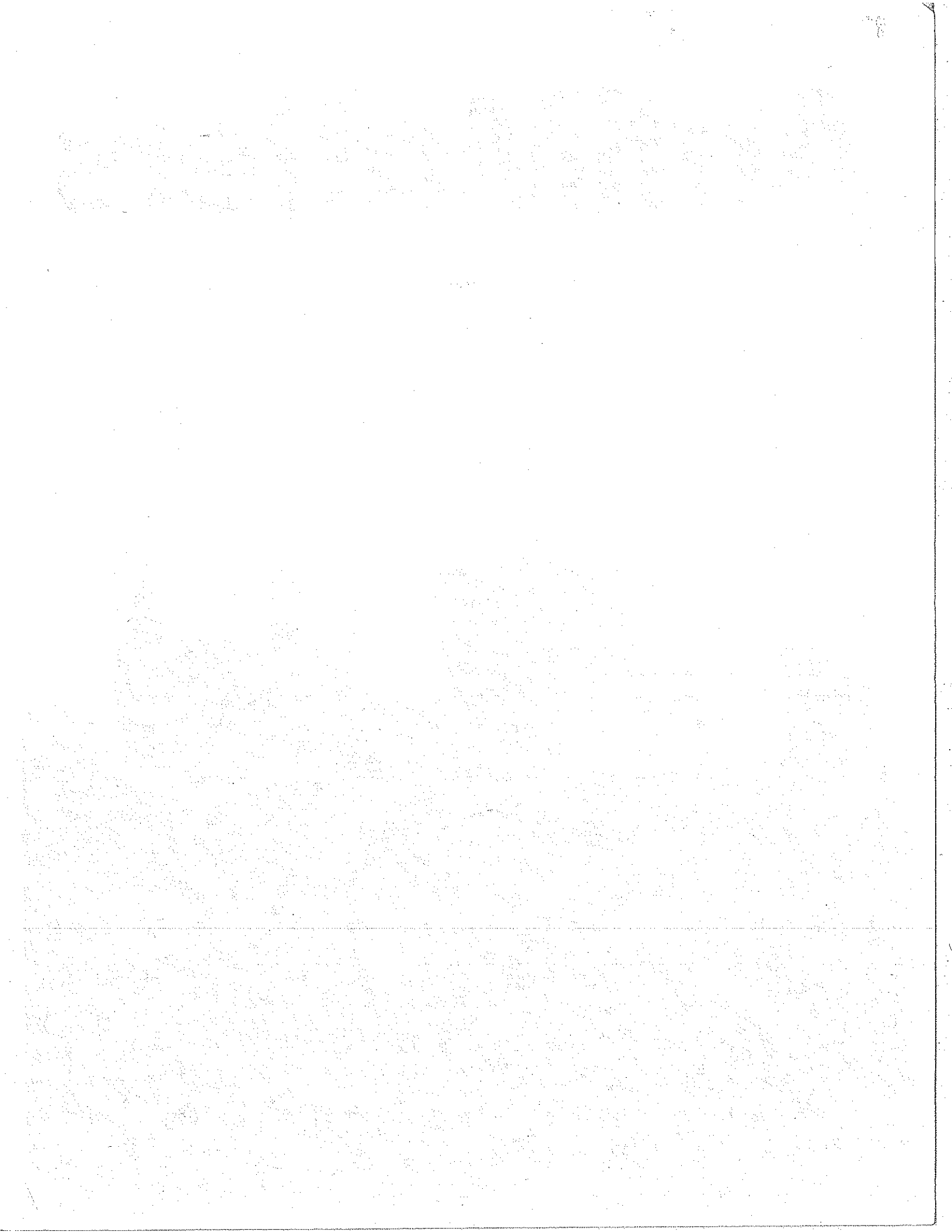


# AntiMatters



*haunts*

March 1998



You have in your hands the greatest issue of AntiMatters ever to see print.

It's about *haunts*, where people go. It's where they go to rock, to write, to read, to ramble, to... to... run-on endlessly about something or other.

It's places people like, and places people find themselves, and places people are. It's about clubs in this city, and clubs in others cities, and more.

It's about a dollar, just for you.

Jonathan Berger

## AntiMatters

150 West 95th Street  
Apartment 8d  
New York, NY 10025

### Master of the Game

Jonathan Berger

### Support Capacity

Gustav Plympton

### Cover Photograph

Robert Fenton

Oooh, Haunts.  
Scary...

Gustav Plympton

While AntiMatters concerns itself mostly with the goings-on at the Fort, that's not the only place where AntiFolk lives. A thriving Philadelphia community lives and breathes at the Khyber, and there was a scene at the old Sacred Grounds in San Francisco.

Even in NYC, AF's base, there're other acousti-friendly clubs, like Arlene and Fast Folk and Luna and Baby Jupiter and more.

Then there're the many historic homes of the Fort itself, starting off on Rivington Street, moving to Sophie's, the Chameleon, Nightengale's and loads of other places that I know nothing about.

AntiFolk has a lot of places it can call home, a lot of haunts. This month, we celebrate some of them.

Stephanie Biederman

*Thanks to Penner MacBryant for this month's theme...*

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## Contents

Report from the Fort  
Iggly Gorgess.  
From the Inside Out  
Corrections  
Venue Evaluation  
"An Evening in Luna"  
Reviews  
Demo Tips  
New York  
More Open Spaces  
Charlie Starkweather's  
Day and Night in BC  
Musical Schedule

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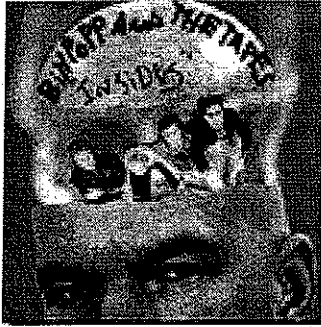
6 Months of AntiMatters  
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# Report from the Fort

2/3 - Bill Popp played a solo show on Piano Night at the Fort. Clearly structured, the show featured Popp playing three songs apiece from his 2 CDs with his band, the Tapes, and three songs from his eventual third release.

The material, all originals, featured Popp's beautifully high voice and spritely piano playing. The only other accompaniment involved was one song with Liz Brody's flute.

The solo approach works for Popp. His songs with band often seem rooted to a sixties sensibility, but his voice comes from an older tradition. His sweet voice sounds like something potentially out of the twenties, and his band weights him solely in rock. So it was good to see Popp play alone. It was good to hear his excellent voice all the more clearly. (Jonathan Berger)



2/3 - Fort @ Sidewalk: The Count played piano, so he made sense on Piano Night, but he brought, as entourage, five string players and a small drum kit hidden behind the baby grand. Up front was a gorgeous waif of a second violinist. I was in love. The music wasn't bad either. (Arnie Rogers)

2/6 - Postcrypt Coffee House: "This is the last Camp Hoboken show," Christian Bauman uttered at evening's end. "For a while." Rich added.

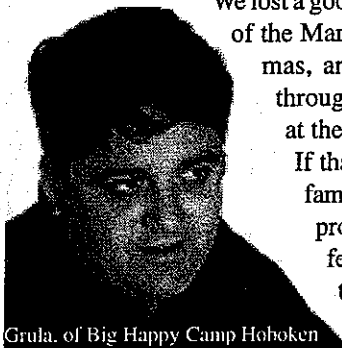
"Scheduled." Gregg Cagno amended.

Even that's a lie. They're going to play for one of the many Brody benefits coming up in the months ahead. Rich Gula, the biggest individual on the Camp Hoboken bill, explained.

"We lost a good friend recently. Don Brody of the Marys died right around Christmas, and we have to put his kids through college, so there's a show at the Bottom Line..."

If that future show, a \$25 a head family fund-raiser, holds half the promise that the Postcrypt coffee house did Friday the 6th, then it'll be a show indeed.

Camp Hoboken works like



Gula, of Big Happy Camp Hoboken

this — or rather, it worked like this on the sixth: With percussionist and backup-vocalist in tow, four songwriters loosely affiliated with Hoboken marched into the tiny Church-basement space that is the Postcrypt. The sang melodically, harmonically, a Marys' song, in honor of the late great Don Brody.

