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# AntiMatters

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OBSESSION ISSUE

# AntiMatters

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(Support from Arthur Jolly, Lach, and Penner Mac Bryant)

Back before my involvement with this most prestigious zine, a friend of mine -- since a contributor -- suggested a column for me to write: The Crush of the Month.

"And just write about what AntiFolkie I think is cute lately?" I asked, "Doesn't that sound creepy?"

"Well, I'm not saying I'd write it," he replied, and went about his own drunken business.

Like so many bad ideas, though, it never truly left me, and, frightened as I've always been by the prospect, this issue gets to deal with some of those kinds of artists.

Some people in the arts elicit a big reaction. Their art, their appearance, their history, their persona, something about certain people just makes them larger than life, makes them the object of admiration. Affection. Obsession.

Even if we're talking a local level of artistry -- like the grassroots of AntiFolk -- there are some creators that command attention.

And even if we're talking a local level of artistry, there are some creepy little rockcrit boys who observe from the distance, being creepy, and quiet, and obsessed.

Or is it just me?

JBerger

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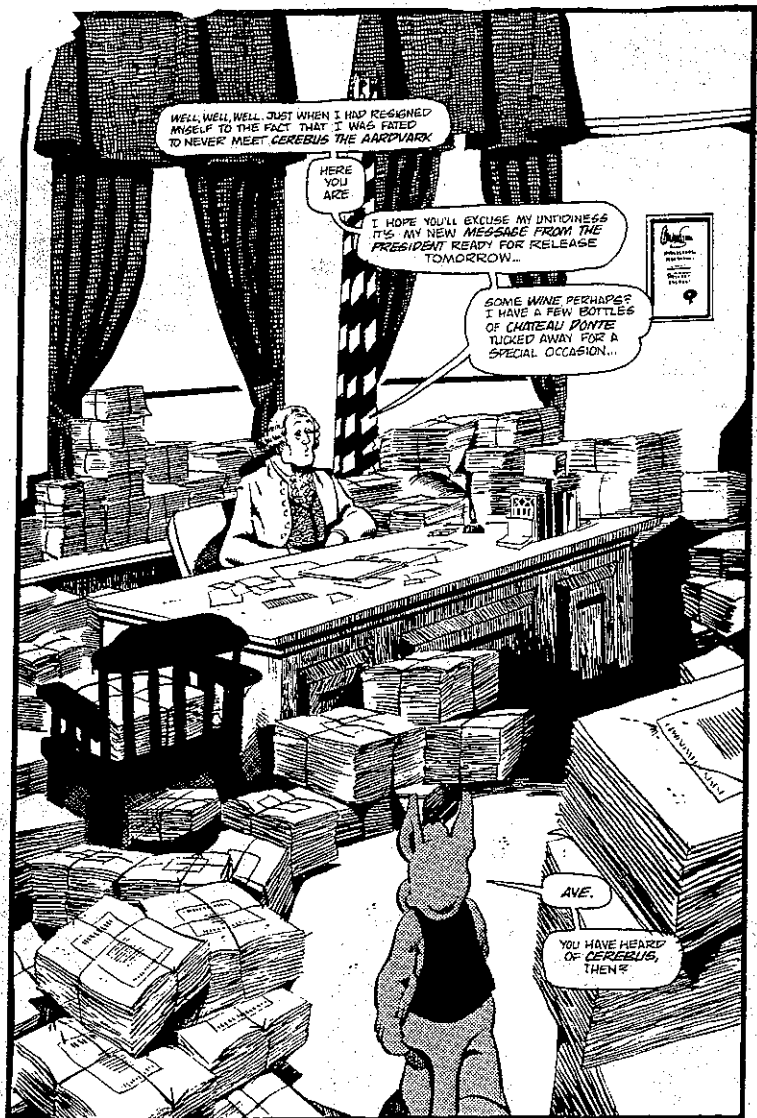
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## Report from the Fort

*Information about shows you missed!*

8/12 - Michael Eck's playing is great. His songs are good, too. His performance style is vital and he's such a friendly guy on-stage, which is hard to do. Moreover, the man is HUGE, so I'm never gonna say anything bad about him.

On after him was Alexa Witt, who is cute, so I'm not gonna say anything bad about her either. She played exclusively funny songs, with names like, "Lanky Girl," "Thinkin in an English Accent," and "Mystery Sister." She played really well, and was a lot of fun to watch, even though she was really nervous. When she hit herself with the microphone, it was pretty funny. I'd like to see her again, if you know what I mean. (Jonathan Berger)

8/14 - When Monique St. Walker played the AntiHoot just a couple of days before, she wowed the audience with "I Didn't Eat the Apple," a solo acoustic funk-folk outing that - I don't know what. It was soulful. It was grooving. It was acoustic. It was everything right with the audience, and you could hear people talking about it, and her, for scores of minutes afterward. It seemed like every single person at the club that night was talking about heading back on Thursday to see her.

They didn't, of course, lazy slobs, but it's probably just as well. When she sat down, crouched over her guitar on Thursday, she was not alone. Backed by piano and drums, all of her strengths evaporated.

Her powerful voice was mired in the volume of the other instruments. Her muscular guitar sound was equally lost.

The band wasn't bad -- well, they weren't untalented. But they played some loud parody version of what made her so special. They made a very strong solo player a mediocre rock player. The show was interminable. The one thing I found myself jotting on my notebook as I sat there was: THE DEATH OF SOUND. (Gustav Plympton)

8/17 - Lee Chabowski played a great set on Sunday. Who is Lee Chabowski? "He doesn't play guitar too well, and his voice isn't that strong, and his songs are kind of cute," someone told me, "but he's really good!"

With that kind of a recommendation, how could I miss it?

A bunch of his songs are cute, and his performance style, very simple, with a fair amount of speak-singing, sounds somehow like Alex Chilton. Not the soulful Chilton of the Box Tops, or the pure-pained pop Chilton of Big Star, but the solo Chilton, the lost boy, who's spent the last twenty years trying to recapture something with simple lyrics and simple playing. That's what Lee Chabowski sounds like. His songs are funny, and sweet, and sometimes seem harder than they are, and they're cool.

I want to see him again. (Stephanie Biederman)

8/19 - Listening to Jerome Rossen will make you feel like a man.

His songs are not for youth. In fact, you might think you heard them on some middle-of-the-dial station, but they're good. They're mature.

Jerome'll sing about meeting the girl of his dreams, then building a family. Of eighteen boys.

He'll sing of how, "You and me are just not right for each other; you and me don't get along," and you almost wish we could get back together, despite he problems.

And, as you're almost touching knees with the beautiful girl to your left, one of the others bouncing along to his soulful material, he'll sing, "We're all looking for a little understanding, but that's bullshit... cuz we're in a bar and we're all messing around."

A quickly painted scene of dancing and drunkenness will suddenly appear before you, as you look around the bar, and see an attentive audience of ten get into that groove, and you'll think, at least for the length of the song, that you're living it.

These are not childish visions. These are visions for adults, for the mature.

While listening to Jerome Rossen, you hear about adults. While listening to Jerome Rossen, you feel like a grown-up. (Gustav Plympton)

8/19 - Piano Night began with two guitar acts, both of whom learned piano first.

When there was no one prepared to go on-stage until 9pm, Sidewalk sound people Anne Husick and Lenny Molotov filled in.

First Husick, playing to an audience of three, started the show. She played songs that her band Shameless do well, and she played songs that haven't been heard much lately. She played "Voices," which is beautiful, and she played "Girlfriend," which is also beautiful. It was a good set, a short set, an intimate set.

Lenny Molotov had a bigger unintentional draw, maybe from people arriving early to see the next the act. He played some of the cuts that his band doesn't do anymore, like "MK Ultra" and "Frame 313," his history songs. The audience was into it, and the few regulars in the room couldn't help but sing along, adding what parts seemed missing. His songs are really good! (Jonathan Berger)

8/21 - "... Dave Foster!"

We clapped in response to the intro. But Dave Foster was not just Dave Foster tonight, nor was he Bubble, though the original members of Bubble were sitting behind him on stage, along with a host of others. Foster featured a back-up crew of four, featuring additional vocals, percussion, and guitar.

"We're gonna do something a little different," Dave said, and went into a cover-heavy set. "Featuring selections from CBS-FM," he explained later on, but threw on the Bubble hit, "Human Question Mark," just to shake things up. The feel was very country, very low-key. The band sounded great and mature, appropriate, since most of the songs were born in the sixties.

The final number, a relatively new Foster original, "Thank You, Goodnight," normally a fairly funky electric experience, still sounded good in its new sedate interpretation, but somehow uprooted. An interesting change from what's expected from Mr. Foster, though, hopefully, not a permanent one. (Jonathan Berger)

8/22 - I was told it would happen, but I'm still surprised to hear the humans rocking so hard. With their seemingly permanent addition of Joe Bendik to the ranks, they sound like a band, and even that ridiculous reverb they insist upon doesn't sound so bad, now that there's some hard-core background to their Goth.

When Joe Bendik followed with his band, he did what he always does, only a little bit more. The middling-sized audience in the place began grooving to the punk sound of the Heathens, then started standing, and, by the end of the show, there was dancing. Dancing in a seating-only club. Some girls even pogo'd for a little while. The crowd didn't end up sweating as much as the band, but it was close.

Zane Campbell played with Ross Owens at the end of the night to only hard-core fans. Zane threw out a whole bunch of new songs, and dropped out twice to let old friend and East Coast émigré Danny Scherr play a couple of songs. Zane was better. It's good to hear one of the greatest AntiFolk players ever out there. I wish more people knew about the gig. (Stephanie Biederman)

8/25 - It started with a bang, and ended with... well... I didn't stay that long.

Jesse White was one of the first people on stage. She explained she was going to do two new songs, and went into them. The

## Report from the Fort

first started out sweeter than her usual fare, or seemed that way, when the fight broke out.

Two huge guys were playing pool, until one of them tore the others shirt, and threw him on the pool table. Lots of tiny guys looked on, wondering if they

should do anything. Jesse, on-stage, played on, though virtually no one was paying her any mind at all. Still, she played her two songs, and the audience reaction was astounding. Dollars to donuts, no one there would be able to remember two lines she rubbed together, but they clapped and clapped and clapped.

"Girl, you've got FOCUS!" someone called out, and, embarrassed, the leader of Ruff grinned.

"Thanks," she said, "What happened down there?"

Hours later, a slight girl named Elizabeth sat down with her violin, and moved the microphone far away from her. She sang while plucking her tiny instrument, and singing in the sweetest, innocentest voice in the world. Everyone had to strain to listen, but the thing is, they DID. They listened.

At the end of her two songs, and the big audience reaction, the girl seemed upset.

