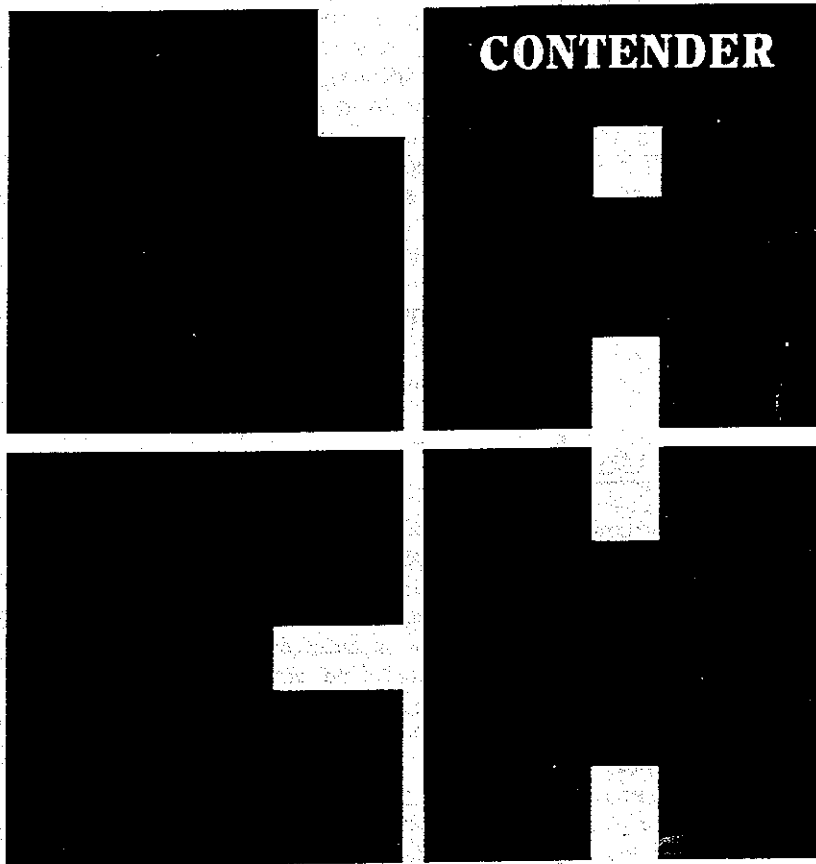


February, 1997

AntiMatters



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Some more stuff!

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Lach's Album, 1998?

The Great Sell Out?



ANTIMATTERS

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AntiMatters

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1 page 20 dollars
How could you go wrong?

The Televised Moon

Harold Goldberg

You say, I know
five languages,
I teach Japanese.
But you don't know
what non-fiction means.

There is a gray barn owl
tearing at the
swart corolla of a June rose
in the lane of sheer summer daylight.
Jolted happily, I take
a finger and point. Individuality!

Too much folk music
and thinking, you say,
two hands holding your migraine-
ridden head. Pretty blind Prozac girls
never fail
to check themselves out
in the mirror.

I sweep the floor
carefully in Fall
There is a tree frog
dry in the corner, once
a pet, now a mummy.
In a tear-filled
fury I hold
its leathery body.

This issue of AntiMatters does double duty.

1 - It serves as your program to the Winter AntiFolk Fest
(or WAFF), in the second week of February.

2 - It deals with the theme that you've all been waiting
for, the Big Sell Out.

3 - It is your usually fine monthly publication of the
East Village AntiFolk community.

Upon reflection, this issue does triple duty.

You may look upon this publication, and say, "What
crap. I can't believe they expect me to buy these
ridiculous words on these ridiculous pages. I could do
better in any hour, than they do in a month."

If that's the case, good friend, then do so. The
gauntlet's raised, or lowered, or whatever they used to
do with gauntlets back in the fifties.

As someone clever once said, "It takes the Village to
raise a zine," so get your ass out of the bleachers and
contribute.

Evidently, this issue does quadruple duty.

Sell Out.

Professor G. Lesse II

You must endeavor not to sell out.

"Yeah, OK. Why should I care, when there's no one buying?
What's the point in even thinking about it?"

That's a defeatist attitude, but never mind. It's when
there are no buyers that you should avoid selling out the
most. Now, at least, it's safe to cry "No sell out!" If
you're willing to compromise your art when there're no
buyers, imagine what might happen if the money ever starts
sniffing your way.

Imagine: Right now, when you are at your free-est to
compose, to create, to become a true artist, imagine that
you start trying to conform, to make the music that you
think will sell.

You have no idea what will sell. The money people have no
idea what will sell (Studies show that nobody knows that
the hell they're talking about).

There's nothing more pathetic than trying to follow the
scent of the dollar when you're just guessing. You might
as well do what you want to right now, and then, when the
prospects come your way, listen to what they want you to
do, then decide. It's just so pointless to sell out before
anyone cares.

When you're local, write from your heart. Only when you've
got a shot at the big time should you even consider the
sellout. Until then it's just stupid supposition.

Something stinks, you say
as your beneficent nostrils
smell your clothes
as the televised moon casts
blue on the patio.
Is it me, you ask?
The owl free in the sky.
The frog buried in the bin.
It is far
more than the prisoned
borough you are in.

REPORT FROM THE FORT

1/19 - We all live in fear of Billy Kelly.

Alone on stage with his acoustic guitar, the slight Irish folkie act plays to a hushed crowd.

During his first number, there's a bit of idle chatter, a few unsettled people, getting used to their seats and companions. Billy continues through his flighty introductory instrumental line. He tries to wait out the twitchy talkers, but one lady continues, saying loudly to her friends, "I got it! I got it!"

Finally, Billy intervenes. "You got it?"

The audience laughs. He nods smartly, adds, "She got it," and really goes into the song.

When a small upsurge of voices blips on his radar a few songs later, he just... stares. For some reason, under his cold gaze, the talk reduces, and a few seconds later disappears entirely.

He controls us. He keeps us under his thrall with fear, and politely, we listen.

We all live in fear of Billy Kelly. (S Biederman)

1/22 - Piano Night at The Fort. Jerry Rosen, Steve Mosto, Rachel Spark and Pat Daughtery all did fine sets. Each act brings there own unique style to the instrument, however the highlight for me was Steve Espinola. His songs and presentation mix humor with sadness and sweetness into a wonderful sound somewhere between Jonathan Richman and Randy Newman. He deconstructed his own song "Gravy Blubber Spam" into a rhythmic send-up of Dylan and Beck that was remarkable to see. A true treat.

Rick Shapiro also performed as part of an ongoing series on Wednesday nights. This comic actor combines the honesty and courage of Lenny Bruce with the associative in-the-moment mania of Robin Williams to produce a fully original, daring and hilarious hour on stage. Highly recommended. (Cal Hiam)

1/22 - Steve Espinola's music makes me want to give him a big hug. I've thought about approaching him on this, but I believe that it would probably be misunderstood. Steve is really the reason that I found myself at the sidewalk tonight. Over the few months I have been playing here, he's is one of the acts that stays on my mind once I leave. I wish that I knew all of the titles to his tunes, but I don't so maybe this is not gonna sound like such a professional review. But, hey, I'm a musician, not a reviewer. And to tell you the truth, I have enough trouble remembering my own stuff. Anyway, Steve's opening number was "Gravy Blubber Spam", which features a spectacular vocal solo, which he absolutely nailed (with a cool little Dylan invitation mixed in!). The highlight of my evening was when Dan Emery got up there to play guitar on "Right out on the street". This is my fave Espinola tune, aside from "Still Waters". Emery's guitar work was solid as usual, but was rivaled by the little dance he broke in to during the piano solo. Dan is so Goddamned multi talented, it gives me a stomach ache. Steve also threw in a tune which he wrote at the tender age of fourteen; "The Losers Club", which I hope to hear at the Anti-Hoot, because it will definitely go over really well. It has a great sing along chorus, which I was singing my entire journey home, street, train, and ferry. Unfortunately, he had only a half hour, so my thirst to hear "Still Waters" went unquenched, so I had to settle for my usual Bass Ale. Perhaps I had one too many, because to end the set, I could swear that I saw Steve playing what appeared to be an electric tennis racquet. "Don't touch this" was the song, and it has sort of a George Harrison/Indian type vibe, which I dig a lot. Dan Emery provided some eerie harmony

as Steve told his audience all of the things that they should not touch. It was a brilliant conclusion to a brilliant set.

Before Steve was the ever so lovely Rachel Spark. She was fantastic as usual, but seemed for some reason to be in kind of a uncomfortable kind of mood. I don't know what she is like in real life, because I have never met her, but that's what vibe I was getting. Perhaps it all just adds to her mystery. Anyway "Lady Bug Man" sits solidly in the position of "best sultry song". I'd really like to know who this "lady bug" guy is anyway. I bet he's not worth the song which has been created for him. In my experience, people are rarely worth the tunes that get written for them. Anyway, I can't deal with watching Rachel for extended periods of time. I'm already in love with too many omen whom I'll never get.

It was a treat to see Lach do an impromptu set to fill in for Rick Shapiro, who came in 20 minutes late. He did one of my favorites "I love Them" "Susan calls me once a week/she doesn't speak/ she just likes to hear me breath". That line impresses me every time he sings it. After Rick showed up I had to split, so I didn't get to see him. He scares me. He makes me laugh sometimes, though.

Well, from my point of view, piano night was a big success. Of course, I wouldn't know how it was from the "behind the scenes", or promotional aspect. But as a night in my little life, it was a knock down drag 'em out smash. (Christopher Dillon)

1/23 - Who wouldn't want to go to a Topless show?

Topless is atmospheric, which sorta means you couldn't understand what was going on. The vocals were really low, but you could tell that Laurie, the singer guitarist upfront (though, hypocritically, wearing a shirt), meant every word you couldn't hear. When she spoke, it was barely over a whisper, but it was probably all very clever. The band pulled for their encore, a meandering jam that didn't seem to satisfy anyone's interests. Then they gave away cassettes, and were gone.

Bombpop, Tricia Scotti's new gang, was loud. Way loud. Incredibly loud for 8.30pm. The first two numbers were the incredible and familiar "When it Comes Down to Us," and "Highway 1," which sounded very good with band arrangements. "Highway 1" became very spacey, atmospheric, helped along by Scotti removing her guitar and grooving to her own song. Tricia Scotti continued, guitarless, and played a rocking set. But she sounds so original and like a cool songwriter when she's on onstage alone. When she pulls out a band, even a cool one like Bombpop, she sounds more traditional, a blues-rock belter. She's good; they're good, but not as fresh.

