

It's the December '97 Issue of

AntiMatters

AntiMatters

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AntiMatters - If you don't contribute, someone else will...

Well, thankfully, the ugliness of last issue is behind us, and the two zines have become one, at least for the time being.

Revolutionary Whimperings has again been absorbed by the AntiFolk mothership, AntiMatters, and the editorial board of me (JB) couldn't be happier. Welcome back, Gustav, Adam, Seth, the Professor, and all the rest who betrayed me by jumping ship! No hard feelings, you rat-bastards!

Jonathan Berger

It's always been my fondest wish to begin my own publishing empire -- well, that, and to live forever. And then there was something about Valerie Bertinelli...

Now, though, it's all come to pass. Or, at least, that first wish has reached fruition. Or reached budding. Or, well -- whatever. I'm back on the AntiMatters team, in a take charge way. And since I showed what's what with that other zine, I'm calling shots here at AntiMatters.

So welcome to the machine, my friends, it never ends.

We're so glad you could roll up for the mystery.

Next stop: Wishes.

Gustav Plympton

Contents

Report from the Fort
Faith
Wish List
Stuff from the Sister City
Interview with the King of
AntiFolk!
Wishes Come True: The
Brenda Kahn Interview
Musical Scheduling

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In 1997:

Makin' Records

AntiFolk artists (and the world at large) are making albums in alarming numbers. AntiMatters talks to some of these artists, and some of them actually let their releases themselves:

Geoff Notkin writes at length
Lezlee's recording
Albums of great worth
Demo Tips

Playing for Mike Rechner
In the studio with Dan Emery.

And so much more. Expect a treat.

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Wishes?
Wishful
thinking is
more like it...

Subscription Information

6 Months of AntiMatters
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Report from the Fort

11/8 The Lach Birthday Party - Before the humans went on, Anne Husick, the soundperson, took the microphone to explain that there was going to be a short miniset -- a song -- by Casey Scott.

"When Lach told me this was a 1977 themed thing," Scot said from the stage, "I said I happened to have just written a song about music in 1977. It's called 'Mystery Radio'." Acoustic in hand, she began.

She song is sort of a post-modern rewrite of "Video Killed the Radio Star," talking about listening to the radio way back when, hearing the voices and imagining the stories, the identities, the sheer mystery of the artists. With a second of Latin to throw people off, Scott went into a spinning monologue about first hearing the radio in her preteens in the middle of the night, enraptured by the music, then coming to New York City and meeting a series of musicians, again enraptured by the music - and the characters as well. Lach made a cameo appearance in the song, which probably gave the birthday boy some small jolly.

With a rousing chorus of "Na Na"s from a pure pop past, and the line, "I miss the Mystery Radio," Casey Scott said, "Happy Birthday, Lach," and left the stage, walking straight out of the room, the club, the evening.

The rest of the night was good, too. (Jonathan Berger)

11/11 - Jerome Rossen introduced his band, Lonesome Trouser, to back up his adult-oriented piano-based pop songs. They were obviously talented musicians, and they clearly fleshed out the tuneful bones of his material, and left the listener impressed enough with the instrumentation to avoid thinking about what the songs were about. This is a double-edged sword, since that meant they lost the humor in the lyric, but then again, they didn't have to puzzle out what the hell he was saying. Great fun to listen to, though. (Gustav Plympton)

11/14 - Sometimes it's nice to be almost completely and one hundred percent wrong. I speak as a man with immense experience in this area. It doesn't negate one's validity to admit having misjudged... well, anything, actually. But I don't want to get into a whole rambling discourse on the topic of self-reflective evolution. I do enough of that ONSTAGE every fucking Monday, as it is.

Further, I don't really know why I'm writing this, except that it allows me to pretend that Mr. Berger (there's a song title if ever I heard one) has a reason to exist.

For reasons that are way too personal to get into, I went to Jocelyn Ryder's gig.

Oh, okay, you beat it out of me, I'll fess up --

See, I thought that Jocelyn really hated my guts. As a person, not as a performer (But probably that, too). Reason being, a few months ago, I attempted to satirize an a cappella song she does called "I'm Not Going to Hell for You," at the Anti-Hoot. I think mine had a title like, "I'm Really Dating Me Who Are a Whole Lot Stabler Than You Could Imagine, and Not One of Them Is Five Pounds Overweight." But then, it

could have been called, "I Have Heartache, But You're Not Good Enough to Give Me Sympathy."

Now, the reason I did that was twofold (right, Jon B., so how could it be a singular, you're right, you're right already, you...) (1) Jocelyn would occasionally be sitting next to me or standing nearby or whatever, and had time and again refused to introduce herself to me, while she seemed to be friendly to every other talented performer on the face of the planet in her surroundings, and (2) this aggravated me. Granted, I was a little paranoid, there.

Beyond that, though, I always felt that for as good a singer as she was, a lot of her between-song banter seemed so thoroughly depressing and humorless that I figured a good way to break the ice between us would be for me to parody her, seeing as normal compliments towards willowy blondes have tended to backfire horribly for me my entire goddamned life. I will not attempt to explain my logic. You either get me or you don't, I guess. Maybe next time I'll be clearer.

Oh, yeah. Jocelyn's show. See, I wanted to prove to myself that even though she was kind of pissed off at me for my attempt at caricature -- which, truth be told, really wasn't thought out enough to be as funny as I honestly wish to be at all times -- that I had the balls to (A) go to her show and risk being seen there by her and (B) actually praise her work to her face if I did indeed enjoy it.

Well, I did. Here's why:

The Fast Folk Cafe

41 N. Moore Street
(212) 274-1636

stevennn@delphi.com
www.fastfolk.org

Open mike on Mondays and Tuesdays. Signup at 6. Music begins at 6:30.
Show at 7:30pm for \$10 contribution.

December 11, Thu: Peter Calo, Mike Harvey and Louren Kinhan

December 12, Fri: Out To Lunch and Silk City

December 13, Sat: Dave Van Ronk [\$15]

December 17, Wed: Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music Open Mike [\$5]

December 19, Fri: Duck Baker and Woody Mann [\$15]

December 20, Sat: Diane Ponzio

January 11, Sun: Jewels of the Diaspora: A Celebration Of African-American & Jewish Song (APAP Showcase): Laura Wetzler, Janiece Thompson and Rande Harris

January 18, Sun: The Freedom Concert People's Music Network Benefit [\$15]

January 21, Wed: Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music Open Mike [\$5]

January 24, Sat: Paul Geremia

(A) Nice voice, as always, particularly during challenging high-volume R&B-tinged note-bends. This is a rarity anywhere, let alone at the Fort. It makes me want to sing Laura Nyro's part in "The Bells" and have her come in as Patti LaBelle (Just a thought).

(B) Banter has improved immeasurably, or, rather, she is not the kind of performer to whom a two song set can do adequate justice. Funniest intro bar none: "Well, folks, drug addiction, working for stockbrokers, prostitution -- I saved the most traumatic for last: Love."

(C) Lyrical craft far more legitimate than I'd once believed. Rhymes flow and catch the listener at the same time, which is no mean feat. "John smells like mashed potatoes and sweat" is a lot cooler to me than average chick-attempting-to-be-crude lyrics, because it sounds right.

My suggestions, based solely on personal taste and said with full admiration of her talent:

(A) At least one fast number should be in the set, for sheer contrast's sake. It helps acts way less interesting than Jocelyn.

(B) A cappella numbers ("I'm Not Going to Hell for You") still annoy me. But that's true no matter who does them.

Hopefully, what has grown up in me over the last six months or so will be apparent to her, or anyone else for that matter, from reading this. But, more relevantly, I highly recommend checking out Jocelyn's next show. She is fast on her way to becoming a Groovy Gal.

And no, Dina, I DO NOT HAVE A CRUSH ON JOCELYN! - Love, Beau (Mansfield)

11/14- "So what'd you think of my show?" Dan Zweben asked. "It was all right," I said, "What was with your voice?"

"What do you mean?"

"It sounded strange," I said, "Like it was breaking. How old are you?"

"Yeah, whatever," Dan said, wiping the stage-light sweat off his soup-bowl haircut, "What did you think of the show?"

"Not bad."

"Not bad," he repeated, "That's it?"

"All right, you caught me: it was bad."

"Really?"

"No, it was fine."

"Really?"

"Well, if you mean REALLY..."

Zweben looked at me, crest-fallen, a deer caught in headlights. I could go on like this all night. (Gustav Plympton)

11/20 - Gentleman Jim Noone is like a real modern folkie. He's a professional union organizer, and a former IRA stooge (I'm making that one up -- I think). Most of his songs are based on various ethnic traditions, covering Irish, British, and Calypso, and maybe some others I'm too drunk to remember. A great little ditty had some of the tiny audience screaming along, "I'm gonna

get a bucket, a big ol' bucket, I'm gonna smoke me a Bucketful of Crack!"

The Cucumbers are great, and should probably fight with the Trouble Dolls for shortest band on the scene. Though maybe Little Oscar should get in on that competition, too. This is the Hoboken based old-timers' second gig at the Fort, and maybe their best.

Lach was up on-stage at promptly 10 something, and played some music. Played some fine music. Played some mighty fine music. Lach was up on-stage at 10 something, and played some kick-ass music. Thoughts defy how good he was. Amazing. (Arnie Rogers)

11/23 - Tom Warnik played a set to eight attentive people. His fan base is rabid, though, probably, at best, couldn't raise a minyan. This is a shame, since his freakish songs and frighteningly monotone vocal delivery make a treat, thought a frightening one.

