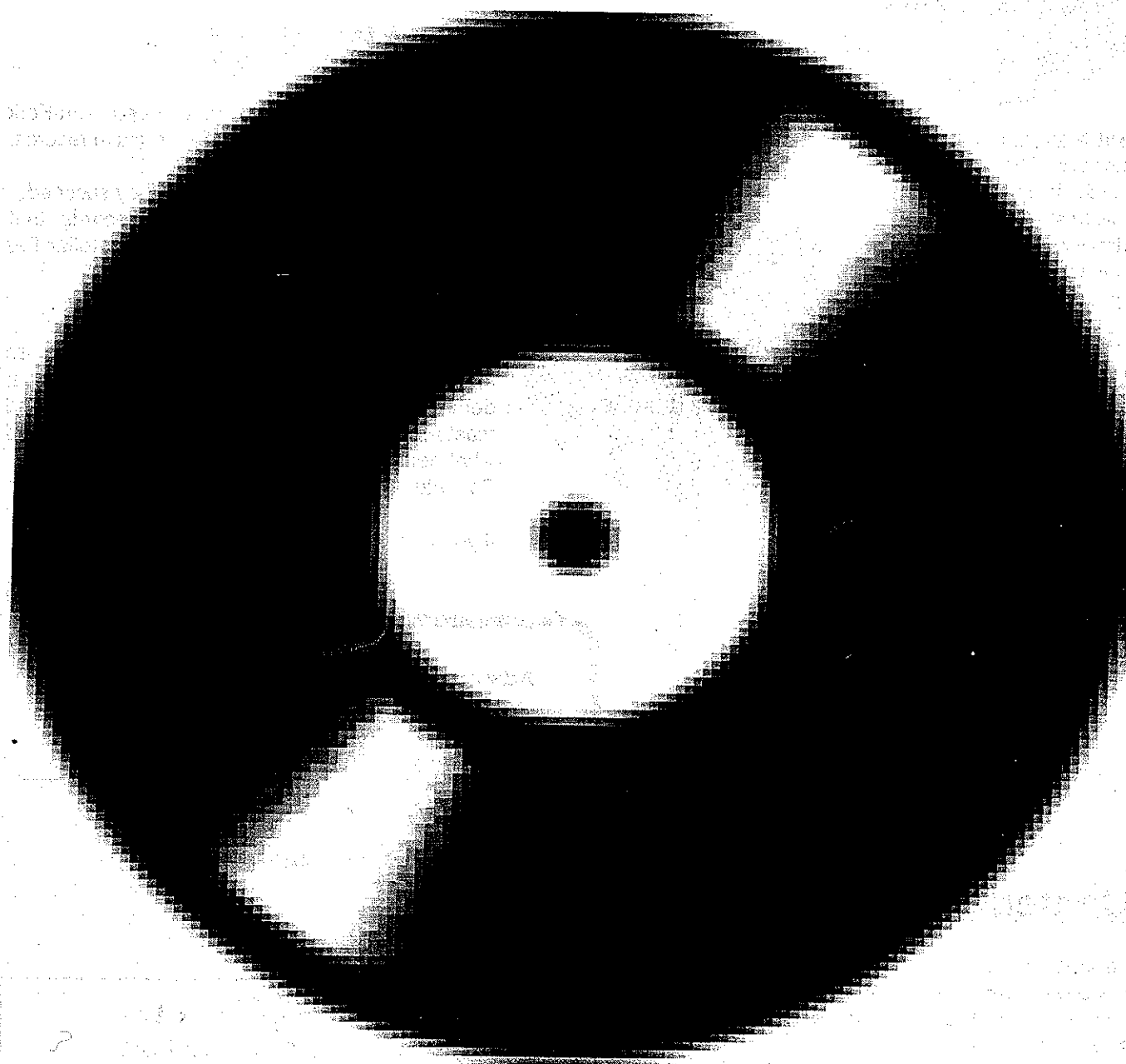


# ANTIMATTERS



January,  
1998

Makin' Records!

# AntiMatters

150 West 95th Street  
Apartment 9d  
New York, NY 10025

AntiMatters is entering a new year. That new year is 1998. It is one of my sincerest hopes that you already knew that, and didn't need to be informed by me.

Jonathan Berger

Contact AntiMatters  
24-7 At:

AntiMatters@mailexcite.com

JBerger@bnkst.edu

## Contributors

Joe BENDIK  
Jonathan Berger  
Stephanie Biederman  
Peter Dizozza  
Pat Harper  
Anne Husick

LEZLEE  
Professor G Lesse II  
Geoff Notkin  
Gustav Plympton  
Arnie Rogers  
Jonathan Segol

## Keeper of Records

Jonathan Berger

## Associate Keeper

Gustav Plympton

For as long as there have been AntiFolk musicians, they have been trying to make records. Sometimes, they succeed. Sometimes, they think they think they succeed. Sometimes, they make life-altering records, that impress some even more than pretty stellar live performances. Sometimes, it's just the opposite.

For a modern-day musician, recording is an integral part of producing their art. Whether a demo made with your boombox or 64-tracked masterpiece, filled with samples and orchestra and what-not and wherefore, recording's there. So, naturally, AntiMatters has to cover it.

If you don't like it, talk to the management.

Gustav Plympton

## **Advertising Rates**

0.25 page	6 Clams
0.50 page	11 Clams
1.00 page	21 Clams

## Contents

Report from the Fort - from the greatest minds of the 20th Century

A Lo-Fi Manifesto by Jonathan Segol

The Big Room Sound by Geoff Notkin

Record Reviews

Doing That Recording Thing by Joe Bendik

What Not To Do in Making a CD by Scott Fralick

Notes from the Recording Studio by LEZLEE

In Studio with Dan Emery (and S Biederman)

Recording with Mike Rechner by Anne Husick

Tales from the Trenches - Breaking Records

Musical Scheduling

## **Subscription Information (Special 1998 Rates)**

6 Months of AntiMatters  
12 measly dollars!  
Easily the best deal of the year!

AntiMatters - Submit. You know we want you to.

12/9/97 - Dave Hall took the stage alone, which already separated him from his album. Playing the Man, starts off a multiculti world beat and a chorus of Dave Halls singing in unison, "Do you remember, back in high school."

I just figured when he was going to open up his eight o'clock set, the clones would be waiting in the wings.

But no. Alone under the lights, he began. The song, "Do You Remember?" was his opener, but it sounded, with just him and his guitar, more naturally percussive than the studio version.

Dave Hall played only a few songs from his full length Giuseppe Joe release, just as well. It's not a great album, overproduced by someone who had no shortage of ideas, and, seemingly, no censor to keep things sounding good. Too often on the record, extraneous "Oohs" are added, or counter pointing vocals, which probably sounded great when the eight-track was big, but just sound dopey now. Still, there was something cool about the album, something that made me want to see him, so maybe it's too bad he cover more of it's songs.

No, it was a good thing, because it was a good set. He sounded so powerful on the floor, so prototypically solo and rocking. The songs, unadorned, sounded good, and unpretentious. Dave Hall's a good performer, and a good writer; his show proved that amply. And he's a lousy producer; his album proved that.

Right before the encore, some strange woman stood up in front of Hall and told him that his voice wasn't mixed high enough. She had a conversation with him and the sound engineer while I sat there, amazed.

"If you heard the album," she told the MC, "You'd know how sweet his voice is."

I tried not to snort. (Arnie Rogers)

12/12/97 - Zane Campbell brought in a small but appreciative crowd to Acme Underground, right off of Lafayette. Finally, he's playing a place that fits his sound.

The dank dark murky surroundings, the ominously placed bar, and, of course, a big old space around which the sound could stretch... It was a good match.

Unfortunately, there were technical problems throughout the night, and instead of rolling with it, Zane complained. Zane Campbell, despite being perhaps one of the one best singer-songwriters the world has ever seen, constantly sabotages his own shows by telling the audience how awful he is and how much better it would be if they were all somewhere else.

"They'll never book us again here," Zane told his fellow Dry Drunks, and us, during one of the string-changing sessions.

They probably would, which would be great, seeing as how, once the band got around to actually playing the music, it was incredible. Just incredible. (Stephanie Biederman)

12/16/97 - "Dina (bass and backing vocals) said that we should appear to be possessed," Casey Scott said, after her band's show at the Luna Lounge. Well, mission accomplished.

Featuring mostly new material but including some spoken word from Creep City ("From many many years ago," she said, before doing "Watch" from memory), the 1-hour set from her three piece sounded as good as usual, but stronger.

"I felt really comfortable," Scott said, "I didn't have to worry about the band, or my playing, or anything."

This left her the opportunity, evidently, to be overcome by the music: eyes closed, body barely contained by her skin, Casey Scott attacked the microphone as a proxy for the audience. The venom, the force of her songs is made increasingly obvious by the performance, if not by the actual lyrics, still somewhat lost amid sound and mixing problems.

Casey Scott can leave you speechless. Good thing she doesn't have that effect on herself. (Stephanie Biederman)

12/19/97 - Agnelli & Rave put on an especially fine show, with fellow Canadian (well, fellow to Dave Rave. Lauren Agnelli might actually be a NYC native) Jack Pedler playing a simple kit with the group, giving the group a jolt they haven't had at the Sidewalk since Billy Ficca used to sit in with them. Some people just sound better with back-up players. This point was made especially clear when lead guitarist for the Rooks and the Gripweeds Kristin Pinell joined the duo-turned-threesome for a couple of songs. The band sound of Agnelli & Rave is one that bears repeating. (Professor G Lesse II)

12/22/97 - The AntiHoot was my birthday. Peter Dizozza told me to stay around, and he played a song about my birthday. It was great. I got to dance around like a birthday fool. I also got presents. It doesn't suck to get old. Yach! Oh! Someone became King of AntiFolk, and there was an assassination. I think. (Jonathan Berger)

1/3/98 - LEG Slurp is one man with his own invented instrument, which seems to manipulate an infinite number of tape loops and backing tracks to do his bidding. Sounding at times like Prince, at times like George Clinton, at times like Philip Glass, always looking like a fucking hippie (except when he put on that damned horse head -- no, even then), sometimes joined on stage by some backing vocalists and/or dancers, LEG Slurp incapacitated the ubercrowd at the Sidewalk Cafe. His encore, less dance-oriented than much of his un-namable material, included a new outfit of soft flashing lights.

Das Phrogge followed up for a smaller crowd with its own vibrant energy. Led by regular antifolker Chris Dillon, the band whipped through a blustery set of Dillon's originals, adding a dynamic vitality to his music that's rarely attained solo.

