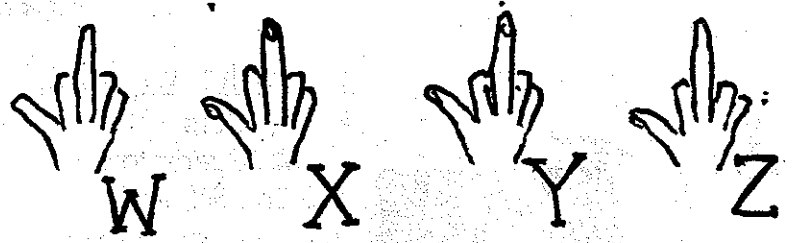
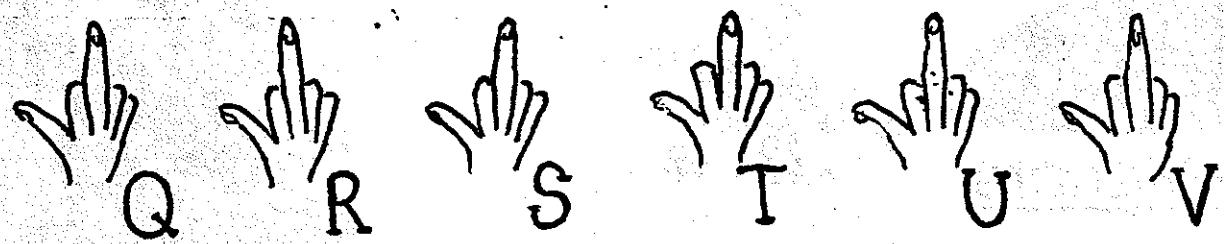
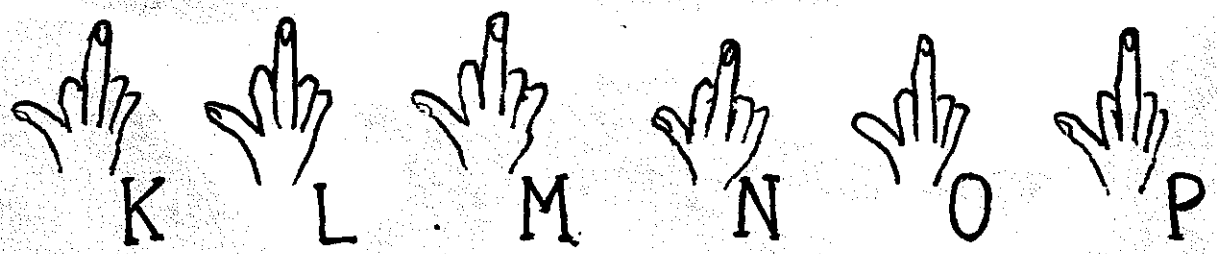
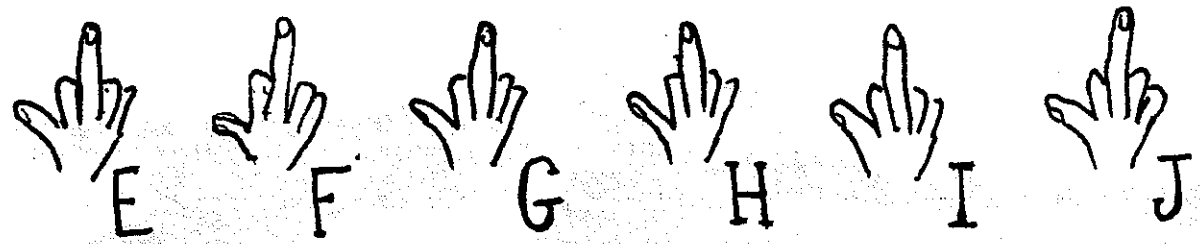
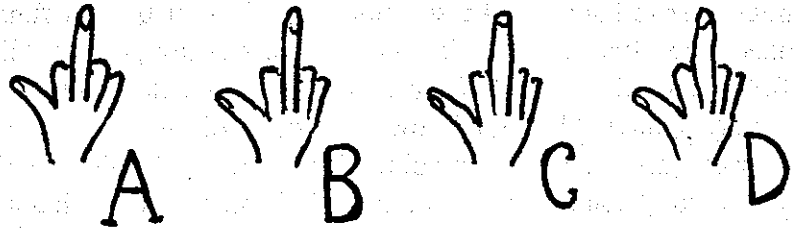









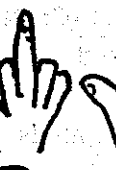
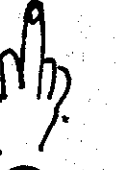


Aug. '76



    -         
A N T I - M A T T E R S

EMM 96



locked myself out of my apartment again today, which means I'll have to call the landlord (i.e. Satan) to get me back in. It's funny, sort of, funny not, sort of. Is the F-word a way to deal with bad stuff or an expression of joy with good stuff or blah blah blah who cares? There's some funny stuff in this ish, like really funny, like stuff that will make you laugh like a hyperventilating dog. Then there's some stuff that's even funnier, like the funniest things ever to happen, like so funny it will never be that funny again so you may as well croak like a depressurized frog after you read it. Then there's funny peculiar, like the weird edge of a yogurt container when you first open it that's kind of crusty and flaky, like do you mix it right in with the other stuff or sit there and painstakingly remove it but you know some of it still falls in even a little tiny bit will make it into the mix so are you better off just . . . There's medium funny stuff, but I didn't write any of it, and there's stuff that's plainly not funny, juxt for justaposition. Which reminds me for no particular reason of a man I once knew from Nantucket. ~~Ed~~

- Ed.



## Anti-Matters

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☺☞\*☞ ☺M (Jon Berger)

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Anti-Matters

c/o Mr. Scarecrow

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### Same Address for back issues & ?

Hey we're non-profit, which is not to say we're anti-profit, but we may be anti-Prophet, and certainly we're anti-pro-fit

*You may notice we have a new look on the inside cover of Anti-Matters. That's because we change it every time.*

Dear Antimatters,

Thanks for the great review of "Lach's Antihoot: Live From The Fort at Sidewalk Cafe". The record has been out for a little over a month now and is doing very well (Great review in Billboard and alot of radio play across the country).

One of the things I've noticed is record stores confusion as to where to place the record. Most end up stocking it in their 'Compilations or Various Artists' section. I think that it would be a fine idea for stores to start their own Antifolk section. Towards this end I've compiled a list of artists I could see in this section who are in some way linked to the scene.

1. Lach's Antihoot (Fortified/Shanachie) 2. Lach-Contender(Goldcastle)
3. Paleface- Get Off (Electra) also his previous albums for Polygram and Shimmy disk
3. Roger Manning's records for SST, Shimmy Disk and a new one out of Germany
4. The two Antifolk Compilations from 109 Records-White Trash and The Broome Closet Sessions
5. Kirk Kelly- Go, Man, Go (SST Records) 6. King Missile (Atlantic)
7. Beck (Geffen) Mellow Gold, Odelay and the acoustic stuff on Bong Load
8. Brenda Kahn's stuff on Community three, Sony and the new one on Shanachie
9. Fortunes 13- the first Antifolk Compilation on MetaMedia Tapes
10. Billy Syndrome on Bomp Records 11. Hamell on Trial-Big As Life (Mercury)
12. Major Matt Mason U.S.A- Self-released Single 13. Muckafurgason-Self-released Singles
13. Gene&Mimi- Self-released C.D. 14. Mark Johnson-12 in A Room C.D.



These are just a few suggestions to start with. I'm sure that as the year goes by more and more artists will be vying for a slot in the bin (How about Hayden?). I also see a number of records as being forerunners to the scene such as The Violent Femmes first album or Springsteen's Nebraska both gems of raw acoustic energy with a focus on innovative lyrics.

As I look over the list I see there are many acts who came out of the scene but may not necessarily have an "Anti" sound so it is all a bit nebulous but at least it is better than being regulated to Folk, Rock or the horrendous illusion of "Alternative!"

So, for the time being, I encourage the savvy record consumer to go to his local store and ask for the Antifolk section. . . the revolution is in your hands. Lach

# Billboard

NEWSPAPER



## VARIOUS ARTISTS

Lach's Antihoot—Live From The Fort At Sidewalk Café

PRODUCER: Lach  
Fortified/Shanachie 5707



Album is a live recording of the Monday-night "anti-hootenannies" led by New York anti-folk singer/songwriter Lach at the Sidewalk Café, which he books. Besides a couple of Lach tunes and his humorous banter, the disc features a hodgepodge of downtown talent, including Mercury artist Hammel On Trial, the Humans, Muckaferguson, Mr. Scarecrow, Tom Nishioka, Mark Johnson, and Brenda Kahn. The quality of the material is mixed, as one would expect from any compilation featuring more than a dozen artists. Nevertheless, the disc stands as a document of a vital New York club scene and as a career boost to a handful of deserving artists.