Equally a treat was the appearance of the horrifyingly large and amorphic Mammals of Zod divided amongst themselves for a Sunday Night Showcases. Normally, the eight-to-eighty eight members of Mammals of Zod plug in, scream and play their own individual instruments for a straight hour, until first the audience leaves and then the soundperson turns them off. Then they slow down and eventually go home. Tonight, just a few

LEE CHABOWSKI



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22nd

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members of the Mammals were on stage at any given time, first for 8PM performance of Gary Heidt and then the 9PM Citizen One show. Who knew that any member of the Mammals could write songs? But Citizen One performed a half hour of traditional, soft blues. Though his drugged out smile suggested that mania lurked beneath, Citizen One presented a great performance. Dan Kilian played without his new backing line-up, called National Anthem, which was bad. But he played his set of kick ass geek rock full of power and potency while singing about flowers and impotence, which was good (No, he doesn't actually sing about impotence, but he should). Another fine night at another small club in another overdeveloped part of town. (Stephanie Biederman)

11/24 - 12:37 AM (Before the Best Part of the Night): A drunken speaker with a broken arm takes the stage. He delivers his material, a slobbering mumble of angry words. After almost 6 minutes and with some cajoling Lach entices the man to leave the rostrum. Then The Forts resident comedian assumes the position. His banter Brings much amusement to a row of embarrassed college girls at the back. Perhaps it's the high point of the night, 16 minutes later he is finished. A seated singing guitar player changes the atmosphere. Two nice low energy songs consume 9 minutes. After him a per-former sits at the piano, apologizes and discourses about his broken guitar. I have no idea what there after he sang about, but I was not alone, glancing about the room I saw bored people who just wanted to play their own songs and be gone. listening to doggerel accompanied by piano could not change the blank, slack jawed expressions on the tired faces populating The room. 11 Minutes later a young woman is called, looking great she brings verve to the stage, she begins singing a cappella her two songs both sound alike, one is a grim recollection of a baseball playing Bosnian youth, I think... Her performance lasts 7 minutes. Then it's time for 'The Best Part Of The Night.' Performers are only permitted one piece. I put away my stopwatch and decided to split before the tip-jar came around again. (Borge Haine)

11/28 Mia Johnson played a solo show on the day after Thanksgiving. Normally, her barebones band livens things up somewhat, but Mia did just fine on her own. Clearly tired after the holiday, she still played out some powerful material from her CD, after explaining that they cleaned up her sound substantially for the release.



"This is the way it's supposed to sound," she said, before raging into the opening cut, "Smart." Relying on no one else throughout the performance, she seemed more comfortable, and pretty much as powerful. (Jonathan Berger)

11/28 - Lezlee comes on strong with her number "Seduce Me with Your Words," about a long distance love affair with someone who's ability to write is unparalleled. For some reason, the song struck me. Her set is slick, and good. She has good acoustic chops, a fine voice, and her material, while sometimes a little come-hither (She's a girl, and sometimes plays it up), is pretty damned good. She's a fine songwriter, and, like so many others, she's working on an album. I for one, look forward to hearing it. (Gustav Plympton)

11/29 - Shameless introduced the Fort to its new lead guitar player, with some freakish name like Knot, or Newt, or Newcomber Salad. Whatever his name, it added an incredible dimension to Anne Husick's songs, and made the group sound like a full band. Just in time for Husick to declare that bassist Craig Gordon is leaving the fold to get married and skip town. "I play bass," Husick said, referring to her tenure with Lenny Molotov's Illuminoids and Zane Campbell's Dry Drunks, "but not for this group." The band sounded tight and powerful, and tasteful electric leads strangely seemed to make Husick's rhythms even more powerful. That show rocked in a million ways! (Stephanie Biederman)

11/30 - Didn't see the whole show. Didn't even quite know who I was listening till the identification part in the middle. Was chiefly concerned with my tea and pecan pie and looking around for my buddy to show up. The songs were pleasant and witty and may have even had some Cool Rhymes. The rapport with the audience was excellent, in fact pretty much a first name basis ('cept people who came in at the end, like me), but this wasn't so difficult since by 12:20, there were only between 5 and a dozen people in the audience. Occasional clapping along. There two other guys on stage besides Dan Emery; some guy on piano and another guy. Was sorry I didn't see more. He was so good, in fact, that I was reassured I hadn't showed up so late I'd missed my buddy by a few minutes. Couldn't see anyone sane walking out in the middle of that show. Tom Hanks-level likability. (Barry Isralowitz)

12/1 Former king of AntiFolk Mike Young introduced his brand new All (AF) Star band to the Continental, international headquarters of NY Skank Rock. Mike Young and his power trio, featuring Jack Pedlar on drums and Zane Campbell on bass, fit right in at the club. Like always, Young's lyrics -- allegedly clever and sad -- were lost in a mire of distortion and volume, but this time, it was three people creating the sonic attack, not just one. An improvement of sorts. The band sounded great; it was their first time playing out, and Zane Campbell's first experience as a bassist, but they sounded tight and smooth. This will not be the last time you'll see the Mike Young Band, and that's a good thing. (Gustav Plympton)

Shows That Deserved Write-Ups That Didn't Because No One Saw Fit To Cover Them:

11/4 - Lauri Jo Manley, Michael Eck, Gilligan Stomp
11/9 Eric Schwartz, Noise, Major Matt Mason, Ren, and David Dragov - From funny, to poppy, to truthy, to Beaty-bassy, to operatic, in the course of 2 hours. A great night. Sundays have the widest variety of shows, and the greatest amount of fun!

Iggy Gorgess

(in which the hero begins to show his desires and wishes...)

Iggy dreamt that Marlena was beside him. He woke up and saw that she wasn't there. He opened his eyes, and the sudden, bright light made his eyes squint. What time was it? Iggy looked at his bare wrist. He looked up at the walls, hoping that Caramel had put up a clock for him. He didn't want to get the small, black, octagon-shaped clock that he knew was in his bag. He was still debating whether or not to throw it out. He crawled off the couch and groped on the floor to find his bag. He opened the zipper and emptied it onto the floor. Black T-shirts, black jeans, blue jeans, a toothbrush, a razor, his writing folder, and a few books all fell out into a small heap. Out rolled the octagon clock. It was battery-operated and still told the correct time. It was 3 PM.

Iggy got up and looked out the window. The streets were crowded now with kids, teenagers, hip Village people, artist types and punk rockers. Suddenly, he felt his usual pangs of loneliness return. The trip to New York City had been an adventure, a new beginning, he hadn't felt lonely at all until now. He didn't know anyone in the city. He never knew many people anyway. In Germany, it was only Marlena. In Staten Island, it was his friend, Alan, who was now attending the summer term at UCLA. If Iggy had finished college, he would have just received his Bachelor's Degree. But after two years at NYU, he'd dropped out, and then there was Marlena.

Iggy stood the clock up on the coffee table. He stared at it. He grabbed a black T-shirt with the sleeves cut off and a pair of black jeans from the floor and separated them from the pile. He folded the rest of his clothes and placed them neatly and orderly onto the wooden shelves that stood to the right of his couch. He put his writing folder up on the shelf along with his few books. He piled his clothes onto his arm and carried them into the bathroom.

Iggy showered and combed his hair properly, spiked up with gel. He put on his clothes and stepped into his black leather combat boots. He reached into his writing folder to pull out an envelope with a bank check for \$5,000. He planned to live off it for as long as it would stretch. He threw on his black leather jacket and put the envelope into one of his zippered pockets. He locked his door and checked it exactly eight times to make sure that it was locked. He ran down the four flights of stairs and headed for the bank.

Outside, the sun nearly blinded him. It was the last week of June, summer had barely started, but already it was sweltering hot. But Iggy didn't take off his leather jacket. He didn't want everyone to see his skinny body.

Iggy wandered the streets not knowing where the bank was, figuring that since this was New York, there must be a bank somewhere! He stopped at a hot dog vendor and bought a hot dog with a little bit of sauerkraut and a lot of mustard. He ate the hot dog and washed it down with

orange soda because he knew that the citrus would counteract the sodium nitrate in the hot dog. He walked several blocks, careful not to make any turns because then, for sure, he'd get lost. Iggy was always getting lost. He wasn't sure whether it was because he daydreamed so much or if he was just born with a notoriously poor sense of direction. He stopped at the first bank he saw and entered the cool, comfortable, air-conditioned atmosphere.

Iggy stood on line with the other customers. He felt out of place among the mostly office-type crowd with his black, largely spiked hair, slightly torn clothes and black eyeliner, but then again, he was getting used to it. He waited patiently on line for several minutes before glancing up at a large sign in the corner that read 'New Accounts'. How inane of me, he thought. He leaned on the counter and drummed his fingers, looking over his shoulders every so often.

A middle-aged woman wearing a dark blue dress with a neatly-fitted belt came forward from behind the counter. "May I help you?" she asked.

"Yeah, um, I want to open an account."

"Do you have any I.D.?"

Iggy pulled his wallet out from his leather jacket pocket and showed her his passport that was sticking outside of it. The woman took it and inspected it, holding it up in front of her. "Do you have anything else, a driver's license?"

"I don't drive," Iggy stated.

"How about a school I.D., credit card, birth certificate?"

Iggy flipped through his wallet and pulled out his long-expired college I.D., his social security card, his bank machine card from Germany, his baptismal certificate which he wasn't sure why he had in his wallet, but behind it, he found his birth certificate. He breathed a sigh of relief.

The woman looked over all the pieces of I.D. and reached under the counter. She handed Iggy a sheet of paper to fill out. He filled it out quickly with the pen that was attached to the string. He handed the paper and his bank check to the woman.

"Would you like a checking account?"

Iggy thought for a second. "No, just savings."

The woman turned around to use a computer nearby.

"Oh," Iggy said suddenly. "And I want a bank card."

The woman nodded mechanically and tapped onto the computer. She came back and handed Iggy a machine that looked like a huge calculator. Iggy looked at it, frightened.

"Just punch a four-digit number onto it, for your pin number. You have to follow the directions written on the machine."

The woman had to help Iggy through every step. She turned her head while he punched in his four-digit pin number -- 1-2-0-1 -- Marlena's birthday. She pulled the machine away. "You'll receive your card in the mail. For now, you can use this one."

She handed Iggy a flimsy, temporary bank card. He took

it and placed all his I.D. cards back into his wallet. The woman walked away. Iggy looked up suddenly, and said loudly, "Yeah, thanks." The woman forced a smile, and Iggy looked nervously behind each of his shoulders.

Iggy sauntered down the street, still walking in a straight line. He looked from side to side and noticed the welcoming arch of Washington Square Park in the distance. He headed for it and stopped near the large, circular fountain. He sat on the edge. There were children playing on a swing set and some teenagers scattered under the trees. A guitarist played and sang folk songs badly on the other side of the park. Iggy sat sweating in his leather jacket.

"Great day for a swim, wouldn't you say?" A middle-aged man wearing filthy, tattered clothes and ripped shoes with his toes hanging out stood before Iggy, pointing at the fountain.

Iggy looked at him, confused. "Yeah, I guess."

The man sat beside him. He had a short, closely-shaved haircut and smelled just like Iggy's jacket did when he sat on the bus too much without washing it. Iggy slid a few inches over, keeping a tolerable distance.

"Why don't you jump in?" The man said, still looking at the fountain.

Iggy laughed under his breath. "I don't think so," he said.

"My name's Tom, what's yours?"

"Iggy."