Joe Bendik ended the evening with a semi-solo set. Backed by his brother John on drums and a DAT recording of rhythm, Bendik put together violent and mighty show. Like always, Bendik punched through his set, rushing one song after another. Unlike with his band, the Heathens, he didn't overwhelm with volume, so much as with noise. His guitar, the sole lead instrument, didn't change speed so often as when Bendik is totally solo, and wasn't hidden, as when he's totally banded. And, Bendik got to present material that fans have only been able to experience at the AntiHoot. His band, great as they are, have a certain set of songs, and a certain number they can learn in addition. With a bare-bones two-man set-up like Medic Alert, he can play out a much wider range of songs. It kicked ass. (Gustav Plympton)

# REPORT FROM THE FORT

# A Lo-Fi Manifesto

Jonathan Segol

What is Lo-Fi? When I first heard it, it was a minifad and a reviewer's shorthand for anything recorded on less than 64-track. It was a matter of perspective. Pavement was plenty Lo-Fi if you've been listening to the new REM. I'd always thought I was Lo-Fi, before the word even existed, until I listened to this one recording.

Scratchy, muffled, horn solos that I'd have to hear again. The recording quality was as poor as anything I'd done. Stray noises everywhere, but the horn rose over the noises, and brought my Dolby-diseased ears back to health. That was Coleman Hawkins. The musicians were virtuosos, yes, but the recording is where everyone starts: a crowd and a rolling tape.

Lo-Fi is the cheap and easy. Not all musics have it as an option (My Bloody Valentine needs production). For many of us, though, it's not an option; it's a necessity. Instead of saving up a nice production budget, you may be better off learning to do it on the cheap. How cheap is cheap?

Some people ask me why I don't have an album. Others say I do. Some people can't listen to it without wincing. Others listen to it over and over until the third group of people want to slug them. My label? TDK. My producer? Hi-speed dubbing. My art-designer? Xerox (Don't tell the Board of Ed). Sometimes (by accident), it's gotten played on the radio.

Stanley Jordan didn't have to be a flash in the pan. I saw him just when he was flashing, when I was just learning to bang the strings, when people listened to his albums and said, "Oooh." Now, years later, I see a CD cover with Stanley Jordan sporting a nice haircut and

shiny jacket. The well-mixed album is filled with snappy drums and cheesy keyboards; an evenly mixed ensemble with every ounce of genius entirely drowned from it. It's so degrading, I don't want to talk about it any more.

At the other end of the spectrum is K.L. I haven't seen him at the Fort for a while. In fact, I don't usually see him in venues that employ standardized forms (like a three verse song, 12-bar blues, etc.). I met him at ABC No Rio, plunking his kalimba (thumb chimes) and reciting poems about mailing a duck, or stalking a fig bar. He is perhaps the most generous person with his recordings. Whatever he's just recorded, he'll pass to anyone interested. Some of K.L.'s recordings are just him plunking and reciting into the mike. Others have trippy guitar and violin. On many recordings I wasn't sure how it was recorded until I heard K.L. quietly tell everyone to stop.

John Marshall, poet, artist, and crazyman, says that our society suffers from a concentration of fame. As a result, a tree needs a press kit and professional graphics to fall in the woods. So even though the technology exists for the 4-track liberation, we still must deal with the art of politic presentation. One of my favorite acts in town let me sing on their album a year ago, and I'm still waiting for it's release date. Why? Is it the artwork, another mixing? Are they waiting for the packaging?

Musicians, singers, antifolkies, rise up. Take to the parks, the rooftops, the basements. Bring your boxes. Overthrow the digital surround-sound hegemony! You have nothing to lose but 95% of your mixing time!

# the boys room sound

by geoffrey notkin



On a quiet Saturday morning in 1979, I got a phone call from Martin Brett, someone I hardly knew. He was an excellent bassplayer, and is now with Voice of the Beehive. Martin called to tell me he'd lost his drummer and that his band—The Marines, a well-established South London group—needed a replacement. My own band, Phazers on Stun, had just broken up; the timing was perfect.

It was an unusual audition: I had my own rehearsal studio, so they came to see me. I watched them walk up, Martin in his green jumpsuit, and Binney in his blue one, towing an old Fender Twin behind them. I knew I wanted to be part of this band before they even got to the top of the driveway.

*Started an acquaintanceship, but now we're just friends  
Soon had a relationship, oh, we became loose ends  
We didn't have that kind of grip  
We were inclined to let our fortunes slip*

From "Acquaintanceship," © Pet Morden/The Marines

**W**e made an odd-looking convoy. I took the heavy gear in my taxi—a real London cab, one of those big black FX4 diesels that weigh in at three quarters of a ton. Martin and Binney led the way in their little white Renault. When our manager arrived, it was in a battered Triumph sports car. And when the P.A. came everybody stopped to look.

They drove an old moving truck—the guys from Slug Sound who trucked our P.A. and did our live sound—one of those enormous trucks left over from the 1950s, the sort that could shift the entire contents of a large Victorian mansion in one trip. It was so tall that it looked like a mistake, like no sane vehicle designer could have envisioned a usable vehicle of those proportions. I was always afraid the truck might fall over if they parked it on uneven ground or left it out in the wind. It had an extra part up on top of the cab, like an overgrown Winnebago, and sometimes we'd hide Binney's Fender Twin up there just because it seemed so funny to have a guitar amp over the driver's head. Since The Marines sometimes played at fairly respectable places—and small places, too—like jazz clubs or girls' colleges in Southern England, this big moving truck didn't fit in well with its surroundings. More than once, when we were loading or unloading, some nosy neighbor would come over and ask us who was moving in. But the weirdness of the truck itself was nothing compared to the men who came with it. They could have been barbarians marching south from the kingdom of the Picts, the kind of wild-eyed mountain men that were supposed to have stormed Hadrian's Wall and sacked Rome—all elbow-length flapping hair and burly builds. No doubt the result of years spent carrying those big speaker cabinets.

They were older than us, and if you asked me how it was that they came to be working for us, I really couldn't tell you. We—The Marines that is—liked to think that we were pretty tough, you know, the way punk bands do (especially when the band members are in the 18 to 21 age range). But the Slug Sound guys were the real thing. We would play anywhere, in any terrifying South London club, even down at the sea front in Brighton on a Saturday night. And we weren't frightened of anything because there were always these Titans with us. They'd roll up in the truck, hand carry their massive cabinets into the club, set everything up, and do a sound check in about seventeen minutes. They they'd plop down on barstools like a pair of armored toads, and pour pints of ale down their gullets until it was time to pack up.

It was absurd, really, the kind of equipment we used. From the size of the speaker cabs, you'd think we were a major heavy metal band on an international tour. But the Slug Sound guys liked

us, and they liked doing sound for us. They only had the one big rig, and they'd rather hire it out to us dirt cheap than leave it sitting in their basement. Plus they'd do lights and sound. And later on, they even bought special boom stands so they could mic the odd congas and percussion items that I collected. They used to tease me about my drum kit of course—my beautiful hand made Beverly drum set, all wood shells and chrome fittings—moaning about how they could never “make that thing sound good,” and when was I going to get a “real drum kit.” Tama was their idea of a real drum kit, and so there was a small hiccup in the flow of geniality, but it was only a small one. We were the perfect team really. The three band mates; and Nigel, our good-natured, honest, and hard-working manager (yes, there really was one); Pet, our demented aging hippie lyricist; and the two heavyweights who were Slug Sound.

And so when Slug Sound mutated into Chromium Records it was inevitable that we would record there.

I was only nineteen, but I'd worked in recording studios before. They'd been small affairs: 4-track and 8-track set-ups run by local soundmen and engineers. The Chromium Records venture was a whole new experience.

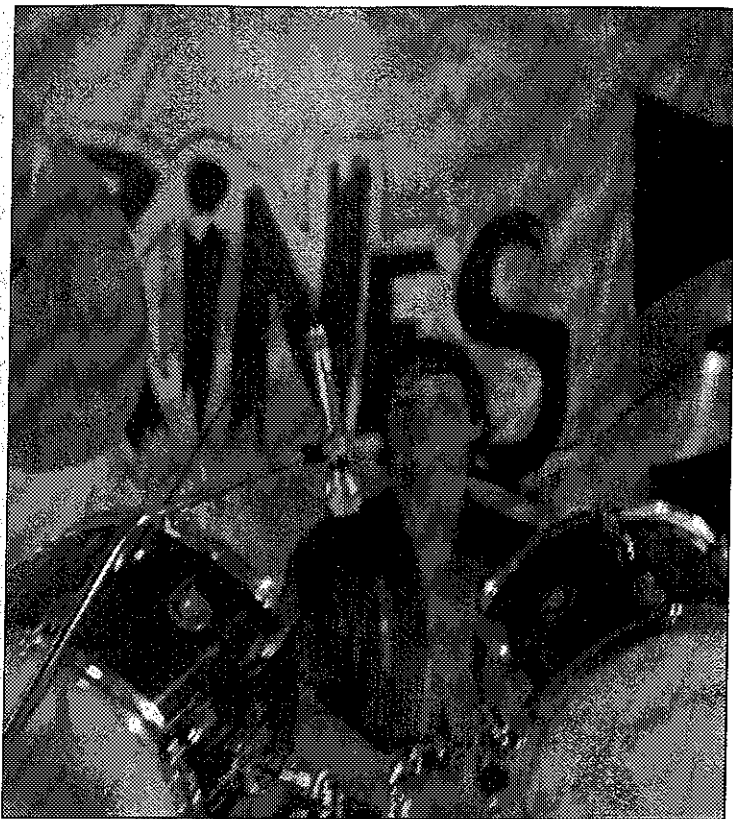
Chromium was only an 8-track studio then, on a quiet road in a quiet town a little south west of London. But the Police had just made their first album in an 8-track studio somewhere south east of London, and they were a three piece too, so things were already looking good.

We drove our misfit convoy along narrow country roads, nearly empty on a damp Saturday morning, and arrived, eventually, in front of a bleak and rundown house. It felt sad and abandoned: the old facing stones had settled a bit and looked crooked. They'd been whitewashed in a sloppy sort of way, so that some of the paint had splashed onto the tired black beams that made up the top level. The moving truck sat a few yards down the road, like a big old sullen horse.

We had to go around back, tramp over dewey grass, and carry our assorted gear down a rickety staircase to the basement. We had trouble with the bass cabinet and my floor tom, because the passageway was so tiny, but we eventually forced everything down the creaking wooden stairs into the underground studio—a labyrinth of dark interconnected rooms, isolation booths and storage areas. Most of the Slug Sound P.A. was down there too, and the solid black cabinets made for an interesting kind of children's playground furniture.

