

with all the things I make I'm finally asking
what's my FTP address

July 1997

AntiMatters

Kirk Kelly LISA JANE
VG. ECON
STAR of CO. DOWN
SHEENAGH SAYS
WHICH SIDE
VINE YARD

COOL GUY
RAILWAY

- EAR TO THE RAIL
- JOHNNY OUTLAW
- LAURA'S GONE TO LONDON
- HUMAN BALLAD
- BETTY
- GRADUATION DAY
- SELF IMMOLATION
- TORREADOR

the Novellas

- 1) WAITING TO BOW
- 2) STREETS OF E. VILLAGE
- 3) ~~THE~~ Dan Emery BIG HAND
- 4) BIRDS CAN FLY
- 5) YOU NEVER CAN TELL
- 6) I LAY DOWN
- 7) I BELIEVE/GOD THINGS (drop?)
- 8) BALLAD OF KURT COBAIN

Coffee Black
Teenage Alcoholic
Ungrateful
I Love Them
Gasoline Blue
If You Break It, It's Sold
Blue Monk
The Jester
Kiss Loves You
Little Miss Mystery
Sometimes The Songs
The Boy Who Never Went Outside
Dreamboat
Encore: Oh, Well
Drinking Beers With Mom
Double Encore: Life's A Gas
(Janie Jones)

Lach

CRUSH
ABOUT YOU
MY BARE HAND
BREATHELESS
CAREFULLY TAUGHT
I'M YOUR GIRL
STRANGE + WON.
BETTER HAIRCUT

MaryAnn Farley

AntiFolk Festival, Summer 1997

AntiMatters

150 W. 95th Street
Apartment 9D
New York, NY 10025

folkytown@aol.com

JonBerger1@aol.com

Summer's come, that seasonal AntiFolk Fest has gone, and things are pretty much as they should be: hot and sweaty.

Right about now, you can listen to this ramble, listen to the music, or check out the contents of this incredible issue.

Featuring, for the first time ever...

A Table of Contents!

- Report from the Fort!
- AntiFolk Fest Coverage
- AntiHoot! The Truth revealed.
- Songs of Heartache & break
- Lyrics and Lyricists
- Acts of Necessity
- An interview with Jon Berger!
- The AntiFolk Chorus
- CipherPunk, by Seth Doolin
- The Narrative of Lenny Molotov.
- Adam Brodsky's Thoughts
- Mary Ann's Real Life Funnies
- Album Reviews!
- Command AF Performances.
- The King (retired) Speaks.

With all this, how could you possibly go wrong?

Subscription

Six issues
12 dollars

Mail Check or Cash to
AM's mailing address

Contributors

Max Allen
Jonathan Berger
Stephanie Biederman
Elizabeth Brody
Adam Brodsky
Seth A. Doolin
Micheal Eck
Mary Ann Farley
Cal Hiam
Arthur Jolly
Dan Kilian
Professor G Lesse II
Penner MacBryant
Gustav Plympton
Mike Rechner
Jonathan Segol

Master of Ceremonies

Jonathan Berger

Advertising Rates

1/4 page	\$ 6.00
1/2 page	\$11.00
One page	\$21.00



Report from the Fort

<AntiFolk at it's finest, in it's finest location as written by its finest, on the finest paper...>

6/6 - The Rock for Rent Laws Party - So little energy for such a worthy cause.

Organized by Bianca Bob, featuring Agnelli & Rave, George Usher, Gene & Mimi, Kirk Kelly and Brenda Kahn, the Rock for Rent Laws show joined the United Forces of AntiFolk together to stave off the death of rent regulation in NYC. Fighting the good fight against decontrolled rents in one of the most expensive cities in the multiverse.

It was great motive. It was a good bill. It was a fair turnout. It was an underwhelming crowd.

There was nothing really wrong. People showed up, and they showed their support by donating frivolously to the worthwhile aim. Still, there were a lot of empty seats for a Friday night, and a lot of talking in the crowds.

The sets were short, tight, so the audience weren't given a chance for their attention to wander, and the music was good, but the focus was more on alcohol than activism, or even antifolk.

I think that responsibility lies with the acts. Nobody did the legwork to get their fans in the club, so there were no listeners, just partyers. I'm on the mailing lists of most of the acts who played, and I got only one or two cards from anyone. Bianca Bob did monster work to get the ball rolling, and the fact that so many acts joined in is a sign of community involvement in the Village, BUT it's a shame that others didn't get even more involved. Luckily, the politicians saw the error of their ways, and all of the Rent Laws were firmly established, so that we never have anything to worry about, ever again. (Jonathan Berger)

6/20 - The night opened with an ethereal farewell performance by Betsy Thomson with Craig Gordon on Bass and 12-string (and additional guest musicians). Betsy tried a few new songs as well as some older pieces. I finally figured out what the lyrics to "Bright Light" meant. A tribute to those who suffered interrogation. Too bad she is leaving as it would probably take me another year to understand the newest songs meanings.

The Meanwhiles cross-pollinate Neil Young with solo Lennon mixing in the atmospheric sound of the harmonium. A fine prelude to the evening's Antifolkadelia.

Starchile has grown into a hero with the antifolkadelic crowd as he organizes the event and his solo set provided the heart of the evening. Cherokee Sex Workshop followed with a great rocking set. Imagine Ten Year's After meets The Black Crowes. G'nu Fuzz ended the evening with a bluesy set of Rock and Roll. Lach joined in on piano for the end of the band's set. A few celebrities were spotted in the packed house including Joan Osborne and Chris Baron (of The Spin Doctors). (Cal Hiam)

6/21 - The return of Major Matt Mason USA! It was great hearing Matt's songs again though the pleasure was diluted by the rude chattering of some office partyers. As has been

discussed in this zine before, Matt is a unique and gifted writer and I wish he'd start coming around more often.

Closing the evening was Amandla (Claude from Ween's side project). The rhythmic love vibe sound would've fit in well with last night's Antifolkadelic show. The group was well received and played into the early hours. (Max Allen)

6/22 - Ivy Bautista, an artist discovered at The AntiHoot, made her Fort debut and the house was packed. She played a strong set mixing personal lyrics with a jazz-Antifolk feel. Think Cassandra Wilson goes antifolk.

Lee Chabowski played a fun and funny set with songs about clown killers, shrunken heads and driving fast.

Mike Younger blew in from New Orleans and played a Dylanesque (early years) set. Stand-out song was "Another Tricky Day". A traveling minstrel who was very welcome at the club.

Jessica Kane finished the evening with the start of her bi-weekly series. A captivating improviser she conjures up comparisons to Patti Smith meets Dorothy Parker by way of Gilda Radner. Funny and brilliant! (Cal Hiam)

6/23 - The AntiHoot is back! It's been some lean months lately, but without question, this Monday's was "the best antihoot ever."

Regulars aplenty were on-site. Included were the long-anticipated return to the hoot of Jocelyn Ryder's string-slingers, Dan Emery and Tom Nishioka, doing their own songs as well as backing her up on an incredible pair. The AntiHoot was filled with moments.

Lenny Molotov borrowed his bandmate Mr. Scarecrow's guitar to wreak havoc on "Doghouse," eliciting a chorus of dog barks, howls, and whines. He followed with a stellar version of "Sucker," which got a similar reaction. Of course, he altered the tuning on the guitar, so when Scarecrow came up, he started with a re-line from "Sucker": "He said he wouldn't change the tunings... I'm a sucker! Fell for it again..."

Lach conversed with some sad comedian on-stage, getting a bigger laugh than he did.

Ripe became the new Queens of AntiFolk, and introduced their legally unentangled new name, Bionic Finger.

Cameos in the audience: Joe Bendik, PiñataLand, & Zane Campbell didn't play, but supported others.

Australians and Canadians saying, "This is great! We don't have anything like this in Australia or Canada!"

Ville as the new king of AntiFolk.

The entire evening could have been an AntiFolk Festival promotional evening, but it wasn't. Few of the upcoming players came, but it didn't stop it from being the best hootenanny ever! (Gustav Plympton)

6/25-6/28 Spring AntiFolk Festival - The AntiFolk Fest kicked ass. More detailed comments to follow. (JB)

ANTIFOLK FESTIVAL:

Wednesday, June 25, 1997

The big guns of the AntiFolk Fest started up around ten, with Rick Shapiro. BonVivants and general men about town, Jonathan Berger and Gustav Plympton, met on America Online to discuss the show. [Note: The E-Names have been changed to protect their accounts]

JonBerger: Well, that was some show on Wednesday!

GustavP: Yes it was. I was very excited to see both of my heroes on the same bill...it was like a wet dream I had only without the midgits and pizza.

JonBerger: Which were your heroes?

GustavP: Brenda Kahn and Hamell on Trial... although I also thoroughly enjoyed Rick Shapiro.

JonBerger: What did you think of the night? Wasn't it great?

GustavP: To be honest it was the least great I've ever seen Ed (Hamell <on Trial>).

JonBerger: What?

GustavP: He had to follow Rick Shapiro, and for the first time I can remember he wasn't the dirtiest, baddest mofo in the house. His set seemed a bit perfunctory, and more than brief.

JonBerger: You saying that Hamell on Trial wilted before the comic energy of Rick Shapiro?

GustavP: Not wilted, but got bumped from his groove... after an hour of Rick saying how he wants to shave his cunt, and he jizzes frappichino, snail jokes just don't seem as edgy.

JonBerger: But the material! When Hamell plays, there's a consistency, a level of energy that he never falls beneath. He was, as Hamell says giving 110%!

GustavP: I don't know if anyone even picked this up, because I'm kind of a Hamell on Trial scholar. Don't get me wrong...on his worst day, Ed could kick almost anyone's ass. The man's a monster.

JonBerger: He certainly looks like one, prowling like that...

GustavP: I've seen Hamell just kill... But when he insinuated that a girl left because he was too nasty...If she stayed for Rick, how could Hamell look like anything but a Family Circus cartoon?

JonBerger: What about Rick Shapiro? How was his set? Violent and mean, right?

GustavP: No...before that I had only seen him at the hoot, for 8 minutes.

JonBerger: Sometimes those eight minutes are more like fifteen.

GustavP: Over the course of an hour, the thought collage gets much more cohesive.

JonBerger: Rick Shapiro... cohesive? Not like fragments of a tortured psyche?

GustavP: 8, 15... Hey, Rick used to suck Lach's dick for heroin. Give him a break.

JonBerger: See, that's one of the things frustrating for me about Rick. He's original, but his standard lines get as boring as

...anyone else's. Luckily, Shapiro keeps coming up with more material, so this isn't a big problem.

GustavP: No, slowly his point establishes itself, and you understand there is something behind all that 'I want to shove my prick in your twat' stuff.

JonBerger: Ah, poetry! But anything new he says is so hit & miss, anyway. What kind of points did our Mr. Shapiro make?