The Humans played a shorter set than usual, ending with their green bulb and strobelight show. I never noticed, until I saw them under flashing lights, how much alike the Humans look. Did you know the Humans were twins? They said so in their show. Really. (Gustav Plympton)

1/24 - Mike Rimbaud opened the night with a small draw. He was originally booked to play with his full band but ended up playing as a duo with Jera on percussion. I was sitting next to a couple who's conversation became more and more agitated and finally exploded with the woman yelling at her companion, shaking her finger in his face and stalking out. The man looked stunned and lost. All of this occurred while Mike was on stage playing his song "Girlfriend Lost and Found". The timing could not have been more perfect!

Kamau's band, Revolution Suns, was up next. A fine set

mixing up a sound somewhere between Big Brother and the Holding Co., Ten Years After and Velvet Underground.

Tom Clark, with Phil Cohen was the following act. Tom is a wonderful songwriter and he played a great show. Many people are afraid to distinguish what makes a great song. They live by the dictum that any song that moves people is a good song and no-one has a right to judge. I am not one of those people. I believe that some writers are just better than others and as a writer myself I value critical discernment. I appreciate when an involved listener gets the lyrical subtleties of my songs as well as being moved emotionally. Tom's song "Light's On" is a great example of a song that works both on an emotional and artistic level (and please don't weigh my life down with insisting that this is "just my opinion". Obviously, it's my opinion, but if you aren't interested in my opinion why the hell are you even reading this to begin with. Go ask your last WKTU-listening, James Taylor-buying, cab driver for a treatise on the art of songwriting and knock yourself out).

Anyway, back to "Light's On". The song is about a failed love affair's last night. The music floats in the afterglow of lovemaking while the lyric describes the sense of futility and loss the singer feels. The line "Light's on, she's in the hall. Light's On, she says that she'll call" so simply sets up the feeling of the love being lost. When Tom adds "Sure she will" he nails in the knowing bitterness we all feel in such a situation. The image of the lover leaving "She clicks down the hall" is made immediate by the use of the word "clicks". We know that that is the sound the author heard fading into the distance only to reappear in the song. We are put into the song intellectually by the phrases "clicks" and "Sure, she will" and emotionally by the lyrical imagery and the soft, forlorn melody. A great song like this works because it hits us on all these levels. (Lach)

1/27 - The Antihoot has been totally rocking the fuck out lately. Tonight was great. Brendan from Ireland and Jimmy Jude from Connecticut both scored gigs. New songs from Joe Bendik and The Humans and Dina Dean! Muckafurgason played a Major Matt Mason U.S.A. song "The Dog Song" and Christopher Dillon covered Lach's "Ungrateful". The downtown painter, Ron English, brought his paintings in and asked everyone to write songs about either him or his work to perform next week. He is trying to beat out Saddam Hussein's record of most songs written about a living person (110). Charles Herold and Beau already had songs to perform tonight on the subject. Ron is hoping to put out his second CD comp. of songs about him this year. Ah, art.

As usual, most of the best stuff happened after midnight when the tourists leave. Ville played a remarkable song about beating the Devil and Jeff Buckley got up and performed his song "Morning Theft" and then he and Lach jammed on some Lach tunes with Jeff on piano and Lach on guitar and then they switched instruments and improved an extended blues. The night ended at 3am! Amazing! (Cal Hiam)

1/29 - The Halfbreeds, who always used to play around, have, at least temporarily, become the two-person Temple of Intergalactic Vibes, and they never sounded better. The five-strong Halfbreeds rocked out -- and had a really cute bassist -- but left the vocalist's voice sounding, what's the word? Bad. She sounded high-pitched and really annoying. Now, with just one guitar backing her up, it was about the voice, the songs, the simple sweet acoustic, and... no, there's nothing else. They sounded so much better, and, after I'd sworn off the Halfbreeds

forevermore, I want to see the Temple of Intergalactic Vibes again.

Pal Shazar played next. She's worked with Jules Shear and Matthew Sweet and was in this group called Slow Children, but now she's solo, sort of. She seems to rely on her bassist Danielle. Pal Shazar writes and plays very good songs, but she's especially aggravating to watch onstage. She interrupts her songs, talks, critiques herself and her audience, tells meanderingly boring stories, and generally goes on too long with her points. Sometimes, I wish she'd just stop with the distractions, and get to the reason she's there. (Jonathan Berger)

1/31 - Major Matt Mason and Muckafurgason are both from the Class of '94. When the Fort moved to the Sidewalk as it's relatively permanent home, they were two of the acts that came, and played, and became important local players. Neither comes around too much these days, but, with the split single they share, they'll be making some more regular appearances.

Major Matt Mason, a very laid back fellow, was positively jumpy. He almost moved his feet through the entire show, and spoke with inflection. His songs, mostly the old numbers that anyone who can stand his voice just loves, were as powerful as ever. His new one, "Lame," was really good.

Then Muckafurgason came on.

"Seeing the guys up there," Major Matt said, "makes me want to do this more often. They were so good, so tight."

The Major will be making more appearances in the near future. Everyone who's seen him loves him, because he's truthful, honest, and very different than anyone you've ever heard. Try him out.

(Gustav Plympton)



**Tom
Warnick**
at the Fort
Tuesday, March 4
8:30 p.m.



What to Name Your Band

Seth A. Doolin

Let's face it, the Beatles is a pretty stupid name for a rock and roll band. For that matter, so is The Rolling Stones, Kiss, Pearl Jam, and Creedence Clear Water Revival.

If the slate of history were clean, these band names would never strike us as a good idea. In fact, if it weren't for the considerable talent (in music and marketing) of the Beatles, their name wouldn't have helped them any. In fact, they would have been better off going with "the Kinks", which is more onomopoeitic for their early sound.

Coming up with a name for your band can be a more daunting task than finding a drummer, or even getting a gig. In many of the bands I've been in, the one constant was that archetypal meeting where suggestions such as "Free Beer", "TBA", or "Topless" were thrown around and considered for nanoseconds.

When Dave and I were working together we wanted to call ourselves "Choking Victim". We figured that we could use the restaurant poster for advertisements, album covers, and tee shirts should we ever make it.

Unfortunately this name was taken by another band.

We were also thinking of "Black and Decker" since we had something of a grinding industrial sound. We could use hardware advertisements and pictures of drills and saws. Perfect.

We figured we'd get sued over this one.

"Milk" was another good idea. The logo would be simple and the album covers would feature pictures of missing people. Also, the name would juxtapose nicely with our less-than-wholesome approach to music.

I don't know why we never used this one.

The one that Dave and Maajec were firm about was "Pets or Meat". I announced my disinterest and Maajec disappeared.

Now I know that the name of a band is never why they make it, but you don't want to start off on the wrong foot. Often, the name of the band will keep them small. As much as I love the name Butthole Surfers, it keeps them indie. Same thing with Godflesh, Sometime Sweet Susan (too long), Poster Children (too amateur), and Foetus (nothing more need be said).

The name of your band should reflect the sound and attitude of your band, like the Ramones, four guys who look alike and don't take themselves too seriously (also slyly referring to 60s groups). Slayer is another name that works for them: it conjures up images of gratuitous violence and testosterone driven mania. In this vein, Oingo Boingo is probably the most appropriate name those guys could have come up with (the Clash in at a close second, and Devo trailing in third).

Band names often refer to a historical or cultural reference point that informs the music. In the post-punk period of the 80s there were a lot of bands with names referencing fascism and the Cold War: UK Subs, U2, Mission of Burma, Joy Division (concentration camp concubines) Agent Orange. Today we have Biohazard and Type O Negative, referring to current concerns of public health.

A lot of bands have literary references like the Velvet Underground or Steely Dan (from Burroughs' Naked Lunch),

or artistic references, like Bauhaus, Dada, Talking Heads (a cinematic term), The Rembrandts or the Cocteau Twins. Pop culture references are also rife with examples: Flipper, Love and Rockets, The Lucy Show. Movies are always a great source, the Misfits, Godfathers, Black Sabbath, White Zombie, Martha Dumptruck (from Heathers), Veruca Salt (Willie Wonka), Motorpsycho, Faster Pussycat...And let's not forget our religious affiliations to the Sisters of Mercy, Ministry, the Mission, Nirvana, Lords of the New Church, or the Jesus and Mary Chain.

Perhaps it's easy to recognize a good idea when it sits next to a bad one. While the name Led Zeppelin worked, a name like Fred Zeppelin, well, not so much. Same thing with The Who, what were the Guess Who thinking?

Consult the following:

Good Names

Lynryd Skynyrd
Black Sabbath
Blue Oyster Cult
Pink Floyd

The Cure
the Cramps
Dead Boys
Danzig
Galaxie 500
Jane's Addiction
Iggy and the Stooges

Bad Names

Larry Skynyrd
Brown Sabbath
Red Clam Conspiracy
Pink Freud
(although try "Punk Freud")
Vaccination
Menstrual Cycle
The Beach Boys
Danza
REO Speedwagon
Supertramp
Hootie and the Blowfish

In the current scene there are a number of names that I like: The Hip Nips, Devil Dogs, Muckafurgason, Gin Mill, Jen's Revenge. The Aquanettas was a great name, and I liked the anti-men tag on Lach's old set up: Sorry, Mr. Scarecrow, but I never liked the High Times Orchestra name, maybe you should go with "Scarecrow's Metal Pit". It's just got a good ring to it, and whatever happened to the band "Spatula"?

If you're sitting there and seriously considering "Free Beer", let me give you a few on the house:

Grain (this will work with any kind of music, it sounds both granolaey and industrial)

One of These Days Alice

Leapin' Lizards (or Gizards, whichever you're more comfortable with)

Safe as Milk

Haldol Holiday

Thorazine Haiku

Shamanic Depression

Beezelkrieg

Manhole

Mellonhead

The Mao Clinic

Have fun and give me royalties.

Blast From the Past

Mike Rimbaud

Jonathan Berger

"Ever since I was fifteen I knew what I wanted to do; I wanted to be a rock and roll singer/guitar player."

Mike Rimbaud's been around. An early AntiFolk player, Rimbaud played in early incarnations of the Fort at the Chameleon and Sophie's. He's released several albums to great critical affect. His songs rock. After ten years -- including an expatriate period in Paris -- he's still around.

"...I played all the little clubs around here. I was playing like four or five nights a week," he explains, but it wasn't until he came to one version of the movable Fort that he found a musical home.

"It's where my whole sound kind of developed. In the East Village. The East Village was to me what the West Village was in the fifties, rebellious, bohemian. It didn't take me long to figure out where I wanted to be."

He became a regular on the scene, absorbing AntiFolk influences. He found an appeal in "people trying to write new songs, performers strong enough to stand on their own... Not afraid to be cruel or brutal."