A drummer friend of mine had reluctantly agreed to lend me his rack of seven Rototoms for the Chromium Records sessions. The smallest was about the size of a saucer, and the largest as big as the head of my floor tom. I loved the Rototoms' crisp sound, but I'd never used one before. I drove all the way up to St. John's Wood to borrow those things, and once I'd set them up in the studio, I had twelve drums for the engineers to complain about instead of the usual five. Of course, the hi-tech Rototoms didn't really complement the sound of my classic Beverly shells, so a lot of time was spent fussing with the mics and stands. “Just forget about the Rototoms,” everyone kept saying, but I wasn't about to abandon them after my long trip to North London.

After that, we made rapid progress. We were well-rehearsed, and figured we could lay down four songs over the weekend but, as often happens when sessions run smoothly, we became overly ambitious and laid down seven.



*On stage with The Marines at The Star in Croydon, Summer 1980*

That was Saturday. Saturday night we went back to Binney's mom's house and listened to the roughs on her Bang and Olufsen stereo, which could make almost anything sound good. Martin and Binney even agreed that the Rototoms sounded fine. Sunday we went back to record the vocals and the guitar leads. There wasn't much left for me to do except try to figure out how to make the seven Rototoms fit back in the trap case.

When I was good Martin and Binney would let me do some backing vocals, but they didn't think I'd been very good, because of the Rototom argument, so I had to sit in the corner and make wisecracks. I once read, either in *New Musical Express* or *Sounds*, that when The Stranglers were in the studio Jet Black, their drummer, always stayed for the mixing and overdubs even if it meant falling asleep in the control room (he was older though—at least *forty years old*, it was rumored. I couldn't imagine someone that old being in a rock band. I've re-evaluated my opinion on that subject during the intervening years). If Black could hold out through all those mixing sessions, then I could too. Plus, there was no telling what awful ideas Martin and Binney might come up with if I left them unsupervised in the control room.

Things went very well until Pet arrived. Things still *seemed* to be going well after he arrived, but that was an illusion.

It's hard to describe, now, what Pet was to The Marines. He was much older than us—in his early forties I suppose. An aging hippie with ragged tar-black hair and a long pale face, he lived in a musty two room flat in the suburbs of London, wrote the bulk of our lyrics, helped move gear, went to the pub with us, and came to all our rehearsals and shows. He was already a permanent fixture when I joined the band. I'm not sure if he had any friends other than us, and I never saw him with a girlfriend. He lived in a kind of dark damp poverty; his flat, always cold, but



well-stocked with gold cans of Carlsberg Special Brew (one of the strongest beers available, it had a sharp, nutty taste and became the official drink of The Marines), was our second home. We were welcome there at all hours and usually returned to his place to unwind after gigs. Many a Marines song was brought into the world in front of his black and white TV, with a candle crackling on top of the wobbly coffee table, the air blue and hazy with smoke and incense.

Pet didn't play an instrument but he was, I suppose, the fourth member of The Marines, and certainly the only person allowed to visit us in the studio. He arrived that Sunday, as usual, with a grey rucksack on his shoulder, and wearing a shabby 1972-style suede coat. Shambling down the stairs he bent his tall body nearly double to avoid the beams that crisscrossed the ceiling. Pet wasn't one of those people who went around smiling and saying hello and shaking hands. He'd float in, perhaps give a nod to Martin, then find a comfortable seat in the shadows and pull out a pack of Drum and some rolling papers from his rucksack.

Shortly after Pet's arrival, we completed the last of the overdubs and started on the mix. Laying down seven songs in less than a weekend generates quite a feeling of triumph and confidence. *We must be really something if we can get this much work*

*done in such a short time.* And by then it does appear that most of the work is done. After all, mixing is just the process of making the good stuff you already have sound even better, isn't it? We thought so. And so when Pet asked if anyone wanted to smoke some hash we thought it a fine suggestion. So did the Slug Sound guys.

Pet rolled joints the European way: three papers filled with crumbled hash and tobacco, with a rolled cardboard filter at the end. They're called *spliffs* here, but that's incorrect. Some people just call them "English joints." The point is, these English joints have a pleasant rich flavor, and the burning tobacco camouflages both the smell and the taste of the hash, so you never really know how much you're smoking. It's a bit like drinking those Long Island Ice Teas—they taste so sweet and innocent you have no idea how much alcohol is being dumped into your system. So we continued mixing, full of enthusiasm and delight, and Pet passed around a particularly rich-smelling joint. In that cozy little control room far under the damp streets of some Surrey town, I sat on a bar stool next to the outboard rack, watching the limiters and compressors flash, and making the occasional suggestion. We got the drum sounds, then the bass. Then we put a little slap on Binney's jazzy guitar, and everything began to sound really good. Pet rolled another joint. The Slug Sound guys were sitting up in their chairs, not slouching like they did when they mixed our live sound. They kept looking at each other, furtively, with raised eyebrows as if to say, *These tracks are fantastic!*

We started having brilliant ideas: *How about more reverb on the end of "If You See Kay"? No more than that... a real lot; We need a deep full sound on Geoff's drums, like they're in a cave, put the big room sound on them at the beginning of "She's So Real," actually, put the big room sound on all of Geoff's drums for the whole tape; Put a heavy echo on those backing vocals; Keep that false start there and splice it on to the next song; That last "Ow" in "Office Secretary," right... can we put a tape loop on it so it goes "Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!"?*

And so on.

Well, we just knew that we were making not only the greatest tape of our careers, but one of the greatest tapes ever made by anyone. It was extraordinary. My only fear now was that some-

thing would go wrong; somehow the whole recording would get wiped by accident, or the studio would burn down after we left.

Pet passed around another English joint.

We laughed and mixed and had inspired ideas and worked all night, dazzled both by our brilliance as musicians, and the exquisite production skills of the Slug Sound guys. As we left for Binney's mom's house I got a little paranoid, and said to the engineers, "Now you're going to put the reels in a safe place, aren't you? We don't want anything to hap-

pen to the tape. Don't leave it near the speakers." They assured me they everything would be safe. "We live upstairs," they said. "Nothing's going to happen to the tape."

We made a cassette copy, and when we got back to Binney's mom's house, in the middle of the night, we turned off the lights, and put the dub onto her Bang and Olufsen. It was a big house, almost in the countryside, and very fancy, so we turned the stereo up extra loud, precisely because it seemed that we shouldn't.

Somehow we'd managed to capture the mad energy of our live shows, and the ghostly sound of dreaming, sleeping London streets. That sound, that new sound that everyone was looking for... a sound that would take punk up to the next level. Well, we had found it... *invented* it even! We three guys in air force jumpsuits, in an unknown little studio in some rainy English suburb, were making music history. And it wasn't just one of those fleeting unrepeatable moments that happens once in a while on stage. No, this was the real thing, and it was all on tape.

I slept on the floor that night, and so did Martin. As usual, Binney's mom was away in Majorca or Sardinia or someplace like that. She was married to a rich guy who wasn't Binney's dad, and Binney never talked about it. The one time I met Mrs. Binney and I said, "Oh hello Mrs. Binney it's very nice to finally meet you," she delivered the meanest, coldest look imaginable (unfortunately, only I saw it, so when I told everyone about it later, they said I was just making it up because I was paranoid and also the youngest one in the band).



(l-r) Martin, Binney, and Geoff after a show at Chatham Town Hall, in 1980. This was around the time of the Chromium Records session

"Her name's *Armstrong!*" Binney told me later, in an exasperated manner, as if I was expected to know automatically that she wasn't married to his dad without anyone mentioning it to me.

Binney woke us the next afternoon. I discovered that I was crammed inside a sweaty sleeping bag on a strange floor, with my clothes still on. I also discovered that a large and rusty metal object—possibly an iron or even a blacksmith's anvil—had somehow been inserted into my head while I was sleeping. I could barely move the terrible weight of it, and when I did, the pain was too much, so I lay perfectly still, trying not to look at anything that might give me a clue about where I was. In the distance, an annoying sound kept repeating itself. It might have been someone trying to start an outboard motor

or, since we were about fifty miles from the coast, more likely a lawnmower. The noise kept on and on. I grumpily concluded that I wouldn't be getting any more sleep until I found out what was causing this sound, and told it to stop. Without disturbing the anvil, I managed to move my eyes slightly to the right. Binney came slowly into focus. He was leaning against the living room door jamb, looking like one of those WWII newsreel refugee peasants dressed in rags, trying to get out of the Caucasus before the Nazi tanks roll in; although he had a cream-colored phone cord tangled around his waist, and I so I lay there for a while wondering if the refugees really would have been worried about saving their phones from the Nazis, or if they would have just made a run for it. After a good deal of careful thought I agreed with myself that they wouldn't have had any phones in the first place. But that barking noise continued to assault me, and that refugee was still standing there with the phone.

Suddenly I understood where the outboard motor noise was coming from. It was Binney. "Wake up you bastards!" he kept shouting. "Wake up! It's 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Come on you lazy sods. There's a phone call."

Even though he looked quite bad, Martin seemed to be in slightly better condition than me. He croaked, and a sound a bit like the word "what" came out.

"It's Slug," Binney said.

Martin and I both squinted at him as if he were a complete stranger. I couldn't speak at all; my mouth was so utterly dry that I couldn't form any words. Like a dying soldier desperate for water, I pointed at my mouth.

"I think Geoff is dying," Martin said.

"They've called up to say they're sorry," Binney said.

"What?"

Martin and I looked at each other, not clear about what he meant, but a kind of guilty fear quickly spread through my stomach.

Martin coughed. "Is this about the tape?"

Luckily we were sensible enough to have some tea and toast before we turned on the stereo.

It would be unfair to say that the tape sounded awful. It was one of the strangest things I've ever heard, but it wasn't exactly awful. Perhaps, if you were kind and open-minded, you might say that it was a type of experimental punk dub. The tracks started off like punk songs—fast

pounding drums, acute jangling guitar, tight musical bass—but gradually, without ever slowing down, they'd careen off into some fantastic world of shimmering reverb and echo; a world without gravity and physics where sounds rush back upon themselves, layering and melting together. And just as every song became weirder and more effects-laden as it went on, so did the tape *as a whole* become progressively more bizarre, until all the songs, and all the bits of dialog in between, and the sound effects, and the false starts that we'd spliced onto the songs, blended and folded into a glittering column of reverberation.

The Slug guys were still apologizing two weeks later when we went back to re-mix all seven tracks. They insisted that the whole session was on the house. They were also quite adamant that

there would be no smoking this time. "We should have known better, we're terribly sorry," they said over and over again. "It was all our fault."

"What was that stuff we smoked at Slug...you know, that time when we did the seven songs?" I once asked Pet. "It wasn't Leb or Moroccan, was it?"

"Oh no," he smiled his evil hippie smile. "No that was Nepalese opiated hash. Some of the best stuff we ever had, wasn't it?"

"Oh yes, it was very good," I laughed uncomfortably.

The re-mix of the seven song tape came out well enough. It sounded like a fairly good recording made in a fairly good studio. It never sounded as good as the music we heard that first night with Pet.

