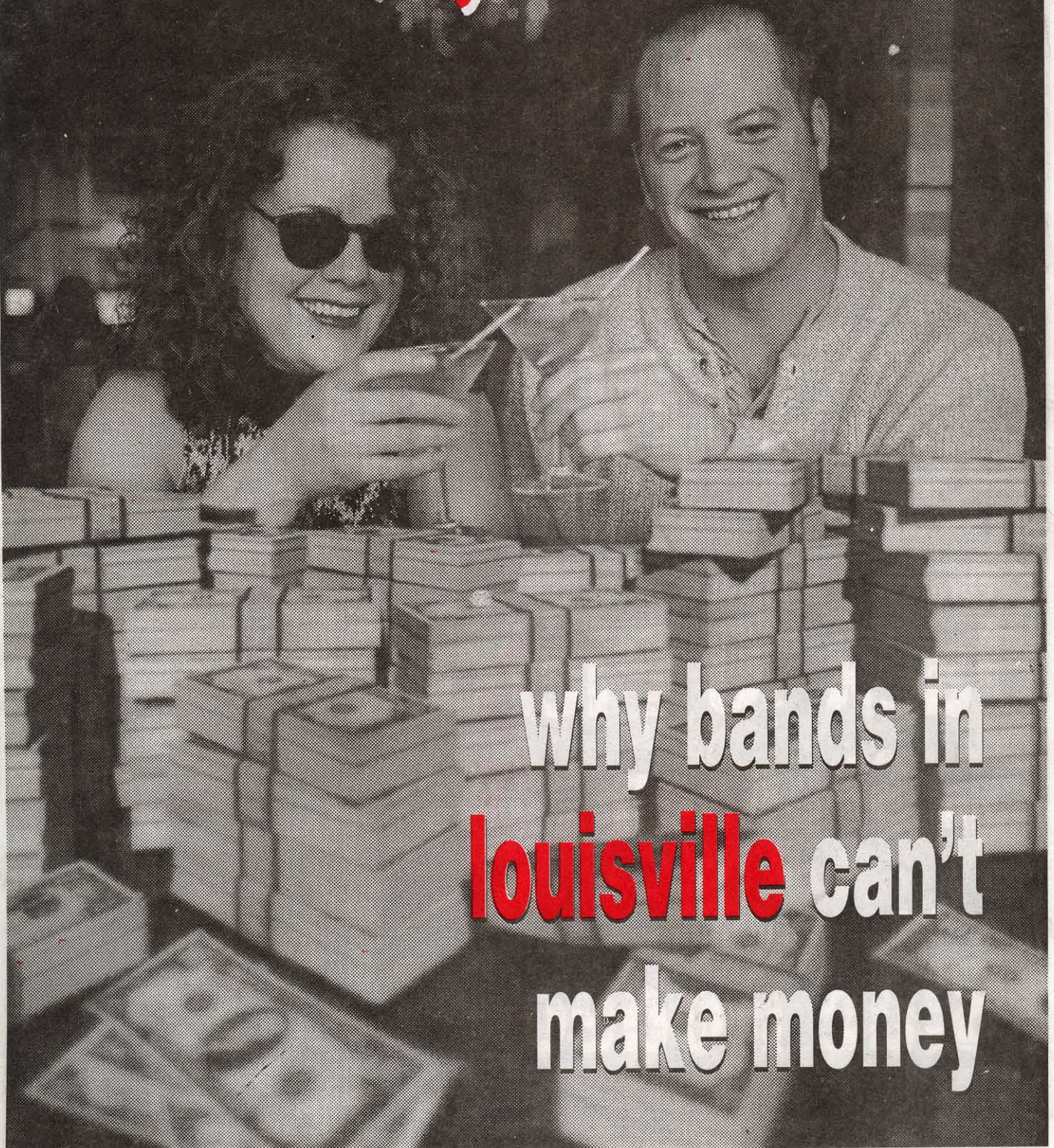


# HARD TIMES

Pissing People Off Since 1992

Update Version 4.2/February 1996 • Absolutely Free



why bands in  
**louisville** can't  
make money



**spotlight presents**

February 10 @ Phoenix Hill

**Son Volt**

with **Freakwater**

March 23 @ The Brewery

**Seven Mary Three**

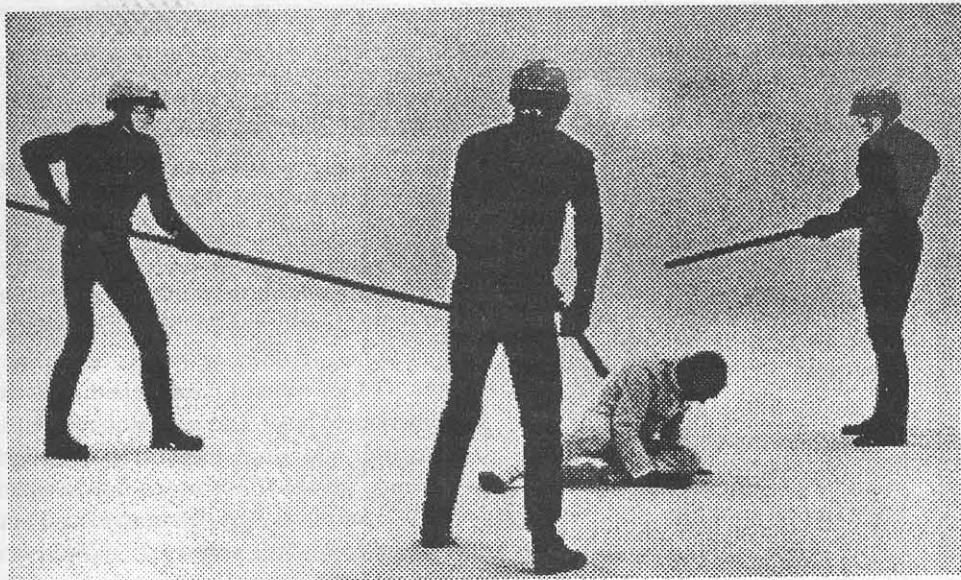
February 18 @ Phoenix Hill

**Jack 'O Pierce**

with **Shannon Lawson**

March 7 @ Phoenix Hill

**Blue Rodeo**



# The Voice Of Reason

## Wired In Louisville or Fear & Loathing on the InfoBahn

by Darrell Ray Elmore

**T**he big hit of the 1996 CommTech (Communication Technology) show at the Galt House was my own business cards. Everything except my phone number and domain name were printed in Japanese kanji-characters. "Cool! Where didja get these?" asked Elizabeth Lawler, she of the ubiquitous web-site copyright line.

### Is Nobody Here On The 'Net?

Beyond that, the cool news was the fact most of the booths at the exhibition were displaying Netscape running on a local area network. These things weren't actually on the net, they were running dummy demos of websites that may (or may not) actually exist (yet).

Which was frustrating for me, 'cuz I was looking to show off my fine parody of Chaz Rough's site, but couldn't find a machine that actually worked.

### Computer Geeks Don't Drink

I had just left Chuck Burke, who runs Shiva Systems (a fine Internet provider and proud home of *Hard Times Online*), in the

mostly deserted bar. He was shaking his head and worrying over the fact he had been asked to provide an ISDN line to the show on Monday, 24 hours before the show was to begin. "It takes at least three weeks to get line laid," he moaned from above his bourbon and coke, "and I set this up in twelve hours. They should feel lucky they have access at all!"

I had spotted Chuck earlier as he "borrowed" a modem from one of the booths. "Jane needs this to link to *HotWired* to download her presentation," he whispered to me as he switched the terminal over to local talk, his forehead glazed with sweat. "Don't tell anybody," he gasped, "okay?"

### Wired's Jane Metcalfe Went To Collegiate!

It's true! Ms. Metcalfe, president of *Wired* magazine (and a native Louisvillian) was on hand to give a speech about the "digital revolution," but I couldn't pay much attention as I was distracted from her "future is now" hype by the thoughts that the U.S. Congress was preparing to take away my right to freedom of speech by regulating the Internet.

*continued on page 27*

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**on our cover:**  
**Elaine Ford & Billy Barriger**  
**Photograph by Tom Willis**

# HARD TIMES

Update Version 4.2 - February 1996

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## Letters to the Editor...



### Takes One To Know One...

We mailed you a *BALLBUSTER REPORT* media kit with an enclosed postage paid questionnaire postcard. This is a common and professional courtesy within the business of professionals (journalists, publishers, etc.).

What kind of a moron are you? You printed the text of the postcard in your publication as though it were a letter! The questions are understood very clearly by any one in the publication business. Don't you have any integrity? No, obviously not! What you did was suggest that we "purchase" a "review" at the cost of "\$200!" When it is obvious, even to a moron, that the question is, 'If a review is printed in your publication, let us know which issue it will be in and the price for a copy of the magazine. In the case of your publication *Hard Times* (since you seem to be totally ignorant), that the answer would be FREE! as in the price on the news stands. This is accepted as common courtesy in the business.

Now, understanding your relationship with Ritcher, it is obvious he has taught you his childish antics and disregard for the truth very well. I guess boys must be boys! Since you printed the "reply card," if you really got BALLS, then you'll print *this letter* to the editor!!!

David LaDuke  
editor & publisher  
*BALLBUSTER HARD MUSIC REPORT*

### We LIKE This Guy!

I address you today in hopes of persuading you to give a review on a new Louisville area band. I, myself, am the manager of this band, and by word of mouth have been informed that you are quite an accomplished critic whose opinion, I'm sure, would be extremely beneficial.

From what I understand, you are extremely busy, and seldom have time to attend live performances. At least not those bands who have not already made a name for themselves. For this very reason I put together this little packet in case you haven't the time to make our performance (February 15 @ Flashbacks).

Steve Kaiser  
Manager, The Dive



### Yeah, We Saw 'Em

Hey, didja see those RROTE awards? Wow! I guess there were only 5 music videos produced in Louisville last year, cuz I had to sit thru 'em like 400 times. The same 5 in every category! Including Chaz! And where do they get off having TV news guys hand out music video awards? And how come I didn't recognize any of the other people there? And how come John Timmons looked so uncomfortable? And how come nobody seemed to realize that the host, Bobcat Goldthwaite, was making fun of everybody there, especially the *Velcro Pygmies*? And how come those Pygmy guys all look like the members of *Journey*? I got a lot of questions.

Kevin Sullivan  
[videogod.com](http://videogod.com)

## Sorry We Missed It...

So, you still think the Highlands are the center of the universe? Come this Saturday, Feb. 10, Ricky Lee Schill returns from his own personal planet (currently hovering near Bloomington, IN), fronting the Hools at the Cherokee. Ricky Lee keeps painting short, sharp songs, and pounds them out on a 6-string now. Barry's back on drums, Abby vocalizes, and Jon basses. Listen also for a few re-arranged poorgirls numbers, if you know the wavelength. If so, shiver.

Chuk  
via snailmail b/c machines down

## How Much Do You Want?

Hey, you guys know anybody that wants to buy a couple of cartons of *Kool*, cheap? I got like a whole garage full of 'em!  
Jeffrey Wigand  
puffnhack.com

## Ummm, No

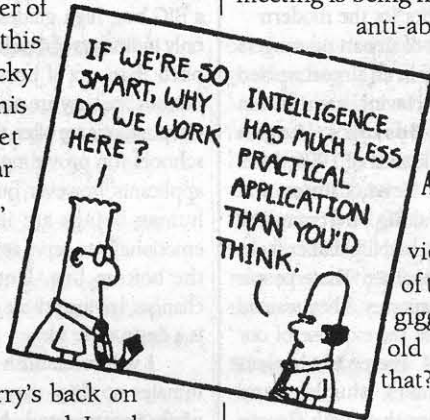
This new gun law is great! I bought a .38 Smith for my wife, a nice Ruger .22 for my youngest son, a .25 auto Beretta for my little girl, a Colt .45 for my dad, and a really nice chrome-plated Taurus for my mom. I'm planning on surprising my wife



with a matching set of dueling pistols for Valentine's day, and I've got a Glock on

order for myself. Anybody know when and where the next *Fairness Campaign* meeting is being held? I mean, why let the anti-abortionists have all the fun? Huh?