"You're gonna come back, right, Elizabeth?" Lach asked.

"I screwed up," she said.

"No," people called out, and clapped again.

She didn't seem to feel any better, but she'll be back. I know it. (Arnie Rogers)

## TALES FROM THE TRENCHES: POST-PARTY-DEPRESSION

She is so beautiful...

"Let's give a hand to all the bands who played tonight: Billy Palace, Jamie Black, The Third Party, and, of course, me. Let's give me a hand..."

She's perfection, a compact version of everything right. Every moment I see her is glory.

She doesn't want me. She doesn't know me, how could she want me?

"Joel? Joel, you all right?"

"Leave him alone. The margaritas are catching up with him."

"Bout time. Thinks he can finish off my pitcher like that..."

"Hey, we plays hard, we drinks hard!"

"He didn't drink your sloe gin fizz, did he?"

"Why do you think I order slow gin fizzes?"

She's so beautiful. So charming. Friendly. Fun. I guess. She seems like she would be. She sounds like she would be. She smiles a lot. I love her smile.

"Good show, though, right?"

"I dunno. Merc didn't offer us another gig."

"That doesn't always happen that night, man. I swear, you're such a pessimist."

"Just because you're a pessimist doesn't mean they're not out to get you."

"The audience liked us, though."

"Yeah! That's the important thing, right? Who cares what Merc thinks?"

She walks -- no, she glides. She smoothly comes over to us, like on roller blades, floating and graceful. Like a swan. On roller blades.

"Can I get you guys anything else?"

"Lemme get whatever's on tap."

"A margarita. Large. One glass."

"Sloe gin fizz. And chicken fingers."

"And you?"

She stares at me, her eyes shining, brightening up my sad, wretched life. Her beauty is like nothing ever experienced by anyone alive, ever. Why can't all others see it? She is the light, the sun.

"Joel?"

Her beauty...

"JOEL!"

The hand on my head, jiggling me about, pulls me out of my stupor. The

hand is right. I'll never impress her, staring stupidly, unable to even order. It's time for clever repartee. Let her know my wit is undeniable, my charm absolute. Let her know, with one simple line, what I feel.

"I'd... uh, hrm."

"Hey, Joel, cat go your... tongue?"

I flinch, my own brain and body betraying me. My friends laughing at my discomfort, the loveliest girl in the world staring on. Not a good day for Joel Schumaltz. The heat my face is generating feels not so different than the fire she creates in my heart.

She smiles at me, pats me gently on my shoulder. Her touch cools me and warms me all at once, and I feel strangely renewed. "I'll get you the usual."

She sways off, no longer so smooth, but just as graceful. My attention remains with her long after she turns the corner over to the bar.

"What's the usual, Joel? Can I have me some of that?"

I have no idea. I can't remember a thing before this instant, her touch, her smile, her glorious exit.

Whatever she brings me, I'm sure I'll like it.

I'll love it.

This was going to be another article, a reflective piece on the impermanence of the good gig, the transience of the solid quality venue, a rundown of tragedies that have befallen my favorite holes in the wall. Each time I've tried to write, I've lingered over my gig, my hole in the wall, acknowledged a self-absorbed article for what it is, and shelved it. Not this time.

People still ask me whatever happened to the Fall Cafe. Some even ask me for gigs once in a while. Some of you may already know of the

music series I used to book in Brooklyn. The cafe and I first tried it out last summer. The result: antifolkies (and some

others) had a new place to play; in a new neighborhood, which made it kind of like a field trip. And Carroll Gardens got to see types of music that has never played in that neighborhood. Kids pressed their faces to the window to stare at the Humans. Locals wandered out of the subway and into A Halo Called Fred. All summer, people walked in and heard new music.

In the Fall, we attempted a few more shows, but without the same success. I decided to let this venue rest until the spring. Meanwhile, word circulated, I received demo tapes from other towns, booked shows through May, and looked forward to the spring.

The week of the first show, I bounced into the Fall to replenish the stack of schedules. The cafe's co-owner, Matt (I can't bear to use real names) had a grim look on his face.

"Jon, we gotta talk."

"Sure, what's up?" I asked.

"I know you printed these cards out and everything, but I already gave these nights out to someone else."

I found this information hard to process, since I had reserved this date three months earlier and had reminded him of it monthly. Mistakes happen, I figured. Matt had this expression like he had just told me I've put on weight or something; uneasy, wary of conflict, and unsure of what direction it should take; unless he wanted me to take a fat flying leap and couldn't tell me.

"Matt," I said, "Just tell me who to talk to and I'll fix it. There's time for everyone."

He pointed to an older woman across the cafe. "That's Rena." (again not her real name; for the real names, invite me over and make me strong coffee)

I walked over, introduced myself, all smiles; you know how we performers are. She did the same (\*@&# phony). I explained the situation to her, calm, casual, ready to negotiate, all that win-win nonsense. We could split the time such-and-such a way. I'd still emcee. Couldn't have gone smoother. I walked back to Matt. Problem solved, see ya later.

That Thursday began the spring series. It looked like one of those lame gigs. One of the acts didn't show. At least Karen Davis showed up, but together we drew—our significant others, a friend or two. Rena hadn't drawn anyone either, though she was expecting people. I asked her if she would like to go on first. She'd be happy to. There were a few people sitting in the cafe, one husband and wife with a baby. It was enough.

Rena launched into her act. After two folk chestnuts fell flat, she zeroed in on the most malleable audience member—you got it: the baby. "This old man he played one. He played knick knock on his thumb." I saw my wife cringing like she thought Barney was going to drop out of the sky. Rena continued another ten minutes with the Best of the Toddler's Hits.

She yielded the floor to me, and I played some adult songs. She feigned interest as best as she could (as had I). After a few songs she got fidgety, came up to me and asked if she could go

back on. I didn't care. I figured it would be back to normal next week.

At that point, Marla (my wife, her real name) had to take a walk. She

couldn't stand to see me yield to this insipid folky. She had to walk or do something rash. Rena had one of those voices that made people crabby. Trained, but just used on folk songs, which she then had to embellish. "All come to look for America-ah-hah-ahhhh."

By this time Rena's crowd had arrived. Six old friends of hers, watching politely. Karen got in some songs too, but this Rena, this Old Folk Diva, this It Came From Beneath The West Village could not watch someone else do more than four songs without springing up and asking to play more.

Marla had returned during my second mini-set. After she saw Rena spring up, she mentioned to Rena that it's actually not polite to walk up to someone as they're beginning a song and say you want to start your set now.

"But it's my night," Rena answered, drawing out the "my" like one of those self-important operatic syllables.

"It's actually both of your nights," said Marla, and she went on to explain the scheduling error, obviously more effectively than I had done a few days ago, for Rena's face fell. She walked to the back of the cafe to confront Matt. I felt sorry for Matt, as he was set upon by this screaming anal inferno. From the back we could hear cries of "It's my night! It's my night." Karen Davis (who was far more understanding) and I finished Rena's night jamming together on Karen's song, "I'm Not Going To Hell With You."

As everyone cleared out, I went in back to talk to Matt.

"Jon," said Matt, "We gotta talk."

Matt had to talk. He had to tell me how he felt this was Rena's night (he'd just had it shouted at him repeatedly), how this music night of mine isn't worth the stress, how he'd been trying to hint I needed to increase the draw to make it worthwhile now that he has Skronk Jazz Night and they draw people and he never liked the music I'd been bringing anyway. (We performers. We feign interest until we flip out.) I suppose I could've brought up his scheduling error, or asked why he doesn't use the phone number I've left half a dozen times when he finds a mistake. Instead I apologized for the stress I never knew about and left it at that. We agreed it would end here.

Since then, I'd meant to drop by, say hi, maybe even set the moot record straight. I sometimes walk past and see Skronk Jazz honking to an empty room. There's nothing to say. If any of you readers would like a show at the Fall Cafe, it's a nice little space and Matt's a nice enough guy when the stress level is low. Just go there yourself, and don't mention my name.

## The Fall of The Fall Cafe

by Jonathan Segol

# THIS IS NOT A REVIEW OF THE HUSH

by Charles Herold

I was at Sidewalk last night. I went to see a band called The Hush. Ran into Jon Berger.

"What brings you here?" he asked.

"Morbid curiosity," I replied. "I used to have a crush on someone in this band."

"Really?" he said, perking up in that way he does when he hears something gossipy, "which one?"

"Girl with the keyboards. That's the 'Century Nectarine'."

If you know me, you probably know what that means, otherwise you don't. I have a song called the 'Century Nectarine,' at seven minutes the longest I've written. It's popular among my small coterie of followers — my girlfriend said it was the song that made her fall in love with me. It has two parts: a sung part, in which I fancifully describe my obsession ("I heard you liked Vietnamese monks so I set myself on fire, then I heard you mention Viennese punks as I watched myself expire") and end each verse with the dour punchline "Some day I'm going to work up the nerve to talk to you," alternating with a little story that begins *"I walked into the fruit market and I saw a variety of fruit that I did not recognize. I said to the shopkeeper, 'what's that?' And he said 'that's the century nectarine. It grows on only one tree and that tree grows in the middle of the desert and has to be watered once an hour. After a hundred years it bears a single fruit.' And I said 'how much is it?' He said 'it's not for sale.' And I said 'then how do I get it?' He said 'by not wanting it.' That's when I knew I couldn't live without it."*

"She used to sing solo, years ago," I said.

"What's her name?"

"Lauren Stauber."

Jon recognized the name from an old compilation album called White Trash.

"Which song was hers?"

"Oh, it was this great song — what was it called?"

"It doesn't happen to be 'Prisonville Blues,' does it?"

It was. And Jon turned out to be a fan. Although 'Prisonville Blues' was even better live.

The first time I heard Lauren Stauber sing was at Chameleon, where the Fort was located eight or nine years ago. I have rarely been so stunned by a performer. A friend of mine with me with me that night said it felt like a spiritual blessing. I felt like a cartoon character that's frozen, hit with a hammer and shattered into ice cubes which melt into the floor and then painfully crawl back into a pool that grows itself back into shape.

That was a bad thing.

The reason that was a bad thing is because the one thing I wanted was for this girl who turned out to be named Lauren Stauber was for her to be an idiot.

I had seen her hanging out at Chameleon for a couple of months. She was always there, it seems. The first time I saw her she looked in my direction — not \*at\* me, you understand, but enough so that I saw her full face — my heart stopped. She was good looking in a way that causes permanent brain damage. She was good-looking in a way that, years later when I was tabling to

reopen Tompkins Square park and she saw me and we talked for a minute, after she walked away the guy tabling with me said, "you \*know\* her?" because she's one of those women who are just too good looking to actually be a part of the ordinary world that he and I reside in. People like me don't know people like her.

