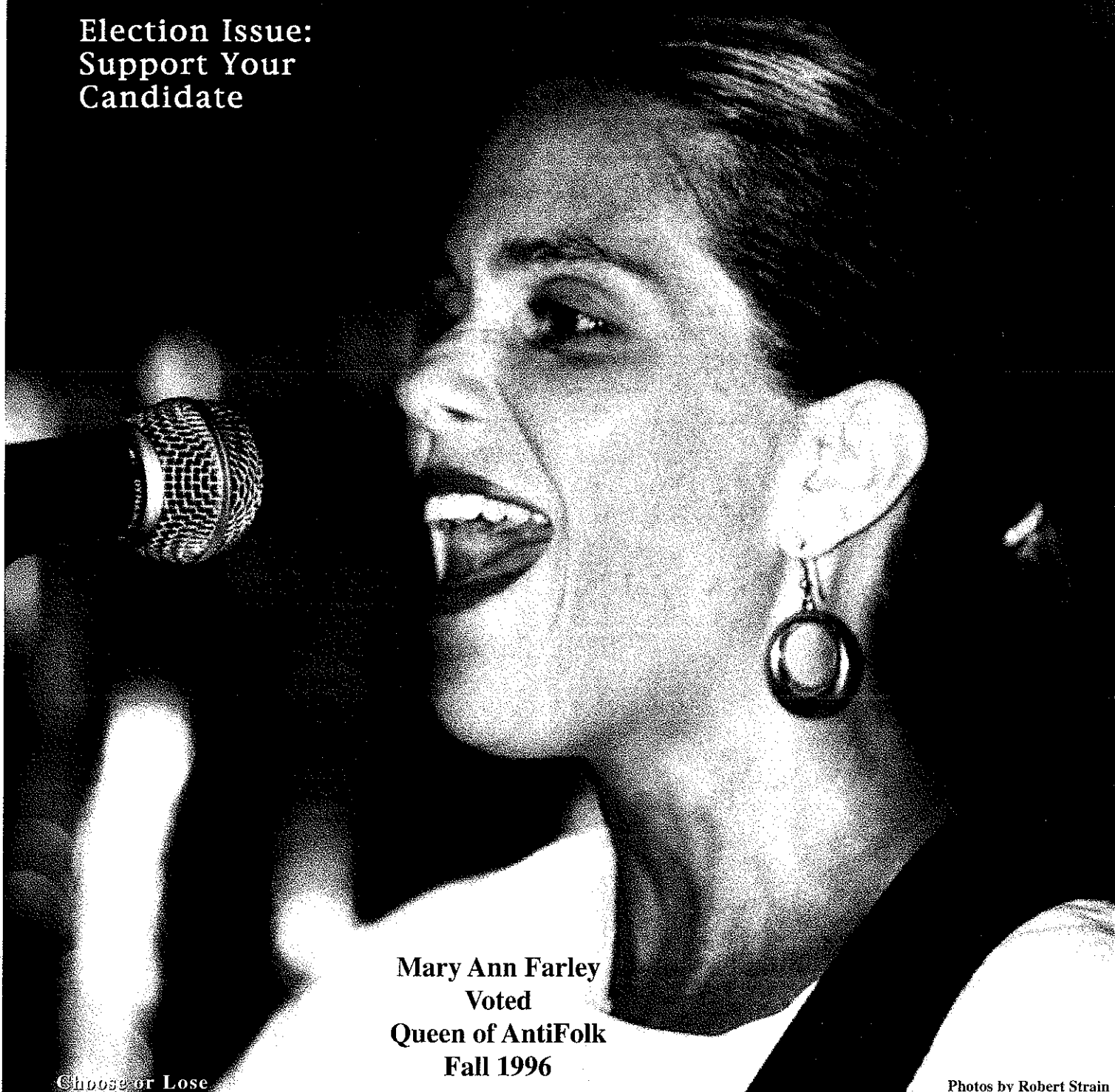


AntiMatters

Special October 1996 Issue

Election Issue:
Support Your
Candidate



Mary Ann Farley
Voted
Queen of AntiFolk
Fall 1996

Choose or Lose

Photos by Robert Strain

A handwritten signature in the bottom right corner, likely belonging to Robert Strain, the photographer mentioned in the text above it.

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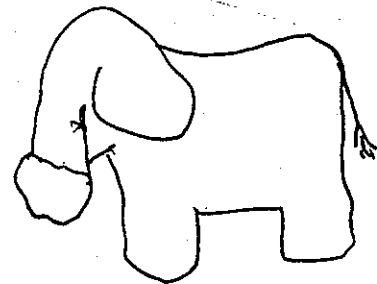
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Contributions, demos,
suggestions, and submissions
accepted. Donations, too, and
sexual favors (not over the
internet, though!).



FYI: AntiMatters can now be
reached through E-mail at Uncle
Folk@AOL.Com. Note the space
between Uncle and Folk. It
represents the space between
innocence and contempt.

Newsflash!

Sin-é No More

Noah Bighline

Sin-é cafe is gone. Finito. According to sources, the bastards who took it over last year never paid their bills. They just hoarded all the money until the electricity was turned off, then they up and moved back to Lebanon taking their ill-gotten gains with them. That is also why there is no more Alcatraz or Rumples.

Though they were probably caught off-guard, the booking agents for Sin-é left alot of acts out in the cold. Many performers had no idea their gigs were canceled until they showed up at a locked club. The Fort tried to squeeze these performers into the schedule as best it could.

We at The Fort are sad to see Sin-é close. True, we had a different way of approaching acoustic music and of operating, but Sin-é was a great place for many musicians to perform. We hope the crew at Sin-é find a new home soon.

In the meantime, See Ya At The Fort!

AntiMatters

Volume II
Issue 10 - October, 1996
A Revolutionary Remix
(by the people who brought you
AntiMatters)

- 1 - "57 Channels (And Nothin' On)," Bruce Springsteen, Lucky Town, (Columbia) 1992
- 2 - "Me and Bobbie McGee," Kris Kristopherson, Greatest Hits, (Old Records) 1978
- 3 - "Egg on Drugs," Brenda Kahn, Goldfish Don't Talk Back (Community 3 Records) 1990
- 4 - Jif is a sponsor of AntiFolk⁵.
- 5 - AntiFolk is a sponsor of JifTM.

Report From The Fort

by Lach

Saturday Sept.28,1996

Welcome to the first installment of The Report. The idea is for me to write a brief entry each night upon my return from The Fort. I feel like Doogie Howser.

Tonight was a great night and a highly successful one for our new Queen of Antifolk (Autumn, 96), Mary Ann Farley. The night began at 6p.m. with an art show featuring Mary Ann's drawings culled from her new C.D.. One picture was already sold earlier in the week to a local patron who fell in love with one of the pieces. It is a nice feeling to encourage "average folk" to purchase artwork. There resides a warm glow in their faces when they part with money for something other than the regular, weekly corporate possessions. Ah, the unfathomable soul.

Anyway, Mary Ann debuted her new band at the club and they were excellent. I think the new C.D. (it was a C.D. release party) is great and ready for airplay. I hope someone reviews it as it is one of the best C.D.s to come out of the scene.

Mike Rimbaud played next and it was his best set yet with his band The Subway Sun. Mike has been on The Fort scene for years and has found success in Europe with a few album releases over there (one of which was produced by Elliot Murphy). He has not been able to build a true following here yet but I think this new band can do it for him. He performed "King of Staten Island" a song he cowrote with Brenda Kahn.

Bill Popp and the Tapes were up next and were their usual entertaining pop selves.

Homer Erotic was next. I can't say enough good things about this band. I think they are one of the treasures of The East Village scene. They are poetic, rhythmic, melodic, smart and sexy. Six Women and one man playing congas, violin, guitar and bass plus they all sing! They have concocted a unique group and I hope they stay together and play The Fort more often.

Finally, The Wilma Quartet. A Jazz group. These guys are good but I was zonked by this point and left just as they were setting up.

All in all, a night to remember.

Monday Sept.30,1996

The Antihoot was not that crowded tonight. There were a few highlights. A strange performance by a guy named Zak. Dressed in grey, striped bellbottoms and a paisley shirt, Zak, played electric guitar off to the side of the stage for about four minutes. A sort of garage rock rhythm. Then, he sidled up to the mike and shouted "Yeah!". The crowd went nuts.

Good performances by Mr. Scarecrow (T.V. News), Dan Emery (another love gone wrong song), Karen Davis, The Humans, Rachel Spark (Billy Holiday's "My Man" and her own "Mercury in Retrograde") and Aki (the current King Of Antifolk). Annie Hawkins and Dan Zweben were offered gigs.

The night ended by 1 a.m. with me, Russell and Howie Zow jamming on T.Rex's "Life's a Gas" and Eno's "I'll Come Running".