"Ziggy? That cartoon character?"

"No, it's Iggy -- no Z."

"Oh, Iggy, the loser!"

"What?" Iggy asked, surprised.

"That guy is such a loser, he's a bum, ya know what I mean? Nothing ever works out for him."

Iggy realized the man was referring to Ziggy, the little, bald, quaint cartoon character.

"So, how do you like my park? Pretty great, wouldn't you say?"

Iggy went along with him. "Yeah, I like it."

"Do you live around here?"

"Yeah, a few blocks down."

"Are you one of those rock stars, those punkers?" The man pointed to Iggy's hair.

"No," Iggy said, laughing again.

A nicely-dressed man and woman sat down next to Iggy, holding hands.

"So, what do you do then, you got a job?"

"I'm a writer," Iggy answered.

"Oh!" The man's eyes widened. "What do you write, poetry books?"

"Just books. I'm writing a novel now."

"That sounds great. I'd like to read it sometime, bring it by!"

"Are you usually here?" Iggy asked.

"I'm always here." The man shrunk down, looking sad. Suddenly, he was silent. Iggy glanced at the couple beside him. They spoke so quietly, Iggy could barely hear them. They leaned their faces in closely to each other's as they spoke.

Iggy didn't know what to say to the strange man. He felt uncomfortable and wanted to go. "Look I've gotta go" he said.

The man lifted his head weakly and held out his soiled hand. "My name's Tom, what's yours?"

Iggy reluctantly shook his hand. "It's Iggy," he said, hoping the man wouldn't say 'Ziggy' again.

The man let go of Iggy's hand and sat with his shoulders slumped. He looked straight in front of him, not saying a word.

Iggy left the park and headed back to his apartment. He thought about the strange man and how he was outgoing then suddenly withdrawn. It was like he was two people in one. He thought about the bank and tried to figure out how long his \$5,000 would last him. His rent was \$800 a month. He figured out that if he spent only \$200 a month on food, hair gel, eyeliner, and whatever else came up, his money could last him for five months! That was plenty of time to finish his novel and get it published. By the time his money ran out, he could start living off of his advance. It would take him one month to finish writing it and another month to type it out on Caramel's computer. That gave him a good three months to get it published. Surely, that was time enough for people to see it and get interested in publishing it. He had it all planned out. He smiled on the way home.

Iggy pulled his writing folder off his shelf. He sat on the floor and put it on the coffee table. He took his special, blue felt, ultra-thin marker and continued where he'd left off on the train, long before he'd passed out on the beer. He read the last paragraph over:

The Vixen Marlina stood in the entrance of the slave-master's mansion. She wore her black leather cat-suit, so tight that she could barely breathe in and out. Guru, the evil master, looked her up and down. She pulled out her sword and chopped away at the air. Several slaves rushed to Guru's sides. Their arms stretched over him to cover and protect their master.

"I'd like to challenge any one of you to a duel," Marlina purred.

Iggy put his pen to the paper:

Guru laughed at Marlina hysterically. He pulled out a shiny sword from one of his slaves' shields. He lunged toward Marlina and chopped off her head.

No, Iggy thought. I can't do that, then the story would be over.

He lunged toward Marlina and plunged his sword into hers, initiating a duel. Their swords swished and cut into each other. The slaves were huddled into a corner. They bit their nails and pulled their hair. Marlina laughed at Guru and stabbed him in his arm. Guru lashed back and punctured her leg. She fell to the ground, and Guru kissed her passionately. They dropped their swords and made passionate love.

No, that's really stupid, Iggy thought. But he liked the idea. He put his pen down and lay on his back on the velvet couch. He closed his eyes and fantasized about the Vixen Marlina.

Chrissi Sepe

Faith is the Tiny Mind of Hobgoblins

Seth A. Doolin

Faith is often defined as believing in something we know not to be true.

Faith has a quality of hope associated with it.

We have faith in our monetary system, we have faith that the green and white bills we carry around with us, or the numbers on our paychecks that represent the green and white bills can be exchanged for things such as lodging and food.

Our monetary system is one of agreement.

We show our faith in this agreement by using the system, playing by the rules.

No one says we have to.

I could refuse to accept a paycheck on the grounds that the numbers which represent dollars are of no value to me. I could demand other forms of retribution for my time and alienation.

Our monetary system is essentially a fiduciary system. The one dollar bill represents (or used to represent) one dollar's worth of gold in Fort Knox, or other such absurd bastion of capitalism.

What our monetary system has come down to is that the green and white piece of paper, by virtue of the Latin inscription and the pious pronouncement is the standard. A paper dollar represents a dollar. It is no different than Monopoly money, yet we agree to use the stuff with dead presidents faces on it. This is another instance of collective agreement, but a collective agreement that I, nor anyone I know, had any part in. The use of printed paper in exchange for labor, goods, and services predates me, and will continue after I am gone.

We walk around daily, never questioning the authority behind the green print. We willingly slog through eight hours of work, forty hours a week, some fifty two weeks a year (less with vacation time and sick days, which I wholeheartedly encourage) in order to acquire this green printed paper. As I mentioned at the beginning of this piece, the paycheck we receive on a weekly basis is nothing but paper with numbers on it, which represents other paper. This paper then represents our time and labor. Truly, ask yourself, which is of more value, my time and labor, or paper?

By accepting the numbered papers week after week we are doing nothing but perpetuating the illusion that this paper is actually worth something.

We do not have play along with this.

We can refuse to cooperate in a game in which we had no part in choosing.

If our system of currency is indeed based upon faith, what happens when that faith is shaken?

This is the job of the Secret Service when they go after counterfeiters. The fear of counterfeit money entering the country is that it will disrupt the faith of the general public in the monetary standard.

Perhaps some disruption is in order.

The level of abstraction that our monetary system has reached is of staggering proportions. The suits on Wall Street are able to create and shift the numbers, somehow creating

more. Brokers and dealers are able to manipulate the figures on their computer monitors and magically achieve a profit at this. Financial institutions, banks, and loan organizations are able to take in our money (essentially taking our time and labor) and hold it in central computers, which we must trust. We must have faith in these central computers.

Many times in "balancing" my checkbook, I will wonder where some twenty dollars has gone, and figure I must have miscalculated, or have forgotten to include a monthly service charge or some such nonsense. My money, the symbol of my time, labor, and alienation, is controlled by a computer somewhere I have never been. I have never seen this computer.

With the central banks (and really, this business of having "busted" the monopolies of the banks is bullshit, through corporation, there are really only three banks in America), we increasingly alienated from our labor. As our monetary system becomes more and more abstract, we are able to exert less and less control of those worthless pieces of paper that we are given in symbolic form at the end of each forty hours period of enslavement.

One of the finer points of Marx is his theory of land, labor, and capital. These are the building blocks of Capitalism and oppression. On the side of industry is land and capital. On our side is that of labor. We do not have to agree to work. In fact, we have every right to refuse.

Right, you'll say to me, but then you won't eat.

But that is only if I do this alone.

What if everyone decided not to work?

What would happen if there were massive and widespread refusal to cooperate with this harebrained scheme of daily toil in exchange for the pieces of paper that allow to graciously purchase items which keep corporations and producers able to alienate the labor of others? It is a vicious cycle.

I don't for a moment think that there will even be a handful out there that will go along with this.

I don't care.

I have already started my own subversion in weakening the infrastructure of our withered and skeletal economy. I have invented my own form of currency, which I consider to be just as legal, just as real as the currency printed at government mints.

I encourage others to do this as well.

Everyone should have their own form of currency which they will use just as they do U.S. dollars. I will accept my friend Bill's currency and he will accept mine. I will refuse my paycheck as it represents U.S. currency and have them exchange it for my own currency.

Refusal to accept the current form of currency in this country may be the first step in a larger refusal. By accepting the money condoned by Washington, we are accepting the legitimacy of Washington, we are accepting the legitimacy of capitalism, for which it stands.

You have the right to refuse.

You have the right to remain silent.

WISH UPON A (never quite made it as a rock 'n' roll) STAR

by Geoffrey Notkin

t

he comic book and science fiction writer, Neil Gaiman, and I started our first band in the spring of 1976. We were fifteen, and reluctant students at Whitgift—a strict all-boys English school where we were required to wear uniforms, call the teachers “sir,” put in two years’ military service as cadets, and sit sullenly every morning through a dull and pedantic Church of England service. Such things didn’t fit in well with the aims of the school’s only rock band and so—with the confidence and superior knowledge of ignorant fifteen-year-olds—we bleached our hair orange, and took out an ad in the school literary magazine—*Unicorn*. The editor was a good friend of ours, and had no resistance to running the full-page advertisement that I had cobbled together out of stencil-sprayed band logos, and sixteen black and white passport snaps from a photo booth outside of East Croydon train station. The headline read: “CHAOS: A New Band in Town.” In the photos, Neil and I are wearing leather jackets; Neil is smoking Gauloises and I’m trying to jab my drum sticks through the lens of the photo booth camera. We thought we looked pretty tough. We thought the ad looked fantastic.

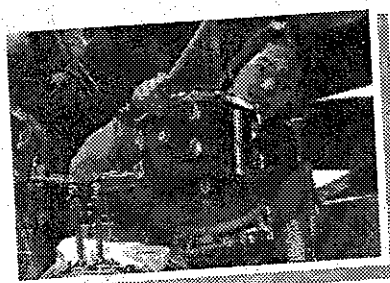
The school’s headmaster, a balding doddering coot named Raeburn who had, as my mom put it, “a dishrag handshake,” pulled our ad from the magazine, saying, “No official school publication is going to help promote Whitgift’s answer to The Sex Pistols.”

Raeburn’s comment—meant to be sarcastic and insulting—was, in fact, a terrific compliment. But his veto on what would have been my first-ever published piece of band artwork, came as my first big disappointment in that greatest of all oxymorons—the music business.