I used to watch her walk through Chameleon, her every move graceful and sensuous, like a jungle cat. I'd see her hanging out at the bar talking to Lach and Roger Manning and know that I could never, never, never, never, never, never have a girl like that. And my only satisfaction was to think she was probably a moron. Just some dumb girl who thought it was cool to hang out with anti-folk rabble. You need to believe

things like that to get through life, sometimes.

So what happens when the most physically perfect girl you've ever seen turns out to be the most talented? What if she is just perfect in every way that is visible from a distance? What do you do?

Well, I guess you ask her out, if you've got any sense or nerve or self-confidence. I had none of those. As she performed, my only thought was that I had to talk to her. I \*had\* to talk to her. For one thing, I actually had something to say to her; those pathetic lines, "hey, you were great." I can't talk to people without an excuse, which is why I'd never spoken to her before.

So I stood there, rooted to the spot, working up my nerve, while she sang her songs of misery and isolation (I'm a sucker for depressed girls). And I did talk to her, shaking like a leaf the whole time. I marched up to the stage and said "hey, you were great," and talked to her while she packed up her keyboards, noticing that every time she bent down, her loose, low-cut t-shirt revealed breasts that I would never see again. She had never performed in public before, although she had been performing in private since she was something like 12 (she was in her early twenties at that time, I believe). She had been waiting until she



was good enough, she said.

This began a period of my wanting to talk to Lauren, but feeling incapable of doing so. Sometimes she would say hello, and I would say hello. Other times she would look through me as though she didn't know who I was. I lived just at the periphery of her consciousness.

I couldn't talk to her. You either understand that or you don't — some people aren't afraid of people, and some are. But I couldn't talk to her.

I remember going to some other club where a few anti-folk types were playing. It was a basement space. She'd actually spoken to me that night at Chameleon and said that she was going over there, so I did too. No one was there, really — a handful of people. There was an untended bar, and she was sitting on one of the stools. All the other stools were empty. I could have sat down next to her, or one seat away, or even at the other end of the row of seats, but I wouldn't have done it at gun point and I can't explain it. There was never a time in my life when I could have sat on an empty stool next to Lauren, even if it were the only empty stool in the universe.

All I thought about was Lauren. She burned a whole in my brain, overloaded synapses that are charred wreckage to this day. She was a chant in my head, she was a beating drum, she was one great irrational thought. I just wanted to talk to her. "If I could just \*talk\* to her like a human being I might calm down," I thought. But it wasn't possible. The best I did was one night, when I was high on adrenaline (from a near riot in Tompkins Square Park) and a little beer, I shouted out "I love you Lauren" from half a block away. It was stupid, but I felt better.

I went to Europe for a few weeks with an artist friend. I droned on and on about Lauren to him. He'd tell me it wasn't hopeless, he told me this ridiculous story of how he got a girl who had rejected him when a friend delivered her to his bedroom (he eventually married her, although she tells the story differently). One day, while I was once again going on about how much I wanted Lauren and how I would never get her, my friend, perhaps just sick of hearing about it, or thinking of his own life, said, "you're right, you never get anything you want that much." And I wrote *The Century Nectarine*.

Eventually I did have a conversation with Lauren. She was looking for an apartment, and I knew of someone who was giving up a cheap one. We talked awhile, I even hung out in a café with her and her boyfriend (well of \*course\* she had a boyfriend — that goes without saying). She seemed like a nice girl. And I felt calmer — for about a day.

Soon after, Lauren disappeared. I think she'd gone off to Europe. A year or so later I saw her again. We talked a little — we were two vague acquaintances. I asked her when she was going to perform again and she said she'd stopped, which I told her was a bad thing. And since then it seems that once every year or so we talk for five minutes.

I guess I've talked to her enough to know that, beyond the fact that she's a thousand times better looking than me, there never could have been much of a future with Lauren. If I have anything going for me socially (and I'm not saying that I have)

it's that people think I'm funny. Lauren doesn't. I actually use parts of my stage act on people who haven't seen it just to get laughs. When I told Lauren "Janis Joplin was the first woman I ever loved. It didn't work out — I was ten, she was dead ... but I've had worse relationships." and she just nodded, as though she had no idea that I was even attempting humor, I knew that Lauren could never appreciate my only virtue.

So I guess it's all for the best that I never so much as kissed the most beautiful, talented girl I've ever known. Right?

For years Lauren didn't perform. For me it was beyond comprehension. During her brief performance phase she had got on one East Village music sampler and played the New Music festival, more than I've done in my far-too-many years of performing. She was someone who had a serious shot at making it, but she refused to perform, saying she had other priorities.

Then one year she said she had started performing again, but no longer in the singer-songwriter mode. Now she was singing jazz in a little café and playing keyboards in a band. She recommended the band over the Jazz, saying it might be a shock after her pop roots, and it was. It was exactly the kind of Jazz I despise — music theory deconstruction of songs that would be great if you just sang them straight. It was the sort of intellectualized jazz that is to good jazz what Philip Glass is to Bach. It was the antithesis of the deeply felt angst I had loved her for. I mean, she did what she was doing well, but what she was doing was indefensible, like a well-written essay on why poor people should be allowed to starve.

It was a bad thing.

The years passed. She'd told me the name of her band, and I could never remember if it was Hush or Blush, because there are bands by both names that play around here, but I thought it might be The Hush and so I went to Sidewalk.

I like a melody. I like musical variety, different tempos, original ideas, stuff like that. The Hush doesn't seem to care for any of that — they are a mournful group who look depressed and compare poorly in terms of dynamism with elevator music. You know when a song has a slow intro part that just sort of drifts along, and then suddenly the band kicks in? Well, imagine the band never, ever kicking in, and that's The Hush. Lauren stands behind at her keyboard looking as doleful as the rest of them.

"Can you believe she gave up singing to do this?" I asked Jon.

"Maybe you could write the whole story. How it comes full circle on this night."

"I guess it really came full circle with the jazz thing," I replied.

"Well, yeah, but this ties up better with the scene."

"Yeah," I laughed. "That's true."

I didn't talk to Lauren after the show. It's been a few years since I ran into her on the street, I doubt she'd recognize me. And why try and explain who I am? Really, after all these years, I can't talk to her because I just don't have anything to say.

*Just then the century nectarine rolled off the counter. I reached out to catch it, but it slipped through my fingers and it slipped through the floor and it was gone. I said to the shopkeeper, "did you see that?" And he said, "see what?" And I said "The century nectarine rolled off the counter. I reached out to catch it, but it slipped through my fingers and it slipped through the floor and it was gone." And he said, "we don't sell nectarines here—try across the street." And I said "Is this an allegory yet?"*

## The Former King

by Dan Kilian

When they (Mr. Latch) made me King of Antifolk Spring '97, I had no idea it meant something musical; I figured my animosity towards mankind had anointed me. Rather, it was the absence of Eighteenth Century Appalachian Ballads rooted in the Old English child killing tradition which crowned me. I equally missed the point of "Spring 97". I thought it some anti-hip term for "hip". By the time I realized the time limit factor, Beanie and Mr. H. had already arrived at my door.

I was sitting in my apartment, strumming my electrically amplified acoustic guitar. How, I wondered, could I leverage this king thing into a major label record contract?

I looked up and there they were. A behemoth of a man in a T shirt with a tiny man in a suit. The big guy sweat heavily through five o'clock shadow that ran from his shoulders to the edge of his evil, black anti-yamulka Next to him, the puffy, pale hairless mouse of a man stood, unblinking.

"You King of Antifolk Spring '97" the fat man stated.

"Yes. 23 skip te doo," I replied, "...Jack."

"Name's not Jack, it's Beanie. And this is Mr. H."

Mr. H.'s lips split apart, revealing a slit of darkness. "You are the King of Antifolk Spring 97. Your time has come."

"Has it ever...man."

"Come with us."

"Cool."

At last, the big ceremony! I hoped they'd cut one of those oversize Cardboard checks. We went downstairs and into a white Chrysler Plymouth. I sat in the back. The mouseman locked all doors with his controlling button. A circuitous drive through at least one hour and two boroughs ended at an industrial machine shop. Flooded with high fluorescent lights, the large empty workspace took on a surreal glow. Adding to the strangeness was the tacky student theater set piece throne, purple with dirty sunken cushions. It stood sacredly on a puddle of some dark liquid. Electrical wires ran out of the arms and legs to a nearby machine of indeterminable use.

The Elders of Antifolk, those who choose the kings (Mr. Latch) and a strange bearded Hun of a man were there. They whispered in the low buzz of a European tongue.

"He's the new king of Antifolk, Summer

'97." the mouse imparted.

I wanted to be agreeable. "Oh yeah, he's the cat's pajamas, Doctor. He's Spring 2000!"

"No. He's Summer '97."

"I'm antihip."

Beanie laughed. "You'll be Anti-hopping soon! Yahawyaw!" I swear he laughed like that. The rodent smiled slightly. Beanie mopped his fat sweaty neck with a yellow bandanna. Right then a deep, anonymous voice bellowed from above.

"Sit down, Spring King" it demanded. Was that an intercom? Where could he be talking from? Again, the humorless baritone, "Sit down."

I looked at my captors (yes, I only realized it then). They were frozen. Likewise the whisperers in the corner. All watched me.

I took a deep breath, weighed the scenarios, and sat down. Beanie immediately set to duck taping me around the chest, then the arms. Then came the thimbles to my fingers, wire filaments attached.

"Blindfold?" queried my mouseman executioner. Beanie held up the yellow bandanna. "I apologize. Beanie and I have given up cigarettes."

That was enough. Pitching my body, spasmodically kicking my feet, I tipped the throne up onto 2 legs. It teetered, then crashed, splashing to the floor. Its back split, loosening the duck tape with a painful tear. I squirmed loose into the puddle. Sparks flared and wires shorted. A light flashed in my head, and a current rippled down my spine, tickling my hands into paralysis, and my mouth snapped shut, chipping teeth. Then it was gone.

"Jesus Christ!" yowled Beanie.

"Get him!" commanded the intercom voice.

It was too late. I scurried, kicking, on my side like a wounded lizard. I thrashed myself into standing, running, out the garage door.

Were those shots? or just shouts? Was that my imagination whistling inches from my head? Screeching tires? The sputter and failure of a Chrysler Engine? I couldn't focus long enough to know. I just leaped blindly over fences down alleys, through the night to my escape. Only one thing was certain; I was king of Antifolk no more.