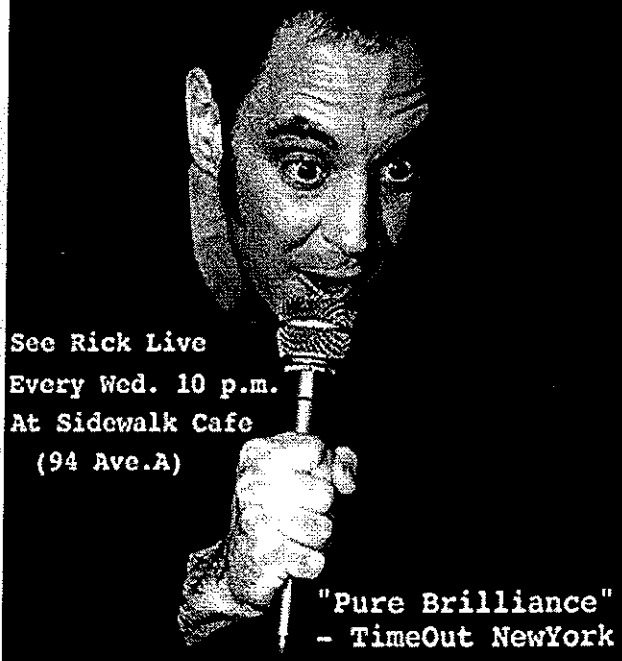
After the introductory number, Rich Gula, big happy leader of Big Happy Crowd, described each of the other 3 songwriters in attendance, and explained they'd take turns at the mic. Then he moved aside for Gregg Cagno to play. Gregg Cagno's got Tales from Sixth & Clinton out on Zesty Records, but he didn't play much from it. A bearded, tall guy, he looked like some hippie-folkster, but played a little too fast for that.

Like always at the Postcrypt, the volume levels were right, since the 50-seat space uses no amplification, just the great acoustics of the brick, god-bound walls.

Cagno gave the stage over to Christian Bauman, who's album Road Dogs, Assassins & the Queen of Ohio is out on Zesty Records. Bauman sounded like he was from the south somewhere, with a friendly, charming way, and his songs seemed meaningful, but his voice was not the strongest. Luck-



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ily, he was pretty consistently backed up by some sweet-voiced guy, and occasionally, Linda Sharar.

Linda hails from Boston, but is clearly an integral member of the Camp Hoboken posse. She's related to the living member of the Marys, Connie Sharar, and she was the most traditionally folksy of the crew. Sweet, sensitive, soft, seductive, she was all right.

Filling out the cycle was Rich Grula, whose band, Big Happy Crowd, released 1997's Folk and Feedback on Zesty Records. It made perfect sense for him to bat clean-up; Grula was the most powerful of the performers, loud and abrasive and funny and comfortable and formidable.

After a couple of round robin rounds, the entire Camp Hoboken consortium played together on some more Marys' songs, and then did longer individual sets. The atmosphere was loose, the artists were having fun and, contrary to Postcrypt form, there was room to breathe in the tiny space. Probably, a lot of the gains of the Camp Hoboken tribe would be lost in the formal, sit-down atmosphere of the Bottom Line. Nonetheless, the benefit, featuring Marshall Crenshaw & Dar Williams, will likely be great fun. (S Biederman)

claims he sewed it himself) to the brown-black old favorite. My bet is that the brown-black one broke.

Full Throttle Aristotle is Warnick's new/old band. It's first incarnation was in Buffalo. After playing the Fort scene as a soloist, Warnick declared that it wasn't as fun as playing with the band. Warnick's favor-

ite difference is that when your playing with the band, sometimes you can stop playing. That is an option playing solo, although not recommended by most folks.

The band, Warnick's wife Anne \_\_\_\_\_ and drummer Mikey \_\_\_\_\_ added energy and oomph to already energetic and oomphy offerings. With Anne serving double duties as band's bass (her left hand), and band's wacky noises (her right hand), on her 1982 Kawai synth, Warnick is free to offer some viscous guitar solos, ending up something like a manic Buddy Holly. The kids should all dance to "Eggs for Fats," as Warnick's low voice at times intones Leo Kotke. With the accompaniment of Mikey's pounding drums, "City of Women" is suddenly radio-friendly, not necessarily on a friendly radio station, but on one where they have a morning show that they talk about celebrity underwear.

Full Throttle Aristotle maintains the seedy/raunchy quality as Warnick solo, and it gives him the chance to yell stuff. (Jerome Rossen)

2/16 - Arlene Grocery: Hamell on Trial makes live performances irrelevant.

He makes the audience superfluous in his show, constantly overpowering their ecstatic laughter and clapping and other cries of pleasure. He could be playing in a vacuum, for all the participation the fans are allowed. He bludgeons on, no matter what the people will.

This is never evidenced more clearly than in the jokes. "Give me a subject and I'll tell you a joke about it!" Hamell baits the audience, and they respond.

"Anal warts!"  
 "German toasters!"  
 "Sex!"

## Report from the Fort



2/3s of Full Throttle Aristotle: Tom & Anne

Fri 03/06 Alan Andrews/Tim Robinson  
 Sat 03/07 Bev Grant/Pat Humphries  
 Thu 03/12 Rachel Bissex/Tom McCormack/Tom Prasado-Rao  
 Fri 03/13 Jack Hardy plus Billy Martin  
 Sat 03/14 John & Mary (of "10,000 Maniacs") \* \$15 \*  
 Sun 03/15 Bernice Lewis  
 Wed 03/18 Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music  
 Open Mike \* \$5 \*  
 Fri 03/20 Toby Fagenson/Dave Hall  
 Sat 03/21 Grant King  
 Wed 03/25 New Voices Showcase - \* \$5 \*  
 Fri 03/27 Teddy Goldstein/Steve Tannen \*\$6 \*  
 Sat 03/28 John Train plays Old and in the Way/Ellsworth-Leal Band

Sat 04/04 John Cohen (of Uncle John's Band)/James Reams  
 Wed 04/15 Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music  
 Open Mike \* \$5 \*

Fri 04/17 The Jazzabels  
 Sat 04/18 Acoustic Food Chain  
 Sun 04/19 Camp Hoboken - Christian Bauman/  
 Gregg Cagno/Linda Sharar/ Rachel Bissex  
 Fri 04/24 David Massengill/Lorin Rowan (of  
 Peter Rowan & The Rowan Brothers)  
 Sat 04/25 Armand Mele  
 Fri 05/01 Ken Schatz & The Cruel  
 Sisters

Sat 05/02 Out To Lunch

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2/8 - Fort @ Sidewalk: I think Tom Warnick broke his jacket. He's got a couple great ones — big in the shoulders, although not as big as David Byrne's. Tom's already pretty big. But the jacket he wore Sunday night at the Fort was two combined, the sleeves from his yellowy-brown one attached (TW



"So," Hamell responds choosing his joke, "This penguin with anal warts is driving his toaster until it breaks down..."

Mr. On Trial tells his joke, with no further reference to the warts or anything else the people suggest.

Hamell on Trial, musically, humorously, entertainingly, is a juggernaut. He lets nothing stand in his way. (G Lesse II)

2/12 - The Fort at the Sidewalk Cafe: Springwell's got it all: handsome, tall, tattooed, tough(esque), good voice, humor, strong guitar, and he's playing for free at clubs like the Fort. But I only go out to see him once in a blue moon. Why? Songs. I can't remember one of his songs. I don't know what he's singing about, or any melodies, or any hooks. Between shows, I think about the guy. I remember he's good, he's got it all, but I can't remember how. There's no substance to his muse. Springwell's fast food. (Gustav Plympton)

2/13 - Friday the Thirteenth - Mark Humble released his Guilty Pleasure Cabaret, an album of originals. To celebrate the event, he invited various local artists to come up and perform his songs at the Fort @ the Sidewalk Café. Humble as his name, he took pains to explain it wasn't his game. "Lach suggested this," he said, "And I'm really glad he did." In attendance and on stage were Paula Carino, Gene & Mimi, Marnie of Bankhead, Mr. Dave Keener, and Dave Foster, as well as Mark coming on himself to play originals no one else chose to do.

Watching another sing and play your material must be very strange. It's an honor, sure, but what if you don't like how they do it. Worse, what if you *do* like how they do it -- better? I don't think the latter happened at all that night. While Mark Humble is an excellent songwriter, he's also got the sweetest voice, and is a pretty damned accomplished player, too. A typical triple threat. No one accomplished as much as he could with his songs. It was a great show, for what will hopefully prove to be a great album. (S Biederman)

2/14 - Valentine's Day at the Fort: Watching another sing and play your material must be very strange. It must be even stranger to have to back them up while they do it, especially if you're an accomplished solo performer. That's exactly what Tom Nishioka did as he played guitar behind Jocelyn Ryder. She covered him thrice in her set of "ten songs about love and one about lust." They were excellent songs. Her voice is great, and the arrangement on Nishioka's songs was exactly what Nishioka would have wanted, I'm sure. Ryder's choice of backup is singularly excellent.