### A cheery letter from Mr. Scarecrow's landlord (for real):

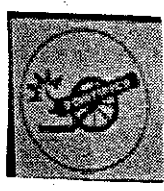
6/7/96

To: 443 - 2nd St. Tenants  
From: Angelo J. Perna

The summer is here and just a few reminders which are as follows:

- (1) No one is allowed the use of the roof. If you are caught violating this mandate you will be held responsible for damages and/or I will start eviction procedures.
- (2) No barbecuing on the fire escape this is a fire code violation. In addition fire escapes should be kept clear.
- (3) Its fire works time which means if windows are kept open they should have a screen in place.

Thank you for helping keep the house safe. -- AJP



# The Continuing Fortified Serial, Episode 13

Lach peered out into the SRO crowd, looking for who was giving him crap. Someone had interrupted his finely tuned monologue, cutting him short, stopping him cold. And this night, of all times!

Everyone in the antifolk community knew how important tonight was. It was Make or Break for the Fort. If this show didn't go well, then there'd be no new sponsors for the Fort, and with all the old ones dropping like fleas, there'd be no new revenue for the Fort. No new revenue meant no antifolk homeland.

Lach sighed, unable to spot the perpetrator. What to do?

Meanwhile, somewhere overhead somewhere, the boys of Muckafurgason were running a bit late for the show.

"All right, Muckafellows," the plane driver said, "Time for your departure."

"But you haven't landed," Chris said.

"Could you at least slow the plane a little?" Andy asked.

"Hey, that's not Queens" John cried.

"It's not even Long Island!" Chris added, stumbling up to the plane's nose.

The pilot nodded, looking straight ahead. "Your parachutes will allow you a comfortable set-down. Relax, and enjoy."

Andy looked at his Muckamates. "I knew we shouldn't have flown ValuJet."

"Hey! I wanted to get tickets from Cheepie-Flights, but NO -- you had to go with a name brand!"

Back at the Fort, Lach finally responded. "Hey, do I come into your place and stop your show?"

"No," the interrupter admitted.

"All right then," Lach said, straightening himself up after that close call, and continued with the first song, a rousing version "Hungry Like The Wolf."

The heckler got out of his front room seat, and shuffled into the back corner, where a shadowy figure lurked in darkness.

"It didn't work," he said simply, "I'm sorry, boss."

"Don't be. You were simply Phase I. There's a lot more to come this evening. By the time this night is through, Lach and all that is antifolk will be begging for mercy. Here's your cut."

He handed the heckler a sawbuck, for which he received massive appreciation.

"Gee, thanks, Mr. T --"

"Think nothing of it," the villain swathed in black said, "Now get out."

The in the corner turned his attention back to the stage, where a rapt and confused audience watched Lach wind down his second number, "Ungrateful."

"All right," Lach said, "This is gonna be the best Super Duper Anti Hoot ever!"

He glared out at the crowd, wondering if that idiot was going to make any more noise, but also to see if Muckafurgason had arrived. They'd agreed to be the house band for this event, backing up whoever wanted a band, to avoid long set-ups.

But, beneath the glare of the house lights, and the huge crowds throughout the Fort at the Sidewalk Cafe, he could see nothing. Muckafurgason, he decided, were not there. They'd blown him off.

"Well," Lach shrugged, "Our next act for the night, are the great, the melodic, the incredible... Rooks!"

With a flourish, Lach left the stage, and the Rooks jumped up to rock the house. For this special occasion, the Rooks showed their enthusiasm by actually standing up.

In the back of the club, a villain in black spoke megalomaniacally to himself. "I shall wait," the enemy said, "And then, when the time is right, I'll make my move!"

"Excuse me," Joe Bendik said, trying to move to the stage, "I want to practice."

The man in place tripped him.

"You know, John, I've always held you in the highest esteem."

"Why thank you Andy."

"And even if I've never told you, I love you. In a manly sort of way, of course."

"Of course."

"And respect you."

"Thank you, man."

"So, do you think you could let go of my leg, and plummet to your death on your own?"

"No, I'm afraid not, Andy."

Chris was already hundreds of feet beneath them, and his parachute, shaped remarkably like an anvil, had yet to open. John and Andrew, who has spent a moment more fiddling on the place before disembarking, could not see Chris' crushed body on the ground beneath them, but the could imagine it.

"I'm sure my parachute won't hold both of our weights," Andy said.

"Can't we try."

"No."

"Please?"

"Um... no."

(Next issue: the identity of the villain revealed!)



Dear Florence Stone Editor Take Charge Assistant,

I have developed some great shortcuts for my office temporary job. You know one of them is so easy it's crazy and I don't know why no one thought of it before. When I get letters and invoices to be filed, I save them in a folder marked "To be filed" on my desk until the end of the day. Then, as five o'clock approaches, I check the file to see how many papers there are. If there are a lot, I pretend to alphabetize them while checking my home phone messages. Then I gather up the papers and inform my boss that I'm going to the file library and I'll be leaving from there so I have to go a half hour early to do the filing. He usually says "I hop on the elevator and away I go!" The files are slyly placed in a covered trash receptacle on my way to the subway.

Another technique I've developed is called "Trouble on the line." Sometimes when I'm too busy to answer the phone and the phone starts ringing (therefore both of us are in trouble), I will pick up the call and say "Exqueezo Corporation please hold." I don't even give them a chance to break in before I hit the hold button. Then I'll go to the bathroom or get some coffee. If they're still holding when I get back (you'd be surprised how many are) I pick up the call as if it were a brand new call and repeat my original introduction, then I hit the hold button again. If ten minutes pass and they still don't get the hint, I'll pick up the phone, say the company name, then I bang the receiver on the desk very hard a few times. Then I say into the receiver in a loud voice, "I'M SOOORRRY. CAN YOU SPEAK LOUDER, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WOORD YOU'RE SAAAYING. WHAT? WHAT? MAYBE YOU SHOULD HANG UP AND TRY ANOTHER LINE." Then I'll put the receiver next to the speaker of my clock/radio/tape player on my desk and blast Goat's Head Soup into the phone (if the boss is not around I'll pick up the receiver and sing along with the Chorus of "Star Star").

We all know the pitfall of the secretary who wants you to type too many letters. One way I've found to deal with this is "outsourcing." If the "chief" (my pet name for the boss) gives me anything over half a page to be typed, I'll put an "URGENT" stamp on it and walk around to one of the other secretaries' stations. The chief wanted to know if you could type this for me, since I have so many letters I have to finish, and he needs it right away. I usually grumble a little, but with some convincing I'll do it anyway. The challenge here is to have a secretary who is willing to whom you can outsource. If no one is willing, you'll have to go around to other floors and find someone who would be willing to do this extra work, two floors up or down. They never knew why I was there, but not just having them E-mail it to me, but also having a personal story to distract them while they did it.

Dear Mr. Samuels:

We appreciate your letter regarding shortcuts on the job, however, I'm sure you will understand why we cannot print it. We are looking for serious suggestions on how to make more of your time at work. We welcome any further letters with such suggestions.

--Florence Stone

Dear Florence Stone Editor Take Charge Assistant:

Check this out. I have really learned to cut down the time at work with my new 3-bag plan. I went to the doctor and got fitted for an insock catheter bag. Now I don't have to leave my desk for bathroom breaks (except if it's a dump). This greatly cuts down the hours I used to spend in the can.

Another bag I have found helpful (which you've probably seen before) is the hanging feed bag. This handy device straps on over the head like a pair of Walkman earphones. The bag is filled at the beginning of the day with oats and nuts and water and such and simply attached to the earphone straps and munch munch munch - no need for a lunch or snack break (healthy too).

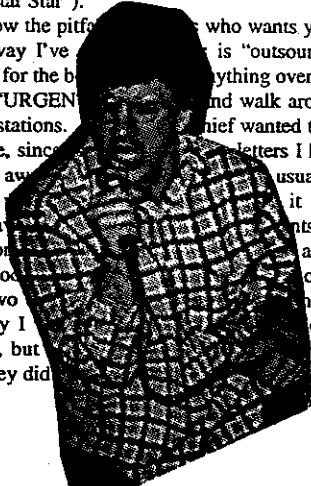
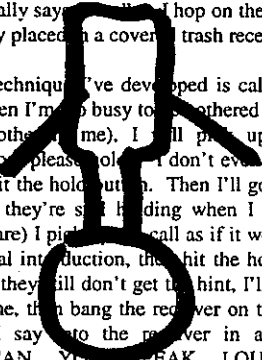
The third and last bag is called my "take-home bag," so named because it is filled with Post-It notes, pens, staplers, tape, diskettes, tea and cocoa packets, leftover sandwiches from meetings, leftover food in the fridge that people mistakenly mark as their own, stationery, the occasional laptop, etc. which I then "take home." This doesn't really save time at work, but it saves me money at home, and you know the old saying, time is money. I hope this helps your readers.