Nothing I've ever heard sounded as good as the music I heard that night, in the damp basement of Chromium Records. ▲



*Binney and Geoff trying to look suave during a 1979 photo shoot*



# REVIEWS FOR THE MIGHTY!!!

Tom Warnick: Tom Warnick gave me a tape twice.

"These are just the basic tracks," he said, glancing over his shoulder in that *noir* way of his. "They're not for everybody. Take a listen."

"Yeah, sure," I said, and pocketed the tape.

I listened to it, and it sounded like good recordings of good versions of some of Tom's good and strange songs.

The music still suffered from some of Tom's weaknesses. His voice was still pretty flat, unintentionally aping They Might Be Giants. His imagery still made no sense to no one free of mental health difficulties (which this State now suggests I am). And, while the electric guitar playing was interesting, it couldn't carry the day. Still, it well-approximated his performance.

"I liked the way 'City of Women' sounded," I told him later, "Very dynamic."

Tom told me that he'd left the tape with his old bandmate in Buttfuck, or Buffalo, or something like that. "He's gonna add some stuff."

"Add some stuff," I repeated, "You don't mind giving up the control of your music?"

"I trust him," Tom explained, "And he's got the equipment. He can do it for free."

Later, Mr. Warnick gave me the revised, produced, full Jason Reese-recorded album.

It was different. It was violently different.

With drums, bass, and heckload of sax added, along with some freaky creepy organs, create the illusion of a full band, a powerful group that is ready to follow Tom's twisted musings far into the night.

"This is substantial," I told Tom.

Alone in his studio, Tom's former bandmate created an entire sound to back Tom up. While somewhat monochromatic (the sound can fit entirely under the umbrella of Circus Folk), it all begins to make sense now. Tom Warnick now has a vision.

"This is cool," I told Tom.

Tom Warnick gave me a tape twice. He says he's made some new changes, added some songs, some vocals. I can't wait to hear the third. (Jonathan Berger)

Lonesome Trouser: Jerome Rossen's four song tape with his trio, Lonesome Trouser, sounds polished, cool and jazzy, like what I imagine New Orleans jazz to be. It contains recordings of his great songs Abeline ("I like your song"), Kansas (a gospel ballad), Get Along (with electric piano) and the famous future shock dream song, New England. While the ubiquitous Billy Joel may momentarily come to mind (and I think of Mr. Joel with utmost respect as the ultimate glorified angry lounge entertainer), Jerome's singing is fresh and easygoing and his piano playing is spectacular. Jerome's tape is also a welcome addition to any music library. (Peter Dizozza)

Julianne Richards: I've realized something about how I listen to records. Usually, the more I like an artist live, the more I enjoy the songs themselves, the less I'll like any recording. For me, if

an artist does anything but just play the songs exactly like s/he does live, they're not being true to their art. What they choose to present live, I feel, is the proper distillation of the songwriting art, and any deviation from that is a sellout. Why not do what you do so well on stage? That's tried and true, anything else is just bullshit.

Conversely, a lot of times, people can really impress with a CD when their live show is somewhat, anemic. Some artists are just made for the studio.

Julianne Richards, former queen of AntiFolk, has released her first CD EP, and it sounds really really good. Featuring full band production and all original songs, the product sounds deep, professional, and beautiful. The playing's assured, the voice is sweet -- and far more comprehensible than on stage (A lyric sheet is included, so finally, you can know what her songs of pain and torment are really about!) -- and the package looks good, too. A trick Richards uses in the studio a couple of times, making the project seem slick, really does wonders. In the first track "Little Innocence," and the last, "Imagination," Julianne backs multitracks vocals for counterpoint, and it works well.

This is a very good presentation. (Arnie Rogers)  
*Oracle Records: 718-768-4227/ACEOFDISCS@aol.com*

Kirk Kelly - New City: I think I finally figured out what's going with Kirk Kelly.

Back in the day, when he was a more frequent Antifolk, Kirk Kelly had an album out on SST. I've heard it's a pretty good album, impressively showcasing his songs in a minimalist way (Only one song has any backing players). Now, Kirk Kelly's released New City, the dangerous sophomore album, and he's trying something different. It's a political record, most songs (well, over half) dealing with the worker's plight, the common man, and some such. It's a band album, featuring Kirk's World Orchestra (including AF mainstays Billy Ficca and Mark Humble as rhythm section, and the Itinerants's Pat Robinson on keys), and it sounds like it's trying to be mature. Subdued. Sophisticated. He's trying to go against his grain.

There's the problem. There's little of the exuberance of Kelly's songs and shows. The energy I can only imagine was on his debut is sadly missing here. The songs are fine as always -- especially the love songs "Lisa Jane" and "Heart of Hearts" (though he has even better ones) -- but the vitality is somewhere else entirely.

So, I figure, he's trying to prove he can do something really different. And maybe he can. I just wish he didn't. (Gustav Plympton) *Mugsy Records:*

*888-MUGSY80. 151 First Ave., Suite 158, NYC 10003*

Citizen One: So, evidently, this is part of the Free Jazz world, but it sounds like some great experimental country. It's funky, it's soulful, it's acoustic (a lot of it), it's live. It's got "Alien Love Song," and a cut that he dedicates live to "the greatest country singer of all time," "Peter Tosh." It's got excellent playing and excellent singing, all by Mr. Citizen One. Citizen One is part of

# REVIEWS FOR THE MIGHTY

the Mammals of Zod experience, which is mentioned on his CD. Clearly, the pure experimental spirit of their sonic barrage has influenced Mr. One's solo output. But in a good way. Three cheers for Citizen One! (Arnie Rogers)

**Tom Warnick:** The Brechtian anti-folkist, Tom Warnick, has released a tape of original material in collaboration with producer/saxist Jason Reese. The tape consists of ten songs in thirty minutes (It is about as long as a Green Day album.). All are originals except Train to Chicago, by Mark Amft. Because each song is produced identically, the tape has unity and proves Tom's impressive performance range within a single production style. He sounds raw and edgy, yet the faster songs are danceable enough for a beach party.

I first discovered the indelibility of his material through live performances, particularly in the line, "Put a magnifying glass to my evil eye," from his waltz called Firefighter. I thought he talked and droned through his songs; imagine David Johanson and Jack Peddler combined. My brain took pleasure in thinking how intelligent it was to identify a melody. After listening to his tape, I think you will agree that Tom Warnick is also singing, with endless vocal variation, touching upon a wide array of notes.

His unique voice blends, yet maintains presence, within the mix of his rambunctious band. I loved listening to his album and highly recommend it.

The ten songs are great. (Peter Dizozza)

**Amy Fairchild - She's not Herself:** "There's fifteen boys knocking at my door, I could let them 'till I was sore, but they'd only get thrown out of bed. There's crazy voices in my head, saying, 'Put down the telephone, you can make it on your own'."

That lyric there encapsulates the problem with Amy Fairchild. She starts with a mighty strong, carnal image that pulls you in. She sings it country, further subverting (the traditional singing leaves the listener presuming any number of puns), until the reference to 'Crazy voices.' Then, with sunny harmonies as support, the music resembles any number of uplifting "I'm Gonna be Alright," feel-good numbers. Finally, said crazy voices come through with the most mundane of ideas, which then leads back into the chorus of "Johnny."

Make no mistake: it's a well-crafted song. It sounds very professional, but, with the former image titillating, there seems to be a promise of so much more than professional. Amy Fairchild has great potential in her songwriting, but, on last year's Donkey Disc release, the greatest energy is spent producing merely good material. Songs that work as exercises: "Las Vegas" (a raver about a reverse shotgun wedding), "Long Way Home" (Straight out singsong folk about reg'lar people in modern America). Worth hearing, especially if she eventually lives up to her potential. (Professor G Lesse II)

Donkey Disc - 413-586-4601 / BigBang@aol.com

**Johnny Sizzle - I Wish I Was Her:** Johnny Johnny Johnny... This cassette includes a 12-page "comic book," the name because that's what he calls it, the quotes because the only illustration is on the cover. It's a handwritten series of misspelled liner notes

(*Not for the weak of heart*)  
to this 1997 release from Canada's own... whatever he is.

The comic says, "Recorded at Dawson College Radio - CIXS. The phone part in BLUE MOHAWK wuz not set up. It just happened because we recorded in an office."

There's billions of extraneous sounds on this... recording. Sometimes, to even hear the music, you have to turn the volume up to ten. Other times, it sounds just fine. Johnny Sizzle is by no means a perfectionist. He seems to hold Lo-Fi as a personal ideology, as if, "Can I do this any crappier?" is his Mantra.

Then there's the material. In his explanation of the songs on the album, he explains the "Metafours" that he sings about. "Beastiality Pride," evidently, is a "metafour" for sexual liberation. "Fuck la English, Fuck da French" is a rant against the Quebecois (?) referendum for independence. Evidently, that's a bad thing.

The songs themselves are the most infuriating. With such ludicrous packaging and atrocious philosophy backing it up, it would be a sheer pleasure to be able to raze the music itself. Unfortunately... His rudimentary playing is pure punk. His singing includes a variety of voices, including a nightmarish whine and an intelligent-sounding spoken voice with a cool enough Canadian accent. The ideas are straight out of Autodidacts Anonymous, full of leaps not entirely clear but still catchy. He's got great riffs, cool voices, and some lines are really really striking. "Blue Mohawk" in particular.

At the end of Sizzle's songs, we are treated to the announcer saying, "That was Johnny Sizzle," then going into a sampled industrial cut that seems to be the follow-up song on CIXS' radio broadcast.

The boy's a nutcase. But still... (Gustav Plympton)

**Adam Brodsky - DORK:** I don't think he even knew it, but Brodsky, Philadelphia's own AntiFolk mastermind, has aped the cover of Lach's solo recording debut, Contender, itself an unintentional ripoff of The Pursuit of Happiness' major label release, Love Junk.

Moreover, the structure of this tease EP (Permanent Records threatens the full-length CD will be ready early this year), borrows directly from Lach's AntiHoot, the most recent AntiFolk compilation. The songs are divided not by silence, but by spoken word interruptions (He might call them jokes) from Mr. Adam Brodsky. Unlike Lach's equally funny MC work on the AntiHoot album, though, DORK's words have their own tracks, so can be glazed over on CD.

No harm in unoriginality, I guess... which leads directly to the last number on the EP, "Missing You." Not, in fact, John Waite's sappy sad song of the same designation, but an incredible simulation. The content is similar, though better. "The moon is made of green cheese, there's spider eggs in Bubble Yum... you deserve all my love, and Elvis is still alive, and I ain't missing you at all."

The songs play to Brodsky's strengths, clever wordplay and an obsession to scatologically offend, including "Gaucho Named Klaus" "(The Girl I Like is a) Diesel Dyke."