*AntiMatters (and a begrudging Mr. Kilian) wishes a belated congratulations to Ville Nash, King of AntiFolk, Summer 1997. We're all sorry he fled the country.*

## Interview with Bionic Finger

By: Dan Schurtman

A shitty, hot, sticky, sultry (Alina) night, right after one of the best Antihoots ever. The ladies of Bionic Finger (queens of Antifolk) strolled across Ave. A to odessa for the quiet, the light, and some tea. This exclusive interview with these beautiful musicians starts now.

The band consists of four women, Nan (guitar, bass, and vocals), Christine (guitar, bass and vocals), Alina (guitar, bass, percussion and vocals), and Pam (guitar, percussion and vocals). The band all interchanges strings and vocal cords throughout the set.

Nan, 23, is originally from Washington state. She spent time at Drew University studying theater and spent a semester in London viewing the "Riot Girl" scene. This is one of the things which prompted her to start music again.

Christine, who is 24 but would rather be 22, is originally from Boston. She also spent time at Drew studying theater and stage work, and stage management. She has also spent time in the U.K. She hooked up with Nan and together they started a band called Shrew in 1993. This later gave way to the band Repo Girl in 1994.

Alina, now 23 and is content with being so, and feeling blasé, originally hails from Lithuania. She majored in behavioral science and now works for two "big, rich peoples" magazines and has her own living room. Alina, jealous of Nan and Christine, started her own band in 1995 called Bionic Finger. The two bands later hooked up in NYC, took the name Ripe and met drummer and vocalist Pam.

Pam is originally from Indiana and not proud of it. She is 23 but wishes she was 50. She also studied theater and is the most active actress in the band. "I need the money" claims Pam.

After discovering in 1997 that there was a band signed already called Ripe, they went back to their past and Bionic Finger reigned supreme.

Now that you know who they are and where they are from you can now know what they are like. Easy reading starts here:

## Bionic Finger Interview



"I Love Rock and Roll".)

D: What do you want to do?

All: Besides act and do Bionic Finger we want to sing on stage with Joe Bendik and feel the rage.

D: Do you like olive loaf?

N: I never had it.

C: No.

A: When I was 11.

P: God no!

D: Do you like my shirt and neru vest?

N: You have style.

C: You look sharp.

A: It's fun and smart.

P: Nifty.

D: What was your best and worst subject in school?

N: Drama, English, Math.

C: English.

A: Nan says I was a cool nerd.

P: Drama/science.

D: God?

N: Agnostic.

C: Only in times of trouble.

A: I don't think about it.

P: Agnostic and proud.

D: The burning question, mods or rockers?

N: (At first she said rockers then she named a bunch of bands she thought were rockers and later found out that they were mods. Bands like the Who, the Kinks, the Rolling Stones) So I guess its mods.

C: I don't know. Mockers. (Quote from Hard Days Night).

A: Mods.

P: I haven't been exposed to many mods. I have to peeeeee...

Dan: What is your favorite color?

Nan: Blue, all shades.

Christine: Purple.

Alina: Lime green.

Pam: RED!

Dan: Who writes the songs?

All: We all do.

D: What is your favorite time of day?

N: Dusk.

C: Night time.

A: 2:30 a.m. It's the best time for sex.

P: Night time.

D: What is your favorite time of year?

N: Fall.

C: Fall.

A: Summer.

P: Spring.

D: Tattoos. Where and what? (They are all presently tattooless).

N: Something above my butt. I don't know, nothing trendy.

C: A big sun on my back

with the words search and destroy, like Henry Rollins.

A: The word but on my butt.

P: A chameleon on the back of my shoulder and a motto from the book We the Living.

D: Are you happy?

N: Oh my god,...so/so. I'm happy with the band.

C: No.

A: Yes.

P: Yeah, 99% of the time.

D: If you were to kill yourself how would you do it?

N: I don't know...parachuting I guess.

C: Freezing to death is always nice.

A: A stick of dynamite up my butt at Sidewalk.

P: Gas in a car in a garage.

D: Dick size, does it matter? Our readers want to know.

N: No, but a tongue is important.

C: No.

A: No. If you enjoy anal sex its better to be smaller.

P: No.

D: Tokens or Metrocard?

N: Tokens.

C: Tokens.

A: The yellow Metrocard.

P: I'm anti-Metrocard.

D: Have you tried the mashed potatoes at Sidewalk?

All: No (But they all agree that the Humus and pita is good.)

(At this point "Hello" by Lionel Ritchie came on over the diner radio and we all sang along. The owner said on the way out, "nice voices." I blushed)

D: What's your favorite decade of music?

N: 90's and 60's.

C: 90's and 60's.

A: 90's and 80's.

P: 20's - 90's.

D: What is your favorite group from the 80's?

N: Joe Jackson, Joan Jett, Howard Jones, Tom Petty, The Go-Go's, R.E.M., The Smiths.

C: The Smiths, Pat Benatar, Duran Duran.

A: Flash Dance, Jill Sobule, Melissa Etheridge's first album, and Iron Maiden.

P: Hall and Oates, Duran Duran, The Police, Juice Newton, Poison.

D: What was the first record you bought?

N: Journey.

C: Pat Benatar.

A: "All I Need" by Jack Wagner.

(We all sang that, too)

P: Joan Jett and The Black Hearts. (Sang

Now its late, we have to go home. If you want to find out more about this interview on the internet you can suck my ass because I don't have a fucking web sight. Pen, paper and people. - DS (Check out the humans daily on Online TV - <http://Onlinetv.com>)

# Report from the Fort (addenda)

Dan Emery's Fund-Raiser - Fort @ Sidewalk, 8/12

The only distraction at the Dan Emery & his Mystery Band CD fundraiser the other Tuesday were those kids poking my shoulders, selling booster tickets.

"Please, sir," one child lisped her memorized speech, "Dan needs money. Don't let his wonderful talent go to waste." Then she'd pretend to cry and I'd get a dollar out.

"Don't you have any candy bars, kid?"

I'd already signed onto some pyramid scheme Emery'd set up; I was supposed to be rich in 15 months. I was suspicious, out at the Sidewalk to check out my investment. I sat and drank, slowly, buying tickets every fifteen minutes.

The preceding act did something with guitar and vocals. Hard to tell if it was any good, what with all the talking I was doing.

The Intermission exploded with a carnival atmosphere; hucksters setting up ring toss stations, conning the poor country rubes who milled about there out of their last nickels.

"Get yer Dan-A-Matic Special Edition!" barked the paper boy, "Get it now!"

I ran into Mystery Band piano, shortwave radio, electric tennis racket player Steve Espinola at the dogboy exhibit in the freak show. We traded jokes.

"What kind of doctor does an Egyptian go to?"

"What? I can't hear you."

"Cairo-practors."

Steve laughed and told me some joke of the "goat sex and the Rolling Stone" genre. The he turned to a mysterious red haired woman in a sombrero.

Before the show the Mystery Band plastered the walls with glittery brown paper. It was explained to me these sheets contained the names of Donors to the Emery cause. Was this the end dividend of my contribution? It made a nice, unifying backdrop though, shimmering down behind that string of white booths. White booths. Would Dan be introducing a horn section tonight?

Bag pipes, rather. Amy Pearl led the band regally to the stage, that bizarre beast of an instrument wailing, reminding us all that it's a long way to the top if you want to rock and roll.

Erika Belle gave a short and tasteful introduction, only hinting at the need for clean lucre. Then Dan Emery gave a few words expressing thanks, excitement, and financial need.

Then they pounded into a hard thumping "Shake your Bootie on the Dance Floor," or some title that's miles away from that. Then someone important to the process detailed a sober monetary breakdown of CD production costs. Then came a bouncing number about financial distress.

Dan broke a string, inspiring a bluesy lope through a contribution pitch. I looked around, and then back at the stage. The white booths were peopled not by trumpet players, but volunteers at a phone bank. This fellow Emery has his fundraising science down. Fortunately, his songwriting, his rock and roll, also down he has.

"I am the only one who loves you!" Dan and the band bellow, rending Tower Record sales and uphill fiscal battles moot. They're loose and they're cool; they don't care and they mean business at the same time.

Steve Espinola glided into a sweet rendition of "Right out in the Street." My favorite aspect of this band is how they mix it up. Espinola and Robert Smith take turns at the mike, their disparate styles unified by Mr. Emery's astute band-leading instincts.

It's a crying shame as authentic and honest a performer as Dan Emery has to hold out his hat at all, let alone auction chest hairs, wedding rings and promised first-born. I'm suspicious of capitalism, but in the long run we're all dead, and in the short run, I want to somehow get rich off the Dan Emery Mystery Band.

"Leave that Man" and "The Bra Song" are true and funny songs. Anyone can write a campy novelty song about food or sex. Dan is funny because life is funny. Money isn't funny. He dedicates his humor to his sister and his love to his wife. Even if I get afraid when he sings on "Leave that Man," "Kawm, ka ka ka kawmm, kawm with me!"

When he sings, Dan Emery doesn't need money.

Dan Kilian

## The Audience Sucks

Fort on 8/21/97

Arnie Rogers

There is nothing worse for a performer than an audience. Maybe they're necessary, but wouldn't it be easier without?

The Novellas were just releasing their Women in Space cassette with their percussionist MIA; and the audience that was there was not the biggest.

But then there was this... woman, this woman in the audience, who wouldn't stop talking. Worse, she wouldn't stop talking OVER THE BAND.

She was rude, she was loud, she was right in front of the performers, and me. She may have been there for an earlier act, or a long-gone Happy Hour, or she and her stupid friend may have just walked in from the East Village night, or they have been there to see the band, which seems inconceivable, as they didn't stop talking, even as they perfunctorily clapped at a song's end.

I stared at this woman, hoping she'd feel my heavy gaze upon her. I tapped noisily to the beat, to get their attention. I clapped excitedly, to be a proper role model. The big old woman was oblivious. It was unbelievable.

Finally, I jumped over my table, leaping onto their table, sat with the inconsiderate couple, clapped and sang along, and, between songs, yelled out, "DO YOU MIND? WE'RE ALL TRYING TO LISTEN!" They didn't make a sound after that.

Well, I did nothing of the kind. But I kept staring at them until they left, at the end of the set. I think I showed them.

Customers should show proof that they're attentive before sitting down at free clubs. It's awful to have to sit next to a nightmare in shorts like this woman, worse, I imagine, to play for her. Next time, I swear, I'm saying something!

# Notes From a Fan: My Obsession with Brenda Kahn

Jonathan Berger

For four months now, I've been trying to get an interview with Brenda Kahn and for four months, she keeps blowing me off. It's not intentional, I'm sure. I mean, I'm a nice guy, friendly, maybe not the cleanest boy in town, but still.

It's obvious she's busy. She works full time, is trying to do promo for her latest album, getting wed, probably pulling the pieces together from her shattering experience with the major majors. I understand, but it's frustrating to try and try to get an interview going with someone and not see it happen.