Frank Simon  
bang@bang.com



## Attitude is Everything

I saw all those flood victims on TV, and most of them were laughing and giggling, and having a good old time. What's up with that?

Walter Kronkite  
thatsthewayitis.com

## Okay

Get off the phone or send me your cellular #. I'm trying to reach you.

Carolyn  
hauntedbatcave.com

## Our Bird Loved It!

I submit and hope you will use the following article for your next issue. If you do not use it, well, feel free to use it as toilet paper or bird cage liner.

Jim Creasy  
Ace Assistant Manager  
Better Days Records

## Bachelors Of The Month

Here's a picture of me and my pal. He's pretty good at rooting around places where he shouldn't be, and sticking his nose in pretty girl's crotches. I've tried to get him to stop, but he just won't. I thought he'd make a good "Bachelor Of The Month." Oh, and he mixes a really decent martini, too.

Axle Devine  
barretbar.com

Send us your gripes, gropes, jokes, evidence, used bloody tissue, whatever.

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## Marianne The Bartender's DRINK of the MONTH



## Chilly Willy

Chill a martini glass. Fill shaker to the top with ice. Then add:

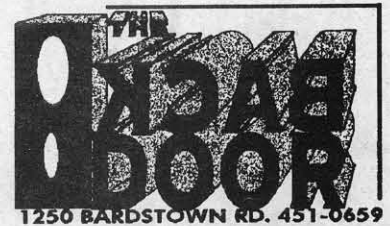
1 shot *Rumpleminze*

1 shot *Stolichnaya*

shake until outside is thick with frost, strain, serve. Mmmm, minty!

you think  
there's  
nowhere to  
go on  
sunday night?

think again.



@ Mid City Mall  
In The Heart Of The Highlands

# Jackbooted Thug

by Jay Gulick

There is no finer metaphor for the modern day electorate than that of airport passengers during a blizzard, particularly in an airport nestled along the eastern seaboard. Having spent fifteen consecutive hours at **Boston's Logan International** during the blizzard of 1996, I feel confident in telling you that **Newt, Clinton and Dole** look like **Bert, Ernie and Big Bird** compared with the snarling masses who had flight after flight canceled due to inclement weather. These people were sick of airlines and bureaucracy. They wanted a balanced budget, but not at the expense of our most disenfranchised citizens. There were bankers and lawyers, but also painters, plumbers and housewives. **June Cleaver** was there with **George Bush**, but so were **Gloria Steinem and Louis Farrakhan**. These were people who had all been guilty of falling prey to soundbytes, race-baiting and intolerance, but who truly cared about the future of the economy, education and salvaging the foundations of justice, liberty and equality which provide a ballast for us all.

This was a sign; I had been stranded with all these people for a reason. Then it dawned on me, it's 1996, the year of **Presidential apocalypse** and I am hearing the call. The same call that rang like a clarion in the ears of **Nixon and Reagan, Kennedy and Carter**. This is my year to answer our country's greatest political challenge. I rose from my seat and strode purposefully into the airport lounge where I informed **Tiffany the Waitress** I needed access to the public address system.

*"Good afternoon fair citizens of Boston, indeed all citizens of these United States of America. I am the Jack-Booted Thug. I'm running for President of the United States and I would appreciate your vote."*

Dead silence.

A January 10 headline in **USA Today** pointed to the economy, crime and education as the three issues most American voters are concerned with for the 1996 election. My platform on these issues and a few others:

I will enact my version of the flat tax, which will disable corporate welfare as we know it by taxing professionals **earning over \$200,000** the monetary difference between their salaries (including bonus and stock options) and those of the lowest-paid workers in their companies.

I am bitterly opposed to privatization of public schools for the sole reason that cost efficiency, productivity and return on investment may work well as motivating factors for business, but they don't transfer to the forces of exploration, creativity, contemplation and occasional failure that mark the foundation of a good education. Corporations and schools do have similarities: levels of bureaucracy, concern for product as well as process and reward systems built in for a job well done. But, and this is

a BIG but, high grades and test scores are not the only indicators of a well-educated person, and more often than not if business people can't help the bottom line they are not considered fit for their jobs. Corporations are often the first to castigate our public schools for providing a lackluster group of job applicants; however, businesses need to face the fact human beings are ill-equipped mentally and emotionally to serve as only a means for improving the bottom line. Until that operating attitude changes, having private corporations run our schools is a destructive idea.

I will reestablish the **Pell Grant** for prison inmates so they may continue their educations while incarcerated. No federal money will be allocated to states for building new prisons unless those requesting funding agree to spend at least half the funding on programs for treating non-violent offenders, particularly substance abusers.

I will make it a felony to mention "family values" if you've never spent a week at home with a sick kid.

If there is anything embarrassing about this country, it's the unabashed greed of our private health care system. There is a middle ground between socialized medicine and thousands of children dying every year because they're too poor for adequate coverage. Employers should shoulder some of the burden, with either federal or state government picking up the difference. The key to affordable health care is containing costs — and someone we know — whether we realize it or not, has been charged five bucks for an aspirin, and that just plain sucks.

**Carter** was a wuss. **Reagan** was all teeth and no substance. **Bush** was so far removed from everyday life he didn't know how much a gallon of milk cost at the grocery store. For better or for worse, character has become a major buzzword in the election process. Every day I wake up and read a headline about **Bill's** penchant for blowjobs and **Hillary's** stock market prowess. I think it's a fine thing our best journalistic minds have been honing their skills for years to enlighten the electorate on issues affecting our future. Nevertheless, I have skeletons in my closet, and to save **Bill Safire** the trouble I'm going on the record right now.

I have inhaled. I never kiss on the first date. I rarely floss, but when I do, I cuss like a sailor. I have never owned any land in rural Arkansas. I believe in God. I have little patience for baseball and I don't like apple pie. I have a fetish for **Dvorak** cello concertos and old **Otis Redding** albums. I avoid cellular phones. I can't grow a full beard. And, unless you're participating in it, my sex life is none of your damn business. ☺

Jay Gulick also writes for Louisville Magazine.

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# In The Toilet

## Restaurant Reviews

by Legs LaRue

### Andrew's Home Cooking

2286 Bardstown Rd. 458-9421

For the price, Andrew's has the best steam table in town. You can load up on an entree, two side dishes and choice of bread for \$4.49 at lunch or \$4.99 at dinner.

There is nothing more comforting than a huge plate of chicken and dumplings with homemade mashed potatoes. Add a bowl of Butterbean soup and you have a meal which fortifies you against the zero degree temperatures we have been experiencing.

The front room has several tables, a counter



and a couple of booths. There's a stack of magazines (*Newsweek!*) to leaf through during your meal. If they added a few kitchy catalogs I would stay the entire day. They even have small, brightly painted restrooms sporting Ladies and Gentlemen signs.

Attention single girls, there is an inordinate amount of good-looking guys in here for lunch. One afternoon I encountered a yuppie doing his expense report, a couple of well-built construction workers, and even a record store coolie. A kind of **Village People** dinerama for the cafeteria set.

### El Caporal

2209 Meadow Dr. 473-7840

Have you ever wondered, "Where does Louisville's hip underground set go to chow down?" Yeah, me neither. I always figured it was *White Castle*, *Denny's*, or any happy hour in town serving free munchies. It seems Louisville has its own *Hard Rock Cafe* thing going on at this inexpensive Mexican restaurant. I have spied the likes of **Screamin' John Hawkins** (*Predators*), **Sean "Rat" Garrison** and **Mark Abromavage** (*Kinghorse*), **Brent Starkey** (*Cherub Scourge*), and a bunch of those sensitive **danny flannigan**-type boys stuffing their faces with burritos and tacos and swilling *mezcal*.

All the employees are from south-of-the-

border and seem to be related. This is a very good sign for a Mexican place. The standard Mexican menu is very good and very reasonable. After checking out the bathrooms, I noticed a sign posted in Spanish at the back entrance. I thought it said something like "Welcome Rock Stars." Our server told me it actually said, "Please wash your hands before returning to work." Ah well, at least the restaurant has its priorities straight.

### Shenanigans Irish Pub

1611 Norris Pl. 454-3919

This neighborhood pub offers daily specials along with traditional bar grub. There're Wings (\$3.25) and Potato Skins (\$3.25) along with Brats (\$1.75) and Turkey Clubs (\$3.50).

If you like noisy establishments, this is your type of place. The evening I was there, they had a ballgame on the wide screen TV, *When Harry Met Sally* on the front TV and two different stations playing on the TVs behind the bar. All of these sets where competing with the jukebox in the back room and the stereo behind the bar. Wow, Louisville's first pub catering to people with *Attention Deficit Disorder*.

They changed the hamburger name from *Schnellenburger* to *Coopburger* (\$4.75). I think it has something to do with local sports. A word of warning, if you find a paper wad in your *Coopburger*, don't mention it to the cook, unless you like to be accosted, accused, and publicly humiliated. Who needs it? I can get that kinda stuff at home.

### Online The Internet C@fe

2015 Longest Ave. 456-0912

Get wired on a double espresso and and surf the net. The Internet C@fe may be one of the coolest places in town. They have the latest *Macintosh* computers hooked into the Internet and make cruising the net an easy and fun experience for even the most novice users.

Order your espresso, cappuccino and pastries at the counter, then take a seat in front of one the *Macs*. The super staff will get you started and finally you are a real cyberpunk (@ \$10 an hour). My favorite was using a program called *CU-Seeme* that works with a mini camera mounted on the computer. You can enter a "chat room" with other people using *Quickcams* and have a videophone bull session. Beware, some people (usually those crazy frat boys at *Stanford*) may do something obscene and/or disgusting, but hey, it beats the hell outta *Roseanne* reruns. ☹

To prevent bias, Legs LaRue pays for all of her own meals.

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# Vox Libri

by Jules Seegers

**T**he dark days of winter are upon us and what better way to pass a dreary day than reading stories about people who have worse problems than you do.

### Break out the razorblades...

Enter the world of **Peter Plate**, author of *One Foot Off the Gutter* (Incommunicado, \$13.00). Bellamy is a homeless cop, while his partner Cuddy has an apartment, a wife named Alice and a case of terminal house lust. Together Bellamy and Cuddy fight crime in the mission district of San Francisco and look for a place to call home.

The writing is raw and poignant, alternately focusing on each man's struggle to live his life without succumbing to the despair and violence of working on the streets of San Francisco. These guys are not **Karl Malden** and **Michael Douglas**, but if you're looking to delve into the dark side of life, as well as some haunted real estate, this is the book.

### ...uh, make 'em the rusty ones

Equally dark, but in an entirely different way, is the book *Fur* (Sun & Moon, \$12.95) by French writer **Liliane Giraudon**. This collection of short fiction briefly draws together marginal yet compelling characters into shocking and often violent encounters leaving you puzzled yet intrigued.

The language is rich with imagery and mystery, as in this opening passage of "The Tie." "She turned her back to the river. A barge was fighting the current. The scene was bathed in a blue light reinforced by a darker border. The reason for the ardent character enveloping everything was not immediately understood." The story itself explores a clandestine affair between a woman who wears a tie and man who never takes his clothes off during the sexual act.

In "The Lesson," a man's desire for a particular woman is based on her instructions to him about living. The lesson he ultimately learns is the one, despite the instructions, he least expects.

In "Pauline Buisson," a young female artist leaves the city to live in a small village and create totems made of doll parts, fabric and cord. Her mysterious life is recorded in

## Book Reviews



her creation of various artworks and the responses she personally evokes in the men of the village. When a man from her previous life returns to her, it seems like a happy ending — or is he just another vehicle for her artwork?

### It takes all kinds

**Adam Klein's** collection of stories, *The Medicine Burns* (Serpent's Tail/High Risk, \$11.99), revolves around men as outcasts of society in both sexual and physical terms. In the title story, young boy struggles with his acne as he looks for love in all the wrong places and ultimately takes revenge on one who has scorned him. In "Club Feet," a mother and son develop an odd symbiotic relationship over his deformed foot. The closing novella, "India," follows the travels of a gay man with AIDS as he travels precariously through India. He struggles with the physical difficulties of his illness as much as the memories he is trying to escape while he wanders through the often magical country.