There's a lot of studio trickery on the album that sounds like a bunch of kids playing in the studio. Maybe it's trying to live up to the Dork title. I hope so; then it'd be intentional. (J Berger)  
Permanent Records: 215-923-DORK / ahmynose@aol.com

# DOING THAT RECORDING THING

by Joe BENDIK

Alright, when you're recording, what the hell's going on? It depends on 1) what you want (you'd better know), 2) who you are. (doesn't everything?) 3) how much \$\$ you have/want to spend (the story of life).

I've been involved in the process in just about every/any combination imaginable. My favorite way to record is at home with my 4 track/MIDI/DAT studio. There I have the freedom to try anything without having to answer to some ego challenged producer/engineer getting in the way. I can also get exactly what I want because I don't have to deal with another human being. I hate bossing people around so I usually end up compromising. This is never the best way. It's much easier to tell a machine what to do. I don't mind rehearsing a part for hours to get what I want. The end result is a focused, undiluted sound which expresses my ideas far better than some compromised collaboration ever could. This may not be true for anyone else, but I can't (and won't) speak for anyone else. Yeah, I do like 24 tracks too, but I really hate dealing with these producer/engineer types. If you can find a good, sympathetic one, - god/satan bless you but I haven't really seen many. No offense to anyone that I worked with or anything, it's just that most of them want to impose their sensibilities on you. Now some artists may want that (why, I could never guess), but to

me a producer is a political thing: someone to help open a lodged door. I have no use for one outside of that. My CD (which is to be released in January) is solely my own recordings. As Dylan (Bob) once said "if you really want to get confused, ask somebody for their opinion". That's my opinion too. But having said that, some artists like the hand holding comfort of a producer. My advice to any of these types is to do your homework before going into ANY studio. Pick up some books, see what you want or need.

If you just want to put out a current sounding record, I have one phrase for you : "BRIDGES TO BABYLON". I actually sold my copy in disgust. The Dust Brothers can pull their Pat Boone version of the Bomb Squad off with Beck, but why the hell would anyone want to LOOP Charlie? I heard them do some of these songs live and was amazed at how much better they sounded. There were great songs on that record that got mangled in the name of a modern sound. Fall into that trap and die my friend. Now if looping is your thing, then realize that going in and do the appropriate research.

Another pitfall is to go into a 24 track studio with the intention of filling up all the tracks (just because they're there). I've done my share of 24 track recording and let me tell you, there is a way to fill up a lot of tracks artfully without cluttering

Time distortion: Makes guitar solos seem longer.  
Can also be achieved by ineptitude.

Band Pass Filter: Eliminates sexual advances between band members.

Blame shifter: Shifts the pitch of mistakes down one octave so that the audience thinks it was the bass player.

Depander: Filters out popular cover songs.

Overjive: Makes Hootie songs sound like Parliament.

Active pickups: Amplifies "signals" sent to attractive audience members.

Fluff box: Filters out excessive musical substance.

Rehash: Stores and plays back your favorite riffs constantly and forever.

Feedback Eliminator: Drowns out "constructive criticism."

## NEW AND IMPROVED EFFECTS PEDALS FOR MUSICIANS

Depressor: Changes any chord to E minor.

Deconstructor: Turns any song into a John Cage piece.

Minimalizer : (Japanese copy of the Deconstructor)

Drummer: Any pedal that doesn't work but has girlfriend that does.

Decomposer: Breaks down the melody to three notes.

Tooner: Animates the rhythm.

Truth Distortion: Makes the audience think you have talent (Hence... Hanson)

Paralytic Equalizer: Makes you as good as other

# DOING THAT RECORDING THING by Joe BENDIK

the arrangement. You have to get a sense of where you're going though; maybe make a map of what you want. For example, a while back I did a stint at the Institute of Audio Research. I did 13 songs there (as part of an artist residency) and learned about the process. I did things like record 6 tracks of guitar simultaneously by having 2 tracks of line out from my FX pedal (in stereo), a close mike on one track, a room mike, and two experimental ambient mikes with radical equalizing. I then had these tracks balanced and panned until I was satisfied with the appropriate combination. This way, I took advantage of multiple tracking without piling on a bunch of unnecessary guitar garbage. The song sounded live and vital with a lot of texture. Admittedly, this is very self indulgent but I've applied this concept to 4 track recording by assigning everything to 1 track while balancing the various guitar inputs before the actual recording. But once again: **BEWARE OF THAT PRODUCER FIGURE!!** When I did my recordings at the Institute, everything was really cool until the teacher stepped in and became Mr. Producer. At that point, not only did he impose his aesthetic sense on me (and everyone else), but even worse, he taught the kids that the 'artist' doesn't really know what he wants. Just placate him and do what you want and he'll never know the difference. Needless to say, NONE of the 24 track recordings done there even came close to my home 4 tracks.

Just remember, Robert Johnson did all of his recordings live with 1 mike and that's it. 65 years later those recordings still sound awesome in their freshness and timelessness. Also, almost everything that The Beatles did was 4 track (except half of the "WHITE ALBUM" & "ABBEY ROAD" which were 8 track) - so don't get hung up on 'more is better'. I actually prefer fewer tracks because I'm forced to make choices along the way. I relish the so-called limitations. Instead of the modern-hard-disk-digital concept of "keep cutting till you get what you want; then splice/edit everything", I go for the "think about what you want and record it with the intention of keeping it" attitude. I read a story about how Bowie's guitarist Mick Ronson (from the Spiders From Mars) used to record. He was a classically trained violinist who picked up the guitar rather late in the game. This was his ace in the hole. He used to spend hours listening to the song BEFORE he even picked up his guitar to play the solo. He would SING the solo until he was satisfied that it was appropriate. Then he would practice it and learn it. Finally he would record it IN ONE TAKE. Check out the Ziggy Stardust album to hear how brilliant, economical, melodic, moving and logical his guitar sounds. Had he just kept piling on one improv after another, then cutting and pasting, it would've sounded like this sentence.

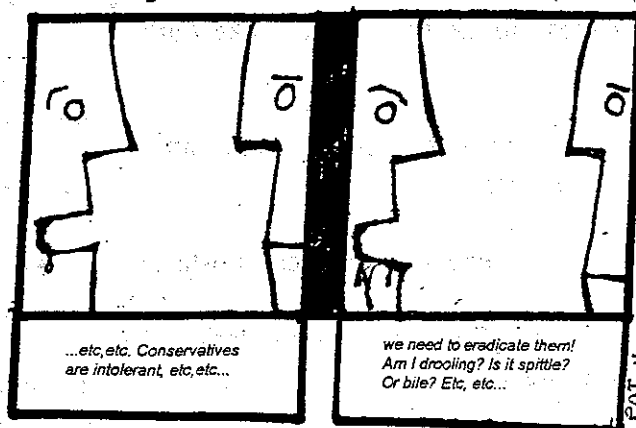
Another thing I like to do is tape manipulation. When I recently

worked with the humans (24 tracks) we experimented with a sped up synthesizer playing against a slowed down cymbal. This gave an unexpected texture and motion to the sound which while subtle, proved to be very affective in conveying the feeling of motion. We also experimented with a radio. At the beginning of "Fix My World", they wanted the sound of a radio being tuned in/out from station to station. The first suggestion was to go to the sound library and pull the desired effect and combine it with some white noise from a synthesizer. I suggested the obvious: why not 'play' a real radio? So we worked out a scheme where Dan and I "played" the radio. I switched (in time with the music) between AM & FM and rolled the "tune" control while Dan did various balancing/volume treatments. After a few takes, we were amazed at how musical and appropriate the effect sounded. This beats the hell out of any FX library. Always try to do it yourself first. It's always worth it.

The bottom line is: try to realize what you're hearing in your head and go for it. Don't be concerned with things like tracks, samples, sound FX etc. Does the music move you? If it doesn't move you in it's stripped down form, chances are it won't sound much better when it's 'dressed up'. It's not that hard or mysterious and I really endorse the artist empowering themselves as a concept. Do a lot of reading too. My bible is "THE BEATLES RECORDING SESSIONS" in which EVERY single session The Beatles ever did is analyzed. I've read and re-read it from cover to cover so many times, that when I hear one of their songs, I hear so much more now than I ever did before. Hendrix has one out now, so does Dylan. By the way, the producers on those recordings were really like members of the band. The concept of the producer has really changed (for the worse) a lot over the years, and don't think that you need these people. They WILL get in the way of what you want. Unless you're dealing with a friend or a very sympathetic kindred spirit, I really can't emphasize enough that you should just go with your gut.

Happy knob turning.

etc,



# If making a CD is so much fun, Why is it sometimes so hard?

Scott Franklin

I learned far more about myself than anything making a CD. Hopefully, reading this you'll be able to avoid making the same mistakes. Instead, you'll get to make totally new and different ones.

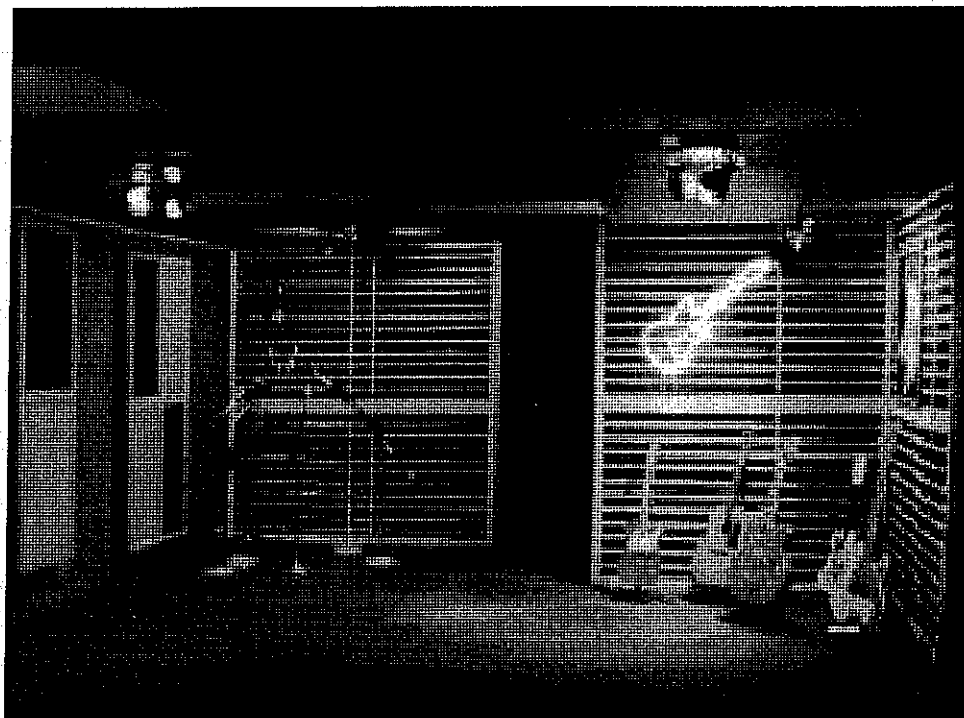
But don't worry; it's worth it.