While the environment was fecund, it was in some ways shitty. "The first open mic I played with Lach was over at Sophie's. Was there even a mic? I *think* there was."

Rimbaud's sound grew, but then, since he started playing out at 19, all the pieces were there: a soulful growl of a voice, good songs, an exciting guitar sound, a great name and most recently, a cool band. Even with the exciting Subway Sun, Rimbaud has not yet found the success wants.

For the last year or so, Rimbaud has fronted the Subway Sun, a kickass band with various rhythm sections -- including Mike's brother -- backing up Rimbaud and Mike Mok on guitars. "It's a pretty bare bones, rock and roll, straight ahead, production." The band is incredible. The sounds that come out of the group are exciting and dangerous. The record deals must be coming in by the dozen. They're not. He had a deal, but it went sour in slow, drawn out way.

"This guy wanted to sign me, but he didn't give me the advance money, he kept pushing things back, kept me from playing, recording... it was a nightmare."

Mike Rimbaud and the Subway Sun eventually recorded their album, got out of the rotten deal, and created quite a musical document, which he's shopping around. "I own the master, and I could self-release. I'm waiting for what the companies say, before I go that way."

Mike Mok plays electric in the band. His playing is phenomenal, outrageous, tasteful and chaotic. The two Mikes worked together closely to come up with the sound of the Subway Sun.

"All those guitar licks are licks that I wrote which I gave to him. Except for the solos, which are his own improvisation." Whatever mutual collaboration created the sound of Subway Sun, it's great, but it's over. "Right now, the band is in flux. I tried to keep him in the band."

Mr. Mike Mok has his own muse to follow, leaving Rimbaud without the strongest feature of his band. Rimbaud's last local show featured just the percussionist

Jera. No bass, no electric, just two guys on stage, kicking out

the jams. There was a small crowd at the show, and some of the band's strongest features were absent.

Still, it worked. They worked. The two guys onstage offered the same kind of excitement that the full band had put into Rimbaud's songs. The tiny audience at the Fort listened intently, and got involved. The guitarwork may not have been as involved as Mok's flights into musical eccentricity, but the songs, the songs sounded as great as ever.

The materials are all there. Rimbaud feels he just needs to connect to the right people. "If I'd had a big time agent, I think I'd have made it by now. It's not that easy; everybody'd be lining up. Everybody gets frustrated and aggravated by this business."

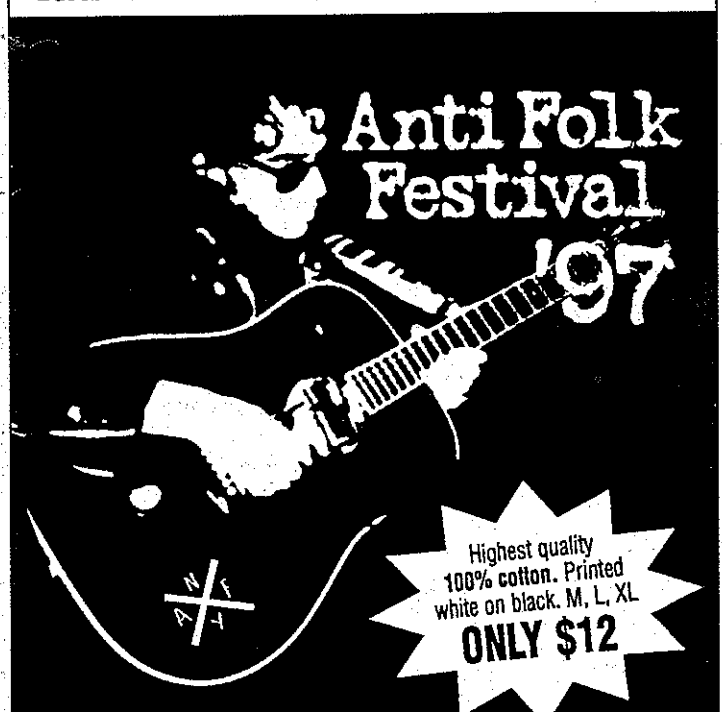
Still, there must be some kind of frustration, in working so hard, writing, performing, for so long, without recognition. Mike should be bitter, but he's more relaxed about his magical musical tour. "I've been following my dream -- it's taken me around the world."

Discography

<u>Mutiny in The Subway</u>	(Bondage)	1990
<u>Funeral Lover</u>	(Boucherie/FNAC Records)	1991
<u>Red Light</u>	(Boucherie/FNAC Records)	1993

Mike Rimbaud plays with some version of the Subway Sun on February 21.

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WINTER ANTI FOLK FEST

A primer on some of the artists you'll see if you're very good boys and girls....

JEN'S REVENGE

(Thursday, February 6, 1997 - 8PM Sharp!)

I want Jen's Revenge to write a song about me. It's a dangerous proposition, and it shows more about my psyche than I certainly want shared, but there it is.

Jen's Revenge writes songs about people who piss her off.

"So," she says, "I had this date with a guy and he never called me back, so I wrote a song about him." And there's the song, "Why Don't You Call Me," featuring lines like, "If I was Madonna/you'd be kicking yourself in your behind/and I'd be laughing/'cause I'd be fucking every single one of your friends..."

She's a funny woman, but she's scary. Her songs are mean, and, if she always abuses the ones who do her wrong, you have to be *really* careful around her. Her song, "Hey Baby," is all about the guys on the street who are idiots, featuring her favorite responses to cheap come-on lines from cheap guys. It's just so hurtful for me and my kind.

Which, of course, would be why I'd want to be in one of her songs.

To have that importance to another person, to inspire a work of art, even a vitriolic one, I can imagine no greater compliment, no higher sign of impact. Once, I was given a namecheck in this college band's song, "People I Know," but it's not the same.

Whenever I see the beautiful blonde who becomes Jen's Revenge on stage, I live in fear of offending her. Of course, I live in hope of offending her, too.

(Gustav Plympton)

WARNING!

If you miss Sunday night, you're a great big dummy. Understand that EVERY SINGLE ACT who is playing is stellar in ways you will only be able to imagine if you don't drag yourself to the Fort, starting promptly at eight o'clock!

You've got three royal members of the AntiFolk family, three soundguys, and ambassadors of the outer provinces of AntiFolk. Starting with **Paula Carino**, the former leader of Regular Einstein returns as a solo electric powerhouse who will knock your blocks off!

Mike Rechner, who has just gotten a new comp tape going on, and who writes songs the simplest music with the most complex lyrics, follows up, and will frighten you with his many songs of death.

Michael Eck, king of Albany's maximum acoustic scene, comes on down to town to get down. His new album Resonator will probably be sold on sight, as well as his last release, Cowboy Black.

"We are **Muckafurgason** and welcome to our show," the band will probably sing at the beginning of their set, and they just might do it in a round. They have several new releases out, (cont.)



Bob Strain

Mr. Scarecrow

"Write about his lyrics," the editor said. So I will.

Mr. Scarecrow writes lyrics that are good.

He sings songs that you will like.

He plays guitar that will hurt your ears, but you will love anyway.

Mr. Scarecrow plays in many bands. Some of them are the Illuminoids, the Heathens, Jen's Revenge, Strange Rain, the AntiSection, the High Times Orchestra, and the Beatles.

Only kidding. You may have heard them. Then you've heard his guitar. It's good.

Mr. Scarecrow will not be dressed like this at his next gig.

Pity.

by S Biederman

KIRK KELLY

At a FolkBrothers show, I saw a fight. Well, it would have been a fight if the guy who got hit hadn't fallen down so hard. As is, it was a massacre.

The Folk Brothers, now the Legendary Folk Brothers, are original AntiFolkies Lach and Kirk Kelly, backing each other up on their own original material, a couple of covers, and a couple of songs they wrote to play together.

The Folk Brothers aren't playing the AntiFolk Fest. Not officially. But Kirk Kelly, who doesn't get around much anymore, is playing a solo show, where, hopefully, he'll play the nearly perfect song, "Sheena Says," about a girl who doesn't want him. It's pop, it's pure, it's pretty. It's a song that should be recorded, if it isn't already.

Kirk recorded one of the earliest albums from the AntiFolk scene, Go Man Go, on SST, back in the days. He's working on a new album, on which you can hear the songs he's written over the last ten years.

The Folk Brothers are great. They've been making occasional semi-announced appearances in the last month. Look for them.

(Sunday cont.) all showing off their musical prolificity and wiseass attitudes (Don't start with these guys, though, as they are all bad ass fuckers). Yeh!

Tom Nishioka returns to the Fort after months and months of absence and distance and frustration. His solo performances make up the most beautiful stuff imaginable, and word is he'll have a gang to back him this time round.

Steve Espinola has songs that touch all those with ears. He also does real strange stuff with electric tennis rackets and musical logs.

Mike Young will frighten you if you have a soul, a heart, and any senses whatsoever. He will desolate all you hold sacred. Hold on for dear life.

Dan Emery's Mystery Guests end their months-long residence on Sunday nights. Rest assured, this will be their most kickass performance, which means no one will leave the club without a sore throat.

(Jonathan Berger)

Casey Scott

It is a crime that Casey Scott doesn't play more often. I only got to see her once before, years ago, at a sparsely attended free show where she was somehow involved with Caroline Records. Her major label release, Creep City, wasn't on Caroline, so I don't know what that's about. She played no songs I knew, except the incredibly poppy "Ryan," which was a request, and is completely unrepresentative of what she does. Most of her songs are charged with insane amounts of emotional energy and tension, even if you can't make out the words. The words are either roared or murmured, which has great potential, I guess, on record, but is difficult to do live.

She's disappeared from music for the last few years, but is peeping her head back into the local scene, which, frankly, is a godsend. She's a dangerous force of nature on stage, a difficult lyricist, and a powerful player. Casey Scott is great, and, I'd guess, you'd need to see a dozen shows to even begin to comprehend her catalog.

Oh, buy the album! It sounds nothing like the cover.

by Jonathan Berger

The Human Ballad

Here come the Humans
Hip hip hooray!
Here come the Humans,
To save the day.
To save us from the common place
Lift us up and give us the space
to think freely.

To remind us of what is really right
To remind us of what is wrong.
This is the Human message
This is the Human song.

Even though you're born a man
Or you are born a woman
It doesn't necessarily mean you were
born a Human.
Human is separate from the rest
Human is a state of mind
Finally it's happening
Finally it's time.

Here come the Humans.
With their ties tied tight.
Here come the Humans
The world is safe tonight.

