WE USE 100% COTTON SHIRTS.

Quantity Prices

1-11	\$15.00 ea.
12-23	\$12.00 ea.
24-35	\$10.00 ea.
36-47	\$ 9.00 ea.
48-99	\$ 8.00 ea.
100 +	\$ 7.00 ea.

Price includes transfer, 100% cotton heavyweight shirt & placement of transfer on shirt. If you would rather provide your own shirts, subtract \$2.00 per shirt from above prices. Process works only on white shirts.

DESIGN YOUR OWN RUBBER STAMP!

JUST BRING US YOUR BLACK
& WHITE DRAWING
(LINE DRAWINGS ONLY)
AND WE'LL DO THE REST



Up to 6 square inches (2" x 3")... ONLY \$15.00
Over 6 square in....\$3.00 per sq. in. Add type to art....+ \$3.00 per line

WE ACCEPT CASH AND ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
NO CHECKS!

Prices Eff. 4/96



The StoreFront MusicHouse
331 East 9th Street
New York, NY 10003
212 473 7833 FAX 673 5248

CASSETTE COPIES

We make high quality dupes in real time from either DAT or analog cassette masters onto high bias, true chrome cassettes. The prices below include see-through shells, clear norelco cases and blank labels.

	1 - 24 copies	25 - 49	50 - 99	100+
Up to 15 minutes	\$3.00 ea.	\$2.50 ea.	\$2.00 ea.	\$1.50 ea.
Up to 30 minutes	4.00 ea.	3.50 ea.	3.00 ea.	\$2.50 ea.
Up to 45 minutes	5.00 ea.	4.50 ea.	4.00 ea.	\$3.50 ea.
Up to 60 minutes	6.00 ea.	5.50 ea.	5.00 ea.	\$4.50 ea.
Up to 90 minutes	7.00 ea.	6.50 ea.	6.00 ea.	\$5.50 ea.

There is no minimum.

DAT TO DAT COPIES

Up to 15 min	\$10.00	Up to 60 min	\$19.00
Up to 30 min	\$13.00	Up to 90 min	\$22.00
Up to 45 min	\$16.00	Up to 120 min	\$25.00

EDITING

Simple Editing (i.e. re-arranging order of songs)
From DAT Add \$5.00 From Analog Add \$10.00
Complex Editing \$15.00 pr hour (Appointment Necessary)

BLANK TAPES

True Chrome, High Bias cassettes; see-thru shells, clear norelco cases, blank labels

	1	10	50	100
10 min.	\$1.50 ea.	\$1.20 ea.	.90 ea.	.60 ea.
20 min.	\$1.75 ea.	\$1.40 ea.	\$1.10 ea.	.80 ea.
30 min.	\$2.00 ea.	\$1.65 ea.	\$1.35 ea.	\$1.05 ea.
40 min.	\$2.25 ea.	\$1.95 ea.	\$1.65 ea.	\$1.35 ea.
60 min.	\$2.50 ea.	\$2.20 ea.	\$1.90 ea.	\$1.60 ea.
90 min.	\$2.75 ea.	\$2.45 ea.	\$2.15 ea.	\$1.85 ea.

AMPEX DATS

15 min.	\$7.00	60 min	\$ 8.75
30 min.	\$7.50	90 min.	\$ 9.75
48 min.	\$7.75	120 min.	\$10.75