GustavP: Rick scathes at yuppies, (and who doesn't)...Rick sees the ludicrous hypocrisy of recovery.

JonBerger: Of course, he must be doing recovery. I mean, the talk he gives about the whole 12-Step Philo, he's gotta walk the walk.

GustavP: Hey, he used to suck dick for heroin.

JonBerger: So he knows of which he speaks.

GustavP: But, his punchlines (or lack thereof) are seldom heavy tags rife with applause. Each one will grab one or two people...I found myself laughing out loud alone, and heard others scattered doing the same at different points. He's like a Marx Brox film: something for everybody.

JonBerger: I don't think there was much gangsta rap in any Marx Bros. film. Or heroin humor.

GustavP: Chico used to suck dick for heroin...

JonBerger: So, after the cosmic significance of Rick Shapiro, Hamell's thoughts on penguin dietary habits didn't work so well?

GustavP: It just didn't seem as edgy anymore...there was no... attitude.

JonBerger: The thing about Hamell (who was right after Rick, right?)'s jokes are that they're just a kind of punctuation.

GustavP: Don't get me wrong: Ed is one of the baddest writers in the scene, as well as in the city...

JonBerger: I mean, what Hamell does is to start a song, break into it to tell his more important joke...

GustavP: This city that city, this state that state, yadda yadda yadda...

JonBerger: Well, Roger Manning said something about sucking dick for heroin...Then Hamell'll go back to the killer song, for which you'd been left on the edge of your seat.

GustavP: maybe it had to do with emotional draining...it was a bit exhausting to see Rick up there. And maybe we just didn't have it to give to Hamell.

JonBerger: I agree. Shapiro takes a lot of energy.

GustavP: Brenda on the other hand doesn't take nearly as much energy, but she's a babe, so it's OK.

JonBerger: Ooh yeh!

GustavP: Did you know I've seen her naked?

JonBerger: Oh. God.

GustavP: Well sort of, I pasted her head on a Pamela Lee picture I downloaded...

JonBerger: Hee. Yeah, I guess by the time Brenda Kahn hit the tiny stage, the wake of Rick Shapiro had passed. She was playing in the wake of Hamell, though, which is still something to fear.

GustavP: but I don't want to give the wrong impression, it just seemed weird that Ed cut his set short

JonBerger: Well, he knows that Lach runs a tight ship at the Fort, and knew that another act was coming. I think that could have influenced Hamell's show.

GustavP: Also he had a meager crowd compared to Rick...who has a bevy of babe fans -- cute pierced babes.

JonBerger: Who can understand that? Rick does little but abuse chicks for an hour, or for eight to forty minutes at the AntiHoots, and still he packs in the cuties!

GustavP: It's amazing...even the waitresses came out from the front room. That's it, tomorrow I'm sucking dick for heroin.

JonBerger: So what did you think of Brenda's show?

JonBerger: She introduced a whole new line up, not all that rocking. Pretty much closer to her AntiFolk roots. It was a bluegrass setup, upright bass, mandolin and small kit. I thought BK's show will kick ass a couple months from now.

JonBerger: She played some of the old Epiphany stuff, like "I Don't Sleep, I Drink Coffee instead" and "Mint Juleps and Needles," and some of her material from the last couple of albums in that set-up, well, they sounded REALLY cool.

GustavP: Hers was the only guitar...she probably played Epiphany stuff cause that was easiest to teach the band.

JonBerger: Cool stuff. It was good to hear.

GustavP: They only practiced once. When they get it together, she's gonna make a lot of Goldfish people very happy.

JonBerger: Well, sure the first couple of songs were a little choppy -- they HAD only practiced together once -- but still, it sounded very nice.

GustavP: That's praise! The whole set failed to cohere...the big bird leared and lunched

AntiFolk Fest - Summer Variety

(continued from previous page)

but never really got to fly.

JonBerger: But, but... Brenda Kahn can do no wrong!

GustavP: She can do no wrong? You obviously didn't stick around for the hidden track on Outside the Beauty Salon. Maybe Brenda should suck dick for heroin.

JonBerger: Well, that's something she could try. She's always been my heroine...

GustavP: Anyone that hasn't caught Rick for an hour should, it's worth it.

Transformations at the Festival

Professor G Lesse II

A bunch of artists played in different line-ups than they usually do. Just a sign of experimentation, I guess, at the Fort, way station of AntiFolk music.

Dan Emery, who's been killing crowds for months with the power sound of the Mystery Band, played a solo show of older, less heard material.

John S Hall performed a set of poems, mostly lesser known works than what he released with the art-punk group King Missile in the eighties.

Fur Dixon, who often mixes up with some strange looking electric guitarist, played solo, and her material sounded as light and beautiful as it ever does, with accompaniment.

Mr. Scarecrow, who plays guitar for more AntiFolk outfits than any Oz character alive, performed solo acoustic, with little of the experimental wizardry that makes him such a hot bandpick. Still, it was easier to pick out the songs, and a refreshing, calmer, change of pace.

On the other end of things, some acts turned their solo acts into something bigger. Mary Ann Farley, usually a one woman show, had a band that was virtually ripped from the bowels of Hoboken. Members of Big Happy Crowd were borrowed for the occasion, and sounded great. Fleshing out, rearranging both older material and new, it was exciting and fresh to hear.

Brenda Kahn, also, played with a band, a folksy outfit which covered some of her older material. The festival seemed to give acts an opportunity to revisit their roots.

Kirk Kelly played perhaps the best show I've ever seen. His excellent songs were given full support by his tight two piece back-up, including instrumental wizard Jason Goodrow on bass. Goodrow, who was formerly in Lach's early nineties two-piece, Slowpoke, kicked serious ass, and Lach joined the band for a couple of numbers the Folk Brothers played, as well as, after Kirk abandoned the stage, a couple of Lach's own solo tunes.

The night before, Lach continued his series with his own two-piece rhythm section, and it's sounding simply incredible. The players are incredibly talented, and are becoming increasingly familiar with the material. The band's repertoire is obviously growing, and, so long as they continue to allow an experimental spirit in the material, will continue to be great.

The humans played their second gig with Joe Bendik on percussion. All the things you assumed the humans were about, that the humans could do, were done. Bendik's not an excellent rhythm player, but he is intuitive, and he made the material pulse with vitality. Now, finally, the incredible songcraft of the incredible humans can be fully appreciated.

The AntiFolk Fest also saw the return to the stage of some MIA AF personalities. Zane Campbell and Jen's Revenge, both available on the AntiHoot CD, played their first gigs at the Fort of 1997, and they sounded great. Each played with additional arrangements, and promised excellent future sounds, if only they'd play again.

All in all, the festival was made of excellent stuff.

From the first notes of the preceding AntiHoot, there was evidence that something special was going on. Something good. Something special. The shows, just bore it out.

Dan Kilian opened up the AntiFolk Festival with a powerful, energetic set, sans his usual tools of geek supremacy: plastic glasses and oversized sports jacket. He looked like a guy up there, but a guy playing vital rock and roll.

And it just moved on from there. From the recently dethroned king of AntiFolk to the reigning queens, Ripe (who just changed their name to Bionic Finger, perhaps permanently) put on a great set of varied songs in varied -- but loud -- styles. Bets are probably already being taken as to what characteristics will be assigned to the four members of the group. Who's the funny one? Who's the smart one? Who's the shy one? Stay tuned.

Chris Moore made it three new acts in a row, three acts that promise great things for this latest wave of performers on the AntiFolk scene.

Other highlights of the Festival included the best set by Paleface, ever. Good songs, simple delivery, no anxiety, no broken strings. Nothing bad, everything good. The only low point was the closer, his first major single, "Burn and Rob," which was performed in probably too experimental a way, ending with a demi-religious rant that made little sense, particularly in the context of the song.

The latest king of AntiFolk, Ville, played a frightening set of his originals, including the at turns delightful and horrific "Doi Doi Song."

Kamau played with a drumless variation of the Revolution Suns, and they sounded astounding.

Just about everyone I saw did a great set. JB



The End of the Open Mike Night.

This is the way the Open Mike night ends; Not with a bang, but a whimper. The whimpering from a snotty blonde who sat in the front, insisting her boyfriend should've been on first, as he was better than everyone else.

How many have stayed until the end? It is an unreachable quest, fraught with the pitfalls of too much drink, too little money, too early work... but in the eager eyes of this tender-buttocked reporter, a possible Pulitzer for any who could see it and report it to the world.

There is no end: I know, I was there.

Monday the 16th. After playing my song, I stay until I'm exhausted, and leave. There are still several others waiting to go on - when does it end, I ask myself? How late can it possibly go?

Monday the 23rd. A packed house. I go on as the first of the one o'clock "one hit wonder" round. Still two dozen people after me, and I screwed up the chords. I leave, disgraced. Maybe I should come back early Tuesday and hear the last of them... I sleep until noon. Ooops.

Monday the 30th: This is the night. Quiet, for some reason. I'm the first of the One Hit Wonders again; but only a few are after me. Quickly numbing my tender cub-scout reporter buttocks on a soothing cushion of beer (metaphorically), I settle in for the long wait. I will know how the night ends. I will be one of the few who see it close. Four people to go. The last table of onlookers and appreciators gets up - the only ones in the room are performers, and the insufferable blonde who sits in the front row, covers her ears when she doesn't like the singer, and complains, loudly, that her boyfriend should have gone first. Why can't I have an insufferable blonde? He's on last - a piano player, not too bad. Not good at picking numbers out of a jar, maybe, but no reason to be last other than the fickle hand of fate. She doesn't understand this. They leave.

This is the ending - the moment of truth. Does Lach have another little riff - a sponsor to go with Nick's paling salons, the free range

cats and Eddie's Air Guitars? A little closing joke that no-one's heard but those lucky few?

He picks up his guitar, retunes the string that broke earlier. Of course, I sigh. Lach closes the show. This is right, this is true. He sings "Ungrateful", which he abandoned earlier when his string broke. Smoothly segues into "Egg." Then asks what sort of song we'd like to hear - We being three people sitting separately in the dark.

"Drinking Beer with Mom!" I yell. I've been wanting to steal the chords for a song from his mother's point of view called, unnaturally, "Drinking Beer with Lach".

"Not a specific song" he says, "A general style or subject."

"Something about enjoying an alcoholic beverage with a family member or relation!" I say. Or tried to, it took a couple of attempts to get right.

Lach laughs, and one of the other solitary shadows pipes up with "something slow."

Idiot. Doesn't he know I need those chords? Slow? Jesus H. Christ nailed to a flagpole and spitting on Romans, do we need a slow song at this hour, at this alcohol level?

Lach plays something that's probably called "You're bad"; or maybe "You're bad for me"; or maybe just has that line in it several times and some other title entirely. He never said.

Another person leaves. A thought strikes me.

"Lach?" I ask, "Do you just keep playing til everyone has left?"