--Graybeard Samuels

### WE WANT YOUR SHORTCUTS

The Take-Charge Assistant would like to give you a chance to share with our readers a shortcut you developed for your office. Send it in, and those readers whose office tips are published will receive a copy of AMACOM's new book *Vroom*. At the end of the year, TCA will also choose one contributor of a shortcut to receive a very special prize: free registration to AMA's one-day program "The Take-Charge Assistant" (transportation and accommodations not included). You don't have to have had your idea published to win the free registration. All entries received before December 1 will be eligible. The 1996 winner will be announced in the March '97 issue.

Send your ideas to Florence Stone, Editor, *The Take-Charge Assistant*, American Management Association, 135 West 50th Street, New York, New York 10018.



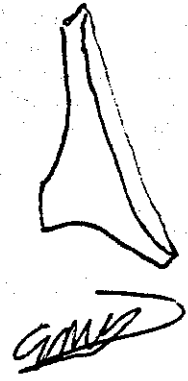
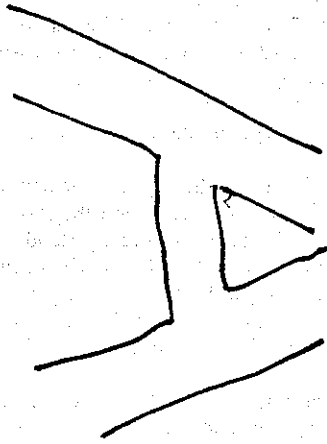
WORLD'S SMALLEST  
SET LIST (ACTUAL  
SIZE)

WORLD'S BIGGEST  
SET LIST (DETAIL)

THINGS THE SOUNDMAN FOUND

THINGS THE SOUNDMAN FOUND

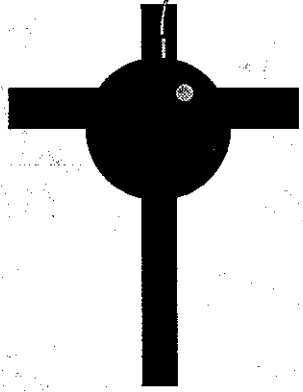
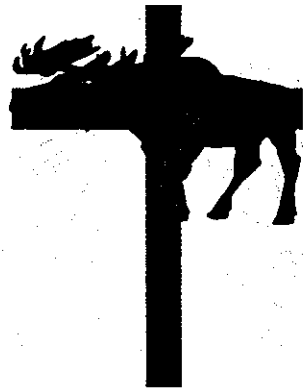
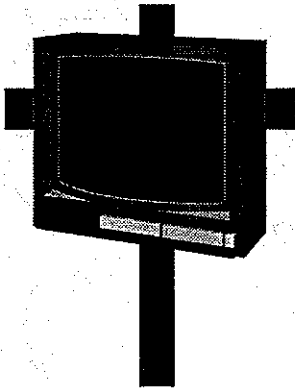
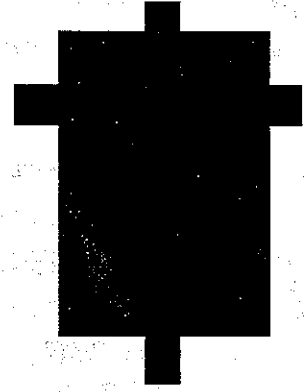
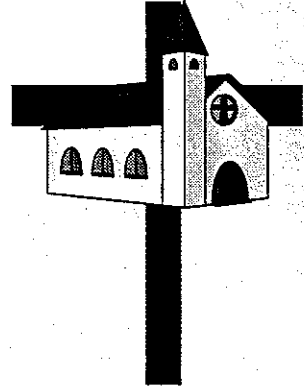
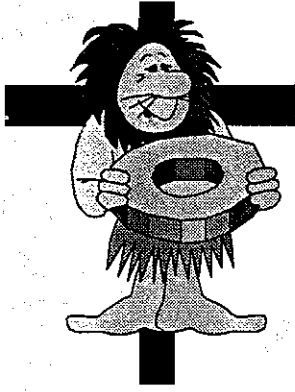
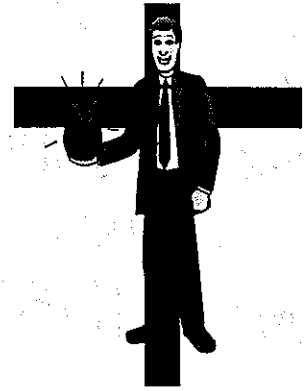
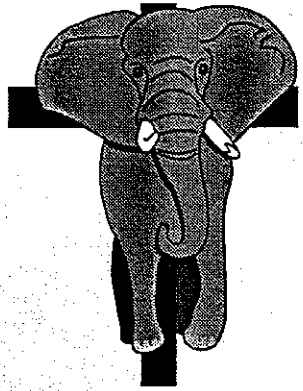
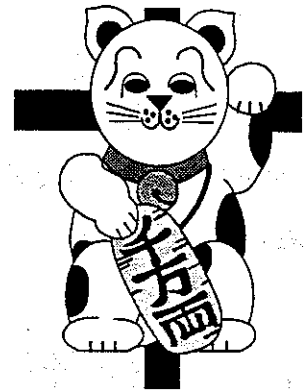
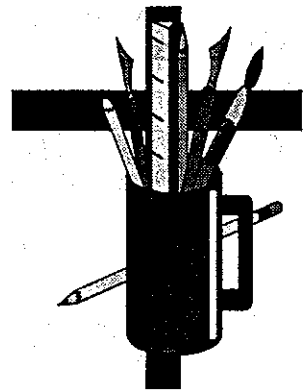
THINGS THE SOUNDMAN FOUND



I thought the girl  
at the corner table  
was looking at me  
a lot. That night when  
I tore down I saw a  
rumpled pair of panties  
under the table. I hope she  
re...

HEY.

ANTI-MATTERS ASKS THE ETERNAL QUESTION  
IS GOD REALLY PRESENT IN ALL THINGS?



Q drunk!  
Why did the European  
History Professor set off  
dynamite on his kitchen floor?

**JOKE PAGE**

He wanted to see Lincoln  
Blown apart!

Two peanuts were  
walking down the  
street and one was  
assaulted.

DID YOU HEAR  
THEY DID AN  
AUTOPSY ON  
JEFFERY DALMER  
THEY FOUND  
JIMMY HOFFA

**JOKE  
PAGE**

Q: What does TWA stand for?  
A: Need Another Seven Astronauts



SAY Liberace  
heck of a  
player...but  
kicked on the

**JOKE  
PAGE**

Q: How many surrealists  
does it take to screw  
a lightbulb?

A: 2 - ONE TO HOLD THE  
GIRAFFE AND  
ONE TO ~~fill~~ fill  
THE BATHTUB  
WITH BRIGHTLY  
COLORED  
MACHINE TOOLS.

**JOKE  
PAGE**

These 3 nuns walking a bar  
and I don't know what  
joke is, but the punching is  
"No thanks, I kicked the  
habit.  
Get it?"

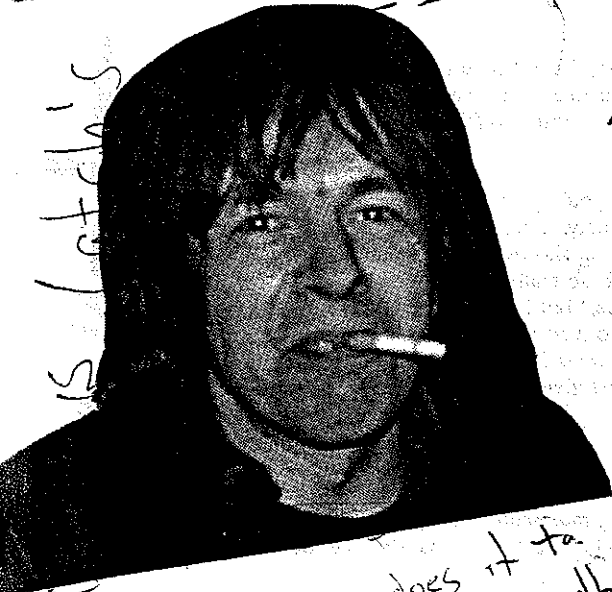
CONFUSION  
with  
DICKSON'S OTHER  
THEY FOUND  
LIBERACE'S  
DID YOU HEAR  
HEAR'S GLOVE  
GLOVE  
THEY DUG  
THEY GRAVE,  
DUG



Two songwriters walking down the street  
They see a guy fall out of a window from the  
12th floor, hit the ground, get up and walk away  
perfectly fine.

Songwriter #1 - "Did you see that?! That guy is  
so lucky!!"  
Songwriter #2 - NO, Andrew Lloyd-Weber... That's lucky, -

# JOKE PAGE



HOW DID JEFFERY  
DALMER GET RID  
OF HIS ~~LAST BOYFRIEND~~  
LAST BOYFRIEND  
HE TOOK A

# JOKE SHIT PAGE

Two English cows in a field -  
One says "All this Mad Cow Disease is  
really worrying."  
"Yeah," replies the other, "Good thing  
we're chickens."