## PERFECTION

First thing you realize the minute the tape starts rolling is that perfection is best left to God and mathematicians. If you keep waiting for the perfect track before you go on, chances are you'll never record your first song. Do you ever feel good about that? No. Every single time you think something's not right, it'll bug you. On the other hand, what you think is a complete screw up, most people - including other musicians - won't notice. And a few might think your so-called mistake is musical genius. I'm not talking about wrong notes, missed chords or off-key singing or solos. Those have to be redone. Instead, it's the "that chord didn't ring out as strongly as the other one" or "I should have held that note another beat" choices that will drive you to bankruptcy early on unless you do three things:

- 1) Accept you're not perfect
- 2) You already know everyone else isn't as good as you anyway - but go ahead and accept that they're not perfect either. That way when they screw up you'll be big enough to forgive them for messing with your project.
- 3) The best take is the one with the most energy, even if it may seem sloppy. (ie. Check the Ramones)

## WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO YOURSELF?



This is the toughest question to answer because it requires the most honesty. You can lie to a lover, you can lie to your mother, but only a fool lies to her or himself. Are you making a CD for vanity? Stand in front of a mirror, naked, and ask yourself that question. First of all, you'll get a better idea of how bad that sore REALLY looks during your most intimate moments.

And secondly, you leave yourself wide open for the truth when you ask yourself "is this CD all about vanity and ego?"

On the bright side, if you answer yes, it probably means you're happy with the way your body looks anyway.

So why do it? According to Lach, the answer is simple: "An artist needs a canvas."

Lach has been in the recording studio more than a few times, starting back when Regan was president. Even he admits it's still not easy.

"I've always been very apprehensive about recording. I'd rather write a new song or play a gig."

And there are other, more financial reasons for making your CD (At least that's what you can tell yourself if you're self-producing the project). First - there's a chance to make real money on the project. If you're playing enough gigs to sell a few copies every few nights, at ten dollars a pop (typical price), you'll soon be looking at HUNDREDS of dollars.

And mom and dad said music would never pay!

Now, the fact that it cost you thousands of dollars to complete the CD (more on the budget later) shouldn't bother you. You're on your way. Eventually, you could make back your money - and even show a profit. If either of those two blessed events occur, you suddenly have the seed money to do something really exciting - make another CD!

Another motivation for a DIY - gigs and exposure. Maybe there's little chance you'll earn back what you paid - but then there's always the possibility you'll get famous.

Here's the dream: Someone influential hears your gig. They buy your CD at the end of the set. They take it to

A) their high profile college station and put your best song on heavy rotation (see Beck).

B) an A&R person at the boutique Indie label you've always admired, and make him/her listen to it. They're energy works together to bring you much money (see Nine Inch Nails - hell, see almost anyone).

C) that influential person who loves your sound, but loses the CD in the Taxi on the way home (See me).

I asked Mary Ann Farley what she



# Making a CD

- The Continued Adventures (by Scott Fralick)

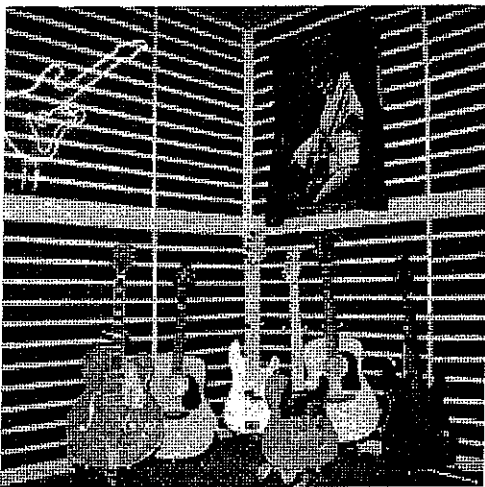
thought was the hardest part of recording a CD. She said mixing.

"I loved every other aspect-recording, arranging, refining, working with other musicians-everything. But when it came to mixing, real anxiety set in because you had to make that final commitment."

Mixing is the same as taking your wedding vows. Every decision is a "death til you part" moment. If that doesn't frighten you sober, nothing will. For Mary Ann, the biggest recurring problem in mixing was at which volume to set her voice in the song. "Luckily, we had the foresight to do three different vocal mixes on DAT- each mix had the vocal placed at a different volume level. That way, we wouldn't be tearing our hair out later saying the vocal was too loud or too soft."

For Lach, the most difficult part of producing his latest 14 song CD, "BLANG!" was dealing with a dorky studio owner. According to Lach, "the owner was constantly playing headtrips and interrupting our work."

## BUDGET or FOLLOW THE MONEY



Want to know a sure way to end up in trouble with the IRS? Have a musician fill out your tax form. Remember this: musicians and \$\$\$ are as dangerous a mix as drinking and flying. Ask John Denver. Here's how anal I was. I figured

out how much I wanted to spend on the project. Then I added fifteen percent for cost over-runs. Because, as you eventually figure out, shit happens. And it always happens at the studio when the clock is ticking and eating away at your money.

Then I divided that total by how many songs I figured I would have (eleven). That gave me a "per song" budget. Of course, some songs came in far under "budget." Those acoustic ballads will save yer butt, studio time-wise. I took that extra money and used it for songs that took longer to complete.

The reason behind being such a bottom-liner is to prevent suddenly being broke midway through the process. It can happen. You start off the project enthusiastic and with a set amount of cash, and, umost likely with plans. Unless you keep an eye on how much the whole thing is costing, you'll wonder why you have no money after the guitarist decided to go for his 17th take of the mid-bridge solo of that throwaway track.

Keeping a budget for each song tells you when you are getting way too far behind - and quickly going bust.

As for how much should you spend, here's a simple formula: Do it as cheaply as possible, unless you're spending someone else's money.

## GETTING A STUDIO or WHERE'S ABBEY ROAD?

Pick out a studio with as much care as you picked out your instrument. Take a tour. Ask to listen to a few of the CD's from bands that have already recorded there. If they have a few promotional pieces, take them home for a listen on your \$50 battered plastic stereo. If they sound good there, there's a good chance they'll sound decent anywhere. Even on the radio!

If you can find the contact name of someone on the CD, call them up and ask how they felt about the recording studio. Did they get along with everyone? Was it a good experience? Are they happy with the end result?

Once you've narrowed down the search to two or three, figure out who will do the best deal. If you buy a larger chunk of studio time, you should get pay less per hour.

## VOTED MOST ELUSIVE: INSPIRATION

The hardest part about recording a CD isn't finding enough money. It isn't the hassles organizing a project that takes more effort than I can detail in *ANTIMATTERS*. The toughest part is capturing what you hear in your head, what you've played on stage or practiced with the band seven #\$\$%^&\* million times in the drummer's lousy Queens apartment - and putting it on tape. Not that it can't be done. It's just a learning process. Remember the first time you picked up your guitar - or the first time you performed before someone who didn't have to like you? That same learning process is happening in the studio - except now you're paying for it. Still, it can be fun. Ask Lach, who says his latest project was his most comfortable ever in the studio: "The 'BLANG!' sessions were mostly positive. Up until these recordings, I never really enjoyed being in the studio. The press of time and money sucks. This time around my producer, Richard Barone, and my band Geoff Notkin and Billy Ficca, were extremely cool and supportive. We also had a cool engineer, James Candelara, which is essential."

Sometimes you get to the studio and magic happens. What you've created is better than you've ever heard before. That's where you want to be.

But sometimes that's like chasing rainbows. Every step forward seems to push it one step further away.



LEZLEE, recent acoustic player in the scene, has been building something of a buzz. Her sensuous, soulful songs are given a powerful treatment in minimal settings with her, and bass, and maybe some percussion. Now she's going for a full approach by getting into the studio to make her first adult oriented record.

## Notes From The Recording Studio

LEZLEE

We have been knee deep in the studio since October. I've kept notes and have learned an awful lot, some of which I'll share with you here...

10/6 - We're getting geared up to record a CD of my original music at As Is Entertainment, Jamie and Adam (J&A)'s recording studio in Chelsea. Been listening to many CDs for their production, analyzing what we like about them and why. I've honestly never listened to music this way before. I now realize how much texturing and layering there is, even in the most simple-sounding recordings. We want to make a record that's different in some ways from the live show, but that we can grow into, eventually. We're building a new sound from the roots.

10/10 - J&A, my two musical soul mates, have been calling their musician friends who they feel are right for these recordings. The finalists are Adrian Harpham on drums and Daymien Simms on guitar, instead of me. I'm recording guitar on certain songs that require finger picking because this is my strength on guitar. Adam will be playing bass, instead of my live player, Hannah. There can't be any egos here, just great playing. J&A spent two weeks tightening the song arrangements, smoothing out transitions, writing musical charts and preparing a tape so Adrian and Daymien can let the music seep into their brains before recording begins!

10/15-17 - We spent the last three days rehearsing and recording each session. Then we sat together and fully critiqued what we did. Man, this is going to sound great! Jamie has arranged to rent, from Toy Specialists, top of the line microphones and preamps to record the drums (vintage Neve and Telefunken pre-

amps from the 1960s, and Neumann microphones). Adam's friend, Darren Eboli, was kind enough to lend us his Fender P Bass. Every instrument has a different sound. This one is going to provide these recordings with a deep and rich low end. Carrying it downtown was very heavy. We're recording to 2" analog 24-track tape (arguably the best-sounding recording medium) on a vintage MCI machine that our



*The Artist*

friend John McGann was wise enough to purchase from an auction at the Record Plant several years ago (another John...Lennon, recorded *Mind Games* on it). How's that for good karma! A quick explanation of multi-track recording: musical parts are recorded separately on different "tracks." J&A also have Pro-tools (digital hard disk recording) which can be synced up to the tape machine for a total of 40 tracks. This gives us room for lots of background vox, percussion, guitars, organ grinders, etc.

10/17 - J&A were at the studio until 4:00am setting up mics and getting drum sounds. They were like kids playing with new toys, so excited by the sound of the Neves! (They may never return them). J&A explained to me how important it is to take the time to position the mics properly. Moving a mic just one inch can greatly affect the sound as it is being recorded. This is part of producing/engineering (getting the best possible sounds by utilizing the recording equipment to its fullest), which is an art in and of itself. They borrowed 20' x 20' sound deadening blankets from NY Undercover, located on the 10th floor of their building, and tied them to pipes on the ceiling to create a nice space around the drums. Based on my experience with loud drums overpowering the voice, I was a little put off when I heard Adrian bashing during rehearsals and setup. However, for recording I learned that even if it's a mellow tune, the drummer digs in hard to produce the best tone from his instrument. Later, the volume is kept down by keeping their level low on the mixing board.