Wed.Oct.2

I arrived late because I was in rehearsal with The Sextet Offensive for the reunion show this Friday. I came in on

Karen Davis' last song with Mr. Scarecrow doing his rockstar guitar leads. GoldenCarillo were next. Annie Golden used to be in The Shirts, an influential band out of CBGB's heyday. She also played Cliff Claven's fiance in Cheers! Anyway, the duo had a fine set interweaving Frank Carillo's tasty guitar playing with Annie's theatrical singing style. Next up was Fur Dixon with her full band. Unfortunately, there was a sparse house but Fur played a great set. Her band is just right for her, especially, with Josh on lead guitar. Between Josh and Mr. Scarecrow The Fort is going to lose it's hard-fought reputation of being the home for techniqueless guitarists! Speaking of which, the Antihoot C.D. got a great review in the new issue of Guitar Player magazine, whatta trip! They commented on the scene's "aggro-strumming style"! Mark Johnson was at Fur's show so the level of songwriting talent in the club last night was pretty damn high.



FUR DIXON

Thurs.Oct.3

I arrived late again to find Mr. Scarecrow onstage. This time he was fronting his own band and playing a cover of my song "I Love America (but she don't love me)". It is one of my favorite experiences to hear someone cover one of my songs. To hear the song outside of my own head without me playing on it is miraculous. I mean, where does a song come from? What is it? I'll be hanging out, minding my own business, when all of a sudden I just write a song. The best ones are usually written from the top of the page down with no corrections or editing necessary. Then, I pick up the



Mr. Scarecrow at Christmas

guitar and the music occurs. But where did it begin. as thought? And what was there just before the thought? And what the fuck is thought, anyway? So, to go from that metaphysical conundrum to having an actual song, to hearing another human being perform this nothingness is just remarkable.

I played a set after Mr. Scarecrow and I played mostly love songs. Seeing as I am now playing at the club every Thursday night, I am trying to include different songs each week for those people who seem to come to all my shows (God bless them all!) Tonight's set felt good and I wore a big, black cowboy hat for the whole set. I am country.

Heather Eatman played next and was her usual pro self. She is a fine songwriter and I appreciate her sense of theater and dedication to her craft. The kid is going to "make it".

Last up tonight was Matt Keating with Chris Erikson on backing guitar and vocals. Matt is another ace songwriter and a fine way to end a night of such strong talent.

You can go to The Bottom Line's songwriter circles and pay \$20 to see a cool crew or you can hit one of The Fort's Thursday nights and see the best young writers of N.Y.C. for free. Well, a one drink minimum.

And that end's one man's opinion for tonight.

Fri.Oct.4

What a night! Whew. It was the Anne Husick Libra Birthday Bash. The night started at 6 p.m. for me. I had to set sound for The Sextet Offensive's sound check. You know, Ricky Byrd is right when he says, "No band, no headache."

Dealing with four musicians all yelling at the same time about how they can't hear themselves is cruel and, unfortunately, the usual punishment. The hour we are actually on stage performing is great, but what it takes to get there is a real drag. I'm sure other people in bands know the drill.

Bill Popp opened the night wearing his Liberace meets Bon Scott outfit. He played solo piano with kazoo. I told Gene (of Gene and Mimi) that Bill writes songs that would have been #12 on the charts in the 60's. Gene said that that is what makes Bill cool.

Gene and Mimi were next and played a great set. I am looking forward to their upcoming shows.

The Sextet was next and it was a blast. Anne broke a string and Andy started a bodiddly beat to kill time. Chuck did a slide thing to it and I went into "Not Fade Away". We kicked out about half the song and then ended on an E chord. I chimed out "She's in love with the Rock and Roll world!" from The Clash's "Janie Jones" and the band followed me right in and we played the song straight through as if we knew it. We've never played that song before. Pretty cool. I'd say it was an A-1 set!

Well, the next three groups, Shameless, Little Shining Man and Lenny Molotov, all played fine sets. I was busy running the club so I can't give a real detailed report.

Marc Ribot (guitarist for Tom Waits etc.) was there and asked if he could play the club this weekend. I invited him down to play at midnight on Sunday.

It is now 3a.m. and I am one sleepy soundman.

Sat.Oct.12

Another cool night at The Fort. Mike Rechner, voted best Heavy Metal Folk Guitarist by The NY Press, opened with a great set. He matches deconstructed folk chords with wry lyrics into a pure Antifolk sound. Charles Herold followed with Little Oscar on Irish Drum and his wife, Debbie, on violin. This was a good combo for Herold's funny and intelligent songs.

Gene and Mimi's set was highlighted by one of my favorite songs of theirs "Mr. What's His Name." They also did a tribute to their drummer, Andy, who is getting married this week. Andy was also the drummer in my band, The Sextet Offensive. Good Luck Andy!

Smooth Henry played followed by George Gilmore and Red Velvet Room, all of whom played good-rocking, well-received sets.

That's it for now. See you at The Fort!



FREE TO CHOOSE

An alternative Open Mic.



"It was really cool."

Gary 7, early East Village player and longtime veteran of the AntiHoot, is taking a break from running his own open mic, the Psycho Acoustic Acid Test 7, a sound man by trade, spoke of his experience trying to set up an alternative to the AntiHoot, another open mic in the teeming city. There are 8 millions stories in this tiny town. This may very well be one of them.

"I used to work at the Palladium," Gary 7 explained, "Doing monitor mixing for a couple of years, and I met Brian Peters there. He approached me on the sidewalk, couple of years back. Peter had become a manager at Ludlow Street Cafe. He wanted me to run an open mic poetry reading there. I was busy at the time, wasn't into it, and I declined."

"But then, I ran into him again, much later, and he made the same offer. He wanted me to run a poetry open mic on Mondays. He didn't remember, I guess, that I also do music more than poetry."

"I said, 'How about music AND poetry on Sundays?' He said 'Let's talk.'"

There have been complaints for years about how Ludlow dealt with it's live acts, but Gary went in with an open mind, and organized his own weekend acoustic open venue.

"I wanted **another** option to play, and on **another** night. Lach has got a great thing going at the Sidewalk, and I didn't want to compete with it. But there's no reason we can't have other place to play."

On Sunday, February 18, "I started doing Sunday nights there at Ludlow Street. It turned into a really cool thing for a while. I called it the Psycho Acoustic Acid Test. I promoted it, the bar promoted it, and it drew people in I didn't expect."

Artists such as Alice Texas, Strange Rain, I Smiley, Estelle, Box of Crayons, John Penn, Mike Rechner, and Supple would come down regularly to Ludlow Street, to perform their songs on a different night. A community was forming. Gary 7 strove to make it special, actively MCing the proceedings, not just throwing people on-stage. Using

the Fort's AntiHoot as a model, he encouraged people to hang out "— And have fun!"

"I urged artists to tell other people about it, and listen to each other."

It seemed to work.

"Yeah, it was turning into a really cool scene, but then it went haywire on the business end. They were selling the bar. I don't know what happened to Brian, but a new manager made all these changes. They turned the whole place into a lounge with no live acts."

The Acid Test's days were clearly numbered at Ludlow Street, to zero.

"So I started looking for a new club, and Collective Unconscious said, 'Sure! Come on.'"

The timing was almost perfect. Without missing a beat, The Psycho Acoustic Acid Test moved by that Sunday from Ludlow to Collective Unconscious just down the street.

"But it was a whole different vibe. They were charging me, so I had to charge people to come in."

This created obvious constraints for the clientele. It's hard to develop an open space for players which stops the poor at the door. Gary wasn't pleased. He closed it after two weeks.

"Since then, I started kicking around, looking for a new place."

He doesn't want to jinx it, but Gary's gotten bites from other East Village clubs. He wants to continue offering alternatives for free music, "A place to go in addition to the Sidewalk."

However, Gary 7's clearly had mixed experiences in his process of scene-starting. While he did meet up with his bassist Craig Gordon (the Heathens, Redneck, Strange Rain) there, he's not totally pleased by all that's happened. He still plays as his Fall November 21 date attests, but he's done, for now, with running a show. Still, he doesn't sound exceptionally bitter when he says, "It's in a kind of open hiatus right now."

Recorded by Henry van Okopo

WAITRESS REPORT

The following scientific paper was given to our reporter Charles Herold, and we herewith publish it in the belief that the truth, no matter how strange or disturbing, must always be revealed.

REPORT ON THE CREATION OF WAITRESSES THROUGH GENETIC ENGINEERING WAITRESS PROJECT OVERVIEW

The Waitress Project was begun on April 5, 1992 as private research funded by Sidewalk, a restaurant in New York City, in order to create extraordinarily beautiful and seductive waitresses for this establishment. Up to this point Sidewalk had been simply hiring the prettiest women they could find to wait for them, but they found the process tedious and time consuming, and hoped that science might offer a simpler solution. The project team consisted of Professor Louis Gretchmeyer and one assistant, Herman Boz. Professor Gretchmeyer had come to the proprietor of Sidewalk's attention when he had been refused tenure at MIT due to what was then commonly referred to as "The Frankenstein Incident." The project goal was simply: Create exceptionally attractive waitresses with an East Village sensibility (see addendum 1, "East Village Style Analysis") and the ability to work on their feet for hours in a crowded, hectic environment for less money than any sane person would accept.

WAITRESS PROJECT CHRONOLOGY

PHASE I: CREATION OF SAMPLE WAITRESS

Using sophisticated genetic mutation techniques described fully in the separate paper, "Genetic Engineering as Pertaining to Pretty Girls," (Gretchmeyer, 1993), the project team began to create living adult human organisms. The first three specimens died, and the fourth was extremely unattractive and had to be put to sleep. However, the fifth specimen, PWSWLG005, was an attractive green-eyed girl with a somewhat sour disposition who the project named Francine. Due to an unexplained anomaly, however, Francine had difficulty comprehending the edges of any object or concept, and always referred to herself as Rancin.