But we camouflaged our disappointment under a brave barrage of comments along the lines of, “We don’t want to be in their stupid magazine anyway.” Punk rock had not yet fully exploded on the London scene, but our influences (Bowie, Lou Reed, Iggy and the Stooges) had us well prepared when it did. And sometime around then I made up, in my head, a list of things that I would do to show Raeburn and his cronies. A list of all the things I wanted to experience and achieve—*would* achieve, I was quite certain—as a soon-to-be rock star. Some of these goals seemed virtually impossible at the time (especially number four), and some of them were obviously the naive tinkering of a fifteen year-old brain. But, in fond remembrance of the cocky and obnoxious teenager that I once was, let’s see how we made out:

MY WISH LIST, CIRCA 1976

1. Go into a real recording studio and make a single
2. Hear our record played on the radio
3. Appear on *Top of the Pops*
4. Have an affair with a sexy girl guitarist
5. Play at the biggest club in London
6. Go on a national tour
7. Be interviewed on the radio
8. Walk into a major record store and buy a copy of my own album
9. Learn to play bass guitar and make a solo record
10. Get one of those perfect, spikey punk haircuts like the singer from the U.K. Subs
11. Meet The Clash, The Jam, and The Sex Pistols
12. Star in a “rockumentary” film about how great my band is
13. Be recognized in the street as a rock star



Geoff rehearsing with Chaos, 1977

KEY: ☒ A COMPLETE SUCCESS ☒ A COMPLETE FAILURE ☐ MADE IT HALF-WAY THERE?



1. GO INTO A REAL RECORDING STUDIO AND MAKE A SINGLE

Charing Cross Road was always, for me, the most interesting of London streets—lined with antiquarian bookshops and music stores, bordered on one side by the bustle of Leicester Square and the Soho Market, and by the antique shops of Cecil Court on the other. The famous bookstore, named simply 84 Charing Cross Road (inspiration for the book and movie of the same name) is now long gone. So is the Soho Market where The Jam gave their first ever public performance. And so is Regent Sound Studio which once occupied a pretty white building on a quiet side street nearby. “Silence is Golden” was made there; so was one of the early Stones albums.

In the summer of 1979 my three piece band, The Marines, went to Regent Sound to make our first single. We had just signed with Jon Michelle, a smarmy business slick and head of A&R for a London independent, Radio Records. My bandmates were Martin Brett (now bassplayer for Voice of the Beehive), and guitarist Al Binney. Bin got to play through a vintage Fender tube amp left behind by Keith Richards after the Stones’ sessions.

We were to lay down all our tracks for “Office Secretary” in one session. The song had been recorded once before with The Marines’ original drummer, Rory Lions, but we all wanted to re-do it. Rory had played with the U.K. Subs, and later with King Kurt. A wiry and devilish fellow, he’d listed his occupation with the Croydon Department of Health and Social Services as “game keeper,” figuring that the D.H.S.S. would be hard put to find work for him in London’s busiest suburb. He just kept on drawing his unemploy-

ment cheques in the meantime. I never did find out exactly why he left The Marines.

Listening back to “Office Secretary” now, it seems incredibly fast, but we didn’t realize that at Regent Sound. In the middle of the song there’s a quiet break and I suggested that we add hand claps there. So we all stood around a boom mic clapping: Martin, Binney and I; our manager, the engineer, the engineer’s girlfriend, and Jon Michelle. It sounded thin, but we were down to our last track and couldn’t overdub any more. “It’s the best we can do with this many people,” the engineer told me.



Recording the bass track for “Electric Boy,” 1981

“Hold on a second,” I said. “I’ll get more people.” I ran out onto the dark and rainy street, right up to the first couple I saw and blurted out, “Excuse me, we’re... uh, making a record, right over in that studio *there*, and we really need some people to clap their hands, can you help?” They were foreign tourists, didn’t understand a word, and quickly moved away from me, looking frightened. But the second couple I apprehended agreed to join in, after staring at me in that haughty but confused manner that’s unique to the English; so did the third, and so did a gangly leather-jacketed punk that I found wandering on his own outside a science fiction bookshop.

Soon I had a gang of damp and bewildered strangers in tow. I kept telling them that The Rolling Stones had recorded here and that everything would be okay.

The engineer gave them all headphones and, rather foolishly I suppose, we tried to tell them how to make hand claps. But it worked extremely well, and we promised to send copies of the single to all our bemused volunteers.

But there never was a single. We found out a few weeks later that good old Radio Records was £26,000 in debt. The hand claps still sound good, though.

I did get that single made, but not until 1981. By then I was living in the U.S. and playing bass guitar for Lach. The single was “Electric Boy.”



The Marines in 1980 (l-r) Binney, Martin, and Geoff



2. HEAR OUR RECORD PLAYED ON THE RADIO In the late '70s pirate radio was still a big deal in the U.K. Radio Caroline was the most famous and glamorous—a tramp steamer with a powerful transmitter moored just outside British territorial waters. Unfortunately, Caroline played the same Top 40 drivel as the mainland stations.

Not so with Radio Jackie, that was a *real* pirate station. They recorded their shows in a secret studio somewhere in Surrey, then drove around southern England in a big van, setting up in a field or car park and broadcasting until the police showed up.

Martin sent them the “Office Secretary” tape (which our manager had spirited away from Radio Records), and was asked in for an interview:

DJ: “That’s The Marines and a track off their tape that they sent me. I don’t know if they’re thinking of releasing that as a single or what, but it’s called ‘Office Secretary,’ and I have Brett Martini [short-lived stage name] with me. Welcome Brett.”

MARTIN: [Sounding very hung over] “Mornin.”

DJ: “Oh, dear. It’s like that is it?”

MARTIN: “Yeh.”

DJ: “Okay, perhaps you can tell me a little bit about how you all got started together as The Marines.”

MARTIN: “Uh... we were all at school together, well two of us, Bin and me. And Geoff... a friend that I met over the last couple of years. He comes from New York, and we’ve been with him for a about a year now.

DJ: “Uh, huh. So tonight you’re playing at Laker’s.”

MARTIN: “That’s right.”

DJ: “What other gigs have you done around the South London area recently?”

MARTIN: “Oh we done quite a few, you know. We done the Fulham Greyhound, The Rock Garden... uh, local places like The Star in Croydon, yeh? Um... we done Tonbridge and Brighton.

DJ: [In phony DJ voice] “Graaaaaaaate!”

DJ: “Why ‘Office Secretary’?”

MARTIN: “Oh it was a slag down of where I was working at the time.”

DJ: [Forced laugh] “Graaaaaaaate! I think that’s how all best songs come about.”

MARTIN: “Yeh.”

And so on. I listened to the whole broadcast on a little transistor radio, sitting in my mom’s sunny garden. I put the radio on a stone sundial and howled with laughter at how rough and sarcastic Martin sounded. But he mentioned *my name* on the radio. We heard the song too, even the hand claps, and that was my part.

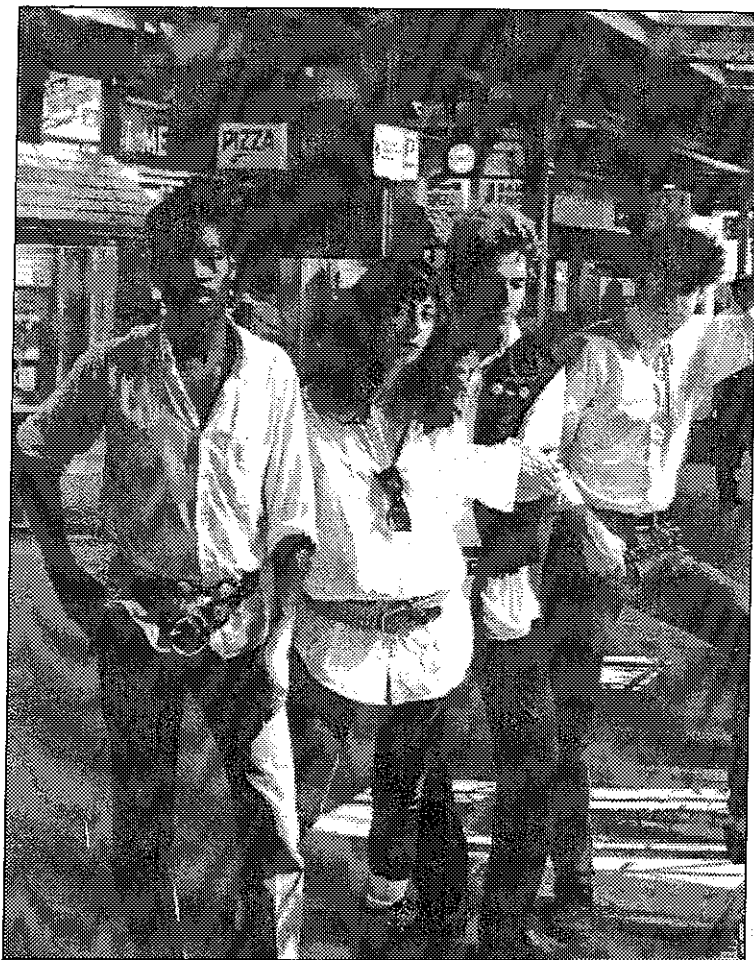
It’s happened a good number of times since—we heard “Electric Boy” on WNEW, WPLJ and WBAI, but nothing ever beats the first time you hear yourself coming through the ether.



3. APPEAR ON TOP OF THE POPS A lot like *American Bandstand*, *Top of the Pops* was a dreadful plasticky show where mainstream performers lip-synched to Top 40 mush. In England in the '70s, we got lots of Cilla Black, and Captain & Tennille, and Barry Manilow. Once in a while an astounding thing would turn up on the program, like The Jam doing “In the City,” or Jean-Jacques Burnel setting fire to his bass amp while The Stranglers mimed to “No More Heroes”; and that greatest of all segments, The Pistols filmed in front of a wall full of banned “God Save

the Queen” posters, hammering out “Pretty Vacant”—still one of the most exciting performances ever put on film.

Martin made it on to *Top of the Pops* (twice) with Voice of the Beehive, so at least one of us got to stand on the plastic stage.