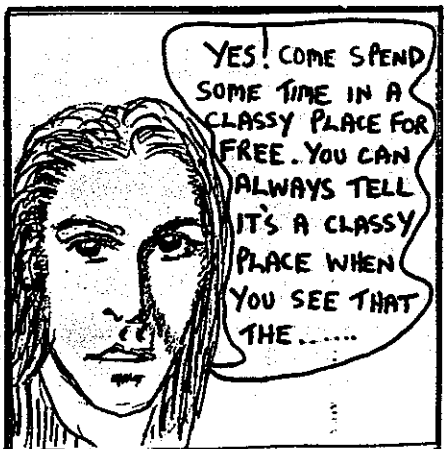
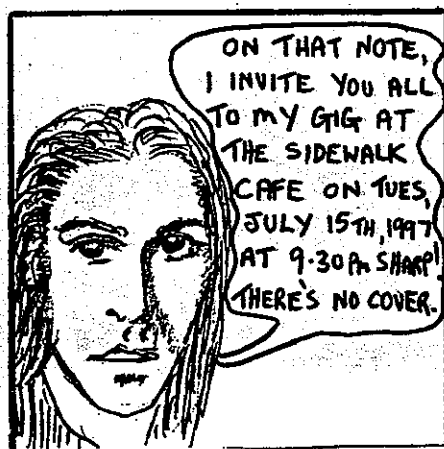
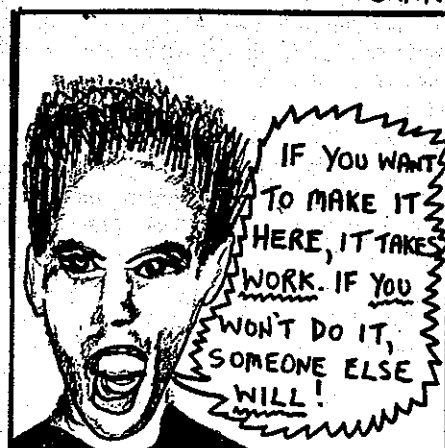
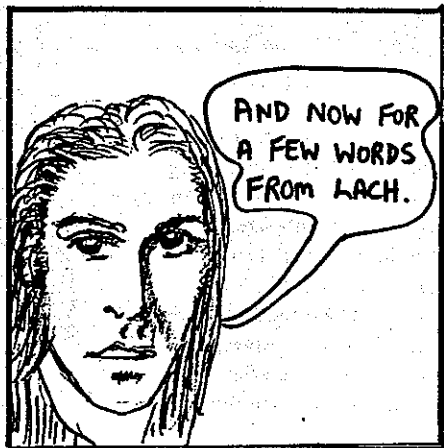
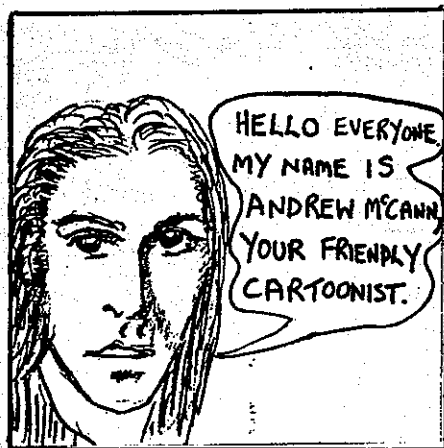
"I play after everyone's left," says Lach. "I just keep on going."

There is no observable ending to the Monday Open Mike Night. It cannot, by definition, exist. This is quantum mechanics in action - as long as we observe, the ending is not - it only happens after observation has ceased.

There's a comic riff in there somewhere, a closing sponsor that will never be heard.

This is the way the open mike night ends: Alone. Arthur Jolly

STORIES FROM THE SIDEWALK ©1997 BY ANDREW MCCANN



It's probably just as well.

He was shallow, stupid, and I don't know if he really cared about me. He left so quickly, and with so little reason, that it's probably just as well.

Still, the first song I hear every morning as I drag myself to work starts with the line, "It's been seven hours and fifteen days since you took your love away."

It's not Sinead O'Connor singing her 1990 megahit, though, it's Prince, reclaiming his song "Nothing Compared 2 U" a few years later. The fact that a man singing of heartbreak instead of a woman reaches me most dearly does not escape me, though its importance does.

Other songs speak to my present condition, too.

Casey Scott's "7th of November," about a woman telling her boyfriend or lover or sexmate "there's no reason to assume the times I let you in my room meant as much to me as they did to you, apparently," then ending with a cold repeating of her seductive line, "But I don't want to be cruel." The song makes me wish that the final blow had been mine, not his. I could have done it with so much more class.

Still, I think I set myself up for all this. I mean, maybe I'm not ready for commitment. The Lookalikes' song rings in my ears, sometimes, even when I'm feeling happier than I am these days. "Something in my gut kept pulling on me, saying 'run away, Stephen, get free free free'..."

And, knowing I wasn't so crazy about him in the first place -- it was my disrespecting him that got him out the door, he says -- makes me wonder about another Steve Espinola song the Lookalikes do, "Falling in Love With..."

"I think I'm falling in love with falling in love," he says, and maybe that's it. Maybe it's the idea of him that's so important to me, not the actuality. I mean, he bunched the covers around his feet, and summer's only hitting now. Dammit, I needed those sheets.

Still, the fact that he's gone makes me miss him -- something I couldn't do while he was still around -- and wish I had him back. Adam Brodsky's got this song about all these things he'd do, "If You'd Come Back to Me," listing, pretty much, some good reasons why she left in the first place. I feel pretty stupid, because it's an obvious sentiment. I mean, to have to be told by a song what was wrong with my relationship? Kinda sad...

But I know I'll get over it, and quickly. I don't have the patience for this kind of stuff anymore. I mean, I'll feel better soon, with a couple of well-placed lies. Mary Ann Farley's album, Daddy's Little Girl, offers a double-dose of deceit, almost next to each other. "I Lie A Little" is me saying that I don't care, that "I lie a little, just a little, so you don't see what you mean to me," and that "If you could look right through me, you'd see I love you truly." Then, "In Her Mind" is him saying how little he cares, as he smokes, drinks, tries to get on with his life, as he says, "No, I didn't love her, that girl has lost her mind, no I didn't love her, that girl was not my kind... that love was in her mind." He's lying, though, and he's falling into himself.

I wonder if that's what he's doing, right now. I hope so.

Jen's Revenge used to define her entire act around the phrase, "So this guy did something bad to me, so I wrote a song about him."

Songs of Heartache, Songs of Heartbreak

Her songs are usually about men who done her wrong, and her psychotic anger and misery. "How I Got Over You" tells of her masturbating and getting drunk, writing hate mail and maybe even that song. It's funny, and it begins to put everything in perspective.

"This Sucks," though, is perhaps the most liberating in its sheer humanity.

"How could you say that you love me when you knew you were still married? What kind of ego trip is that? I hate you and hope you die from a flesh-eating disease." There's a brief intermission, for you to chuckle or nod, depending on whether your giving or receiving love pain, and then the lines continue. "Things would be cool if I didn't love you, but I do, so drop dead. Leave me alone. Call me sometime; I'll be by the phone."

She's a master of a mixed message, a mixed feeling, and it hits home. I don't miss him so much as I miss a boyfriend, but I still want revenge for his hurting me.

Finally, though, it gets too much, and I get sick of myself: sitting alone, whining, angry, hoping that things will get better. I know that all this regret and shame and self-loathing and him-loathing is unproductive. Finally, I should go out, and do something to forget about him. After all, we'd only been together four months. I mean, I can move on. It's no big deal.

Maybe after just more song. Stephanie Biederman

The Fast Folk Cafe

(\$10 contribution and 7:30
showtime unless otherwise noted)

41 North Moore Street
New York, New York 10013
(212) 274-1636
stevennn@delphi.com

Sat 7/05 Wyckham Porteous/The Rejoicing Balloon
Thu 7/10 Edie Carey/Gene & Mimi
Fri 7/11 Cody Melville/Brother Greg Muirhead/Ina May Wool
Sat 7/12 Linda Sharar/The Sloan Wainwright Band
Wed 7/16 Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music
Open Mike - \$5!
Fri 7/18 Nina Adel
Thu 7/24 Tim Robinson/Michael Veitch/George Wurzbach
Fri 7/25 David Brown/Corinne Curcio
Sat 7/26 Fox Hill Bluegrass Band
Wed 7/30 New Voices Showcase - Amura/Evan Getz &
Lizzie/Bob Gotta/Bill Seely * \$5 *
Thu 7/31 Jody Kessler/Andy Kimbel/Jonathan Pointer
Wed 8/06 Tom McCormack
Thu 8/07 Roger Gillen/David Roth
Wed 8/13 David Hamburger/Hans Theessink/Jeremy Wallace
Thu 8/14 Peter Calo/Peter Eldridge/Mindy Jostyn
Wed 8/20 Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music
Open Mike ^ \$5 ^

Every Tuesday, an Open Mike! Starts at 6PM. Check it out!

Call (212-274-1636) or check our website (www.fastfolk.org)
for updates or changes to the schedule.

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS

MR SONGWRITER (Bendik)
Here comes Mr. Songwriter again
with a song about all his friends
18 verses and he's nowhere near the end
Here comes Ms. Songwriter again
she got songs about hatin' men
I sit here and pretend to like them

So why am I waiting my turn

Here comes Anti Folk Singer again
He got a million words - none of them rhyme
He's socially conscious so throw him a dime in
the tip jar
Here comes Joe Bendik once again
He's gonna scream and offend
Something's wrong with his head
You'll appreciate him after he's dead

So why am I waiting my turn
to die -- I'm waiting my turn

Here comes Mr. Songwriter again
with the lines that never end
all they do is suspend and extend

So why am I waiting my turn
to die -- I'm waiting my turn

WORLD FAMOUS ESSAYIST
(Berger)

The world famous essayist has no friends:
he sacrificed them all to the angel honesty.
His lips have been burnt by truth
and his mind has been crisped by wanton
objectivity.

His life is a miserable wreck of what it once could
have been.
His life sucks.
But at least he's famous.