### What? There's hope?

*Autobiography of a Face*, by **Lucy Grealy** (HarperPerennial, \$13.00), is a true story about dealing with chronic illness and disfigurement in a culture which has elevated physical beauty to the status of intellectual prowess. Grealy was nine when she was diagnosed with a cancer which ultimately resulted in the removal of part of her jaw. Her story is a young girl's odyssey into adulthood, dealing not only with trauma of numerous operations and related cancer treatments, but also with physical scars on that most public feature, the face. Childhood relationships are explored in touching prose and unnerving detail through a lens of pain, dignity and remarkable resolve. A powerful testimony to the human spirit and a wonderful book deserving to be read. 🐼

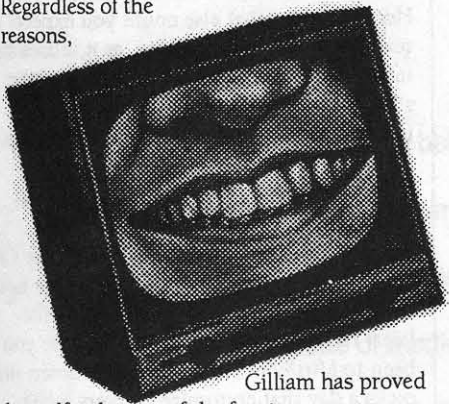
*Jules Seegers is the pseudonym of a highly-placed book editor at one of the nicer publishing houses back east (or is it up north?). She reads these books before anybody else, then anonymously e-mails her reviews to Hard Times, in a futile effort to disguise the fact that she is actually Julie Schaper.*



# Jody On Video

By Jody Hampton

Director Terry Gilliam has one hell of an imagination and he's not afraid to let it all hang out. His vision manifests itself somewhere between outrageous fantasy and an almost paranoid fear of the corrupting power of technology and Big Brother. His movies are always big, sometimes scary, and sometimes colorful like a child's picture book. Gilliam began his career as the sole American member of the British comedy troupe Monty Python's Flying Circus which might help to explain the black humor of his films as well as the presence of other ex-Pythons in his movies. Regardless of the reasons,



Gilliam has proved himself to be one of the few important Hollywood directors who consistently releases movies that aren't rehashes of proven money-making plots.

## TIME BANDITS (1981)

This is the first non-Python film Gilliam directed (*Monty Python and the Holy Grail* and *Jabberwocky* were his first two directing efforts), and it is a doozy. The plot is simple enough — a young boy joins a band of misfit dwarves traveling through time and stealing anything of value along the way. What's not so simple are the incredibly elaborate sets, costumes, special effects and overall production values of this movie. The film also contains some fine performances, especially Sean Connery as King Agamemnon and Sir Ralph Richardson as the Supreme Being. Much more than a "kids movie," this film sets the tone for much of Gilliam's later work.

## BRAZIL (1985)

A darkly beautiful Orwellian fantasy-nightmare (How's that for a complete description?), this movie is one of my favorites. Set in a nameless megalopolis in the near future, the film revolves around a lonely government employee (Jonathan Pryce) who investigates a misspelled arrest warrant leading him to the girl of his dreams. The action is seen

## Film Reviews

through Pryce's eyes as he slips more and more into fantasy to escape a horrible reality and his own doomed fate. As in all Gilliam's films there are wonderful sets and effects, but Pryce really sets this film above all Gilliam's others. Dark, depressing and somewhat hard to follow, what else could you ask for in a Gilliam movie?

## THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHHAUSEN (1989)

Gilliam goes over the top with this retelling of the Baron's famous adventures. Money was apparently no object in this 46-million-dollar extravaganza. There are many great scenes, the best featuring a nude Uma Thurman as Venus, which make it worth seeing. But after *Brazil* it all seems a little silly.

## THE FISHER KING (1991)

Time to get serious again, despite Robin Williams in the lead role. Williams is a homeless man searching for the Holy Grail and running from his past, which manifests itself in the form of a black knight on a fire-breathing stallion Williams sometimes imagines is chasing him. Jeff Bridges also stars as a once popular Howard Stern-like radio personality who feels responsible for a madman's shooting spree. Williams is convinced only Bridges can help him find the Grail. Bridges is convinced helping Williams might revive his own sense of self respect and piece his life back together. The rest of the cast is excellent, headed by Mercedes Ruehl's Oscar-winning portrayal of Bridges' girlfriend.

## 12 MONKEYS (1995)

Bruce Willis stars as a convict in a future ravaged by a deadly virus, who is "volunteered" to go back in time and discover the origin of the plague. Mistakenly sent back to 1990 instead of 1996, Willis ends up in a mental hospital under the care of a compassionate doctor disarmingly played by Madeline Stowe. While in the loony bin, Willis meets a frenetic young lunatic (Brad Pitt) who may be a key to the plague's origins. Like *Brazil*, this movie gives us a look at an ugly, dirty future where one man can't hope to fight the system; it also, however, gives us a look at the present and a system which can also be none too kind to a well-meaning if confused individual. Willis is excellent as a man cursed with the knowledge of impending disaster but unable to prevent it, while Stowe and Pitt give earnest and fresh performances. See it on the big screen. 🐼

Jody Hampton reads Premier every week.

# TVWeek

## HIGHLIGHTS

### SUNDAY

8:00 **11** **Lois and Clark**  
Superman must intervene when Lois becomes involved with Lex Luthor's plot to blow up Metropolis' City Hall; Lois wears a garter and crotchless teddy.

8:00 **6** **Mad About You**  
Jamie is housebound when a case of teenage acne breaks out and Paul is repulsed. Paul rents a porno and spends the week at Ira's apartment.

### MONDAY

8:00 **4** **Fresh Prince of Bel-Air**  
Will and Carlton get trapped in the house when Uncle Phil eats a dozen Twinkies and explodes.

10:00 **12** **Murder One**  
Hoffman moves to dismiss charges against a postal worker who shot up a McDonald's; Gillespie is assigned to a case involving a college student and a run-away Black and Decker.

### TUESDAY

8:30 **6** **3rd Rock from the Sun**  
Dick persuades Dr. Albright to believe he is really an alien reject from *Star Trek: Voyager*.

### WEDNESDAY

8:30 **11** **The Drew Carey Show**  
Drew ponders what his life would have been like had he actually been a funny stand-up comedian; Jerry Seinfeld stars as the Ghost of Jokes Past

10:00 **6** **American Gothic**  
The FBI becomes involved when the local church is a battleground in an all-out war over Caleb's soul. David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson guest star.

### THURSDAY

8:30 **6** **The Single Guy**  
Johnny spends a night of enjoyment watching *Nick at Nite* while having cybersex with a 300-pound transvestite over the Internet. (rerun).

10:00 **4** **ER**  
Dr. Greene treats a wounded police officer who was trying to rescue a cat from a tree; gunplay ensues; Andy Griffith and Don Knotts guest star.

### FRIDAY

9:00 **11** **The X-Files**  
Mulder discovers most of his liver has been removed by aliens and is being held hostage in a bottle of Mezcal; Scully eats the worm.

### SATURDAY

8:00 **4** **Cops**  
Police in Philadelphia engage in a community-wide snow shovel giveaway to the needy; children throw snowballs at the squad car; gunplay ensues.

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# W<sup>3</sup>

by Valerie Kane

### Churchill Downs

<<http://www.kentuckyderby.com>>  
"Ooops! We were here, but now a big advertising agency has gobbled us up and is currently in the process of redesigning our site so that we can take advantage of this new online era in the most efficient way possible." (read: come back in the Spring, bring your wallet and place your bet, cuz this online shit is EXPENSIVE!)

### Ric Manning's Gizmo Site

<<http://www.iglou.com/gizweb>>  
Louisville's coolest site, and the only one I go back to again and again. Rumor has it the HTML maintenance is by ol' Ric hisself. The popular Gizmo columnist and business writer for the *Courier-Journal* does a fine job. Has lists of just about every local site, archives of Ric's past columns, a feedback forum etc., etc.

### Louisville Speed School

<<http://www.spd.louisville.edu>>  
Man, these guys are good! Credits list a team of HTML jockeys, and the result is a beautiful! My favorite aspect is the *QuickCam* hook-up. Surf on over and see how many pocket protectors you can count.

### Digital Directions

<<http://www.eblawler.com>>  
Elizabeth Lawler's Online Infommercial must have been a virtual (no pun intended) goldmine of connections to the advertising industry which supports her. The terrific layout and groovy *Photoshop* buttons (a Lawler hallmark) almost mask the underlying self-promotion. Includes columns on *Photoshop*

## Home Page Reviews

tricks and techniques, Quark tips and techniques, articles about how local art directors are using the Macintosh, and a list of "cool local sites" that reads like a virtual (pun intended) Lawler resume.

### Suck

<<http://www.suck.com>>  
The last word on the net. If you wanna read smarmy, coolie, insider computer-industry/internet gossip, come here. *Suck* recently caught a bunch of flak when they were purchased by *HotWired*, but hey, *Suck* itself was only a side-project maintained at night, across the hall, by the same guys who run *HotWired*, so what else could you expect? A really excellent 'net resource, as it relates its information in a balls-to-the-wall sarcastic style that is both entertaining and informative, and above all, desperately hip.

### Mirsky's Worst Of The Web

<<http://www.mirsky.turnpike.net/wow/worst.html>> Sure, everybody goes to the *Cool Site Of The Day* (which more often than not, is a big-budget 'net infommercial about the latest trendy motion picture). But have you been to *Mirsky's*? Three carefully chosen site picks a day that epitomize the very worst features of the editor-free publishing environment that is the Internet. *Mirsky's* site is always more entertaining than the *CSotD*, his comments notwithstanding. Why is that? I guess it's because people's mistakes are funnier than their triumphs. A kinda "America's Funniest Home Pages."

### Hot Site Of The Night

<<http://www.euro.net/5thworld/hotnite/hotnite.html>> Smaller, hungrier, willing to take a chance, *HSotN* is also better than *CSotD*, not only because they seem less like a front end to *QVC*, but because they lack the design savvy that they so much appreciate in their picks.

### Doonesbury

<<http://www.doonesbury.com>>  
Big business marketing meets actual top-dollar entertainment. Chat rooms, *Doonesbury* cartoon archives, activist groups, and Uncle Duke, Zonker, Mike, etc. all rolled up in an exciting new-age digital romper room. The only drawback is the size of your bandwidth (or speed of your modem)... this graphic-intensive site can be SLOW. ☹

Valerie Kane maintains Hard Times Online at <<http://www.hardmedia.com/hardtimes>>.



the first annual

# LITERARY HARD TIMES

## Manifesto

Passing, passing between partners

Partners in business, in arts deemed fine

The line of laws, laws are broken

The code of mediocrity the crime

The crime of ears stuffed with spoken

Word dung slung in a trendy cafe

A line of shirts and dresses and piercings

"Send in the Clowns," shrill cabaret.

Lunch meetings! Creative sessions!

Intimate noodlings sealed with caffeine.

Nine-tenths of this law is indeed possession

Of a moody life and the guts to say:

If it's packaged, it's not broken

It's the code of mediocrity,

Good enough for Louisville?

Good enough for me!

*Bob Bahr, editor-in-chaff, GRUNT!*





### On the Death of WFPL

When the blue of Minnesota night  
Touches the blushed cheek of Swedish girls,  
Their men, tired from honest work,  
Forget the fields, and dream of oral stimulation  
In the hot, hot,  
Heat  
Of a little prairie chicken shack.

— Gary Keillor

### Pop Art, Wal-Mart, Don't Start

O where, o where is my yak!  
I do love him so!  
He makes me dance like a duck  
And attend bird-brained art films.  
O yak!  
All the herb in God's green world  
Will not make me forget you!

— Fay Wray

### Lament for a Bridge in Decline

When the man overtook the jack  
Of spades with the queen,  
I was afraid to duck.  
He figured to have a seven-card suite  
For his preempt.

When he won at my left  
And produced a second spade,  
I was dead.  
Whether I ruffed the third spade high or low,  
I'd lose a trump trick to the 10.

— A. Sheinwold & F. Stewart

### R. Anne Bea

Oh baby when I see you move  
With that tight red dress on  
You know I wanna step up and freak ya girl  
Like never before!