The Big Picture, 1987 (l-r) Patrick, Anne, Geoff, Chris



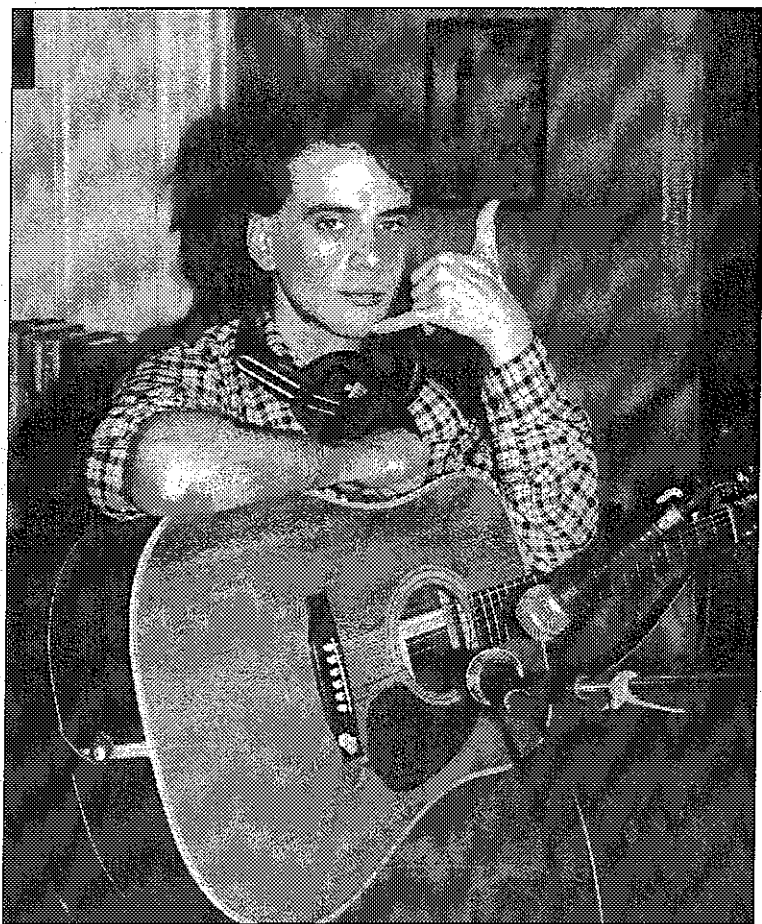
4. HAVE AN AFFAIR WITH A SEXY GIRL GUITARIST

1987. I was in one of my “I’ve retired from music” phases, when I accidentally went to Los Angeles, and accidentally saw Hüsker Dü at the start of their “Living End” tour. I sat there dazzled by how real and exciting they were, with their fast simple songs. Bob Mould was one of the most unattractive people I’d ever seen in a rock band: overweight with a conservative haircut and a big ugly Flying V guitar stuck together with silver gaffer tape. He was fantastic! *You don’t have to be an MTV pretty boy to make it in music*, I thought. So I went back to New York to find another band.

I found it in Pier Platters on Newark Street in Hoboken (a beloved local record store and indie label—it was put out of business by Sam Goody, so please don’t shop there). On the wall I noticed another one of those “Bassplayer Wanted” ads, but among the million influences listed were The Clash, Big Country and Hüsker Dü. The fellow who’d put up this flyer was someone I ought to meet; he became one of my best friends and longest-lasting musical partners. And Chris Gobson (now the owner of Upstart Studios in Hoboken, and an accomplished producer) had big ideas. “Look at it Geoff! You’re English, I’m from the midwest, we’ve got a black drummer... all we need is a girl guitarist and we’ll have everything. *Everything in one band!*” He was very excited about it all, and he had just the girl in mind. So off we went to C.B.G.B.’s to see this

mystery woman's current band. I was transfixed by the brilliant guitarist, with her long dark hair, black Stratocaster and twenty foot orange guitar cable. It was pretty much love at first sight, which turned out to be very inconvenient for many people since we were both living with someone else at the time. But Chris and I stole her from that band, and Anne and I became lovers, and fought, and almost wrecked The Big Picture, and made a recording studio together and travelled and had many adventures. And I hung her long orange guitar cable from the track lights in my living room.

% 5. PLAY AT THE BIGGEST CLUB IN LONDON Didn't even come close. But after I joined The Big Picture with Anne and Chris, we scored a gig at the old Ritz (now Webster Hall for you newcomers). I'd seen UB40, Lords of the New Church, The Ramones, The Saints, and The Alarm there, so it truly seemed like the big time to be up on that famous stage.



Making Lach demos at Carbon Sound, Hoboken, 1991

We were pounding through a punk metal locomotive of a song that Chris had written, called "Melting in the Rain." In the middle is a long guitar solo, then the drums quiet down and a wisp of feedback and bass hum floats over the stage. Then we crash back into the biggest crescendo of the whole set. I was high up on the drum riser, swaying with the feedback, and as we slammed back into the power chords, I leapt off the riser and pounded my red Flying V into the stage so hard that the entire neck came off in my hand. For once I actually had a bass roadie, and he was there in a second with my black Rickenbacker so we managed to keep the show going.

An added bonus that night was the surprise appearance of an old girlfriend, who had dumped me and avoided me for months after. I'd written a harsh and brutal lyric about her—as jilted songwriters

do—called "Living Under Fear of Reprisals," and I saw her winding awkwardly through the crowd below me as Chris sang my bitter words in his high, clear voice.

Later, Anne and I sat backstage—in the same space where I'd once chatted with Chris Bailey of The Saints—and drank vodka, and congratulated ourselves on finally arriving in the big time. Such congratulations were premature.

X 6. GO ON A NATIONAL TOUR I can't get any points for this one. Lach, Anne, Chris and Martin have all done their share of touring, but not with me. If I greatly exaggerated, I could claim that The Big Picture did a few small tours (i.e. The Ritz on Friday, The Dirt Club on Saturday, and The Stone Pony the following Wednesday). Come to think of it, it's probably a good thing we left it at that; eight weeks in a van packed with amps and guitars and Anne and Chris would have driven me to madness or violence.

✓ 7. BE INTERVIEWED ON THE RADIO I worked as a college radio DJ in the late '80s, so I just interviewed myself. But seriously, Lach and I spent a long evening with Dr. Rock, a DJ for WFDU, back in 1982. It didn't start off too well:

DR. ROCK: "First let me tell you, 'Welcome gentlemen.'"

LACH AND GEOFF: [Silence]

DR. ROCK: "It is definitely nice to have you... and it would be even nicer to have you if we could just get the volume up a little bit more and find up why we are not hearing you."

LACH AND GEOFF: [Silence]

DR. ROCK: "How about let's try this again."

LACH AND GEOFF: [Silence]

DR. ROCK: "Let's try it one more time."

LACH AND GEOFF: [Silence]

DR. ROCK: "Well [laughs], so far we're getting a lot of... [tons of feedback]... Dr. Rock and not much Proper Id."

GEOFF: "Any better?"

DR. ROCK: "That's a *lot* better!"

Dr. Rock was kind enough to let us to program all the music for his show and let us loose in the station's record library. We stood his regular format ("Stones, Beatles, Who and then into some space rock") on it's head, and he *liked* it!

LACH: "Lay back, we'll program a nice set for you."

DR. ROCK: "I can't take credit for the music. But folks if you don't like it, and you feel like yelling at Proper Id give us a call..."

GEOFF: "We're ready for some abuse."

LACH: "We'll yell back."

We spent hours with Dr. Rock—staying for most of the all-night show. On the drive back to the band house, Lach and I listened to the tail end of his broadcast on the car radio. He thanked us again for participating, and delighted us by playing a live version of our long reggae piece (so long it didn't entirely fit on one of the station's eight minute broadcast cartridges), "Id Dub." It was one of those rare moments that feel like arrival—driving along lonely tree-lined streets with our own music coming out of the radio for company.

Lach and I floated back into the house on a wave of joy and accomplishment, eager to see our bandmates and expecting to be warmly congratulated by them.

Their comments: NORMAN: "You sounded stupid"; MARK K: "Lach, you idiot, I told you not to use my last name, not to say Kirschblum. It's Mark K. *Idiot*."

✓ 8. WALK INTO A MAJOR RECORD STORE AND BUY A COPY OF MY OWN ALBUM

It hurt me a lot to shell out \$13.99 for a copy of *Contender* (Lach's first album, released by Gold Castle in 1990), but I had to do it. I even saved the receipt, from Sam Goody in the World Trade Center (that was before the Pier Platters incident). Gold Castle were so cheap that I only got one free copy from them.

This wish came true about twenty-two more times after a friend visiting from England mentioned that he'd seen a bundle of *Contender* CDs down at J&R Music. I practically ran down there. They had a whole wall covered with *Contenders*, at \$1.99 each! I'd always been terrified that I might find a copy of our record in a bargain bin somewhere, but in the end it wasn't scary or horrific. I didn't feel like a cut out bin failure. Not at all, in fact I bought ever damn copy—jumped right up there on the shelves and started pulling CDs out of the wall racks. A clerk rolled up and asked what I was doing.

"Buying these records," I said.

"You're only allowed to buy two copies of the same CD."

"What the hell difference does it make to you?" I asked, with about twenty *Contenders* in my arms.

"It's store policy."

"Okay, I'll buy two copies, then go out and come back in, and buy two more until I have all of them. Is that what you want?"

"I can't let you do that sir."

Then I got mad. "Look...this is *my* band. See this name here—Geoff Notkin on bass—that's me. This useless record company went bankrupt and there are no more copies left, plus the miserable bastards only gave me one CD anyway, and *I am buying all of these records!*"

"Oh well, in that case, sir...under the circumstances, um...I suppose it will be okay."

I went through the same exact routine with the check out girl, but I got those CDs, and I handed them out to my friends. I may still have one or two left if you're interested.

✓ 9. LEARN TO PLAY BASS GUITAR AND MAKE A SOLO RECORD

Soon after I compiled my wish list I made a trip to New York. It was the summer of '77. The first Stranglers record lived constantly in my waking mind that July and August. Jean-Jacques Burnel's bass sound was the most glorious noise I'd ever heard, and I knew in my heart that I had to somehow make a noise like that too.

I walked into Manny's on 48th Street and bought a brand new Fender Musicmaster short scale bass (Guitar tech-head question: does that make it a pre-CBS Fender?). I still remember that it cost me \$109 *with* the case. Those were the days.

The bass hurt my fingers. They hurt terribly, but I persevered. I spent that summer on the island of Kauai, sitting on the beach, learning how to play "Peaches" and "Neat, Neat, Neat," and getting sand in the control pots. When I got back to London I finally got to hear it through an amp—I plugged it into my dad's Garrard stereo and blew out the speakers in about four minutes. Luckily they were still under warranty.

I stuck with the drums for a few more years, but when I moved to the U.S. in 1980 it was the little black Fender that came with me, not my drums. I used that bass for the "Electric Boy" single, but retired it in 1982, in favor of a Rickenbacker, and sent the battered Fender back home to London.

As for the solo record, well I guess I made it. In the late '80s Anne and I built a small recording studio in Hoboken, and called it Carbon Sound. I had a studio project called Ten of Your Earth Minutes, and spent some months working on an hour-long ambient piece called "The Grasshopper Lies Heavy." I didn't release it commercially, but I did press one reference CD for myself and circulated tapes to friends. Not the kind of solo record I was imagining back in the heady days of 1976, but it works.