I'll keep trying, though. I barely know her, but Brenda Kahn means a lot to me.

I owe her my life. At least my new one.

When I was still in a sleepy college town in Massachusetts -- before I realized it wasn't New York -- I went to a school to see some show. Three acts on Columbia or variations thereof, were all playing solo acoustic guitar. One of them, -- a Brenda Kahn -- had the cover story in the Advocate, which tried to be the Village Voice, but wasn't in the Village.

Brenda Kahn was the first act. The article said she'd toured internationally, had opened for Dylan, had been involved in something called antifolk, and was on the biggest recording conglomerate ever. She walked on stage, all in black -- velvet denim jeans and a Batman t-shirt, and said "Is Mark here?"

I wasn't Mark, but, looking at her, desperately wanted to be.

"The guy I was playing pool with. I told him to come see my show," she said. I made a mental note to learn how to play pool. It wasn't just that she was beautiful -- I mean, she was, but... -- she was really really cool. I had never seen someone with such a CV act so friendly, so positively human. I was entranced immediately.

I only fell more head-over-heels when she ran into her material. I don't remember all of what she played that night, but she did "Grout," the song that eventually made it on the AntiHoot album, and she did "Mint Juleps and Needles," in which she sang, "You're cracked, you've gone mad; it's hopelessly sad, but I like you better than most of the men..." then she played a couple of seconds before moaning and howling and singing the most powerful word I'd ever heard, "had."

She was incredible. In a non-interactive kind of way, I feel in love with her then and there.

I didn't buy the album right away, but I did start the story.

I'd stopped writing about two years before, thinking that I had nothing to say. I hadn't. All my stories were crap. All my sentences felt uninspired. But something happened when I got home, and, within a couple of days, I'd finished my first piece of fiction in two years, my first good piece in five. It features a character modeled on who I wanted Brenda Kahn to be, based on situations I'd imagined could occur. It's not a great story, it's pretty adolescent, but it's completed, and, if nothing else, it was inspired. And I haven't given up fiction since. In this way, I owe Brenda Kahn my creativity. In a way, she's my muse.

When I returned to New York City after too long an exile, I started looking for fun to have, and made a habit of checking the New York Press to see what music could be found. I listened to Kahn's Columbia release, Epiphany in Brooklyn, a whole lot. It was good, but it wasn't like her live shows. The album didn't change me. I hoped to be able to see her again, and did, at CBGB, where I introduced myself. I figured out she wasn't such a big star. She still seemed really approachable, which made her cool, but since she was so cool, I didn't feel comfortable approaching her. This



process irked me considerably, making me feel like the Creepiest Boy in the World.

A few months later, the New York Press told me that she was playing somewhere called the Sidewalk on something called Avenue A in something known as the East Village.

It was free. I figured I'd give it a shot.

Three artists played that night: Adam Roth, Lach, and Brenda Kahn. Neither of the former captured my attention quite as much as the latter, nor as much as the articles on the wall, telling me about AntiFolk.

Evidently, there was a whole scene based out of this empty room. And, according to many of the articles, Brenda Kahn was a part of it.

Naturally, I came regularly afterwards.

Now, nary a day goes by when I don't check out the Fort at the Sidewalk, seeing what goes on. I write about the AntiFolk thing in AntiMatters, the only fanzine devoted to the scene, and it's changed my life. I devote a lot of energy to the 'zine, and feel good about it. Because of Brenda Kahn. She visits rarely, plays less, but I've gotten to know her a little. It's always hard to talk to her, because I'm in such awe, so impressed with

her entire aura. Still, I can rub a sentence together. It's an improvement.

And someday, I'll really talk to her, and impress her

Someday, I'll really talk to her, get to know her, interview her, and present it to the world.

For now, though, I wait.



21 St. Marks St. (between 1st & 2nd Sts.) NYC  
Show starts at 7:30 pm  
Phone: (212) 254-7888

There is an open mike on Tuesday nights. Signup is at 6pm. Music begins at 6:30pm.

For all performances listed below, there is one show at 7:30pm, a \$10 contribution. The venue is non-smoking. Tickets are on sale from 6pm. Advance tickets can be purchased at shows.

Fri 9/05 Outmusic Festival \* \$15 \*

Sat 9/06 Adam Feder/Tall Tales

Fri 9/12 Paul Brill/Bob Hillman/The Lovin' Kind

Sat 9/13 The Ray Korona Band

Wed 9/17 Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music  
Open Mike \* \$5 \*

Thu 9/18 Basya/Mary Ellen Bernard with Paul Guzzone

Fri 9/19 John McVey/Jonathan Pointer/Anne Price

Sat 9/20 Teddy Goldstein/Andrew Kerr/Steve Tannen

Wed 9/24 New Voices Showcase

Thu 9/25 Roger Gillen/Sarah Hart

Fri 9/26 Cindy Mangsen & Steve Gillette

Sat 9/27 Edie Carey/Eddie Skuller

Sun 9/28 WFDU-FM - Circle Of Friends

Sat 10/04 Janet Burgan/Larry Murante/Laura Warfield

Fri 10/10 Rod MacDonald

Wed 10/15 Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music  
Open Mike \* \$5\*

Fri 10/17 Joe Lobell/Brother Greg Muirhead/Ina May Wool

Sat 10/18 Camp Hoboken

Thu 10/23 Cosy Sheridan

Fri 10/24 Cody Melville/Laura Wetzler

Sat 10/25 Bernice Lewis/Wendy Sayvets with Carrie Barron

## Major Label Blues - The Identical Trials of Brenda Kahn and Michelle Shocked

Professor G Lesse II

Brenda Kahn and Michelle Shocked. What do they have in common?

Both have the same syllabic content in their names.

Both played the Villages in the mid-eighties.

Both solo self-recorded their product on a lark, then effectively developed them into their saleable debut albums.

Both have a K in their last names -- and a vowel.

Both spent the turn of the decade making excellent music for international conglomerate labels.

Astonishing, isn't it? You'd almost begin to wonder... but before you get too heavily into your conspiracy theories, note the height discrepancy, the difference in complexions, and let it go.

Still, the similarities between the two don't end there. They both played Folk City/Speakeasy/Sun Mountain folk, then performed at various incarnations of the Fort. Both Brenda and Michelle have roots in the AntiFolk community. Both had major albums on major labels that heralded major things.

Then...

Because of a change at Columbia's Chaos label -- originally run by David Kahne, producer of Epiphany in Brooklyn, Brenda Kahn was dropped -- virtually hours before her album Destination Anywhere was due out.

Michelle Shocked presented her third album concept, chock full of songs and stuff, to Mercury Records, which had released her four previous albums. Though none of them had failed the artist or the label, Mercury saw little use in Kind Hearted Woman, and saw little reason to present it to the public.

Neither label, however, saw fit to free the ladies from their contracts. The albums, and the artists' careers, foundered. "I wish to God that they had dropped me," Shocked told an audience, "They don't want what I have to offer, but they don't want anyone else to have it either."

Kahn, meanwhile, was left with the hefty expenses of paying for an album that Chaos, now WORK, had chosen to vault. None of it could be recouped through sales, of course, because there was nothing to sell. Touring, similarly, was difficult, since there was no product to support, and anyway, the company owned the rights to the songs, too. "It was bad, it was a bad day for Brenda Kahn."

Left with similar crises, these two artists came up with similar solutions.

Michelle Shocked began selling a self-released Kind Hearted Woman CDs at her shows. Primarily solo guitar and vocal performances, the release was fundamentally demos, and harkened back to her debut album, Texas Campfire Tapes. The songs, the



performances, however, were far more assured. Her voice had developed beyond all possible conception, and the songs were darker, deeper than anything else she'd done. "This album is a very stark collection of storysongs set in a rural America. These are stories I need to tell, songs I very much need to sing."

Brenda Kahn, in negotiation (read lawsuit) with Sony over the state of her album, started her own record label, Through Being Cool, and put out a 7" single. "They were totally new songs I recorded... it was the only thing I owned, that I could put out myself, and I just said, 'Fuck it, I'm gonna do this and then whatever it does, it does.'"

In the meantime, Kahn got the right to lease her album from the company, and put it out with a much smaller label. "Shanachie approached me and said, 'this is crazy. We'd love to do a record with you' They released that exact same record -- which is called Destination Anywhere," but lacking one cut, the solo acoustic "Christopher Says."

The album, finally released in 1996, didn't get the power push or national play it could have with a Sony subsidiary. But Kahn was glad to have her work again in the public eye.

"At least people will get to hear it, people who are fans. So many people have been writing to me on the Internet asking me when the new stuff is coming out and I was like 'God, it's sitting here!'"

Michelle Shocked continued sitting on her own copies of her album, until released from her contract with Mercury, with the greatest hits collection, Mercury Poise. Then, in a contract with Private Music, she reproduced a bigger, better Kind Hearted Woman. Many of the same songs are in each of the identically named albums, but the Private Music release is mostly full-band productions, featuring a band made up of former members of Hothouse Flowers. The album was produced by Bones Howe, but it's very much Shocked's baby. She paid for it, she owns it, she controls her future. It's a great sounding album, and, it's as visionary and focused as all of Shocked's other releases.

Destination Anywhere is not as focused an album, but, with its hard rock inflection, and occasional dirge-like ballad, still sounds great. It had already been garnering great press when Columbia shelved it ("It wasn't like the record was made and they dropped it," Kahn explains, "The record was being reviewed and they dropped it") and the praise only continued when it was finally released to the public. The album did well enough, in fact, to elicit the release of a follow-up Shanachie album in 1997, Outside the Beauty Salon.

The crises that these women shared in the earlier 90s were travesties, remarkable mostly in the follow of the record companies in trying to stop each from sharing their muse. The records came out, have been well-received, and sold well by the standards of their companies. One can only imagine how much money Mercury lost on Michelle, and Columbia lost on Kahn.



## Shameless Promotion

Stephanie Biederman

*"...I love being a player as well as a singer-songwriter, because it allows me to perform in all these other bands..."*

Every year, Anne Husick hosts her Libra Birthday Bash. It seems to consistently happen in September. Husick has been an increasing presence on the AntiFolk scene. As bass player for Lenny Molotov's Illuminoids and Zane Campbell's Dry Drunks, as well as leader of her own stellar line-up, Shameless, Husick can be seen at AntiFolk clubs most any given night in any given week. Adding to that, she's just become the latest in a long line of illustrious soundfolk at the Fort. Finally, this historic artist speaks, giving her history, telling her story, and inviting all to her upcoming birthday party. Shamelessly.

