

ANTI MATTERS

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



STATEMENT

Well, this issue is late by practically a month. There are really no excuses for why it's so tardy. It's pretty obvious; the blame rests squarely on the shoulders of one: you.

It's true. We in the heavily populated offices of AntiMatters have been working 'round the clock (Really big clock; takes up the center of the room. Grandfather clock. It's a legacy) to complete this issue, especially after the dramatic response each earlier issue has received. But, well, contributions have been slow. And whose fault is that? Well, if you've been reading, you've got the idea.

It takes a village to raise a zine, from it's earlier life as a tree to it's new exalted existence as a bunch of soon-to-be recycled sheets of paper. If you want to see an issue come out, do what you can to effect change. Pester the staff. Comment on what you've read. Buy a copy. Buy two copies. Donate to the coffers. Buy ten copies, and sell them on the street for a profit.

And, of course, you could submit. Writers, picture-makers, and others are what we need. The AntiMatter staff, excellent writers all, want a break, some opportunity to go home, relax with their families, have a bottle of tea with friends.

Give them a chance. Work for AntiMatters. Now, shut up and read.

[Note: The preceeding were the opinions of one individual. They do not necessarily constitute the views of AntiMatters. Now shut up and read]

Against all common sense, against all reason, against all signs from above and to the left and to the right, against all odds & evens, we did it.

We gave you one full year of Anti-Matters, more than anyone should ever have to bear, much less read. If you've been with us from the beginning, you know who to thank for starting us off: JT Lewis, Tom Nishioka, and Muckafurgason; the early pioneers. Contributors from far & wide have kept up the tremendous energy needed drag our butts outta bed each month (or so) to print each new issue.

We've seen many things happen in Antifolk in the past year - signings, droppings, reviews good and bad, hookups, breakups, breakouts, breakins, the rise & fall of jazz nights, the rise & fall & rise of the Round Table. From the beginning and through it all have been the live shows and Lach's Antihootenannies, the latter being more of a constant in many people's lives than, well, anything.

We at Anti-Matters pledge to continue to serve the self-interests of our writers and editors and their friends and our readers, without any regard for the moral authority of the state-sponsored religion called consumerism - except, of course, if they pay us.

In return, we demand that you, the Anti-folk, continue to survive and develop and write and sing and never ever go outside the Fort, for if you do, you will die.

- Ed.



WHY IS THIS THE SUMMER OF ANTI?

(AntiMatter's Top 14 List)

- Antifolk's Lach's AntiHoot (Shanachie)
- Gene & Mimi rumored to be in the studio!
- The Jen's Revenge Benefit
- Brenda Kahn's Destination Anywhere (Shanachie)
- AntiMatters goes solvent
- Beck's Odelay (DGC or something or other)
- Muckafurgason's singles, featuring 8 (8!) songs between them.
- Ani Difranco becomes biggest thing since the last thing (Right. She has nothing to do with Antifolk. Still...)
- Paleface's album (Some big label somewhere in America)
- Fall Cafe's rise as home of Brooklyn Antifolk.
- Zane's imminent release of The Alcoholic Janitor (Kitchen Sink Press)
- Hamell on Trial.
- Gold Lamé curtains.
- The Lookalikes' Life-O-Phobia (George The Couch Records)

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THE REAL HISTORY OF ANTI-FOLK

by Charles D. Herold

Anti-folk began in 1687 when Arthur Heddingshire of Suffolk threw a rock at Mary Christie during her performance of Barbara Allen at a local fair, killing her. As Arthur explained it at the time, "I just can't take any more of this mealy-mouthed rubbish." During the ensuing riot 57 people were killed. Arthur survived, and went on to murder 13 more folk singers before he was hanged. For some he was a hero, and scholars have suggested that the fear he caused among folk singers was directly tied to an increase in more lively, less whiny tunes. His last words were, "I'd rather be fucked up the ass by the King than hear another love song."

After Arthur's death there was a resurgence in more traditional folk ballads; however, there were notable exceptions, including bawdy songs like "My Mistress's Arse" and political songs such as "The Archbishop's Arse," there being very little difference between the two songs except for the author of the latter being burned at the stake.

Over the centuries, anti-folk waxed and waned, consistently swimming against the currents. In the seventeenth century, a period marked by rebellion and insurgence, anti-folk as a distinct entity disappeared. When everyone's writing rebellious songs, what is there to be "anti" toward? In other periods, those of extreme gentility or extreme patriotic fervor, anti-folk would rise up, resulting in, depending upon the mood of the populace, tolerance, persecution, or dancing.

During the industrial age, folk and anti-folk both gave way to what is generally referred to as "popular music." The definition of "popular music" being, "not folk." It was a new, forward thinking age, and the guitar was replaced by the banjo, the saxophone, the theremin (see Philip Mugglesaus's monograph, "The Theremin Was a Lot More Popular Than Most People Think"). By the twentieth century, the folk guitar was seen as a relic of a bygone era, like clean air and certainty.

As the twentieth century progressed, however, folk made a comeback, and anti-folk followed behind, nipping at its heels. Traditional folklorists discovered 30 different versions of "The Banks of the Ohio," and played them all. At the same time, a rougher breed of folk singer, epitomized by Woody Guthrie, wrote their own songs. Whether this was because of burning passion or whether they were simply too lazy to do proper folklore research is a matter of fierce debate.

By the 1960s the line between folk and anti-folk was a thin one. If, like Peter Paul and Mary, you removed the anti-private property verse from a Woody Guthrie song, you were probably folk. If you were anti-folk, like Bob Dylan or Country Joe McDonald, you bought an electric guitar and said "folk music? I'm not familiar with that, could you give an example?" at interviews.

While the angriest urban folk singers left for rock and roll, the less angry stayed and became James Taylor. Folk music became less and less interesting to more and more people, and at its nadir there were only 178 folk singers in all of the United States, and only 56 people who went to folk concerts.

As it had before, the anemia of folk music gave rise to anti-folk. Anti-folk came this time more by way of anti-rock, people who fled from the lyrical void and pompous flash of '70s music toward the simple folk community (of course some fled the other way, into punk, and a few fled sideways, towards polka music, but those movements are beyond the scope of this essay). Once these fleers arrived at the simple folk community, however, they found that the simple folk community didn't like them, didn't want them, and couldn't understand why they didn't know any James Taylor songs.

The current wave of anti-folk began, as it often had in the past, in throwing rocks at folk performers, most notably in the famous Holly Near riot in 1983. Then, under the aegis of a shy, elusive and retiring folk singer named Lach, anti-folk found its home in the East Village. There it has generated, over the years, considerable press and numerous record contracts; none of which, unfortunately, has reached this article's author. This article's author has stayed true to the anti nature of anti-folk by having a career that is completely anti-success and anti-popularity. However, this is beyond the scope of this article, and anyway it's depressing me.

What then, is the future of anti-folk? If it is true that history repeats itself (they say the first time as tragedy, the second time as farce, but if so, what to make of Ross Perot's second presidential campaign?) then the anti-folk scene will devolve into a more professional folk scene. It will get comfortable, fat, old and rich (except for me), and a new generation will come upon it, call it folk, and rebel against it. Lach will say things like "kids today, they got no respect," and tour busses will pass by Sidewalk hourly.

But anti-folk will continue, although the author of this article and the readers of this article will, for the most part, find it offensive and meaningless drivel. And as you age, and your songs become flacid and complacent, remember one thing -- watch out for flying rocks.

FORTUNE: You will attract cultured and artistic people to your home.

RIVER REPORTER

I'm thoroughly convinced that folk music will somehow always survive, even in this age of synthesized, overblown, and often shallow and vacuous musical forms. There's something completely pure and honest about acoustic musicians who express themselves without effects, studio trickery, or the cover of excessive volume.

Lach's Antihoot, Live at the Fort at Sidewalk Cafe

(Shanachie Records) — If you're old enough to know what a hootenanny is — a mixed group of folkies who take turns singing and playing original material and traditional folk music — you might get a charge out of this disc. Essentially, this is a collection of highly subversive, largely humorous, and very entertaining material by some unknown singer-songwriters — kind of an open mike night for social misfits and weirdos. Just my style.

Check out "Drinking Beers with Mom," "Fu — up on Jesus," "Mr. Good Attitude," "Killing Flies," and "He Comes Unglued." I'm not mentioning the artists — too much trouble. Just go out and get it yourself, you stupid sh—. Sorry...these folkies have got me in a raunchy frame of mind.

Addendum. So, you thought folk musicians were just a bunch of wimpy James Taylor and Joni Mitchell pseudo intellectuals? Not! Now, get outa' here.

(Mr. Geoff Notkin has been involved in the scene far longer than it has existed. He has played with the one called Lach - sometimes occasionally, sometimes constantly - for the next sixteen years. For the anniversary issue of Anti-Matters, he's been asked to reminisce about their early adventures, errors and aleatores, which eventually led to The Fort at Sidewalk. Rather than write that, he submitted the following. Unfortunately, there's this no edit policy at Anti-Matters...)

My Piano Lies Broken in the Road

By Geoffrey Notkin

Lach's cheap electric piano -- and cheap it was, I think he only paid \$300 for it new -- had survived a whole odyssey of shows: The Aliens' gigs up in Boston in 1980 and '81; a whole string of Proper Id concerts in and around New York in the early '80s; Lach's own solo shows in Piermont, Manhattan, and Boston coffee houses and bars (Betty's Rose Royce in Boston probably winning the award as most absurd venue. Lach opened his show with a very poorly played "Chopsticks." A tourist, sitting in front of me, and oblivious to the humor of it said in a loud voice "I didn't come here to listen to this!" She got up and left. The first time, but certainly not the last, that I saw someone walk out of one of Lach's shows).

When I wasn't playing bass for Lach in The Aliens, I often accompanied him on these solo gigs. I'd usually get some free drinks out of it (and at The Turning Point, where I was described as Lach's "Keyboard Tech and Roadie," I even got dinner on the house!), sometimes take photos, or make tape recordings, but mostly just enjoy the music: a lot of great old songs that he doesn't play any more. Because he "can't remember them," he claims. "While Light Line"; "Last Broadcast"; "Slidin' Down"; "She's a Hitter"; "Alien Street"; and the five-song "Lilly" cycle which we hoped, at the time, to record as a mini rock opera, and premiere live, in the same grandiose way (I imagined) that Jackson Browne had first sprung "Running on Empty" upon an unsuspecting audience.

Nobody who goes to The Fort now has heard these songs, and that's a pity, because some of them are some of his best. Some songs were, as far as I know, only ever played once: "The Guns of New Jersey" is one that comes to mind; some political thing about the battleship New Jersey shelling . . . damn, I can't remember now, either. Was it Syria? But with Lach's songwriting being his own answer to journal keeping ("Geoff, I saw this weird thing on the street today, and wrote a song about it. Do you want to hear it?"), he is constantly producing new material to comment on current affairs, and his own experiences.

Nobody who goes to The Fort now, most likely, has seen Lach play the old electric piano that stood at the front of the stage at so many Proper Id shows. Beer had been spilled into it. It had been dropped hard on the ice outside J.T. Richard's in Suffern (after a late show on a particularly vicious winter weekday night), and slid down to the main road before we -- skidding ourselves -- managed to catch up to it. The piano didn't have a case, just a hard top that kind of clipped on, over the keys. The cable, if it was properly wound up, fit into a little compartment on the back. But Lach had lost the cover to that compartment, so wherever the piano went, it's power cord was usually dragging behind, like Linus' towel. With only the simplest sound modifiers (a primitive pitch bender, and tone and volume controls), the old keyboard seemed tinny and boring in my hands, but by pounding and thumping on it, and wiggling that pitch bender, Lach managed to screw some terrifying sounds out of it. When I was young and naive, and still thought that our band, Proper Id, would become hugely successful, I often daydreamed about the museum that would someday have to exist to hold our collection of instruments and paraphernalia. Norman -- one of our two lead guitarists -- brilliant, moody and bitingly caustic saved a copy of each band poster that I made, in preparation. He tacked them in a neat line around the walls of his room, just below the ceiling. As our bibliography of shows grew, so did the decor in his room. J.T. Richard's, Folk City, The Cuckoo's Nest, CBGB's, Dubbonai's, The Left Bank, The Alamo, Manhattan's, The Orangeburg Pub, Queen's College, S.U.N.Y Purchase, and others. Many of the venues have, themselves, now disappeared. For those first two years, I proudly created a new poster for each show. And Norman proudly pasted each new one up onto his wall. Since I was always somewhat in awe of Norman's musicianship, and slightly intimidated by his harrowing sarcastic harangues, I took this galleric hanging of my artwork in his sanctum, to be the greatest of compliments.