Working on "Grasshopper Lies Heavy" at Carbon Sound, Hoboken, 1990

✓ 10. GET ONE OF THOSE PERFECT, SPIKEY PUNK HAIRCUTS LIKE THE SINGER FROM THE U.K. SUBS

Well that was just the easiest one of the lot. All I had to do was find a decent barber, instead of the grey working men's "short back and sides" robots that populated southern England when I was a lad. The best haircut I ever had was at Ferraz in Hoboken.

% 11. MEET THE CLASH, THE JAM, AND THE SEX PISTOLS

I know it's silly, but it was important to me at the time. If you count up all the major players in those three bands (and that includes Glen Matlock and Terry Chimes, but not Keith Levine—sorry Keith), you get thirteen. The current score is eight down and five to go (plus I get bonus points because I worked for Glen Matlock for a year). The nicest guy was Paul Simonon, whom I met on a bus in Shepherd's Bush in 1978; the meanest was Steve Jones (see *The Hidden Fort*, Episode Three: "How I Had my Revenge on Sex Pistol Steve Jones," in *AntiMatters*, December 1996).

Luckily, Sid Vicious was one of the eight that I did meet, so you never know...

✓ 12. STAR IN A "ROCKUMENTARY" ABOUT HOW GREAT MY BAND IS

"Nobody's going to make a film about my band unless I do it myself," I seem to have told somebody at some point. So I made the movie myself. Or, to be more accurate, my friend Gerald Obregon made it under my direction.

We'd just put The Big Picture together and were about to go into Waterfront Music, a 24-track studio in Hoboken to begin work on what we hoped would be a self-released CD.

Chris and I rented a fancy video camera and I urged Gerald—an

art school friend who had superb taste in films—to document the whole thing. This included Chris having a fit at my house during dinner because our absent-minded drummer showed up two hours late; Geoff riding a bicycle around the studio's live room at top speed, after drinking too much coffee; and, when the all-night session was finished, Geoff squirting vodka and tonic over *everything*, including the still-running camera and a long-suffering Gerald.

Big Picture: The Motion Picture didn't win any Academy Awards, but together with its sequel, *Big Picture: The Last Generation*, it is certainly the longest rockumentary I've ever seen.

✓ 13. BE RECOGNIZED ON THE STREET AS A ROCK STAR

Lach would like you to know that he's the one who always gets recognized on the street. But it happens to me once in a while too.

The night of The Damned's farewell show at The Rainbow in London in 1978 was the first time. Ex-Execs were my band then, and my bassplayer Graham Smith (who hated The Damned) grudgingly agreed to go with me. It was mayhem when we got there. The large seated venue—much like New York's Beacon Theatre—was a shambles. Hundreds of punks had invaded the place and taken whatever seats appealed to them. A gang of skinheads were in ours and we weren't about to ask them to move on. Neither were the

ushers, one of whom said, "Oh just come down here then." He sat us front row centre.

It was only a few minutes to showtime; fans were hurling beer mugs and clothes onto the stage, screaming and fighting and chanting. Graham and I were congratulating ourselves on our good fortune when a breathtaking svelte punkette ran up the narrow space between our front row seats and the stage, her heavily made up eyes wide and glittering.

"Aren't you The Ex-Execs!?" she shouted.

"Uh, yes, we are..."

"Oh you guys are *fantastic!*"

I thought she was about to kiss me, and I was very much hoping she would.

"Where did you see us?" I stammered.

She smiled at me, a hot seductive sweet and irresistible smile, opened her black-lipsticked lips and said, "At the..."

And then the lights went down, and three thousand punks and skins rose up and plowed right over us. The front eight rows of seats—including ours—were knocked out of the floor, smashed into fragments and hurled onto the stage before the first song was over. Graham and I were carried along by the sea of berserk Damned fans and plastered hard against the stage. We never saw the beautiful punkette again. ▲



Ex-Execs at the Soho Market in the Summer of '77. (l-r) Graham Smith, Geoff Notkin, Neil Gaiman, Al Kingsbury

Wishful Thinking : Adam Brodsky

So last time I'm at the Fort, the Bergermeister tells me that the next issue of AntiMatters is the wish issue. So of course I say I wish he wouldn't make me write an article... (I'm a fucking riot)... He mentions this just as the waitress of my dreams is collecting my drink ticket for the cup of coffee I desperately need for the long lonely drive back to Philadelphia, so my immediate wish involves me finding clever and erotic ways to remove some of her piercings. But this wish is immediately surpassed by another less pure and frolicsome wish when Lach's new teenage intern walks by leaving a trendy scent in her wake.... but hastily my spontaneous wishes ultimately culminate with the wish that Berger boy might find a different table at which to establish his publishing beachhead, mainly because my creepy factor plus his creepy factor do not add up to creepy times 2, its like logarithmic or something... the two of us put together seem to add up to the 2 creepiest boys in the world, rather than just a couple of doofy looking losers....(hey Jon, are you having any fun editing this piece?)...

Anyway, whenever me and the Malcolm Forbes of Avenue A get together, we seem to form what can only be known as "the antidote to pussy"... and while that might seem cool cause it contains the word "Anti" right in it... some of you might wanna take the subway in our moccasins before you inquire about membership. But I digress (and there's a surprise)...

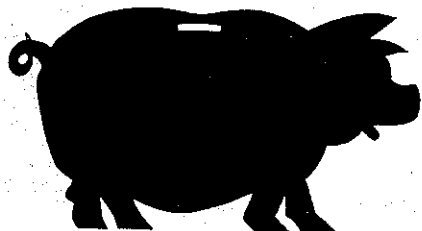
Anyway, Wishes... I suppose it'll have to get to some before I stop typing -- but here's something interesting I realized just the other day... About 4 or 5 years ago, I had just started writing songs... I hadn't even considered playing out. since I didn't sound purty like the rest of the singer/songwriters on those Fast Folk albums my sister subscribed me to... I was content to hang around my parents' suburban house, beatin' on my hundred dollar piece of Korean plywood and play tunes from my Dylan songbook, as well as some of the worst folksongs ever written... (and I should know, because I wrote them)....Newsweek even had a name for it, it was called slacking... I had scraped a degree out of some rural college, and left them in turn with \$40 grand of my parents' dough and a really cool bong, that I couldn't find when I packed up. (I also left one girl up there with an eating disorder, but hey, who hasn't?)... Anyway, so here I was refusing to go to my job at the video store, because... well just because... OK, maybe it was cause the real world was on, and I know that Rebecca chick, but really that is the summer I learned the most about Dr. Dre, and Urkel... But here's the funny part...

One night I go pick up the pizza for my family and pocket the change... (which is charming at the age of 12, but at 22, it's a bit more pathetic, but hey! It was the early 90's -- it's just what we did back then...so anyway, I was going to South Street with

sounds off on the subject of Wishes... some of the guys I went to HS with... Now the college years had separated the men from the man-child... And all of these guys were (and still are) yuppies, on the fast track cubicles, ties, the whole deal...(no offense to Dan Kilian... I always assume if I could dress a little better, and put a bit more distance between myself and Jon Berger, I too could reign supreme... after all didn't the Shah of Iran himself rule in exile for a few years... But back to the summer of 91)...

I have this one friend who is an actual lawyer, and he had just been to see one of those Ethan Hawke movies that glamorizes the slacker lifestyle...not a difficult task since movies don't come in smellovision... You should get a whiff of me right now. So this friend of mine who was all through an 80's boy, driving his daddy's Lexus and renting Whit Stillmen movies to get chicks into bed... And I'll call him Tom Kurke, since that is his name and he'll never read this... starts claiming that he himself is in fact a slacker... He took a gentle sip of his Gibson (no shit; this really happened), and said "Hey I don't know what I want to do with my life either, I'm a slacker too... I just work as a lawyer to pay the bills"... It was at this point that all gathered in the bar were witness to one of the finest spit takes ever proffered by yours truly...(not a Gibson, mind you... Diet Coke, since I agreed to stay sober and drive if they paid my cover into these clubs)... So anyway, I spray the real thing all over, and he continues..."Hey, why'd you do that? This tie cost \$65"... It was lorcaesque, to see Tom Kurke, protoyuppie, trying to ride the trend and weasel into a subculture of Mine...too bad the poor schmuck will never really have a grasp on the balls of the definition of irony cause that moment was a peach for me and always will be.

So now I just recently realized that I've got tons of shit to do every day... Even though I barely work, between the gig phone calls and the staring at blank notebooks, loathing myself as a songwriter (now there's a copious chunk of time), and supporting other musicians so they'll come out to my shows, to talking about songwriting, and the goddamn mailing list, and scoring the heroin and dreaming and wishing I was a rock star like Brenda Kahn and trying every day to take baby steps toward that goal, while always trying to look as if I'm not really working that hard at all and someday some dude from SKG will stumble into a club and that will be that, (oh yeah and his sister will be a stone cold fox with a fetish for dorky Jews)... And trying to get laid... They're just aren't enough hours in the day... so I've dropped the sex thing from the TO DO list... Yeah it's a conscious choice... Anyway, all of a sudden I realized, not only am I not a carefree, go-where-the-day-takes-me puddle of slack... I'm like driven and stuff. And I'm like the CEO of a record label, and basically I'm busier than a righteous babe.... Not only that, I'm stuck here... I thought of how much fun drifting like Benjamin Stone would be, but the ego that has swollen at all of these shows won't allow it... And besides, I just can't go back to living with my folks -- Jesus I'm almost 40 here... So if I had a wish, it would really be to somehow be able to slack again. I long for my youth...where is Bill Bellamy, where are those grunge bands.... Hey mainstream media, make me cool again!!! Make people envy me... Bring me a recession... But barring that ill take an Asian girl with big tits... That 'd be nice too.



Penner MacBryant

I don't know for sure how it began. Worse, I have a fair clue as to how it may end. The Divine Lady D is lain out at my feet, struggling to remain conscious, to the background soundtrack fo the Beatles' White Album.

"Lord God," I say, "I'm sorry, Lady D. Are you all right?"

"I've been better," she says, trying to lift her head, "But I'll be better, as soon as I'm able."