I Got Stoned

- ☐ I got stoned
- ☐ I got stoned
- ☐ I got stoned
- ☐ at Jon's house.
- ☐ I wrote a song
- ☐ I wrote a song
- ☐ I wrote a song
- ☐ at Jon's house.
- ☐ I wrote the 2nd verse
- ☐ I wrote the 2nd verse
- ☐ I wrote the 2nd verse
- ☐ at Jon's house.
- ☐ Or maybe it's the chorus
- ☐ Or maybe it's the chorus
- ☐ Or maybe it's the chorus
- ☐ at Jon's house.
- ☐ Or maybe it's the refrain
- ☐ Or maybe it's the refrain
- ☐ Or maybe it's the refrain
- ☐ at Jon's house.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ Adam Brodsky

Waiting for Bob Dylan to Die

Untuning my guitar one more time
Digging for matchsticks through denim
Tell me why you think Jesus died
While I digitize your eight track

Meditate on Brooklyn floors
Russack journeys to hear the Beats
Looking down the barrel of another generation
Waiting for Bob Dylan to die

Open E on stairwell floor
Resonate and vibrate
Blues theory on three chords
I know it's all been done before

Unplug my guitar one last time
Shape the words like ashes
Routing through the headstones of another
generation
Waiting for Bob Dylan to die

Bukowski Ginsberg Kerouac
Vicious and Cobain
Beckett Dali Lennon
Start the tee shirt presses

Exquisite corpse' royalties
A geiieration's debt
Waiting in the malls for another revolution
Waiting for Bob Dylan to die

Seth A. Doolin
6/1/97

I am such a lyricist I throw up wit when I'm
takin' a shit
I am such a primitive I pound the floor to
even the score

Lyrics, lyrics, words words words
Look how clever I am
I can rhyme anything I want
cause I don't give a damn

I am such a lyricist I spin my webs I give
you fits
Ego ego on the line, ego ego all the time

I AM SUCH A LYRICIST
(Bendik)

Lyrics, lyrics, words words words
Look how clever I am
I can rhyme anything I want
cause I don't give a damn

I know you'll say it's cynical
and it's not political
but I don't give a fuck
why don't you hit me with a truck

ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah
ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah
ah ah ah ah ah
ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah

For my first assignment at AntiMatters, I was asked to write something about my best listening moments here in the Big Black Room at the Fort. Nothing fancy, they said. Just write what you don't know. (Easy enough, I thought) After much meditation, prayer, soul-searching, procrastination, nailbiting and caffeine, I've finally come up with what I think are a few of the best sets that ever met my ears. Mind you, there have been, in my opinion, an uncountable amount of stellar performers and performances back here since I washed up on the shores of the Sidewalk about a year ago and finding the right ones to highlight hasn't been easy. The following should serve as a prelude to future pieces about each of these artists who helped make the Fort a bona fide scene for me.

There was no particular shine to the Antihoot that introduced me to Bob Hillman and his music. One more dark, wintry Monday night with a roomful of hopefuls and their guitars, everyone looking for those two sacred minutes in the spotlight. Some songs were good, many fell prey to the good idea poor development syndrome that a lot of neophyte singer/songwriters suffer from. Some tall, slender young guy with curly brown hair and a cowlick that wouldn't quit took the stage with his acoustic, looking for all the world like the most earnest kid on the varsity track team. He seemed genuinely shy under the spotlight but proved a forcefully good guitarist, a pretty decent folk vocalist and a writer with an exquisitely well written tune called St. Anne., one of the best 'losing in love' songs lyrics I've heard in a while. Hillman forgot the lyric to this then new song half way through the performance but recovered as gracefully as any pro and finished to enthusiastic applause. At the end of the set, Lach joked that he was the Bob Hillman of the nineties. He may be more right then he knows.

One Sunday night, for reasons I just can't remember right now, I happened to be in the neighborhood and strolled into the Fort for some food and music. Came in half way through the set of Jon Geffner and Jeff "Mugs" Mulligan of Good Dog Nigel. Their blend of rockabilly and acoustic folk had me wishing I'd come in sooner. Nice vocals, good writing and an engaging sense of humor made them especially memorable in my mind. Mulligan's lead guitar was a great compliment that night to Geffner's rhythm playing and the song Say Them Again, is right up there with the better ballads I've heard from an all acoustic band here. Hope to hear more sometime.

If you want to see a whole roomful of jaded people (experienced musicians included) stop dead in their Heinekens to listen to someone, then get Corey Smalls (!) a guy with a physique like his name but a style gargantuan as anything. Without one trace of the self-importance you'd expect from someone like him, he blew us all to Memphis and back during one not so long ago Antihoot with something I think he called The Greatest Song You'll Never Hear. For virtuosity and a keen sense of melody, he gets you right between the ears.

Speaking of heavyweights, if no one has mentioned the songwriting of one Mark Humble on these pages, let me right a great wrong by doing so now. Yet another gifted performer whose work I became acquainted with by accident on a Sunday evening at the Fort, he was for me one of the more inspiring

discoveries. Listening to him, he really seems like that rarest of songwriters who can create song lyrics that are at once sophisticated, sardonic, quirky and tender. I've always enjoyed his sets and look forward to hearing more from him. To flatter to the point of disgust, Phil Ochs is smiling somewhere.

Acts of Necessity

Penner MacBryant

The humans may look like two guys I wouldn't want to meet up with on a dark back street, but they're cool as people and musicians, with some strong opinions about music, and really engaging sounds and song melodies. Their stuff to me was a distinctive, hard electronic sound, in-your-face with every damn right to be there; experimentation that always still retained a strong sense of melody without ever sounding conventional or g their one and only song written 'on demand', I Don't Want To Paint Like Ron English (Just Want To Paint Like Me), a (ahem) tribute song.

She doesn't say much more than a quick hello to me these days, but I'll cite Dina Dean as one of the people who has grown the most in a remarkable short space of time from the first gig they played at the Antihoot. She's just about a fixture on the scene now. She gets mention for I Don't Want To Know and Hey John, which I thought were two good songs of hers in a kind of roots blues category that stayed with me and I felt they suited her vocal style so well.

More great women. Karen Davis has one of the most grippingly clear and ringing female voices ever set against an acoustic guitar. She's also one quick-witted lady with clear dark brown eyes, a wry sense of humor and an uncanny ability to stir an audience with this Havens-like playing style so earnest and full of energy. You've got to hear her songs like Common Ground, Desperate...Hungry...Lonely or Hell to know just how poignant, or powerful she can be as a writer/performer. One of the best of the lot and the person who initially got me in here in the first place. I guess she's to blame for all this misspent time, but what the heck? It's been time constructively misspent. I'd personally like to have a sing-off between Karen and Jocelyn Rider to see which woman is the most p.o.'d at the thought of going to hell for some stupid boyfriend. Winner gets dinner with Lach (smile). I have to cite Jocelyn Ryder for being so uncommonly warm and encouraging to any and all neophyte musicians and writers (including me) as well as for songs like Not Going To Hell For You (a real performance moment)and Imagination.

I would really be remiss if I didn't mention Dan Emery and the Mystery Band. I realize that I'm only stating what everyone else has long known, but Dan has a rep as a talented, humorous on stage performer/writer as well as a likable persona. A nod to his ever-present partner-in-crime, Steve Espinola as well. I know it's already been mentioned, but I too cast my vote as well for that ribald little rouser of a tune, Right Out In The Street. It's too fun to pass up. Before I forget, let me mention Lenny Molotov for his memorable sets with and without the Illuminoids, for his song, Doghouse and his always warm and supportive demeanor offstage. Same for Annie Husick, another of those promising female-type singer/songwriters, as evidenced by songs of hers like Voices and the musicianship of both her and her band Shameless.

Before I check out, I gotta tell Charles Herrold and PiñataLand to keep doing/writing the funny as all hell stuff. Okay, enough already. My Coca-Cola's getting cold and I gotta go practice.

The AntiMatters Interview: Jon Berger

Conducted by Mary Ann Farley

On occasion, singer/songwriter Mary Ann Farley has done interviews with various participants in the antifolk scene, such as Lach and Rob Ryan. One day she asked AntiMatters if she could interview the 'zine's editor, Jon Berger. Since Jon Berger is in charge, he initially said no. After Mary Ann kicked him, he said, "Alright already! Just don't talk about that ridiculous ad I put in the personals." Here's what they had to say:

MAF: Since you're a writer, what first drew you to Sidewalk?

JB: I'm interested in music as an aficionado. I went to see a show one night right when the Fort had returned to the Sidewalk Cafe [from San Francisco]. What happened that night kept me coming back. Brenda Kahn was doing a performance, and on the walls were all these articles about antifolk. It was something I'd heard about vaguely, and here was this guy Lach being written up in all these prestigious articles. Yet in front of me was this pretty much empty room. I thought I was experiencing the last gasp of some cool scene, and it was just too cool to see all this right in front of me. In reality, it wasn't the last dying gasp of antifolk, but rather it's rebirth. At that time, the Fort was just two nights a week, but it quickly went to seven and regenerated a lot of cool artists. This all happened back in January of 1994.

MAF: What are your feelings about the scene now?

JB: It's just so cool, although right now there seems to be a diminishment of interest in what's going on. There are a lot of cool artists who align themselves with antifolk, but they don't seem as interested in being involved with each other. The scene isn't as centralized as it once was, and that's disappointing.

MAF: Maybe it's a cyclical thing.

JB: This diminishment has happened once or twice before at Sidewalk, and when it subsides, it seems to come on stronger afterwards. After the antihoot album came out, a lot of people were involved. There seemed to be an explosion of popularity and interest, but that doesn't seem to be happening now.

MAF: Why not?

JB: I don't know. There are people with some large releases coming out, but they don't necessarily associate themselves with the scene. Roger Manning, Brenda Kahn and Hamell on Trial are sort of involved, but Ruth Gerson, for example, plays here more regularly, and she's not. I suppose there are others who simply have graduated and moved on or who aren't appearing here quite as often. Mary Ann Farley has become way too big for her britches and isn't around as much anymore.

MAF: Well, that's because I'm doing...

JB: Yeah, yeah, yeah... You've got a perfectly good reason to not be here as much anymore. You're on the road now

promoting your record But look at someone like Charles Herold. He openly says other things in his life have become more important. And Dan Emery--he hasn't been around either.

MAF: Yes, but that's probably because Dan is making a record now.

JB: And that's a good reason not to be here. Gene and Mimi aren't here as much either, but that's because they now have a child. The end result is that the group is no longer as cohesive, and there's not a great number of people refilling the ranks of devoted antifolkies. Even Lach says antifolk members of good standing are not bringing in the draws they once did. Antifolk fans used to be made up of antifolk players, but that's not the case anymore. Lach had some words in the last issue on how people could draw better to their shows.

MAF: Well, careers are supposed to grow, and if they do, it's logical that there just wouldn't be as much time to be involved in the scene--or any scene for that matter. The demands on your time increase dramatically.

JB: In the past, when Roger Manning stopped playing here, someone like Casey Scott stepped in. When she departed, you and Dan Emery showed up. Replacing you are probably people like Dan Kilian and Chris Moore, but the community is different.



PORTRAIT OF THE EDITOR AS A YOUNG MAN

MAF: As they not as interested in being part of the scene?

JB: It's not that. There's just no evidence that the scene is building. The X factor seems to be missing. When Mike Young used to play, the place would be filled with people like Lenny Molotov. It was a crowd that cared. Now it seems at the antihoots, Lach is up there desperately trying to get someone's attention, to create some scene energy. It's just not happening the way it once did. Something is different.