You gotta break it on down.

And when the loving starts for real now  
You gotta now I'll never stop  
'Til the breaka breaka dawn girl  
Whoa until we're both raw like  
Ground round.

Oooh, oooh. Ooo, ooo.

— Tevin C.

### Death in the Early A.M.

Pierce my eyebrow with a rusty needle  
My blood runs happily into your drain  
The hole of my self-conceit and your dark passions.  
With a black Converse high-top for a moral code  
And a wallet chain to shatter pretensions,  
My black clothes mean I'm moody  
Your Wild Turkey means you're gay  
And the sounds of that awful band on stage  
Is a yammering, hammering howl on my grisly heath.

— Tuly Ghans



### Daily (Word) Noose

Know this: Denny's poor  
recruiting

Puts a dot upon my soul  
Right above the spot  
Where my Kyle Petty milk jug  
Holds court over pork rind  
yearnings. • • • • •

When I handicap a horse  
He never walks again  
And this  
Is but a note  
Scrawled on a post-dated C-J  
paycheck stub.

— *Ricky B. the Sports G*

### The Supremacy of PHT

I scoff at the Butchertown Pub  
And Tewligans needs a good scrub  
Toy Tiger is queer  
Silo serves really bad beer  
But when I think about Phoenix Hill I get a chub.

— *Courtland Prose*

### Fear and Loathing in Fern Creek

Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote  
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,  
And bathed every veyne in swich licour  
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;  
When Zepherus eek with his swete breeth  
Inspried hath in every holt and heeth  
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne  
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,  
And smale fowles maken melodye,  
That slepen al the night with open ye,  
So priketh them nature in hir corages:  
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.

— *Geoff Chaucer*

### My Little Poem

If you think that I'm not careful  
To be always measurably cheerful  
Except when widows need consoling  
Or I take stance against undue Dole-ing

And when citizens get irate  
Over neighborhood displacements or cable rates  
Fairness campaigns and garbage mandates  
I know the bright path: equivocate!

— *Hizzoner Fa Liffe*

### On Turning 80

Roses are red,  
Violets are too.  
If'n you don't agree  
I'll bust ya in two.  
— *O! Rheumy Blue Eyes*

### Dead Stand Up

Kill Jerry Seinfeld  
Sanctimonious creep  
And his friend Elaine  
Frigid bitch!

Girls don't dig me  
Tho they like Picard  
(That bald guy on Star Trak)  
Women!

— *George Constanza*

### How It Is in Queens

Kids dese days  
Dey think dat dey know best  
Dey don't know nothin'.  
All dis FREE LOVE  
And other commie crapola  
Dey belong in the Marines!

Edith, get me a beer, will ya?

— *Archibald Bunker*



# WHY CAN'T BANDS MAKE

by Darrell Ray Elmore

nobody

will

pay to

see

them!

**B**ooking agent Elaine Ford has been pushing the Indie-Rock shopping cart for a long time now, and over the years she has become more and more cynical when it comes to dealing with club-owners and artists. But it is the audience (or lack thereof) that gives her the most trouble. Anyone could understand her frustration, given her unique perspective.

Most people complain to her that no "good bands" are brought to Louisville. But why should she put forth the effort (and money) if no one will show up anyway?

This is the double-edged sword every promoter (both large and small) in Louisville faces. That and the constant whispered mutterings that the promoters are keeping all the money.

Owner of *Spotlight Promotions*, Billy Barriger is a professional gambler in every sense of the word. When not betting on a particular piece of horseflesh's performance on the track, he is betting large-stakes on a particular piece of grungeflesh's performance on stage. Barriger brings in top-notch acts like *The Smashing Pumpkins*, *REM*, *The Replacements*, *Matthew Sweet*, etc., etc. One would think he should be rolling in the dough.

Unfortunately, people will quite happily pony up \$5 for a triple latte but grumble about expending the same amount to see an up and coming (or even established) rock & roll band. Go figure. Sure, a

triple-latte will give you at least one good shit a day. But rock & roll? Hell, you can see those guys on MTV for free!

In a recent column in *Louisville Music News*, Paul Moffet, co-editor of *LMN*, spent several lines of copy bemoaning the same problem: a lack of patrons at local shows. Are we witnessing a backlash against the music revolution?

The birth of MTV, which brought us a sudden explosion of local venues willing to play local, original music, seemingly coincided with the disappearance of local original talent. Now why is that?

## Elaine Ford:

"Alternative radio killed alternative music. Dumbasses like Rick Jaime and Cam Fleener took control of the local radio market and alienated anyone who actually had a clue. Most of the original talent in Louisville either got too old or moved away, and the whole Gen-X thing is a marketing scheme aimed at a group that doesn't actually exist...."

"What kind of a dumbass would repeatedly throw away his money bringing in cool bands, when only a few dozen people have enough of a clue to even show up? And if they do, they try to screw the poor bastard out of another few bucks by welshing down the cover charge...."

"Most of the popular bands in town right now are directly derivative of what you hear on the

## LIST OF BANDS THAT COST ELAINE MONEY

**Meat Puppets**  
**Southern Culture** on the Skids  
**Over The Rhine**  
**The Didjits**  
**Goo Goo Dolls**  
**Archers Of Loaf**  
**Letters To Cleo**  
**16 Horsepower**  
**Fig Dish (pending)**  
**Jawbox**  
**Sunny Day Real Estate**  
**Flat Duo Jets**  
**Pantera**  
**Corrosion of Conformity**  
**Seaweed**  
**Dee Dee Ramone**  
**the Jesus Lizard**  
**Girls Against Boys**  
**The Cows**

## LIST OF BANDS THAT MADE ELAINE MONEY

**Pavement**  
**Kinghorse**  
**Southern Culture** on the Skids

source: POLLSTAR

# MONEY?



local music  
promoters  
Elaine Ford  
& Billy Barriger

say:

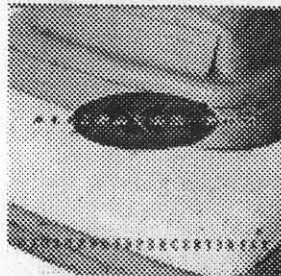
"It's Not  
Our Fault!"

# Hit & Run

record reviews

by Brent & Roni Starkey

**Alligator Gun** *One Hundred Percent Fear* (Relativity Recordings) All-male four-piece standard lineup from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Actually, you could pretty much inject my Hagfish



review from last month here. It's really hard to tell them apart. This LP is also produced by Bill Stevenson and Stephen Egerton — which would explain a lot of

that. Get it...ALL...ALLigator Gun, ahh, nevermind. This album also rocks your lame ass, but I'll have to dock them a point for not having the sense of humor of Hagfish. Still, a lot better than ALL. I like it ALL-READY! (BS)

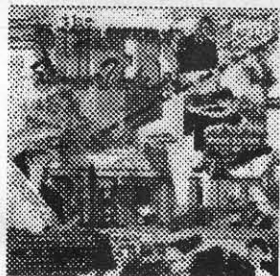
**Guilt** *Bardstown Ugly Box* (Victory Records) Sounds great, looks great, the kids love it...it's that emo/metal/hardcore thing that's all the rage. And this is as good as it gets. "Omega" is a particularly good cut I remembered well from



seeing Guilt a few times. "You justify my reason to hate/They'll pick you up, and bring you down/ but do you want to go down — It's down." I can just see the

backpack flying and the shirts stretching. Duncan's become quite the guitar wizard, but the MVP award here would have to go to Jon Smith, who's a shit-hot drummer. Seven tracks of man versus everything. Can you take it? (BS)

**The Shivers** *The Buried Life* (Restless Records) I knew I was in trouble from the opening



cut, "Shade the Light:" "Draw the shade, shade the light/Tell the evening good night/Tell the candle on the windowsill/there'll be no one to n i g h t."

Resplendent dobro, fiddle, lap steel, mandolin, acoustic guitar, et. al. Make me puke! Please, I'm choking. It's country-folk, once again cleverly

disguised as "alternative" by Restless Records (who continue their rapid decline). The St. Paul, Minnesota, three-piece's shared male and female vocals almost rock on the X-inspired "Stringer," but that's as close as it gets. This nonsense sucks. Take it back, please. I know — give it to Paul...he'll eat it up. (BS)

**Edsel** *Techniques of Speed Hypnosis* (Relativity Records) I caught this four-piece from Washington, D.C. one night and remember being quite bored, so I expected nothing. What a



pleasant surprise! This is quite good. We i r d , sometimes quirky, pop songs that remind me of real good XTC at times. Twenty-

one songs (eight are 43 seconds or less) and potential for a smash hit with "Suits Me Fine." "What do you have for me?/The boy in the bushes/I want the diamond life/I want the life you've got/but I've got nothing/I've got nothing." Great stuff, gets my vote for surprise of the month. A definite keeper. (BS)

**Smackmelon** *Blue Hour* (Relativity Records)

I knew Relativity could hit three of three. Smackmelon are your typical power-trio from



Charleston, Massachusetts, and they have original song titles like "I'm Not Cool," "Drum Solo Song," "Liar," and "Telephone." Long-winded

songs that fit in place on the radio, beside Live and Candlebox and Pearl Jam...you know, the Alternative Nation. I don't even want to think about this crap anymore. In a word, mundane. (RS)

**I Only Wrote This Song for You A Tribute to Johnny Thunders** (Essential! Records)

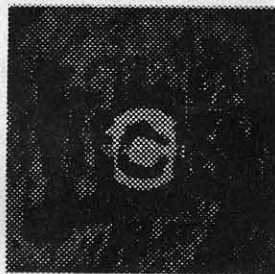
Great idea! A tribute album by actual friends and/or ex-bandmates of the late Mr. Thunders. Unfortunately, most of the characters are too out of touch or perhaps burnt to add anything exciting, fresh, or maybe even just ballsy to a batch of fifteen (mostly) excellent tunes. There are some winners, though — Patti Palladin's "Leave Me



**A l o n e** (chatterbox) features ex-Sex Pistols Steve Jones and Paul Cook, Chrissie Hynde and Marian Thunders — and it rocks!

Michael Monroe (ex-Hanoi Rocks) turns in two decent renditions, "Disappointed in You" and "So Alone," also featuring Sami Yaffa and Nasty Suicide (also ex-Hanoi Rocks) and Steve Nieve (from Elvis Costello's Attractions on Hammond organ) on "So Alone." The Ramones do an excellent "I Love You," but you can hear that on their latest LP. Alison Gordy with Blonde and Blue does justice to "Just Another Girl," which, again, features Michael Monroe and Sami Yaffa. Walter Lure and The Waldos do a great "Let Go." That's about it. The rest seem uninspired or to just miss the point. (David Johansen, Sylvan Sylvain and Arthur Kane — all ex-New York Dolls, each in turn in one of these). This is a great bargain bin/used find — but get Heartbreakers's LAMF or Johnny Thunders' So Alone for the real thing. These are essential! (BS)

**Lick** *Breach Invisible* Every song on this CD sounds the same. If not for the spaces between the songs, I wouldn't be able to tell when one



began and ended. Lick seem to be a cross between industrial and grind-core, with a female vocalist. At least I think it's a female. They have one

member whose instrument is listed as "digital noise." Martin Atkins co-produced the record. If you like industrial-noise, then you'll dig it — if not, you'll hate it. (RS)

**Various artists** *Punk Rock Jukebox* (Blackout Records) Twenty-three new punk bands doing covers of original punk classics! Trust me, it makes for a great party CD. All the versions on this



compilation are cool, although the strangest one is Black Velvet Flag's cover of Fear's "I Love Livin' in the City." It sounds like a lounge version. Some other

highlights are Killing Time doing "Bodies" by the Sex Pistols, "I Got Your Number" from The



Swinging Utters and Sweet Diesel's cover of "Go Nowhere" by Reagan Youth. By far the best track is No Brain's version of "I'm Against It" by the Ramones. It just so happens No Brain features members of Rancid and Marky Ramone himself on drums. Get it! It's punk as hell. (RS)