# JOKE PAGE

How Many Folkies does it take  
to screw in a light bulb  
(A) 10 - 1 to screw it in  
5 to sing about it  
and 4 to walk out  
because its electric

# JOKE PAGE

What did  
a man test  
his  
let my pop can  
burst years ago

What's red + white  
and black all  
over?  
A zebra falling down  
the stairs.

Here's my funny: (true story)  
my friend works at a restaurant  
where dinners are served by  
number. She is now unemployed  
because #32 was a group  
of deaf people.  
"#32 your dinner is up"  
No response!

# OOO OOO OOO OOO OOO The Banana Man OOO OOO OOO OOO

by John S. Hall

The Banana Man wanted a banana on the line. In the express aisle I was and he. He was standing behind me. "Oh wow, Bananas!" he said and I smiled and said nothing. "Calcium!" he said, meaning "Potassium!" I guess, and I smiled and said nothing. "Can I have one?" he asked and I smiled and said nothing and thought about it.

I pictured myself outside the supermarket, handing the hungry Banana Man a banana. He was only buying a little can of beans, and it was then, when I saw the beans, that I realised that he was perhaps as homeless as he was bananaless, and then the Banana Man didn't seem so funny as much, and I started to feel bad for the Banana Man, and I thought maybe I should definitely give him a banana.

"If you give me a banana, you should give me the one with the sticker on it, and I'll put it on my hat," he said, and this made me wonder if this was a republican Banana Man. They were Dole Bananas. They were my Dole Bananas, but I was picturing myself giving the funny Banana Man a Banana, but he was starting to frighten me also, but I smiled and said nothing.

Then the Banana Man once again spoke. "If Jesus Christ were here right now, you'd give him a Banana wouldn't you?" This made me angry, and I thought of saying "Well if the Buddha-definitely. But I don't know about Jesus, he'd probably have no problem getting a banana in these parts, he'd probably be showered with bananas, he'd be silly with them." Then the next thing I thought of was to look at the Banana Man really glassy eyed and say "What are you talking about? Jesus IS here! Jesus is everywhere always, always," but I wouldn't want my neighbors in the supermarket to think I was a Christian, and anyway, I was too mad now; I stopped smiling. No banana for the Banana Man now. The only way the Banana Man could redeem himself would be if he were to say, "Well, I happen to know that Jesus won't be coming here today, so you can just give me his banana." Then I would have laughed, and given the Banana Man the special republican banana and possibly even the rest of the bunch besides. But he did not say this.

"Do you live here?" he asked. I said "Yeah." "Are you a student?" he asked. I said "Not right now," meaning I wasn't learning anything from him at that particular moment, I was just getting more and more scared of the scary Banana Man. I paid for my groceries and left as quickly as possible, and I don't think the Banana Man saw which way I went, and that is a very good thing, I think.

## Diarreah Nose

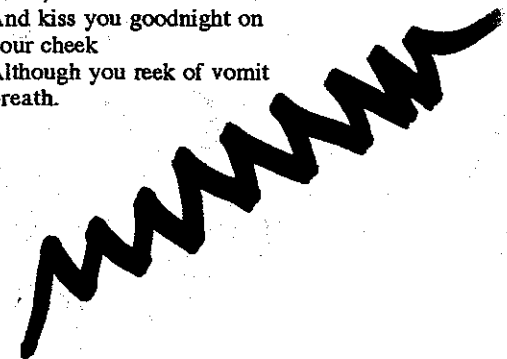
Blueberries twinkle on the bush  
As dawn creeps up on the glade  
Morning dew and restless crows  
And little Junior-how he grows!  
But what's that stuff between his toes?  
And why did we name him Diarreah Nose?

## The Dildo Tree

This Summer morning's so sublime  
Although the sun is slightly hot  
The rats have all been put to death  
And I adore you quite a lot  
A wondrous day, indeed it is  
And now let's eat some runny Brie  
And drink from this delicious pitcher  
Full of freshly squeezed iced pee  
To be here now, to hold your hand  
To kiss your most beloved knee  
O what a joy it is to sit  
With you beneath the dildo tree

## Vomit Breath

"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!  
Whippoorwill!"  
You murmur in your sleep  
The moon spotlights you angel face  
Amid the bleating of the sheep  
A robin weeps, a sparrow cheeps,  
Another kind of birdy peeps,  
A suicidal mountain goat confesses all before he leaps.  
I'll cover you with blankets  
So you will not catch your death;  
And kiss you goodnight on your cheek  
Although you reek of vomit breath.



# My Father

by John S. Hall

My Father died in the 80's, but in the 40's, he was quite famous. He played in the Negro Leagues. He was quite good. He was the first white man to play in the Negro Leagues. I believe actually he originally played for the Brooklyn Dodgers, but they traded him to the Kansas City Monarchs, in exchange for Jackie Robinson. Or something like that. I don't know. My father was a modest man, and he didn't like to brag about his accomplishments. And they were very great accomplishments.

For example, in 1965, he came to New York with only a few dollars, and started the Hare Krishna religion! Actually, that sounds more impressive than it is, because he also brought along several hundred copies of Srimad-Bhagavatam that he had translated when he was living in India, see, so he sold those and made some money. I still have a picture of him hanging out in Tompkins, teaching the Hippies how to chant and be happy.

Also, my father was the first, and so far, only man born with fallopian tubes. Also, he had his nipple pierced, and his testicles and his clitoris. He was very cool. He also used to work for American Standard, (the toilet people) and he did some mail drops for the CIA. He always used to say to me, "Son, Lyndon Johnson has always been made out of clothespins, but Eisenhower was a cantalope, and only now is he Episcopalian. Nothing short of sausages and funnels for as long as you both shall live." He never explained this entirely-he never had to.

Speaking of testicles and clitori, about five years after he died, my father wrote a play, and the main characters were name Testicles and Clitorus. Here is a brief excerpt:

Clitorus: Hey Testicles, how's it hanging?

Testicles: Dude!

Clitorus: Dude!

Testicles: Dude, Baby boomers suck. They're old, and they don't give a fuck about AIDS research, because they're all old, and they don't give a fuck if we all die.

Clitorus: Dude, but like at least they support free cheese enemas for the poor.

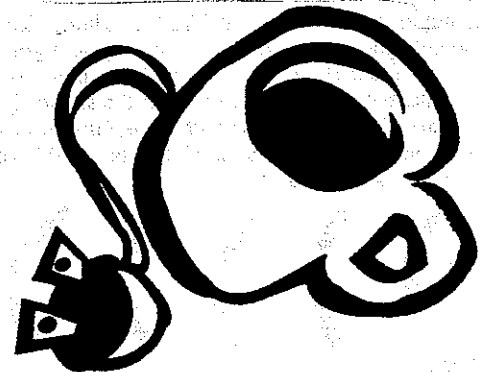
Testicles: So Dude, when are you going to introduce me to Ella Fitzgerald's underwear, and Jerry Van Dyke's pancreatic fluids?

Clitorus: Well Dude, when are you going to bake that blueberry fetus pie you've been promising me?

Anyway, it went on from there. It was never produced, although Desi Arnaz bought the film rights for Paramount, and I put my share of the inheritance into mutual funds and parlayed it into a rather sizable fortune, but then I spent it all on q-tips and hydrogen peroxide, which I then donated to the Church of Hal, because I could never really get into my father's religion: dressing up in orange and jumping up and down, chanting all the time, "Govinda Jaya Jaya Gopala Jaya Jay Radharamanahari, Govinda Jaya Jaya" and so on.

But my father was a very great man. I'll never forget the last thing he ever said to me, nor will I ever repeat it.

*(John S. Hall, has been involved in the new york antifolk almost as long as he's been involved with King Missile, King Missile (Dog Fly Religion) and detatchable penile... things. If he's ever reading or performing, see him. - ed)*



# DEMO TAPES FROM ANTIFOLK ROYALTY

## **LENNY MOLOTOV (Summer '96) & THE ILLUMINOIDS**

Lenny Molotov's just released a new demo tape with his three piece band, the Illuminoids. The tape very effectively captures the live sound of the band, a loud, aggressively sonic effort composed entire of antifolk singer-songwriters, with Mr. Scarecrow on electric guitar, Tom Nishioka on electric bass, and Little Oscar on electric drums. The band is, first and foremost, **loud**. The band is, second and medium-most, talented. The band is, third and lastleast, a **band**.

Lenny Molotov, lead singer and songwriter on all seven songs, is mixed low in Tom Nishioka's production, and the incredible guitar work of Mr. Scarecrow is all the way on top. This is precisely how it should be, as Scarecrow's electric work is what most makes the group so wonderful to listen to. His leads are blistering, scary, and always perfect (Well, in "Train Song," it sounds like he's trying to be an A-Train, and he sounds more like a freight train, but that's quibbling slices, or something).