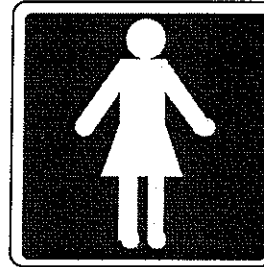
I nod, comfortingly, but am not sure at all that I agree. I look over at that intriguing instrument that started this day's adventure, perhaps just twelve hours ago, perhaps much longer. Earlier today, I was walking into my favorite coffee shop somewhere in downtown Brooklyn at breakfast time, looking at the menu and another unmet deadline at the zine. Writer's block was doing a serious number on my muse and I thought getting a bite at my usual before fighting it out with my dormant imagination might do me some good. There's always good food and conversation there and a healthy supply of Coltrane recordings on the jukebox. The morning waitress is young, pretty and friendly; brown eyes glowing and a soft smile, like a schoolgirl on the brink of a crush. Sitting on a stool at the counter, drinking coffee, munching on a sourdough bagel, thinking- wishing-I could be handling something a little less conventional than the interview assignments Berger normally throws at me. I'm paying the check when I spot the waitress going off duty, leaving the place in preparation for a gig later on tonight, she says carrying a rather unusual looking red guitar, a Martin upon close examination. Says she got it off a stranger in the Village for an incredibly low rate as Martins go. This remark becomes the gateway to a much deeper and



longer conversation than either of us have previously had with each other in the past. We discuss nearly everything musical in what feels like the space of only a few minutes. I am glad for the momentary diversion from my own small literary worries. We discover that we have favorite artists, albums, songs and, curiously, Anti-Folk acquaintances in common, including, much to my amusement, the one and only Lady D. I at last learn the name behind the pretty face: Chantelle. The guitar is unusually red, unusually striking. I entreat her for a chance to play on it a while, but she declines, saying that she'd rather I waited until she's had a chance to test it out a little more before giving it over to someone else to play. There is something beautiful and strange about this Martin, she says, and she hasn't quite figured out what it is yet. She says those words in a tone that suggests something that goes beyond the instrument's tone and timbre, but I think little of it, and we continue to gab about places we want to visit, favorite foods and the like. The time is getting on, and she does have a gig to prepare for. She gets up from the stool next to mine, just as another patron exits. The sudden gust of wind she feels as the door opens makes her remember the scarf she left in the back room of the coffee shop. She turns around, back past me, asking me to watch the guitar she's placed on the stool next to mine momentarily. Both she and I rightly

figure that a fellow musician will watch the guitar as no one else here would. In the while that she's gone, I try not to think about the guitar. This is particularly hard considering how good it looks to me. I wish to respect Chantelle's wishes, but the guitar is beautiful and I can't help wondering how it would sound in the hands of a capable player. I go back and forth in what seems like an eternity while Chantelle searches in the back for her neckwear. I eventually give in to the desire to just hold it. I figure there could be no harm in that. At this moment, when I've tuned the guitar, over the radio that the cook always keeps on low I can make out the strains of an old record, The Youngbloods' version of the old blues rag, Grizzly Bear, a favorite of mine from way back. Without thinking better of it, I start strumming some of the chords to the tune and singing words: "Well, when I came in here this morning / That girl was gone Solid gone..." It still holds up for me after all these years since I first heard it. I'm actually surprising myself with my ability to pull off a halfway decent version without trying too hard. The guitar, which feels like no other I've held, is practically playing itself in my hands. I get through this impromptu performance without generating too much attention, save for a few of the other waitress who clap and nod soft approval. Suddenly, I remember Chantelle. Realizing what I've just done, I quickly place the instrument gingerly at my feet, back down on the stool next to mine, anticipating Chantelle's annoyance. I wait. Minutes go by. The second cup of coffee has long gone cold. I continue to wait. A few minutes has become a full half hour. Chantelle, however, does not return. An inspection born of restlessness turns up only disturbing facts. No one—not even the manager—has seen her leave. There is, in the one back room of the cafe, a window and a door. Narrow and high up, with stacks of large, empty wooden crates reaching up to it, the window would be helpful as a source of ventilation but little else. The back door is bolted shut, with the one set of keys for it firmly in the possession of the manager, who has not left the place where I've been sitting at once. Ditto the storage cellar, accessible only from the outside. I am mildly bewildered, worried and annoyed. I understand being snubbed, but cannot understand being left with a red Martin guitar and the problem of having to return it to its rightful owner. I've already spent enough time dodging deadlines. Quick inquiries among all present parties behind the counter and the manager regarding possible whereabouts reveal plans to meet up with Lady D at the Fort later that afternoon, around one; eleven hours before the gig takes place. Entreating the burly, cigar-smoking manager to look after the Martin seems futile. In the hectic and rather open atmosphere of the coffee shop, no one can guarantee the safety of the instrument, he says. This, of course, means he'd

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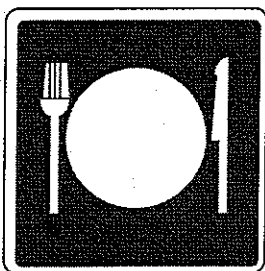
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Playing with Reality

Penner MacBryant

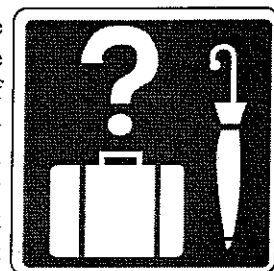
rather not take responsibility. Leaving him with some credible form of identification, I tell him to tell Chantelle, should she return, that I have her guitar and will meet her and D at the Fort to give it back. I strap the instrument to my back and start out for the subway station at Borough Hall, shaken up enough by this sudden turn of fortune to nearly forget to settle accounts with the cashier, a jaded spectator throughout this whole strange sequence of events. She answers my farewell with a grunted goodbye. In drone mode, she never looks up from the register. The walk from South Houston to Borough Hall goes quicker than I thought it would, considering that I have to walk slower than normal, on account of the Martin. It's the wait for the next No. 4 into the Village that seems to take forever. Some Gen-Xer paces slowly back and forth, draws the word damn out slowly; a sound composed more of resignation than fury. He lets the air out of his mouth through his teeth in one long sigh of disgust. Finally the train pulls in with a screech the silver doors open and I jump on board, glad to finally be on my way. Milling through the car for a seat, taking care not to go too fast with my cargo, I comfort myself somewhat. My catastrophe has a simple solution. Meet Chantelle and D at the Fort, give back guitar, pass go and collect my senses at the word processing keyboard of my choice. The train moves along, first at a gallop, which quickly becomes a slow, infuriating crawl. I can't understand why now, when I most need to be on the other side of town do I have to contend with midday subway congestion. To take my mind off of the situation, I pull the guitar out again and gently begin noodling around softly. Some old rocker about walking dogs comes to mind and the words come again. "Well, if you don't know how to do it / I'll show you how to walk the dog..."



Once more the guitar is amazingly cooperative, almost anticipating the simple chords I play. The train begins moving again, and I put it down once more, not wanting to attract too much attention. In that moment, the funniest coincidence occurs. Some disheveled guy swings open the back door to the car with a loud bang and following behind him, obediently is a beagle, roughly about a foot long, trudging along comically. I can't help but smile, as does the old guy sitting next to me.

The ride takes long enough from where I've gotten on, but I get to Astor Place with enough time to spare for a quick walk over to Avenue A, over to The SideWalk. I get there on time, and find I'm the only one who has. Fifteen minutes goes by at the front table I sit at, waiting patiently for either Chantelle or the Lady to show. A half hour later, I can clearly make out the slender figure and West Point cadet stride of Lady D coming into the place, brandishing her own guitar. She can see me from my table, but does not warmly acknowledge. This is expected; she's waiting for someone else. I call out to her, telling her that I know why she's here... that I'm here for the same reason... that we have a mutual friend, who has left her guitar with me... well, sort of... and might be in trouble. D is listening with uncharacteristic interest as I relate the events of the

morning. After hearing me out, and a quick unanswered call to Chantelle's apartment, we both decide not to do anything just yet. We decide to wait a little while longer... After an awkward amount of silence, D speaks. "Who knows?", she says, "Perhaps she'll show up here. We were supposed to meet for lunch, with me giving her a few pointers about playing the room and how things happen around here and getting booked in the Village and what not. She wouldn't miss that. She'd call if things changed", says D, after ordering a coffee and stirring an endless amount of cream into it. "I'm sure she's alright, though it all sounds so... strange", she says. I order a coffee as well, and we both make an awkward attempt at small talk as the minutes continue to pass, without any sign of Chantelle. After another equally long while, D and I are resolved to call around... call up a few relatives or other friends she and the Lady have... not the police just yet... perhaps she's just made an unexpected stop. We're both trying not to get nervous about the whole affair. D gets up from the table and leaves me with the task of watching both guitars. The red Martin, with its ruby like glow, is still on my mind. I attempt to take my mind off of the situation that doesn't seem so simple anymore. I slip it into my hands once more and, for no real reason, a song about a highwayman comes to mind. I get through most of it, the Martin seemingly happy to be under my fingertips. Over the sound system, comes the familiar sound of a Motown song. I quickly find the chords to a song I've known since childhood, playing it on the red Martin, familiar lines coming almost as effortlessly as breathing: "I wish it would rain / How I wish it would rain...."



It is only then that it begins to dawn on me. I suddenly hear the whoosh of something, something (or someone) running past the place outside. A sound like the sound of the boot heels I've just heard. When I look up, I could swear a jackbooted officer is running along. But in the East Village, that means nothing. I think nothing of it, concentrating on the classic hit, until I'm gripped, midriff by something at once entirely familiar and surprisingly new:

The sound of an impending downpour.

"I can't seem to reach anyone who knows what's happened, Penner" D begins upon returning, "I just... what's happened to you?" she asks, seeing the bewilderment in my face.

Chantelle's sudden disappearance after playing on the Martin and singing about a solid gone woman. The dog that appeared after singing on the instrument about walking dogs. And now the rain. And God knew whatever else had been unleashed. I now think I understand Chantelle's statement to me.

"What's happened to you?", Lady D repeats.

Lord God. I've been playing with reality.

DAVID DRAGOV

The King is dead. Long live the King. Each season, some one new takes over for the former reigning royalty in the AntiFlk world. This season, it was Canada's own David Dragov. Now, of course, he's the Fort's own. Mike Rechner spoke to him in the midst of his reign.

Where are you from?

I was born in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

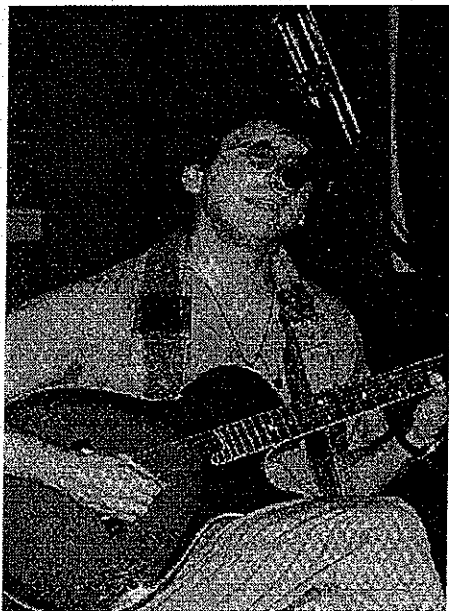
What was the music scene there like?