**The Aftereffects of Insomnia Volume Four** (Three Little Girls Recordings) A rather uneven Louisville compilation featuring thirteen bands, with a cool booklet containing a page from each band. Highlights include "Kobick" (Litmus): "I remember a solitary girl/ not knowing what was normal, was normal for her." Unfortunately this is the same version on their new "Our Man Flint" tape. "Cupid's Broken Gun" (Hula Hoop): "Is

That a Bass, Tom?" (Cherub Scourge) and "I Can't Say" (Remainder Man) are all excellent. You also get poppy excursions from Grayson Hall and Fever Pitch. And everything from emo/rock/metal-core (Blangk, Eleven Eleven, Hedge and Subtle) to art/rock/experimental sounds (Mainstream and Niro) to aggro-noisy punk (Wino). Sound quality varies from track to track as do the performances, but this is a compilation you should definitely own. Buy it now or you'll be kicked out of the "scene." And wouldn't that be a fucking shame. (BS)

**Red Aunts #1 Chicken** (Epitaph) Red Aunts are a four-piece female ensemble who are rude, crude and flat-out rock! Lots of "fucks" on this one. Their music is very raw and loud. The vocals are

distorted and often screamed. They remind me of Bikini Kill crossed with The Smears and gone psycho, like punk crossed with rockabilly. These chicks

fucking rule! Very fast and furious. If there is a new band to check out, it's Red Aunts and #1 Chicken will blow your mind. Get it! (RS)

**Jesus Christ Superfly 7-inch** (Lance Rock Records) Two songs here, "Gun," which is also on their fantastic latest LP "Texas Toast," and "I'm Drunk (live at Emo's)." This show-closer is one of my all-time JCS faves and alone is worth the price of the

single. It's live, raw, high-energy and it rawks, baby, it rawks! It's also the release of the month! You definitely need this. Punk at its finest. (BS)



### Cherub Scourge

*Outside of Everything* (ear-X-tacy Records) It has been a long time coming, but it's finally here. There is something for

everyone on this release. For you pop lovers, the CD contains two tracks, "Accident" and "Do Something About Her." For you punk rockers, this one is packed! *Outside of Everything* contains seven new tracks and the CD and cassette contain four previously released tracks. These songs are fast, furious and loud. Brent Starkey's vocal style has never been better and Rankin Mapother's moving bass lines rip while the drums thunder and the guitars wail away. The songs are tight and stand out among most other Louisville releases. Go to ear-X-tacy and get it! You won't be disappointed. Put it on and turn it up! (RS) *Ed — We acknowledge the possibility of bias here, as RS is married to BS.*

**Limblifter Screwed it up** (Mercury/Polygram Records) I feel that saying this song sucks would



be a great disservice to the reader, so I'll just put it to you in their own words, "Days I killed / I'm not mad, / I'm not mad / I screwed up I screwed it." Huh, huh, huh - They said screwed! Yeah, I'm sure you'll hear this song on WXNU soon enough... and it will still SUCK (BS)

**Spirit of '73 Rock for Choice** (Sony Music/Epic Records) Women doing covers of (mostly) female tunes from the 70's. There is one great song out



of the fourteen included. L7 and Joan Jett doing the Runaway's "Cherry Bomb," which Jett should be adept at since she co-wrote it. I've heard this covered a few times and this version smokes everything including the original. The good stuff includes: Johnette Napolitano doing Patti Smith's "Dancing Barefoot," Babes in Toyland doing a rather straight

*continued on page 18*

# Rock Stars Suck

by Ed Lutz

**Y**ou know, it's really pathetic when business (and all the reasons we do business: fame, money, recognition, etc.) gets in the way of a friendship. I'd take a good friend over money and popularity anyday. It just sucks that a good friend is getting hard to find...

### VIA

*Snake Is Long Don't Fall the Audio Hole (My Father Said) CD* - I've been playing this a lot and I don't know why. Not really new anymore. A bunch of bands you've never heard of paying tribute to a band you've never heard of. Hanatarash 2 in its entirety. Quite nice. (Stomach Ache)

### Pork Queen

*recorded live CS* - A cassette release of Canada's finest. Better than any of their vinyl I've heard. Honest. I can think of three people who might actually like this. (Shrimper)

### The Tower Recordings

*Rehearsals for Roseland LP* - From the same minds behind Memphis Luxure comes The Tower Recordings. They sound like what the Folk Implosion could sound like if they didn't suck. Although I must say that Kids soundtrack stuff is kinda nice. Only 300 pressed, probably 225 too many (Super Lux)

### The Grabs

*Jackpot LP* - A guitar/drums duo in the vein of the Spinanes. In fact, quite a bit like the Spinanes. A boy-girl duo, just like the Spinanes. They live in Oregon, just like the Spinanes. Man, I love the Spinanes. (K)

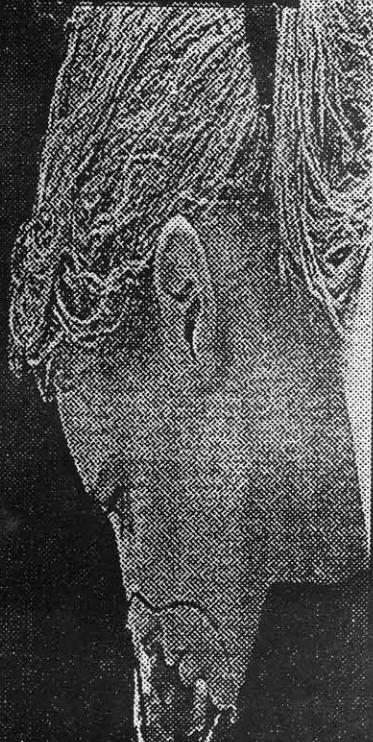
### Fuck

*Be Like You 7"* - "Be Like You" could possibly be one of the best songs ever written. Folky, minimalistic and catchy as hell. These guys call San Francisco home, and I bet they stand out like a sore thumb. (Rhesus)

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The Pentagon 12"

**THE WEB**

Azuza 7"

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Every Blessing Is a Curse

CD

AVAILABLE AT ALL FINE  
RECORD STORES AND  
PURVEYORS OF TRASH

## bands. . . continued from page 17

send up of "More, More, More" by Andrea True Connection, and Eve's Plum take on the Bee Gee's "If I Can't Have You." Letters to Cleo do a descent job on Fleetwood Mac's "Dreams." Beyond that it gets bad...real bad. In fact, you could throw out the entire second half of this CD and not miss it. Particularly the Indigo Girls eight minute rendition of "It Won't Take Long" (yeah, right). The proceeds go to Rock for Choice (a great pro-choice organization) and the package is nice with childhood pictures of the performers. This may be worth your bucks for a handful of decent 70's covers and a good cause. Or, you may want to look in the used bin and get it for the first four mentioned tunes, and relive your past. (BS)

**This ain't no fucking melodic punk 7"** (Probe Records) The world's greatest 'zine just may become the world's greatest label. Six bands,



six songs on this 7". All are great. It starts off with San Jose, CA's Ringworm. This is my least favorite of the tunes, kind of heavy, grinding, metallic screech, but it grows on ya

with a couple of listens. Next up is Turboneger from Oslo, Norway. Smokin' balls out (Literally) punk rock. Great song. then comes my personal pick The Loudmouths - 2/4 female band whose Ain't Nuthin But a Porn Star features the girl (but not girly) vocalization of Dulce and will rip your balls off. The B-side has a short, blistering attack from S.F., CA's Hickey, another paint peeling punk ditty from Whopper Breath and closes with a more straight rock song from Mensclub, whose cover of "Can You See Me" reminds me of Urge Overkill if they were nearly as good as all their hype. This remarkable 7" is available for only \$3 ppd from Probe Records PO Box 5068 Pleasanton, CA 94566. Write 'em and tell them Brent sent you. You won't be sorry. (BS)

**Mock Orange Open Sunday** (Minus Seven Records) We played with this Newburg, IN band recently and they were definitely one of the



highlights of the five band show. This is fucking melodic punk. The girls loved them, the mohawks stepped to the back. This tape features 13 tracks of their brand of Superchuck / the Magnolias/All-inspired

power pop and it is very good. Lots of energy, enthusiasm, good vocal harmonies, nice guitar

work, tight rhythms... hell, what more do you want? Cool songs abound. I'm not sure how much they are selling for, but I'm sure if you send them \$5, they will send one to you. Minus Seven Records 1514 South Morton Ave. Evansville, IN 47713 or call 'em at (812) 423-8540.

**YM Your Mother 1990-1995 The Metal Years** (Probe Records) This CD is advertised as 45 songs / 74 minutes - \$8 ppd. Your money back if you're a complete buttlick and don't like it. Actually,



they'll send you this and the aforementioned 'This Ain't No Fucking Melodic Puck' for \$10 ppd. You cannot pass up this deal. This CD

r a g e s throughout with some of the fastest drumming you'll ever hear. The songs, ranging from around 6 seconds to about 5 minutes cover every base of punk imaginable and will keep you entertained and rolling on the floor for hours. When I got this, I listened to it three times in one day - it's that fucking good. Songs include 'Greg: Ex-masturbator', 'See #42 (Daddy's Home)' - with great soundbytes from the Shining, 'Geoff-ersnz' (the theme song from the Jeffersons), 'Yeah, I'm Whooped', 'You May As Well Skip This Song', and one of my faves 'Color Me Badd Religion'. "We're no simpletons, not bad religion but I hope you don't think we're lame, 'cause all our songs sound the same. I always loved punk rock, now I got my Ph D, we'll never prevail with simplicity." Also a Surf Punks cover, a Descendants cover, a Danzig cover, and hilarious liner notes from Alan Genius, (the) Drummer, Mikee Mark, and Craig McMuffin. You can't lose. A fucking guarantee! C'mon write today: Probe Records PO Box 5068 Pleasanton, CA 94566. Send \$4 for Probe zine too. (BS)

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# No Ages - All Posers

by Heather Butcher

## Castner, Elliot, Blang, and Hedge @ The Cherokee

Castner opened this show and let me tell you they are getting better. They have discovered the ability to emulate and right now they are sounding like **Enkindle** and **Strife**. They say copying is the sincerest form of flattery. **Elliot** played next and they are **Falling Forward** minus one original member. Elliot was a lot of music and not many words. Some might say it was emo. But the truth is, **Chris Higdon** has taken up the guitar, and his ability to sing and play at the same time is a little shaky. Elliot played fairly slow tunes: I guess this is where the emo comes from.

**Blang** played third and my thinking about them has come full circle. They started out very simply, then began thinking about their music — now they have grown and become better musicians, grasping the ability to write emotionally driven songs without being cheesy. There were, however, too many songs with the phrase "I hate myself." **Blang** just might be the rising star Louisville so desperately needs.

**Hedge** finished out this all-ages show and as usual, got the crowd dancing (beating each other up in the pit) and usually puts on a crowd-pleasing show.

## The Rumers @ Butchertown

The Rumers are a cover band that doesn't play top 40 songs. That trash was going on in one of the other rooms. Instead, they cover songs with merit. Being from Indiana, they of course had to do renditions of **Tom Petty** and **John Cougar**. They also brightened the evening with an original song, also good in its own right. So, if you are in the mood for a cover band and you don't want to hear **Alanis Morissette** or **Mariah Carey**, then check out The Rumers. They play every weekend somewhere in the Louisville metropolitan area.

## The Sock Monkeys @ Twice Told Coffee House

Once again I saw the **Sock Monkeys** and once again they were not a full band. This night offered the **Storm of '96**. In addition, the bass player could not get out of the driveway and the

drummer had a new job. Without the rhythm section, the show became ladies' night on stage. And contrary to **John King's** belief, the Sock Monkeys are not a lesbian band. The Sock Monkeys again and again have proved their worth in the music realm. Even without some of the instruments, they can pull off a decent set.

## Rainbow Girls, Wino, and Kinghorse @ The Toy Tiger

I will never go to the **Toy Tiger** again. This must be the worst place I have ever seen. I believe the Toy Tiger is the gateway to Hell. I have never been so appalled by an establishment. The main stage area is a circular room where the floor-to-ceiling speakers were so overpowering they made my ears hurt even with earplugs. The waitresses were the epitome of class: overweight, sporting very large permed hair,

eyeliner which made them look like they had black eyes, and clothes showing every crease in their asses, all while wearing these buttons with red flashing lights signifying the women as servers. But wait, it gets better. The Disco room is

where they hold the Hot Legs contest, complete with podium and ceiling lights that look like dildos: long black shafts with clear head-shaped tips which had sparkling lights.