EXCERPT FROM PWSWLG005 LOG: (all excerpted log entries by Louis Gretchmeyer)

07/15/93

005 is an extremely attractive specimen. She has long, black hair, green eyes, is 5' 7" tall, and visually appears to be about 19 years old. She is able to balance a tray with multiple dishes on it, and can carry up to 8 empty glasses without assistance of a tray. For reasons that I cannot determine at present, she has a pigment discoloration on her shoulder that bears a striking similarity to a curled rattlesnake, including slitted eyes and fangs, and another marking on her stomach of what appears to be a red tulip. These pigmentation irregularities are hopefully correctable, but they are reasonably attractive and thus a low priority. Somewhat more of a problem is 005's difficulty with edges. She tends to put glasses about two inches beyond the edge of any table she is working. I have suggested to management that this might not happen if they simply had larger tables, but they were strongly opposed to the idea.

07/23/93

005 has been complaining of dizzy spells. There appears to be some imbalance in her structure in which nerve endings are improperly rerouted and disconnected. It was found after some experimentation that metal hoops inserted at strategic locations would properly reconnect the nervous system. We had to place one such ring in her nose, one in her belly button, 12 in each ear, and one in her right nipple. For aesthetic reasons we also put one in her left nipple, so she wouldn't have to do a lot of explaining while dating.

PHASE II: PRODUCTION OF WAITRESSES

After a period of several months in which Rancin was observed, to make sure she was able to do her job and that she didn't have any emotional imbalances that would cause her to one day pull out a gun and shoot everyone in the restaurant, it was decided to begin manufacturing more waitresses as necessary. Over the next year a total of 15 were created. Those that weren't quite attractive enough for Sidewalk were given work in fields where the standards were lower, such as auto shows and strip clubs. Only the most beautiful were kept. By the production of specimen PWSWLG009 the edge problem had been rectified. In the meantime, the project team had begun adding a letter to the beginning and end of each name they gave the specimens, so that, for example, PWSWLG007 was named Xnancyx. In the case of PWSWLG009, however, she accepted the name as written, and thus became known as Xannex.

The nervous system continued to be a difficulty, although the number of metal hoops needed varied. Some specimens needed none, but most needed at least three, and one needed a total of 35 hoops. A professional body piercer, Laraine Pif, was added to the project team.

Some of the human-born waitresses began to be suspicious of their lab-created coworkers, and one apparently went to the FBI with her suspicions. Two well-dressed agents appeared at Sidewalk to make queries, but one seemed to be so convinced that the waitresses were aliens that he failed to uncover the Waitress Project. After this it was decided to staff the restaurant entirely with lab specimens, along with the occasional human-born male who threatened a lawsuit regarding sex discrimination. It was found that turnover was not much lower with the lab specimens than it was with the human-born waitresses. Many specimens got married and moved to the suburbs, became performance artists, or developed serious drug addictions that required them to either find more lucrative employment or join the police force and get their drugs for free. Occasionally a waitress was created who was so beautiful and skillful that she would quit almost immediately and get work in a more lucrative field. One specimen made a killing in real estate and at one point was in serious negotiations to buy Sidewalk. She later lost all her money backing the Broadway musical "Dauchautainment!" and currently hosts a syndicated talk show. Another specimen, PWSWLG102 (Sarah), had such a strong intuitive grasp of genetic engineering that she was added to the the project team immediately.

PHASE III: WAITRESS ANALYSIS

At this point, Robert Doquet was hired to study waitresses in the field, in an attempt to ascertain what improvements in personality and skills were needed.

EXCERPT FROM "PROJECT WAITRESS FIELD STUDY REPORT" (by Robert Doquet) 1/15/95

Methodology:

A total of 14 full-time analysts were hired for this study, who were to come to the restaurant on a regular basis to see how the specimens interacted with repeat customers, and, over a three-month period another 57 freelance analysts were hired to study specimen first-time contact. The first interesting observation made from the field reports was that younger people tended to be attended to more quickly. This was not consistent, however. My associate, Mary Tarters, noticed that the young analysts who got poor service tended to be the most expensively dressed, and after a great deal of trial and error it was found that the waitresses would invariably cater to poor analysts over the more well-to-do analysts. It was found that, in the back room, where there is entertainment, someone who was economically challenged, had no money on him and was hoping to see a show without having to pay anything was 70% more likely to receive prompt attention from a waitress than a group of wealthy suburbanites, wildly waving at the waitress, who wanted to order expensive meals and get really drunk. To explain this it was necessary to study the waitresses' personal lives, and it was found that a disproportionate number of them lived with and supported unemployed "artist" boyfriends (or

in some cases girlfriends). This attraction to the impoverished causes waitresses to notice them more quickly. I, on the other hand, being quite rich, spent an hour and 15 minutes trying to get a waitress's attention.

Other results are below. The various categories do not add up to 100%, as they are not mutually exclusive:

So sweet analyst just wanted to tickle them under the chin	29%
Were coldly polite	14%
Appeared to actively resent analyst's presence	63%
Disliked analyst, but seemed to love that smarmy looking guy at the next table	08%
Big fans of Hole	78%
Big fans of Alanis Morissette	29%
Big fans of Lawrence Welk	0%
(Note: I have no idea how that last question got in the survey)	
Invariably turn with their back to their tables to avoid seeing if anyone wants anything	98%
Waitresses which analyst would sell soul for one night of unbridled passion with	83%
Waitresses who would give analyst the time of day	17%

(Note: Although these last two statistic add up to 100% they are not actually exclusive. There are a subset of waitresses who you would sell your soul for who actually would give you the time of day. We found one, it was 3:57 p.m.)

Got analyst's order right	93%
Returned analyst's smile	17%
Laughed at analyst's jokes	04%
Went to the movies with analyst	01%
Slept with analyst	00%
Was stalked by analyst	01%
Got a restraining order against analyst	01%
Killed analyst in self-defense in a well-known case shortly to be made into a movie for television	01%

After reading this report, project assistant Herman Boz quit his job and began to spend all his time drinking cappicino at Sidewalk flirting with the waitresses. He is currently living with PWSWLG147 (Janine), and writing an experimental novel.

PHASE IV: STANDARDIZATION OF PROJECT

After Sarah Pswlg102 was taken on as a project team member, Professor Gretchmeyer began to act strangely. He made it known that he had fallen in love with his ultimate creation, Sarah, and wanted to marry her. While Sarah was flattered, her only real loves were science, and anonymous sex with construction workers, and she rejected Gretchmeyer's advances. He became unstable, and when the owner of Sidewalk suggested a minor change in specimen production he began screaming, "Hey, I think your nachos need more cheese, but I don't go into your fucking kitchen and tell your fucking staff how to fucking cook, do I?!" Shortly after this he accepted a position with the National Security Council, who appeared to be interested in creating politically conservative clones of well-known liberals for unspecified reasons. As Professor Gretchmeyer said on leaving, "I'm a scientist, not an activist."

At this point leadership of the project team was taken over by Sarah Pswlg102. Sarah, while quite intelligent, did not have the knowledge necessary to advance specimen reproduction to new levels. She had, after all, only been working in the field of genetic engineering for six months, and, in fact, had only been in existence for six months. Therefore she halted the experimental branch of Project Waitress and concentrated on production and maintenance. Unresolved issues, such as the nervous system disorder, the pigmentation discolorations that can cover as much as 70% of a specimen's body, and the odd, quick spinning motion of the head common to specimens that blurs their vision and makes them unable to see customers that are waving wildly in their direction, are therefore presently considered acceptable variations.

Report prepared by Sarah Pswlg102, 06/12/95

WAITRESS REPORT APPENDICES



Illustration 1: Non-defect specimen.