MAF: Well, at some point Lach may grow out of this scene as well. He's making a record now too.

JB: I think that's what's happening. His lack of attention to what's going on is probably the real cause of this. His efforts are not paying off as they once did. It could be that this same thing happened right before he went off to San Francisco.

MAF: Well, any scene is always centered around one fundamental personality.

JB: I know you've said that before. You saw the same thing in Hoboken.

MAF: A scene is always one person's vision, and when that person goes away or loses interest, the scene dies. Or it's not the same as it once was. I certainly hope that doesn't happen here, but I guess it might.

JB: In a way, I don't think it will. The artists involved with antifolk I think will always be involved in some way. I still see Roger Manning come out to see Kirk Kelly play. There's still that respect--that mutual thing going on.

MAF: I think that's true. The people who I first started hanging out with here in the scene have become my friends now. I see them socially, not just here at Sidewalk.

JB: Yes, there will always be something.

MAF: You've been doing AntiMatters awhile now. Do you still have same enthusiasm you had for it when you started?

JB: No, I don't. I'm not only the editor, but the publisher as well, which may have something to do with it. The issue that came out in June will be the last regularly scheduled AntiMatters. I enjoy the fact that the 'zine has always been something of a dialogue, and it's becoming more like a monologue. Less people seem to be interested in contributing. I could be that I've raised the standards, or people are just failing to contribute. It's getting harder and harder to do 20 pages.

MAF: Have you considered more flexibility in terms of format? I know Steve Espinola was encouraging you to do a whole lyrics issue.

JB: That had been the whole AntiMatters philosophy all along--to let people in the scene publish anything they want. Personally, I'm not especially interested in reading just a bunch of lyrics. It's not interesting to me.

MAF: What about just making the issue smaller?

JB: That's another solution, but I keep looking at it from the buyer's point of view. When I first took over, I'd use the smallest font size to give people the most amount of reading material possible. But I made a concession on that because it wasn't easy to read. I felt, though, that I might be cheapening the product to have less words. It's always been my desire to keep AntiMatters up to a certain standard. I suppose I'd rather give up the rigid schedule than make the 'zine smaller.

MAF: So you're going to keep the same size issue--just put it out less often.

JB: Yes, because I'm having trouble getting submissions. Because of that, it's more difficult for me to generate my end of the product. In the past, I'd generate 8 pages, other people would pick up 12. Now, I'm not doing my share,

and no one is picking up the slack. Previously, when people would burn out on the 'zine, others would step in. But that's not happening now. I've heard from people that they want to do stuff, but so far, no results.

MAF: What is your vision for AntiMatters? What is that certain standard you talk about?

JB: I guess I define that more by what I don't want, rather than what I do want. I do want a sense of people's creative process and information on how they can help one another. A good column for a long time was "Demo Tips." Being a non-musician, it was useless to me, except that I could fake conversations about music a bit easier. (Laughs) But I think everyone learned things of interest.

MAF: I'm trying to think of ways to make the whole thing easier on you.

JB: One thing I considered was to collect info from other sources--articles from other magazines or from the internet--but I don't want to cheat in that way by printing something that already appeared in another form.

MAF: I suppose it's hard to ask people to write something when they're not getting paid for it.

JB: Yes, and there's no way around that. There's no profit margin to offer people money. It's frustrating to me.

Personally, I love having the opportunity to present my words to an audience. I suppose that's how musicians feel about their music when they have the opportunity to play. They don't necessarily feel that way about the printed word.

MAF: For me, writing is work, but that's how I make a big part of my living.

JB: Yes, but writing is the easiest art to present. Anyone can make a semi-coherent sentence. I'd like to think everyone could be a good writer, but I guess it's hard to be as good as me. (Laughs.)

Mary Ann Farley is currently touring to promote her new album, "Daddy's Little Girl," which is getting airplay on over 40 college and non-commercial radio stations. It has also been reviewed extensively in over 30 publications, most notably in Billboard, which gave the disc a Critics' Choice review.

[Foot-In-Mouth Notes: Jonathan Berger asked for the opportunity to make some last-minute addenda to his comments. After bribery, the following ensued]

JB: We can't print any of this. I said all of that crap about the death of AntiFolk and a lack of energy in the scene before the Summer AntiFolk Fest, which kicked serious ass. The Antifolkies were out in force, and were encouraging each other, and it was a great time. The AntiHoots, also, have picked up, and shown the community what it's supposed to be about.

And most importantly, AntiMatters, which is closest to my heart, has turned a corner. People from all over have banded together to contribute to the zine, making it better, stronger, faster. Well, at least still on schedule.

So my saying that the spirit is gone from AntiFolk, at the Hoots, at the shows, in the zine, well, I'm full of shit. So we have to edit that stuff out, all right?

All right?

THE ANTIFOLK CHORUS: AN INTERPRETATION OF COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT AT THE ANTIHOOT

BY PROFESSOR G. LESSE II

The Antihoot is a wondrous thing. By deconstructing the urban open microphone experience, it reclaims elements of the traditional western hootenanny.

Among the many characteristics that identify the hootenanny as unique is audience participation. In utilizing this factor, the Monday Night AntiHootenanny at the Sidewalk Cafe comes closer to the tradition of rural acoustic community than any other NYC attempt at the same.

Still, there are ways, and there are ways, to approach audience participation, many strategies you can take to join in the musical experience. Detailed herein are some ways you can help make your audience-time more communal.

The three primary techniques are all sonic in nature, and involve various levels of mastery and comfort. Perhaps the easiest and most natural way to partake in the community effort is to tap along to the tunes. **Percussion** is available in a myriad of forms, some as simple as toe-tapping to creating a virtual drummer's collective with all the materials on any given table. Hitting plates, banging tables, knocking chairs, stomping feet, all can give rise to the feeling that you are listening to something greater than some performer, that you are, in fact, listening to some performer and YOU!

Of course, tools aren't even necessary to join together in the band. Virtually every individual has been granted, through the grace of god, **hands**, which can serve on their own as viable noisemakers. Any pair of hands can clap, slap, snap, or knock things about, to give the impression that a player has a rousing chorus of excited listeners before them.

Feet, similarly, have some options to choose between. Feet can tap, feet can stomp, feet can kick nearby neighbors, to elicit yelps of outrage. Feet are flexible things.

For higher end sounds, or for the sensitive ballads that require merely a titular show of support, **silverware** can be most effective. The metallic 'twing' of a fork on a salt shaker serves as a nice cymbal effect, rest assured. Other tools available that serve appropriately are the salt and pepper shakers themselves, though you run the risk of emptying the contents on your table. Easier to use are the sugar packets conveniently located at virtually every table at the Sidewalk. Personal experience suggests the large brown sugar packets are widest, and thus suggest the greatest shaking value.

The second general strategy to use requires more talent and comprehension to be done on qualitative level. Anyone can do it, but who can do it well? I refer, of course, to the **voice**. To sing along with the person on stage requires some rudimentary understanding of the lyrics, as well as the rules of harmony. These both can be violated, of course, but then, you risk appearing a fool, and in a way that's quite difficult to disguise.

Joining as chorus on the chorus is usually easiest, as it tends to be, by nature, the most repetitious portion of a song. Often, if the energy is high or the song is fast, you can join in by simply shouting along, thus avoiding issues of harmony and melody, which, considering the difficulties of some local singers, is perhaps for the best.

Some songs can best be accompanied with no words at all, but rather, with guttural utterances, animal noises, or inhuman articulations. In fact, for the non-traditional players that AntiFolk encourages, these foreign sounds may perhaps be the norm. **Whistling**, too, can be used, though, in practice, rarely is.

Another rarely used approach is the final sonic strategy available to rock the community. It is the least used of the three. While virtually all musicians who come to the AntiHoot have an **instrument** to call their own, practically none use them to conjoin other artists. Certainly never in an impromptu fashion. Many's the tale you can hear of early rock and rollers bum rushing the stage, to join the band, and become a player with others. This is a strategy never experienced at the AntiHoot at the Sidewalk Restaurant and Bar.

There is another practice utilized only by the most popular, or the most subtle artists at the AntiHoot. While all the strategies referred to so far are aural in nature, this final one is, instead, **visual**. During a performance, you can make yourself a welcome addition to the episode by dancing, or moving, or simply waving your arms. Extreme variants of this technique include throwing things, doing the wave, fighting, and walking out during a performance.

All of these strategies can make you a more recognized part of the AntiFolk AntiHoot scene. Questions that subsequently arise are

a) is this a good thing? and

b) will the performers on stage appreciate any of these strategies?

These are important questions, and may very well be assessed in a future text.



CopyRight Cassette Duplication

Discover Quality Duplication
in The East Village

212-979-2570

Directly Across Av. A From Sidewalk

Cipherpunk

Seth A. Doolin

We all know that the job title "administrative assistant" translates to "flunky," just as the term "executive assistant" merely means "higher paid better dressed flunky". Additionally, while scanning the unfurnished apartment section of any newspaper, we discern the following real meanings from their veiled and vague colloquialisms: "Cozy" = shoebox. "Charming" = not constructed nor maintained in this century. "Unique" = bizarre set up, such as tub in closet, stove in bathroom. "Convenient location" = right next to the Holland Tunnel exit.

We all know what these terms and words really mean, yet they continue to be employed by employers and realtors. This is part of a secret language that everyone knows. Therefore, what the hell is the point of a secret language?

Why do winos drink out of paper bags when everyone has a pretty damn good idea what they're up to? Who do they think they're fooling?

Why do people after an unsuccessful first date tell the other they will call when there is absolutely no intention to do so? I myself have been guilty of this, not knowing what the hell else to say.

Why do prospective employers tell interviewees they will be in touch when they know damn well they would rather see their company go down in flames than hire this person?

Why is the term "downsizing" used as a means of legitimizing firing people left and right because the economy sucks?

Again this is the use of a secret language that everyone has caught on to.

This is not even considered to be lying, this is simply replacing words one would rather not use with other words. Employers genuinely believe they are downsizing, while the unemployed genuinely believe that they are between jobs. Hell, I've been between jobs for almost a year now. I am not working now, although at some other point in my life I expect to be working again (especially if the Department of Labor catches on to my attitude) so I *can* say that I am between jobs.

I've been sofa surfing since December, freeloading off one friend or another. I don't tell people I meet this, though; this presents me in a bad light. I merely tell people that I am between apartments. Hell, everyone walking down the street is between apartments.

Let's push this a bit further: currently, as a writer, I am between publishers, from none to perhaps one someday. I am between brokers at the moment for that matter, too. I am between income brackets, as well as between incarnations,

between states of sobriety, between addictions. Let's really push this one: I am between messianic statuses at the moment.

Okay, enough of this crap.

Language is the supposed means of communication between people, however, it turns out to separate us more than join us. Language builds barriers between people higher and more dense than the walls of China or Berlin. The problem we face is seeing into the language of the other.