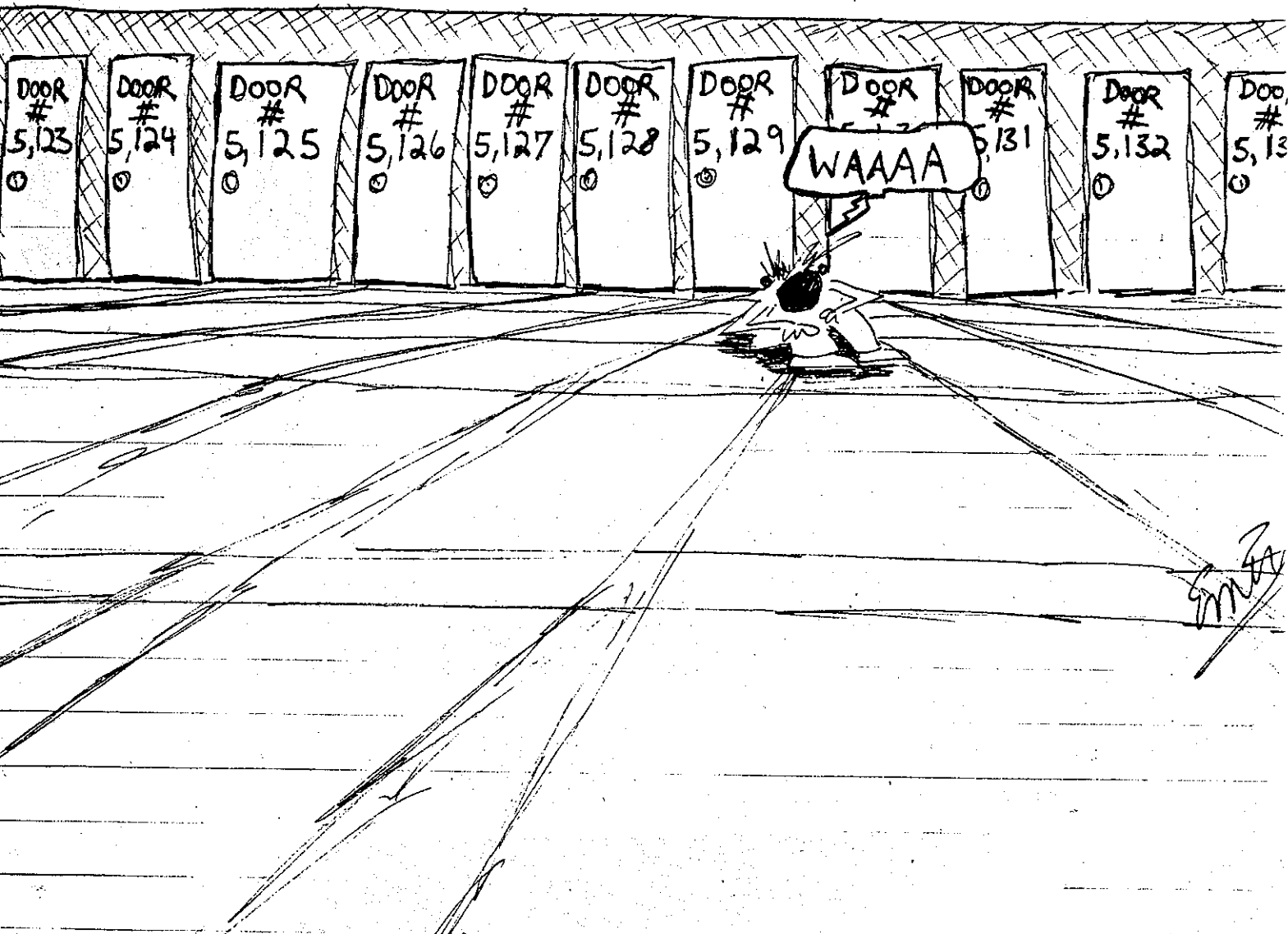
I saved copies too, of course. And I had the originals as well. I still do, in fact, although some of them have started to decompose -- fifteen years later -- as, at the time, I was quite liberal in my use of rubber cement and other non-archival materials. So, had the Proper Id Museum ever come to live in a place more accessible to the public than my own imagination, we would have had a cartload of material to fill those glass cases. Norman and I were both archivists. We saved business cards from Frankford-Wayne who mastered our first single, "Electric Boy," and from The Barge where we recorded it; we saved the Summer 1981 playlist poster from Maximus, where "Electric Boy" rung in at something like #186 on their "Hot 200"; we clipped every CBGB's and Folk City ad that we appeared in, from out of The Village Voice, and pasted them into the official band scrapbook. I was charged with guarding the book, and I considered this to be a great honor since many of the items sequestered there were irreplaceable and of almost cosmological sentimental value. Notable among these one-of-a-kind items was a letter from Arista Records thanking us for sending them our 1982 demo tape. This 8 track recording had been the first, and perhaps only, truly collaborative band effort with "Modern Designs" (Lach/Mark K); "Army School or Work" (Lach/England); "Widow's Walk" (Lach/Mark K) and "Hipcat" (Lach/Notkin). Even then Lach was writing the bulk of the material, but in a gesture of true democracy he and the band agreed to record four songs that had been jointly written.

Arista said something about liking the tape very much, but not feeling that we were "quite" ready for signing, whatever the hell that meant. However, they did invite us to send along any more tapes we might produce -- which sounded promising -- and said that they would like to "hold on" to that tape, which sounded very good, we thought. If they wanted to hold on to it, they must really like it. I expect the cassette ended up in a dumpster within a few days or years, but the letter had been a personal reply, and so we tried to take it optimistically. That letter would have wound up in the Proper Id Museum, no doubt, and so would Norman's red Flying Vee guitar,

if he hadn't poured gasoline over it and set light to it after the band broke up for the first time. My classic black Rickenbacker 4001 bass with white trim would have been there too - displayed in a choice position, I expect -- if I hadn't sold it off in 1992 to pay credit card bills. Lach's cheesy electric keyboard would have been there too, in the centre of it all, on it's rickety little folding stand that collapsed onstage once, during an important CB's show. But Lach got rid of the keyboard too, a few years back. Let it go for only a hundred bucks, if I remember rightly. He sold it to a guy in some local EV band. Lach told me that he felt kind of guilty selling it, after he'd written all those songs on it, and played so many shows with it. He asked me, quite seriously, if I thought he was doing the right thing. I'd asked my friend Chris the same question about my Rickenbacker, and I didn't like his answer ("You can't sell it, it's part of you. You'll always regret it!"), so I tried to be supportive, agreeing with Lach that he probably would never play it again, and it sounded pretty bad nowadays, and who had room for an extra electric piano - even one instilled with that much resonance and history - in a tiny EV apartment? Later that afternoon I did, just for a moment, consider tracking the buyer down and offering him, say, \$125 or even \$150 for it so that - just in case - you know, just on the very slim off-chance that Norman came back from Japan, and Lach forgave our old drummer Jon, and Proper Id got back together, and . . . well, you can guess the rest. It didn't seem too likely, not any of it. And I didn't want to spend even \$125 on that decrepit, beer-soaked antique, and even if I did, I really didn't have room to store it myself, until such time as the public demanded a Proper Id Museum.

It's probably gone now: broken down, or stolen, or dropped once too often and too hard, or painted on, or crapped on, or forgotten in a dusty junkie basement.

Lach told me that he thought the keyboard and the guitar represented the two musical "periods" of his professional life. The Sextet's recording of "Kiss Loves You," underlined that in the way the song started with a piano track, which was then replaced by the guitar, he said. I wondered, to myself - since the song ultimately went back to that tinkly piano part - if it signified that Lach would end up back with the piano in later life. The keyboard was what he played in the wild years, when Proper Id lived together in a fallen-down house in Rockland County, thinking we were a cross between The Clash and The Grateful Dead (and I'll have you know that we were). The guitar represented the "folky" Lach, the solo Lach that finally got to do all that Bob Dylan/Phil Ochs stuff that he was always into, but that the band couldn't deal with. So maybe it's just as well that the keyboard has gone. But still, I do wish that just once in a while he'd play some of the old songs.



THAT FORTIFIED SERIAL - EPISODE # 14.6



Chaos rained down upon the club.

"What's going on?" Mr. Scarecrow screamed, making his way up to center stage at the Sidewalk Cafe.

"I dunno," Gene yelled in response, while audience members attempted to make good their escape from the literally smoking club, "It seems like a fire!"

"Fire?" Mimi cried.

"FIRE!"

The escape began in earnest. Luckily, since the main exit from the club was so clogged, not all that many people got out before:

"Calm down," Lach said, "It was just smoke bomb."

From the back room of the back room, Lach emerged, at first only a smoky skinny thinny silhouette. Then, slowly, his features emerged, the scuffed suit and the broken cowboy hat, and, in his left hand, a small canister, still sputtering fumes.

As Lach passed through the smoke and darkness even more, it became clear than he was not pleased. "Someone set this up," he said.

"But who could be so diabolical, so ingenious, so... mean?" Asked Richard X. Heyman.

"Got me," Lach said as he grabbed the mic, "Calm down, folks. We'll be returning to our regularly scheduled music in just a few minutes. Until then, stand by. This is *still* gonna be the best Super Duper ANTIHOOT EVER!"

The audience, unable to flee the Fort, clapped half-heartedly.

And no wonder. Lach looked around his domain, and saw this and that. What this and that amounted to was not pretty.

His house band, Muckafurgason, had never shown up. A heckler had ruined the first good laugh of the evening. The mic had collapsed just as Jen's Revenge took the stage, leaving one and all the victims of one horrid spiel. The new computer-TV display he'd bought for the occasion had begun to only read messages like LACH IS A DOOKIEHEAD or THIS SUCKS! or STOOPID RHYME APPLAUSE. And this smoke bomb. Worst of all was the cause of everything else: Lach's creditors were approaching from all sides, and he didn't know why!

It was almost as if someone was trying to destroy Antifolk from within. But whom?

Somewhere in the club, a cruel guarded voice laughed.

Meanwhile, unknown to Mr. Lach and all those sitting about confusedly at the Fort, the three members of Muckafurgason, Andy, Chris and John were far from lost. They had just been thrown from a plane by their aerial captain, instructing them that their parachutes would allow them to land directly into the East Village.

To the untrained ear, this could easily be construed as a lie.

In fact, upon closer reflection, this initial estimation bore up.

"Ouch!" Chris, the first out of the plane and to impact with the earth, said, "Ouch ouch ouch."

He'd landed in a tree, which should have been a fairly good sign that he wasn't anywhere near Manhattan.

KERPLUNK!

Chris looked down to see his compatriots in music on the flea-bitten forest bed.

"Hey," John said, "Looks like the parachute didn't work anyway."

"Ironic, isn't it?" interjected Andy, "After all that fighting..."

"It would be ironic," John replied, "If your foot wasn't lodged so securely up my ass."

"Sorry, John."

"You guys OK?" Chris asked, falling out of his tree-perch, rushing to his collapsed friends.

"Other than this unfortunate pecto-rectal exchange, no complaints."

"That, and I don't think we're in Kansas anymore."

"Andy," Chris asked, "Have you ever been to Kansas?"

"This isn't the East Village?" John said.

"Can't you hear the tribal drumming?"

"I figured it was Thompkins Square."

"Well, wherever we are, I just hope there are no --"

"Mm. White folk. Delicious."

"Yum."

"Yum."

"Cannibals," Chris gulped.

"All right," Lach said, "That's about enough!"

Having caught the populace's attention -- not the least because of his amplified voice -- he continued. "It was all fun and games when you were destroying Antifolk from within, sabotaging this show, making an ass out of me --"

The computer display suddenly flashed THE LACH IS AN ASS.

"-- But now you've taken my special LACH guitar strap! Well, this is ridiculous. Show yourself, wherever you are!"

"Hey, Lach," Tom Nishioka pointed, "Isn't that your strap right over there?"

"(Shut up. I'm holding forth.) Show yourself, nemesiss! Show what kind of a man you really are!"

"Very well," a mad voice called from the back. Lach couldn't quite recognize it, but it sounded strangely familiar.

"All this time," the enemy, still in shadows, stood up, "You may have suspected my identity, but now -- and only now -- do you know for sure!"

And with a maniacal laugh, the villain emerged from his cover.

"Is it?" Lenny Molotov moaned.

"Could it?" Kirk Kelly queried.

"Is it possible?" Paula Carino called.

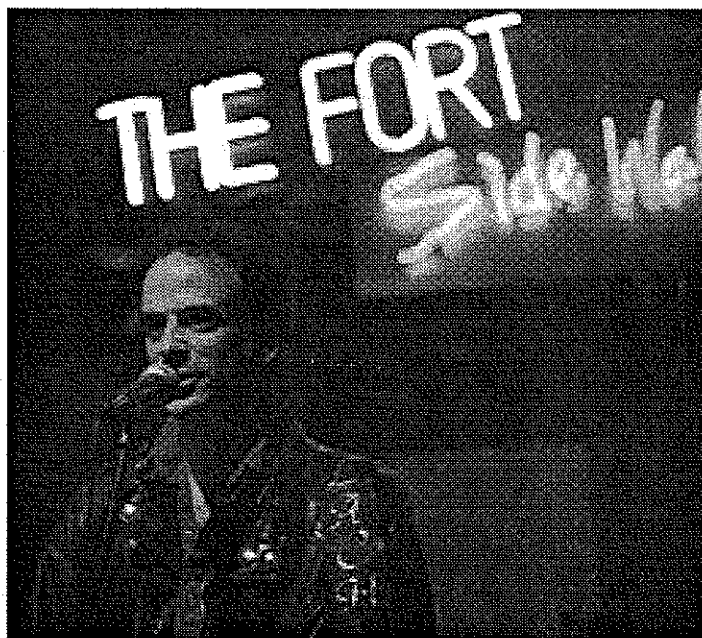
"Yes," Lach said between gritted teeth, "James Taylor..."



TO BE CONCLUDED...

HAIR TRANSPLANTATION

a pictorial essay
of
Lach's



**Sidewalk Cafe
May 1996**

Photos by Robert Strain

Page 1



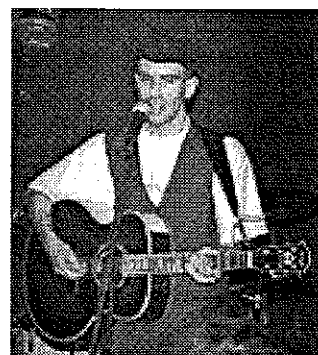
Lach



Joe Bendik



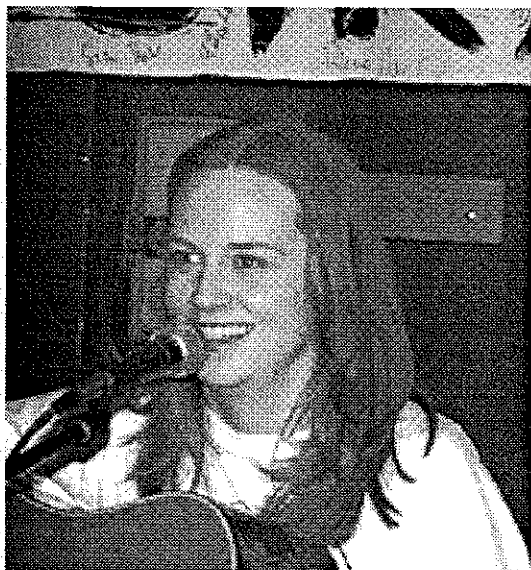
Paleface



Lenny Molotov



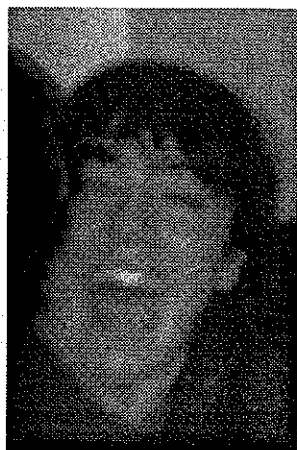
Mr Scarecrow



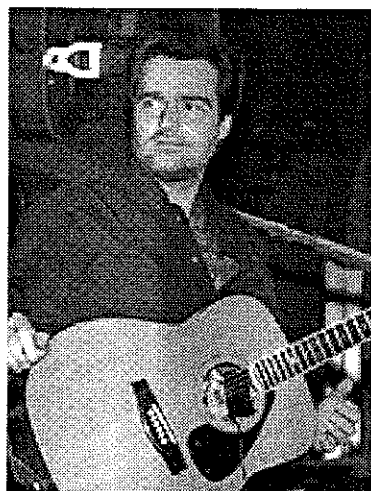
Jen's Revenge



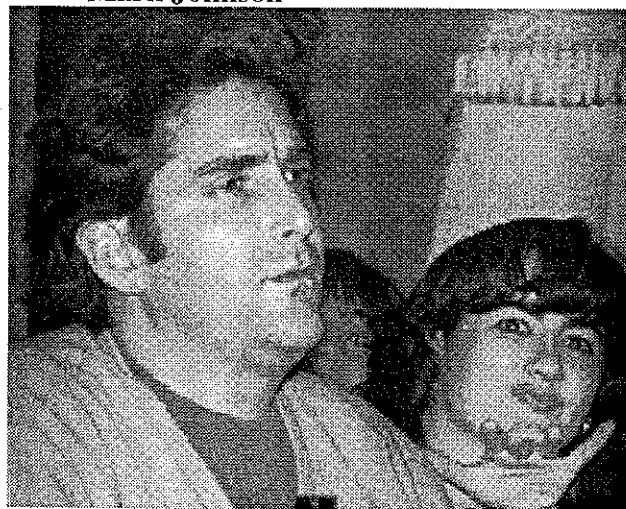
Mark Johnson



Gabrielle Vitellio, Esq.