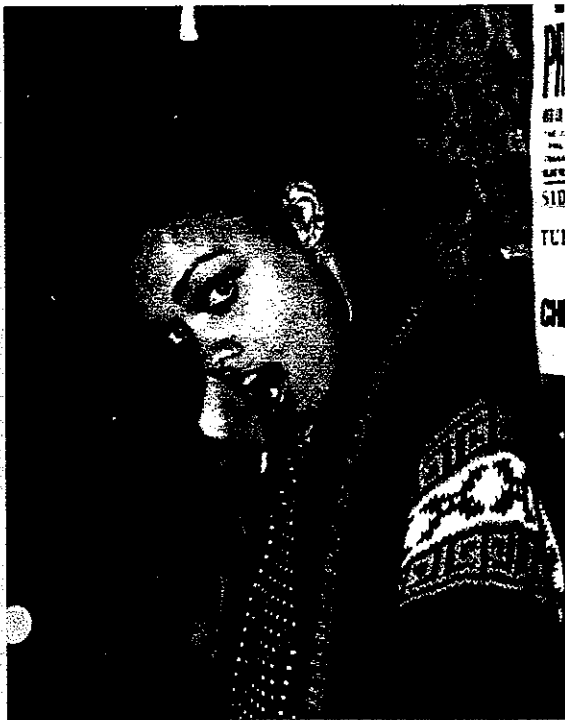


Illustration 2: Nervous system reordering through nasal and aural implants

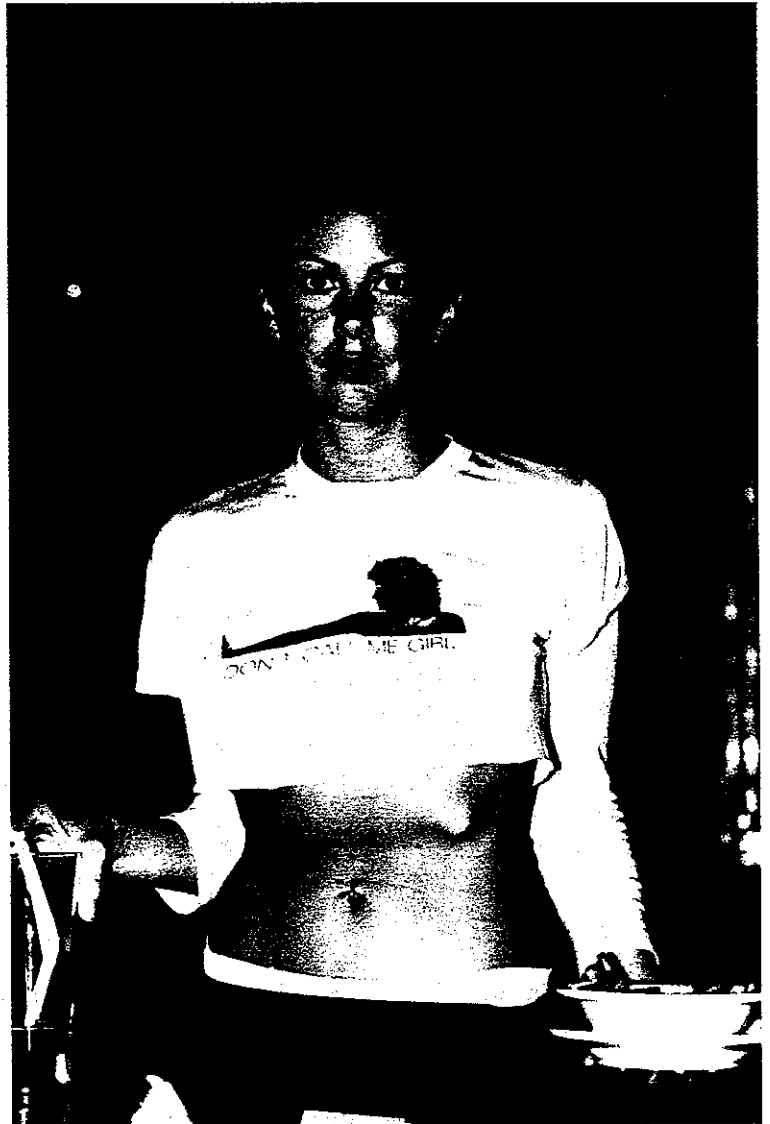


Illustration 3: Nervous system reordering through metallic implants in lip and navel.

Interview with Rob Ryan

by Mary Ann Farley

Rob Ryan, a regular here at the Fort, is unique in that he seems, oddly, like he doesn't belong here. His music is such pure country pop that many think he'd be a natural in a place like Nashville—certainly not the East Village. What brings him to New York, and more specifically, the Fort? As the interview began, Rob launched right into what he had done the Saturday night before the interview and his feelings about "country" in the city.

RR: I got up and played a few songs last night with my friend at Coney Island High. I guess we're trying to make a little country movement here in Manhattan. The crowd really rocked; they loved it. I think anybody who plays this style of music wants to see it become popular. New York may not be the place for country music, but why shouldn't it be? Everybody does everything here—why not some good honky tonk? Little by little, I believe it's getting bigger. A lot of people are starting to jump on the wagon.

MAF: You mean you're actually starting to see a movement happen?

RR: When I first started playing here a year ago, I didn't see anyone playing country. Now I see bands popping up here and there. There seems to be more of a buzz about it. At Coney Island High, for example, they spin honky tonk records on Sunday nights. The Rodeo Bar has a lot of country bands playing there. I'd love to see a country night here at the Sidewalk—a night where we really try to pack the house, just to bring attention to country music.

MAF: Where are you from, and how long have you been in New York?

RR: I'm from the Pine Barrens in South Jersey, and I've been in New York for two years. I used to be a salesman for a communications company, which frequently brought me to the city. On one of my vacations, I came to New York. I saw all these people playing music and thought, "I should be doing this." On my next vacation, I came up here and got a job in a restaurant, then went home and turned in my letter of resignation.

MAF: Is that where the song "Yes Man" came from?

RR: Yeah, it came from that whole experience, plus some other things.

MAF: With your style of music, why don't you just go to Nashville? A lot of people think you'd do really well there.

RR: I've considered Nashville, and the only thing holding me back is probably my pocketbook. But there really seems to be a movement in the city now. In fact, there are people from Nashville moving here. If I ever did go down there, I'd want to have

something really good in my hands anyway. I'm making a record now with a small label—Earthtone Records, which is great. When it's all done, I'll have an album, and I won't have given up all that much. My publishing is mine.

MAF: What draws you to the Fort?

RR: Someone told me about the Monday night thing awhile ago, so I decided to check it out. The first time I came, I got here at 6:45, was the first guy here, and didn't go on until a quarter to two. I said, "What the hell is this?" The next week, the same thing happened! But that night, Lach said to come back next week and remind him to put me on earlier. That third week, he put me on sixth, and it was really sixth, not "Lach sixth." I went on, and he asked the crowd if he should give me a gig. He's been really nice to me, especially since I don't get the draw I'd like to get at my gigs here. But I'm hoping that will change. My friends and I have been doing a lot of shows, and we hope to get more people interested in our style of music.

MAF: What does antifolk mean to you?

RR: I'm still trying to figure that out! One of my first times here, there was some girl who started yelling at me that I stole her keys. I told her, "I don't have your keys!" Then she threw a kick at me and missed, and I said, again, "What the hell is going on?" So Lach gave me a free drink ticket for putting up with "weird crap." I really like the Sidewalk. It's a cool joint.



The Return of DEMO TIPS

by Tom Nishioka

As might be expected, my demo tips so far have been about audio issues in recording - things I come against all the time in my work as a recording engineer. Well, today's tips are of a different nature. I don't believe that boundless experience is necessary to make great music - some great musicians are basically reclusive bookworms. But, if you're going to be very **DIY** about it, and your dream is to play music and tour, then there's nothing stopping you.... and you might see other things in life to sing about.

401 DEMO TIPS PRESENTS HITCHHIKING TIPS

1. Hitchhiking is illegal on interstate highways - but not near them. Stand at the beginning of the freeway on ramp.
2. In general, interstates are better to travel on than small country roads - more traffic, going farther.
3. Look presentable. The more clean cut you look, the more rides you'll get. Having a backpack and a sleeping bag etc. in sight makes you look more like a traveller and less like a quick job thief.
4. A sign with your destination on it can help. How you word it matters -

(contd.)

I found that people were curious to talk to someone from NYC, so I would put: New York → Milwaukee, for example. This also lets people know that you're travelling, in some cases pretty far from home, and that you're not just out on the road to rob them.

5. Stand where cars are slowing down anyway - right near the turn or toll booth or stop light.
6. Make eye contact. Maybe wag your sign or your thumb. Or mouth "can I get a ride" or "please" to the driver.

Hitchhiking is a very quick, subtle negotiation between you and the driver. It's easy for them to pass you by, if they're undecided. Sometimes just by engaging them this little bit they can be persuaded to give you a ride.

7. When someone does stop, leave your bag where you were standing and walk to the car and ask where they're going. This is better than just throwing your bag in, sitting down, closing the door - and then finding out who you're dealing with. Talk to them first and decide if you want to ride with them.
8. Have your ride drop you off at as high-traffic a place as possible. Even if they're going on another 30 miles, choose to be let out at a truck stop or major interchange - rather than some back country exit that one car uses per hour.

Out of space, out of time. More later. enjoy your adventures. good times make memories. bad times make lessons.

KING OF ANTIFOLK - KING OF FASHION!

AntiMatters, always ahead of the trends, interviewed the Aki mere days before his ascendance as King of AntiFolk, Fall 1996. Reverential readers of this zine already know all the vital stats on the Japan-born folk-rock overlord. But who is truly aware of the art and structure in the design of his incredible fashion sense?



Sporting his omnipresent post-Kangol floppy hat (Calvin Klein, \$400), Aki rocks hard in a funky place with his acoustic guitar (Mojo's \$17,000). His jacket, a Sportscaster original (Fowads, \$98), sets the trend in Fall outerwear, while his LP sweatshirt (Long-Play Designs, \$600) shows that he won't be caught with his pants down for the winter, either.

Mary Ann Farley - Queen of Antifolk!

Interviewed by Estelle McKee

Mary Ann Farley, reigning queen of antifolk, succeeded the former queen with an ease to which only the truly royal can lay claim. Mary Ann commenced her rule with a record release concert at the Fort on Saturday, September 28, where I had the great pleasure of witnessing an intense and arresting performance.

E: So let's start from the beginning: When and how did you become interested in songwriting?

M: I started, probably just as a kid, when I would hear the female singer songwriters perform, and I noticed that I would make up backing vocals in my head, hearing them, and wondering why those musical lines weren't there. A lot of the performers couldn't really sing or play that well, but they were spinning some kind of magic that I wanted to emulate, so I would go out and buy their songbooks. I continued to be interested in songwriting as a teenager, but I don't want to put an exact date on it.