I would like to be the first to rend the veil asunder.

I have several personal definitions for several ordinary words. For instance, I refer to an "office" as a "sleepchamber". I regard money as illusory, an abstract concept, yet the concept of job, equally as amorphous, is somehow related to money, but more related to rent, which I refer to as an imposition from without.

For me, the term "alienation from the means of production" is a handy phrase to throw around in reference to a situation in which I have absolutely no control. I consider "Capitalism" to be the root of all evil, yet consider evil to be as abstract a concept as money. The term "capitalist" is also used as a derogatory term directed toward anyone who happens to be annoying you at the moment.

I translate the term "surrealism" to be the realization that rationality simply stands in the way of true progress. "Junkie" refers to a way to be in the world, consider the advantages of staring at your shoe for eight hours a day, not so hot for longevity, though. "Junkiedom" refers to the East Village. "Key" is of symbolic use only. If you want to use it as a functional device you'll just wind up losing the damn thing.

Also in my personal lexicon is the term "laundry", a special event, usually coinciding with the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. "Lunch" is the meal chosen if you had a choice in which to break up with someone, whereas "lunch hour" refers to an American tradition of laziness of loafing, the lunch hour may also be used as a means of escape, although most of my previous employers were able to find me.

I consider an "answering machine" not to be a device intended to let you know who called while you were out, but as a means of bothering others while you were out. By the same token, office voicemail systems are none other than storehouses for prank calls left by someone who hates their jobs more than you hate yours.

Within my self-styled syntactical arsenal are also the definitions of "aspirin" as one of the four basic food groups, along with coffee, cigarettes, Cap'n Crunch, and scotch (yeah, I know, that's five, but no one would get it if I said "five basic food groups").

The term "Clutch!!" is an interesting command, the recipient of a such a command not knowing whether the instructor wants the clutch in or out. It's funny, I usually heard this one at high speeds in heavy traffic.

I consider "mailbox" to be the womb of bills, so I had mine cemented shut. I consider "metal" to be a mnemonic, pneumatic device used for the release of hormonal or aggressive build-up, most effective when trying to drive a girlfriend crazy. I use the term "Irish Flu" to indicate that one's genetic heritage reminds one that one should not be working in the first place.

Silence I define as that sound that emanates from the telephone after meeting a cute girl.

"Spraypaint" is a device for amusement, however caution should be indicated: one should decide upon a symbol beforehand if one is working with a partner. One night Bill and I could not come up with anything that was agreeable to us both without being offensive to all (I wanted to do an inverted cross, he wanted to do a hammer and sickle, the only thing that was between the two was a swastika, a symbol we weren't about to begin to think about).

"Transubstantiation" I deem as the act of transmuting water to scotch and water.

And finally, "writer's block" I define as that sublime affliction, which may strike any writer at any time without warning and prevent them from fin



THE NARRATIVE OF LENNY MOLOTOV

by Mike Rechner

Songwriter Lenny Molotov makes narrative a key element in his work. Combining narrative and melding it to a pop-song structure, in particular a folk-song structure, Molotov explores boundaries on one hand preset by the established iconography of his subject matter and performance, yet on the other hand ready to be redefined by those very same means. As Molotov continues to write, his relationship to narrative changes. He hones his ideas and delivery in collaboration with the churning ferocity of his backing band The Illuminoids.

Narrative has a strange interaction with song writing: at times signs outweigh what is actually signified and substantial narrative is never explored, while at other times narrative dominates and eclipses everything except the next moment. "The Ballad of Richard M. Nixon (Dick Will Rise)" is a song that does both. Musically, the song is driving, powerful, and -- though very repetitious -- is based on a solid melodic hook that at once propels the narrative (the career of Richard Nixon) with its march-like beat while supplying a distinct catchy pop tune. The song's refrain, "Dick will rise", links sexual arousal with the lust for political power and domination. The refrain allows the song to simultaneously break from the logical narrative structure into a revealing look at the psycho-sexuality of the narrative's subject while at the same time maintaining the flow of the narrative. As a chorus, the refrain "Dick will rise" is integral to the narrative of the song, as each verse chronicles one of the many political and personal disasters Nixon faced and overcame in his almost unbelievably infamous career.

Much in the same way "The Ballad of Richard M. Nixon" is framed by a marching beat to reinforce its political subject matter, "MK Ultra" is framed as a psychedelia period piece. Illicit LSD experiments are carried out in San Francisco under the guiding hand of the CIA. The narrative is not broken by a repeated phrase like "Dick will rise," but rather, is broken when the protagonist slips into a hallucinatory state. Narrative gives way to descriptions of and the actual (or

imagined) parameters of this altered awareness.

Considering the parameters of narrative consist of a step by step telling of a story, "Frame 313" is able to embrace narrative (retelling the J.F.K. saga via the famous home movie taken the day of his assassination) while at the same time breaking down the actual process. By casting the path of the song-narrative side by side with the film-narrative, the story stops at the point in time at which film, song, and tragically a man's life ends. Thus, the image (this song, this film, this narrative) expires with its subject, J.F.K.. Commitment to continued performance or a recorded version would allow for this story -- in which Molotov debunks an era using the same iconography used to prop that era into prominence -- to remain visible. A decision to no longer perform this song could stop this narrative, much in the same way the actual Frame 313 depicted the end of J.F.K.'s life. This is not to say anyone is going to forget J.F.K. if Molotov stops performing this song, but to point out that narrative keeps stories and history alive and some histories, as always, are very close to being forgotten.

Molotov is obviously interested in the 1960's as his stirring yet irreverent songs will attest, however "Waitress Song" (though still littered with history's icons) sees him writing from a different space. Myths and realities of the 1990's are now confronted. As D.I.Y., public access, the internet, and desktop publishing break down the established modes of production, methods of interaction and the questions of one's identity in the face of these new methods are brought to the fore. Though somewhat predictable with his own associations, Molotov manages to stress clearly the blurred boundaries surrounding a large creative population, creating in relative obscurity with attempts to be on par with the exulted minds of the century. The song never draws a specific conclusion to this dynamic which allows the listener to situate their whereabouts within the framework much in the same way the D.I.Y. esthetic does within

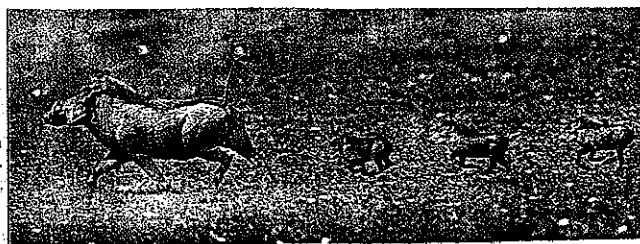
NARRATIVE OF LENNY MOLOTOV (continued)
the larger framework of mass culture production.

"Train Song" starts specific enough. It's starting point a list of trains in the New York Mass Transit System. However as much as the D.I.Y. of "Waitress Song" opens possibilities this song shuts them down. The protagonists world is imploding and his memories are collapsing down upon one another until all visible signifiers no longer create a narrative of story but a narrative always leading back to a dismal relationship. A trains, R trains, or L trains make no difference, every positive association gets negated and the walls are closing in. As Molotov moves from a story-telling narrative to a more gut level exploration of his own nature and of the world around him the area he has open to cover shrinks. No longer is the entire career of Richard Nixon waiting to be hammered into a six minute parable, instead Molotov must take an excruciatingly limited starting point, the M.T.A.. Combined with an inescapable memory and somehow scratch out that feeling for six minutes in the small place he allows himself within the framework of the song. So in a sense as the methods of travel become reduced as possibilities, (as memory-free trains) Molotov forces himself to greatly reduce, if not outright abandon the narrative in order to further explore this emotional terrain. The variables become less available but that in turn necessitates the constants become stronger.

"Good Cop, Bad Cop", "Doghouse", and "Sucker" all occupy this new space permitted by this implosion. Literally there is a lot less happening in the songs but the psychological space the songs set up is much more concentrated. The songs are focused and centered, they almost eliminate the ebb and flow of narrative, and collapse, descend, and beat each other up much in the way the titles would imply. By melting the narrative to fit more of a rock structure the new work opens up more possibilities for the seriously raging, monotonous yet stabbing guitar work of Molotov and fellow guitar player Mr. Scarecrow. Molotov's and Anne Husick's (on bass) nasally whining vocals suit the singers predicaments while Little Oscar bashes along on drums.

As Molotov shifts to a narrative of inference he makes more use of

longstanding iconographic signposts (dog house, sucker, bad cop) which take the place of specific narrative in the story-telling sense, the reliance of the filling out of this new structure falls on the listener. Tenets of interior politics specific to generalities offer more grueling possibilities as this shift to new directions challenges both writer and listener.



It's a Fucking Great Idea! But SOMEBODY Had to do it!

Dan, we commend thee.
We support thee.
We stand and applaud thee.
We ask of thee...

"Why the hell didn't WE think of it first?"

You may well ask, "What the hell dost thou speak of?"

OK, here it is...

The Dan Emery Mystery Band has appealed to their peers to fund a CD. You donate, thereby becoming an honorary executive producer.

Yeah, man! You go, boy!

As one of the many executive producers of this collection of music (to be named by the person who contributes \$500.00), I get to comment on the demo. I feel pretty elated, as though I've been appointed to an important position by simply buying into some new airline company or something. This thing has "taken off."

Fellow antifolkers are used to putting in their "two cents" (nearly literally) at the Monday night hoots, but hey -- this is a horse of a, well... you know... this is different.

A whole ALBUM (I miss 'em)!

Now, there's our tip dollars at work. I actually got to critique this thing. Empowerment! Very, very pleasing, in this regimented world of music that assaults us in the Tower Outlet Record Stores and Landdromats of our daily existence (The same Billy Joel song has ushered me quickly through a particular health food store times untold!)

Let's face it -- we're poor. We all wanna do some recording and we find ourselves giving up luxuries like food and shelter in order to do a "raggin' EP. Or, we just wait, praying and lighting candles for that big break on a white horse to gallop and step on our pretty faces. Him?

Why not ask people know what it's all about?

What a great idea! Wish it were mine.

-Elizabeth Brody

A Word from Adam Brodsky

OK: here's the deal. Last month my girl dumped me for a guitar player in a "straight" band. They play lame music that is so totally average and mediocre I can hear it on a triple A station someday. Now, some people are quick to point out that I was neglectful to her and ignored her and when we were together, I treated her poorly, and her friends told her that she should ditch a loser such as I and they told her that Steve would treat her so much better. Sure, for Valentine's Day, all I sent her was a BCC of an email announcing one of my gigs.

Look, we could spew "facts" about how poorly I treated her, how I never told her I liked her that much, or how I refused to give her a key to my place, but really, isn't that just a bit naive? It's obvious that this is just one more case of straight musicians getting preferential treatment over antifolkies.