That British chick, the leader of Lo-Fi, is fucking insane. So is Joe Bendik, who performed his scariest, most hateful set, with the humans and technology as back-up. Fierce is what sums up the show just about perfectly. Exactly what you'd look for in a Valentine's Day show.

2/14 - Eureka Joe's: I took my date to Eureka Joe's. Some band was playing. Who? I dunno. It was a fun place. There were comfy chairs. Wide open space, lemons everywhere. An old salon feel could be felt all around. I remember noth-

## Report from the Fort

ing about the band's sound. (Gustav Plympton)

2/25 - Matt Sherwin seemed

depressed during his show, something about being old. With incredible songs like "All Downhill From Here, Rosebud," about being old, he should be proud, not depressed. That touching story about an old man finding a baby on his doorstep made my whole night. (Arnie Rogers)

2/3 - Rivington House @ 6:50: As the elevator climbed to the Penthouse, I realized it was probably the first time I'd taken an elevator to a concert. Escalators have occasionally gotten me up to the nosebleed seats at the Garden when I need my centennial Billy Joel fix, but this was different. I was heading for the top floor, just five stories up at Rivington. I wondered if I was getting the bum steer. At the Penthouse, though, the doors opened, and a barrage of sound blew in. I recognized the rock music and knew I'd come to the right place.

Front and center was Dan Emery, playing electric guitar, while to his left was brand spanking new drummer Jimmy, and to his left old compatriot and crime partner Steve. The latest incarnation of the Dan Emery Mystery Band was playing a brand new song, "Spooky View of the World," during this special show for special people.

Rivington House is a facility for AIDS patients, but I could only see the most obvious symptoms of physical illness from my position in the back. Many were in wheelchairs, but even some of them were grooving from the beat that the three-piece generated.

"Thanks," Dan said at the song's end, "We have tapes..." Looking out at the acid-washed, sweat-shirted crowd, it didn't appear any had an abundance of spending cash. "...And if anybody would like them, I'll happily give them out."

Many hands went up.

The viewers came and went. Despite the fluorescent lights and the checkered floor, the room was like many — some people got into it, others didn't. Several of the ladies began dancing when the guys played "Light My Fire."

"Thanks again," Dan said, before fiddling with his guitar, "You were great."

The audience clapped as Pete, the organizer, stormed the make-shift stage and cried, unamplified, "You want more?" We all clapped some more, and Dan and the Band played on. After the last song, the guys had a meet and greet with the audience, during which a whole bunch of people thanked them. Several gentlemen appearing far too old to appreciate that kind of rock music seemed to enjoy it the most.

Pete, who puts on shows every week at Rivington for LifeBeat, told us that next week, Amy Rigby was coming by, and that Dan's was easily the most rocking group they'd every had. It was good time. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, moreso than a typical show.

As the elevator descended, I felt uplifted. (Jonathan Berger)

**Complete AntiFolk Festival Coverage in the April AntiMatters! Ask for it by name.**

## Iggy Gorgess by Chrissi Sepe

When Iggy walked into work that Wednesday, he was happy to see humans. He'd spent the last two days watching TV and eating spaghetti. Robbie walked in at four o'clock when Marta was ready to leave.

"Hey, Marta?" Robbie asked. "My sister said she saw you at some club, this real rock joint that her boyfriend goes to."

"Oh, yeah, 'Truckers', downtown."

"What were you doing there?" Robbie's eyes opened wide.

Marta smiled sweetly. "What do you mean? Your sister was there!"

Robbie turned to Iggy. "Can you believe this, Iggy?"

"What?" Iggy asked.

"Marta goes where hoodlums hang out, and she has a fake ID."

"Hood-lums?" Iggy asked, laughing.

"Yeah, you know, tough, delinquent kind of guys. I say we should go with her one of these days, to keep an eye on her."

Marta was excited. "Why don't we go Friday night, the three of us."

"I'm not going to some club with jerks in it — I have to deal with enough of them involuntarily," Iggy said.

"Oh, come-on, it'll be fun. Besides, what else do you guys have to do on a Friday night?"

"Well, Iggy and I are working till ten on Friday, why don't you come and meet us here?"

"What's us?" Iggy asked. "I'm not going."

"You're going!" Marta said, pointing at him. "It'll be a blast. Besides, drinks are cheaper there. The cheapest in the City."

Iggy's eyes lit up.

#

Iggy, Robbie and Marta drank beers around a rickety table at the noisy 'Truckers' club. Iggy covered his ears with his hands.

"I know clubs are loud but this is ridiculous!"

"It's great!" Marta said, beaming and bouncing to the music.

"It seems like a lot of motorcycle dudes hang out here," Robbie said.

"Look at them all lined up along the bar." Robbie pointed to a bunch of men with longish, scraggly hair who wore black leather jackets and faded blue jeans. They sat on stools along the bar, all smoking cigarettes. One of them turned around and waved in Iggy's direction. Iggy looked behind his back and saw a man behind him nod his head and walk towards the bar. The man accidentally kicked his foot into the empty chair beside Iggy, shaking the table and spilling some of Iggy's just-opened bottle.

"If one more person bumps into this table —"

"Relax, Iggy. Why are you so stressed?" Robbie asked.

"That's okay," Marta said. "I'll help you relax." She reached behind Iggy's back and massaged his shoulders, making him feel uncomfortable.

"I'm okay," he said, moving away.

"Boy, you are stressed," Marta said.

Iggy guzzled down his beer.

"So, Marta," Robbie started. "Are you looking forward to senior year?"

"You make it sound childish!" she blushed, drinking her beer.

"No, I don't mean to. I remember being a senior, it was a great year!"

"You would think so," Iggy said snidely.

"Why, didn't you?" Robbie asked, confused.

"I hated every minute of it. Football, cheerleaders — all that bullshit."

"I guess you weren't very popular," Marta said. "It's surprising, you being so gorgeous and all."

Iggy showed a rare smile.

"Well it is his last name," Robbie said.

"Bet you have a lot of boyfriends," Iggy said, finishing his bottle.

"Boyfriends?" Marta laughed. "I'd be happy to have just one!"

"Maybe Iggy's it," Robbie joked.

"I'm not the boyfriend type," Iggy said.

"No, why not?" Marta asked, interested.

"I don't know, it's like you have to be happy all the time, buy gifts, meet the parents. I'm just not into it."

"Did you meet Marlina's parents?" Robbie asked.

Iggy's features dropped.

"Who's Marlina?" Marta asked. She put her elbows on the table and rested her chin in the palms of her hands. She leaned in closer to Iggy.

"My old girlfriend," Iggy answered. He turned to Robbie. "And no, I never met her parents."

"You had a girlfriend? I thought you weren't the boyfriend type."

"I'm not. We're not together now, are we?" Iggy gulped down the rest of his beer. "I need another one." He went to the bar to get another beer.

"Do you think Iggy likes me?" Marta asked.

"Sure, why wouldn't he?" Robbie answered.

Marta's eyes looked down at the table. "I mean like like me."

"Oh," he said. "I don't think Iggy likes anyone. It's nothing personal."

Iggy came back to the table and opened his bottle of beer.

"Iggy, let's go out on the floor and dance." Marta grabbed his arm.

"Are you insane? I don't dance."

"Oh," Marta laughed, relieved. "I thought you just didn't want to dance with me." She scooted her chair in right beside Iggy's.

"No, you're okay," Iggy answered. He was starting to feel a bit tipsy.

Marta grabbed Iggy's hand.

"I'm beginning to feel like a third wheel," Robbie said. "Just remember, whatever you 2 do, you still have to see each other at work tomorrow."

"What are you, our parents?" Iggy asked. Marta laughed loudly.

"I'm going to get another beer," Robbie said. "Want one, Marta?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Isn't that my job?" Iggy joked. Robbie rolled his eyes and left.

Marta gazed into Iggy's eyes. "Oops." She pressed her finger gently under Iggy's eye. "Your eyeliner's all smeared. I'll fix it for you."

"Thank you," Iggy said softly.