Zane Campbell



Eugene Ripper

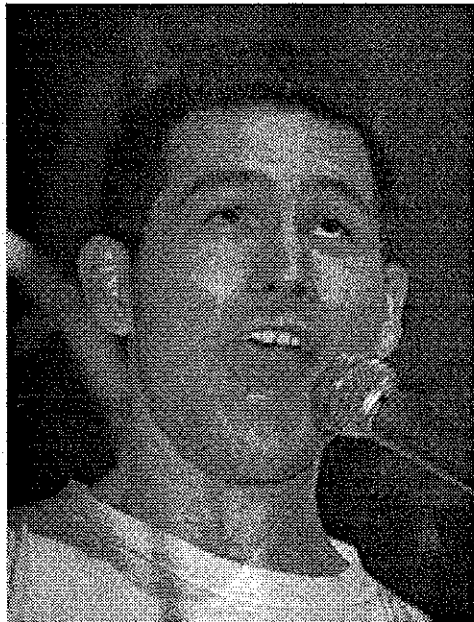
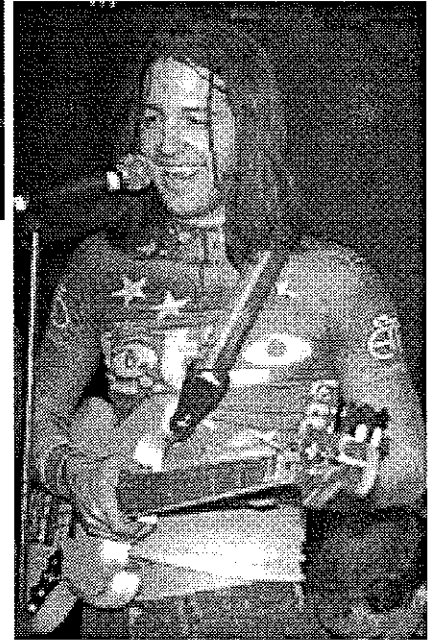
Joanna



The Humans



Jocelyn Ryder

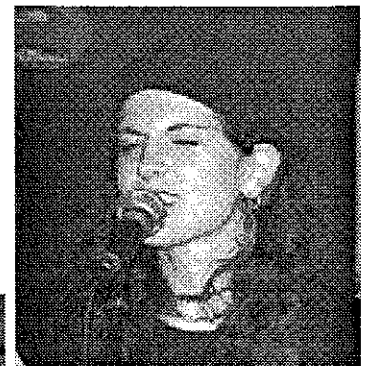


John

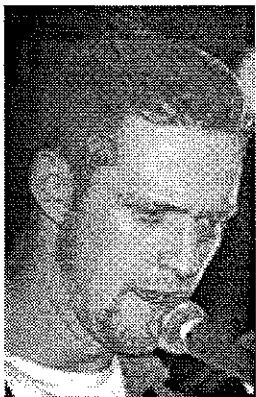


Muckafurgason

Andy Uhr



Ruth Gerson



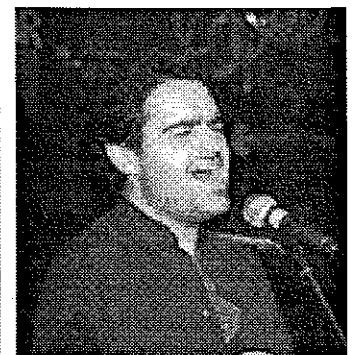
Chris



Dan Emery

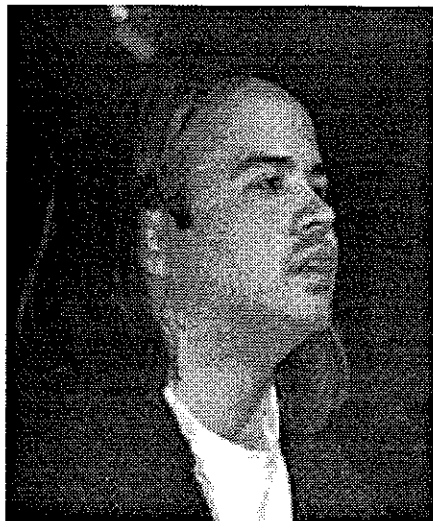


Brenda Kahn

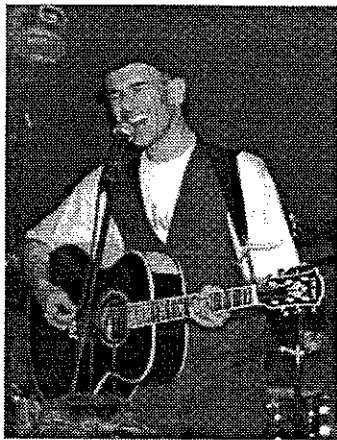


Zane Campbell





Tom Nishioka



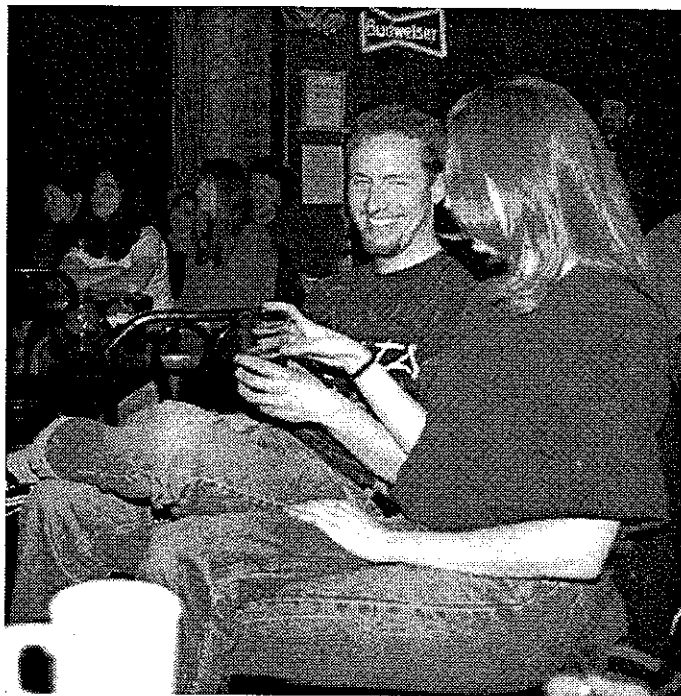
Lenny Molotov



Matt Sherwood



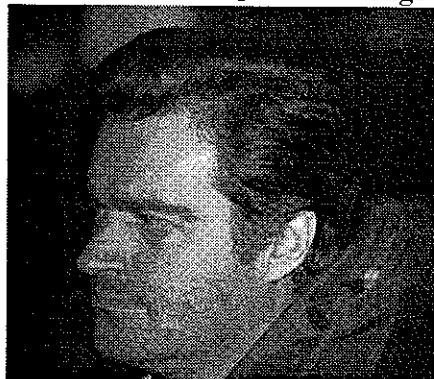
Major Matt Mason USA



Mr. Scarecrow and Jen's Revenge



Mike Reckner

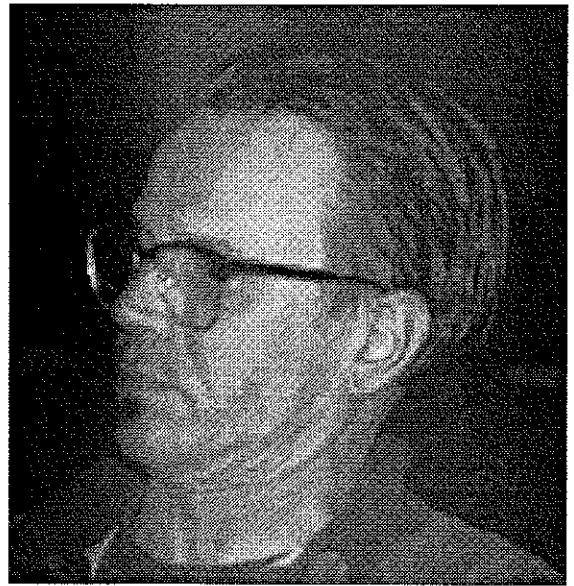


Zane Campbell

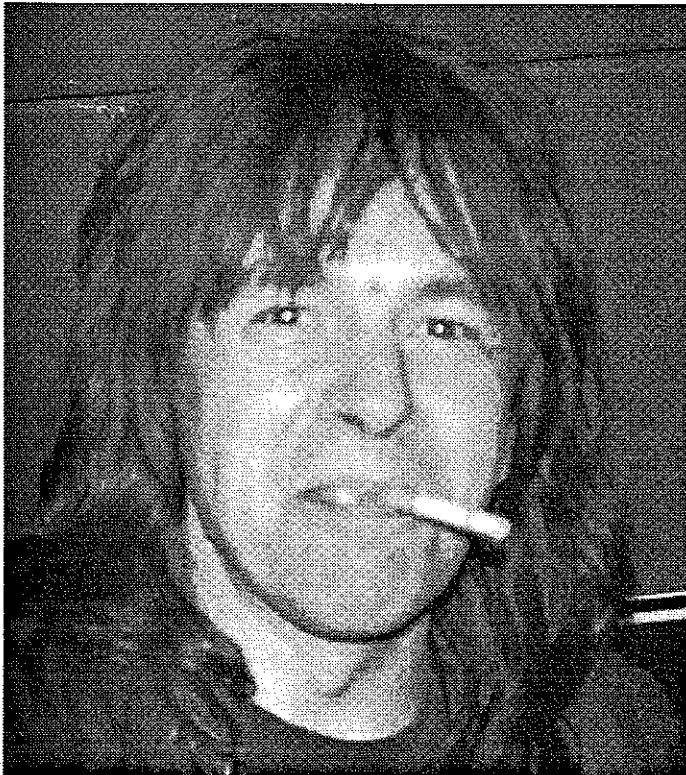
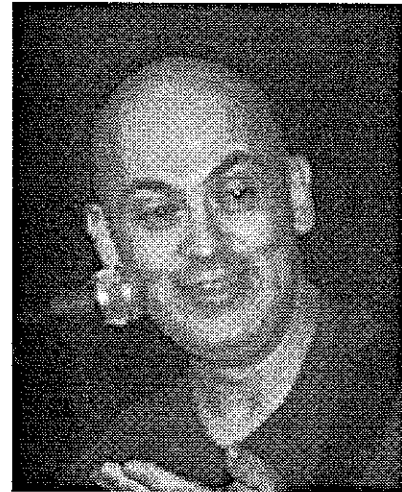