**AntiMatters:** How long have you been part of the AntiFolk scene?

**Anne Husick:** Since 1988, when I met Lach.

**AntiMatters:** How'd you meet Lach?

**Anne:** He was the singer in my room-mate's ex-band, Proper Id. I loved Proper Id. They weren't really AntiFolk.

**AM:** What was your relationship with Lach and Proper Id at that point?

**Anne:** I got pretty involved with them. I roadied for them, I took pictures of them, I did whatever I could to help them out because I really loved the band. I started going to the Chameleon -- though I only played at the Open Mic there once, as part of a country duo with this girl Emily who was then bass player in Bill Popp & the Tapes.

**AM:** Why did you only do it once?

**Anne:** I wasn't really performing solo at that point. I had played in a lot of bands, and my first real solo gig was when Bill Popp's dad died, he did a benefit concert at CBGB's. That was really when I started playing out solo acoustic. That was '88 or '89. I played acoustic guitar since I was 9 years old.

**AM:** Were you composing then?

**Anne:** I didn't write very many lyrics, but I was always writing music. I played piano, and I wrote on piano and little ditties on guitar. I guess I started writing songs with words when I was in high school. But I had terrible stage fright until I was twenty, so nobody ever heard me play them. When I was in college -- I was actually a music engineering major -- I decided I wanted to be a performer so I dropped out of school, bought an electric guitar and got in a band.

**AM:** What groups were you in?

**Anne:** I was in a band called Ground Control for five or six years with friends of mine from college. Then I joined Bill Popp & the Tapes in '86. The Big Picture in '87, and then I got into Band of Susans in '89 or '90.

**AM:** How'd that happen?

**Anne:** Geoff and I were big fans, and I saw an ad in the Voice saying they were looking for a guitar player, and he picked up the phone, dialed the number, and stuck the phone in my hand and said, 'You're calling them right now!' I actually didn't get in when I first auditioned. I auditioned with the whole band, and sparks were flying through the room, it was really magical. I was sure I got in, but then I got a letter from Robert saying that they decided to go with this guy Mark who they'd known for ten years or so, but that I had been their second choice and they were sorry that I couldn't play in the band. That summer, one of the other members left and they asked me to go on tour with them, but I had plans during their rehearsal time. They came back and I auditioned again and I got in. I played with Band of Susans for five years.

**AM:** Did that pay the bills?

**Anne:** No way.

**AM:** Did music ever pay the bills?

**Anne:** No. But I did get to travel all over Europe and the United States, which was really cool.

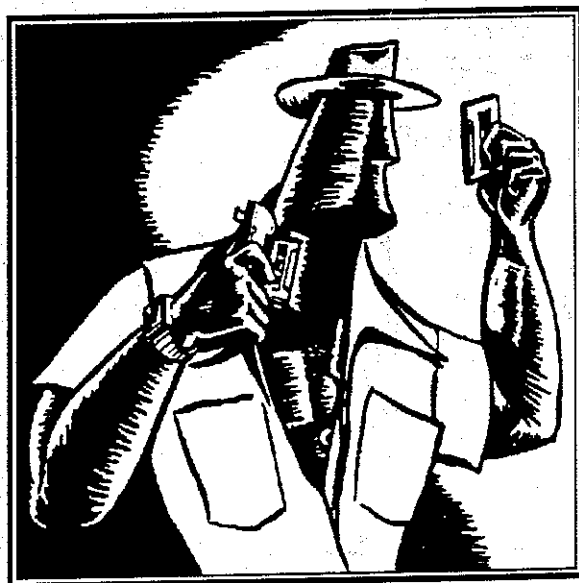
**AM:** What else do you do for money?

**Anne:** I worked for holistic doctors for nine years. I do healing work: reflexology and Reiki, and now I'm a book-keeper, and a sound'man.' 'Person,' if you prefer. I do sound here at the Sidewalk Cafe.

It's kind of, in a small way, a dream come true. I did go to college for music engineering even though I never really did much in the studios -- I was too busy taking drugs.

**AM:** In recent years, you've had a few bands that were relevant to the AntiFolk scene.

**Anne:** Yes. I played with Lach in several different bands over the years-- Lach and the Banned, Pissbreak, the Grumpy Fucks -- and then in the Sextet Offensive. I knew that Band of Susans was breaking up, so I begged him to let me play in the band. I knew he was already probably thinking that he would want me to play, because I already knew all the material -- I did the same thing for the Sextet that I'd done for Proper Id. I'd come to all the shows, and do whatever I could to help out.



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## ANNE (PRONOUNCED AHN-NI) INTERVIEW

**AM:** You also work with Zane Campbell.

**Anne:** The first time I saw Zane play, my jaw just fell on. In the old incarnation of the band, we were doing all of his old songs, and I wasn't really too comfortable, but now we're working on a whole new set of material, and it's a lot more fun for me, because I'm writing my own parts, and it's just more organic. It's coming together great. We'll be performing at my party. So will Lenny.

**AM:** You're in the Illuminoids, too.

**Anne:** I was friends with Lenny, and he asked me if I wanted to play bass in his band. I loved his material -- I play in a lot of bands, but I can't with people if I don't like their stuff. It's a big waste of time and effort. I'm too busy for that. The first time I saw him her was the day of the first Star Trek Next Generation. They showed it on TV, and then people got up to play space songs, and I loved the song he did. So I go his number and wanted to sing with him. That didn't end up working out, at that time, but we did start dating, and I eventually joined his band.

I think his lyric writing is great. I like the way he blends the nineties chord thing with the folk structures.

**AM:** Then there's your band.

**Anne:** Shameless. I decided, after Space Girl had broken up, I wanted to put together a band, because I never had done that before. I recruited two people I was playing with in a band called Siberia, and we played together for about eight months. So, Little Oscar had been begging to play in my

band. I think he's a really good drummer, but I was a little apprehensive because of his busy schedule, something I'm still apprehensive about. My room-mate Pete was doing bass for a while, but he has more of a Motown feel, and that's not really the direction I want to go in, so Craig Gordon is now going to be the bass player. I'd like to add background vocals, maybe lead guitar, violin...

**AM:** Are you interested in working with anyone else in the scene?

**Anne:** No... Not really. I'm already in three bands, plus I play with my cousin.

**AM:** Who's that?

**Anne:** Lida Husik. My cousin who I found out about because I saw her name in the CMJ Report. I figured 'She must be my cousin.' I got to go on tour with her this past spring, which was really cool. I got to play guitar and bass, and sing a lot. I love her music. We're the only two musicians in our family, as far as I know of.

**AM:** What is AntiFolk?

**Anne:** Oh, god... I don't know what AntiFolk is. It's more of a collective thing than a specific thing. Lach always says I'm not AntiFolk because I don't come on Monday nights. I don't know specifically what it is.

**AM:** How do you fit into all of that?

**Anne:** Just being a part of the scene, playing in bands that are considered in AntiFolk, working at the club, and I have a New York AntiFolk sticker on my guitar.

Anne Husick's Libra Birthday Bash will be on September 27th, featuring many of the artists she discussed. It will be, objectively speaking, a blast.

## WAITRESSES FROM THE SIDEWALK ©1997 BY ANDREW McCANN



## TALES FROM THE TRENCHES: Johnny Chalk

Not a good week for Johnny Chalk:

His dentist canceled an appointment, but still charged him for it.

His boss docked him for being late to work, because of that missed chair date.

His landlord posted an eviction notice-- the third such April Fool's Joke this year.

His girlfriend's cybernetic ventricle replacement exploded, leaving him with third degree burns and without any dates in the foreseeable future.

And then there was Monday Open Mic at the Trench...

"Give a hand to Billy Palace," Merc said, holding the Honorable Chalice of Tips, "He's the brand-spanking new Lord of the Trench!"

The audience clapped half-heartedly, frightened by Palace's last song, "Kill Me Curtly." Palace shrugged, stumbled to pick up the Chalice, and dropped into a nearby seat, luckily empty, though still to the chagrin of the couple sitting next to it.

Johnny Chalk, meanwhile, would have none of it.

"Think Billy'll do a third song for us?" Merc asked as Johnny stormed away from the stage, past the bar, through the door, and into Psych.

"Hold your horses, young 'un!" Psych said, steadying himself on the younger man.

"Did you hear? DID YOU HEAR?"

"It entirely depends,... Hear about what, Johnny?"

Johnny trembled in helpless fury as he struggled for a coherent response.

"Billy Palace is the new Lord of the Trench."

"Well, kudos to him," Psych said, then, looking closer at his friend, "and sorrows to you."

"Can you believe it?" Chalk asked, "Can you?"

"I think so..." Psych said, his hand no longer on his young friend's shoulder so much as to steady himself as to steady Johnny, "Do you want to talk about it...?"

"I mean, last time, when Porky Perplexia became the court favorite, I figured, 'whatever.'"

Psych nodded. Johnny sipped in the back, while Jamie Black hammer-onned through "Can't Have It" in the front.

"Well, y'know, Billy puts on a pretty memorable show."

"I do, too."

"Not like Billy."

"Well, maybe that's what I should do, too, huh? Even Perplexia had that gimmick of his. Something dynamic... then I could be Lord of the Trench!"

"It's not such a big deal, Johnny."

"You can say that. Weren't you one of the first Lords?"

"The first, actually."

"Yeah, I can get a trick, something to make me special, something explosive..."

"Well, just don't go overboard, Johnny."

"Me?" Johnny said, smiling a strange smile and barely hiding a maniacal cackle.

Psych had a strange feeling about this.

When Johnny finally got home, he ignored the notices on his door. He was too busy carrying his supplies while kicking the entrance open to notice any paperwork lying around. This was a shame, since one pamphlet was slipped underfoot, which he promptly slipped on. On his back he landed, with all the boxes in his hands fell on top of him.

"Damn, damn damn," he muttered, hoping he hadn't broken any materiel. The blow torch seemed kind of delicate, and the explosive powder was, well, explosive.

He knew what he was doing. The library had been surprisingly useful on the topic of pyrotechnics. There was even an Explosives Section, which he used for a good hour.

The pyro-aluminum would give just the effect he was looking for. Shooting compressed air through an easily purchased pipe, a limited amount of the finely ground aluminum powder would shoot through the pipe, straight into his waiting blowtorch.

The effect, he anticipated, would be spectacular. A flash of electric fire, looking enough like lightning to amaze the awaiting Trench audience. It would work perfectly with his show-stopping version of "Lightning Strikes."

"Excellent," Johnny smiled uncontrollably. The unholy brief white flame that lit entire apartment was perfect. Wait'll they get a load of him.

Satisfied with the flame, he turned off the compressed air. It immediately stopped feeding powder to the blowtorch. It was only then he remembered, only then that he realized as he watched:

- The air shot no more pyro-aluminum out.
- The flash-flame wanted something more to feed on.
- The fire shot back through the pipe that had so recently fueled it, right into the hopper full of explosive powder.