"Ya know," Marta began shyly. "We don't have to stay here if you don't want to. We could always go to your place. Don't you live nearby?"

"Hey, I don't want to get arrested," Iggy said.

"What do you mean — arrested?"

Iggy sipped his beer. "Aren't you like seventeen or something?"

"Yeah, so? Sixteen is the legal age."

Robbie returned with two bottles of beer. He handed one to Marta.

"How much do I owe you?" she asked.

"Oh, don't worry about it," Robbie said, opening his beer.

"I can't let you pay!" She turned to Iggy. "You pay him, Iggy."

"Are you out of your mind!" Iggy asked.

Marta let go of his hand. "That's not very gentlemanly of you!"

"I'm not a gentleman."

Marta bit her lip. "Uh, Robbie, Iggy and I are going to leave now."

"What do you mean, leaving?"

"We kind of want to go," Marta said. "If you know what I mean."

Iggy looked at her. "I don't even know what you mean."

Marta looked at Iggy, confused. "You know, what we talked about."

"No, you talked about it. I'm staying here with Robbie."

"Talked about what?" Robbie asked.

"Nothing!" Marta stood angrily. "Fine! Stay here with Robbie. I hope the two of you are very happy together!" She stormed out back.

"Marta, wait!" Robbie said. She disappeared into the crowd.

"What was that all about?"

"Oh, she'll be back," Iggy said. "I think she wanted to go make out or something." Iggy leaned back into his chair.

"Why didn't you?" Robbie asked.

"Because. She's too young. And we work together."

"True." Robbie took a swig. "Hey, guess who I saw before? Craig!"

"Oh, no," Iggy said, concerned. "I hope he doesn't come over to us. He's the last person I want to see tonight. Him or Janna."

"He's not with Janna. He's with a couple of guys."

"Oh, do they look as stupid as he does?" Iggy asked.

"Stupider," Robbie said. He turned to the bar area. "Here they come!"

Iggy looked onto the floor. "Oh," he said. "Marta's with them."

"What?!" Robbie exclaimed.

Craig and two tall guys walked toward their table. Craig had his arm around Marta's waist. Marta sneered at Iggy and Robbie as she passed by their table. Craig never noticed them. They headed out the door.

"Oh, no," Robbie said. "Where are they going?"

"Just outside, she'll be back," Iggy said, unconcerned.

"I think we should go after her."

"No. She'll just get mad and think we're treating her like a kid again."

"I think we should just go out and see. We don't have to actually go up to them, we can just go outside, like we're getting some air or something."

"Yeah." Iggy stood up. "We'd better go."

Iggy and Robbie quickly finished their beers and went outside. The cool air was refreshing compared to the stuffy, sticky club. Iggy and Robbie scoped out the few people that were standing nearby.

"I don't see her," Robbie said.

"I know. I hope she didn't go somewhere with them."

"Nah, she's not that crazy."

Iggy felt guilty. "But she was pretty upset."

Robbie took a deep breath. "Maybe we should go around the back. There's a little parking area back there."

Robbie led Iggy out back into the parking lot. They passed some parked motorcycles and a couple cars. They saw a van near the end of the lot and heard a woman's voice shouting in the distance. It was irritating as hell.

"No," Robbie said.

"She's not here," Robbie said.

"Well, let's go back," Iggy said.

"Hey, do you hear that woman? I think that's Marta!"

"Marta?"

Iggy and Robbie hurried over to the parked van. When they got closer to it, they saw Marta being forced into the van by Craig and another guy.

"Hey!" Iggy shouted. "Let her go!"

Marta broke free and ran behind Robbie.

"Hey, guys, look! It's Elvis Presley!" the other guy said.

"And his name is Iggy of all things," Craig added.

"Iggy?" the other guy repeated. He was almost as tall as Craig, and he wore a football jacket and a heavy gold ring.

Iggy didn't answer. He walked towards Robbie and Marta. "Let's go,"

"Not so fast," Craig said.

"Come-on, Craig. I've gotta get the van back," another guy said from the driver's seat.

Craig followed behind Iggy, Robbie and Marta. "She said she wanted to go with us. She just chickened out at the last minute."

"You know that's not true," Marta said through a tear-stained face. "You said we were going to get some beer. I never wanted to get inside of it!"

"Look, it doesn't matter now," Robbie said, leading her away.

"Go," Craig said, stopping short. "You're all pussies. All 3 of you."

Iggy turned around. "You're not too swift, are you? We know where you work. It's not like you could have gotten away with anything."

"I have before," Craig said, laughing. He jumped into the van and sped off with the others.

Marta began to cry as Iggy and Robbie slowly walked out of the parking lot. Robbie put his arm around her as she walked between them.

"Don't worry," Iggy said. "He's just an asshole."

"I don't care about Craig," Marta said. "Damn! I was so stupid!"

"He's the one who's stupid," Robbie said.

Iggy, Robbie and Marta reached the front door of the club.

"Where are we going now?" Robbie asked.

"I don't know," Iggy said. "Where do you want to go, Marta?"

Marta dried her eyes with her hands. "I don't know. I don't care. Anywhere but home. I'm just not ready yet."

"Do you want to go back inside?" Robbie asked.

"No," Marta said. "Can we just go somewhere quiet?"

Robbie said, "Sure. You wanna go get some tea, sit down somewhere?"

"No, I don't want anyone to see me like this."

"We can go to my place," Iggy said. "If you want to."

"Yeah," Marta answered quickly.

"Maybe just you two should go," Robbie said.

"Why?" Iggy asked.

"I just think maybe you should just, you know, talk about it."

"Oh, Robbie, don't be silly!" Marta said. "There was nothing going on between us. Iggy can tell you that."

"No," Iggy said pensively. "Maybe we should talk."

#

Iggy made Marta a hot cup of tea as she sat on the black velvet couch. He handed her the thick mug and sat in the leather chair across from her.

"I'm such an idiot," Marta said, blowing on the hot tea. "How could I be so stupid!"

"You're not stupid," Iggy said. "We've all done the same types of things. You do it and you get over it. You learn from your mistakes."

"Well," Marta said. "What have you ever done that's so stupid?"

"A lot of things," Iggy said.

"Like what?" Marta pressed.

"Oh, I don't know." Iggy leaned back in his chair and shook his leg.

"When I was younger, I did some stupid things."

"Like what?" Marta asked.

"Well," Iggy began. "I just —" He sat up suddenly. "Well, like tonight, for example. You just happened to hang out with the wrong kinds of people, right? Well, there have been times in my life, when I was younger, that I just made a mistake and hung out with the wrong kinds of people."

"You mean people like Craig?" Marta asked.

Iggy thought for a moment. "Yeah, kind of like Craig, in the sense that I hung out with cold, insensitive people who have hurt me."

"How did they hurt you?" Marta asked, sipping her tea.

"Like the way Craig and his friends hurt you tonight."

Marta paused. "You mean someone tried to force you into a van once?"

"No," Iggy said, wondering if she was kidding or not. "Not like that. I just mean hurt hurt. My feelings type of hurt."

"Was it that girl you and Robbie were talking about — Marlana?"

Iggy looked down. "Yeah, I guess. Marlana."

"She was cold?"

"Yeah. She was a really bad person," Iggy said in a childlike manner.

"But that's what I mean. Tonight, it wasn't your fault. The whole thing. I mean, even you & me. None of it was your fault. It was mine," Iggy said.

"What do you mean?" Marta asked.

"I mean in the club, or like, when you wanted to come here. I wasn't rejecting you. Not really. I'd never want you to think that. It was me. I'm screwed up. I can't get close to anybody. It's not your fault, it's mine."

Marta drank her tea quietly. She gently placed the mug onto the coffee table. "You mean you would have liked me if you hadn't been so hurt by that girl?"

"Yeah," Iggy said. "I would have."

#

Iggy walked Marta to the subway station and waited with her until her train came. He walked home pensively, seemingly in slow motion, dragging his feet up the four flights of stairs. He opened his apartment door and sat down on the black velvet couch. He stared into space. Suddenly, he sprang up from the couch and grabbed his writing folder from his shelf. Several sheets flew out from it and landed onto the floor. He stared at the first page that read "The Vixen Marlana" in huge letters. He began tearing the page into pieces till they were so small that he could no longer tear them. He tore small piles of paper viciously and ferociously, like a wild animal. Quicker and quicker with more and more force, each time he tore till there were no more pages left. He sat on the floor among the piles of ripped papers and caught his breath. He felt relieved and no longer angry. He thought that he would scream but instead he started to cry. Endlessly, a stream of tears, he cried so hard that it startled him.