Like Giant Astro-Boys
They'll save the day
Super folk punk comic book reality
heroes
They're here to say
"Let's all be Human -- Lalala-lala...
Let's all be Human -- Lalala-lala...
Let's all be Human -- Lalala-lala!"

by the Novellas

Dina Dean Dina Dean Dina Dean Dina Dean

Gustav Plympton

2/6: 9 o'clock.

Dina Dean's new. Dina Dean's fresh. Dina Dean packs clubs like someone who's played more than twice. She's seasoned herself by playing a panoply of open mics, and is now ready to take the world by storm, though she doesn't know it yet. Everybody who knows anything comes to her gigs and raves. You will regret having the opportunity next year to say, "Dina Dean -- feh! I knew her before she sold out, when she was *good*."

Walk, don't run, to her show. But get there on time.

BENDIK'S BLURB

by Joe BENDIK

I've been asked to write this blurb for this 'zine for this **ANTI FOLK FEST**. I've been involved in anti folkness since late '86 (I had a band called **FOLK YOU** at the time) when the **FORT** was at **SOPHIE'S**. Ahhhh, the drunken old daze. The Fort moved around a lot back then; to (the old) **TRAMPS** to **NIGHTINGALE'S** to **CHAMELEON** etc.

By the time it got to Chameleon (during the "**BECK**" period), we (my brother & I) whittled the band down to a two piece MIDI-Psychedelic outfit called **PRELUCYMOONEY** (pronounced "pre lucy mooney"). We had a nice steady gig there and used a crude light show along with showing silent **Hitchcock** films (on the on-stage rear projection screen) while we played.

Around late '93, I ran up with **LACH** again & he told me about the new Fort @ **SIDEWALK**. I was just getting back into performing (after taking several years off to attempt the art of child rearing & sound design) so I jumped at the chance. This has been the best. I won the title **KING OF ANTI FOLK** (Winter '96) and **THE HEATHENS** were born here. I learned how to write all over again by coming to the **ANTI HOOTS** (mostly) weekly.

Much respect to all the great talent.

I love everybody.

Please come to my show on Friday, February 7th @ 10:30 for the **ANTIFOLK FEST**.

Paleface

Staying up way too late, waiting for the cab to come and take them home, Seth asked, "Have you seen Paleface?"

Dan nodded. "Why?"

"I've heard him once or twice, and I've heard that he's God's gift to songwriting, and I just don't know why. Is he any good?"

"Oh, Paleface is awesome," Dan said, "He's really cool."

From out of nowhere, Mark popped in, "He seems like he'd be rough to deal with."

"Maybe. I never noticed. He's incredibly cool."

"See, that's where I'm coming from. What makes him cool? I don't see it."

Mark also waited for the response.

"Well, I only saw him once, six months ago --"

"Aha!"

"-- And I remember one of the songs he did. About radio, or something..."

"Your Commercial Sucks?"

"I think so," Dan said, "And I'm still humming it now."

"Is that song on his new album?" Mark asked.

"Dunno."

"So it's on the strength of one song that you give a hearty recommendation?"

"Pretty much," Dan replied.

"Whatever," Seth said, and, seeing that the taxi had arrived, got moving.

For a few important minutes, Paleface was the next big thing in the East Village. He was the future of AntiFolk. He wore a silly hat in the AntiFolk movie, and looked and sounded, if memory serves, like a being from a dumber planet.

Many years later, he's still around, still singing, evidently displeased by former roommate Beck Hansen's incredible success, and still playing, occasionally, at the center of AntiFolk, at the Fort. Like on this Saturday, at 10:30!

Jonathan Berger

The Novellas are different than anyone else you've ever seen. There's something quirky about them, like the Talking Heads, but there's something rocking about them, like the Talking Heads. Of course, they're not like the Talking Heads; they're just like the Novellas.

The songs are sung by Mr. Peter Chance, who takes center stage and sweats out the show, playing an acoustic guitar like a magic wand.

Laura Ogar is his able keyboard assistant, silent onstage but clearly vital in creating the eerie quirky soundscapes that the group creates for each and every song.

They just released their Holiday Sampler, another damned 3-song teaser from the album of theirs that's seems like it's never gonna come out. If you ever see it, it'll be called, Objects Hidden in Mysterious Places.

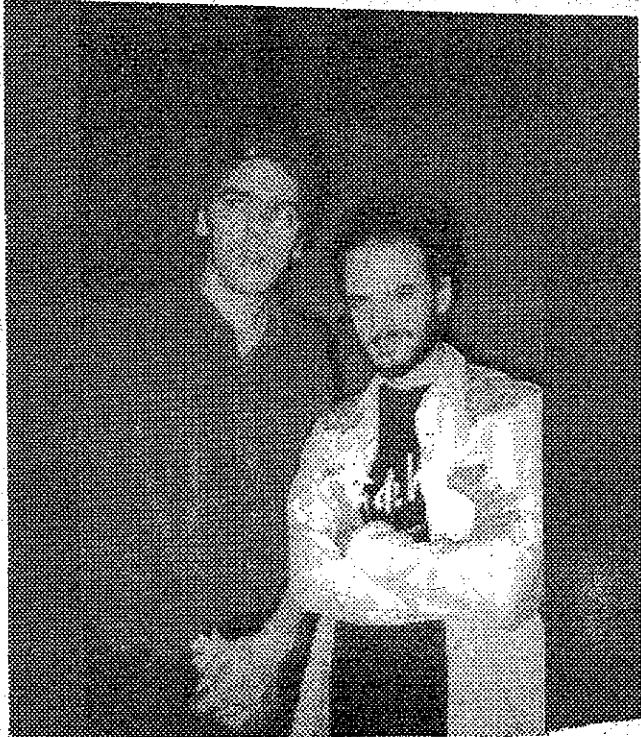
Intriguing? Check out their show and get mesmerized. Look out for "Toreador" and "Self-Immolation Row."

Friday, February 7, 10PM, Sidewalk. Peace Out.

Lach

by S Biederman

What more need be said?



Lach with good friend and onetime Fort denizen, Robyn Hitchcock.

Hamell On Trial

Have you ever seen Hamell on Trial? Have you seen what he does to a guitar?

If you've never seen Hamell on Trial I'll tell you what you've missed so far

He sings songs about his mother, about Heaven and the trickster up there

He sings songs about crooks and heroes and he treats them both with equal care

He sings like it all happened earlier that night

He sings and his face turns into a blacklight

Illuminating each verse with a unique inner light

Glowing with the power of an old radio tube's might

Have you ever seen Hamell on Trial?

Have you ever seen a courtroom turn into a bird

as the jury hung onto a river of words

for dear life never seemed so thin & frail

like a jail guard realizing he's spent a life time in jail

Have you ever seen a naked man on stage wearing nothing but pain and a smile

if you've never seen a fool's mask worn by a sage then

You've never seen Hamell on Trial

Have you ever seen a man fight the ghosts of his soul and knock em right out

Have you ever seen a man play host to his demons, decloak them all with one shout

He came to N.Y. by way of Austin a Neo-Paul Bunyon with an old wooden ax

Chopping chords so fast that you'd get lost in them as they winged their way past

Have you ever seen Hamell on Trial?

They say that young Elvis was a happy old fuck

Eating flapjacks and flirting outside his red circus truck

Seeing Elvis those first shows was like watching a child discover his nature

and shining it wild leaving dazed

schoolgirls soaked and beguiled

all their facts of life immediately refilled

all emergency numbers automatically dialed

All thoughts of sadness permanently exiled like

Seeing Hamell on Trial

Have you ever seen Hamell on Trial?

Stick around he's on after me

If you've never seen a man on fire then just you wait and see

Have you ever seen Hamell on trial, have you seen what he does to a guitar

If you never seen Hamell on Trial than you've never seen a star.

-Lach c) 1996

How to Tour with Little Money and Zero Fame

Jonathan Segol

For me and for many, going on tour was a dream that bloomed throughout adolescence, a movable feast of crazy riffs, funky drum fills, screaming fans who swore I'd change the world, like I thought Billy Bragg would, like Billy Bragg thought the Clash would, etc., and maybe some silly costumes too.

As an adult retaining some of the mind of an adolescent, the money of a senior citizen, and the fame of a garden weed, the question remains, why tour?

One reason, the adolescent factor updated: to reach more people. The other reason, a growing biggie: to get out of town for a while.

Some may ask, "Can't you just go?"

Oh sure, squander my pittance on a trip while the remaining scraps (and more) go to the landlord. I'll come home tired and broke, and for what?

Going on tour, that's what.

First question: How much time do you have for this? The two touring schedules are densely packed and sparsely packed. The advantages to the densely packed tour is more evident; more gigs for your time. As for the sparsely packed tour, it lets you go camping and get that precious oxygen you've been missing. Moreover, it makes your time flexible enough to use the cheapest modes of travel.

Cheap ways to go:

Sure, you could always hitchhike. I went through a hitching phase, was never threatened by mass murderers, but met just enough people who think they can drive with just a drink or two in their systems. I didn't mind. I thought being transported by a slightly drunk driver through the middle of nowhere was adventure.

But never, ever, no even at the heights of youthful delusions of invulnerability, did I ever hitchhike with my guitar. Risking your life at the hands of frugality and Kerouacian conceits is one thing. Don't you ever, ever take your guitar on a daring, risky trip! And waiting an hour or two in the rain for a ride? That's not something you'd do to a loved one made out of wood.

Where were we? The sparsely packed tour. The best places to find cheap or free rides are college boards and youth hostels. My own luckiest ride was from Portland to San Francisco. The five day layover in Southern Oregon at an Earth First! gathering was no inconvenience. Free is free if free.

The densely packed tour: Take a long weekend. Book three or four shows (one on the radio). Don't go too far.

Where to tour? Where do you have friends that can put you up? Simple as that, unless you have a car you can sleep in.

Next, where to play? If you know nothing about the venues, your first reference book is Barron's College Guide. Get the phone numbers of the colleges. Call them, and get connected to their radio stations (which, unlike colleges, you can call during night rates. Don't laugh, your phone bill is going to skyrocket. If you know a way to avoid this, let me know. I haven't figured it out {Editor's Note: Internet. Web pages probably available for the larger college radio stations. Give it a try!}.) Chat with whoever is there and find out about all the venues. And don't forget to tell them you are, get their address, send in your demo, book yourself a radio show (before your gig if possible).

Now that you've checked in with the educational institution, call your venues. I've sometimes found it helpful to tell them, "I'm from New York and I'm going on tour." Sometimes when faraway people hear those words, they are eager to make it so. You don't only have to play clubs. Maybe cafes, restaurants (free meals!). The little random shows can also be helpful if you're trying to bring out support for a bigger show that visit. So is busking, and some cities are less hostile to street musicians than New York.