E: Did you study piano when you were a child?

M: I took lessons when I was a kid for a few years, but again, when I discovered pop songwriters, I lost all interest in classical lessons. I taught myself how to read a music sheet without really having to read it note for note, like reading just the first note and the bass, and playing from there . . .

E: Yeah, that's definitely something you don't learn from classical training. How about voice and guitar?

M: I'm not real comfortable with voice! When I first started singing, I was so embarrassed, I mean, I sounded like a squirrel! Then I started to learn how to use a microphone, and I learned how to emote rather than just sing.

E: (gushing): Oh my god, I think you have a great voice!

M: I can remember someone saying something to me, teasing me about my voice, because it didn't sound like other people's singing voices, and my sister has a beautiful singing voice. Then I stopped thinking about how it was sounding and started focusing more on the emotions.

I only started playing guitar two years ago. I picked up the guitar in September 1994, and in November I did my first gig. But it's not genius, it's just when I start doing something, it's all I do. I really got sick playing guitar -- I lost ten pounds. By the time this frenzy was over trying to learn this thing, I was devastated. That song "I Lie A Little," was the first song I wrote on guitar, after a few weeks of playing it. I first played at some fundraiser in Hoboken, and I knew that nobody would be paying that much attention, so it would be kind of safe trying it out.

E: Did you perform as a kid?

M: In high school I'd do talent shows, just cover songs. But I noticed a reaction to what I was doing, that I was connecting in some way with people, and that encouraged me.

In college I stopped altogether. I thought I was going to go on to be a newspaper reporter . . . I was an English major. And my family didn't really encourage the music stuff at that time. I really didn't think I was good enough to do it. But if you're not doing it, it's like cancer . . . it eats away at you. I would have recurring dreams about it. I was 25 when I joined my first band. I was even an editor at a newspaper, and I thought, what am I doing, I'm so unhappy.

E: What are your musical influences?

M: A lot of my influences now are really people here at Hoboken. That's what inspired me to play the guitar: I was jealous of them that I couldn't play it! I think maybe the first band that really hit me was the Police. There was something

different about the subject matter that really touched me. I'm thinking of the album *Synchronicity*, and songs like "King of Pain." I would say that I tend to be more influenced by the music that is more poetic or centered around a single metaphor, and - without getting too heady - each of those songs painted a really strong, touching image.

E: Any favorites?

M: I think my favorite album this year was "The Downward Spiral" by NIN. Ironically, that kind of music could not be further from the kind of music that I do, but again, it's so deep, and raw and beautiful that I was blown away by it. But that's real music. I wouldn't think that I would like industrial music, but it was a knock out. I think that if there was a country album that was that honest and that raw I would fall in love with that as well. On the radio I always have the classical music station on. Commercial radio is too annoying, you have to wade through too much stuff to get to the good music.

E: How did you get involved in the sidewalk scene?

M: I guess through word of mouth... someone told me there was a really cool - dare I say - open mike, but that was the way it was described to me. The first couple of times I was so intimidated I didn't play. But it was really exciting to me, the only thing I've come across in a long time that was so exciting, because of its intensity.

E: How did you conceive of the album and start work on it?

M: Well, I started playing guitar that September, 1994, and had written so many guitar songs in a very short amount of time, that I called Alan, whom I knew at West Side Music. I didn't know what I was going to do at the time, I just knew I wanted to record these songs. So in January I started to record "I Lie A Little." I thought it was going to be a very acoustic album at the beginning. But then Alan started his label, and although I was paying at first, Alan wanted to put it out, so he picked up the recording costs. Then when I wrote "Daddy's Little Girl," things just fell into place. I knew that was going to be the title and the central theme. I was actually working on another song, and I remember I came back to the kitchen table to do some work on something else, and it was weird, you know how songs start sometimes, the first line "Daddy's little girl got an A in the class when she wasn't even trying to" just came into my head. And I remember getting up from the table, going into my room and picking up the guitar and it just happened.

E: How did you come to do the artwork for the album?

M: Let's see . . . maybe just before I started playing guitar, I was just kind of bored with music. I was very inspired by the visual artists in Hoboken, so I went to the five-and-dime and bought cheap markers and a cheap notebook, and started drawing. Then I bought more expensive markers and notebooks . . . the pictures done at the time were really a diary. I never intended anyone to see them. Instead of a journal or songs, I would draw what was happening in my life. The 2 pictures on the front and back cover were the pictures that meant the most to me.

E: I thought the picture on the front cover was very haunting, and sort of mysterious.

M: It was the first experience I ever had where what I was feeling was really captured on paper. I didn't feel like I was good enough of an artist to really do that. It was something sort of magic.

E: I guess I should also say that the picture on the back of the album was quite a surprise.

M: Well it surprised me when I first drew it! It was a really tough decision to put it on the back of the album. When I had an art show in Hoboken, some of the reactions I had to it were really negative, surprisingly, from men. One man said it was

appalling and revolting! Even some of my friends said that they found it offensive.

E: I think it's a very striking picture. I mean, you have this woman in a typical playboy pose, but she doesn't have that grin the playboy women always seem to have. Instead, her face looks calm, even resigned.

M: That's a wonderful interpretation. I know what I was feeling when I drew it. There was a PBS show about erotic imagery and religious art, and it moved me. I was inspired to draw this erotic picture. To me, it is a very pure picture . . . it comes from a very pure feeling that I had.

E: What is the inspiration for your songs? Is it always personal, or does it come from outside sources, like the picture on the back of the album?

M: It's always a personal experience. Even the picture which was inspired by the erotic imagery, it was still a picture of something going on within me. So all of my songs are based on what I was going through, or what I was experiencing with someone else. I tell people that album is like the Hoboken gossip sheet. Every song is about what is going on there!

E: I remember we had a talk once about what makes a song sincere or insincere. I was thinking in particular of a song I heard performed in which this white, middle-class singer was bemoaning the fate of the poor latchkey kids in Harlem.

M: I'm going to just shoot from the hip . . . I think as human beings, we know when someone is being insincere in some intuitive way. We know when they're not talking to us, but maybe coming from a place of dishonesty or arrogance. I guess the bottom line is that dishonesty is boring. It doesn't have to be a conscious thing -- we find ourselves bored. But the real reason is that the person is being dishonest not only with us, but with themselves. I think that people don't want to deal with the things that make them uncomfortable. You know, they are afraid to deal with the darker, more painful places within themselves, but that is where the beauty lies. It's easy to write a song complaining about someone, a "you done me wrong" kind of thing, but to really probe those feelings is scary. It's easier to write about a fictitious character. It's very frightening to put out the real you. Because what if people don't like it?

E: Is your song "She" about someone in particular?

M: Oh yes it is! Someone I know who's rather vicious. But I think the song ends up being kind to her as well - there's some sympathy for her.

E: What are your goals for the album?

M: It's in distribution through Alan's label. I'm not interested in major label deals. My dream is to be an extremely successful independent label artist.

E: Like Ani DiFranco?

M: Yes. I'm very inspired by Ani DiFranco's success. It shows you don't have to play the major label game. I think if you really work hard for something, you can do what you truly want to. If you do it this way, it's a real test of your music. There's no hype; there's no million dollar push. People will either want it or they won't want it.

E: I completely agree. Although we've talked about the album, I want to end up by asking you a few questions about songwriting in general. How do you go about writing a song? Do you write the words first, or the music? Or does it always happen instantaneously, like it did with "Daddy's Little Girl"?

M: The words and music seem to happen at the same time. The first line will happen both musically and lyrically at the same time.

E: Do you pay attention or listen more closely to any particular component of a song, or do you only listen to songs as a whole? I ask this because I have a friend, for example, who

always pays attention to lyrics, in fact, he doesn't like it when he can't understand the lyrics. On the other hand, I know plenty of other people who never pay attention to lyrics. I have another friend who believes the most important part is the rhythm, and that is what he listens to the most carefully.

M: I don't know what the answer is, here... the melody is certainly more mystical - the melody can make me feel a certain way. I think the music catches me first, but if the lyrics can't back that up in some way I tend to lose interest in it over time. For example, Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit" - I don't think I ever understood a word of that, but I loved it, even over time.

E: Has being a woman had an effect on you in the music scene? If so, has it had a positive effect, or a negative effect?

M: I don't know. Sometimes I think it's been a much lonelier road. There are times I felt I wasn't included in something. I think genders tend to gravitate to their own kind, especially, say, in business, and that may be part of it. But there definitely have been times -- how can I say it -- you just know you're being left out of something because they don't have a slot for you in their heads. You don't fit in to any preconceived notion. A really strong female performer is something that they just don't know how to handle.

E: But I've had male friends who have thought that being a woman could make it easier, at least as far as getting gigs, for example, because it is such a male-saturated market, at least for the kind of music that we do, the singer-songwriter stuff.

M: If that's true, then that preferential treatment balances it out.

E: OK, here's the typical interview question: What are your ultimate goals for yourself as a musician? Where would you like to see yourself five years from now?

M: I don't want to say. I'm afraid I'll put the whammy on it!