Hamell on Trial



Ross Owens



Jack Pedler



Mr. Scarecrow



Anne Husik



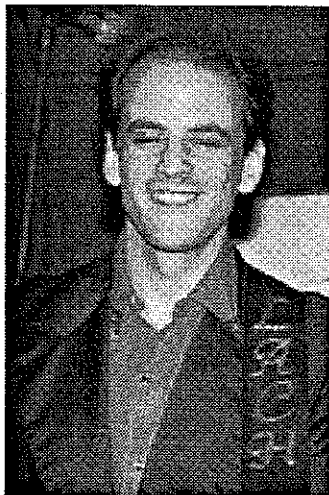
Anne Husik and Lenny Molotov



Joe Bendik



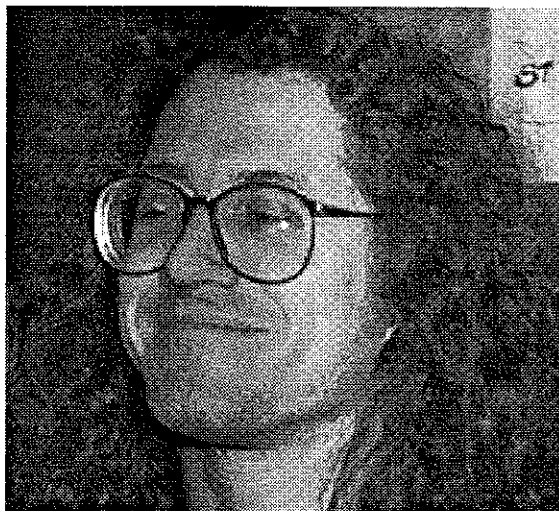
Lach



Anu Poldaru, Kadri Toniste and Friend



Betsey Thompson

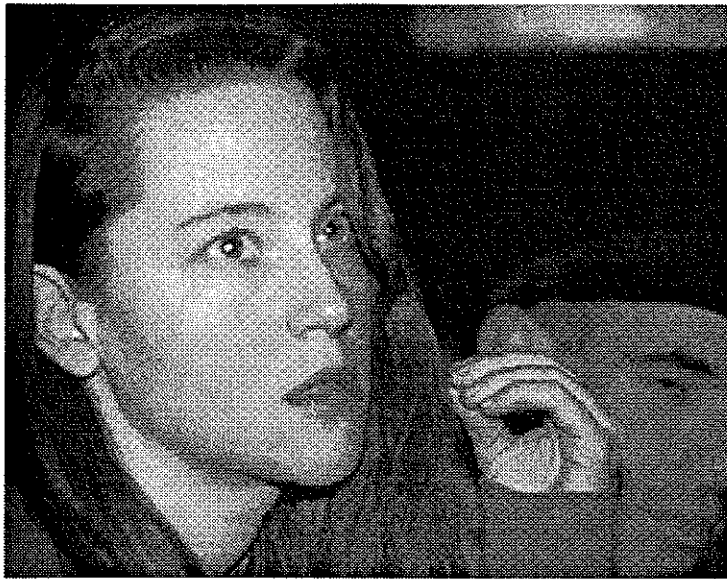


Craig Gordon

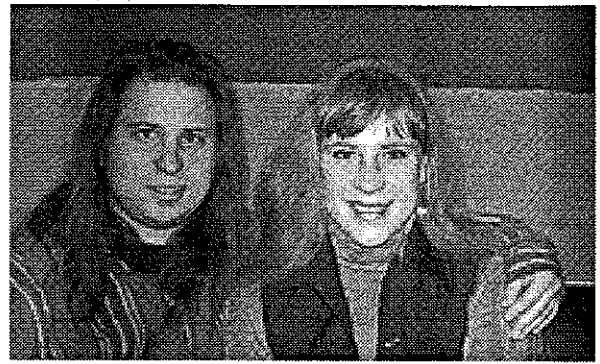


The Novellas, Peter Chance & Laura Ogar

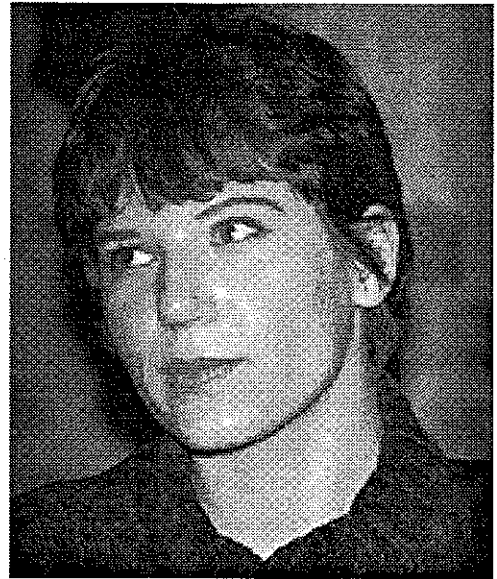




Paula Carino



BTY



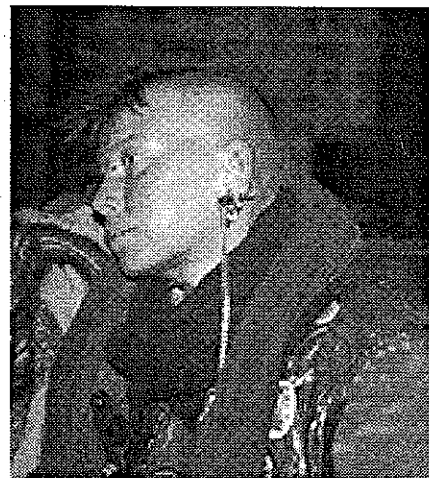
Anu



Jack Pedler, Mr. Scarecrow and Lenny Molotov



Lenny & Anne

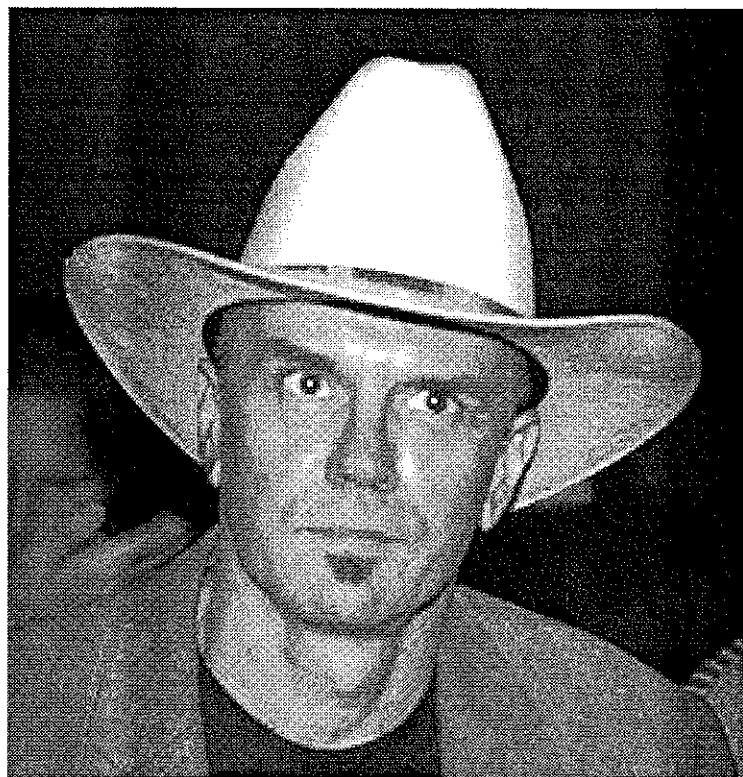


Ester





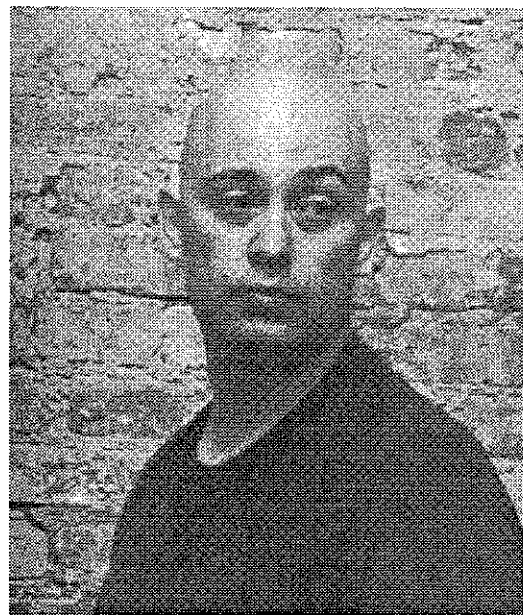
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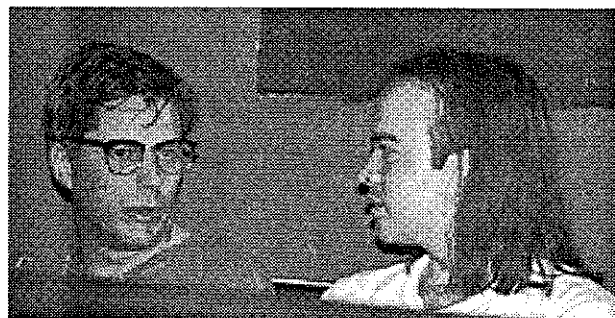
Ross Owens



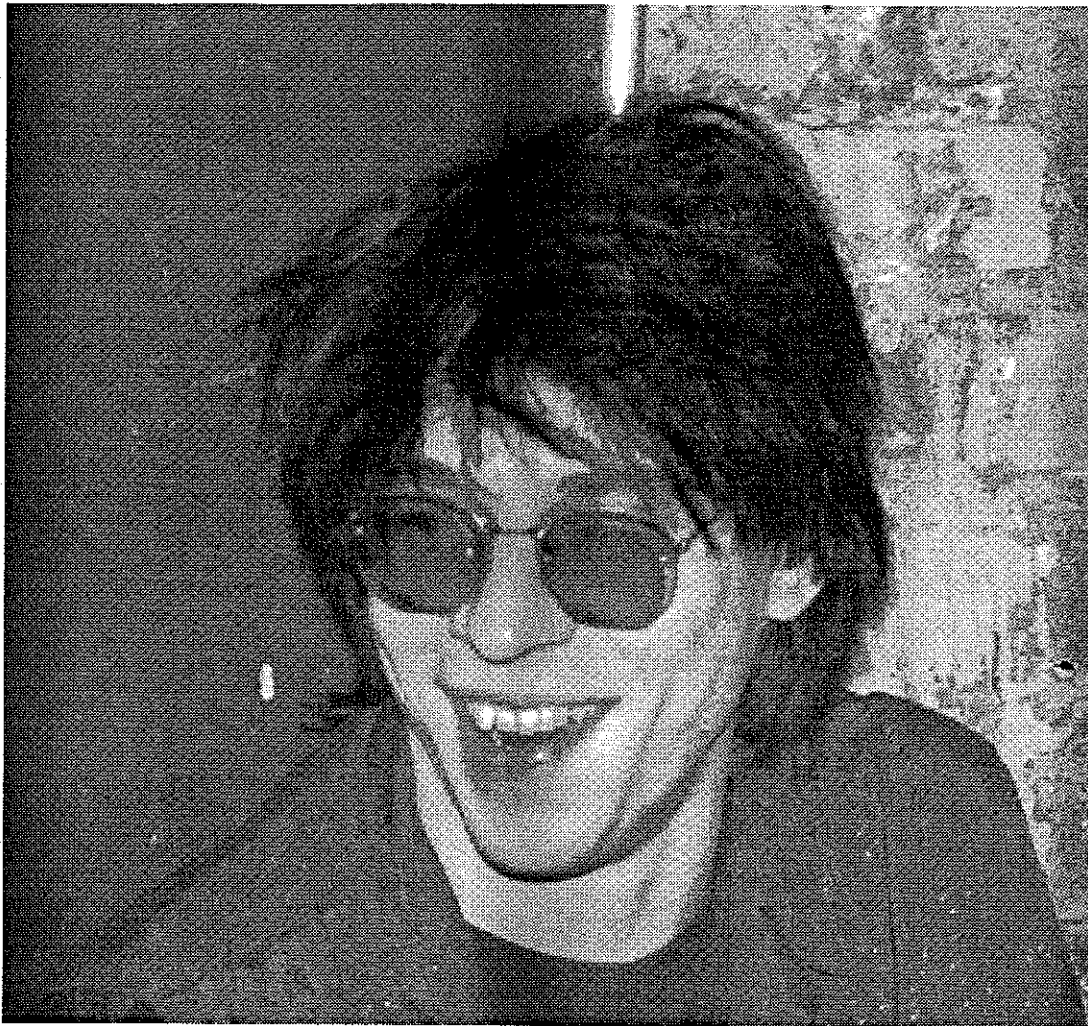
Paleface



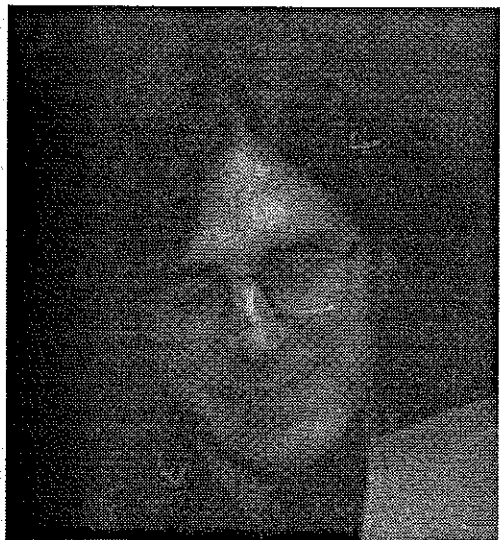
Hamell on Trial



Peter Chance & Tom Nishioka Page 9



Coyote Shivers

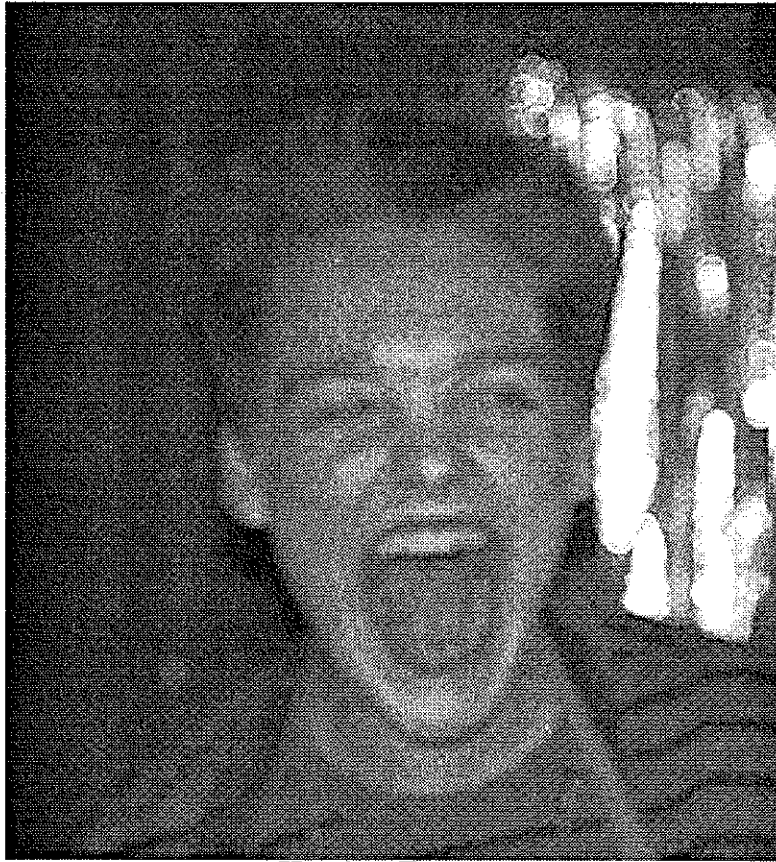


Dave Rave

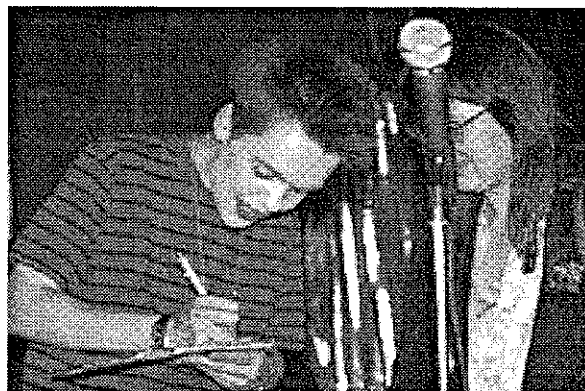
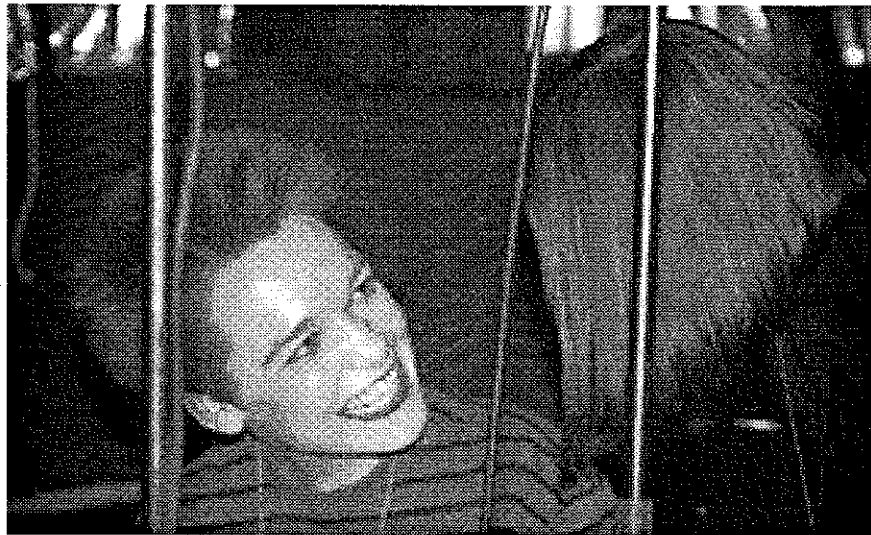