The songs are mostly standards of a Lenny Molotov set, including the funny and potentially prophetic "Dick Will Rise," the identity crisis "Waitress," and the simply incredible "Mysteries of Life."

In all of these songs, and many others, Lenny continues the vocal experimentation that makes his so frightening. Lenny's larynx is not the strongest instrument that this collective has, yet he does what he can to use it to strangest effect. His howls, whines, and off-key shenanigans make you think about what he's actually singing, speaking, telling. It's horrifying, and it's so effective.

The Illuminoids sound a whole lot different than a solo Lenny Molotov does, which is exactly right. They expand Lenny's sound excellently. They increase his musical output a dozenfold. Get it.

## **ESTELLE (Queen: Summer '96)**

Three songs from the reigning Queen of Antifolk just came out. The tape is just her and a guitar, so you can catch all the words, sometimes difficult at her performances. The first is her big hit, as such, about home and what it does to you, "Carolina," with it's strangely quirky guitar hook. The vocals on this cut and throughout are full, more full and real than she often achieves live on stage.

"When I Have Doubts," mostly about trust in people -- romantic people -- and "Nine Days' Wonder" are clear, tasty, and sound great in another fine Tom Nishioka production joint. You can hear all the finger work and lyrics going on. It's all quite clear, quite good, but a little antiseptic. No screams, no howls, no sense of urgent emotion that she's so capable of reaching. While it all sounds good, though, there could be more going on. This is an excellent showcase for Estelle's singing/songwriting talents, but I keep hoping to hear the sounds in an expanded format, maybe with some fury injected. One can only imagine what this queen will be capable of when (if) she gets a band together.

## **JOE BENDIK (King of Antifolk, Winter '96) + THE HEATHENS**

There are three Joe Bendiks. You may be acquainted with each of them.

One is the former king of Antifolk, an acoustic assassin, making an array of sounds with his wooden guitar and metal effects pedal. People clap mightily when he performs at open mics, and they like what the can hear of the lyrics, which are often pretty funny. People fail to keep the beat, since Joe goes off on these musical tangents, adding these strange rhythm bridges and howls that throw everything and everyone off.

This Joe Bendik is very frustrating to listen to, and sometimes, not so good.

"I have all these sounds in my head," he complains, "and I'm just trying to... get them out."

Before you classify him as a psycho and truck him out to Randall's Island, read about the second Joe Bendik.

Joe Bendik is the leader of the Heathens, a five piece creation that fleshes out the songs, gives those extra sounds in his head release, and allows the audience to, if you'll pardon the expression, rock the fuck out. The Heathens play the same material that Joe plays solo, only suddenly, inextricably, it makes sense. The cacophony that Joe wields alone becomes, with help, music. Powerful, evocative music. Punk rock music.

It's hard to distinguish what Joe Bendik & The Heathens does from what dozens of Continental Bands do -- except, of course, The Heathens consistently sound excellent; melodic and hard at once; Green Day done righter.

And how did they get so excellent? Did they practice for years to master the sound that is such perfect punk?

They listened to Joe's demo tape.

Welcome to Joe Bendik Number Three.

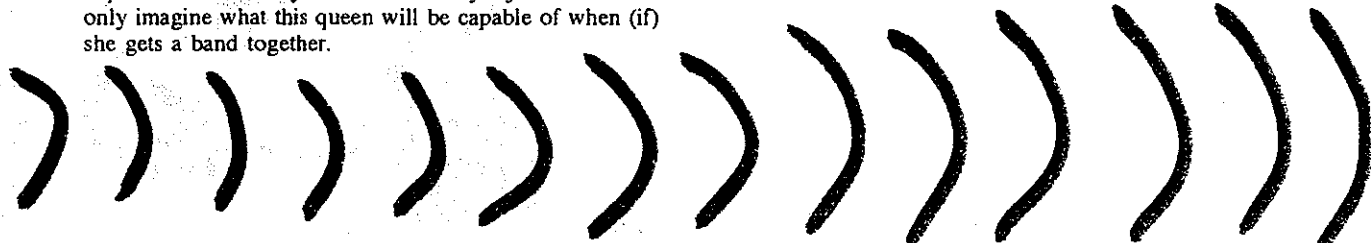
The Heathens sounds incredibly like that aforementioned demo, which includes fully incorporated guitars, multiple vocals, drums, bass, keyboards, and, mired deep in the mix, sporadic samples. All are performed by Mr. Joe himself.

It's an incredibly complex pop punk antifolk rock and roll amalgamation, incorporating all possible influence. It kicks hard and constant.

The basic tape starts with the titanic "Have Sex," all about honesty in communication. From the first instant of electric guitars to the coda, when that same army of sound suddenly ceases, you're in thrall. "(Oh, You're) My Yoko" is about a relationship, and, despite the volume and intensity, is a lovely little song. You'll hum it for weeks afterwards. The basic demo tape ends with "Afterday" which sounds not so much like any of the Joe Bendiks you've heard before.

In fact, the third Joe Bendik seems to have only the barest of relations to the first. Though it makes sense why Joe Bendik the first goes off to all those different places while playing: he hears a symphony in his head. He's a certified -- or certifiable -- musical genius. What he creates is incredible melodic hard rock.

That's why they call him the king.





# The Future of Anti-folk

## An interview with Tsivia Morris

Tsivia is part of the new generation in antifolk. Almost a year old, Tsivia Morris is the daughter of Gene & Mimi, and has had the antifolk compilation album, Lach's AntiHoot, dedicated to her. On this, Anti-Matter's virtual one year anniversary issue, we thought it a good idea to catch up with this newest and brightest antifolk presence. The questions were compiled by the entire Anti-Matter's staff, and conducted directly by the Ms. Morris' parents. "We even let her stay up late tonight to answer the questions." Gene Morris later explained, "However, we take no responsibility for her answers." With precocious talent like hers, we all decided not to condescend to her. No talking down, just some straight up dialog with one of the youngest recruits in the Fort Army.

### >Which antifolk artists are your favorites?

I used to be into the really incomprehensible, almost gibberish-like singers; you know, the ones who just get on mic and screech. But now I'm getting past all that and listening more to people who sort of hang onto one word for an entire song. I also like Lach and Julia Douglas because we all weigh about the same.

### >What do you think of your parents' music?

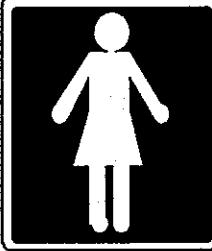
It's OK for that old-timey twentieth century music

### >Which Beatle do you most identify with, and why?

Ringo, of course. He was the smallest, you know.

### >Who are some of your greatest literary influences?

Well, I'd have to go with the classics. You know, Dr. Seuss, Curious George, and James Joyce. Love that moo-cow.



Computer generated simulation of Tsivia Morris at age 15.

### >Please share any thoughts on the Sex Pistols reunion.

Oh please. I am sooo tired of the twentieth century. The music is so over.

### >How is your songwriting progressing? When will you be performing at the Fort?

I've been composing a lot but my folks are afraid to let my ground-breaking music be heard. However, my attorney is negotiating with several major music labels.

### >How does it feel to have the Fort Anti-Hoot album dedicated to you?

It's very nice and the case it comes in is just the thing for teething. However, I must say I noticed there don't seem to be any babies playing on the album.

### >Any last words for our readers?

Did I mention I really like the Goo-Goo Dolls?

#### GLOOMY DAYS

If you get to work in a bad mood, you should try to dispel the gloom you bring with you. Some things you can try: If you have a piece of paper that you are going to throw away or recycle, rip it to shreds vigorously before discarding it; during a break, try some physical exercises or meditation; smile, even if you don't feel like it—when you get a smile in return it lifts your spirits.

Not Gene & Mimi →

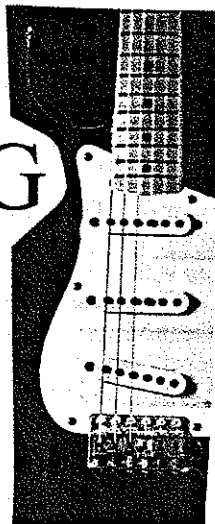


SHOWER CANDY  
TASTE OF SWEET CANDY  
BRINGS A PLEASURE  
ONLINE  
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SOUR CANDY  
TASTE OF SWEET CANDY  
BRINGS A PLEASURE

# LEARNING GUITAR

by Jocelyn Ryder



To quote Jen's Revenge: This sucks. I went to the doctor in March, to be treated for Carpal Tunnel Syndrome. It got worse, better, then worse again. Since June 26th, I've been on medical leave from work. As of my last visit to the doc, I probably won't be getting back to work before the middle of August.