In the instant it took Johnny to recognize all this, he said one thing: "Oh shit."

When Billy Palace plays, everyone listens.

That's not necessarily a good thing. Many people wish that they didn't -- listen, that is. They wish they could find some other way of going about that eight minute block at the Underground, that they could just have a pleasant conversation and flirt with those near them and drink heavily and just get HIS VOICE OUT OF THEIR HEADS.

But they can't. Because, no matter how you try to avoid it, when Billy Palace plays, everybody listens.

"Let's give a hand for that act," Merc said from the mic, as Billy Palace stumbled off-stage, "That was Billy Palace, the new Lord of the Trench!"

The audience clapped ferociously, if only to drown out the screaming in their heads after that last number, "Damn You for a Fool."

Psych didn't clap, though. He was deep in his own head.

"Hey," Dotie, the waitress of the unimaginable tattoos, said, "Haven't seen Johnny around this week. He all right?"

"No," Psych replied, "No, I don't think so."

"Well, if you see him, tell him I'm sorry about his old girlfriend, but I've got a stainless steel heart, too."

"If I see him, I'll let him know."

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drunks

Twang Bang: Nothing Quite as Wholesome as a Fish -  
"Twang Bang?"



"And it's called Twang Bang cuz, it's all they go, that's what they do, they play these twangin' things --"

"Ah, there's a twanger, and a banger."

That's an introduction for a song on the album, so anyone who hears them early on discovers their manifesto. There are

just two of them, and they play minimal... what is it they play? What is the style of Twang Bang? You can hear country, and the maybe some eighties' pop -- but is it the 1980s? And there's lounge, too, and ukulele-sounding things, and a whole variety of AMERICAN-sounding sounds, all from these two boys, who learned their chops by moving to Japan.

Selected titles are: "I'm Not Your Chimp," "I'd Rather Be Rich Than Dead," "When I See You I Feel Weird" and "I'd Love My Baby If She Had Two Heads."

These people are freaks, in all possible ways. They think that two instruments between them is enough to keep our attention. They write songs about the strangest stuff, the simplest stuff, as if that's enough to keep our attention. They're right. They're funny, but not ironic, or they're so deeply attuned to irony that the passing observer can't experience it. Or maybe that's what they want us to think...

When I first heard the album, it made me want to get up and run to my local club to see them play. By luck, there they were. You may not be so lucky, so get the album. ~ Arnie Rogers (David Blum - PO Box 2642 - Loop Station - Chicago, IL 60690)



Kim Fox: Moon Hut - Back when Kim Fox was a New Yorker, she played the AntiFolk circuit fairly regularly. Then she got this publishing deal with BMG, a record contract with DreamWorks, and resides in Bloomington. But back in the day, she played lots of songs on piano and guitar for small audiences, and some of them made it onto her debut, Moon Hut.

The songs sounded different. They sound good. What made her little solo flower-girl songs creepy then and exciting now is the production.

Listening to the words is still some kind of folly, a slippery slope of "What the hell is she talking about?" But the songs, all of them sound great. They're boppy, they're huge pop productions, and they make you feel good. The breathy little girl vocals fit the arrangements, featuring, among other things, organ, glockenspiel, concertina, and mellotron. The album was produced in Paul Mahern's home studio, but the opener, "I Wanna Be A Witch," "Could Have Been A Saint," and "Sweetest Revenge" all sound like they were made someplace colossal, with a huge budget and a grand vision. This could just be the next big thing. No shit. ~ Gustav Plympton (DreamWorks, 100 Universal Plaza, Bungalow 677, Universal City, CA 91608)

Ruth Gerson: Fools And Kings - This is a big change from Very Live, Ruth's first CD release. On Very Live there were a lot of good ideas waiting for their own little brush strokes of brilliance

to arrive. On "Fools and Kings" some material has made it and some material has been supplanted by newer songs but the difference is that "Fools and Kings" is an album that shows us the real value of the interim between the two CD releases. The songs on Fools and Kings are stellar -- crisp and clear, poignant and deeply moving-- but what is more important is the sense that Ruth Gerson obviously feels these new songs deeply. In "Roof Jumping" Ruth Sings, "...a middle aged man who jumped from his roof. He had given up on himself, the fool, his fame, his wealth and his silly youth. And finally lost patience with the moon." The joy of listening to songs like this and "Your Promised Land" is that a real lesson is being taught through song from a voice of experience that we can both believe and believe that we can trust. The songs are strongly driven by Ruth Gerson's voice and mood setting guitar playing and end up sounding like the phrasings and song structures of Sam Phillips or Kami Lyle put to the vocal and musical stylings of Melissa Etheridge but the final mixture becomes something totally representative and controlled by Ruth Gerson. Is this the new women's rock? Is this the new folk/rock poetry? Is this something that you should make an effort to hear if you haven't yet? Yes. She's one of my choices for unsigned performer of the year. ~ Kamau Rucker (PO Box 1331, Cooper Station, NY 10276-1331 or by phone at 212-592-9049)

# REVIEWS

**FAST FOLK** 21 N. Avenue 14, Forest & Hudson, Chicago, IL 60642  
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There is an open mike on Tuesday nights. Signup is at 6pm. Music begins at 6:30pm.

For all performances listed below, there is one show at 7:30pm, a \$10 contribution. The venue is non-smoking. Tickets are on sale from 6pm. Advance tickets can be purchased at shows.

Fri 9/05 Outmusic Festival \* \$15 \*

Sat 9/06 Adam Feder/Tall Tales

Fri 9/12 Paul Brill/Bob Hillman/The Lovin' Kind

Sat 9/13 The Ray Korona Band

Wed 9/17 Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music  
Open Mike \* \$5 \*

Thu 9/18 Basya/Mary Ellen Bernard with Paul Guzzone

Fri 9/19 John McVey/Jonathan Pointer/Anne Price

Sat 9/20 Teddy Goldstein/Andrew Kerr/Steve Tannen

Wed 9/24 New Voices Showcase

Thu 9/25 Roger Gillen/Sarah Hart

Fri 9/26 Cindy Mangsen & Steve Gillette

Sat 9/27 Edie Carey/Eddie Skaller

Sun 9/28 WFDU-FM - *Circle Of Friends*

Sat 10/04 Janet Burgan/Larry Murante/Laura Warfield

Fri 10/10 Rod MacDonald

Wed 10/15 Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music  
Open Mike \* \$5\*

Fri 10/17 Joe Lobell/Brother Greg Muirhead/Ina May Wool

Sat 10/18 Camp Hoboken

Thu 10/23 Cosy Sheridan

Fri 10/24 Cody Melville/Laura Wetzler

Sat 10/25 Bernice Lewis/Wendy Sayvets with Carrie Barron

# BOB DYLAN: THE REAL KING OF ANTI-FOLK

by Joe BENDIK

BOB DYLAN had been declared the voice of his generation (hippies). Fuck that shit. Bob has always been a punk rocker (anti-folker whatever). His FIRST (would be) single "MIXED UP CONFUSION" was recorded with a loud, fast band. Columbia (his label) had second thoughts and pulled it's release (it was 1962) but the song can be found on BIOGRAPH (1986) as proof of his early punk/anti sound.

Around this time, Dylan walked off of the Ed Sullivan show (the night of his scheduled performance) and refused to change the lyrics and/or choose another song ("TALKIN' JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY"). It seems like he has this knack for offending (a trait that I really admire). You all know about the Newport Folk Festival (1965) where he played with his first electric live unit. I have a bootleg of the event and it's truly amazing. You hear, for the first time, "LIKE A ROLLING STONE" (already climbing the charts) being played with the SAME band that made the record (the only time they played it live). This is followed by some loud booing by these proto-hippie snobs. These are the same type of people who ran/run the Folk/Alterna Rock clubs in NYC. These are the same type of people who give me an especially hard time (pseudo-intellectuals who are there to impress you with their intelligence). Fuck them. They make me sick. They didn't deserve to be there to bear witness. Four days later, Dylan was in the studio recording the just written POSITIVELY 4TH STREET -- the first punk rock anthem (reputedly written about the Newport gig). I've been doing a cover of this song (along with MIXED UP CONFUSION) with The Heathens and it fits right in with our set.

After he "abandoned" his protest music (he might've written a handful of songs in this vein), he moved on to what was really on his mind: drugs. "BRINGIN' IT ALL BACK HOME" is a MUST for any songwriter. The album kicks off with "SUBTERRANEAN HOME-SICK BLUES" with the opening line "Johnny's in the basement mixing up the medicine, I'm on the pavement, thinking about the government, man in a trenchcoat, badge out laid off says he's got a bad cough wants to get it paid off" -- This just about says it all. He goes on from there to quote from Delta blues ("9 below zero") and reinvent the form. This shit rocks harder after 32 years than 99.99% of these alterna (woe is me) bands, smarmy Pavement college groups or hyper/metal/ska combos put together. Side two is the "acoustic" side. Dylan is about the only songwriter who could get away with "18 verses". His dizzying images and metaphors appropriately blow the mind. Just try to imagine writing something like "IT'S ALL OVER NOW, BABY BLUE". I recall a scene in the movie "DON'T LOOK BACK" (filmed during this album's tour in England) in which he goes to Donovan's party. Now, Donovan at the time had a song called "Try and Catch the Wind" which was a total early Dylan clone job. Dylan moved on so fast, that they couldn't keep up with him. In this scene, Donovan entertains the guests by doing a new (very forgettable) song.



When the guitar is handed over to Dylan, that's it: game over. He debuts "IT'S ALL OVER NOW BABY BLUE" and floors the audience. He knows it. Donavon knows it. There is no contest. After he does the song, he starts to scream at all of the sycophants who've decided to break bottles in the street. I've never scene Johnny Rotten, Sid, Johnny Thunders, or even Iggy compare to this display of anger. The two follow-up albums (HIGHWAY 61 & BLONDE ON BLONDE) are the epitome of folk/punk. No way is it even folk rock. Just check out the barely in control sound of these masterpieces along with the never-too-surreal lyrics that con-

fuse the uninitiated. Good. The tour that followed was uniformly booed. This, of course is his historic Dylan & the Blackhawks (the Band) tour (1966) of which there are many high quality bootlegs but still (30 + years later) no official release. All these hippie-types wanted to hear was this preaching to the converted protest music. Once again, FUCK THEM.