Fucked up isn't it? So I guess you want to know about the show. First up was **Rainbow Girls**, and were they a gimmick or what? The screams got old after the fifth one in the first song. Rhythm and this band totally missed each other. They should have stayed in the basement about six months longer. I will give them credit for being better than **Church of Astronauts**. The tossing of the inflated condom was a nice touch (sarcasm) and throwing themselves to the ground and destroying a mic while doing it was very original. I have never seen this done before. (More sarcasm.) **Wino** played second, **Kinghorse** last. After all the atrocities I had endured, the run-in with the really cool punk rocker was the straw which broke the camel's back, so I didn't even get to see Kinghorse play. 🤢

*Our apologies to the Toy Tiger. Sometimes Heather just gets like that, you know? She is currently enrolled at the University of Louisville*

## Linny Simkin's guitar influences



### Curt Anderson

Curt is one of those multi-talented guys who does a little of everything, no, actually, Curt does a lot of everything. He produced my most recent album, alright, as well as the first demo I ever did in 1987. He's a drummer in a band in L.A. now. He and I teamed up as an acoustic duo when I was just starting to write songs. Two acoustic guitars, two big voices. We played 50's and 60's rock and roll songs and my originals loud and fast. He taught me most of the chords I know. I thought barre chords were impossible before I met him. Curt instilled in me his philosophy that if you play with enough enthusiasm, nobody cares if you miss a chord or break a string once in a while.

### Keith Moon

Curt's idol. The chaos and joy in his playing were incredibly exhilarating, even if he didn't always keep the steadiest beat.

### Elvis Presley

OK, by the time he got famous, Elvis' guitar was mostly a prop. But the guy really could play. It was classic acoustic rhythm guitar. Nothing fancy. Just there to add energy to the sound.

### Indigo Girls

They write great songs and they sing great harmonies and their arrangements are tasteful and expressive and full of life. The thing I hate most on the radio today is the proliferation of mousy, waiflike, little girls singing light, airy, pointless songs. They give women singer-songwriters a bad name. Indigo Girls speak with conviction and from a position of strength. I want my songs, my voice, and my guitar playing to do that too.

### The Beatles

Greatest band of all time. I've learned all about chord progressions just by learning to play their songs. Everyone else taught me the rules of chord structure. The Beatles taught me how to break them.

### My Guild F-50

My guitar has big, rich, bassy sound that's perfect for the kind of music I do. It can be sweet and beautiful when I'm doing something quiet, but it can rock out with any Les Paul Telecaster when I need it to.

### The Young Flesh Fellows

Seattle's best band during my formative years there from 1985-89. Witty, unpredictable, sloppy, and most fun band I've ever seen. They taught me that if you're having a great time on stage, the audience probably will too, no matter what happens.

### John Hiatt

Disarmingly honest, genuine and thoroughly charming. You sit through a John Hiatt concert and at the end you feel like you've known him all your life, and that he's a really great guy. The main reason I love John Hiatt is the great songs he writes, but his guitar playing is wonderful too, whether solo acoustic or in a kick-ass rock and roll band.

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#5

by scott ritcher

## God Bless America & Screw the Metric System

Not too long ago, when I was a little boy, we were told that by the year 1980 the entire country would be converted to the metric system. When 1980 rolled around, I was in fifth grade. One day the teacher across the hall brought in a long, thin, flat, strange object. It was aluminum and had numbers on it, but it obviously wasn't a yard stick. I didn't like the looks of it.

Enough time passed that day until the curiosity of the room full of fifth graders could no longer be suppressed. Morgan Moert raised his hand. And since I don't remember exact quotes from fifteen years ago, I'll paraphrase what actually transpired. The teacher, whose name I also can't remember, called on Morgan. And in so many words, he said, "What's that thing?" "It's a meter stick." You could cut the silence with a knife... and still have time to count the gasps and hard swallows. This was our first actual, physical encounter with the much heralded (and horribly feared) "metric system."

At that time, President Carter's goal of having the nation switch to a new system of weights and measures had come and gone. So had he. I tend to think it was a little too thick for the American people to swallow. Especially from a fifth grader's point of view; what

was the point? We were already well on our way to growing up, and we were still trying to remember if there were four pints in a gallon... or was it sixteen ounces in a quart?

After the teacher briefly explained the basic concept of the meter stick, she laid it to rest in the chalk tray of the front blackboard. That's where it had been before, but now it stared and glared at us from its perch. It knew the whole ordeal of complications and pressure it was sent to manifest. It was the menacing example of the lifetime of compromise that lay ahead of us.

As it turns out, everyone reading this knows there's no surprise ending in the story of America's love affair with the metric system. If you've learned anything from watching television all these years, it's that Americans aren't

gonna put up with any bullshit. We don't have the time to learn how to count like a

bunch of foreigners. If they want to buy our shit they're gonna get it in gallons, goddammit.

The fact is that the people of these United States in general are sincerely unwilling to compromise if it means learning something in the process or giving up an archaic, ludicrous system in exchange for one based on logic. But wait. Other than the subliminal inner ring of km/h numbers on your speedometer, and the way all your medicine comes in milligrams, there's one subtle way the metric system seemingly accidentally slipped into the fabric of our society.

In the early eighties, the Cola Wars were being fought with a ferocity that rivaled the Cold War. And in each company's attack scheme of marketing in the battle for more publicity and credibility as the beverage of the day, the 2-liter was

introduced merely as an item of modernization.



Oh yeah! Chris Higdon of Elliott (left) receives a handsome advance from Andy Rich (right) of Initial Records, as Thommy Browne of Enkindel looks on in amazement. This was taken the day after Initial's "Chri\$ma\$" party last month. Both bands will have new records on Initial this year.

It was quite the new thing. And it began a trend of virtually every beverage we love being repackaged into containers that were either plastic or metric-measured.

There are two main questions that this entire discussion brings up. The first of which is the most obvious. That is, why did our country's conversion to the metric system fail miserably except for the measurement of soda beverages? That's easy. Because we wanted more Coke for a cheaper price in a larger container that wouldn't shatter into a million pieces if you dropped it and cut your fingers off when you cleaned it up. Lightweight plastics had developed at the right time just when competition in the soft drink industry was exploding. Some marketing geniuses figured they could double their free publicity if they hopped on both bandwagons at once. So the shatterproof, 2-liter bottle was born. It worked big time. And I remember people talking about it like it was the second coming.

This teaches us a valuable lesson about sales and marketing. If you want something to sell you have to make people want it. The Cola Wars achieved that for the now-standard 2-liter bottle. I mean, sixteen years ago who would've believed that a television network showing 24 hours of commercials could actually succeed. But here we are knowing that MTV and QVC are proving us wrong. If the metric system in general could have been presented in a way that would have made us want it, perhaps today every girl would think she's 8 kilograms overweight, and I would be paying the price for going 14 kmh over the speed limit.

So you see, the metric system didn't succeed anywhere but in 2-liter bottles because nobody really wanted it to. 2-liters were forced on us and became so much a part of our lives that the bottles were more successful than the metric system itself. The unit of measurement, "2 liters," is synonymous with the product it measures. "I just bought a 2-liter." And it seems to be the last vestige and the shining example of why of the metric system failed in America.

We were stubborn and it looks like we got it our way again. It's sixteen years later and we're still driving miles and, for some stupid reason, "lb." still means "pound," and it's still what you weigh. There's really no need for us to learn other languages either, because if people want to talk to us they should speak English in the first place. Steve Martin once said, "Nothing burns me up more than when people don't have the common decency to speak English. It's like those French have a different word for everything." I don't make this shit up. They really do.

Nobody wants to learn how to count again a different way. Nobody wants to compromise their comfortable lifestyle just to fit in with the rest of the world. Why should we have to? We're the United States of America, dammit. We're the world's police. We have more money than any other country in the world (unfortunately we borrowed it). Which brings us to another reason the metric system flopped. Money. The simple cost of converting our road signs would be unreasonably monumental. In Pennsylvania and here in town on the Duane Schneider Freeway, we've all seen why that didn't catch on, not even in a small scale. The kilometer markings are listed with miles in parenthesis. Gee whiz. Why study for a test if the answers are right in front of you?

Maybe it's no surprise that America's response to the metric system was somewhat less than embracing.

The second question all this brings up is whether or not 70°F is twice as hot as 35°F. I tell ya, you could sit around all day and debate why it is or isn't. But I'll go ahead and tell you that 70° is not twice as hot as 35°. I guess the easiest way to explain it is by just stating that the Fahrenheit scale (or the Celcius scale for that matter) is totally arbitrary. 35° is not necessarily an tangible unit of measure. It's just a number assigned to reference the temperature of air, water, or whatever. So while in the measuring of temperature there is a 0°F, there is no absolute zero. That is, unlike distance or weight, there is no fixed starting point.

Maybe an easier way to prove this is to use a metric conversion as an example. 35°F is equal to about 2°C, and 70°F equals about 21°C. And we all know 21 is not twice as much as 2.

If you've read this far, I feel an obligation to divulge that I realize that this entire article hasn't mentioned music in any way whatsoever. I also know that last month's article about my experience graduating Kentucky State Traffic School (for the second time) had nothing to do with music, either. But to tell you the truth, there's not a whole lot going on in the music world that I've felt moved to discuss. There is a swell band called The Loved (or Falafel), and Elliott is new and worth a listen. But I haven't even seen the latter, I've just heard tapes that impressed me.

That's about all for now. Maybe you've learned something through all this. Even if all you learned was that I'm so old remember the dark times before 2-liters. What I wouldn't give to drink a Coke out of a tall, 16-ounce, glass bottle.

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# In Your Ear

by Natalie Fitzgerald

**G**reetings, Louisville. I just moved here from **Michigan** (why? don't ask), and was asked by *Hard Times* to cover the local music scene. I'm dumb as shit and don't know my ass from a good band, but my editor said no one would mind.

## You mean this is it?

Actually, there isn't much of a scene here as far as I can tell. Nobody seems to support this "wonderful" scene about which I've heard so much. No wonder there aren't more shows.

I was told that **Butchertown Pub** (BTP) has some decent shows, and that there was a thing on Tuesdays that had run for years. I drove over there, but only found a bunch of losers with acoustic guitars drinking ice water...some sort of open stage thing. The bartender said, "Come back tomorrow."

I went back on Wednesday (the new Tuesday), and caught the **Mudtown Mafundos** with guest **Tyrone Cotton**. I'd thought that Tyrone was another blues guy, but he & his partner played a surprising hybrid of blues, jazz, and soul...very interesting stuff!!! I hate jazz and dislike most blues, but this is not suburban white bread. The Mudtown Mafundos were highly festive by the way, especially those throw-down tuba solos.

## excuse me officer, i'd like a beer

Next week I went to 1047 Bardstown Road (**the Cherokee**). I heard that it's owned by a cop and run by a crazy guy...doesn't

sound like a very safe place to party. Some **Tasmanian devil-like bundle of nasty** was working the door. He warned me that there was some **Jerry Garcia** tribute band playing, and that I'd be better off staying home reading **Nietzsche**. He was at least half right, so I gave up. He sure was cute though; if I'd have been just a little more buzzed, I might have grabbed his nuts to say "hi" to him.

## things always look better at the 'Tiger

Still searching for something good to do, I braved the **Toy Tiger** for an \$5 all ages show on Sunday, Jan. 14th with **Kinghorse, Wino,** and the **Rainbow Girls**. I had my reservations since I heard the 'Tiger is a metal bar, but it was crawling with forlorn-looking-idie-rock-short-hairs. No **spandex** in sight!



"Uhh, excuse me, Mr. Abromavage, sir, uh, could you repeat that last riff?"