At first I thought, this is great! I can devote hours to perfecting chord changes, and becoming one with The Amazing Wiggle Drill. But on my second day off, having practiced the previous day, my left arm was a mass of pain. When I reported this to the physical therapist, she looked at me with a raised eyebrow of regret and said, "Yeah." Without hearing anything more than that, I finished her sentence, "I guess I shouldn't play guitar for a while, huh?"

"This is a problem of inflammation," she said. "We don't work through this."

Not being able to play the guitar has felt like having laryngitis of the hands. My callouses were getting good, too. In an effort to keep my fingertips in shape, I'd been rubbing them against the strings till there were deep black grooves in the tips. This worked for a while, but I haven't kept it up.

I had been at a weird place with my guitar playing before this delay. In anticipation of an upcoming gig (August 18th, 8:30 p.m. sharp - at the Fort), I had been practicing my two new songs almost exclusively. Still frustrated with my level of expertise, I called an actor friend for advice. I consider him a successful artist, and

wanted to know how he handles creative difficulties. He told me, "It's extremely important that you fail on the guitar before you succeed. Success teaches us nothing."

I haven't had a lesson in a month. I'm frustrated to be diverted from a path which had been so satisfying creatively, namely composing with my new toy - the guitar. It doesn't help matters that every time I've written a song, I've wondered if that's it, if I've got another one in me.

And let me just record here how REALLY FUCKING ANGRY I am that guitar playing is currently an unhealthy activity.

I've grabbed Ukulele for five minutes here and there, just to remind myself I can still do it. I do have tiny dents in my fingertips, but my callouses are nearly gone.

I keep thinking about Scarecrow's gig on the 20th of July. He had laryngitis, and enough voice to sing his set but that's it. So, he wrote all of his banter on 8½ x 11 sheets and held them up for the audience between songs. It was hysterical. When I talked with him about it later on, Scarecrow described his situation as an opportunity to turn liabilities into assets. Though I had hoped to play guitar on August 18th, I won't. So, I asked one of my favorite Fort songwriters to help me out. He said yes. (I still have this feeling it's not gonna happen, but it's just not happening *the way I think it should.*)

You'll excuse me, now while I step out of the way and let fate take over.





# AN OPEN LETTER TO BILL GATES

by Charles Herold

(According to the six-degrees-of-separation theory, if anyone who receives this sends it to everyone they know, this will reach Gates. Thank you for doing your part.)

Dear Bill,

I would like to propose a business transaction I feel will be beneficial to us both. Your first instinct may be to dismiss this proposal outright, however, I believe that if you hear me out the advisability of this project will become evident.

I would like to sell all rights to myself to you for \$500,000. This would include use and copyright of my name and face, and complete ownership of any properties, physical or intellectual, created by, through or for me, forever. You would be 100% owner of Charles David Herold. Interest and property obtained with the \$500,000 would, of course, be exempt.

Why do I make this offer? Well, it has become clear to me that eventually Microsoft will own everything. Microsoft inexorably expands, absorbing all with which it comes into contact, a corporate Blob. Its intellectual and physical properties grow exponentially, and just when you think there is nothing left Microsoft could possibly want or need, and even when there is simply nothing it would occur to \*anyone\* to want or need, one reads of yet another purchase, or another lawsuit. It is clear that, had David Bowie really sold the world, it would have been to Microsoft.

Please don't think I'm objecting, I'm a great believer in the concept of a one-world government, and I certainly think Microsoft could do no worse than those presently in power. Frankly, for those of us on society's lower rungs it doesn't much matter who's in charge -- government is not for the poor and disenfranchised. I would sooner be ignored and exploited by Microsoft than by Pat Buchanan.

You're a smart businessman, and probably already see the benefits of this purchase, but allow me to present them fully, so I may feel I have done all I can to further this sale. As I have said, Microsoft will eventually own the entire world. This is undeniable. However, the process by which this is to happen is not yet known. Yes, you can buy and start businesses, you can buy up technology, license art, register every phrase that exists; but none of that will allow you to truly rule the world. For the world is not things, but people. And thus Microsoft needs to not simply employ people, but to actually own them.

How to begin? Begin at the beginning, with one person. Buy someone, establish your legal right to do so, and then begin to buy up people by the thousands. That first person is important. You can't just go out and buy some wino singing Sweet Adeleine outside your office. That could be challenged legally -- he could sober up and sue. You must buy someone who sells himself of his own free will, and can be demonstrated to be in his right mind (a certificate of sanity can be produced upon request).

I am anxious to make this sale, because I know the price of a soul will drop precipitously after Microsoft has become a people owner. It's like hand-held calculators; \$200 one year, free in a box of Fruit Loops the next. My people rights are only valuable now, while you don't own any people (at least in the United States -- I suppose you may own some Third World people). And with half a million dollars, I would be able to live comfortably off the interest for the rest of my life (you see, all I really want is thirty or forty thousand dollars a year, so it would be cheaper to rent me; however, as stated above, the whole point is to establish your legal right to own people).

I am not putting myself forward as the best, most valuable person on the planet, but simply as a purchasable guy. Still, you might want to get a general idea of my value before you buy me. You can get further information about me and my band at <http://www.bway.net/~english/chas.html> And if you would like to get a look at me, to check my teeth and such, come by The Sidewalk Cafe on Tuesday, July 23 at 8 p.m. and see me perform. The Sidewalk Cafe is in New York City, on Avenue A at E. 6th St. There is no cover, however, they do pass the tip jar, so you might want to bring a few \$100 bills.

If you are interested, please e-mail me at [charles.herold@tgibbs.com](mailto:charles.herold@tgibbs.com) and we can discuss this further.

Sincerely,

*Charles Herold*

If you would like to be on the Charles Herold and the Whoever Shows Up e-mailing list, please send a message to [charles.herold@tgibbs.com](mailto:charles.herold@tgibbs.com) containing the words "I think you're totally kewl, dude, sign me up," or any other words that imply you want to be on the list. If you wish to be removed from the e-mailing list, then I am deeply hurt and just feel like crying.

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## THE SIDEWALK OPEN -- I MEAN HOOTENANNY -- OPERETTA (Debuted by Charles Herold July 22, 1996)

LACH: Welcome to the Fort's Monday Night anti-folk Hootenanny. I'm your host, Lach. Before we begin sign-up, I want to say that THIS IS NOT AN OPEN MIKE. This is a hootenanny. An open mike is where people who want to get booked at club schlep out every week, sign up for their two songs or eight minutes, whichever comes first, then hang out all night drinking beer waiting to go up and try and impress the guy who books the club. THIS IS SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT. Remember: YOU ARE THE LEAST IMPORTANT THING HERE. The most important thing here is our new CD, which you should all buy now. Now let's begin sign up.

Alright, sign up is closed. And to start us off I'm going to sing a song I just wrote:  
You were hanging out with your friends  
You were listening to Kiss  
doing psychedelic mushrooms  
You were in a state of bliss  
Then you're brain flew out of your head  
Like a 10-year-old's spit-wad  
and it flew up like a butterfly  
and you visited with God  
And God told you the secrets to life and you wrote them down ...

Okay, and first on the list, the reigning king of Anti-Folk, Lenny Molotov.

LENNY: I forgot your birthday, and I forgot who to blame:  
and after we made love I couldn't quite recall your name  
You say that with my memory I can't be a success  
but Ronald Reagan can't remember his name or address.

LACH: That was cool, Lenny. Now we'd like to welcome a new sponsor here at the Fort, Julie's Skin-graftorama. Kids, have your tattoos lost their shock value? Do your parents think your nose ring is sort of cute? At Julie's Skin-graftorama we can so alter your appearance that even your best friends won't be able to look at you without horror and disgust. Whether you want scales, gills, horns, or just old-fashioned burn-marks on your face, Julie's has it all. Julie's Skin-graftorama. For kids who don't think they'll ever have to get a real job.  
Next we have Dan Emery.

DAN: Most of you don't know this, but I'm a physics professor at MIT. A couple of years ago I received a so-called "genius" grant and decided to go on sabbatical and try the life of a homeless folksinger. This song combines my two loves, science and music:  
Well I took you to the movies then I bought you popcorn then I took you home and we had sex throughout the night  
In the morning when we woke up you told me it wasn't working and for you to lead me on would not be right  
But you called 2 hours later and you said that you'd been thinking about me  
And you said you really missed me and you said you really loved me and you said we should get married ...

Lach. Cool. You know, I think this is the best Hoot we've ever had hear at the Fort. I know I say that every week, but it's like a stopped clock -- every once in a while it tells the right time. Next up we've got Steve Espinola.

Steve: You treat me so bad  
you treat me so mean  
you're the evilest person that I've ever seen  
you should treat me a lot better than you do  
'Cause no one in the world but me likes you.

Lach. Cool. Some of you may be a little confused now. You may be saying, "hey, I'm number three, fifteen people have gone up and he still hasn't called me. Well, we have a unique numbering system here at Sidewalk. We start with negative numbers. Our first act, Lenny, was minus seventeen. So hang in there you positive numbers, you're coming up soon. Next up, one of the former kings of antifolk, Joe Bendik.