Paleface





Heather Eatman

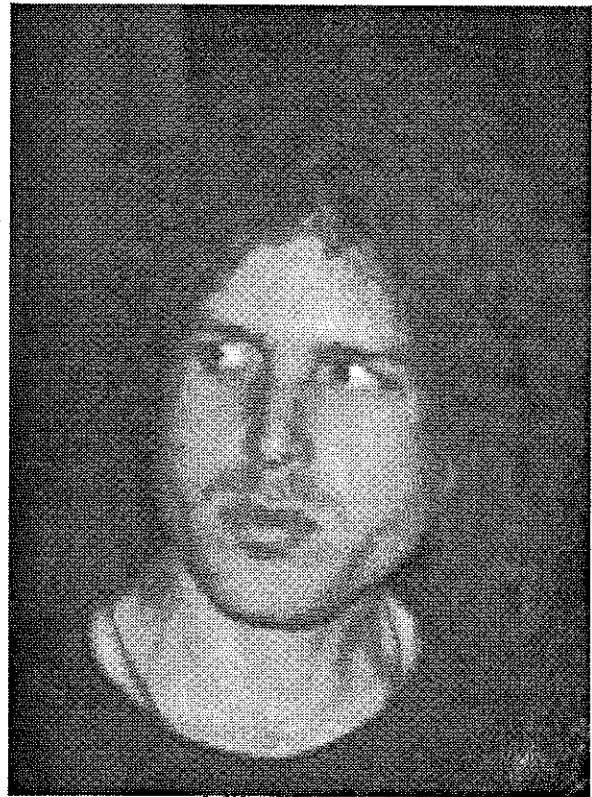




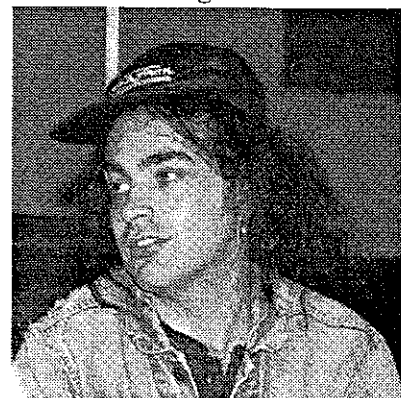
Coyote & Jack Pedler



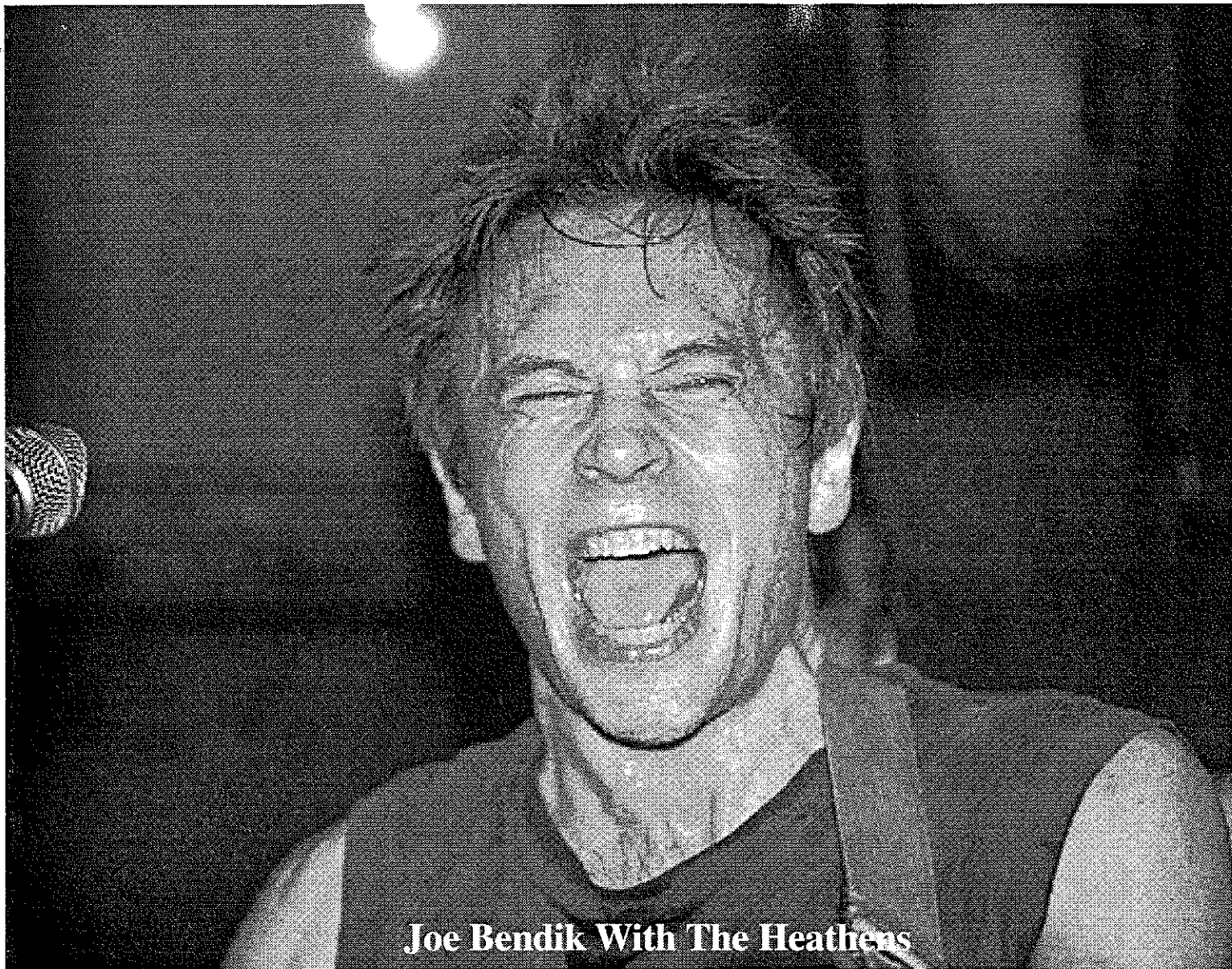
Anne Husik



Mike Young



Francis



Joe Bendik With The Heathens



Betty Alvarez & Band

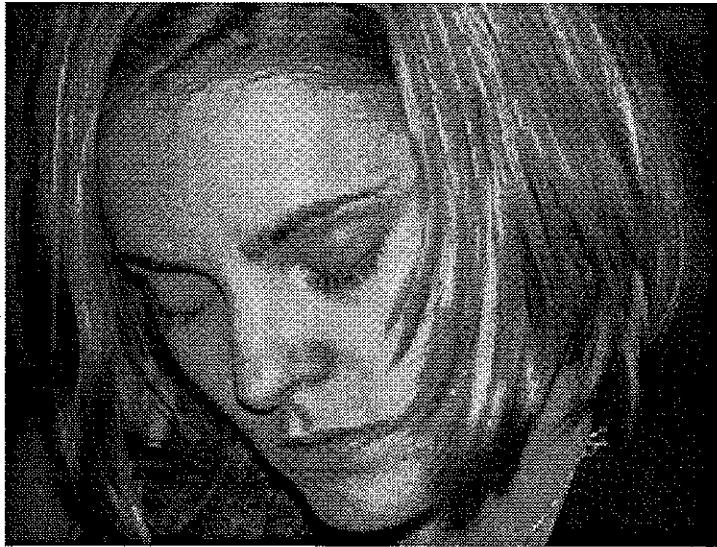




Basya of Pharaoh's Daughter



Marnie of Bankhead

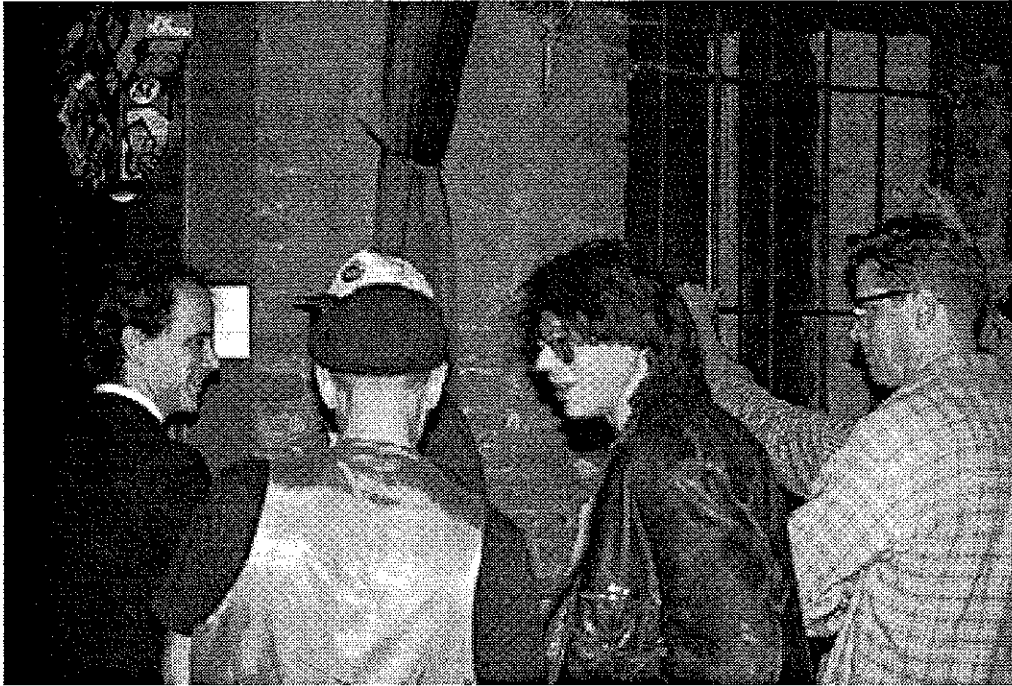


Julianne Richards



Peter Chance





Lach

Lenny Molotov

Coyote

Peter Chance



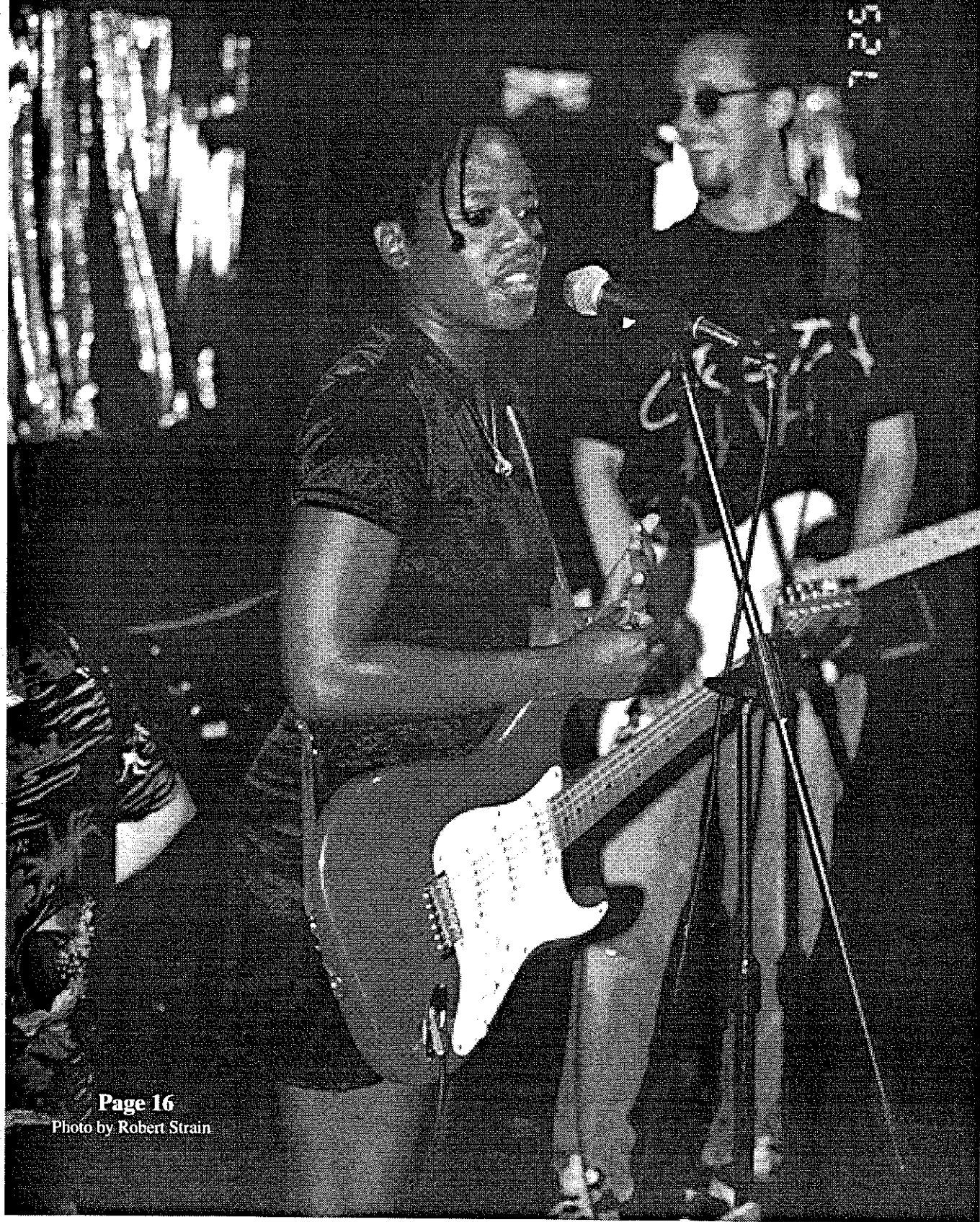
Mimi

Jane and Mimi

Jane Brody



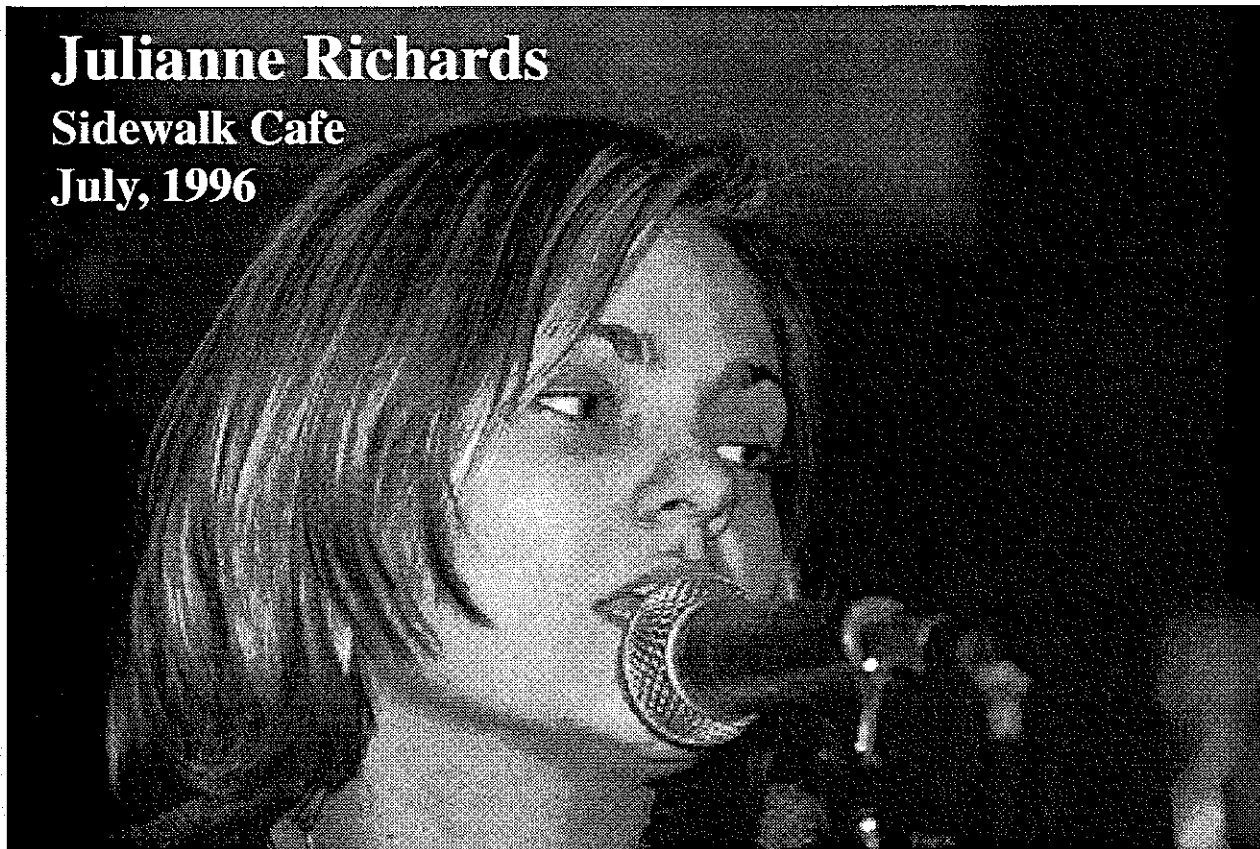
The Queen of Antifolk, Karen Davis Sidewalk Cafe, July 25, 1996