**Iggy Gorgess  
by Chrissi Sepe**



## From the Inside Out

Joie / Dead Blonde Girlfriend

Strange things happen to strange people in this city. We all have our own horror stories about open mics in Manhattan. I will not bore you with my own tales of terror, instead I shall tell you a good story about an open mic called the Anti-Hoot at Sidewalk Café.

I just moved back to Manhattan from San Francisco, and decide to go back to playing acoustic. Bands have a tendency to break up and I think, "Fuck the band thing, I am going solo."

All I need is a place to play. I've seen bands play the sidewalk and have played open mics or what they called No Bozo Jams in Boston and San Francisco so I kind of shy away from them. But something told me to go down to the Anti-Hoot on Mondays and check it out.

Missed the signup, so I just watched and learned from the seasoned veterans of the Hoot. Strange poetry, odd songs and a cavalcade of songwriters grace the stage that first night. So I say, "I'll play next week."

Next week comes and my guitar falls out of the stand and the neck splits in 2. I am out of the loop without even playing.

To make a long story short, I get another guitar and sign up a couple weeks later. I get to play real late the first time and I say "Hey! I'll get a better number next week."

Next time, same thing again. But now I am meeting people and talking about music and having fun and getting drunk. For those of you who don't or can't stay late, You miss some funny shit as well as good music. The weird and unexplained abound.

Weeks go by and I am the king of the one-song wonder. I'm feeling pretty low and say "I'm never gonna play early."

Strange things happen and the weeks go by, and then finally I get to do two songs around 12:30. All right, things are looking up — as is my bar tab — and you can find some interesting information about people at 2:30 in the morning. I already had the inside track on other cool open mics, and the lowdown on the shitty ones. I was going to list some of them, but it is privileged information, but if you come up and ask me I will tell you. In my opinion, the Antihoot is the best around.

Weeks go by, I pay my dues, and I'm getting earlier numbers and still staying late. Seven hours in a bar can be fun if you have the right people with you, but sometimes sanity gets lost in the company you keep. I find great inspiration among the people in the bars and some of my songs have shades of my late night encounters at the Sidewalk as well as others. I have a job that pays for all this fun I am having but on Tuesday I look like death warmed over with a side of hangover. The New Year comes and I get offered a gig. It's all paid off.

One gig at a time, one open mic at a time, and one drink at a time. What I do like about jams is that you see a bunch of artists in the same night, then you decide which ones you would like to see in a gig. It's kind of like the Whitman's Sampler of music. So, don't bitch about your number (and if your going to bitch keep it to yourself), you will play and you will have fun, but only if you want to. Like it or loathe it, we all have to pay our dues, and we all can't be first all the time... or second... or third... or even thirty third. Think of it this way: people are listening to you no matter what time you go on, even if it's only me.

## Apologize to the Lawyer, Man!

Here's my apology column.

It has been called to my attention that there were a few problems, mistakes, missteps which occurred in the writing of the Dizozza interview of last issue. The first is that I misspelled Peter's father's name. It is Nicholas, not Nicolas. I can only attribute the fact that I immediately assumed an old world spelling to the fact that I just finished reading War and Peace (a lie). But I should point out that I did give a draft of the interview to Peter to read and he did not mention the fact that I had misspelled his father's name.

You would think that he'd catch that.

The other mistake was in the quoting of the song lyrics that Monica sang from a song that Peter wrote when he was ten about his father being a lawyer. I said the first line of the song was "Running down to Wolfie's. Got papers to sign." It should be "Running down to work you've got papers to sign." Why I assumed that his father had business meetings at the now closed Wolf's diner (affectionately known as "Wolfie's") that used to be on 57th street is beyond me. As I mentioned in the article, the tape was a little hard to decipher.

But to make the logical leap that his dad had an office near Wolfie's, would frequently have business lunches there, and that a young Peter Dizozza would know this seems like a bit of

a jump. But I suppose it could've happened. Perhaps young Peter went with his Dad to the office one day and lunched at Wolfie's with him. And perhaps it came up in a conversation that ran something like this.

Nicholas: Well Peter, how are those blintzes?

Peter: Fantabulous, Dad.

Nicholas: I've signed many a paper over those blintzes son.

Peter: Really dad? You know, that would make a great opening to a song.

Nicholas: Yep, there's no better place to sign papers than Wolfie's.

Peter: These are great blintzes Dad.

(pause)

Nicholas: Son, did you know that my name is spelled with an "h"?

Peter: Nope.

Or maybe I really have no excuses. My apologies to Nicholas Dizozza.

Dave Wechsler

## Dr. SATAN'S VENUE EVALUATION

### 1998 STANDARD NYC CLUB ANSWER TO GIG QUERIES:

WHO ARE YOU- WHAT DO YOU PLAY- WHAT? YOU'RE SOME WHITE GUY WHO ROCKS? YOU PLAY AN ACOUSTIC THAT'S DISTORTED? WELL, WE'VE HAD THAT KIND OF STUFF IN HERE BEFORE AND YOU KNOW, IT'S JUST TROUBLE. BESIDES, WE ONLY DEAL WITH PEOPLE WHO DON'T REALLY NEED TO PLAY GIGS ANYMORE, YOU KNOW, PEOPLE WHO ARE SIGNED BUT NOT SELLING. THAT WAY, WE'LL GET OUR KICK-BACK AND BE ABLE TO KICK BACK AND KICK YOU OUT- AGAIN. HEY, DO YOU KNOW ANY YOUNG GIRLS WHO CAN PLAY A FEW CHORDS AND DON'T MIND EXPOSING THEIR DIARIES FOR COMMERCE? EVERYONE ALREADY HAS A DEAL, AND THEIR MANAGERS ARE A PAIN IN THE ASS- BEFORE THE WELL RUNS DRY, I'M ASKING FOR YOUR HELP.

Now, let's check out some of these places:

**CONTINENTAL** - Faux Stooges/Dead Boys with a twist. Must have overweight drunken lead "singer" who hurls beer bottles at himself, his bandmates, and/or the audience. -variation on the theme: dumb ass rock bitch fronting what used to be called biker music. George Tabb can kiss my ass. Have fun kids.

**LUNA LOUNGE**: Very comfy, cozy and clique-ey. Don't cause too much of a fuss, or make too much of a noise. If a friend can sneak you in to do a show- you're in (for the night).

**UNDER ACME**: I have never seen this place packed. Maybe the policy of a huge cover charge never really caught on...

**CBGB'S**: They don't like "bar" bands. They have informed me that they are a "club" -this actually happened!!!!

**CB'S GALLERY**: HIGH HIGH HIGH cover charge always, guaranteed. Ever notice how the band never sees any of this cover? Very arty- they don't rock.

**CONEY ISLAND HIGH**- Let's call this one: "Worship Jesse" and his less than mediocre D-GENERATION. They want to be the next CB's but I see them as the next CONTINENTAL. I still haven't given them a tape so I shouldn't really trash them, but I happened to see one of the worst Rock N Roll moments in history on local cable recently. It was their annual XMAS show and JOEY RAMONE & JESSE (along with some other DGEN faceless bar chord wonder) SITTING on stools and playing the worst acoustic music I've heard in a long time. To hear these lame versions of DOLLS classics (among others) done in the lazy but totally reverential way, completely misses the point and makes me NOT want to GO there, let alone play there. But anyone who knows me, knows that I'll completely change my mind on things, and may very well end up there sometime. If I do play there and sit down and do "PERSONALITY CRISIS" please slap me. I'll thank you for it later.

**MERCURY LOUNGE**: see opening statement.

**BROWNIES**: Very exclusive, to what is anyone's guess. Also a high cover charge (always). Unless a friend of mine is playing there, and I can get on the list, I don't go (and I live around

the block). Also, along with Continental & CB's, another place where the PA is way too big for the room. Still I'd play there if given the opportunity.

**ARLENE GROCERY** : The SINE connection is scary, but still, no cover and some of my friends have played there. I haven't tried yet- I just don't want to lose patience and burn another bridge. But then again I never say never to anything (except paying high cover charges). They also seem to favor that introspective chick music thing. When will this fad come to pass? I'll play there.