Mr. Scarecrow's Voter Guide

I was watching President Clinton's speech last week in San Diego, and this old guy kept heckling him. It wasn't until the commercial that I realized I was watching the Presidential debates, with Krusty Bob as Bill's nemesis.

But it was more like watching an old Batman episode. You just knew that Bruce Wayne was going to win the whole time. He was always smoother, cooler, younger, handsomer, stronger than whatever rival-of-the-week was challenging him. Batman's nemesis was always bitter, cranky, sneaky, less attractive (or downright ugly), and weaker in the end. It was comfortable watching Clinton brush aside Dole. It felt like someone was taking care of us, that everything would be all right, that in the space of a half hour (or in this case, 90 minutes) the evil gangster would be gone and truth and justice would prevail.

I'm no cheerleader for Bill Clinton, but for those of you who think that the two parties are the same and Clinton = Dole = Reagan = Bush, I can only tell you that you are wrong. I worked for a state-run AIDS education program in Nashville a couple years ago. The Director of the program told me that during the Reagan-Bush administrations, you couldn't even talk about increases in AIDS research or funding, while under Clinton the entire field opened up for discussion and funding. Clinton also hired more minorities and female workers in his administration than any other president. And just bringing up the subject of gays and lesbians in the military was a bold move. The current Republican vs. Democratic views on public funding for the arts should be enough reason alone to sway any musicians on the fence. The Republican position has been one of disregard or outright attack against artists. I won't lose any sleep over Bob Dole's defeat.

But in spite of myself, watching those debates, somehow I felt sorry for tobacco's main man. Dole seemed lost, crushed, old. Even at his best, his words only rekindled a sort of nostalgia, not really for better times, just older times. Like when you see an old photograph of New York from the early 20th century. Generally, things probably sucked back then for most people, unless you were lucky or ruthless enough to be a corporate visionary, an heir to a corporate visionary, or a mobster. But looking at an old picture like that, usually a street scene with overhead wires and people walking or riding bicycles, all shades of brown and black and pink, usually I feel ... something. A certain bittersweet sadness, a longing to meet those people and live and work and celebrate with them, a sadness that their times are past and won't be coming back. Also, a realization that our own times will pass by into history and become an old photograph and won't come back.

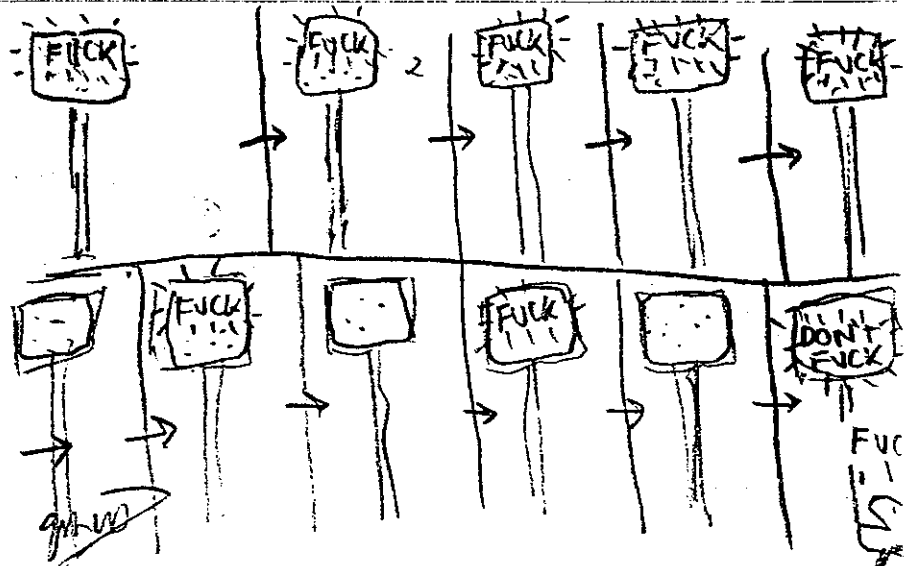
What a horror this must be for elderly people, to know that they have worked their whole lives to create something and to see it taken over and wrecked by the younger generation. To know that you can come into this world by some miracle, grow up and take control of basically everything, and then through no other force than sheer terrifying nature, it is all slowly wrested from your hands until, by another miracle, you are forcibly removed from the planet.

I saw a bit of my father in Bob Dole. Born in the Great Depression, Dad was always simultaneously complaining about how hard it was for him as a youth, yet talking of those times as if they were the best to ever happen. He would bitch about us spoiled kids, who didn't understand the value of hard work, and then talk about how hard people had to scrape and save and sacrifice in the old days. At dinner parties with his friends, he would wryly dismiss the younger, liberal generation of thinkers and politicians, saying that they needed to get tough to prepare for the eventual enemy. His friends loved his dry wit and worldliness, his common sense and understated dignity. When he attacked the drug-thieving liberals and the scheming Jews and blacks, his friends nodded because he knowledgeably explained how they had taken control of the government and the media and ruined the older, better standard of living that all good people used to enjoy.

I'm not sure Dad ever got the connection that his generation had created the younger liberal generation, literally and figuratively, first by birthing us, then by showing us a neighborhood that felt safe to a fault and at the same time trying to tell us that the enemies were all around, waiting with baited breath. For some reason we believed our eyes, not our ears, and we began to explore this seemingly safe landscape. The results of this exploration became the hallmarks of enormous advances in as wide a range of subjects as the mind can imagine. To downplay these gains and say that we need to get back to a better time is advice that falls on deaf ears. Does Bob Dole get this connection? Maybe, maybe not. But he is beholden to his party, so he at least must act like he doesn't get it.

I don't see my Dad much anymore - holidays and the like. Recently he underwent a cardio-version to correct an abnormal heartbeat. He's doing fine now, pending a few pesky kidney stones. I have nightmares about him dying sometimes, one of those terrible dreams that when you wake up you realize will someday come true. I'm even man enough to say I miss him. So it's with sadness that I will vote against him on the 5th.

ELEPHANTIC PHALLUS



Americans for the Preservation of the East Village

by Peter Dizozza, esq.

While drug peddling on 10th Street and First Avenue continues unabated, someone declared war on the East Village clubs and bars. Judging by the current state of affairs, the clubs and bars are fined on a discretionary basis. The State Liquor Authority no longer needs to prove that bar owners are aware of disorder in their bars, it simply needs to show a continued pattern of noise, disturbance, misconduct or disorder on the licensed premises which affects the community. Police can act on their own complaint, rather than using a standard measurement for noise and disturbance.

I wonder why bars, cabarets and clubs treated are like enemies in this neighborhood when they in fact give it cultural definition? Sharing Lach's concern about a Save Avenue A community action group wanting to shut down -- or severely inhibit -- the East Village musical venues, I attended the Community Board 3 meeting on September 24th.

Its public session resembles the Monday Night Anti-Hoot at the Fort. Those wishing to speak line up at PS20 on the corner of Essex and Houston. 6:00 is sign up time, and at 6:30 people start taking turns at a mike by the dais, one difference being that they have not set their speech to music. Instead of two songs they get two minutes, and, no, they do not have to make sense. Longer speeches can be divided, say ten minutes between five people. Then, if a speech stirs any listening, the speaker may stay to field questions.

I saw the tip of the iceberg of what went on that night. After 45 minutes I left to play piano at Caravan of Dreams, so I missed the 19 parts of the executive session (the meeting must end around the same time as an Anti-hoot). However, I was there for a long enough time to catch some issues:

We must not allow electrical installers to self-certify their own work, this from the New York Electrical Contractors Association. OK.

We must stop the local Charas Center from being auctioned away from the community. Did we?

We must stop the City plan to auction abandoned lots after our neighbors transform them into gardens (Whatever

happened to the movie, Joe's Apartment? I thought its film crew transformed the lots into gardens.)

With regard to the bar scene, apparently, small businesses in the neighborhood encounter a bureaucratic Kafka-maze. Ken Vogel spoke in favor of Moonwalkers Restaurant Corp., doing business as the Pyramid Club. He asked that it be granted community dispensation to renew its cabaret license. Part of the Avenue A scene for over 15 years, it's had a troublesome past. As for Turanka, Inc. d/b/a Save the Robots, it can forget about a community-approved cabaret license based on community complaints, after-hours operation, misrepresentation to CB3 and current operation as a dance club.

Bob Strain, the Fort photo-documentist, said that community board edicts are mere advisements, so a "no" from the community board is a definite maybe in Albany. However, the monthly meeting is an opportunity to meet neighbors and voice, and hone, one's concerns. Furthermore, anyone who signed up that night had the ears of representatives of the following: Congressmembers Carolyn Maloney, Jerrold Nadler and Nydia Velazquez, State Senators Catherine Abate and Martin Connor, Assemblymembers Sheldon Silver, Deborah Glick and Steven Sanders and Comptroller Alan Hevesi.

As for the East Village, think of it: The musical with the backstage story (Did you know he died just before it opened?), Rent, currently represents the neighborhood scene on Broadway. What's more, the East Village is in the heart of Manhattan, yet it is zoned for six stories or less as part of its historic preservation, so it is not blotted by residential skyscrapers like the ones that devastate the upper East Side. It is a special kind of neighborhood, in a city of special neighborhoods, and we must not let its character be lost.