It is a well established fact that in the entire universe outside of the 30x20 confines of the Fort, Antifolkies are the bottom of the food chain. Constantly facing hostile club owners who would much rather have nice safe music that sells beer. But to think that this second-class citizen treatment ends at the foot of the stage is to simply deny the harsh realities of the world.

My proficiency with the ladies rivals Ike Turner's self-control, but until recently I have naturally attributed it to factors such as my unique demeanor, my esthetically unappealing Semitic features, my whining voice, or my chronic halitosis. But now,

Brothers and Sisters, a better solution has arisen. It has all become clear. I did not lose this girl, or any of the others, by my own fault. I am a victim of prejudice. It is a giant conspiracy that maintains my solitude in bed, and at the movies and restaurants and gigs and such.

Alas, I have no solutions. As far as I can figure it is simply our burden as the misunderstood to fail in the game of love, as in all ways. Now, there may be some of you who are now totaling up your intimate partners and have to carry the one, so you might be thinking, "Hey, I do alright." Well, fuck you, and just think how much tail you could've gotten if you were in a James Taylor cover band. We are all victims of this conspiracy, and I don't want to hear otherwise. Take solace in the fact that I don't think the Dadaists got lucky that often, either.

So next time you are at the checkout line, and there's a woman paying with Canadian money, and every item in her basket requires a price check, or if you miss the last train uptown by 2 minutes, or you go to the fridge and there is cereal but no milk, or milk but no cereal, or the waitress puts mayonnaise on your club sandwich or the girl you love is now fucking a guitar player in a more profitable band, just remember it's not because you're a schlemazel, it's because you're an antifokie.

Solidarity, my Brothers and Sisters. It sucks to be us.

Well, me, anyway.

T H E H U S H . . .



What do they sound like, you ask? Good question!

"Post-celtic" (Downtown Music Gallery)

"Jazzy beatnik vibe" (Billboard)

"Exotic and moody"

(Portland's Casco Bay Weekly)

"Bizarre harmonies, funky rhythms"

(Ithaca Journal)

"Irish influence blowing through like a breeze"

(Manhattan Mirror)

"Sensual intensity & lushness" (Cincinnati City Beat)

"Startling and soulful" (Time & A Word)

"Elegant and tense" (Cleveland's US Rocker)

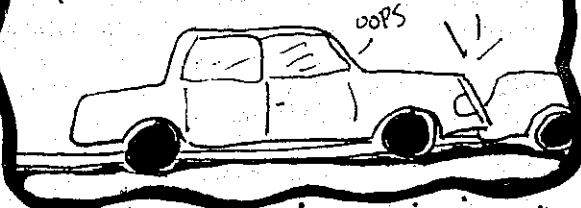
See THE HUSH & decide for yourself!
Playing at The Fort @ Sidewalk
Thursday, AUGUST 7 at 9:00pm

info@thehush.com www.thehush.com 212.592.3482

MARY ANN'S REAL LIFE FUNNIES

BY
MARY ANN FARLEY
(ROAD WARRIOR
PRINCESS)

AS LUXURIOUS AS AN
'85 BUICK MAY BE, EVEN
THESE HUSKY ROAD STALWARTS
CAN FEEL THE STRAIN OF
ROCK-N-ROLL TOURING...



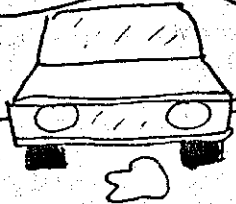
WITH JUST SOME ROUTINE
MAINTENANCE, THOSE
ANNOYING BREAKDOWNS CAN
OFTEN BE AVERTED...

LET'S SEE...
NOW WHAT DO
YOU DO AGAIN
WHEN THE
BRAKES
DON'T
WORK?



REMEMBER TO CHECK THOSE
FLUIDS!...

NOW WAS THAT GREEN GOOP
THERE BEFORE OR AFTER I
WENT INTO McDONALD'S?



AND PAY CLOSE ATTENTION
TO THE RULES OF THE ROAD.

SERIOUSLY
OFFICER... DO I
LOOK LIKE THE
KIND OF WOMAN
WHO WOULD
SWEAR AT A
TRUCK DRIVER
THEN RUN HIM
OFF THE ROAD?
... GOT A LIGHT?



NEVER, NEVER, IGNORE WHAT
COULD BE A DANGEROUS PROBLEM,

I JUST HATE
WHEN THIS
STEERING WHEEL
DOESN'T TURN.
NOW WHERE DID
I PUT MY
PRETZEL
STICKS?



AND YOUR CAR WILL LAST
FOR YEARS AND YEARS.

EXCUSE ME SIR,
BUT MY WIND-
SHIELD WIPER
JUST FLEW OFF
AND WENT IN
THIS DIRECTION.
CAN I CHECK
YOUR BACK
SEAT?



NEXT ISSUE: MARY ANN WEIGHS THE PROS
AND CONS OF HITCHHIKING VS. HIJACKING.

HAPPY SUMMER!

GET OUT
OF THAT
ACCORD...
NOW.

HUH?

reviews...

Koço Philipeo: Spirit of the Mule - The ridiculous name, the too-serious cover, the title, even the serifed fonts on the CD, all suggest what you won't hear on Spirit of the Mule: pretension. This is a country album, with some solid playing, and, songs that are conservative, and still damned good. The guitars on the opener, "Everything," are crunchy and sensitive at different times. The other great cuts are near the beginning. "Still Young," about being prematurely cranky, "Five in the Evening," wherein our hero returns home to his baby, and "Another Night With You," predictable, but still filled with cool imagery. Totally ignore "Pink Elephants and Purple Dinosaurs," a scathing critique of Barney, and perhaps commerce as well. But buy the record. It's cool. - Gustav Plympton <Black Hole ~ 215 W. 95th St., Suite 16K ~ NY NY 10025>

The Reachers: Sucker MCs - The best thing about the Reachers is their energy, their forceful playing, their two-men and drum machine Rock-Out! Their live shows have a ferocity that's lacking here. You don't see Geoff Boyd's visceral guitar technique, or the forceful quality of Scott McCarthy's fiddling. What you get instead is the studio wizardry of "Hell, Yes" built around an insipid Tom Petty (and what about Tom Petty isn't insipid?) sample, and a vocal clarity often lost in the live realm. Also, the title track is much softer than what they perform out, and the irony of the lyrics is thus further heightened. Genre fusion may be old hat in this multicult day & age, but it's still great fun to hear the old country boy singing sincerely about Sucker MCs. Fun to hear, fun to have. <Reecher Records> Jon Berger

Stephen Clair: Altoona Hotel -

I hate car culture. True, I went through an "open road" phase, meaning I loved Jack Kerouac books to bits; the phase was age 15-25. But even in the last four or five years I realized the idolatry of the car was at least as harmful as Kerouac's freewheeling-misogyny. American cities are built around cars instead of humans (except for NY and a blessed few others where you can get around without). And this oil addiction that allows Shell to encourage Nigeria to kill the indigenous people who don't want to be relocated, and speaking as someone who was draft age during the Gulf War...

Excuse me, I didn't mean to get off one of my usual tirades, but I've noticed that half of the songs on this CD mention a car at the very least--and I'm really enjoying this CD, and I think that has something to do with the strange order of the songs. The first song, the title track, has this easy long-drive rhythm to it: "The sign on the Altoona Hotel blinks 'dine with us'/the gas gauge says you've got one leg left/the ashtray fell in the trash at the last rest stop."

I call the song order strange because he starts off with this lilt; great images, relaxing guitar, and doesn't show off how he rocks until the third song, "Anything will do." It rocks, but I don't want to talk about it. I want to mention another song, "Someone Like You," which contains what I consider a model chorus. In a perfect world a chorus makes

you want to sing or scream with it, and it doesn't get boring because the meaning changes different times you say it: "Someone like you knows better than/someone like me/If I ever get my shit together I'll make it up to/Someone like you." These are good songs. - Jonathan Segol <Mandala Hand ~ P.O. Box 1461 ~ Albany, NY 12201 ~ (516)436-4730 ~ stphncir@aol.com>

Martin Lesch: Bambino - Martin Lesch is a piano boy, doing some of that boogie woogie kinda thing. It sounds pretty good, though his voice isn't the strongest, since it's full band instrumentation. Most of the songs tell Stories, and some of them are downright memorable (in a good way). Take the opening cut, "While I Was Busy With Your Mother," which is a pair of sob stories, maybe about a down and out couple. The best cut is also the strangest, "I'd Kick God's Ass," which is basically a trad love song, only with the memorable image of what he'd do for this girl who "lives out in Queens across from Rizzo's Pizza down near Steinway Street." It's fairly mundane material, but with exceptional lines and fairly dissonant instruments backing up the vocals make it something, if not special, then very strange. - S Biederman

Beth Orton - Trailer Park

Oh, this Beth Orton rekkid is just the thing. Maybe my favorite of the year. Orton weaves one hell of a sexy web; from the opening L. Shankar meets Bobbie Gentry strains of "She Cries Your Name" right through to the closing epic soundtrack, the cheery "Galaxy of Emptiness." These melodies and spare hooks will linger in your head long after the last spin. Orton, a lanky English gal, is nothing if not Nick Drake's precocious little sister; sending a similar shiver down the spine with each haunted word she sings. It's a "Bryter Later" Drake thing though, with the jazz-lite pulse of "At The Chime of the City Clock" wafting through the air rather than the death mask of "Pink Moon." Too deep and inside a reference? OK, let's just say it's really fucking cool and get on with it then. If you need a more 90's nail to hang her on, just know that she's been known to hang with the Chemical Bros. as well; and their trippy shimmer is definitely in here, dozing next to Orton's languid anti-folk strum. In addition to her own killers (including the perfect pop of "Live as You Dream," and the pseudo-soul grooving "Someone's Daughter") Orton also offers a sublime reading of the Phil Spector classic "I Wish I Never Saw The Sunshine"-- and if that one doesn't bring a tear to your toughened eye, then you're dead. Rather recommended. (Dedicated Records) - Michael Eck

Piñataland - "I'm the guy with the loaded forty five... but my arms cannot reach it at my side. Don't you mess with this taco, you won't come out alive."

There's fury from these boys in Piñataland,, but it's couched in quirk, and coached by humor. "Cowboy" is the story of the love between a man and his horse. "Monster" tells the oft-told tale of boy meets monster, boy brings monster home, boy falls for monster. The ultimate cut (not including the virtually required secret track) features fellow Mekkatone recording artist Jessica Kane singing the verses and chorus, "Raining Between My Thighs." Quite an extravaganza. <Mekkatone ~ Mekkatone@aol.com ~ (718) 230-5885>

- Jonathan Berger

THE FORMER KING

Dan Kilian was the King of AntiFolk -- for the Spring. He just had to give up his metaphorical crown, and don't think he was too happy about it.