**BABY JUPITER**: Dumb name. Scares me.

**ORANGE BEAR**: Dumber name and even scarier. The location is "IN THE BOWELS OF HELL"

**LIVING ROOM**: Sounds all cozy and icky — I could be wrong — I've never been there (I just feel like being negative)

**WETLANDS**: Ever wonder how all the hippies were able to live without working. I have two words to answer this: TRUST FUND. My parents couldn't afford to be hippies. At the time I didn't understand why they didn't succumb. After playing this place and knowing some of these new hippie-types ( fake jazz dead groove yups who call themselves bands), I now thank my parents for their wisdom. May someone turn on that stupid van that's in there (with all of their political propaganda) and create a nice carbon dioxide situation (especially on a Saturday night). The world would then be rendered with meaning. Just don't say you heard it here first (I have enough problems).

**KNITTING FACTORY**: Can someone say "ART"?

**SHOULD I EVEN MENTION DEPT.**

**TRAMPS,  
IRVING  
PLAZA,  
M E O W  
MIX** (if you have no females in your band). The list goes on and on. Somebody please prove me wrong. Also, if anyone out there is interested in taking me on (for management)- you know how to get a hold of me.



## Dan Kilian and Tom Warnick speak out (to each other)!

Dan's Intro: Tom Warnick's eyes bug out like he's being strangled. He's choking on his words, a knot tangled semantic string of

nonsequitars filling his mouth as fast as he spits them out. That's part of the beautiful tension of a Full Throttle Aristotle show. One wonders if the poor boy is going to blow one of the endless lines to his songs. He doesn't and the loopy stories unfold. His wife, Anne Kadet, rather than complimenting his style with melodic sweetness, ups the ante with more verbal gymnastics over washed-up frantic keyboards. She gives the appearance of having drowned long ago and being perfectly preserved; a lovely, angry lady at the bottom of the sea. They both seem slightly amused at their deaths, as if they've experienced far worse ends. Good drummer. These songs are dispatches from the front of some surreal war, a deadpan recital of facts that make sense in a story without end or defined meaning.

Dan: How're you doing?

Tom: Fine. I could up anything here. Look out! How about you?

D: I'm having a bad week. I'm disconcerted. My rythms are kind of off. My job has got me down. I'm cranky.

T: How long you been cranky?

D: About a month.

T: Well, most people are cranky all the time. You're on your way!

D: In social situations I work w/ fear. I am in fear. It's important

that everyone like me. I'm one of those guys who makes conversation in an elevator with everyone. Or a bar. But I prefer to be alone and drunk in the city.

T: If you could own your own theme restaurant, what kind would you have?

D: There's a place up in Cincinnati, that's a bar and a laundromat. No one likes doing their laundry. What other chores are there?

T: They could bring their kids and dishes in. Set them off in the corner with a Jim Bean and Long Island Iced Tea.

D: How do you feel your musical career is going?

T: It's gone nowhere.

D: What's up with that?

T: You'd have to ask everyone! But we're starting off as rock-n-rollers.

D: This is the first week I've felt like we have a band, but we've been at it 6months. We've been having logistical nightmares with members. Jobs.

T: Who's the worst member?

D: The guitarist. His job has overwhelmed him. I don't blame him but I blame him. It's matter of getting momentum going. Sorry, Rob! The whole concept is minimal. He plays what I play on guitar, only better.

T: What's the best thing about living in Louisville?

D: Everyone's nice. There's a lot of crazy people. On medication.

T: Why are you putting salt in your beer? You're the only person I've ever seen do that.

D: It makes it fizz and it tastes a little bit more like you've been eating pretzels. You look like high blood pressure guy, because of your eyes.

T: My blood pressure's fine! Nobody in my family has high blood pressure. But we all have Peter Lorre eyes. Well, actually only I do.

D: Who're your influences? I see a Tom Waits thing because of the surreality.

## "An Evening In Luna"



Dan Kilian...

Tom Warnick

Tom's Intro: As the evening went on and Dan Killian and I began whoopin' it up at the Luna Lounge on February

13, 1998, I learned that Dan is one of the dirtiest street fighters I've ever seen. Not only did he break a bar stool and a mirror behind the bar, but he opened a can of whoop ass on a highly inebriated Ben Stiller. If you ever see Stiller, ask him about the bandage he had on his nose for a month at least. (Ah, he'll stay out of sight until it's healed). Then mention Dan's name. See if he remembers the volume of his voice that night or how Dan objected to it and then didn't back down from Mr. Money Bags. I've heard a tape of Dan rockin' out with electric guitars, drums and bass. Everyone's in for

a treat when Dan's band, National Anthem, get their meat hooks around you. Dan seems to worry that his songs aren't taken seriously enough or that he's some sort of novelty geek.. He is in fact a high-end underground reporter for the lonesome, the heartbroken and train whistle valentine insane. Go see National Anthem and make your life interesting for a change. Maybe Dan will show off some karate kicks.

### Continuing the interview!

T: I like him a lot. But you don't really want to play the style of anyone too much. Kind of go the other way.

D: Do you listen to obscure music or do you obscure your sources?

T: It's not a conscious obscuring. I try

and take everything I like and put it through a meat grinder so it's Tomified.

D: It's a Tomet. YEAHHH!

T: You've been compared to Elvis Costello...

D: I try to get away from him now. I tried to downplay it by playing it up when in fact I'm hurt when someone says that Elvis thing. I had those glasses. I asked the person at the glasses store, Dr. Byser's Vison World, if they were too Elvis Costello and she said, "No, his are much thicker."

T: How would she know? How would Dr. Bryser know?

D: She was hip to that punk 70s new wave. But even then I was trying to get away from him. But I was still writing these overly chatty songs.

T: There's nothing wrong with that. Most people don't even chat when they write. It's more a whole lotta yellin'.

D: I aspire to take three syllables and stretch it out as opposed to fifty. I think that's one of the keys to being SUC-CESS-FUL. Or popular.

T: What's your timetable to be successful & popular in New York City?

D: Six years ago! I wanted to be popular in Louisville. But I never got it together. Even though I don't consider myself an alcoholic, I was doing the alcoholic dodge. So I moved to another town.

T: Like a drifter, coming to town and getting into trouble with the law.

D: And manipulating people into being my friend so I could have people come to the shows.

T: Did it work?

D: No, I was much too lazy. I got a girlfriend and stayed home and watched videos. For New York experience-when people come to New York-I say, "Let's rent some video and get a couple beers!"

T: If there're some youngsters out there reading this who have just come to New York, don't make friends. Stay home and watch videos.



D: But it's not working!

T: What do you think of Queens? I just got out. And you want to get out.

D: There's a lot of beautiful people. There's a vegetable store wherever you want to go, but there's not a lot of cultja.

T: Cultja is very important if you want to be a weightlifter. It has endorphins so you can do pushups on the top of the Empire State building.

D: That sounds like one of your songs. Did that sound like one of them?

T: Not mine. I know people that write like that.

D: Like what?

T: That write lines like that.

D: How do you write?

T: Well, usually you get a lot of lines like that and you kind of Frankenstein them together. You stitch them together and then try and find an underlying theme to have them make a sort of sense to yourself. What about your "Danny Dollars (Hard To Be Charming In A Topless Bar)"? How many topless bars have you been to?

D: Three. There's a place up in Carmil, north of New York, where me and my current drummer, Steve Welch, we painted a house. White. Which was why we probably shouldn't have used red primer. I've also been to Billy's topless. It's where all the rehearsal halls are, on 26th, like Smash, and there are no bars around. So you go to Billy's Topless, just to get a beer. And then there are these dancers. And that's very exciting in a topless naked way. But you try to talk-and you're an idiot. Everyone tries to talk to them. They get bored, they're up there dancing, they're naked. Rolling around. Most are exploited trying to get their way through college or drugs. And everyone's bored. "OK, she's naked, whoa!"

T: Maybe she should do card tricks. How do you write?

D: There's a key line. I used to write as a paperboy, and that's the greatest job, because you're exhausted and it's 5:30 in the morning, or as I got to be, 6:30, 7:30 and then kids are walking to school. And I'm going door to door with with one stupid loopy thing in my head.. Something ridiculous like Honky donkey. It's in my head all the time. But I won't write that. It's a novelty song. All the time I'm walking around going, "Honkey Donkey..."

T: With people like us, with serious songs, you always want to keep a monkey wrench in there. You don't want to do a big baby song.

D: Do you have problems being taken seriously?