## radio free louisville?

Listening to the radio on the way home, I caught this lame-ass show on **105.9** called **Love Line** or something. It seems to me it's a show by and for boys who have never had a woman, and obviously wouldn't know what to do if they did. And that's not even the worst part of their programming. Is this another instance of **corporate radio jerks** hiring **poseurs** from the **cover band scene** 'cuz they think that they're popular? And making them the authorities on underground rock? No wonder a **Christian station** ranked higher in the recent radio ratings.

I got caught up in this dance contest in the back room of the bar, so I actually wound up missing most of the show. The sound was excellent for what I did witness on trips to the bar, and everybody was in high gear. The security guys were even surprisingly cool... I'd heard that some big riot was expected, but every one was on good behavior. A broken mic was the only casualty.

## hai! sony-sama!

I flew out to **California** to escape the doldrums for a week, and wound up at the **NAMM** (*North American Music Merchants*)

conference in **Anaheim**. This is where **Gibson, Fender, Paiste, JBL**, and everybody that makes, sells, or has anything at all to do with music equipment meet to show off their new gear and stay plastered for a weekend. It should have been called **JAPANAMM**, as fully one-third of the registrants were from **Shonen Knife-land**. The entertainment wasn't bad... **Eddie Van Halen** did a **Gibson** demo, and **Mojo Nixon** was singing atop a counter with guitar and **Budweiser** in hand courtesy **Dean Markley** strings. There were acres of drums, amps, boards, guitars — everything. It was overwhelming.

**Anaheim** was the pits though. Aside from **Disneyland**, it is a wasteland of doughnut shops and family restaurants. It truly makes **Shively** look like **St. James Court**. No wonder **Orange County** is going bankrupt.

Having a few free days and unlimited free mileage on the rental car, I drove up to **San Francisco**. There's an awesome-looking place along the way on Hwy. 101 called **The Madonna Inn**. It looked like a **mini-Disneyland**. I couldn't stop in however, being in a hurry to meet with a booking agent friend. We went to see **Testament** (one of my friend's clients) that night at the **Trocadero Transfer**, an 1100 capacity venue on 4th Street. **Hetch Hetchy** (still around for no good reason at all) opened and sucked royally. **Testament** has seen better days career-wise, but still rented a tour bus for just five

dates, in their home state nonetheless. These business wizards spent five grand on a bus when they were only grossing fifteen for the whole "tour." Their friends were impressed though.



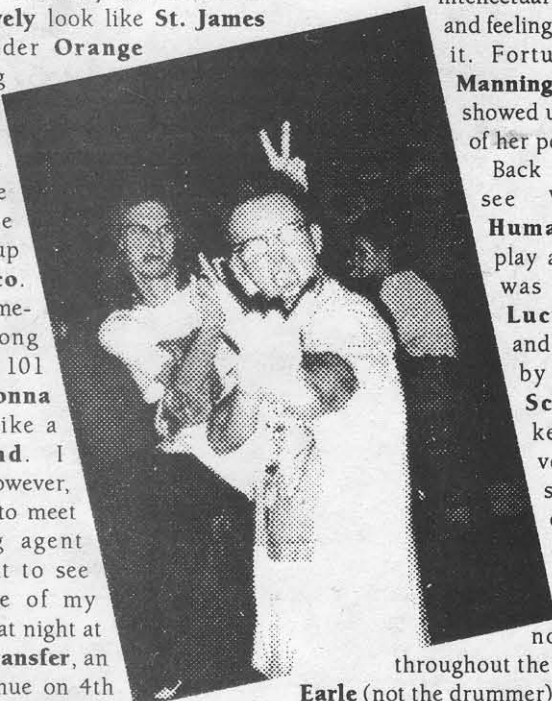
### more la-la land

The next night I hooked up with **Robert Nedilkof**, a Louisvillian who's going to law school out there. Robert used to do shows in a barn in Indiana back in the early days of the local punk scene (circa **Babylon Dance Band**). He's now

lodging in **Monterey** while wrapping up his law degree. He plans on moving to Orange County to do bankruptcy suits. Robert took me to a hipster birthday party in the mission district. I was the only one there without intellectual-looking eyeglasses, and feeling a bit nervous about it. Fortunately, **Barbara Manning** of the **S.F. Seals** showed up and shared some of her pot.

Back in L.A., I went to see **Walter Salas-Humara** of **The Silos** play at **Luna Park**. He was opening for **Lucinda Williams**, and was accompanied by **Caitlin Von Schmidt** on keyboards and vocals. The set was sounding sweet except for the **Roto Rooter** flunkies working upstairs — a strange bat-like noise proliferated throughout the set. Bad boy **Steve**

**Earle** (not the drummer) was there. I almost didn't recognize him as he'd gained a lot of weight since dropping the heroin habit.



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punk, garage, hardcore, indie rock, whatever

continued on page 24

ear. . . continued from page 23

**on the local front**

**Butchertown Pub** has a few interesting shows coming in February. I'm gonna go see **Brian McMahan's** new band, **The For Carnation** on Sat., Feb. 10 (with **Flat Duo Jets**, **Nothing**, **Duke Boys**, and **Java Men** too); but I want to catch **Son Volt** at **Phoenix Hill** that same night too. **The Ass Ponys** with **Throneberry** are on Valentine's day, and **Jeffrey Lee Puckett's** favorite new band, **Jolene** (ex-Veldt, **Hardsoul Poets**, **Johnny Quest**), are opening for **King Kong** and **Scarce** on the 28th.

**Good Luck Stuart!**

Word has it that **BTP** is changing the format for weeknights soon, as longtime cool manager **Stuart Neff** is retiring to write his book. The pub is buying a P.A. and having house (DJ) music instead of live indie touring bands. This means yet one more club will cater to lameness after March. Somebody please get a real club going here...this is embarrassing! 🙄

*Natalie Fitzgerald is a phone sex operator and works part-time at several of the local-area escort agencies. She lives in Louisville.*

bands. . . continued from page 14

radio, and the local all ages bands lack the "super-groups" of just a few years ago. Big turn-outs are rare...going to shows is just not "in vogue" anymore...."

**Billy Barriger:**

"People are getting tired of big venues.... it's all going back to the small shows. Nobody wants to see bands like *Soul Asylum* in a big arena. That's why I booked *John Hiatt* and *Son Volt* into *Phoenix Hill*.


"Louisville is a small market so many local bands never reach a level of success high enough to keep 'em working.

"And nobody is managing the kiddie bands in the right way. Somebody ought to scoop up all the bands (like *Enkindel* and *Guilt*, start a new roster, and push the hell out of them. All it takes is one *Offspring* or *Hootie* and you can retire at 29. Shit, I know a guy who did just that with *Stone Temple Pilots*.

"Money? Fuck, I'm broke. Everybody gets in free and the artist makes all the money. Percentage points are shit. *Pearl Jam* gets a guarantee of \$125,000 a date, and they take 85% of the door. The venue takes their bite. I make \$180. That ain't rent.

"Agent's try to be cool, but they're on a budget. They're not out there to put me out of business, they just want to position their talent. But they got a nut like everybody else. Roadies, equipment, travel expenses, and the bands are like whores...they want their money.

"It's gonna take reinventing the business, but I think it'll go back to the way it used to be. And that's good for the listener. It can only get better. It couldn't get any worse." 🙄



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Waffle & Cheese	4.05	Pancake Waffle	3.00
		Waffle	2.50

Special Orange Juice portion 30¢  
 (Served with 20¢ Orange Juice)

### "Make it SPAM!"



Waffle, 2 Eggs, Bacon & Orange Juice ..... 5.40

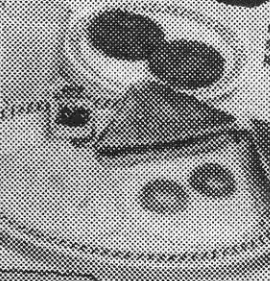
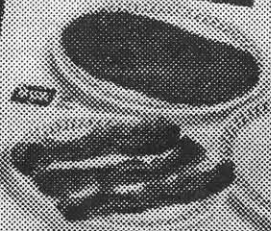


Minute Maid  
 Orange Juice  
 8oz. 100% OJ ..... 1.50  
 Regular ..... .75



World's leading server of Spam

## EGGS



Served with French Jelly, Syrup & Orange Juice

Scrambled 6-7 Eggs	4.10	4 Eggs	3.75
Scrambled 4-5 Eggs	4.10	3 Eggs	2.95
Hard 4-5 Eggs	4.30	2 Eggs	2.95
		1 Egg	2.15

Special Orange Juice portion 30¢  
 (Served with 20¢ Orange Juice)



Waffle 'n' Eggs with Orange Juice & Orange Juice ..... 4.75

## STEAK & EGGS



STEAK & EGGS ..... 4.75

"KING SIZE"  
 10oz. 10oz. 10oz.  
 10oz. 10oz. 10oz.

World's leading server of Cheese 'n' Eggs, French Toast, Pancakes and Apple Juice



## OMELITS



Here's Great Cheese Omelet & Sausage ..... 5.75

Waffle & Cheese Omelet	4.25
Hard Omelet	3.25
French Omelet	3.25
Soft Omelet	3.25

**\$13.00 Prime Cuts in Gravy**

Prime Rib  
 Prime Rib  
 Prime Rib

Beef, Egg & Cheese Sandwich ..... 5.05

Steak	2.00	Waffle & Egg	2.50
Chick'n	2.00	Waffle & Bacon	2.50
Chicken	2.25	Waffle & Cheese	2.50
Waffle & Cheese	2.25	Waffle & Bacon	2.50
Waffle & Egg	2.25	Waffle & Cheese	2.50

## LA FRIJO CHASBROWNS

6 Different Ways...  
 GOLDEN BROWN 1.00  
 Large ..... 1.75

By The Way SCATTERED ..... 2.00

COVERED w/ ONIONS	2.00
COVERED w/ CHEESE	2.00
CRUNKED w/ Bacon & Cheese	2.00
TOPPED w/ CHEESE	2.00
DREZ w/ Bacon & TOMATOES	2.00

SCATTERED, SMOTHERED, COVERED, CRUNKED, TOPPED & DREZ ..... 2.25  
 at Extra for Our Delicious Combination!

**Kid's Menu**

Chicken Cheese	1.00
Macaroni	1.00
Spaghetti	1.00
French Fry	1.00
Soft Drink	1.00

**Special Value for Kids 10 & Under**

French Fry	1.00
Soft Drink	1.00
Ice Cream	1.00

**SIDE ORDERS**

Waffle	2.50
Egg	2.50
Bacon	2.50
Cheese	2.50

**Kozy Kitten**

12oz. 12oz. 12oz.

**BEVERAGES**

Soft Drink	1.00
Ice Cream	1.00
Hot Chocolate	1.00

# HAVING TROUBLE FINDING A HARD TIME?



If the above doesn't work, try these places: EAR X-TACY, HAWLEY-COOKE, THE ZONE, DISC JOCKEY RECORDS, HMV RECORDS, NATIONAL RECORD MART, BRISTOL BAR & GRILLE, JAKE & ELWOODS BLUES CLUB, BLUE MOON RECORDS, AIR DEVILS INN, SYD'S BAGELS, THE MUSIC BOX, THE VOGUE THEATER, CORNER POCKET PUB, JOE'S PLACE, BLUEGRASS BREWING COMPANY, DUTCH'S TAVERN, THE CHEROKEE, THE GOLDEN NUGGET, PEP-TAB, K.T.'S, CL'S LOUNGE, LEO (ask for Joe), THE LONG SHOT TAVERN, CLIFTON'S PIZZA, GENNY'S DINER, HEINE BROS. COFFEE, CRESCENT HILL WINE COMPANY, THE IRISH ROVER, J.K.'S CORNER GRILL, KEN'S RECORDS, ARTSWATCH, SKATE STATION, ROADRUNNER VIDEO, TATTOO CHARLIES, SPARKS, STEVIE RAY'S, JOCKAMO'S, CITY CAFE, JAKE'S CLUB RENO, INLINE SKATES, THE FLASHBACK, U OF L BOOKSTORE, THE MAGNOLIA BAR & GRILL, BAMBI BAR & GRILL, THE GREAT ESCAPE, ELECTRIC LADYLAND, GROUND ZERO, BETTER DAYS RECORDS, TWICE-TOLD BOOKSTORE, PRO-QUALITY SKATES, K'S FOOD MART, GILLIGAN'S, UNDERGROUND RECORDS, SYD'S BAGELS, AVALON CLOTHING STORE, VIDEO VAULT, DOO WOP SHOP, ONLINE INTERNET CAFE, GUITAR EMPORIUM, DEDDEN'S HIGHLAND FLING, STONE MOUNTAIN, ALLEY THEATRE, THE BACK DOOR, COMEDY CARAVAN, WICK'S PUB, SHENNANIGAN'S, THE BARRET BAR, O'SHEA'S, THE BREWERY, SPRING STREET TAVERN, BUTCHERTOWN PUB, and even THE OUTLOOK INN

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### Media Sharks

The sharks were there, of course, but you had to know where to look. I bumped into Barry Bingham Jr., as he rushed full tilt from Ms. Metcalfe's presentation. He had a Snidely Whiplash look about him as he hunched away from the seminar, twirling his mustache, cursing the new multi-media monster rolling down upon him with the trademark "foiled again!"