*The Production Team: Jamie Propp and Adam Chalk*

# Notes From The Recording Studio

10/18-10/19 - We got started each day at noon and worked late. Jamie engineered and Hannah assisted. The pace was steady. We recorded final drums with scratch vocals, guitar and bass for 3 songs on Saturday and 4 on Sunday. Everyone put in 400% and J&A are thrilled with the way things turned out. We did two takes of each song and will decide which ones will be the "keepers" tomorrow. J&A were up again until 4:00am packing up all the rental gear which goes back tomorrow.



*THE RECORDING EQUIPMENT*

10/21 - Starting today, we'll be recording guitars for the next couple of weeks. We ran into a problem with the playback function on the 24 track but John came to the rescue and fixed it.

10/26 - Re-recorded the scratch bass parts. J&A are picking the bass lines apart, searching for perfection. The grooves are definitely happening. Today Adrian came back for a few simple hi hat, snare and cymbal overdubs.

Week of 11/2 - I've been laying down lead vocal tracks. Recording vocals feels a lot different than singing live because you can pick each line apart. I work particularly well with Jamie on this process. On "Just One Second," I didn't know I was being taped and we're keeping a lot of it because it was full of emotion. That's what I'm trying to get at - the full expression of the song combined with having full support of the voice. I learned that I am more comfortable recording when I'm sitting down. At this point, it is still a work in progress and I'm not at 100% with the lead vocal parts yet. I'm scheduled to take voice lessons from a famous coach, Therman Bailey. Can't wait! He helps you free up your instrument completely.

Week of 11/9 - Since the beginning of this project, but more so now, we've been spending time - the three of us together and individually - singing and playing melodic parts which will be added to the arrangements by various instruments. These parts

*LEZLEE continues her travelog through the recent recording of her album.*

will really define the songs and add to their overall texture. We record the ideas quickly on a mini-tape machine and then get Daymien, Jamie or Adam to put them down properly. Guitars are taking longer than expected and we will be adding another guitarist who can fill in some of the missing gaps. We've learned that, with respect to guitar players, everyone has certain strengths and certain songs require different playing styles.

11/16 - Hernan Romero, an amazing Argentinean classical guitar player, who has worked with Peter Gabriel and Stevie Nicks, came and played beautifully on "Just Be" and "Seduce Me With Words." I was literally brought to tears by some of the parts he played. It's really amazing listening to my songs take on a life of their own.

11/17 - Nothing was accomplished today. Bummer.

Week of 11/23 - Alex Alexander came and laid down percussion parts (shakers, tambourines, congas, etc.). I've been speaking to different singers about singing backup vocals. Adam is planning on laying down piano, Fender Rhodes, and Hammond B-3 parts. Also, my uncle, Charlie Grean (who arranged strings for Nat King Cole's "Christmas Song") is doing a string arrangement for one or two songs. In addition, we're planning to record simple acoustic versions of four additional songs (more in the vein of my live set with Hannah). We hope to have everything done by the beginning of January.

*Originally presented in LEZLEE's Newsletter  
and website: [www.LEZLEE.com](http://www.LEZLEE.com)*



*THE ARTIST -- AGAIN*

# Dan Emery and the Mystery Band!

## PART I: THE RECORDING

Dan met me at the gate.

"Stephanie Biederman," he said, hand out, ready to shake, "You made it. That's great. Come on in."

I followed him past the front gate, through the front door, into Craig Gordon's studio.

As we passed the piano on the main floor, Dan told me that the band was out getting some food. "Craig's here, though," he said, and led me to the steps which led to the main part of the underground studio.

Dan moved past amps and instruments and equipment strewn all over the place, and walked into the glass-enclosed control room.

"Hey Steph," Craig said, "You been here before?"

"I think so."

"We're going to be playing together," Dan said, grabbing a stool, "Recording on different tracks."

"But keeping the live feel?" I asked.

Dan nodded.

The Mystery Band, Dan Emery's outfit, has a particularly active live sound, very much a band for boys. People really get into them at their shows -- most of the budget for this recording session came from fans who wanted to support the group. I wondered how well that live energy would translate into the studio.

The band walked in. Geoff Morris, bass player, had soup. Andy Morris (no relation), the drummer, had brought a sandwich. Steve Espinola, who plays keyboards, short wave radio, and acts as Dan Emery's general aide de camp, carried some chinese dish.

"All right," Dan said, and, after some ritual chewing, they got down to business.

"I still think," Craig told Andy, "That it sounds better when you're turned around."

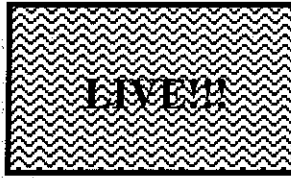
Andy sat, back to the control room, as he put on his headphones. "I was good with that."

"It makes a much warmer sound, with the cymbals filing the whole space." Craig gestured at the nook that the drum kit entirely filled.

The necessity of eye contact made the forward facing drums a necessity, though. Andy, Geoff, and Dan could all watch each other, getting any visual cues from one another. This is vital, as, with the live recording strategy, all parts must work together well. They prefer it to overdubbing the different parts. Steve, playing apart upstairs, emphasized how they wanted to go the live route this time.

Each Mystery Band-boy wore headphones, which were hooked up to the control board, so they'd know exactly what was being recorded. With the addition of a couple more audience members -- all executive producers of his incorporated album -- they began to play.

They nailed several songs, including live favorites "Laundromat," "Favorite Bra," and "Heavy Love." The former and latter are both big rock and reel numbers which normally feed off of the energy of the audience. They required a couple of



*In the Studio!*

takes, but the results worked. Listening along with Craig and me were Dina Dean and Dave Wechsler, both Antifolk artists in their own right (Dina the semi-retired singer-songwriter, Dave the heart, mind and voice behind Pinata-Land). We had a good time for a couple of hours, listening to this private rehearsal, recorded for posterity.

As the reel of tape neared its end, Dan decided to record a short solo number, "Other People's Tongues," already released on his '96 five song demo. For this new version, he wanted to play electric.

We (all but Dan and Craig) convened upstairs, unnecessary for this part of the afternoon.

Upstairs, Steve filled me in on earlier sessions. They'd already recorded a bunch of these songs, but weren't entirely satisfied with the results. "We had a bunch of tracks with overdubs, but we didn't like them that much."

Eventually, the engineer and the artist surfaced, realizing that, even with inspiration as fuel, they needed a break, too.

## PART II: THE MIXING

A week and a half later, Dan Emery and Steve Espinola returned to the studio for an all-day mixing session. "We ended up getting 10 songs recorded live that day," Dan explained after I joined them for the tail end of the process.

"It was one of those days where we could just do no wrong," Steve added.

Of course, that left even more to hone in the mix.

Craig, at the board, listened to Dan and Steve's suggestions for "Heavy Love," adding some of his own. Having been involved in engineering and recording for more years than anyone cares to consider, he's a master of levels.

"I feel like the guitar's here," Steve pointed to his throat, "and I want it to be here." Pressing against his chest.

Craig nodded like he understood what that meant, and turned to tweak and twiddle.

"So is the guitar covered now?" he asked.

Dan looked at the reel to reel, pondering. "Let's get the piano out. Just to hear. We might learn something."

I know I'd be anxious about "learning something," when paying for the studio by the hour, but the band had moved so rapidly through recording, they could probably afford some experimental time in the mix.

With the piano removed from the playback, the sound of the rocker changed demonstrably. I was amazed at how different the song could sound with just a change of emphasis, but then, with instruments excised, it sounded... like a different song entirely.

It made me want to run out and buy Paula Abdul's Shut Up and Dance!

I overcame the urge.

Instead, I listened to the guys continue to hone the craft, in the hopes of making the best possible album.

I left them, still working on "Heavy Love," looking forward to the eventually CD Release party.

It'll be great.

# RECORDING WITH RECHNER

The 1st time I "met" Mike Rechner I spilled a beer on him. It was quite by accident, but he was REALLY PISSED. After sincerely apologizing to him, he was still pissed. That's when I got sarcastic..."OK, yeah, I MEANT to spill that beer on you!!!" I didn't get the feeling that me and this guy were going to be good friends anytime soon.

I saw his name in the "best of" issue of NYPress. The category was Best Heavy Metal Anti-Folk Artist. I was intrigued. Who was this mysterious musician I'd spilled a beer on?

Scarecrow and Liz had a BBQ in the "backyard" of the teeny weeny apartment they lived in on East 30th St. It was gay pride day. The BBQ was great. Mike Rechner and his wife Dina were there. I didn't talk to Mike too much but I had a blast talking to Dina. I still hadn't seen Mike Rechner play. Hadn't heard any of his songs. Never really sat down and had a conversation with the guy. I knew he'd seen me play a couple of times with Lenny Molotov and Zane Campbell and it was only a few days after a Zane Campbell show at Sidewalk in October that there was a message on my voice mail from Mike asking if I'd be interested in playing bass on his demo.

HELL YEAH! Anyone who really knows me knows I have a hard time turning down any opportunity to play cause (1) I'm SO easy (2) I'm addicted to playing, and (3) it's what I live for. Lenny lent me his copy of Mike's previous tape, WRECKED CAR. (Just in case you've been looking for it Lenny, I still have it.) I liked the songs a lot, but I realized that my style of bass playing was vastly different from what was on this tape. I hoped Mike and his producer, Anthony Erice, would be happy with my take on things. I got a worktape from Mike on Wednesday or Thursday and a request to record on Sunday.

No rehearsal with the band. The drum parts had already been recorded and Mike was going to do his overdubs on a different day. I thought, "OK. I can handle this. A few hours hooked into my 4-track with the tape and the bass should do the trick." I said YES....{Oh, man, I'm in '77 NY Punk Rock HEAVEN!!!! I always wanted to play in a band like this. Simple, straight ahead, heavy. I'm thinking, "Geoff (Notkin) would be so proud of me if he could see me now." He's one of the reasons I picked up the bass in the first place and his influence is all over me. I'm loving this music!!!} Recording was great. Mike and Anthony liked most of my ideas and Anthony was really helpful in fleshing out the ones I was having trouble with. In 2 Sundays we did 8 songs. A job well done!!!! My favorite is WALKER, TEXAS RANGER; a slow, moody, drifting, song about - you guessed it - Walker, Texas Ranger - TV hero to millions (I've never seen the show myself). I figured out my bass part the night before the session, and I really liked it. Mike's vocal is great - so Lou Reed - dreamy and edgy at the same time. Don't get me wrong, I really like all the songs, it's just that this one has planted itself in my head and I'm still singing it - four and a half weeks later. I can't wait to hear the finished tape. (Actually, Anthony said he'd give me a CD - cool!!) The guys had plans to put all kinds of loops and wierd noises on the songs, so I'm not really sure what they'll end up sounding like, but the foundation is strong. I'm finally going to see Mike play at Sidewalk in about 45 hours. I'm really looking forward to it. I'll try not to spill any beer on him.