Julianne Richards

Sidewalk Cafe

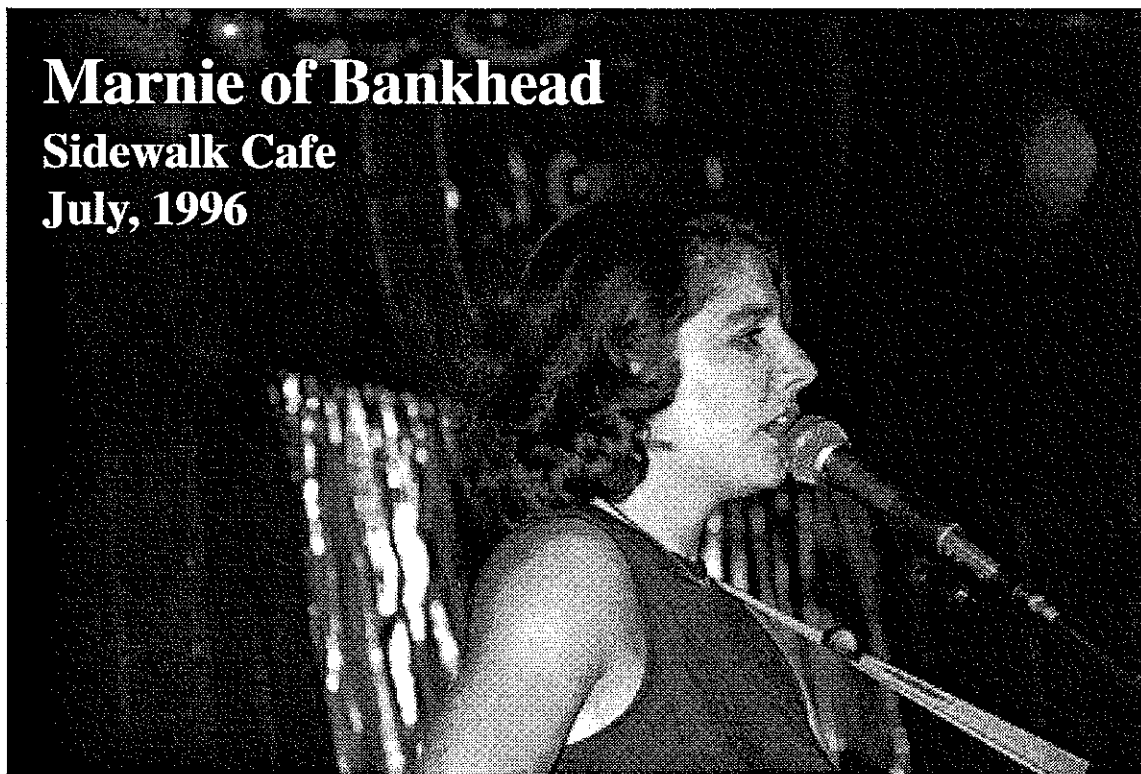
July, 1996



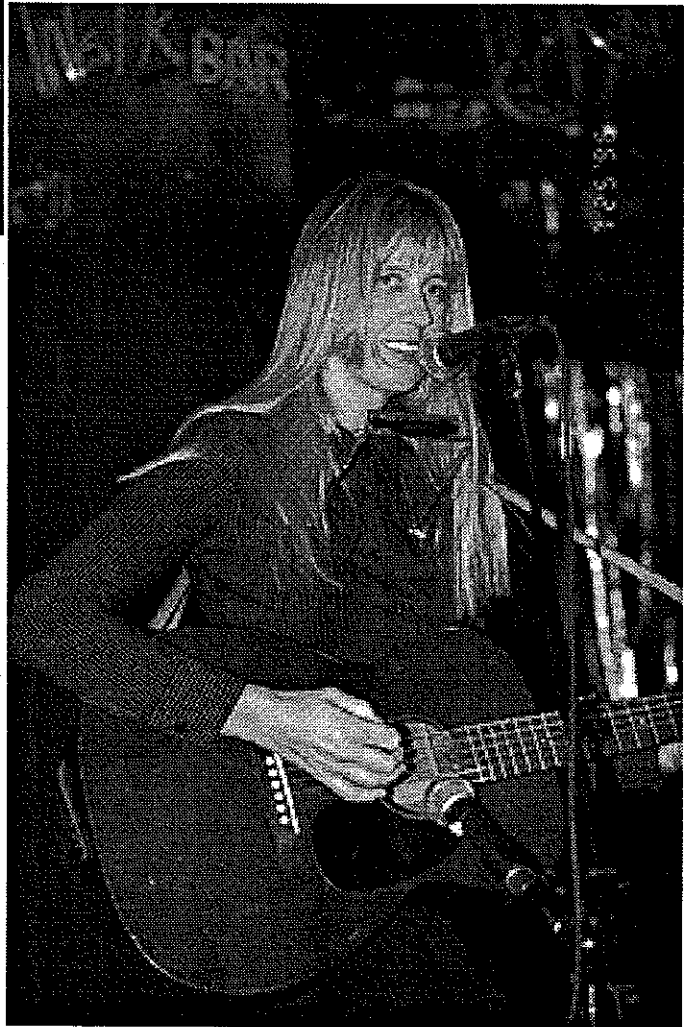
Marnie of Bankhead

Sidewalk Cafe

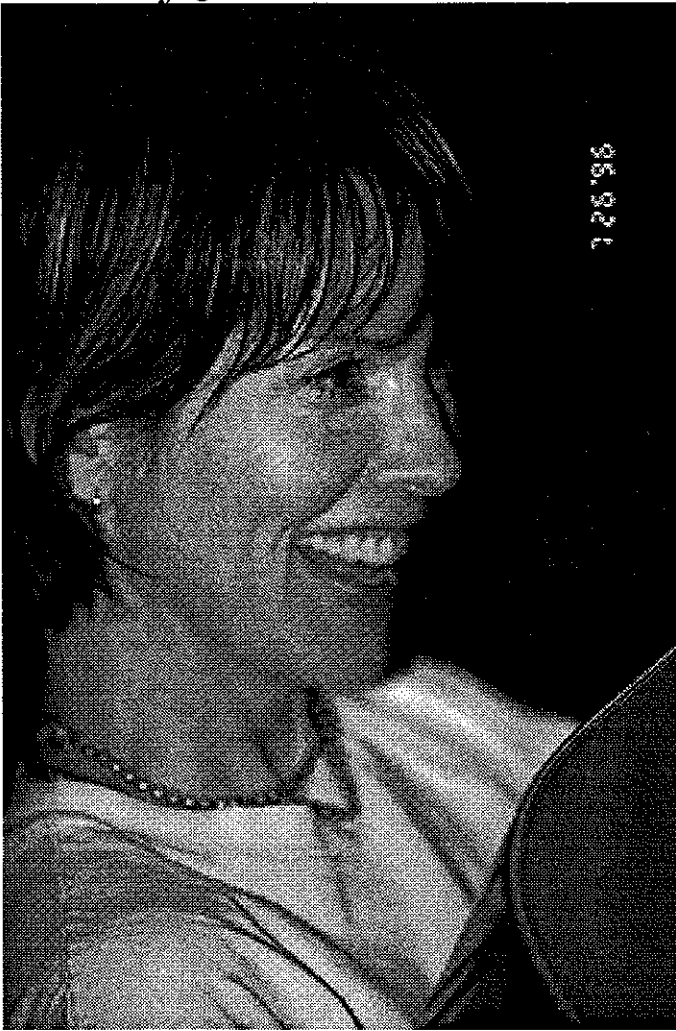
July, 1996



Cindy Lee Barryhill July 25, 1996



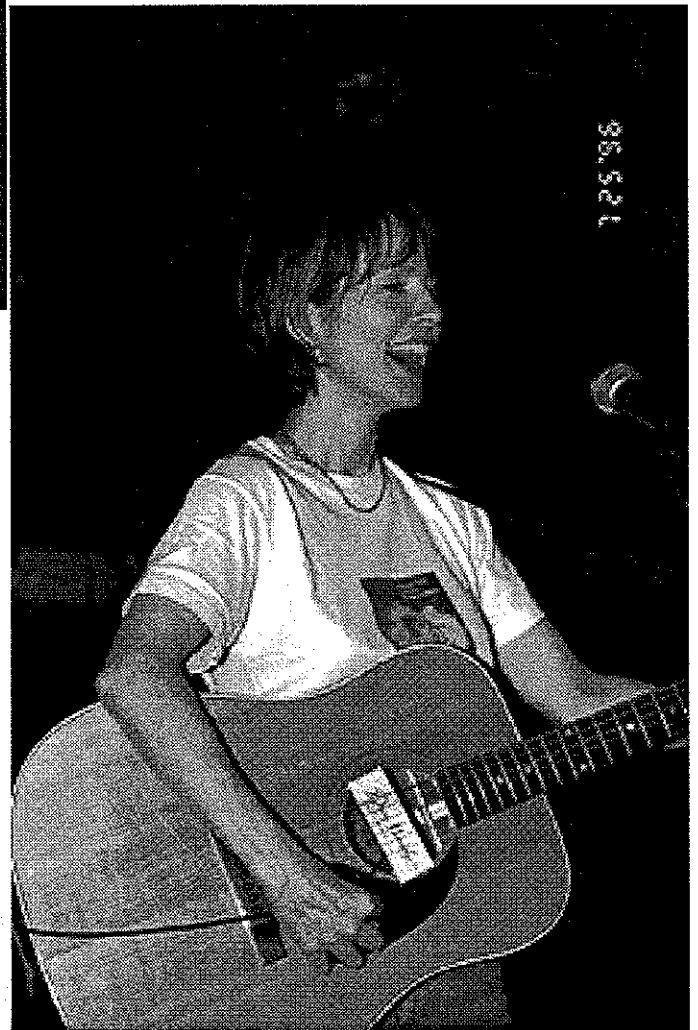
Libby Johnson with 22 Brides July 26, 1996

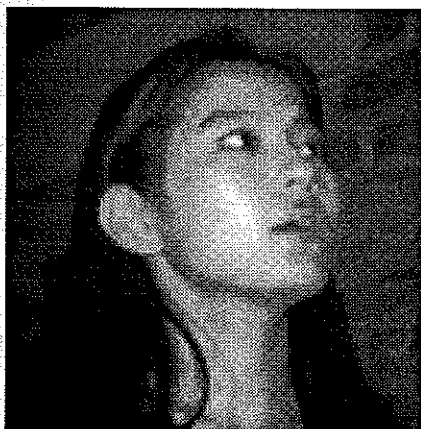


You know Bob Strain, even if you've only been to the Fort once. He's the guy with the glasses (oh, him!) and the camera, and he's always calmly, constantly photographing the local talent.

With an excellent eye and a loyalty to the musicians of Antifolk, Robert Strain is an unofficial chronicler of the scene. Here, with this display, he cements his role as antifolk's resident photographer.

What follows is a version of Bob's ever-changing photo-essay, which began as a collection of pictures from this Spring's Antifolk Fest, but seems to have taken on a life of its own. This version hardly does Bob justice. Bob originally envisioned his package as a color exhibit. Due to his advanced computer technology, he can present these pictures in their original color version. You'll have to make due with this.





And remember, always tip your waitress.

THE END

Photos by Robert Strain
email: bobs@pipeline.com
Phone: 212-673-2451

It's Sunday in September and I have about ten minutes to write something for the anniversary issue of Antimatters. It is all rush. The last year was all a rush. There is so much going on and so much more that I want to do.

I guess the landmark event on the scene this year was the release of "Lach's Antihoot:Live from the Fort at Sidewalk". This was a huge project but I am very happy with what we came up with. Everything from the performances to the cover photos and artwork is of outstanding quality and my thanks go out to everyone involved. The folks at Shanachie have done a good job of getting the disc to stores and to the media. We've received glowing reviews so far from Billboard, The Village Voice, Elixer, and The Music Press.

I am loathed to single out any particular performances over the last year as there were so many great nights and if I mention one than I am leaving out ten. However, I must say I am pleased with the increase of great women performers at The Fort. Over the last year we've seen Heather Eatman get signed and release a wonderful C.D. (and appear on Conan O'brien!). We've also had outstanding performances by such artists as Brenda Kahn, Fur Dixon, Jane Brody, Karen Davis, Rachel Spark, Samsara, Estelle, Lisa St. Ann, Betsy Thompson, Anne Husick, M.E.Johnson, Betty Alvarez, Paula Carino, Mary Ann Farley, Julianne Richards, Alice Texas, Jen's Revenge and many more. God, I know I'm leaving out some amazing performers but as I said this is way rushed.

Of course the centerpiece of the scene is the Monday night Antihoots.

(BUY THE C.D.!)

Over the last year I'd say over 300 artists have debuted on the scene. These nights embody the sense of freedom, anarchy, joy and failure that is Anti. I'd also like to say that it is after midnight on these nights that alot of truly special performances have occured. If you are a newcomer to the scene and are sincere about wanting to be a songwriter in this field than I'd say worrying about having to get up early on Tuesday should be the least of your concerns. It is from the crucible of the Antihoots that the best of the art arises. Come on, this is New York City! This is your life! So, live!

Lastly, (with that clock ticking) I'd like to congratulate Antimatters for providing a printed forum for the Antiscene. A tip of the hat to Mr.Scarecrow, John Berger, Tom Nishioka, J.T. and Dan Emery(great covers!) and Bob Strain (Yay,photos!). See you at The Antihoot!

Would You Like To Help An Infertile Couple's Dream Come True?

Lach



Through the gift of egg donation, you can help a couple who otherwise have no chance of achieving a pregnancy.