Joe: I just want to say I just want to say I just want to say fuck  
I just want to say I just want to say shit  
Because when I say Because when I say fuck the audience goes wild  
And I want cheap applause I want cheap applause I want cheap applause.

Lach. Cool Joe. Next we have Charles Herold. Charles, are you here? Charles? Well, Charles seems to have gone home, once again missing naked jello Twister. I'll get the board and the jello, and we'll get started.





# KING MOLOTOV

interviewed by Jonathan Berger

There's a new king in town.

Lenny Molotov, veteran antifolker from both the San Francisco and New York scenes, was crowned King of Antifolk, Summer '96, on Monday, June 24.

The timing is fortuitous. His early demo tape was reviewed glowingly by Gary Pig in Sound Views, a well-distributed alternative zine out of New York City; and his new demo tape, a seven-song monolith featuring his new combine, the Illuminoids, kicks serious buttock.

"Mysteries of Life," one of the newer songs, both on the tape and in Lenny's performance repertoire, ends a verse with the line, "Who's the King of Antifolk?" followed by the refrain, "I don't know, and I don't care."

This song was recorded before the most recently royal turn of events, but the question can now be raised: does he not care at all about the recent honor?

"Well," Lenny explains, "The questions posed were all rhetorical. For the purposes of the question, I don't care who is the king of antifolk. Sometimes, you get into an emotional state, where it clouds your view entirely, and you don't care about anything. So that's where it comes from, that's what it means."

In any case, Lenny begs off somewhat from the hierarchical view of performers. "I think that in some cases there is such a thing as a natural hierarchy. Still, you've gotta be careful of that."

Removing his ever-present cap to run his palms over his scalp, King Molotov laughs, "I mean, I am below Bob Dylan, and probably below Major Matt Mason."

His modesty seems sincere. Sincerity, honesty, authenticity, are important themes in Lenny's writing, and clearly in his life. But more on that later. Lenny self-effaciousness contradicts local opinion within the antifolk community. The man is, after all, aware of the popularity of his political number, "Dick Will Rise," and the incredible, aforementioned love song, "Mysteries of Life," a paranoid rewrite of Sam Cooke's "Wonderful World." Some songs have clearly touched listeners in powerful impressive ways.

"It's just the measure of a song," Lenny explains, "My problem now is that I've had so many 'hits' here that I'm kind of afraid..." Lenny stops, thinks, and approaches the question from a different angle. "Lately," he continues, "I've been in a funk, because I'm afraid they won't work out, but I can't be afraid of failure. I gotta keep writing and hope it works out."

Many of Lenny's songs follow a certain pattern, a kind of organizational imperative. "Dick Will Rise," the tale of the rise and rise of President Nixon, orders itself chronologically. Both "Mysteries of Life" and "Waitress," are, at heart, lists: one of unanswerable questions and one of ways people can identify themselves. He's not so sure of the similarities in his own work. "Oh, I definitely have patterns in my writing. I have these love songs and these political songs. I think all of them... it's hard to put into words. There's sort of a consistency, but it's hard to describe. I think all of my songs are about longing and frustration..."

His songs have become much stronger, more effective, since he formed the Illuminoids. Featuring Fort regulars Little Oscar on drums, Tom Nishioka on bass guitar, and Mr. Scarecrow on guitar, the band is tight and simply incredible. There's an excellent chemistry between them. "Scarecrow, Tom and I are a grand trine of air signs. See, I'm a Libra, Scarecrow's an Aquarius, and Tom's a Gemini. Those are the three air signs. I don't know anything about astrology, but I was told by someone that's very powerful."

Lenny knows both Tom and Little Oscar from the New York Antifolk scene, but his connection to Mr. Scarecrow, the electrifyingly spine-squelching guitarist who makes the group, goes back much farther. They were both members of the San Francisco Antifolk community, and even ran the local club, the Sacred Grounds, after Lach returned to the East.

"I just started hanging out there, to get away from the hell of law school. I went to law school for one year and found out I couldn't be a lawyer. I was surrounded by people who didn't have any humanity, who were following this ready-made program.

"Now, I'm not a Christian, but Jesus said, 'You can't serve two masters.' I've got this obsessional thing; if I do something, I want to be the best at it."

Even trying to walk a line between his art and his career, he found he couldn't hack it, so he left school, but still continued to hang at the local cafe at the bottom of the hill, working sound, partaking in the scene, and served as an alternate MC at the Sacred Grounds.

Even so, he didn't begin to write or play his own music, not until after Lach left San Francisco. "It was like a void needed to be filled," so he started writing his own songs.

After Scarecrow left for the Southwest, Lenny ran the San Francisco scene until he headed East. He's been living in the tri-state area for the last two years, working at a law firm, but really working on his music.

At first, he seemed to play more emphatically political songs, tackling 60s icons like Nixon and JFK, singing about the CIA LSD experiments, reflecting on conspiracy theories. Now, many of his songs seem to deal with more microcosmic subjects. His new tape with the Illuminoids seems to split evenly between the two topic areas.

So what's next for the King?

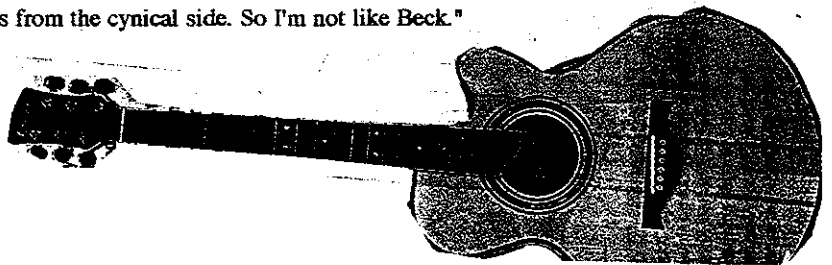
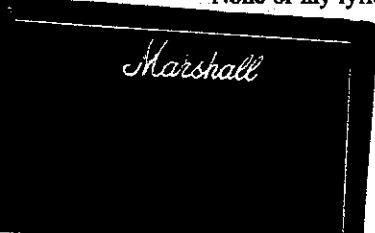
"Right at this moment my goal is to destroy Beck," Lenny says, "To show what a fuckin' impostor -- and a cynical bastard -- he is. I mean, the way Beck writes lyrics is, 'You want some lyrics? I'll give you some.' And the way that Bob Dylan writes lyrics -- I'm not saying Dylan's sacred, but -- was being in touch with the muse, and writing."

Lenny Molotov details a sort of continuum of authenticity, writing because you believe something, or because it means something, versus writing words to fill in the blanks. Then he has to consider how he fits into that continuum. He considers, head leaned over a table, until he finally comes to his conclusion.

"None of my lyrics are cynical. I never write lyrics from the cynical side. So I'm not like Beck."



The King is dead. Long live the King.



## Estelle — Queen of Antifolk summer 96

--a badly paraphrased interview by Lenny Malotov

LM: Tell me about your origins.

E: I was born in Hawaii but I was raised in Oklahoma.

LM: Did you consider yourself an outsider?

E: Yeah, I was a high school outcaste. I was always asking myself "why don't I fit in?" and when I was in college it was "what is this all for?" I had a lot of angst. Some of it was cultural like regarding my identity—my father is Irish and my mother is Korean and I was in Oklahoma so you can imagine. Some of it was more philosophical like "does it all come together in the end—in the final analysis is justice meted out?"

LM: How did start to get involved with music?

E: I started playing classical piano when I was 7 and kept it up until college. I didn't come to pop stuff until about 14. There was a teacher in my high school who was putting together a little group and needed a keyboard player. I think we played that Pat Benatar song "Hit me with your best shot". It was dumb but it hooked me into rock and roll. As for guitar, I was in law school and I was really unhappy and I called my parents and begged them to send my guitar, which I had never really learned how to play. They sent it and a friend taught me the basics. Everything I do now is what I've done since I started hanging out at the Sidewalk.

LM: How did you learn about the Sidewalk?

E: The New York Press article on the open mike. I thought "cool I'll try it". I'd just been dumped and that's always a wellspring for creative activity.

LM: In retrospect then, are you glad the guy dumped you?

E: Yeah, I was so happy with him I never got anything done.

LM: Are you really a lawyer?

E: Well I have a law degree from Columbia and I've passed the bar so yeah. Right now I'm in the midst of a 2-year clerkship in the Federal Court downtown.

LM: Would you rather be a successful lawyer or a successful musician?

E: What do you mean by successful? Making a living? Notoriety? I don't really care about that. I do both because I love both. I don't care about being the best. Classical musicians get all caught up in that and they end up quitting because of it. You end up letting other people rule your life. I love both and as far as getting known for being the best, I

guess I'm content to be a dilettante, when it stops being fun I don't want to do it anymore. Let me qualify that—you have to go through some degree of hard work and suffering to increase what you're able to get out of something.