You may wish to fortify the position that the music/performance scene is what makes the East Village world renowned. Remember, sign-up time is at 6:00 P.M.. Speak your feelings. Try to be coherent. Garner support. The next meeting is October 22. See you there.



Peter Dizozza, besides being a regular Anti-Hoot player, composes and performs surreal miniplays, the latest of which is: Prepare to Meet Your Maker, making its Halloween debut on October 25th, 1996, 8:00 P.M. at 515 Broadway, fifth floor. His next Fort at Sidewalk performance is November 17. Be there, and tell him about your community involvement. Lie if you have to.

LEARNING GUITAR

I want to keep Ukulele right there, leaning against the wall, next to my bed. But she's become an unwelcome sight, a reminder of my physical limitations.

I put her back in the guitar case, and slide her under my bed.

I do a lot of singing when I walk down the street -- even more so since I quit smoking. I do a lot of singing while I clean my house (I especially like the acoustics next to the tub). In my first column, I mentioned not wanting to learn guitar because it would mean doing two things at once during performance. I've begun to realize how much time I spend singing and...

One Sunday night, dinner cooked on the stove, and I seethed on the couch. The week before I had gone to the AntiHoot with every intention of performing, but left early. An uncharacteristic nervousness had swelled inside me. Crowding the nervousness was a fear this would be the night no one wanted to hear me sing *a cappella*. I began to feel like a failure for not being able to play the guitar brilliantly by now -- doctor's orders be damned! The fear won, and I left that night without going on. But now I went in the living room and began to sing, feeling like I was hearing myself for the first time. What was I going to Sidewalk for, performing and agonizing over inspiration, if not to enjoy

the process? I began to reconsider my motivation. As I sang, I understood that this was why I was learning guitar, going to Sidewalk, writing songs, making friends with musicians. I love to sing.

The next night at the AntiHoot I was nervous with hopeful anticipation. Reverb adjusted, I began to sing. It felt amazing -- like I was singing each note for the first time, but also like the sounds were coming not so much from my mouth as from every cell of my body. Later, walking to the subway with a couple of friends, one of them asked, "How did you do that?"

"Do what?"

"Get them to shut up."

"I just kept singing."

One of the reasons I sing is to communicate. I remembered the stillness of the room while I sang. I had made a commitment to myself and the audience was interested. Wow.

Maybe someday I'll experience that pure joy in a performance with guitar. I look forward to the moment when the instrument and voice click together with a cosmic certainty. Until then, I sing.

Jocelyn Ryder

Kiss Rules (Coyote on deck)

Jack

Friday, October 11 - I just went to Philadelphia to see Coyote Shivers open up for Kiss. Coyote was planning to cover my song "Kiss Loves You" and I wanted to be there. Hearing my songs done by another performer is cool but to hear a song I wrote about Kiss performed at a Kiss concert was just too over the top to miss.

The two big reunion concerts this summer were Kiss and The Sex Pistols. It says something about the endurance and the meaning of Rock that the Kiss shows blew away The Pistols' both in attendance and anticipation in the fans. Rock is not about rebellion, it's about truth. Quite often knowing the truth leads to rebellion. However, once the rebel wins it is a lie to go on saying you are the rebel. That is why Johnny Rotten rings false and Gene Simmons rings true. Kiss rebelled and brought make-up, blood and fire to the sorry seventies rock scene. The rebellion worked and they sold 100 million records. Now, their shows are glorious celebrations of their victories with the fans sharing in the slaughter for a night. From the beginning Kiss said they were Rockstars and it has never changed. Conversely, The Pistols were supposed to be Antirockstars. That is fine but as a result of their assault they became Rockstars. Inevitable, but still cool. However, to try and act the rebels today when they really are just a golden oldies act is as false as the Framptonitis that they were originally against. I'll take Gene's fake blood over Johnny's false venom anyway.

Jack Peddler, Coyote's drummer and Camel cigarette poster boy, suggested I introduce the band. So when the time came I went up on stage with the rest of the band, all the time fantasizing that it was my band and I was about to perform with them as lead singer. I didn't get to live out that fantasy but I did get to say "Ladies and Gentlemen. . . Coyote Shivers and his fucking cool band!"

For those of you who still don't know, Coyote hails from Canada where he produced "Shadowy Men From A Shadowy Planet" and hung out with Daniel Lanois. He started on the N.Y.C. scene as guitar hero in The Dave Rave Conspiracy (Dave went on to play with Lauren Agnelli in Agnelli and Rave). Coyote then started playing out on his own at The Fort with myself on rhythm guitar. Those gigs were a blast for me because it was the first time I was in a band as the guitar guy instead of the "leader of the band". Coyote then did a few movies, "Johnny Mnemonic" and "Empire Records," and then started his current band. They recently released a totally fab disc on Mutiny Records.

Anyway, back at the Kiss show, Coyote did a great set. Warming up for Kiss is one of the hardest gigs in the biz and he did quite well. He got the audience with his classic line from "Bisexual Girl": "You can suck my cock till a million o'clock" and he cemented his set with a cover of my song "Kiss Loves You". Coyote changed a few of the lyrics. I guess he thought he had to do it different in the context of actually opening for Kiss. I disagree but I didn't want to say anything that would mar his moment. Nonetheless, the crowd loved the song and I hope he continues to play it at the Kiss shows though I wish he'd just do it the way it was written. [I just talked with Coyote and asked him about the lyric changes. He said he had trouble memorizing my words which is understandable especially in front of thousands of people. Memo to self: get Coyote a very large lyric sheet].

A few other highlights from the night:

- stealing a pick off of Gene Simmons' guitar. . .
- giving Gene a copy of The Sextet Offensive's version of "Kiss Loves You". . .
- getting my picture taken with Gene and Peter (they were in full gear). . .
- watching Kiss play (sort of a cross between pro-wrestling and Cats). . .
- watching Coyote and his fucking cool band play, (Jack on drums and Dagon on Bass {Dagon, who couldn't play bass when he joined the band now kicks butt and complements Coyote's style nicely}).



In his wallet Doug
kept a page / from
Creem showing Kiss on
stage / and if you
stared long enough, I
swear / it was you, not
Gene up there /
Aaaaahhhhhh,
Kiss loves you.

Autumn at the Fall

Jonathan Berger

The East Village is clearly the center of AntiFolk activity on this planet. It houses the Fort, of course, as well as a preponderance of clubs that support AntiFolk acts (CB's Gallery, Sin-é, Mercury, BB2). But what about outside Manhattan? Brooklyn has recently found its own AntiFolk Headquarters, at the Fall Cafe.

Jonathan Segol, né Jonathan "The Slapper" Golub, AntiFolk player and Carolls Gardens resident, books the Thursday night music series in the tiny coffee house/bakery. He has been doing so since July, 1996.

"When I toured through Seattle, it increased my conviction that New York needs more free venues. And, while smoky bars have their place, we need more non-smoky, non-alcohol based places."

His dedication to the cause, as such, has created an environment where AntiFolk could conceivably thrive. And thrive it does, with a veritable Hall of Fame list like Joe Bendik, Estelle, Gene & Mimi, John S. Hall, Box of Crayons, the Humans, Dan Emery, and Steve Espinola choosing to spend Thursday evenings playing there. It appears that Mr. Segol calls upon the same talent pool that the Fort's booker, Lach, does. He does not, however, hold much credence to beliefs that he's stealing the other club's acts.

"I like something from almost every genre. The Fall Cafe is a small place, well-suited to the low-tech and acoustic."

Jonathan Segol takes great pains to sculpt the shows, creating bills that seem appropriate. "It's good to have one duet or trio on the bill to change the dynamic. Ditto on both male and female vocals."

"I like a good blend of personalities, so they and their crowds have higher odds of chatting, making friends with each other -- and hearing warm associations with the Fall Cafe, thus coming back."

He stresses he's not in competition with any other clubs. "It's helpful that it is Brooklyn. I used to do a similar thing on St. Mark's. There were too many things going on to grab attention easily. To generalize, Brooklyn is more open to one more decent venue than Manhattan is."

Certainly, the atmosphere is substantially different at the Fall from your typical East Village venue: A tiny hole in the wall, you can see the entire club with one eye tied behind your back. The seats are cushy comfy chairs, with less tables, and less involved waitstaff. While the employees at the Fall Cafe are perfectly willing to take your money, there is no purchasing minimum to enjoy the show.

The Fall's music, because of the neighborhood feel, are quieter and end earlier than any East Villager could possibly expect. The shows begin promptly at seven, and because of the size of the club, most acts play unamplified. It's a very homey, friendly locale, where you can appreciate a songwriter's music. Each artist gets about 30-40 minutes to perform, usually with Mr. Segol opening the evening with his own guitar-abuse acoustic strategies. If there's time before nine, Mr. Segol also closes the show, usually with some of his vocal compositions.

"We have to finish by nine," Segol emphasizes, "The landlords live upstairs. They insist."

Still, all these quirks make this a continuously interesting place, a consistent alternative venue for your favorite AntiFolk performers.

(The Fall is located at 307 Smith Street -- between President and Union Streets. Take the F train to Carroll Street station, then go out screaming, "Fall! Fall!" It's a friendly neighborhood; they'll understand! To arrange bookings, contact Mr. Segol at the Fall Cafe (718)403-0230, or through Segol@aol.com. See a show there!)