T: I have no idea. To tell you the truth I don't know how I'm perceived, I don't think I'm being perceived anyway. It's weird to think I'm on stage. I mean it's fine-I'm not nervous, but after I'm done playing, I sort of feel I become invisible again and anonymous. So I don't know how I'm perceived-seriously or a kook. How about you?

D: A big goof. People tell me I'm funny. I feel like that when I'm up there after some guy with really stupid songs about food, real misogynist songs that I think are really stupid. I'm singing about topless bars-but it's really about being a loser in an office, "He's a vending machine man." He's the guy who sits by it and his moment of glory is making change for the girls in the office and then goes out to a topless bar. It's a very sad song in my mind. It's got a couple of funny lines in it. I really hate the radio because there's not a moment of wit to be found. Everyone imitates Nirvana, and no one got their jokes to begin with-and they suck. I'm trying to dumb it down.

T: Ah, don't do that. You do that and you're trying everyone else. Keep what you're doing and you still got your gun in your holster.

D: If you write clever-you're too clever, you're not writing the song. You got three verses and a chorus. "I blew a chorus about being cute about



## Continuing the interview!

bathrooms." No songs about food, no songs about garbagemen. What's your song Jim Jim Jim about?

T: One of our drummers in Buffalo, everytime we'd go to practice at his house, there'd be a guy across the street yelling at us, "Uncle Billy! Uncle Billy! You're my Uncle Billy!" And then his house burned down. So when we'd go to rehearsal after that we'd see the empty lot where Uncle Billy used to be. Tragic.

D: I wrote a song inspired by that song-because you introduced as it being about our friends in the Fire Department. So I thought it would be funny if instead of "Fuck The Police," there was "Fuck The Fire Dept." or someone equally lovable. Veterinarians.

T: It's going to be the next big musical genre. Down with our friends in the civil service. Dogcatchers. Suicide hotline folks!

D: What's the most important thing that your band, Full Throttle Aristotle, has to do to be successful?

T: Y'got me there. Just create that buzz that'll sting ya!

D: I've suggested that foxy chicks were the answer.

T: So you want a lot of groupies?

D: Just to generate the crowds.

T: Why don't I hire you to be our band's flirter to bring in the foxy chicks? And we'll hire our drummer to be your flirter? When you play shows, do you structure the rockin' two and three-chord songs at the beginning? To me, shows are like firework displays. You want the George Washington head to start off-like George Washington suffering from gigantism, and then you want some minor explosions, at the end you want the big hullaballo.

D: You want a big fireworks show-the best. In Louisville on the Fourth of July, they set two bridges on fire. They don't actually burn them, but they set fireworks off them. It's a town that comes alive two weeks before the Kentucky derby. It's a weird town.

T: Do they have people on the bridge?

D: The bridges are far away. There may be people burning up and dying, but you can't see. The mob may be out there taking care of some questionable figures, but you can't see them. Stick 'em with a big rocket like Wile E. Coyote. And send them into the stratosphere.

T: But they ain't coming down like Wile E. done do!

D: Do your songs tell stories?

T: Give me a song and I'll tell you a story!

D: Eggs For Fats.

T: One New Years' eve, my best friend and my wife's best friend kissed at midnight. A big kiss. And the song is inspired by that, and how that was their only kiss ever. They live in different cities now and one forgets and the other regrets. The songs is coupled with ads from comic books, x-ray sunglasses, elevator shoes, that he'll try and win her over with them. But he doesn't. At the end, Dick Clark and Frank Sinatra give him a drink to make him feel better. "Eggs For Fats" is the title of a Burroughs poem, which we first heard about that time. It's all tied together with shoelaces.

D: Do listen to obscure music or do you obscure your sources?

T: You already asked me that question!

D: That's right. I told you before I'm like Charlie Rose, and you're giving me a hard time about it. How are you doing?

T: I'm doing pretty good. I'm 25 pennies old.

D: How do you feel about your musical career? Is it important?

T: It would be nice but I know it won't. How about you? You think you'll be a big 'ol success?

D: Yeah. It's destiny. I'm sucked into this destiny thing so I don't work hard. You play in a band with your wife. Does it make it more dynamic?

T: It makes no difference. It's a regular band. It's not talked about around the house. Except to say, "Let's go to rehearsal!" Or, "Did you take all the money from the show?" At least you know two-thirds or one-half of the band won't break up.

### The Lookalikes: Life-A-Phobia -

#### Get Off On The Grid With The Lookalikes!

The Lookalikes understand structure. They fabricate it, melt it, carry it on their shoulder or let it drop. Their cassette Life-A-Phobia constructs and projects the

Seattle personal advertisements as vehicle for their insights on human condition. The

Lookalikes use the grid structure of personal ad layout as a method of organization. Personal advertisements appear in almost every newspaper and some magazines, and are conceived as a way for like minded people to meet. People compose their own advertisements by describing what kind of person they are and what type of person they want to meet. The ad is then placed (usually for a fee) in a publication from which the composer expects the best response. The effectiveness of these advertisements is debatable, however their entrenchment and usage are not.

The personal advertisements are laid out on whole as a rigid repetitive grid structure. When one looks closer and examines the content of each boxed ad, very distinct information becomes available. This new information introduces personal characteristics about the person who composed the ad. These personal characteristics infuse a human element into the regimented static presentation. The grid drops away as content emerges as the new source of structure. This new structure, regimented now by space limitations and compositional bluntness, re-grids itself into a newer non-linear (yet just as static) presentation.

When interest in the contents wanes structure shifts back again to standard grid form. Words are arranged on a page systematically, like so much type-written graph paper.

How to break this stasis of static structure!? Respond to an ad, which would bring static information off the page into dialogue! Total disregard for this method of communication, forging out dialogues without the precursor of the personals but with every intention to connect!

Life-A-Phobia, the cassette written, performed, and produced by the Lookalikes (Steve Espinola and Alex Wolf) is structured first on content. With an emphasis on songs as wide ranging in style as Bossa-Nova, Waltz and straight forward Rock and Roll, Espinola and Wolf never impose the limitations one might if composing a personal ad. Instead, the duo do their best to brace outside the brackets of such narrow confines. Songs like "Gravy Blubber Spam," "Fool in Love," "Arthur Murray's Dance Nightmare," "Let's Go to the Dance" and "You Whip Me" careen about with a joyous absurdity, ready to jump off the actual tape at any second and definitely not submitting to the confinement and restrictions of the personals. However, however great the euphoria is for these two writers, the downside is not far behind. Songs like "Old Man," "Wind and Water," and "You've Lost Everything" definitely put the depression back into Manic/Depression. They are almost as absurd in their all-out emotional collapse as the earlier mentioned songs

are in their euphoric release. When faced with the actual personals themselves, as in "From a Stranger #1, #2, #3", Espinola and Wolf become more like presenters or handlers, coddling the disconcerting content of actual advertisements and advice

columns amidst swaths of layered percussion and abstract nests of awkwardly

tuned homemade instruments. By incorporating the actual absurd (the personals) and displaying a wide range of emotions themselves, Espinola and Wolf are able to sidestep the nihilism associated with the absurd and offer it a multi-dynamic aspect. In this aspect, possibility may be fruitless, but also endless and soothing, as when the Lookalikes together sweetly croon the closing song "Gentle Ballad of Love."

How do Espinola and Wolf navigate their way through the tangled web of their own personal lives and the lives of hundreds of non-sleepers in Seattle? In the song "Gravy Blubber

Spam," Espinola introduces the idea of gestalt as a method of semiotic guidance through which people are able to make innate decisions via some form of undisclosed specific drive. Espinola counters the action of another's aggressive behavior by throwing "salt at your gestalt" accompanied with the outburst of resignation, "your pushing me the wrong way down a one way escalator, long ago I should have said later sweet potato, you step on my nose, you step on my toes but my love for you just grows and grows". Clearly the songwriter is unclear as to relationship to the protagonist in the song. the nature of that relationship and the

rest of the ideas presented throughout the cassette continually shift emphasis and focus as the ideas overlap and recontextualize each other in endless combinations. The cassette format can also act as grid. The recombination, implosion and/or explosion of lyrics and song structure act as content. Grid and content switch places a lot on this cassette, the structure is the content till the content is the structure etc. However the Lookalikes mien structure is content. The content arranged to mediate the possibility of the music extending from the structure and content of the cassette to content structure of something actual. Like a cassette, a song, personal ad, a city, a content or a structure. The Lookalikes understand structure. (George the Couch Records) - Mike Reckner

**Mark Humble: Guilty Pleasure Cabaret -** Not surprisingly to me, a few of history's premier revolutionaries were quiet types, going about the business of making things different rather unobtrusively in the workaday world; seldom aware of the impact they were having or going to have on the rest of us. Still, in contemporary times, the genius that gets play isn't normally the one most quietly expressed or tastefully exhibited. With the release of his debut album, *Guilty Pleasure Cabaret*, singer/songwriter Mark Humble reminds us that there is always room for at least one worthy exception to that harsh rule in life and popular music. Mr. Humble fuels the argument that

### Reviews That Dare Not Speak Their Name



## DEMO TIPS # Next One

I often find that people get a sort of glazed look when you talk to them about tape formats, stereo vs. 2 track mono, stereo imaging—so here's a basic lesson.