Feeling industrious? Let the local press know you're coming. Not just the main newspaper, but zines too if you can find them.

Oh, a side note about crossing borders. The border search is one event in which your music is considered profitable merchandise. I learned this to my own red-faces surprise while walking into Canada, my first tour, and most bungled. So enthusiastic was I about being on tour, that I puffed out my chest at the border and puffed up my number of club dates (to a larger digit). Sloppy appearance and traveling on foot didn't help matters. They wouldn't let me into Canada until I got a friend to call their office and attest that she was putting me up, that I had a place to stay. Also, after opening my bag, they calculated a duty tax for my tapes. However, they lowered it a couple of dollars after I gave them a few. They played it and liked it.

Anyway, I've probably left several good points out (oh, and travel light for god's sake, and bring some vitamins). Some of you reading this know more about it than I do. Write in, make some suggestions. Many of us need to play out of the city once in a while and don't even know it.

DAN KILIAN

@ the

FORT / SIDEWALK CAFE
ENTERTAINMENT
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH

LEARNING GUITAR

By Jocelyn Ryder

February 1997

I have heard that people who write down their goals are much more likely to accomplish them. I have done this and it works for me, so long as I don't get hung up on the time frame. For instance, five years from now I hope to be able to leave behind the day job in favor of being a full time musician. I keep wondering, though, does this mean I'll be selling out? And what does selling out mean?

Here are some of my goals:

- make my living playing music
- write great songs
- work with great people
- hear myself singing my songs on the radio
- get a letter from a fan telling me they didn't kill themselves or anyone else last night 'cause they heard "I'm Not Going to Hell For You"
- travel all over the world and play my songs
- pay off my parents' mortgages
- play lots of gigs at the Fort
- improve my guitar playing

The week of my last gig was filled with musical revelations and the fulfillment of some of these goals. My first rehearsal with Dan and Tom was a joyful experience; it was a thrill watching two of my favorite musicians feed off one another's energy and talent. Playing guitar with them is a whole new thing. My unpredictable rhythm was kept in check -- or, at least, drowned out -- by the skill of my fellow players. I couldn't concentrate on the exact chord structures they were employing, or tell you exactly how it sounded. All I know is I felt the songs'

textures become much more complex. I also love the artistic feedback and boost that comes from working with other musicians. I put out ideas and if they work, great, and if not, I cry...(kidding, kidding). All of these things are taking me to the next level. I don't even know what's up there, but I keep climbing.

I need Ukulele to accomplish my goals. I may not need but I definitely want Tom and Dan around. It's amazing to see previously invisible doors opening because I am learning a new instrument.

I want to accomplish my goals without compromising my musical integrity. How do I get the prize without selling my soul? I guess I could start by defining my prize and deciding ahead of time what I am willing to do to get it. If I could have a deal tomorrow but couldn't work with the musicians of my choice? Forget it.

I want to use my voice and guitar to fulfill my goals. I want to be able to look at myself in the mirror every day and still like the person staring back. In "The Big Chill," Jeff Goldblum's character asserts that people prefer rationalizations to sex. "Try going a day without a rationalization," he says when challenged. I don't want to rationalize my way to the attainment of my goals. I want to be honest with myself, because rationalization reminds me of compromise.

All I know is this: I want to sing and play my guitar.

The Case For Selling Out!

Charles Herold

So I'm sitting in Sidewalk at an open mike, and this guy comes in and walks right up to me. "Hi," he says, "I'm an executive at Warner Brothers. I think you're a hot property. I've got a million dollars I want to sink into your career: album; video directed by Stanley Kubrick; MTV unplugged; the whole enchilada." And I say "no, I can't become part of that corporate environment. In fact, no one in this club would sell out like that. We are artists."

I also had to turn down that \$200 a month renovated three-bedroom apartment because I didn't want to live on 5th Avenue, and tell Sharon Stone that I simply can't sleep with a woman I hardly know. Sometimes it seems like everyone wants a piece of you.

In the first issue of Anti-Matters, there was an article on "how not to sell out." I found this very amusing, like an article by some homeless guy on "how to invest your money wisely."

It's wonderfully self-confident for someone to be plotting out their strategy for avoiding the lures of fame and fortune when they are so removed from either. I have a more old-fashioned approach. I dream of the fame and fortune, and I'll wait until I'm close to one or both before I start figuring out how to keep my soul intact. I never was too good at planning ahead.

There is a whole subset of artists who are obsessed with not selling out, even though there is not a single person on the face of the earth who wants to buy them. Not wanting to sell out is the ultimate proof of your artistic integrity. It is not cool to want to be famous. Once at the Hoot I said "like most of you, I dream of fame," and Lach said "I don't dream of fame. Does anyone here dream of fame?" And no one said anything. Almost everyone performer I've ever spoken to has told me of their dreams of fame, but no one could withstand Lach's withering scorn and admit that they were so uncool as to have seriously thought about what they would talk about on Letterman.

I have always been willing to sell out. I do not consider myself an artist so much as an artisan. A cabinet maker doesn't blather on about how he'll only make cabinets that make the statement he wants to make; he makes cabinets that someone wants to put their stuff in. My craft is writing an effective song, and if I can write an effective song for Pepsi or Paula Abdul or the (God forbid) Republican party, then I am true to my calling. If I write a personal, deeply felt, self-indulgent piece of crap, I am a failure.

The concept of selling out is a slippery one. The most instructive example would be Nirvana. Nirvana was cool. Then they got a major recording contract and a hit song, and suddenly people were arguing about whether they were sellouts. Their music hadn't changed any, there was just a feeling among some critics and pretentious college students that if you're not on an Indie label, you're not really cool. Then Kurt scooped out his brains with a bullet, and everyone decided he wasn't a sellout after all.

Did Nirvana want to be a cool underground band? Jennifer Blowdryer, a cool underground poet/singer/writer/whatnot, once wrote about people telling her she was so cool because she was so underground. She said she didn't want to be underground. She wanted to be above-ground. She was cool more because she was unsuccessful than because she was pure. Just because you're unknown doesn't mean you're not a sellout. Sometimes it just means you haven't found a buyer.

So, what is selling out? I would say that selling out is

compromising your wishes. For example, let's say you only want to sleep with exotically beautiful people. Let's say you are not exotically beautiful yourself, or charming, or rich, and the number of exotically beautiful people making themselves available to you is limited. And so you sleep with someone who's only cute. Well, you've compromised.

If you want to be a movie star, and that's all you want in life, and you're a waiter, because you have to eat, you have compromised. Being a waiter is not fulfilling your desires, it's just filling your stomach. You have chosen food over purity.

These are, of course, necessary compromises. The question is at what point are compromises no longer necessary. Is it okay to compromise your life style, but not your art?

Everyone has their own idea of what not to compromise. Since people talk about "prostituting their art," let's talk about actual prostitution. If you become a prostitute, having sex with strangers for thousands of dollars a week, it is considered far lower and more sordid than working for minimum wage at MacDonalds while some old guy screams at you because you gave him a regular soda and he ordered a diet. Grinding poverty and daily humiliation in a lawful profession is considered more pure and honorable than lots of money and (relatively) more control over your working conditions in an unlawful, so-called "immoral" profession.

And if that's true, then it's better to spend your life working at The Gap and playing open mikes.

So, you play now and then in little local clubs for 15 or 20 people, more friends than fans. And if that's all you want, fine. Not too much compromise there.

Is that all you want?

If it is, then nothing I say below has anything to do with you. If you are without ambition, if you are just having fun, if this is just a little hobby like skiing that you enjoy doing but that is something you are content to just spend a small percentage of your time on, you might as well stop reading. If you are content that in forty years you will still be playing in little local clubs for your friends, then I wish you a happy life and all the best.

But maybe you want a little more. Maybe an Indie record label and a low budget tour. Well, that's not too bad. They probably won't expect major changes in your songs. The producer won't add violins. Oh sure, they'll never give you any money and you'll wind up one of these bitter guys talking about how Indie labels suck and how they're happier now without a label, but at least your music will remain pure.

But that may not be quite enough.

I know, you want to be a successful cult figure putting out your own albums on your own label. You want to make a decent living playing music but turn down all the major label offers.

You *are* planning to turn down those big offers, right?

And if you can get to that point, well, that would be nice. Can you get to that point without compromise? Maybe. If you're very talented, if you're so talented that people flock back to your shows over and over and the crowds keep growing and you can put together a little money and you have a little business savvy and club owners and music columnists like you so well that they all push your career along for you.

But that's not going to happen for too many of you. Most people simply aren't that good. Or are, but don't have a broad-based appeal. When thinking about selling out, try and have a realistic concept of your chances of making it in the world purely on your incredible talent. Keep in mind all the amazingly

talented people you know who are working in offices right now.

Now, there are a lot of talented people on the folk scene. And if I were a record producer, I would mess with your songs. I wouldn't let you put the boring, self-indulgent ones on the album. I would tell you to speed up, or slow down, or add harmonies. Producers don't always make songs worse. I've heard really cool songs on the radio, and then I've seen them performed live on Saturday Night Live or something, and they were the people who you walked out on at the open mike to go to the john. And if a producer can make a mediocre singer with a mediocre song sound great, who am I to say they couldn't make me sound a hell of a lot better than I do using only my own best judgment? There is not a single person on the anti-folk scene who couldn't be improved. Not one.

And this is perhaps my main point: "I'm not selling out" is generally short-hand for "I am so talented, my songs are in such a state of perfection, what I am saying is so important, that to dilute or alter my songs in any way whatsoever would be a crime against humanity. Mozart and Rembrandt may have worked on commission, but my art is too great for that sort of petty money grubbing."

Now, I'm not saying bad producers don't ruin good songs. I saw Suzanne Vega live many times, and her first album was awful, the songs speeded up and so much Phil Spector-style echo on them that a friend of mine had assumed Vega just couldn't sing.

But you know what? Her records got better. She wrote more good songs. There was no lasting harm. She's rich, she's famous, her songs have been heard by millions of people, and I suspect she's doing pretty much what she wants to do. And I'm glad Suzanne isn't still playing folk clubs for forty people, because I think she's worth hearing, and whatever compromises she had to make to get a major label were preferable to the compromise of staying unknown.

Selling out doesn't mean you can't keep on writing those tortured, self-indulgent songs that are so close to your heart. Whatever it is you don't want to compromise — scathing politics, atonal melodies, the frequent use of the word "fuck," you can always still do that, even if you can't put it on your albums. You can show up at little clubs at two in the morning after you've played that sellout show in the stadium and they'll let you go right up on stage and sing what you like, because you're a big star. Even if they don't like you. If Alanis Morissette came to Sidewalk and asked Lach if you could play a set, what do you think he would say?