Currently, the Center for Reproductive Medicine and Infertility, Cornell's IVF-Donor Egg Program, is in need of egg donors.

If you are a healthy woman between the ages of 21 and 35 years, and are interested in anonymously donating eggs, please call Avery Black at (212) 746-1807.

All inquiries are strictly confidential.

Donors will be compensated \$2,500 for time and effort.

Zane Fuckin' Campbell

a diatribe of adoration

Gustav Plympton

"Introducing the shit-kicking sounds of Zane Campbell!" "One two three **four!**" he'll scream, giving way to the solo acoustic strumming intro to "I Can't See You." The song will finally build into this five person kill-mongering concoction known as the Dry Drunks. That title describes Zane, of course, as anyone with a passing familiarity with his lyrics knows. He's had this constant combat with the bottle, to hear him sing it, maybe all his life. Other demons he's been fighting down are death, misery, and his one true love, as detailed in "Crystal Meth."

To listen to his songs played with increasing force and fervor, is to listen to a life. It's like impossible to separate the art from the man. With the sincerity with which he plays, you can't help but *know* that he's singing the truth. He writes the truth. Zane Campbell is the truth. Zane Campbell comes from a family of musicians. He sounds nothing like any of them.

Zane's been part of the scene forever, almost since the beginning.

"A drunken hillbilly bum is what they used to call me," he sings in one of his many funky rock numbers, "But now I'm stone cold country."

Normally, Zane is a resistant player, at best. When he plays solo, it's the most frustrating thing. He plays half the time he's allotted. He degrades himself, his songs, his performance. He's so antisocial, so uninvolved in his own performance and singing, playing, whatever.

The songs are always good, honest, powerful, and his performances, when he gets into it (usually when sharing a stage) can be incredible, completely visceral experiences. With the Dry Drunks, however, there seems to be no fury he can't accomplish.

Zane is one of the best performers in the universe, and he doesn't seem to know it at all. He plays like no one else could. Whenever he makes the effort, he captures everyone's imagination.

When he lets it, the feeling rife in every Campbell composition comes flying out, potentially taking over some galaxy.

This effect is most completely felt when he's with the full band. It's a structured, organized show, or so it seems. They play loud, proud and uncowed. In a sense, it's a shame, because it costs something. The songs, the performances, are saved with the band, but his voice and killer lyrics are often lost in the mix. Listening, you can tell what he's getting at, but not exactly what he's saying. Some of his great strengths are lost when he plays with the enthusiasm of the band. Still, it's worth the loss, to hear Zane belt out "Fucked up on Jesus" with a real funky beat behind him.

At least that way, some people can appreciate Zane Campbell.

Zane Campbell's a renaissance man. Not only is he an incredible antifolk musician, he's also a published author. His graphic album, The Alcoholic Janitor, will be out any minute now through Kitchen Sink Press, and some excerpts are available immediately in Death Rattle, issues 1-3, at discerning comic stores throughout the galaxy.

He's already hard at work on his next album, The End of Days, a gorgeous color collection of images and parable. His music journalism's, primarily about antifolk performers, been published in the NYPress, and soon in Sound Views.

His paintings adorn at least one Long Island elephant stand, and at least one wall over at the Sidewalk Cafe.

Those in the antifolk community are not the only ones to appreciate his art, as evidenced by his being a weekly pick in NYPress. He may disappear to elevated status any day now.

You may want to appreciate him now, while you can. See him. But hope he's in the mood for some shit-kicking sounds.

Art and Artifice - Watching Tom Nishioka.

Even through the MC's amplified introduction, virtually no one listens. Too involved in their own conversations, they don't notice the satan beard approach the lights to perform. He approaches the stage, dusty wooden acoustic in hand, and whispers into the microphone.

It looks like he's playing the guitar, picking lightly, but no sound comes out. The MC makes no attempt to change anything. Tom Nishioka, the artist on stage, is a soundman himself, and knows full well how to gain effect from his instrument. Still, no one can't hear anything, and some people in the audience are looking around confused. "Duh," he whispers into the mic, and continues playing. The chatty audience pays increasingly close attention. checking out what the hell's going on.

"Duh," he whispers again, and the room's ambient noise dies down some more. His pick rapidly lights on strings, but still no sound escapes.

Finally, he simply stands there, and to accompany his silent rhythm, moans, "Duh."

Then, he hits the strings, kicking into the body of the number, titled appropriately enough "Duh." His listeners are now his listeners. He's captured them.

Tom Nishioka has this effect on the audience. He takes his music so seriously. He's so into singing and playing, the crowds bow to his will. He commands respect, and he means business.

His songwriting shows it. He selects sounds, words and spaces very carefully. He works so hard, and it shows.

The music is excellent, the lyrics thoughtful, but sometimes, the lines of the craft are apparent.

He works hard on all his songs, this much is obvious from the works themselves. Nishioka works on the structure, as he explains at his ill-attended late-night shows. He dissects the craft before his small audience, and they can see the strings behind the dolls. In a sense, these shows are in direct opposition to his early evening performances, where he uses various creative strategies to capture the public's attention.

It's about atmosphere. It's about space. It's about tastefulness. It's all about art, and, of course artifice.

But then, Tom Nishioka uses whatever he can to make his musical points. He works at his performances. You may not see sweat dripping, but you can sense it.

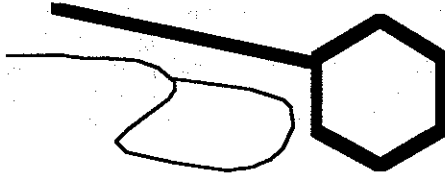
By Jonathan Berger

Reviewed by Jocelyn Ryder:

AUGUST 8, 1996

2nd song -

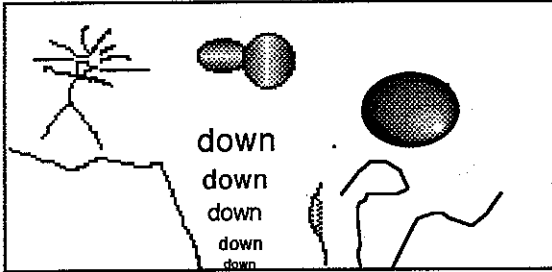
I keep thinking about Ireland.



SHILLELAGH

4th song -

The wind is blowing across a plane of green grass which ends abruptly at a cliff edge. The cliff edge is 100 feet high. The sea below and the sky above are stormy. The heroine (presumably Betsy) is running in a long, flowing gray gown toward the edge. She is alternately laughing and crying.



She looks so sophisticated in light blue jacket and light blue hair all done up like some ancient roman matron. With her bright red bustier beneath, Betsy Thompson is a picture perfect vision of east village fashion etiquette. She plays piano and keyboard with a select group of East Village musicians this night, one Martha Colby on cello and one Craig Gordon, present or former bassist for least half the antifolk bands, on a myriad of instruments, ranging the entire gamut from guitar to bass.

The songs are immediately evocative, calling various images to mind. At first these images are smoky european nightclubs or 80s electronic experimental palaces. Eventually, the images change.

"What's she saying?" my companion asks me. I can only shrug and wonder. While she continues to elicit sensations, both visual and emotional, with her music, the words are constantly lost.

Is it the mix? I don't think so. All the instruments seem perfectly placed, sounding well together, but they seem to be intentionally in the forefront, leaving the words far behind.

I sense the words are important. They seem to be so well spaced, placed. But all I can get from this Betsy Thompson evening is textures.

"I'm bored," my other companion says, and goes off for a drink or a walk or a talk with some rugged stranger.

I wonder if I could go join her.

Her voice is evocative. Her playing is evocative. The entire sonic effect of the Betsy Thompson experience is evocative, and seems intended to achieve texture. In this it succeeds admirably.

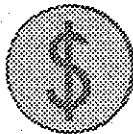
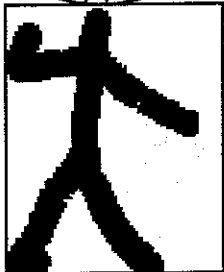
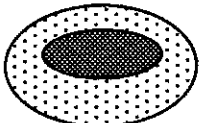
To gain a fuller understanding of what she is trying to create would require more than one listen. To understand the lyrics alone would require more than one listen. Aural mood takes precedence over oral coherence. Appreciating Betsy Thompson requires an investment.

It's potent music. I can't wait to figure out what the songs are about.

Reviewed by Mr. Gustav Plympton

"He Is, He Was" -

I was reminded of the Resident's "Santa Dog".

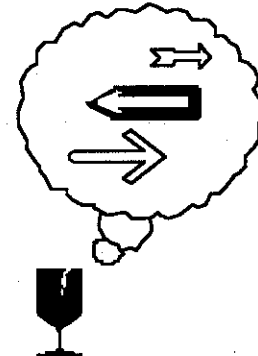


BOWOWOWOW.
Ow.
Bow.

**Illustrations
proudly
collected by
Jonathan
"Plays with
Mac" Berger**

Last song - (At piano) -

The German leftist chanteuse who is having an affair with the biggest most corrupt of all bosses, sings in his club. Because he is mesmerized by her, and because she is so independent, she gets to sing and do whatever she wants.



Tarot Scopes By Betsy Thomson

(Tarot readings for each sign of the horoscope: September, 1996)

Aries - Take a good look at the accumulation all your hard work. You may feel a bit tired this month from wanting things to be better; be patient. Seeds have been planted. Avoid over-excess this month. Get sleep!! Stop worrying. You may miss all the miracles, while looking through tired, fuzzy worried eyes. Life is a continual progression of ups & downs and downs & ups. Stop barking at the moon and just kiss it.

Taurus - Throw out some object that is beat up and no longer of use. Bring in its replacement, and observe the energy of the newness. Keep your mind focused and directed and you will see the results by October. Focus with flexibility. Pay attention to your health this month. Go to the dentist or you will regret it by December. Floss!

Gemini - Have patience and acceptance in all matters of love. A new love is possible this month - trust your instincts! Money comes in a more regular basis this month. Look for lost money, around the house, under the rug, in the corner.

Cancer - Watch being overly negative, as well as watch your tongue this September. What goes around comes around and sometimes it comes around twice as hard. Keep dreams firmly fixed in your mind, even though they don't really seem to be a reality. Cosmic order is at work. Give your mom a call, on earth or in heaven. It's important to connect in some way.

Leo - Show off and perform big acts of attention this month. A lot of people will be watching. you'll feel less inhibited. Flamboyancy isn't so bad. Early September will seem easy and a lot of fun, with no work, but wait until September 17. You'll be climbing a steeper hill. Use your humor to get out of sticky situations.

Virgo - Big changes start in the relationship arena. It's important to express guy level feelings now. Even though sometimes it's a chore. Trust your feelings with those you really don't trust. Maybe they really are jerks. Take a red ribbon and cut it in half. Keep 1/2 in your pocket and attach the other 1/2 to your bathroom mirror. They are there to remind you than there are 2 sides to ever story: yours and not yours.

Libra - Develop all friendships and acquaintances with understanding and compassion. Try to understand on deeper levels the true meaning of loving the self. Learn to share without attachment; it will come back to you in the future. Get out in clean air whenever possible. Guess you'll have to do field trips out of NY for that. If you don't, you'll be prone to congestion and headaches this month.

Scorpio - Money will be tight this month, and seem only to go toward bills and necessities. Observe your attitudes toward money (i.e., abundance). Read a novel, comic book or something, allow time for quiet time and privacy. When you feel lonely, make a genuine effort to connect. You will be surprised.

Sagittarius - Completion of projects and undertakings is evident now. Give yourself an extra pat on the back for jobs well

done. Yes travel plans seem to come to a halt or may be delayed. So just have fun right now where you are. Do at least one nice thing for the planet this month.

Capricorn - Breakthroughs are coming in regard to your personal (especially romantic) relationships. Approach them with an open heart. Your creative energy will flow strongly now. Stay out of your head and create from your heart. Working solo is more prosperous in September. When your heart gets too crowded with too many thoughts walk - WALK - WALK. A gentle approach to all you do is best.

Aquarius - Learn to stay more grounded. Sometimes to attain material things we need to work harder (i.e., Money). Even though it's a drag and maybe painful, get 2 jobs in order to pay off bills. It's not forever. Rid yourself of self-doubt, especially where your art is concerned. When you feel down, look at all the good things in your life. You got out of bed, didn't you? Stay positive.

Pisces - Don't let your own mind stop your progress and trip you up. Put all you can into your work and art this month; it will start to pay off this Fall. Physical activity is good, real good. Exercise 2,3,4, exercise, 2,3,4! Learn to go with the flow wherever and whenever it flows. You'll feel less bound up.

Betsy is available for private readings. For information, call (212) 473-0906.

*Betsy Thomson Show - 8/8/96
by
Elizabeth Brody*

*March of the mice, broomheads,
mopheads, Swiss cheese melodies, sweet
cacaphony, and sour charms; a Dirge of
Life, a mud waltz, a rubber band tug-o-war,
a rhythmic argument and a sardonic windy
whisper: Shhhshhhshhhshshhs.*

*Wood & stone, & moss, & damp
drizzle. One vertebrae awry, one note shy
on the xylophone. The Child who stays up
later than the piano lesson warranted her.
'Till twilight, even 'til Aurora tried to
shake her back - "C'mon, it's morning.
Lookit dat Sun, kid - time to ditch the
trance, huh! C'mon already." But no.
Nuh-uh!! N-n-ever. For she has seen too
much. And in the dark, at that.*

*She watched God & Satan play the
shadow game. "You get out of here."
"You get out of here." "Hey, cut it out."
"Hey, cut it out." "Hey, cut it out."
"C'mon, really, Quit it." "C'mon, really,
Quit it." "It's not funny." "It's not
funny." "I am an asshole." "You are an
asshole." "You Cheater."
But she couldn't tell who won.*

ANNIVERSARY

Well, I really can't write about the anniversary of Antimatters because I wasn't there at the start.

Well, I kind of was.

I was watching TV with Mark and Pop and somewhere between the commercial and the beer one of them said something about writing for this Fort publication.

I may have rolled my eyes.

Many more TV nights following they presented me with a copy of it.

"This sucks" I said.

Now, if I were to celebrate an anniversary every time I declared something to suck I'd be in a constant state of celebration (I have been accused of this before).

Over time, the publication got better (like all things, fermentation is necessary, the first issue really didn't have a voice of its own. This is now beginning to evolve). So, although I cannot comment on the anniversary of Antimatters, I can speak on the concept and practice of anniversary itself.

We all have those dates on the calendar that bring with them a legion of memories, some pleasant, some painful (a number of research projects have been carried out which point to the stronger duration of unpleasant memories, hence the rise of the Freudian school).

My anniversary dates are mixed. Here's a brief sample.