I played in a number of bands in the mid to late eighties and toured extensively throughout Canada. It was cool. We did a lot of 1970's acid rock music while other bands at that time were shaking their asses playing Cinderella, Motley Crue, Ratt, etc.

How do you like the Antifolk?

I think the Fort is a great place because all of the acts are real. What I mean is, there is so much diversity here, yet every act means what they say and write. No one is faking it - and that's a good thing for me. Furthermore, Lach makes me feel extremely comfortable. For example, as you know, I'm quite new to the scene and have had some problems with stage fright, and Lach, sensing this, spoke to me personally and gave me some tips.

What brought you to the Fort?



I heard about the open mic scene and played numerous open mics, however, the Fort was one of the few places that didn't laugh at me or jeer me.

How do you feel about being the King of the Antifolk?

I never suspected a thing. I consider it an honour.

How does it feel to

be a part of the Staten Island Mod Squad?

The humans are a great band. They are masters of melody and great, kind, warm friends. The first night I decided to go to the Fort, I was on the express bus from Staten Island, and I noticed Dave and Dan Schurtman on the bus, and for some strange reason, I sensed that they would be at the Fort. When I met them there, I told them what part of Staten Island I was from and

Dave said, "We're neighbours!" and then, he asked me to sit down with them at his table, and the rest is history.



Explain your influences.

I love all forms of music and hate when music is labeled. Music is a drug to me and music is my best friend. I enjoy listening to and composing in all forms of music. Before I started playing out in New York City, I was in the classical music world and had many of my "serious" classical pieces performed by various chamber groups and orchestras. I soon became deterred by all of the bullshit inside the snobbish, esoteric world of modern classical music (an oxymoron, by the way) and realize that Schoenberg, Debussy, Beethoven, and Mozart are indeed rolling over in their graves.

How do you feel about the method in which you present your material, the use of a DAT machine as a back-up band.

I think nothing beats using real musicians. However as you know most of my material bears complex textures and in order to reproduce them in a live situation I would require a very large band.

Wishes fulfilled. An Interview with
Brenda Kahn
 Jonathan Berger

What is Brenda Kahn up to?

Shanachie earlier this year released its first original album from one of the first ladies of AntiFolk, called Outside the Beauty Salon. It's very different from anything she's released before. It's loud, it's eerie, it's creepy, and it's harsh.

"I'm pretty much in love with it. In some ways it's the best, but I'm a really bad judge of my own music."

But that's old news.



OTBS is not her first album with Shanachie. The label released her lost album, Destination Anywhere, a title so powerful that none other than a fellow New Jerseyite, the great Jon Bon Jovi, lifted it just hours ago, for his own new release (Kahn only wrote her song "Destination Anywhere" after the CD was

made). That album had earlier been pre-empted by the breakdown of Sony offshoot record label Chaos.

"I used to hate them, but now I have a lot of other stuff to do. Also, a lot of people heard my music because of Sony, so even though they very ungraciously released my third record, some very good things came out of my deal with them. It seems like a long time ago now."

But that's older news.

Chaos had released Brenda Kahn's 1992 masterstroke, Epiphany in Brooklyn, back when she was THE AntiFolk flavor of the month. Acoustic instruments, poppy songs, quirky arrangements, all made an incredible album that, thanks to the PR machine of the huge conglomerate, introduced many first to Brenda Kahn, then to AntiFolk music in general.

But that's ancient history.

Brenda Kahn's been in and out of the scene since as early as 1985, when she was going to NYU. Her song, "And I Talk" was included on the first AntiFolk compilation, ForTunes 13, produced by Roger Manning. She was one of the original shining lights that brought recognition, press, and record deals to the AntiFolk corner of the East Village.

But that's canon.

So what is Brenda Kahn up to now?

"I'm involved in lots of projects, writing a lot, working in the garden, on the website, and lots of email contacts."

She's developed a new band, a three

piece, with Ernie Adzentovich on the upright bass and Vin Scaella on drums & percussion. They played out regularly on Sundays at Arlene Grocery in September. The band played material from all periods of her recording history, except the very beginning.

While the sound of an acoustic standup bass and a small kit are very conducive for the songs on Epiphany, there will be no material showcased from her first album, Goldfish Don't Talk Back. "In some ways, I love that album best. Maybe because it

was my first record and seemed so magical at the time." Still, it's rare for her to play from that period of her career.

Her writing has clearly developed over the years. The 30-year-old Kahn has matured, but also

reverted. Her newest songs seem like the material on Epiphany, an album almost five years old. She's somewhat reticent on the subject. "Do they? Uh, yes people have said that."

And what else is Ms. Brenda Kahn up to?

"Well, I just got married," she understates. After living together for several years, Kahn finally married her non-musician beau in August. She thinks the impact of the relationship has affected her music. "I've been in a relationship with somebody for a couple years now, and my songs are reflecting that too, that other reality of being involved with someone for a while instead of a weekend." She laughs, "You have to dig a little deeper."

Of course, Kahn's has always been somewhat deeper than most. She's an observer of small details that create memorable images. While the latest album, already a year old yields lines like, "She's a lonesome matador... she wore red, she wore every word

he said," there were always such wry commentary. Epiphany in Brooklyn's "In Indiana" begins, "There's a tragic Miss with a pout and a beer desperately trying to make sex look sincere."

Still, the instrumentation of her latest band project offers greater opportunity to hear the lyrics, the voice, the whole song. It's also stable enough to allow for recording, which the group plans to do early next

Lotta stuff going on for Brenda Kahn.



Epiphany in Brooklyn

the following schedule

The Sidewalk Cafe (94 Avenue.A) is proud to present... Free shows beginning at 8 p.m. unless otherwise noted... For updates please call the club at 212-473-7373... Happy Holidays... Including Kwannakuhmass.

Mon.Dec.8- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.
Tues.Dec.9- 7:30- Kimberly Werst, 8-Dave Hall, 8:30- You, 9-Wendy Chamlin, 9:30 Shamsi, 10-Howard Fireheart, 10:30-Amy Fix.

Wed.Dec.10-7:30-Rachel Spark, 8-Gregg Swann, 8:30-Terry MacCarthy, 9-The Bicycles, 10-Rick Shapiro.

Thurs.Dec.11- 8-Tom Nishioka, 8:30- Darryl Purpose, 9-Jocelyn Ryder, 10- Trina Hamlin, 11-Amy Fairchild, 12- Arnie Lawrence Round Midnight with The Texas Wildcats.

Fri.Dec.12- 8-Raving Noah, 9-Big Happy Crowd, 10-Steve De La Steve and Goatpants, 11- Porkchop.

Sat.Dec.13- 7:30- Rythms of Aqua, 9-David Clement and the Orgy of Self- promotion, 10- Tom Clark, 11-Joe Bendik and The Heathens.

Sun.Dec.14- 5-7 p.m.- Joshua Art Opening , 6 p.m.- Rachel Sage, 7 - Dean Kostlich, 8:30- The Amazing Headless Boy, 9- Mammals of Zod,9:30- Al Lee Wyer, 10-Adam Brodsky.

Mon.Dec.15- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.

Tues.Dec.16-7:30- p.m.- Huw Gower (of The Records), 8:30- Lorie Jo Manley, 9- The Engine Brothers, 9:30-The Goofballs, 10-Debbie Dean.

Wed.Dec.17-7:30-Liz Brody, 8-Chris Dillon, 8:30-Scarecrow Collection, 9:30-Curtis Eller, 10-Rick Shapiro.

Thurs.Dec.18- 7:30-Mulldoon, 8-Springwell, 9-Mia Johnson, 9:30- Eamon O'Tauma, 11-Zane Campbell and the Dry Drunks.

Fri.Dec.19- PopStock! : 8- Bubble, 9-The Rooks, 10-Agnelli&Rave , 11-Oral Groove, 12- Bionic Finger.

Sat.Dec.20- 8-Keba Bobo Cissoko & Tamalalou, 9-The Humans, 10- Blues To Venus, 11-Shinola, 12- Bill Popp and The Tapes.

Sun.Dec.21- 7:30- My Dog, 8:30- Rob Ryan, 9-The Reachers, 9:30- Mike Younger, 10-Cynthia Savage, 10:30-Olivia Cornell.

Mon.Dec.22- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.

Tues.Dec.23- Piano Night- 7:30-Josh Dodes, 8:30-Jennifer Halpern, 9-Peter Dizozza, 9:30-Andrew McCann, 10-Steve Mosto, 11-Beau Mansfield.

Fri.Dec.26- 9-Sinde Kise, 10 -The Meanwhiles.

Sat.27- *Kwannakuhmass Celebration*: . 8-Jarrold Gorbelt, 9-David Dragov, 10-Kaz, 11-Deni Bonet, 12-The Lava Daredevils.

The Fast Folk Cafe

41 N. Moore Street
(212) 274-1636

stevennn@delphi.com
www.fastfolk.org

Open mike on Mondays and Tuesdays. Signup at 6. Music begins at 6:30.
Show at 7:30pm for \$10 contribution.

December 11, Thu: Peter Calo, Mike Harvey and Louren Kinhan

December 12, Fri: Out To Lunch and Silk City

December 13, Sat: Dave Van Ronk [\$15]

December 17, Wed: Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music Open Mike [\$5]

December 19, Fri: Duck Baker and Woody Mann [\$15]

December 20, Sat: Diane Ponzio

January 11, Sun: Jewels of the Diaspora: A Celebration Of African-American & Jewish Song (APAP Showcase): Laura Wetzler, Janiece Thompson and Rande Harris

January 18, Sun: The Freedom Concert People's Music Network Benefit [\$15]

January 21, Wed: Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music Open Mike [\$5]

January 24, Sat: Paul Geremia

Kwannakuhmass Celebration: Our third annual party where we combine Kwanzaa, Channukah and Christmas into one big bash. In the dessert of America a promised land was born, Las Vegas. There the rat pack taught us the true values of tolerance and martinis. If you've been cool all year then the happy Main Kwannikin, Sammy Davis Jr. (who embodies all three faiths) will visit you. If you've been bad then a drunk and bitter Dean Martin will show up at your door.