But listen, don't sell out on my account. Just because brilliant people like Bob Dylan and Stevie Wonder worked hard to get and stay famous doesn't mean it's not still beneath you.

And listen, when you turn down that guy from Warner Bros., could you point him in my direction?

If you would like to hire Charles to compose music for beer commercials, Hollywood action pictures, political campaigns, or even your little girl's birthday party, contact him at charles.herold@tgbbs.com. No reasonable offer refused. Act now, supplies are limited. Void where prohibited.

SUBWAY SAVIORS #1: **ELQUENT**

Having done a three month stint as a P/T subway-musician here in NYC, she became increasingly sensitive to the plight of the underground disestablishmentarians... y'know -- the beggars. Lots of times she felt funny playing down there. Once, somebody threw a 20 in. She thought of Pavlov. Sing baby sing. Ruff ruff ruff - yeah, things were.

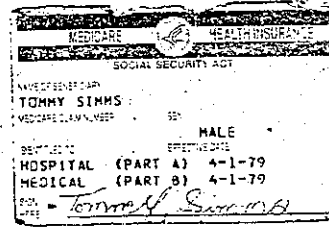
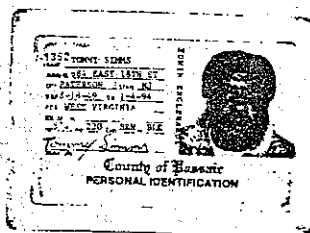
But she'd see all "doser udder guys," the ones who REALLY needed the money. And she'd wonder -- should it really matter if they're any "good" or not? Isn't art mainly resplendent in the mere doing of art? Hmm... oh, not that again! She would peer down into the many hats, cups, paper bags and plastic hands of the others to see what they were getting -- and she observed that - alas! - at least to others, it did seem to matter. And then she felt something change: a certainty was rising. And as she reached, slowly, in the deep recesses of her front pockets to give a little moolah to the extremely off key drunken blues (?) singer with the broken shoes & a cracked guitar (and not too many teeth!), she knew that she had, at long last, found an answer.

NO NO! It did NOT matter. Indeed not. And she realised now, ever so sincerely, what bias meant. Ah! She was biased. Yes! Yes! Biased. Biased, by and by, by the mere doing of it (That word doesn't spell well, does it? It looks like "doing!" as in the sound that a penis makes when it is suddenly caught off-guard. But by assured; the writer of this piece is referring only to the present tense of the verb "do"... No - not that kind of do, perverts!).

...Anyway -- this discovery had profound effect on her judgment. No more would she turn her eyes or ears away from the clappers, the yellers, the insult hurlers, the seemingly & hopefully fake deaf people that season our daily commute. No more. If at first you don't succeed, perhaps you suck... but so what. Try try again anyhow. Maybe you'll get better!

PLEASE DO NOT DISPUTE THIS LETTER
My name is Tommy Simms

I had an accident when I was young, I was shoved by mistake while playing with another kid. I grew up through life having epilepsy and black-outs from 1952-1962. I'm very energetic and talented. I am a house D.J. looking for success. I also imitate James Brown. I consider myself a good showman. If you can please contribute what ever you can. This was written by Brian Jones in Haddon NJ 9/24/95 Tommy Simms



DJ NAME "ELQUENT"
BETTER KNOWN AS ROCKIN ROBIN JR!
HAPPY THANKSGIVING
+ A "MERRY CHRISTMAS"

MUNDO MUNDO

I FEEL ALRIGHT

OHMY "GODDAMN" GOD!

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NAKANACHI / HIGASHINADA-
KU/KOBE / JAPAN/ZIT-658

NAKED LUNCH

ALLADDIN

LOW

NA-NA

P.O. BOX 205 / OCEANSIDE, CA

92049 / USA

YALATEEE

KALASHNIKOF

RAIPEL-MOI

J'AI PEUR, J'AI MEURT

GRANS / 8 AVENUE DE L'EVEIL

/ LA MICHAUDIERE / 44300

NANTES / FRANCE

THE BASTARDS

GOTHIC SONG

MY DISEASE

HIGH SCHOOL

1218 MCKINLEY DR. /

ROSEVILLE, CA 95661 / USA



BROKEN EAR
17B AVE. CHASTELLAIN
RES. ILE 2000 - Apt. 242
76000 ROUEN
FRANCE
BT 049-1996

BROKEN EAR
P.O. BOX 660397
SACRAMENTO, CA 95866-0397
USA

BOB BILL



MY NAME IS BILL

I AM BOB

THERE IS NO CHOICE LIKE NO CHOICE

TELEVISION PERSONA

UP MY NOSE
WHO KNOWS
ATTENTION SPAN

799 E. DUVAL ST. / LAKE CITY,
FL 32025 / USA

MANNER FAIRM

FRECKLED
ANOTHER PROBLEM
STYROFOAM PANTS

20605 39TH AVE. / LANGLEY, BC
/ CANADA V3A 2V7

SO CALLED UNLIKE

PASCAL
SOME ANGELS

9 RUE RENAN / 25000
BESANCON / FRANCE

MIKE RECKNER

SOHO GANGSTERS
BEAN STALK

280 RIVERSIDE DR. #5C / NEW
YORK, NY 10025 / USA

THE HIDDEN FORT

Secret Origins of Anti-Folk
A continuing series by Geoffrey Notkin

Episode V: A Working Rhythm

*Silent reigns the public
A sky of vexed expectations
Gold reigns my music
A process called evaporation
I'm evaporatin'*

*And in your silence you condemn them
And in your velvet robe
Stand condemned*

From "Silent Reigns," by Lach/Mark K.

I AM INTERESTED IN THE WAY MOOD AND MOMENT AFFECTS WRITING. I'M VERY AWARE THAT THE way I write, and what I write, is influenced by my current circumstances. Much like the art of songwriting and performance. I had intended to write a humorous piece about the two years that Lach and I spent living with our band mates in Rockland County, during the early 1980s. I put one of our old live tapes from that period on my stereo, in the hope that it would guide me into reviving some old memories. Usually I find these tapes slightly annoying to listen to, with their out-of-tune guitars, and long breaks in between songs. This one was different. I was quite shocked by how good it sounded. We were a five piece back then, so we had a very full sound: bass, two guitars, drums, and Lach's electric piano. But electric tuners were bulky, expensive things that you only found in recording studios, and so most of our live tapes are unpleasantly punctuated with the ascending twangs that went with my desperate attempts to get the Rickenbacker bass in tune with Lach's warbley keyboards.

For a while, we played every Sunday at a Rockland County club called The Alamo. It was better than most of the area venues, with a long, spacious stage, not very high, but roomy enough for the vast amount of equipment that we shuttled around with us. Norman played lead through a Marshall stack, and Jon's drums took up a whole station wagon all on their own. Then there was Mark's guitar amp, his collection of guitars, Lach's keyboards and his amp. And after being foolishly wooed by the belief that bigger is always better, I'd traded in my compact bass combo for an enormous 300 watt rig that took two people just to shift the cabinet. And that was with the wheels on. That amp was the only one I've ever seen that carried a warning sticker. It read: "Danger! Sound output from this unit can exceed 130 decibels." A jet airliner puts out about 120 decibels on take-off, so you can imagine that the sound levels at our live shows quickly flew out of control.

The Alamo employed a friendly soundman who ran board tapes of our shows for us. Board tapes sound like a good idea until you get them home and listen to them. Then you realize that whatever instruments are boosted in the club (ie. kick drum, vocals and electric piano) are the only things that make it onto the tape. And if you're lucky, way in the background, you might get a little bass or hi-hat, or even some rhythm guitar. But the soundman at The Alamo took the time to send a sub mix to tape. Once in a while he'd get the mix just perfect and we'd come home with a marvelous recorded document. Listening to these tapes, after the shows, was a pleasant band ritual, and something that you can really only do if you live in a mad house with no grown-ups.

After we'd loaded out of the club, we'd pile our tons of gear into the cavalcade of waiting station wagons and sports

cars that we borrowed and bribed from our friends and hangers-on, and moved in convoy back to the house. I always rode with the manager because I always had the tape of the show. I got on pretty well with the manager—Compton—better than my band mates did and, after all, he was the coke dealer. Compton drove a decrepit cream-colored Pinto that we called "The Moveable Oven" because it would sometimes cough showers of sparks out of the exhaust pipe. The exhaust was positioned immediately next to the rear-mounted gas tank, and this should have terrified a normal person, but I found it very amusing at the time. Compton used to joke that his stereo system was worth ten times the value of the car, and that wasn't far from the truth. His cassette player was mounted under the dashboard, along with a graphic equalizer, and a stereo exploder that could make any reasonably well-recorded Id tape sound like *The Who, Live at Leeds*. Compton and I would have a preview of each new live tape in the car on the way back, while we hurtled down Route 59 at 85 or 90 m.p.h., with Compton waving a plastic baggie filled with the most exquisite and expensive Hawaiian or Jamaican marijuana buds—buds the size of fat cigars—that were so expensive they had blue, orange and yellow highlights streaking through them, and chortling something like: "Geoff why don't you roll up some of this?"

Now that I think back on it, Compton didn't look at the road much during those high speed journeys. I certainly didn't. I had my eyes closed; though not through fear of his driving. No, I was still basking in post-gig bliss, and looking forward to the requisite all-night, post-gig party back at the house (and no doubt some available girls were already on their way there in other cars), and grooving on the sound of our recently-completed show as amplified, cleaned, buffed up and pumped up by his ludicrous in-car sound system.

We only got pulled over once, incredibly, and that was late one night as we rocketed down the Palisades after a show at the Left Bank in Mount Vernon. A police car was waiting for us, sequestered deep in the dark woods that separated the two halves of the highway. We went by him so fast that it was sometime before he managed to catch up to us. We saw the lights go on, and the car pull out of the trees, but then we blasted around a curve, which gave us plenty of time to dispose of four beer bottles and a burning joint out of the window. Compton handed the rest of his pot to his under-age girlfriend, and she stuffed it into her panties.

None of these distractions interfere with the party. Once

the amps are hauled in to our living room and stacked in the corner, all the electric lights are turned off. The house is filled with incense and candles—those red glass globes with the white plastic fishnet around them that we'd steal from 'nice' clubs we played in like Dubonay's; loads of them scattered across the hardwood floors, like miniature lighthouses. And then the tape goes on. We sit around, and lounge and smoke, and laugh, and comment on particular bits of brilliance: this guitar line, or that bit of stage patter. And there are other people around too: friends and lovers. But to a certain degree they are excluded. If you're not in the band, if you haven't just *been* onstage while the tape was being recorded, you could never completely share in the excitement of listening back to this event in which we'd just participated.