### Is Everyone As Stupid As Me?

The highlight of the exhibition was a brief conversation I had with a nice lady from Sager Bell, Inc., a locally-based marketing firm. I forget her name, but she was probably in her mid-fifties, and excited as hell about the web page her company had up. And more importantly, her machine was hooked directly to the Internet. She would have none of my faux-Chaz mock-ups. Her attention was geared directly towards her own home page. She was especially proud of her HTML prowess, as she had constructed most of the page herself.

It seemed important somehow. The majority of the talent that is used on these new media ventures is primarily (with the exemption of Ms. Lawler) the young, goateed and glasses gen-Xer you would expect.

### Look Mr. Bingham, It's Porno!

One of the few booths that actually had direct Internet access (besides Sager-Bell) was the Klier Communications booth. Klier, one of the main sponsors of the event had set up a nice little "virtual" cafe, complete with a fake-diner counter. A Macintosh Power PC was humming away on the counter, and I approached it warily, wanting to show off my net savvy to the gathered crowd. As I tapped away on the keys, one of Kliers representatives rushed to my elbow: "Hey," she said, "That's really not what that's (the computer) for." she screeched.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, it's supposed to be demo-ing our site...not yours..."

I had arrived at the search engine installed on the *Hard Times* site, and turned to face her.

"What's your name?" I asked the woman, "I'll look up your site..."

"You've already seen my site..." she replied.

"No," I responded, "I mean your personal home page, don't you have one?"

"No," she grimaced, "I don't see the point in having a page myself..."

I'll admit this seemed rather a strange response from a woman hawking the www to

her clients. I think she realized her mistake, because she immediately went on the defensive.

"Maybe you'd just better stop "playing" on that machine." She said, her eyes narrowing to slits, her hands clawing for the mouse.

"Sure," I said, backing away while my fingers flew over the keyboard. I tapped in the address of a particular pic I had run across in my web crawling, what they refer to in the pornography industry as a "money shot," or "facial."

"Aiyeee!" I screamed, stepping back from the monitor, "Look! It's that filth on the Internet you've read so much about!"

The Klier woman was cursing under her breath as she fumbled for the button that would make the gruesome photo go away. The assembled mass of 40-50 something advertising execs sweating in their *Brooks Brothers* suits crushed forward, hoping to get a glimpse of the "real" Internet.

### Black Thursday

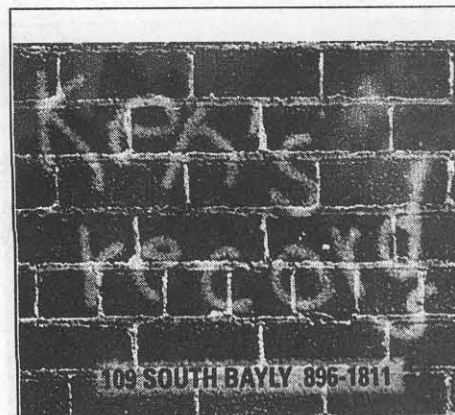
The CommTech show ended just 24 hours before "Black Thursday," the day Congress passed the Telecoin bill, which will *deregulate* the huge cable and telephone industries and *regulate* the small, fledgling Internet industry.

This bill will effectively "dumb down" the Internet to the level of a six-year-old child. Unfortunately, the specific wording of the law concerns "indecentcy" and not "obscenity." Instead of going after child pornographers and bestiality fetishers, this language is geared to make it illegal to say *anything* that might "offend" a small child.


Immediately after the bill's passage, Louis Rossetto, editor and publisher of *Wired*, posted an op-ed piece decrying the bill on *HotWired*'s site that included the words "fuck, piss and shit" in the headline. These words alone constitute "indecentcy," and would result in the imprisonment of Mr. Rossetto and his Internet Provider. Are you following me here? This law will make it the responsibility of every Internet Provider to censor their client's web pages. In effect, it would be the same as holding AT&T responsible for obscene phone callers... or the U.S. Post office responsible for the content of every letter they deliver.

Netizens have responded by changing their web page backgrounds to the color black to symbolize the death of free speech on the Internet.

continued on page 28



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infobahn. . . cont. from page 27

### Electronic Frontier Foundation or How Can We Help You Guys Take Away Our Rights?

In the February issue of *Wired*, the digirati-lifestyle overlords admitted they had been duped by the Washington spin doctors into actually helping the telecom bill pass. Instead of opposing the bill from the beginning, the EFF (a non-profit organization whose board of directors consists of many of the writers and editors at *Wired*) decided it would be more "pro-active" to help the legislators draft the bill with wording that would be more beneficial to net users. At the last moment, two of the Congressmen that had agreed to help the EFF changed their votes and ushered the bill through. The EFF was dumbfounded. How could these politicians lie to them? Sure, these cyber-geniuses are smart, but their political savvy is just this side of Eugene McCarthy.

It's refreshing to see a magazine like *Wired* admit they fucked up, as well as watch them fund vitriolic sites like *Such*. Sure, these computer geeks are naive, but at least they are marginally honest. What's sickening is watching the rich lawyers in the U.S. Congress wipe their asses with the U.S. Constitution by making laws governing a technology they simply don't understand. The fact of the matter is, no one understands where the infobahn is going, especially not the self-styled "experts" who live on the proceeds of advertising from companies like Packard Bell and Microsoft.

### It's Called An "Off-Switch," Asshole

Bottom line on all this censorship legislation can be summed up by looking at the controversial "V-Chip," the \$200 add-on to televisions that replaces the "on-off" switch. This legislation would force TV set manufacturers to add a microchip that can be programmed to disallow certain shows to be accessed by children.

Frankly, I don't know many people who can program a VCR, much less a V-chip-equipped television. A \$29 deadbolt lock on the door to your TV room would just as effectively keep your child away from the dangerous violence broadcast daily on *Power Rangers*. But this would leave the responsibility of rearing the child in the deadly hands of the parents...instead of the safe hands of the government.

### I Love You, You Love Me, We're One Happy Family

What can you do? Nothing. Well, you could try writing your Congressman, or maybe giving him a call, but the fact of the matter is the net will be censored one way or another. The U.S. government is not about to let people do or say what they want, not unless they are getting the biggest piece of the pie, and the large firms which create web content will be more than happy to pony up large license fees as long as it allows them to remain in control of the new "medium." The exorbitant regulations, production expenses and pack of lawyers required to navigate these laws will make sure all media resources (TV, Newspapers, Radio, the Internet) remain in control of rich corporations like *Time-Warner* and nice-guys like Rupert Murdoch and Ted Turner, who feed us the editorial copy that sways the general public into backing more legislation that is good for them, bad for us. Good for the Advertiser, bad for the Consumer. Good for the Masses, bad for the Individual. Good for Barney, bad for you. ☹

Darrell Ray Elmore is editor & publisher of *Hard Times*. He also writes for *Louisville Music News* and the *Louisville Eccentric Observer*.

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**Electronic Frontier Foundation**  
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# BULLSHIT & WEIRDNESS

by Jeff Dentinger



## You said it, not me

"If you see people start to slam into each other and wrestle while you're on stage, it's because you stink." — Musical genius **David Lee Roth**, on moshing, as quoted in *CMJ New Music Monthly*.

## I'd vote for him

"The first time we filmed in the Oval Office set I didn't feel quite comfortable. But as time went on, I couldn't wait to shoot those scenes. By the second week I was vetoing bills." — **Michael Douglas** talking to *Entertainment Weekly* about the making of his new film, *The American President*.

## Yeah, me too

"Given its title, the movie could easily be a documentary on the college days of Bill Clinton." — *The New Yorker* columnist **Anthony Lane** in a review of the new **Whitney Houston** movie, *Waiting to Exhale*.

## Either him or Al Pacino

"I don't know. Maybe we should ask Batman." — **Robert DeNiro** giving **Val Kilmer** shit about his previous role as the **Caped Crusader** on the set of the new movie *Heat*, as quoted in *Entertainment Weekly*.

## Jumpin' Jack Flash

"Adaptation and new words M. Jagger/K. Richards." — Liner notes in the **Rolling Stones** new album, *Stripped*, about the song "Love In Vain." The number of new words that are actually different from Robert Johnson's original are three: "but," "true" and "baby."

## Where was the gerbil?

"Obviously he'd been indulging in kinky sex, something had gone wrong, and he had been left. With an orange in his mouth! It was so bizarre and funny, like a bad joke." — **Sonya Aurora-Madan**, singer of the band

**Echobelly**, on the inspiration behind the song "Pantynose and Roses." The man with the orange had been a military policeman in England and had been found, along with offending fruit, with a pair of pantyhose wrapped around his neck, as quoted in *CMJ New Music Monthly*.

## You said it, not me

"Apparently there was an unauthorized Michael Jordan biography coming out with the same name." — **Howard Stern's** publicist Hayley Sumner on why Mr. Congeniality's new book, *Miss America*, was not titled *The Second Coming*, as quoted in *CMJ New Music Monthly*.

## 'Zine of the Month

*Science Geek*, a 'zine from Trenton, New Jersey high school science teacher **Doug Larkin** focuses mostly on indie-pop, but mixes it with other fun subjects. In *Geek*, one can read about SF Seals leading lady **Barbara Manning** as well as a New Zealand record review section. But there are also cool articles on fractals, chaos, superconductors, "A Tour of the Electromagnetic Spectrum," and "Why I Hate Mercury." Larkin says he publishes the 'zine to help you understand the world around you, so listen up, pal: science is fun. To get your very own copy of *Science Geek*, stick three bucks in an envelope and send it to P.O. Box 8641, Trenton, NJ 08650. ☺

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by Bill Poynter

# The End



**This man is:**

- a. goofy
- b. silly
- c. ready for "Sparks"



**This is:**

- a. an audition for the new "Godzilla" movie
- b. Kermit on steroids
- c. How Michael Jackson scores

**These people are:**

- a. enjoying the festivities
- b. ready to "party down"
- c. extras in "New Years of the Living Dead"



everybody's afraid of:

# photo quiz!



**This man is preparing to:**

- a. pop a cork
- b. cork a pop
- c. pop and cork your daughter



**This man is:**

- a. wearing Calvin Klein underwear
- b. wearing Calvin Klein underwear
- c. wearing Calvin Klein underwear



**These girls are:**

- a. sassy
- b. stylin'
- c. virgins



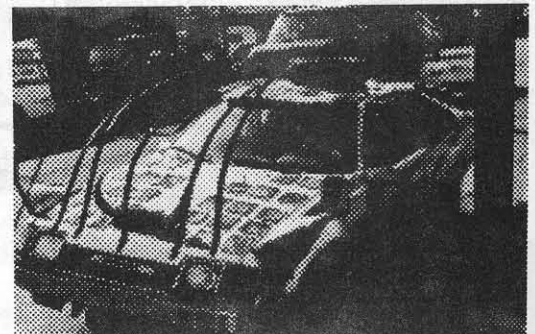
**This man has a:**

- a. drinking problem
- b. problem drinking
- c. drink, no problem!



**This man is:**

- a. "yer Backdoor man, yeah..."
- b. a bouncer
- c. no fun at 3:45 am



**This is:**

- a. Mad Max's old car
- b. fun to drive
- c. a bitch to get through the car wash

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