## Promo Tips

As a guy who's seen a show or two in his time, and has heard an artist or two complain about how "No one comes to my show..." I've a suggestion or two that might get more people coming to see you, live, at gigs.

**Make up literature** - Flyers, put so much effort behind.

postcards, newsletters, email, notes... **Put up flyers all over the place** - Many buildings have community boards. All You name it. Print out that you're playing, and people just may arrive.

**Tell people you're playing** - Inform everyone you know that you've got a gig coming up. Don't be ashamed to give them the literature that you've got.

**Get club to promote** - If there's any way

the club can help (mention you at gigs, at an open mic, on their walls), get them to. Volunteer your services to promote both your interests.

**Call** - The day of the gig, shame people into coming by calling them. Many's the time I've gotten out of my warm bed when someone's begged me to go out.



## TALES FROM THE TRENCHES - BREAKING RECORDS

"I'm really glad you came over, Jamie," I said, to no one in particular. Well, the mirror. My face was bland in response.

"Hey, James," I said, "Good to see ya. How's it hangin', huh?"

I shook my head in disgust. No go.

"You look lovely, Jamie. Please, come... in."

The doorbell rang, before I could vomit my reply.

I opened it, knowing exactly what to expect.

In her leather jacket, torn jeans, blowing her short wind-tossed hair out of her eyes, Jamie Black was the simple picture of tough love. She took off her gloves, she said, "Hey, Bri, what's up? Thanks for finally inviting me over."

"Sure, Jamie," I said.

She blew past me.

"Smooth," I thought, and followed into the interior.

"So, you got the movie?"

"Uh..." I said, "No. They were out of Kumquat's Revenge."

"And you didn't even look for my choice, right?" She laughed, as she made her way to my couch-thing.

"I forgot --" I said, but she cut off, "-- You forgot Star Wars?"

"Look, Vidieux burned down, all right?"

She smiled winningly -- like there was any other way for her to smile -- and said, leaning deeply into my futon, arms outstretched welcomingly, "So what do you want to do?"

Her eyes... I had to focus to respond. "What do you want to do?"

"I thought you'd never ask."

"You've surely got a lot of records, Brian!" She was already somewhat dust spattered, after just a couple minutes roaming through my boxes.

I couldn't help but agree with her, even as that warm proud feeling spread over me. "I know a lot of folk around these parts," I said, "They give me some of their music, every now and then."

"Do you have any of Psych's early songs?"

"I don't think anybody does," I shrugged, as she dug deeper through my collection.

"No biggie," she said, "Interesting to hear, though."

"I'll bet." Since she'd stopped talking to me about Johnny Chalk, Jamie had been having some good old conversations with and about one of patriarchs of the underground scene. Psych's a nice guy, but I didn't need him to be there with us, just when Jamie and I were alone.

"Man!" She jumped up, holding a CD in a plain yellow case.

"What've you got there?" I asked, squinting.

"You don't know what you own?"

"Some albums, I haven't looked at in five years. I can't begin to tell you about my LPs."

She tossed it at me. I'd have felt pretty stupid if I'd dropped it.

"The Reamers," I read, "Welcome to the Errordome."

"That's Johnny Chalk's old group, right?"

"Yeah, with Brody Even on bass, and Daina Faust on drums."

"Who wrote the songs, Bri?"

"They all did," I said, "A proto-retroactive supergroup."

"If you like that kind of thing," she said, as she walked to the boombox.

"You wanna hear it?" I asked.

Her face was placid. She stared at the wall while I pushed play. As the sound of tape started whirring, Jamie looked a little quizzical, and when Brody started saying, "No no, *trust* me. It'll be great..." she turned from the drywall to me.

"There'll be music," I said, and waited.

A crash of drums and an explosion of feedback proved me right.

"Sort of," she said, "I can't hear any of the words."

"Kinda low in the mix. That's how they wanted it, I guess."

"What's the best song?" she asked.

I looked at the back of the box, and advanced the disk to the third cut. "Crimes Against Humanity."

She listened for a minute plus and said, "What else you got?"

Maybe it was that she didn't have a long attention span. Her staccato style of playing and wide range of interests always suggested that to me. Maybe she just didn't like the music I had. Maybe she just wanted to have as wide a range of selections from my incredible catalog of music as she could possibly have. Whatever the reason, Jamie gave me quite a workout, running around, putting on one disk after another, until we got to the cassettes. I didn't mind. Anything for a friend, right?

She looked down at the Lyle Davis' CD, Cornucopia, then up at me. "No lyric sheet?"

"Well, it is just a demo. People don't always budget in paper."

"But he's such a lyricist. How can he skimp on the words?"

"Maybe he hopes you'll **listen** to them."

"Funny guy, Bri."

We listened to all three songs, straight through.

"He's so good!" she exclaimed, during "Moore or Lesse."

I wondered if Jamie had a crush on Lyle, too.

Jamie's a wonderful person. A wonderful woman. She's smart, beautiful, funny, and she enjoys my company. Clearly, she's comfortable with me, since she tells me about all the boys she's into. I don't mind, really.

"What the hell is this?" she said, picking up a virtually label-less tape in bright dayglo yellow.

Rushing to her side, I recognized it almost immediately. The silhouetted go-go boots kind of gave it away. "Dance Dance Dance? That's Laurie Lewis' old demo."

"Laurie Lewis? The Trenches' Laurie Lewis?"

"Well, she plays bigger clubs, more, now, but year. You've met Laurie, right?"

"Once or twice. What's it like?"

"A little techno, a little new jack --"

"Laurie Lewis?"

"Didn't we just do this?"

"I can't imagine her playing anything dance-oriented. She's so down-homey folk. Is it any good?"

I had to pause before even considering an answer. I could only listen to it once myself. "Maybe you should listen."

She shook her head. Vigorously. "There are some things you just don't want to know about."

I nodded just as vigorously. "I understand completely."

# SCHEDULE

Mon. Jan. 5 - The Antihoot. Sign-up at 7:30. All performers, Music, Poetry, Comedy welcomed  
Tues. Jan. 6 - 8 - Steve De La Steve and Goatpants, 8:30 - Niki Lee, 9 - Valerie, 9:30 - Mark Humble, 10 - Al Lee Weyer  
Wed. Jan. 7 - 8 - Neal With An "A", 9 - Uncle Carl, 10 - Rick Shapiro  
Thurs. Jan. 8 - 8 - Pinata - Land, 8:30 - Melissa Reaves, 9 - Joe Mannix, 9:30 - Mike Younger  
Fri. Jan. 9 - 7 p.m. - Enid, 8 - Alex Obert (of The Sun Ra Arkestra), 9 - Mosaic, 10 - Motochile, 11 - Walkinbird, 12 - Gnu Fuzz  
Sat. Jan. 10 - 8 - The Lovin Kind, 9 - Keba Bobo, Cissoko & Tamalalou, 10 - Homer Erotic, 11 - Slide  
Sun. Jan. 11 - Musical Goulash! Traditional Music Featuring: 8 - Eleffa (Hungarian), 9:30 - Petrana & Ivaylo Koutchev (Bulgarian) 10 - Cheres (Ukrainian), 11 - Sylvain Leroux (Canadian)  
Mon. Jan. 12 - The Antihoot. Sign-up at 7:30. All performers, Music, Poetry, Comedy welcomed  
Tues. Jan. 13 - 8 - Springwell, 8:30 - Evan Samuel, 9 - Pinch, 9:30 - Wendy Chamlin, 10 - Randy Kaplan  
Wed. Jan. 14 - 8 - Lee Chabowski, 8:30 - Brian Seymour, 9 - Tricia Scotti, 9:30 - Gilligan Stump, 10 - Rick Shapiro, 11 - Arlan  
Thurs. Jan. 15 - 8 - Ruth Gerson, 9 - Trina Hamlin, 10 - Lach, 11 - Heather Eatman  
Fri. Jan. 16 - 8 - Justin Rosolino, 9 - the humans, 10 - Bionic Finger, 11 - Deni Bonet, 12 - Tom Clark  
Sat. Jan. 17 - 8 - Animal Head, 9 - Episonic, 10 - Wilma, 11 - Parker, 12 - Johnny Seven  
Sun. Jan. 18 - 8 - Shameless, 9 - The Blue Saracens, 10 - The Kevin Burke Quintet  
Mon. Jan. 19 - The Antihoot. Sign-up at 7:30. All performers, Music, Poetry, Comedy welcomed  
Tues. Jan. 20 - 8 - Dyanmo Hum 131, 8:30 - Hip Ripper, 9 - Andy if, 9:30 - Todd Griffen, 10 - Vared  
Wed. Jan. 21 - 8 - Steve Espinola, 8:30 - Karen Davis, 9 - Puckett, 9:30 - Gentleman Jim Noone, 10 - Rick Shapiro  
Thurs. Jan. 22 - 8 - Ruth Gerson, 9 - The Reachers, 10 - Curtis Eller  
Fri. Jan. 23 - 8 - Inertia, 9 - Gene & Mimi, 10 - The Novellas, 11 - Ivy Bautista, 12 - The Trouble Dolls  
Sat. Jan. 24 - 8 - The Goofballs, 8:30 - Adam Brodsky, 9 - David Dragov, 10 - Lisa St. Ann, 11 - Joe Bendik and The Heathens, 11:30 - The Meanwhiles  
Sun. Jan. 25 - 7:30 - My Dog, 8:30 - Gregg Weiss, 9 - Roxanne Beck, 9:30 - Sarsparilla Posse  
Mon. Jan. 26 - The Antihoot. Sign-up at 7:30. All performers, Music, Poetry, Comedy welcomed.  
Tues. Jan. 27 - 8:30 - California  
Wed. Jan. 28 - 8 - Debbie Dean, 8:30 - Michael Eck, 9 - Carol Lipnik's Spookarama, 9:30 - Jack Pedler, 10 - Rick Shapiro  
Thurs. Jan. 29 - 8 - Ruth Gerson, 10 - Floater  
Fri. Jan. 30 - 8 - The Humans, 9 - Lezlee, 10 - Rob Ryan, 11 - The Bitter Poet  
Sat. Jan. 31 - 9 - Mia Johnson, 9:30 - The Blue Cowboys, 10 - Hedland, 11 - Deni Bonet

The Sidewalk Cafe (94 Ave.A) is proud to present the previous schedule for your pleasure.  
All shows are free and begin at 8 p.m. For updates please call the Sidewalk at 212-473-7373.