Still, the man earned the honor. He is; as they say in the hood, the MAN, and his songs show it. With his inestimable "Four Fingers of Fun," he's shown himself to be the Dolomite of AntiFolk, and, with his apocryphal "Last Kiss on the Highway," he paints himself as the genre's guy who did that first car wreck song. You know the one. Just fill it in.

Of course, beyond all that, Kilian is not only an acoustic artist of the solo persuasion, but also the focus of the rock and roll combine Splurge, as its singer-boy. His almost formed band is National Anthem (Not to be confused with the National Anthem, which is a song), which needs a bassist. He's almost the unpublished author of the unwritten study on masturbation, as well as 1001 Things I Never Did, which will undoubtedly include the aforementioned masturbatory exercise.

In addition to these incredible accomplishments, with this issue, Dan Kilian has become a contributor to AntiMatters. Here's what he wrote:

What will Post AntiFolk bring? Anyone can chart the course of AntiFolk but what happens when the inevitable reaction comes? Will we suffer Einstein's fate, reviling the Quantum mechanics of music (Picasso tried to leapfrog Neocubism, straight into frozen fruit shaped plastic drink

coolers, which never caught on), or will we be Neil Young, furiously accepting the After Anti Reaction to the PreFab PostPunk Rock of tomorrow? Two negatives cannot make a positive when you're dealing with imaginary numbers so watch for singer-songwriters gigging sensitively in a water bar backed by legions of amateur clarinetists.

Keep in mind that, while there has been no conclusive proof that AntiFolk Kingship produces precognitive ability, so has the theory not been rejected. Kilian's words can be as true as anyone else's.

The Fast Folk Cafe

(\$10 contribution and 7:30 showtime unless otherwise noted)

41 North Moore Street
New York, New York 10013
(212) 274-1636
stevennn@delphi.com

Sat 7/05 Wyckham Porteous/The Rejoicing Balloon
Thu 7/10 Edie Carey/Gene & Mimi
Fri 7/11 Cody Melville/Brother Greg Muirhead/Ina May Wool
Sat 7/12 Linda Sharar/The Sloan Wainwright Band
Wed 7/16 Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music
Open Mike - \$5!
Fri 7/18 Nina Adel
Thu 7/24 Tim Robinson/Michael Veitch/George Wurzbach
Fri 7/25 David Brown/Corinne Curcio
Sat 7/26 Fox Hill Bluegrass Band
Wed 7/30 New Voices Showcase - Amura/Evan Getz & Lizzie/Bob Gotta/Bill Seely * \$5 *
Thu 7/31 Jody Kessler/Andy Kimbel/Jonathan Pointer
Wed 8/06 Tom McCormack
Thu 8/07 Roger Gillen/David Roth
Wed 8/13 David Hamburger/Hans Theessink/Jeremy Wallace
Thu 8/14 Peter Calo/Peter Eldridge/Mindy Jostyn
Wed 8/20 Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music
Open Mike ^ \$5 ^

Every Tuesday, an Open Mike! Starts at 6PM. Check it out!

Call (212-274-1636) or check our website (www.fastfolk.org) for updates or changes to the schedule.



TAPE COMPILATIONS \$3.00 ppp - canada/mexico \$4.00 ppp - world \$5.00 ppp

BT050 - ARCHIE BUNKER WILL NEVER DIE: SOLVENTS (US) AHORCADOS (F) C-THRU (US) ACTUD SUBVERSIWA (PR) GOVERNMENT COLLAPSED (T) MOTO (US) SUPER BRAND NEW!
BT049 - BILL AND BOB: MONDO CONDO (J) NAKED LUNCH (US) SO CALLED UNLIKE (F) DIVISION SMEGMA (US) MANNER FARM (CA) MIKE RECKNER (US) YALATEFF (F) BASTARDS (US) BRAND NEW!
BT048 - REAL PUNKS ARE POOR: ATTENTAT SONORE (F) BIG BUBBA (US) VODKOF (F) STINK (US) TWO LEFT HANDS (F) SCUFFLE (CA) UPSTAIRS PEOPLE (F) THE MAZE (CA) RACHID ET LES RATONS (F)
BT047 - FONDS DE TIROIRS: BUSHMEN (F) SANITY ASSASSINS (US) SQUAL (F) LUNATIC KILLERS (F) ABDOMENS (F) PICHOU (CA) LITTLE ZOMBIE (F) MARMOTTES APPLATIES (CA) GENERATION PERDUE (F) WAGGLE (CA)
BT046 - SORS DE TA POUBELLE: ENFANT DU MACABRE (F) SIX PACK (F) ANOTHER FINE MESS (UK) OUT OF ORDER (F) BAD LUCK 13 (CA) DICKHEADS (F) MISTER BLOND (F) GUI (US) TANTRUM (F) BORAX (US) WISDOM (F)
BT045 - MAIS OU EST PASSE L'ANE ARCHIE: RHYTHM ACTIVISM (CA), ZERO TOLERANCE TASK FORCE (US) SYMBIONESE LIBERATION ORCHESTRA (US) URBAIN DESBOIS (CA)
BT044 - 2+2=20: SHAGGY HOUND (F) TEETH (US) CONCRETE IDEA (F) AMAZING TAILS (F) NFI (F) CAUSE N EFFECT (F) MULTIPLE CHOICE (US) TEARS OF A DOLL (F) JUNE (CA) NOTHING MORE (F)
BT042 - C'EST DUR POUR TOUT LE MONDE: VELCRO SOUL (CA) SWINGING UTTERS (US) BUBBLE (F) CONCRETE IDEA (F) BOX LUNCH (CA) CEREN (US)
BT041 - TAPE LE SON: OBNOXIOUS (F) IMMORAL SQUAD (CA) NOTHING MORE (F) SHOTMAKER (CA) KOROLL (F) GENERAL FOOLS (CA) PERCEUSES MECANQUES (F) SELFISH (CA) ABDOMENS (F) PICHOU (CA) INVERTEBRES (F) SECRETAIRES VOLANTES (CA)

CD COMPILATIONS \$10.00 ppp - canada/mexico \$10.00 ppp - world \$12.00 ppp

CRIGES: ANOTHER FINE MESS (UK) MOTO (US) WACT (UK) BUDZ (F) SAD PYGMY (US) RHYTHM COLLISION (US) LEGITIME DEFONCE (F) MORAL CRUX (US) STINK (US) KOCHISE (F) GROUP OF INDIVIDUALS (US) ABDOMENS (F) WAT TYLER (UK) ATTENTAT SONORE (F) HATES (US) PLEUM (F) COUCH POTATOES (UK) PORTOBELLO BONES (F) PICHOU (CA) CONSTANT SUMMER (F) RHYTHM ACTIVISM (CA) KING BISCUIT (F) 500 COPIES - 23 PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED TRACKS - 50 copies left

COPY CAT SINCE 1987

Our goal is to show that punk is not only one sound nor only one attitude.
Cash only, no checks. Thank

Command Performances!

...Shows you must see in July...

Prepare to Meet Your Maker, Year Two.

It's been about a year (well, 364 days) since Peter Dizozza expelled his... masterpiece, Prepare to Meet Your Maker, upon the world. When he introduced it to the Fort at the Sidewalk last Bastille Day, there were four performers, five viewers, and a story about a hunchback necrophiliac with limited visions of world conquest and comfort. It was a twenty minute show with a couple of songs and little sense. Now, a year later, the show's played all about lower Manhattan, and is returning to its roots at the Sidewalk, for an hour and a half show, lots of songs, and, if such a thing is possible, even less sense. With more songs, more actors, a dance component, and the creative influence of many in the AntiFolk community, Prepare to Meet Your Maker is something that must be seen to be believed. The acting, the songs, the ideas, are all visionary, and frightening, and complex and, well, go!

Sunday, July 13, 1997. 7:30. The Fort at the Sidewalk Cafe.

Fellini's Basement European Tour:

Those girls and boys in Fellini's Basement have done it again, featuring another series of shows at the posh Gershwin Hotel, situated in the heart of 27th Street. Consecutive Wednesdays in July, Fellini's Basement European Tour features some of the brightest luminaries in AntiFolk, and some others. The running order on each night is flexible, so come at the beginning (10PM) and stay all night long! Catch it all:

July 9 - Hosted by Jessica Kane: Oren, Eric Davis, Red Velvet Room, Fellini's Basement

July 16 - Billy Syndrome, the Novelas, Paleface, the humans, Fellini's Basement

July 23 - Dan Emery Mystery Band, Joe Kelly, Dina Dean, Fellini's Basement

Cover charge is five dollars. Location of the Gershwin is 7 East 27th Street, right off of Fifth Avenue. Come to this excellent alternate haven for AntiFolk talent, before it comes for YOU!

Heart and Tongue Festival

Pinatoland's long-awaited record release party will be held at CB's Gallery. The event will feature the band itself, along with Pee Shy, the humans, and the Dan Emery Mystery Band, as well as Mekkatone's other NY-based act, Jessica Kane, with a full-band backing her up. As a high-up at Mekkatone said, "She can turn from charming lounge seductress to near-psychotic, Tourette's stricken banshee in less than a second, sowatchout!"

In addition, the show will feature The Dueling Pianos of Jerome Rossen and Peter Dizozza: If you haven't heard this amazing piano duo, then you're not the only one; they've never played together before.

Still, their presentation of standards and originals that will soon be standards, may very well be fascinating, to say the least. Hopefully, no one will get hurt. HATFest will be held on July 12, starting at 8PM, for the low low price of six dollars. CB's Gallery (313 Bowery). For more info: (718) 230-5885.

TheBLANG! Audio Installation.

At long last, it looks like Lach'll let us look at his latest LP. Album. Whatever. Blang!, named after the hard-hitting first chord of the first cut, will make it's public debut on July 10, at the Fort, in a very special ceremony. Starting at 5:00, "The public will play the installation," which comprises, "14 art pieces created by Geoff Notkin with walkmen attached."

At 8PM, various performers will cover Lach songs, offering their interpretation of the cuts on the album, and many others. Among the artists appearing are Joe Bendik, Heather Eatman, George Usher, the humans, Mary Ann Farley, Ross Owens, Kirk Kelly, John S. Hall, and Richard Barone, the former Bongo who produced the album.

After that's done, around 10:30, Lach's band, tentatively named LACH, will perform the songs themselves, as well as whatever numbers their fevered minds concoct.

After this appearance of Blang!, there's no clear plan for it. While Lach explains that, "I have already been approached by a number of labels eager to hear the work," he's not necessarily concerned with it's future. "Our only plan at the moment is to present the work to the public, one night only, at the Blang! Event. There are no current plans to release it."

This, then, may be the only chance to experience Lach's latest, perhaps the greatest, auditory experiment. Come one, come all, on Thursday, July 10, at 5PM. Experience the grandeur.