The Lookalikes Life-O-Phobia

Finally, at long last, it has arrived. Welcome, my friends, to the show that never ends, Life-O-Phobia.

In one of his numerous promotions for the album, Steve Espinola mentions the "recurring motifs of cowardice, longing, Seattle, and death." I couldn't have said it better myself, which is why I didn't.

Steve Espinola, playing the Fort for almost a year now, is known mostly as "that piano guy," or "the electric tennis racket guy," or, perhaps, "the little guy with the big nose."

It's all true, of course, but a look and a listen to the Lookalikes' new and only release, Life-o-Phobia, is going to alter those impressions forever.

To begin, the Lookalikes -- Steve Espinola joined by Alex Wolf on guitar -- puts the lie to the belief that no one else could possibly look like that. The Lookalikes, well, do.

Moreover, when getting to hear further fleshed-out versions of Steve Espinola's material, along with a healthy dose of Alex Wolf's precious songs (with the exception of the title cut and "Let's Go to the Dance"), you probably won't think of him just as "that piano guy" again. I certainly can't.

You don't hear much Espinola's material from this album all that much in this day and age. It's not that he disregards these songs, he's just more primed for his newer compositions. This is what we in the business like to call "a shame."

Steve Espinola's songs on Life-O-Phobia are great. Starting with what remains a staple, "Love Song While Running Away" (affectionately known by a select few as the "Oooh Song"), he plays his soulful little love songs, but with the silly twists that often places him on the bills of Strange Folk Sundays ("...And hold you real tight and maybe kiss you when I see ya -- Guess that's maybe just a bad idea").

The thing is, though, you're used to hearing Steve Espinola solo, or in his loose duet collaborations with Dan Emery. On this 20-plus song tape, the two Lookalikes flesh out each other's material, with both guitar and piano, and sometimes full band accompaniment. "Fool in Love" and "You've Lost Everything" are rocking ravers featuring what must be a band of thirty furious musicians. And Steve Espinola's tour de force, "Falling In Love With..." tells about the trials and tribulations of shallow romanticism, but with string accompaniment, "for respectability."

No, that song's not really his tour de force. It can't be. The whole album is. The songs have become so much larger, even in their fairly minimalist productions. We in the business like to call that "a good thing."

There's a lot of experimental crap, but even the absurd "Authority Trilogy" and "From A Stranger" series maintain the thematic elements of the work, even if they wear after two listens.

Alex Wolf, presently a Colorado resident, also has some neat stuff. "Life-O-Phobia" is pretty much about standard nuttiness (but with a much better name), rocks in a mild sort of way. Wolf's specialty seems to be more delicate numbers, like "Rescue Me," about Friends who Fuck (sort of), and the wonderful senility song, "Old Man."

The songs -- all, at the least, three years old -- are good. The arrangements, considering how minimal they are, are surprisingly good. The playing sometimes bites, as do the vocals. It's really a shame that such weak voices could happen to such strong material.

(10\$ - George the Couch Records; 121 Prospect Place #1, Brooklyn, NY 11217)

SCHEDULE!

A Fortified Report of your social and musical calendar for the following month. Conveniently located at 94 Avenue A, in the heart of the East Village, the Fort at the Sidewalk Cafe features great food, affordable drinks, gorgeous waitrons and more music than you'd want to shake a stick at. Come on down, if you dare!

Tues, Oct. 22- 8-Dan Zweben, 8:30- Jim Noone, 9-Bibi (of Glow), 9:30-Nancy Falkow, 10-Jen Hess & Hotch, 11:Kamau
 Wed, Oct. 23-Piano Stars: 8-Lee Feldman, 9-Pat Daughtery, 10- Steve Espinola, 11-Matthew Geraci
 Thurs, Oct. 24- **Songwriter City** with: Ricky Byrd, Lach (Fortified/Shanachie), Heather Eatman (Oh Boy), Major Matt Mason U.S.A. (featured act on Lach's Antihoot)
 Fri, Oct. 25- Paleface (Elektra), Ruth Gerson (Epic), Voodoo Martini (featuring Phil Gammage), Julianne Richards
 Sat, Oct. 26- Samsara, The Hush (Shanachie), Gene and Mimi (Pensive), Lenny Molotov and the Illuminoids, Ars Nova
 Antigua, Hubris
 Sun, Oct. 27- Noah Harrison, Eric Schwartz, Ioe, Rythm Glide, Mark Humble, Peter Fielding
 Mon, Oct. 28- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.
 Tues, Oct. 29- Little Oscar, Dan Kilian, Corey Small, Andrew McCann, Till Behler, Whit Smith's Hot Club of Cowtown
 Wed, Oct. 30- Ash Negative, Broken Sky, Renee Cologne, Raving Noah, Stretch
 Thurs, Oct. 31- "SpookStock" Halloween Party. Prizes for the best costumes, special giveaways all night long! Plus: Carol Lipnik's Spookarama, The Novellas, Zane Campbell and the Dry Drunks, Muckafurgason, Bicycle. Prizes include Sidewalk T-shirts, Antihoot C.D.s, Free dinner coupons for The Sidewalk Cafe and More!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
 Fri, Nov. 1- Them Keener Boys, The Rooks, Special Guests
 Sat, Nov. 2- Secret guest, **Mary Ann Farley**, Richard X Heyman, Leroy Lange, Qualia
 Sun, Nov. 3- More Secret Guests, Tina Maschi, Kamau (Former King of AntiFolk!)
 Mon, Nov. 4- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.
 Tues, Nov. 5- **ELECTION DAY PARTY** with: Oren, Tricia Scotti, Alex Sniderman, Dean Kostlich. Performances will be followed by six-screen coverage of the election results. Forget party politics and join in for the politics of partying!
 Wed. Nov. 6- Kenn Morr, 8:30-Christie Santoni, 9-David Clement, 9:30-Jack Leahy, 10-Adam Vane, 10:30- Z-Man, 11- Rita Jackson
 Thurs. Nov. 7- Mark Johnson (Lach's Antihoot), 9- Lach Solo Acoustic Stylee, 10-Mike Errico, 11-Trina Hamlin
 Fri. Nov. 8- Them Keener Boys, 9-The Humans (Lach's Antihoot [Fortified / Shanachie]. Also chosen by Time Out NY as one of the top ten bands in N.Y.), 10- The Cogs, 11-Floater
 Sat. Nov. 9- 8-Animal Head, 9-Box Of Crayons, 10-Daniel Hammett, 11-Torn and Frayed
 Sun. Nov. 10- **Strange Folk Sunday**- Good Dog Nigel, 8:30- Andy If, 9-Jerry Rossen, 9:30-Danny Fastfingers, 10- Mammals of Zed
 Mon. Nov. 11- the Everlovin' Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up for adventure at 7:30!
 Tues. Nov. 12- 8-Dudley Saunders, 8:30- Ben Warren, 9-M.E. Johnson, 9:30-Strange Angels (from Toronto), 10-Superhuman, 11- Whit Smith and his Hot Club of Cowtown
 Wed. Nov. 13- Mike Younger, 8:30-Karen Davis, 9-Tabula Rosa, 10-Major Matt Mason U.S.A. (Fortified) 11-Mr. Scarecrow (Fortified)
 Thurs. Nov. 14- 8-Secret Guest, 8:30-Rachel Spark, 9-Lach, 10-Heather Eatman (Oh Boy), 11-Billy Kelly
 Fri. Nov. 15- 8-Them Keener Boys, 9-Ruth Gerson (Epic), 10- Mike Rimbaud & the Subway Sun, 11-Julianne Richards
 Sat. Nov. 16- 8-Strange Rain, 9-Robert Scheffler, 10-Gene and Mimi (Pensive), 11- r.
 Sun. Nov. 17- **Strange Folk Sunday**: 8-Peter Dizozza, 8:30- Dan Kilian, 9-Mike Young, 9:30-Zane Campbell, 10-Eletfa
 Mon. Nov. 18- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.
 Tues. Nov. 19- 8-Jocelyn Ryder, 8:30- Blue Cowboys, 9-Elisabeth Cutler, 9:30-Nancy Falkow, 10-Oren
 Wed. Nov. 20- John Sonntag, 8:30-Marnie, 9-Estelle, 9:30-Dina Dean, 10-Jeremy Wallace, 10:30-Dina Regine
 Thurs. Nov. 21- 8-TBA, 8:30-Dave Foster, 9-Lach Solo Acoustic, 10-Ricky Byrd, 11- Industrial Teepee
 Fri. Nov. 22- 8-Them Keener Boys, 9-The Humans, 10- Matt Sherwood, 11-Porkchop
 Sat. Nov. 23- 6-9pm: Benjamin Wagner C.D. Release Party, 9-The Novellas, 10- Bicycle, 11- Fur Dixon
 Sun. Nov. 24- 8-Deleska Crockett, 8:30-Kolos, 9-Michael Packer, 9:30- Jack O'hara, 10-Mark Humble
 Mon. Nov. 25- The insidious and baffling Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.

"Lach's Antihoot: Live From The Fort at Sidewalk" (Fortified/Shanachie) now available on C.D. at a cool record store near you (try 'accidental records' on Ave. A) or ask for it here. The C.D. features Hammell On Trial, Brenda Kahn, The Humans, Lach and eleven more Antifolk Stars playing live at The Fort's Monday Night Antihoot!!!