January 4th was the last time I quit smoking. Why January 4th? Well, I always thought that the 1st was too cliched, and besides, I had a dream that suggested that the 4th would be a good time to change my life, renew myself and all that crap. Well, this renewal lasted until March when I tried to break through that glass partition that separates the token clerks from people like me. I decided New York would be safer if I was smoking again. I quit again in mid April (I don't remember the date, it wasn't foretold in a dream), and was doing fine until I cheated at the Kiss concert in Boston at the end of July. It all came to a halt when I read an article about the neurotransmitter malfunction in withdrawal and the speculation that dopamine receptors may not return to "normal". (Read all about it in next issue's column entitled "Smoker")

February 2nd is not only Groundhog's Day, but also my late grandmother's birthday. Her nickname (given by me) was the Buddha. She was a circumferal woman, the oldest of the Doolin line, the matriarch. She would seat herself at family gatherings and expect us to make a pilgrimage to her, perhaps to sit under shade as though she were the Bodhi tree. I remember she had a habit of spitting food while she spoke (mostly because she was pretty much always eating and talking at the same time). Anyway, one Christmas, she beckons me to her and says: "Seth, the rings, the earrings, the bracelets, the hair... are you one of those?" I asked her which of those she could mean and she blurted out, "Are you a fag?" I didn't speak to her after that, and then a year later she died. Strange funeral, ambivalent reactions from everyone. I'm still puzzled as to why I cried at the funeral. (Another interesting footnote is that I consider myself to be Buddhist now, perhaps some analyst would consider this identification with the aggressor.)

February 13th is a day that used to be covered in misery, and now, when remembered evokes nothing more than slight annoyance (perhaps I'll tell that story here someday)

February 22nd is the day I moved to Brooklyn.

March 17th I will always remember as the day Glen and I got drunk on water. He brings home this three gallon jug of spring water and then challenges me to the water drinking contest. We drank out of pint glasses and kept track of them on a board. At seven pints I was shivering. I called it quits after seventeen, and he downed three more pints to give himself a comfortable margin, he was always doing annoying things like that. That night we went to Phoebe's (I think it's still there) to celebrate. We proceeded to drink two carafes full of water to impress the waitress. I have to admit, she was impressed.

March 25th is the day I began writing.

March 28th, four years later, was the day I stopped writing (except for crap like this).

April 8th, 9th and 10th I observe as the days Aleister Crowley received The Book of the Law. I reread this book over these days.

July 9th is the day I first got fired. I was running the Psychoanalytic Education Administration office, and, well, there were a lot of couched and my boss was only in two and a half days a week. I would come in at the crack of the 10:30, work straight through till noon, take a quick lunch, come back at 2:00, take a nap and work right up till 4:15.

I guess I don't blame them.

August 4th I remember as the day I ran into Johnny Ramone in the West Village. I was leaving for San Francisco in a matter of weeks. I was sitting in Tony's car while he dropped off t-shirts for the San Genero festival and I see this Prince Valiant in ripped jeans walking by. Who the hell else could it be? I shouted "Johnny Ramone!" He came over and said hi, and I told him that I moved to New York so I could run into him. He responded with: "Well, now you can leave!"

August 29th is the day I left New York for San Francisco. I lasted exactly one hundred days. Couldn't get out of there fast enough. Everybody was trying to be more bizarre than the next one. I think the winner was the guy who not only dressed up as a mouse (he ever had a motorcycle helmet with ears) but thought he was a mouse. course this bozo couldn't be happy as any old mouse, but the scepter he carried identified him as king of the mice. Like I said, I just couldn't get out of there fast enough.

September 2nd is my parents' anniversary (Or the 1st, or the 3rd, I can never seem to remember).

September 11th is my birthday. Hint: New saxophone.

October 31st is not only Halloween, but also my other grandmother's birthday. When my grandfather was alive he used to refer to it as "the old witch day", I was never certain which of the two annual events he was referring to.

November 6th is the anniversary of my motorcycle accident in San Francisco.

November 14th my hiring anniversary at my present job (the longest I have kept to date, going on two years).

December 7th is the day I left San Francisco.

So, this is my contribution to the anniversary issue of Antimatters. Maybe next year I can really comment on the publication in retrospect. Unless, of course I get fired again or relocate to some other loser part of this country.

Seth A. Doolin

P.S. No apologies are offered to West Coast denizens. They certainly didn't offer me any when they were ignoring my y readings, not returning my calls for apartments, or in general annoying the fuck out of me.

P.P.S. I can say "fuck" in this rag, right?

Do you believe there is life elsewhere in the universe?

Of course there's life on other planets. It would be nice for people from other planets to visit us and give us a challenge in living our lives.

—Kathleen McGraw, 45,
Manhattan, writer

I think there is life on other planets. There probably was life up there in the past.

—Gary Reifert, 24,
Long Island, accountant

IS ANYBODY OUT THERE?

if there are other planets, then there should be life.

—George Murphy, 23,
Manhattan, accountant

There might be. There are so many planets out there, but it is not like in the movies.

—Shawn Tuckey, 18,
Queens, camp director

We can't be sure because we are not up there.

—Susan Rowe, 51,
Manhattan, psychologist

I am undecided. Sometimes, I feel there are little green Mar-

tians walking around up there.

—Amanda Solomon, 28,
Bronx, day care teacher

It's possible. The planets are so big. Who knows?

—Gerry Ransom, 60,
Manhattan, creative director

Yes, there is probably some variety of humanoid life.

—Marta White, 55,
Manhattan, Northwest
Airlines employee

LET'S GIVE IT TO THE MAN!



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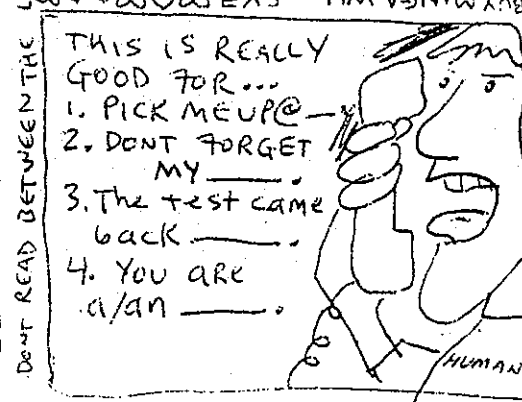


LAOOWAOWAELS + VM VBNWAB



FORTUNE - YOU WILL DIE. SORRY!

MAKE A COLLECT CALL. A COMPUTER WILL ANSWER. FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS IT WILL SAY "AFTER THE TONE, SAY YOUR NAME!" THEN YOU LEAVE A(S) FIVE SECOND MESSAGE. WHOEVER PICKS UP CAN TALK TO YOU (BUT YOU CANT TALK BACK). IF ITS A MACHINE, WAIT. IT WILL REPEAT MESSAGE AFTER BEEP



GUTTA MIND AND GUTTA HERE

AKI

by Peter Dizozza

One of the regular performers at Lach's Monday Night Anti-Hoots at the Fort at Sidewalk is Aki (Aki Matsumoto). Born March 26, 1962 in Kumamoto, Japan, Aki comes to us direct from Tokyo. He denied formal music training, learning guitar at age 15 by playing along with classic rock and r&b recordings. His favorites include the Beatles, Kinks, Stones, Otis Redding, Ray Charles and B.B. King.

He soon discovered the importance of the emotional feeling from the music he played and began writing and playing his own songs. When he moved to Tokyo at the age of 18 he joined The Hips and Slipping & Sliding. He was lead singer with The Boogie Babies. These bands played at clubs that included one with the suitably East Village name, "La Mama," where Lach also played during his summer CD promo tour of Japan.

On September 9th I caught his two song set at the Anti-Hoot. Wearing a floppy straw hat and clam-digger pants, he played to a full house on a stage brightly lit for the video crew recording his performance. We spoke afterward. He said his first song was called *Intruder*. That was an interesting title, because the audience sang and screamed with him, adding a chorus of *Hey Jude* when someone discovered the guitar chords and chunky rhythm matched the Beatles song. Did he mind the Beatles intrusion, or was that in fact what the song was about? It fed him with more energy and he ended his set with a wild rendition of *Shinrayakusya* which he translated as *Love Train's Coming*.

Aki has about having fifty original songs in his collection. Titles include "*Garden Blues*," "*Darkness to Darkness*" and "*Oyogufatri*," a memory song about a teenage boy and girl swimming with each other in a lake.

Two weeks ago he began supplementing his income with a job running the "NHK Japan" program tapes for Japanese cable TV here in New York. He's forming a band with the intention of making his record debut in the USA. His music is rock and roll with rhythm and blues. In coming to New York he fulfills his dream to rock and roll with people from all over the world.

He's been here only 10 months. He began performing at the Sidewalk in February, discovering the place through word of mouth. Favorite performers include Lach and Lenny Molotov. I've seen Dan Emery and Steve Espinola sit on his sets (they might be the basis of his new band). His first solo show was in May.

For the primal scream of a lifetime, don't miss his performance on September 17, 1996.

FORT 1999

A community of experts was asked to read the trends and interpret where Antifolk would be in just three short years. Here are some of the conclusions they came to.

Antifolk will die. From its ashes will come new, exciting art forms. Antifolk will splinter into a series of smaller musical genres. Among them:

AntiFort - Lach, seen as the founder of a bloated and histrionic musical form, will be reviled as the source of all that's wrong in the world. AntiFort musicians will bandy his name about as an easy insult. (eg. "Oh, that's so *Lach*." "Come on, don't *Lach* out on me." "*Lach* you!")

What the actual sound of the music will be is unclear.

Antifunk - Led by Antifolk stalwarts Zane Campbell and Dan Emery, the Antifunk movement covers a disparate series of sounds, using the templates of hip-hop, house and old-style funk to get their juices flowing. Older acts Tom Nishioka and Lake fade in and out of the Antifunk scene, with mixed results.

Antipolka - Charles Herold coins and masters the art form. A loyal fan base of five begin a newsletter, garnering national attention for their movement. Fades into oblivion after one unsuccessful show at the Beacon.

Antilounge - Rachel Spark. Peter Dizozza. Any number of slowtime piano-playing softies, as well as most groups with upright basses. Previously known as anticab, until it got too difficult to get rides to their gigs.

AntiPop - Formerly called antifolkadelic, this movement encompasses all the sixties anglophile stylings of Rooks, Gripweeds, Agnelli & Rave, and whatnot, as well as the more modern stylings of Gene & Mimi and Bubble. Gets big in 1998, and never seems to go away.

Guttural Movement - No lyrics, like that old style folk music. Now just whining and crying. Paleface.

The Fort, having achieved heightened success due to Lach's AntiHoot Vol. IV: Duets, will move to the Palladium. In its new digs, people will complain about the new sound system, and how uncaring the security is. Drinks will be too expensive and no food shall be served. Old Guard players will complain about the how things have changed since "the good old days."

Lach crash diets down to 225 pounds, rewrites "The Ballad of the Thinning Man" to be more appropos of the times that are a-changin'.

Bob Dylan will star in The Sam Camus Story, a made-for-TV movie about the rise and fall of this stellar... star. TV Guide's review will be terrible, but the album, brimming with Sam Camus cover songs, will reach the top of the charts.

Jen's Revenge will get dumped.

Will any of these predictions come true? Is the future of Antifolk precisely what you've read in the preceding? Yes.

Collected by Henry Van Orman

THIS IS ANTIFOLK!

The Schedule for the Fort at the Sidewalk Cafe (94 Avenue A, on 6th Street).

Unless otherwise noted, shows start at eight o'clock. If you arrive before eight, enjoy two-for-one alcoholic beverages. If you're into that kind of thing.

Monday, September 16 - The AntiHoot, featuring Lach. Sign-up at 7:30. Show begins at 8:00.
Tuesday, September 17 - Jason Springwell-Lally, Aki, Josh Max, Alice Texas, Whit Smith's Hot Club of Cowtown.
Wednesday, September 18 - Bari Koral, Dan Kilean, Rob Ryan, Songs From A Random House, Eli Woods.
Thursday, September 19 - (At 7:00) Sarah Marzalek-Kelly, Samsara, Betty Alvarez, Ruth Gerson, Heather Eatman, Lach.
Friday, September 20 - Jabber, The Novellas, Meow, Torn & Frayed.
Saturday, September 21 - Steve Espinola, Leny Molotov, Joe Bendik & The Heathens, Floater.
Sunday, September 22 - Big Happy Crowd, Mike Reckner, Mark Humble, Z-Man, Pat Daugherty, Dan Emery.
Monday, September 23 - The AntiHoot, starring Lach as the MC. Sing-up at 7.30, sing at 8.00.
Tuesday, September 24 - Estelle, Pamela Sue Mann & the Goodies, Carol Lipnik, Matther Geraci, David Clement, Whit Smith's Hot Club of Cowtown.
Wednesday, September 25 - Tom Freund, Olivia Cornell, Michael Eck, Dave Foster, Dean Kostlich, Terry McCarthy.
Thursday, September 26 - Dave Hall, Jonathan Segol, Ruth Gerson, Lach, Industrial TeePee.
Friday, September 27 - Pal Shazar, Richard X Heyman, Reid Paley, Porkchop.
Saturday, September 28 - 6-8PM: Art opening and CD Release Party for Mary Ann Farley. 8:00 - Mary Ann Farley, 9:00 - CD Release Party for Mike Rimbaud, Bill Popp & The Tapes, Homer Erotic, The Wilma Quartet.
Sunday, September 29 - 7:30PM - My Dog. 8:30 - Peter Dizozza, Is, Rani, Eric Davis, Charles Herold, deni bonet.
Monday, September 30 - That AntiHoot, starring a cast of thousands, including Lach! Sign up at 7:30. Performance begins at 8:00. *
Tuesday, October 1 - Jera, Sway Machinery, The Kuntry Kuzzins, M.E. Johnson, Christopher Dillon, Whit Smith's Hot Club of Cowtown (Whit Smith plays with Patti Smith {No relation}).
Wednesday, October 2 - Betsy Thomson, Kevin Kadish, Tricia Scotti, Karen Davis, Golden Carillo.
Thursday, October 3 - **Songwriter's Bill:** Mr. Scarecrow, Lach, Heather Eatman, Matt Keating.
Friday, October 4 - **Libra Birthday Bash!** Bill Popp, Lach & The Sextet Offensive, Shameless Husick, Lenny Molotov and much much more!
Saturday, October - Steve Danziger, Cecil's Bait And Tackle, The Fighting McKenzies, Dots Will Echo, Bicycle.
Sunday, October 6 - **Antifolkadelic Night:** Land of Minerals, Cherokee Sex Workshop, Starchile, Cycomotogoat, Muckafurgason.
Monday, October 7 - **ANTIHOOT!** Lach. 7:30. 8:00. Sit, listen, play, singalong. Great fun.
Tuesday, October 8 - Clem Snide, Box of Crayons, Koco Philipeo, Whit Smith's Hot Club of Cowtown.
Wednesday, October 9 - Jason Springwell-Lally, Key Wilde, Andy Boose, Superhuman.
Thursday, October 10 - **Songwriter's Bill:** Ruth Gerson, Lach, Matt Keating, the More Without (Featuring Brook Bartlett)

For questions or updates about the schedule, call on the day of the show. (212) 473-7373