LM: Do you consider yourself to be an idealist—of the 60's variety?

E: Yes. And for that reason I'd never work for a big corporate firm working 80 hours a week helping rich people stab each other in the back. There's no moral paycheck. I do have that idealism but on the other hand in the 60's I think people thought very simplistically about complex issues, but over all I like the idea of using the system to help people that have been screwed over. I also wish we had heroes like they had back then. Where are the Martin Luther Kings of today? I know they're out there but it only goes to a certain level.

LM: Describe your creative process.

E: I'm addicted to melody, the words come later. The music is simple, but it's cathartic—it's like emotional exhibitionism. I see the components of a song as rhythm, melody and lyrics. And melody is fundamental to me. I know my music is different from Joe Bendik's but I really respect his stuff because it is so melodically strong. I get a lot from the Sidewalk open mike.

I have a fascination for songwriters—watching them reveal their unique take on the world.

That's why Fast Folk bored the shit out of me. The songwriters there weren't being authentic—having a unique perspective wasn't really encouraged. I'm deeply indebted to Lach's scene for all this. But at the same time I don't want to be part of Lach's antifolk army.

LM: You mean you don't feel any camaraderie with us?

E: I do! But I don't have to be on a mission to spread the good news. I'll discuss this with anyone who takes that negatively. I don't mean it that way.

LM: Is your song "Carolina" a criticism of provincial small-town small mindedness?

E: Well, I spent a summer in western North Carolina near the Blue Ridge mountains. I never had lived in a place where they ask you "Are you a Christian?" and because I'm a Catholic the answer to them is "No". I only got a taste of the place but my friend grew up there and so I always heard these stories from him. Every line in that song is true—everyone getting married and the football star ending up working for the DMV.

LM: What do you think of the pop-feminism of song-writers like Liz Phair?

E: I've only heard her a couple of times—I'm so ignorant of a lot of current music—but I'm all for it. I'm into Ani DiFranco—she says that stuff so much better than I ever could. And by the way, how come the Sidewalk scene is 90 percent guys? Where are the women? A lot of what we have to say is the same but there's a lot that's different.

LM: What sign are you?

E: You mean like astrology? Gemini, I guess.

LM: Tom Nishitoka is a Gemini.

E: I feel an affinity with Tom.

LM: That's probably why. Do you believe in UFO's?

E: I'm a fan of "The X-files" and I think it's presumptuous for us to say there is no life out there, but I don't believe in alien abductions.

LM: What do you think of the Warren Commission report on the assassination of JFK?

E: It's bullshit. I spent 3 weeks doing legal work for something called the Assassination Archives—they supported people looking into this. All the phone lines were bugged. There's no way one bullet could have caused all those wounds.

LM: What music has had the greatest impact on you?

E: Rachmaninoff, Chopin, Wagner, Mozart, Madam Butterfly—my favorite opera, Billie Holiday, Pearl Bailey, the Beethoven sonatas, "Exit stage left" by Rush, that Shangri La song by Led Zeppelin—

LM: Kashmir?

E: Yeah—Acid Jazz, and as for current bands around, Chucklehead, Bicycle.

LM: And now for the question—can you define Antifolk?

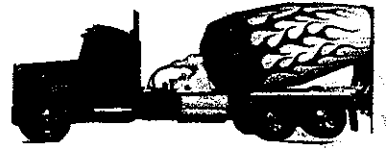
E: A reaction to all the facets of folk that I abhor—smugness, the idea that music has to sound a certain way, the repressed toned-down quality of John Denver, not having to play at Fast Folk—although I kind of like that place cause they let me do the sound board.

LM: Well, eventually it'll happen at the Sidewalk. I mean if you really want to do sound, talk to Lach or Tom or Dan Emery. I mean like you are the Queen of Antifolk. Thank you Estelle.



An Evening of Antifolk (a whole month's worth!)

# THE FORT SCHEDULE



The Fort is located at 94 Avenue A, on 6th street in the heart of the East Village. Shows begin at 8, unless it explicitly says otherwise. And they're all FREE!

Monday, 7/29 - Last **AntiHoot** of July, featuring your favorite host, Mr. Dan Emery, with a sign-up beginning at 7:30, show at 8:00

Tuesday, 7/30 - Lee Nestor, Bruce Smith, Jim Allen Band, Lisa Richards, Aaron Spencer

Wednesday, 7/31 - Tom Nishioka, Terry McCarthy, The Novellas, Major Matt Mason USA, Bicycle

Thursday, 8/1 - Starting at 7:30: Bob's Drive-In, Gene & Mimi, Rob Ryan, Jason Springwell-lally, Matt Sherwood

Friday, 8/2 - The Fixins, Amy Alison and the Maudlins (urban country from Mose Alison's daughter), Porkchop

Saturday, 8/3 - Lisa St. Ann, Robert Schffler, Julianne Richards, Delta Garage

Sunday, 8/4 - *Strange Folk Sunday*: Andy If, Leo, PinataLand, Mammals of Zod, Wille, Scott Prato

Monday, 8/5 - That... thing called the **AntiHoot**. Sign up at 7:30, play when the gods decide. Come early, come often!

Tuesday, 8/6 - Jonathan Segol, Dave Hall, Gary Negbaur, Jim Noone, Rita Jackson, Witt Smith

Wednesday, 8/7 - Key Wilde, Charles Herold, Alice Texas, Smooth Henry, Tom Nishioka

Thursday, 8/8 - Betsy Thompson, Dean Kostlich, Rachel Spark, Heather Eatman (beginning her biweekly residence), Zane Campbell

Friday, 8/9 - Dan Emery, Lenny Molotov, Regular Einstein, Sub-Pop recording artist Reid Paley

Saturday, 8/10 - Bubble, The Humans, B. Blush, The Fighting McKensies, The Jazzabels

Sunday, 8/11 - Marc Farre, Loved Ones, Edith of Ohio, Estelle

Monday, 8/12 - The **AntiHoot**, where everybody knows your name, and they're always glad you came. Sign up at 7:30, stay up the whole night. **NORM!**

Tuesday, 8/13 - Jughead, Merrill Nisker (from Toronto), Rosie O'Shea, Lee Feldman, Witt Smith

Wednesday, 8/14 - Ash Negative, The Trouble Dolls, Pat Stern, The Novellas

Thursday, 8/15 - Lot 49, Debby Schwartz, Mike Errico, Tom & Frayed

Friday, 8/16 - Bianca Bob, Drinkin' & Cheatin', Joe Bendk + The Heathens, Kamau, Daniel Harnett

Saturday, 8/17 - **\*\* Antifolkadelic Night \*\*** Starchile, Illness, G'Nu Fuzz, Cytomoto goat, Hubris

Sunday, 8/18 - Karen Davis, Steve Espinola, Jocelyn Ryder, Steve Mosto, Pat Daugherty

Monday, 8/19 - Your show of shows, the **AntiHoot**, with your host of hosts, Lach. Sign up at 7:30, performance begins at 8. Enjoy.

Tuesday, 8/20 - Puckett, Peter Spink, Philadelphia Antifolk with the brotherly stylings of Nancy Falkow, Butch, Adam Brodsky, and Mia. Witt Smith

Wednesday, 8/21 - Jim Allen, Tom Nishioka, Michael Eck, Stephanie St. Clair, Jack Dermard, Kolos

Thursday, 8/22 - Samsara, Ian Corliss, Chris Glenn, Sami Feldman, Heather Eatman

Friday, 8/23 - Special Guest, Fisherman's Stew, Tom Clark, Muckafurgason

Saturday, 8/24 - Special Guest, the sequel: The Hush, Richard X. Heyman, Bubble

Sunday, 8/25 - Bethesda Angel, Carla Hall, Eletafa, Scott Wilson and the Foreign Legion

Monday, 8/26 - Return of the **AntiHoot**. Starring Lach and all your local favorites, with a guest appearance by YOU! Free admission, sign up at 7:30, get out before dawn.



grainy pictures of the lach  
Ness/Monster and some



All shows are subject to change, variation, or inadvertant cancellation. Feel free to verify any show on the day of performance by calling (212) 473-

'Unny 7373.

Babe-a-lascivious

Massive Hemorrhage Dude!

Like, that is so Orkin

Pigs Up!

You are a zero act

That is a flagrant violation of my Constitutionary rights!

No, no, no, too much butter I told you light butter you moron maybe you'd like a little taste of this AK-47 asshole RATA-TATA-TATA etc.

'Sssupper?

That Mel Gibson is such a dreamy hamhock!

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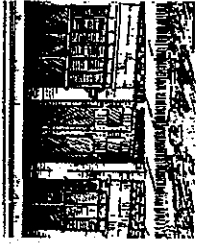
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30 min.	\$2.00 ea.	\$1.35 ea.	\$1.05 ea.
40 min.	\$2.25 ea.	\$1.65 ea.	\$1.35 ea.
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