Sometimes we'd go through all this preparation and then be horrified or disgusted at how the tape sounded. *All kick drum and keyboards again?!* But now and then it would be just right, and the sounds would mingle with Compton's exquisite pot—the kind of pot we couldn't possibly have afforded to buy ourselves—and we'd sink back into our couches, bean bags, and girlfriends' laps, stare up at the tango candle shadows on the peeling ceiling and marvel at our own divine sound.

And then, right after, came the fight about who got to keep the tape. Since I was usually the only person who'd remembered to bring a blank cassette to the club, most of them ended up in my collection. They're here with me now, racks of them. Proper Id at The Alamo, Halloween 1982; Folk City; Interludes; CBGB's; WRPR Radio; SUNY Purchase, and another whole crate full.

Today I listened to an Alamo show from October, 1982. A "hot October night," Lach says in between songs. The week before our Halloween party. He says there are going to be prizes next week, for the best costume: First prize will be a copy of our single "Electric Boy," second prize will be two copies, etc.

I've always been the band archivist. I have recordings of Lach songs that he doesn't even remember how to play. Once in a while he'll admit that he's lost the lyrics to "Slidin' Down," or "Silent Reigns," and do I, by any chance, have a copy?

"Silent Reigns" was the last new song that the original five-piece Proper Id learned and played out. To get to that point we all had to endure a complicated and frustrating songwriting process, based on the barter system: "We'll do one of your songs; then we'll do one of mine." It made me sympathize a little (just a very little) with The Beatles, because they went through the same nonsense for years on end. The problem was this: Lach wrote most of the songs. He was, by far, the most prolific of the five of us. But we were all in our early twenties, headstrong, and convinced of our individual musical abilities. I wanted us to be doing a

fair share of my material. It made me feel involved in guiding the band's direction. Norman and Jon and Mark felt the same way, although Jon's infrequent contributions were so bizarre that even he realized it was hopeless trying to teach them to us.

Songwriting, and the compilation of set lists caused friction. Norman and Lach would co-write a fantastic new song (Norman would compose the music, Lach always wrote the lyrics), which we'd learn and add to the set. Then I'd want one of the songs that Lach and I had written to go into the set too. And so an uneasy balance was achieved. About half the songs were Lach's own compositions; the other half were co-written efforts. But egos were heavily involved, especially between the two guitarists who were forever accusing each other of playing too loud and stealing each other's parts. If, for example, I got it into my head that, perhaps, "Modern Designs" (Lach/Mark K) wasn't working too well, and should perhaps be reworked (read: dropped from the set), I had to say so in a particularly diplomatic and tiptoe manner, or Mark was liable—or likely—to fly into one of his terrifying rages. He might shout that we should, in fact, drop "Into the Brilliance" (Lach/Notkin) from the set, and not *his* song. Then he might fling his expensive new Kramer guitar against the wall, stomp into his room and slam the door. That would generally mean that the day's rehearsal was over.

We had a few other problems too: we all lived together in the same house; and we were coming from at least five different musical directions. Norman and Lach loved Kiss; Lach loved Dylan and Phil Ochs; Norman was obsessed with Goblin, a weird Italian fusion band; I was crazy for The Jam and



The winter of our discontent: The Id House, 1981

The Clash; Jon listened to irritating jazz and other complicated music with odd timing that I couldn't play; Mark was a Deadhead. Oh, but we all liked reggae. That was handy. At least we enjoyed playing our dub pieces. So, our all-over-the-place sets included slivers of just about every kind of music you could think of. A bit like The Clash's *Sandinista!*, I'm afraid.

We'd blast through a harrowing super-tight punk fireball like Lach's "She's a Hitter," and segue immediately into The Beatles' "Polythene Pam." This could be followed by Lach and Norman's metal-ish "Army, School or Work," and then the twelve minute reggae trance of "Id Dub." What were we thinking? We had no consistent vision. We tried to do everything at once. When it worked it was transcendent—like a musical version of Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*: everything on the surface of the Earth (plus several things from near orbit) were in it. On the days when it didn't work, and there were quite a number of them, it was a kaleidoscopic cacophony of sound and style. I remember one show—and it was at The Alamo again—where I was so

pissed off with my fellow band mates, so horrified at how they were playing, and the fools we were making of ourselves, that I painfully rolled the sleeves of my motorcycle jacket up to my elbows, so they interfered with the blood flow to my hands. I put all my irritation and frustration in my playing, slamming my long-suffering Rickenbacker into my mic stand and anything else that crossed my path. My disgust was so apparent, that I was pretty sure I'd be thrown out of the band when we got offstage.

Instead, Compton ran up to me, immediately after we came off, and bellowed: "That was the best show *ever*!" Go figure. There was no objectivity about anything. No direction, no command, no restraint, no money. We were flying yes, but we were flying blind, and with our black jeans down around our ankles. And then something happened that gave me hope. It was exciting; a breath of fresh air. It was a signpost, and a map; a blueprint for the future, a goal and a direction all rolled into one.

Stocky, curly-haired Mark slumped glumly into rehearsal, like he always did: head down, sullen expression, rage about some trivial thing bubbling just below the surface. Once he had his guitar in tune, and while the rest of us were getting ourselves together, he started playing something that grabbed hold of my attention and took it to a place it had never been. Guitar chords shimmered and flitted around our living room, part Pete Townshend, part Bob Weir, part something nobody had ever heard before. Moody and uncommunicative though he was, Mark could inject his playing with a kind of melodic phrasing that was uniquely and completely his own. It was as if whatever happy and positive parts of his soul there were, way back under that hard face, could only ever be given freedom through those chords. Some of his guitar compositions were never recorded. There were pieces that I only ever heard once or twice, but their shadows still live at the edges of memory, taunting me sometimes when I'm falling asleep, reminding me of songs that never came fully out into the light.

As Mark played, I was transfixed. The others stopped what they were doing, too, and listened. He wasn't aware of the attention focused on him. He paused, stooped down, adjusted an effect box, hit a few more liquid ringing chords, glanced at us, back at his complicated collection of pedals, and then snapped his head around as the attention we were all paying him registered on his senses.

"What is it?" He half-smiled, which made his forehead wrinkle up like a pug. "What's going on?" Mark was a little paranoid and suspicious, and was always afraid that we were putting something over on him. Even Norman, who had the hardest time out of all of us with Mark, showed interest in what he'd just heard.

"What was that you were playing?" I asked.

"Oh nothing. Just something I'm working on."

"A new song?" Lach asked.

"Maybe. I don't really have any words for it."

I'd composed music for three Id songs, but none of my lyrics had been used by the band. This was the perfect opportunity. I didn't actually have anything ready to show at that moment, but given a few hours I could find something, or quickly cobble something together. But not quickly enough.

Lach piped up immediately. "I've got some lyrics that might go with that." And that was Lach. He *always* had some lyrics that would go with whatever you were working on. He was that prolific. And his lyrics were good, better

than mine. In moments he'd scuttled up to his room, in his torn jeans (you could hear him clattering up the bare wooden stairs because they wound above the rehearsal room/living room in an awkward zig-zag), and re-appeared with a tatty piece of paper in his hands. A crumpled, scribbled-on piece of paper that had been torn out of a spiral-bound notebook, written on several times, folded, creased, probably stuck under his bed—which was just a piece of foam core on the floor anyway; been used to clean pot, and been ringed by various cups of coffee.

Lach went over to show Mark the lyrics, the ragged paper flopping over as he tried to hold it straight. They put their heads together. I could see Mark nodding. That was unusual. It was a good sign. I was annoyed. I wanted to write lyrics for that radiant piece of music. But it was lucky that I didn't, because Lach and Mark wrote "Silent Reigns," and it was magical. Somehow the two of them brought everything that we were, and everything that we wanted to be, into one song. Even Norman liked it, and Norman never liked anything. It seemed to point a way out of our convoluted musical mess. Suddenly I stopped caring whether or not the band did my songs (except for "Into the Brilliance," of course. We had to do that). I just wanted to play "Silent Reigns." There was no way I was going to write anything as good as that, so why even worry about it?

That was the key, if only could have realized it then. What held Proper Id back wasn't lack of money (even though we didn't have any to speak of); or the lack of sensible management (yes, he really was a coke dealer); or lack of transport (although we only had one and a half cars between us); or the fact that we lived in a wreck of a house in the middle of nowhere. It was ego that held us back. Everyone thought they knew the best way to do things: the best way to run a band; the best way to compile a set list; the best way to roll a joint. And so we bickered and we fought. We wasted time, we broke things, we didn't speak to each other for days on end. And despite that we got our self-released 45 onto major radio stations, played extraordinary concerts, and became the focus of laudatory articles.

Suddenly it seemed that everything was going to change. Yes, I was probably stoned, and yes, I probably let the positive euphoria carry me away, but I was certain that we'd started in on a whole new chapter. Once we had "Silent Reigns" worked out, we placed it right at the end of the set. Where else could a song like that possibly go? And it was so preposterously apropos for that moment in the band's life: "Breaking the laws of syntax/I'm stepping out of context/And I'm singing: 'Come on, come on, come on/Free yourself, free yourself!'"

And it worked magnificently.

It inspired us. We started working on other new songs, after having being stuck with the same old material for months. There was another Lach/Mark K marvel called "The Looney," with a watery hypnotic guitar melody of which absolutely no record remains, save my fragmented memory. There was "Working Rhythm," a fantastically complicated song about a factory worker, which was the first and only true band composition. All five of us contributed to the music, which clanked with a *Metropolis*-like mechanical backbone. And absolutely no record of this song remains, either.

The optimistic enthusiasm with which these new works filled me either didn't last, or didn't spread to my fellow

band mates, or didn't last for them, or all of the above. These experimental hard-working sessions were the last days of the original Proper Id. One Saturday night, after a successful show with Finn and The Sharks ("A potentially explosive double bill of two of the area's best acts," wrote Eric Shepherd in *The Aquarian*) at an intimate club in Nyack called The Office, Jon told us that he was leaving the band to go on tour with a useless showband, doing *Grease* or some such crap. We rapidly found a replacement drummer, but it was never the same. Like Joe Strummer said after he lost Topper: "The circle had been broken."