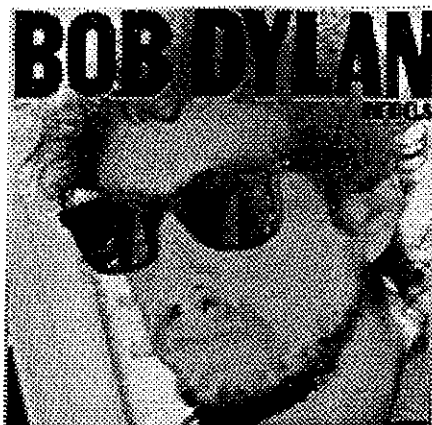
This boring shit had been passing for folk music at the time. Dylan dabbled in it (probably to make a name for himself in what looked like a fairly lame scene), let Peter Paul & Mary make a hit out of "BLOWIN'", and moved on. Look, anti folk can certainly be traced a lot further back than Dylan. You've always had 2 camps. One side liked their pretty ballads and fables with flowering images and many many many many verses, and the other side dug the raunchy bluegrass, blues, hillbilly music etc. This side rocked. They were the first anti folk/punk rockers. Dylan obviously related to this. Check out the lyrics to "NEW YORK TOWN" (1961) where he talks about the club owners rejecting him because he "sounds like a hillbilly".

He moved to Woodstock in '67 and focused on songwriting with The Band.

They made (the very lo-fi, ahead of it's time) "The Basement Tapes" I'm sorry hippies, but Bob never spoke for you. Get over it: Right at the height of hippiedom (1969) Dylan (who had to move from Woodstock



## DYLAN - KING OF ANTIFOLK? (by BENDIK)



at the time as a result of the festival) was playing country (or alt-country as the kids call it these days). His collaboration with Johnny Cash consisted primarily of murder ballads with violent images (as heard on the unreleased duo bootleg). He blew off the festival. He did play at Woodstock '94 and

was one of the few highlights.

Also, at arena rock's peak years ('75-77), Dylan scaled down his show with THE ROLLING THUNDER REVIEW - a loosely organized troupe of musicians he knew over the years (including such luminaries as Patti Smith & Spiders from Mars guitarist Mick Ronsen) to deliver a floating (anti) hoot vibe. Some shows were unannounced club dates. This was presumably his answer to PunkRock and the performances sound vital to this day.

As the 80's came into their own and everyone from Bowie through The Who sold out, you could always depend on Dylan to keep things real. In 1983, he released the phenomenal "INFIDELS". This often overlooked work is one of his strongest. Using the dub reggae rhythm section/team of Sly & Robbie, produced by Mark Knofler, with lead guitar by ex-stone Mick Taylor, Dylan fused a new type of music that was just too far ahead of it's time for it's own good. Lots of "anti" moments (NEIGHBORHOOD BULLY, UNION SUNDOWN, I & I, JOKERMAN). This is a must-have for even the casual Dylan fan. In 1984, he appeared on Late Night With David Letterman, doing a four song set with a pick-up band which was made up of Lower East Side punk rockers and/or mostly unknown musicians (kids). Legend has it that they didn't know which songs he was going to play until they heard the intro, and even then, they couldn't be sure. I happened to tape this event and this performance is so raw, that you can't believe that it was on Network TV in the 80's. Another proto-anti-folk moment occurred when he played LIVE AID (unplugged) with Keith Richards & Ron Wood. This sloppy/brilliant performance was the only hint of anything real all day. The muddy sound somehow added to this effect. As an afterthought, Dylan said



"Maybe we could give some of this money to our farmers who are losing their farms to the bankers" Hence- Farm Aid was born.

As an aside, about seven years ago, at this West Village Folk Club Called Speakeasy, they had a Bob Dylan impersonator contest. I entered and did a 90 miles an hour version of SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES (I managed to get all the words right). I really ended up shouting towards the end to be heard amongst the feeble minded boos!!! How appropriate, getting booed for doing a "too punk" version of a song that was booed 30 years ago. Some things never change. By the way, Gene Morris (of Gene & Mimi) won the contest (with an original Dylan parody). But I digress.

I'm not going to cover all of Dylan's history. What can I say, I love the man and his career. He has consistently produced great work. Yeah there have been stinkers but at least they're big smelly stinkers (DOWN IN THE GROOVE, KNOCKED OUT LOADED, SELF PORTRAIT, UNDER THE RED SKY). His last great all original album (OH MERCY -- '89) produced by Daniel Lanois, stands along side (if not surpasses) his best work. The album's other-worldly sound combines perfectly with Dylan's matter of fact world view and has some very anti folk moments (EVERYTHING IS BROKEN, MAN IN THE LONG BLACK COAT, WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED, MOST OF THE TIME). I hear that his next album (TIME OUT OF MIND) is a reunion with Daniel Lanois at the boards. It's already finished (with 12 songs recorded) and preview reviews have been raves. Of course it'll sell about a third of what his Wallflower son sells, but who gives a fuck? The public NEVER understood Dylan. Everybody has been writing the man off for 30 years and he keeps coming back to throw the finger at these intellectual bigots (or is that "Baggot's"?). He is the real King of Anti Folk.

### NEXT ISSUE:

#### SELF-ABUSE ISSUE

Drugs and Alcohol

Auntie Matters

Tales from the Trenches

Reviews of albums you should own

Reviews of shows you should see

Courageous Commentary on your favorite  
AF Acts

Tracy Kash Interview

MORE!

## THE FORT AT SIDEWALK CAFE PRESENT THE FOLLOWING.

The Sidwalk Cafe is at 94 Ave. A -- you know the drill. All shows are free and begin at 8 p.m. For updates, call the club at 212-473-7373. There's a website somewhere, too.

Tues. Sept. 2: 9-The Lunatic Fringe, 10-Binge Benefits, 11-The Moon's Edge 12- Psychedlic Pom-Poms

### College Music Journal Event

Wed. Sept. 3: 8-The Novellas, 8:30-Dan Emery, 9-Dina Dean, 9:30-Chris Moore, 10-Rick Shapiro, 11-The Humans, 12-Didjworks

Thurs. Sept. 4: 8-Steve Wynn (formerly of Dream Syndicate), 9-Chris Barron (of The Spin Doctors), 10-Lach, 11-John Taylor (of DuranDuran), 12-Coyote Shivers, 1-John Easdale (Leader of Dramarama)

Fri. Sept. 5: 8-Rachel Sage, 9-Amy Rigby, 10-Heather Eatman, 11-Brenda Kahn, 12-Patti Rothberg

Sat. Sept. 6: 8-Roger Manning, 9-Carmaig de Forest, 9:30-John S. Hall (of King Missile), 10-Matt Keating, 11-Hamell On Trial, 12-Twang! Bang!

Sun. Sept. 7: Strange Folk Sunday: 8-Little Oscar, 8:30-Andy If, 9-Tom Warnik, 9:30-Cementhead, 10-Mammals of Zod, 10:30-Stellan Wahlstrom

Mon. Sept. 8: The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30. Eat and drink hearty, for tonight, you die!

Tues. Sept. 9: 8-F.Rowland Stebbins, 8:30-Amanda Thorpe, 9-Ellen Cross, 9:30-Jude Kastle, 10-Mike Rimbaud

Wed. Sept. 10: 8-Major Matt Mason USA, 8:30-Nancy Falkow, 9-Alexa Witt, 9:30-Curtis Eller, 10-Rick Shapiro, 11-Joe Bendik and The Heathens

Thurs. Sept. 11: 8-Tom Nishioka, 9-John Popper (of Blues Traveller), 10-Starchile, 11-NyQuill, 12-Chicken Truck

Fri. Sept. 12: 8-Jarrold Gorbil, 9-Ruth Gerson, 10-The Johnson Boys, 11-Bionic Finger, 12-So Be It with Pat Daughtery

Sat. Sept. 13: 8-Jeff Lang, 9-Deni Bonet, 11-Blues To Venus, 12-Idrees

Sun. Sept. 14: 7:30-Eletfa (True Hungarian Music!), 9-Scott Wilson's Foreign Legion of Belly Dancers, 11-The Six Million Dollar Band

Mon. Sept. 15: The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30. KAAAAAAHHHHNNNN!

Tues. Sept. 16: Piano Night: 8-Ashley Cox, 8:30-Mari Lowery, 9-Rachel Spark, 9:30-Jerome Rossen and Peter Dizozza, 10-Andrew McCann, 10:30-Namus

Wed. Sept. 17: 8-Billy Kelly, 8:30-Mia, 9-Michael Eck, 9:30-Paleface, 10-Rick Shapiro, 11-The Songbook

Thurs. Sept. 18: 8:30-Mr. Scarecrow 9-Huw Gower (of The Records) 10-Trina Hamlin 11-Save De Steve

Fri. Sept. 19: 8-Marc Farre, 9-Ruth Gerson, 10-Slide, 11-Johnny Seven, 12-The Daniel Harnett Trio

Sat. Sept. 20: 8-L.E.G. Slurp, 9-Sinde Kise, 10-Homer Erotic

Sun. Sept. 21: Jazz Spectacular: 8-The Blue Saracens, 9-The Kevin F. Burke Kintet

Mon. Sept. 22: The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30. If you have to ask, it's too much.

Tues. Sept. 23: 8-Gentleman Jim Noone, 8:30-Novice, 9-Barau, 9:30-Reverend Taxi, 10-King Fly, 10:30-You.

Wed. Sept. 24: 8-Terry McCarthy, 8:30-Joe Bidewell, 9-Karen Davis, 9:30-Makanda Ken McIntyre, 10-Rick Shapiro, 11-The Meanwhiles

Thurs. Sept. 25: 8-Tammy Faye Starlight and The Angels of Mercy, 9-The Trouble Dolls, 10-Sweetfeed, 11-TBA

Fri. Sept. 26: 8-Jocelyn Ryder, 9-Ruth Gerson, 10-Eamon O'Tuama, 11-Joe Bendik

Sat. Sept. 27: 7:30-Bill Popp, 8-Dina Dean, 9-Shameless, 10-Zane Campbell and The Dry Drunks, 11-Lenny Molotov and The Illuminoids, 12-Little Shining Man

Sun. Sept. 28: 7:30-My Dog, 8:30-Fig, 9-Eric Schwartz, 9:30-Lee Chabowski, 10-Jessica Kane, 10:30-Django Haskins

Mon. Sept. 29: The Antihoot with Lach. 7:30 Sign-up.

Tues. Sept. 30: 8-Jude Kastle, 8:30-Rob Skane, 9-Lee Feldman Band, 10-Bibi Farber, 10:30-Megan Fogerty and Jesse White

Wed. October 1: 8-the Inhumans, 9-SpiderMan, 10-Thor

Thur. Oct. 2: 8-Jor-El's Legacy, 9-Friends of Tom and Martha, 10- Abin Sur, 11-Hypolite

Check out the electronic Fort Listings at:  
<http://members.aol.com/folkbro.fortweek.html>