The arguments started again. I argued with Norman about the heating bills. I argued with Lach about the state of the kitchen. The house was a shambles. Mark was furious because someone kept stealing his food. He threatened to beat the perpetrator to death when he was caught. My girlfriend was hooked on heroin and came over regularly to nod off in my bedroom. The phone was turned off, then the heat and electricity. The foreign landlords started coming over asking, in broken English, when they were going to get the rent. I got fired from my job, and then I *really* didn't have any money. Finally I'd had enough of surviving on two slices of pizza a day, and walking to the gas station to make phone calls. I moved out. I said I'd keep on playing with the band, but there weren't any more shows.

Lach has a Macintosh now, and over a period of months he's been collecting his lyrics: typing them up, and filing them. It's long overdue. I wonder how many other songs have already been lost. He asked me recently if I had a recording of "Silent Reigns." I shook my head and said I thought there was maybe one live tape that had half of the song on it. Since it was the last song in the set, those C90 cassettes always seemed to run out before we got to "Silent Reigns."

So, when I sat down today, to write a funny piece about the wild and mostly happy days when we all lived together in our own house up in the country, with a big crazy dog, and trees all around us, I got lost instead in old Id tapes. In all these years they've never been properly cataloged. There are just too many of them. I do have dates on them, but no song titles. Before he moved to Japan, Norman made copies for me of the few that he had. Always well-organized, Norman has every song listed on each j-card. And most of those early shows have a piece which Norman listed as "Drum Yawn." I laughed, and remembered with horror that we actually used to let Jon do a tiresome drum solo in the middle of our shows. What a vile, seventies' arena-rock thing to do. How could we have been so stupid as to allow

that rubbish? No wonder we failed.

It was possible that somewhere I had a complete version of "Silent Reigns." I wanted lyrics from that song for my regular quote at the beginning of this column. Imagine my surprise, then, when I came across a recording, not of the song I was looking for, but of an Id song that I'd completely forgotten about. Another one of those songs from the last days. I've heard most of them so damn many times that I know every word, every change; but then this came on. It was strange, like listening to a broadcast from an alternate reality, where my old band did different songs from the ones I know. It took me a while—up until the first chorus—to recognize "Useless Tears." At the time I thought it was too

country for us. It was the first vaguely country song that I ever played with Lach, and look what happened. Years later we're playing "Kickin' Hank's Mansion," and "Ghost" with a slide guitar in The Sextet Offensive, and Lach is wearing a cowboy hat. But even back then I liked the lyrics and the melody of "Useless Tears." "I'm going to buy the life that I've created/I'm crossing that line right here tonight/I'm jumping off a pillar, made of peers/To land in places far from accepted sight."

Lach and I are back in the studio now, working on a new record, 15

years on. We're playing with new musicians; people we've admired for a long time. I've surprised myself a few times during the weeks of rehearsing and learning new Lach songs. Surprised myself at how enthusiastic I am to be back in the studio, working with Lach again, twice a week, every week. It's Lach's band now, and there's no discord. In the intervening years I've taught myself how to play guitar, and how to engineer records. When I want to do my own material, I go into a studio and do it the way I want. But I can't go back and recapture those lost moments, the lost songs that were once a part of my life. Listening to these old tapes reminded me how important it is to keep a hold of your music, even if it means running a beat box in the back of the concert hall while you're onstage. Those moments are yours and they will never come again.

In the end, I did find a recording of "Silent Reigns." It doesn't shimmer with hope and energy like it used to. It's just a song now. A good song, but still just a song. It's not magic. It's not something that could keep unhappy friends together, or give sight to a blind musical leviathan. It's not even a very good version. We were a little sloppy that day, and the mix isn't great, but that doesn't matter anymore. What matters is that there *is* a copy, and somewhere in there, inside that hissy cassette, is an echo of whatever it was that once brought me such joy and excitement. And that's enough. ▲



Proper Id in the fall of 1982.
Left to right: Jon, Lach, Norman, Mark K, Geoff

Auntie Matters

(Yeah, it's back. What's it to you buster?)

Dear Auntie M.:

I read last month's column, and you just didn't sound like yourself. Something seems fishy.

--Sniffing Trouble in Tribeca

Dear Sniff:

Well, aren't you the alert one. OK, so big deal. Auntie M. threw out her hip at Thanksgiving and hired a two-bit PR flunky to answer your lameass questions in the last issue. So SUE ME! Who knew anyone even read this crap!

Dear Auntie M.:

I can't help but notice that Steve Espinola is sporting a fashionable new haircut these days. What salon does he go to? --

Envious in Englewood

Dear Envious:

How the hell should I know! Probably the same place he gets his electric racket strung. Have you heard that thing? Now THAT will give you hair problems. When frizzed out by a particularly energetic Steve Espinola show, yours truly recommends Pantene's Pro-V three minute threatment. Maybe Mr. E. should whack out a good hair tonic into the audience instead of those Twinkies!

Dear Auntie M.:

I've noticed that Lach has put up new soundproofing on the ceiling. Were the tenants upstairs complaining?

--Loud in Long Island

Dear Loud:

Yes, dear, but not about the noise--about Lach's JOKES. How many times is he going to do that "Eddie's Air Guitars" bit anyway? I, for one, will simply throw myself from the nearest window next time someone shouts "1983!" Maybe Auntie M. herself will become the new sponsor of the evening and throw that bastard out once and for all! Who writes his material anyway? Jon Berger?

Dear Auntie M.:

Do you think it's fair that Laura D. was named both king AND queen of antifolk?

--Steamed in Soho

Dear Steamed:

Look, if YOU want to tell Laura D. that she can't be both king AND queen, then YOU tell her. Auntie M., for one, is afraid of that cheap harlot, even though she IS sporting a fabulous new 'do. In fact, yours truly was thinking of asking the divine Miss D. for a date, but Auntie M. wants to live to a ripe old age. I don't care how cute that hussy is, a .38 hanging from her belt just isn't becoming, even if it IS secured in an exquisite feels-like-butter lambskin holster.

Questions, comments? Then go talk to your mother! If you've been ostracized by your family, however, I suppose you can write to me. Just keep the questions short, OK? And simple. And don't make any spelling mistakes. And don't write in ebonics, unless you're axing me something really dope. AskAnti@aol.com.

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THE FORT AT SIDEWALK CAFE PRESENTS:

Mon. Feb. 3- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30. Either you know or you don't.

Tues. Feb. 4- 8- Lee Feldman, 9- Adam Vane

Wed. Feb. 5- 8- Bankhead, 8:30- Michael Packer, 9- E.P. Release Party for Box Of Crayons,
10- Rick Shapiro, 11- plan b

THE WINTER ANTIFOLK FEST 2/6-2/9

Thurs. Feb. 6- 8- Jen's Revenge, 8:20- Laura D, 8:30- Mr. Scarecrow, 9- Dina Dean, 9:30- Ruth Gerson (Epic records), 10:30- Julianne Richards, 11- Lenny Molotov, 12- Jack Peddler (Mutiny Records)

Fri. Feb. 7- 8- Major Matt Mason, 8:30- Kirk Kelly, 9- The Humans, 9:30- Mary Ann Farley, 10- The Novellas, 10:30- Joe Bendik, 11- Reid Paley (Subpop Records), 11:30- Ville, 12- Casey Scott

Sat. Feb. 8- 8- Karen Davis, 8:30- Fur Dixon, 9- John S Hall, 9:30- Hamell On Trial (Mercury Records), 10- Little Shining Man, 10:30- Paleface (Elektra Records), 11- Lach

Sun. Feb. 9- 8- Paula Carino, 8:30- Mike Rechner, 9- Michael Eck, 9:30- Muckafurgason, 10- Tom Nishioka, 10:30- Steve Espinola, 11- Mike Young, 11:30- Dan Emery's Mystery Guests

Mon. Feb. 10- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30. Rock the fuck out!

Tues. Feb. 11- 8- Jonathan Segol, 8:30- Alex Forbes, 9- M.E. Johnson, 10- Jeremy Robinson (from Toronto), 10:30- Ruth Gerson

Wed. Feb. 12- 8- Henry Dark, 9- Pal Shazar, 10- Rick Shapiro, 11- TBA

Thurs. Feb. 13- 8- David Clement, 8:30- Charles Herold, 9- Agnelli & Rave, 10- Dave Foster, 10:30- George Usher, 11- River

Fri. Feb. 14- 8- Amanda Thorpe, 9- Animal Head, 10- Jack Dermand, 11- Daniel Hamett

Sat. Feb. 15- 8- Jocelyn Ryder, 8:30- Shameless, 9- Ann Klein, 10- Homer Erotic, 11- Kingstone

Sun. Feb. 16- *Strange Folk Sunday* - Dan Kilian, Patrick Waldron, Mammals Of Zod, Pinata-land, Andy If, and Tammy Faye Starlight

Mon. Feb. 17- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up for the mystery tour at 7:30.

Tues. Feb. 18- 8- Kitsch In Synch, 8:30- Corey Small, 9- Rachel Sage, 10- Nancy Falkow, 10:30- Olivia Cornell

Wed. Feb. 19- 8- Ripe, 8:30- Tamara, 9- Eddie Skuller, 10- Rick Shapiro, 11- Dean Kostlich

Thurs. Feb. 20- 8- David Brown, 8:30- Ratsy (from Boston), 9- Agnelli & Rave, 10- Robin Greenstein, 10:30- Gary Meister (of You and What Army)

Fri. Feb. 21- 8- Billy Kelly, 9- Jane Brody C.D. Release Party!, 10- Mike Rimbaud and the Subway

Sun. 11- Cecil's Bait and Tackle

Sat. Feb. 22- 8- Betsy Thomson, 9- Trina Hamlin, 10- Springwell, 11- Voodoo Martini, 12- Jeremy Wallace

Sun. Feb. 23- 7:30- My Dog, 8- Karen Ramos, 9- Al Rose, 9:30- Peter Dizozza, 10- Curtis Eller, 10:30- Rachel Spark

Mon. Feb. 24- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up for adventure at 7:30!

Tues. Feb. 25- 8- James Graham, 8:30- Melissa Reaves, 9:30- Chris Moore, 10- Christopher Dillon, 10:30- Rita Jackson

Wed. Feb. 26- 8- The Fixin's, 8:30- Joe Bidewell, 9- James Vidos, 10- Rick Shapiro, 11- Dan Zweben

Thurs. Feb. 27- 8- Ruth Gerson, 9- Agnelli & Rave, 10- The Trouble Dolls, 11- The Engine Brothers

Fri. Feb. 28- 8- TBA, 9- Jigsaw Man, 10- TBA, 11- Reid Paley

Sat. Mar. 1- 10- Homer Erotic, 11- Delta Garage

Sun. Mar. 2- The sky's the limit! Just imagine your favorite antifolk acts, then triple them! It's that cool!

Come early, come often, it's not that hard, just come come come!