First, stereo vs. mono. most people know something about stereo—that the Beatles changed over mid-career from mono to stereo recording, but it's really one of the most powerful tools you have for making your music big, so it's important to understand.

We have two ears. if we close our eyes and listen to what's around us, our very cool brains calculate the position of a sound by the different times that the sound reaches our ears. For example, a sound to our left hits our left ear directly, but kind of has to bend around our face and get to the other side of our schnozzola to be heard at the right ear. Our brain goes "left ear first, right ear 0.1 millisecond later—aha—closer to my left side...the sound is over there".

When you have two speakers in your playback system (boombox), you have an opportunity. In mono, the same electrical signal is sent to both speakers. If you sit and face your speakers (and they are at equal height and spacing) and close your eyes, your brain will tell you that the sound is coming from a place in between the speakers, in the center. Try this at home. Even though there is no speaker in the center, your brain, getting the same information at both ears, tells you that the sound must be right in front of you. This is called the phantom image.

In stereo, the electrical signal sent to each speaker, and therefore the sound that comes out of each speaker, can be different. The left speaker may get drums and lead guitar, the right speaker drums and shaker. Again, sitting in front of the speakers, you will hear the drums in the center (since they are being broadcast from both speakers equally), but your brain will point out the guitar to your left, and the shaker to the right.

Now, in music recording, this means that your CDs, your cassettes, your DATs have two tracks. One with the signal for the left speaker, one with the signal for the right speaker. These are your mixdown formats. you mix your many track recording (one mic per vocal, one input per guitar, one mic per drum, etc.) down to two tracks. You might also mix down to a two track reel to reel tape. The point is, you mix down to a two track format, so that your recording can be in stereo.

In certain situations, (for TV broadcast, for one), you might mix down to two tracks, but keep all the instruments in both speakers equally, this is called two track mono. You might never use this, but just so you know.

So that's the deal. Here's a quick glossary of tape formats:

**ADAT:** a pro quality VHS tape that can record up to 8 tracks (the manufacturer came up with this name, like Toyota Corolla. It has no other reason for being called this).

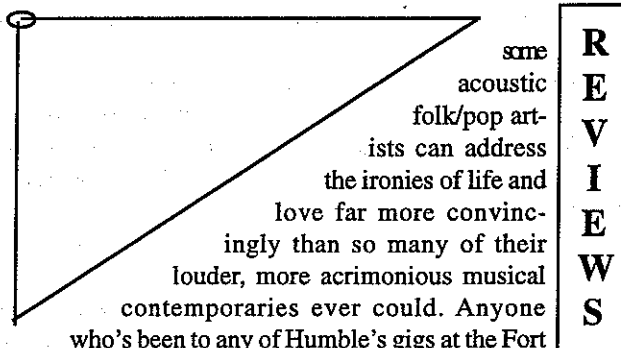
**DA-88:** pro quality 8 mm tape that can record up to 8 tracks (see above) 1/2 inch, 1 inch, 2 inch: tape widths for analog reel to reel recorders. 1/2 inch might be used as two track mixdown tape. 1 inch and 2 inch are usually 16 or 24 track tapes. All of the above are used to record your live takes and over dubs. Then, you mix down to a two track tape format:

**DAT:** Stands for Digital Audio Tape. Two tracks (for stereo). What you leave a studio with at the end of your project.

**Cassette:** Two track tape format. Two on the left hand side of the tape, two on the right hand side. Side A uses two tracks in one direction. Flipping the tape over gives you the other two tracks running in the other direction. Can be a mixdown format, but has tradeoffs as opposed to mixing to DAT.

After mixdown, after leaving your recording studio, you should have your DAT mastered (see earlier Demo tips for an explanation of this). Then you can send it to a dupe house to make cassettes (another Demo Tips suggests good houses in the city) or to make CD's or vinyl.

This is already long. Tune in next month for talk of using stereo as a weapon in your recording.



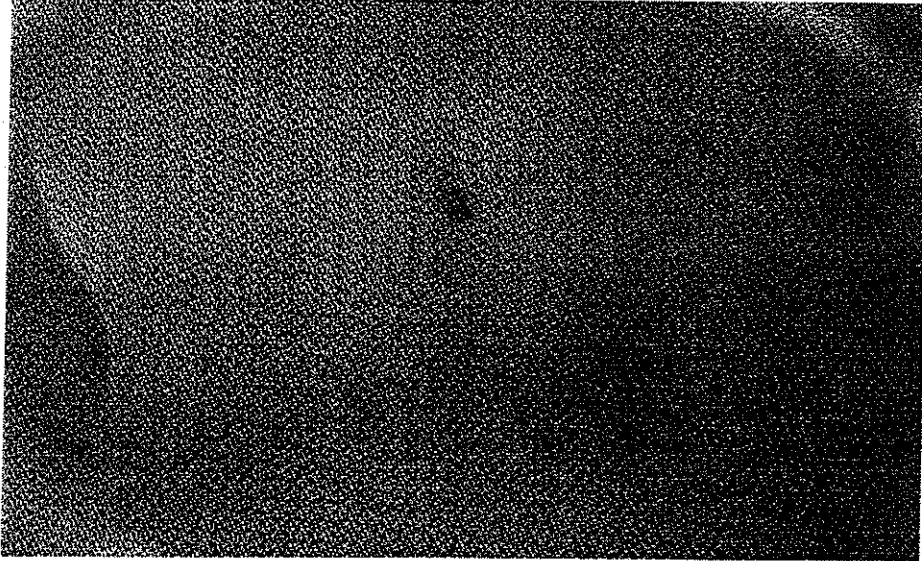
some acoustic folk/pop artists can address the ironies of life and love far more convincingly than so many of their louder, more acrimonious musical contemporaries ever could. Anyone who's been to any of Humble's gigs at the Fort will recognize most of the gems on this disc. There's a great version of his most upbeat song "Home Sweet (cont...)

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Home" on here while the rest of the record succeeds in showcasing Humble's two principle strengths as a songwriter: (1) his ability to champion tenderness articulately in a lyric without ever descending into emotional overstatement and (2) his gift for inventively wedding a sharp, sometimes sardonic (often quirky) lyrical wit with catchy melodies. Whether it's the beautifully sad "Two Steps", his black and brilliantly witty soft shoe about the horrors of American prejudice, "Chinese Water Torture", the satirical send-up of relationships in modern times, "Good Machine" or the song that gets my vote for the most achingly beautiful losing out in love tune a Fort artist has produced, "One More Kiss, Goodbye", there are a number of good moments on this album, and only a few low notes where Humble seems to trip over his own devices and attempts to be clever. He probably took some razzing for his name in younger days. No matter. Humble has made a wonderful contribution in the sensitive singer/songwriter mode that he has every right to brag about for some time to come. He probably won't though. Why spoil the power of modest brilliance? (Mr. Tasty Records) - Penner MacBryant.

# NEW YORK

Butch Ross



Well the locals never look up, they're in much too big a hurry  
trying to watch their backs while they're off pissing in some  
doorway  
afraid that if, perhaps, they are mistaken for a tourist  
that they wind up decomposing in some jersey pine-stub forest

They come here from the heartland, leaving fields of corn & soy  
to beat swords out of their plowshares, pounding men out of the  
boys  
they live in thousand-dollar closets, doing something they can't  
stand  
she's an actress, he's a singer,  
waiting tables, driving cabs.

*Chorus:* And I know  
that there's a dream for every rat  
down underground  
and another starving someone  
everytime you turn around.  
The city they named twice is more  
a timebomb than a town.

Now the folkies play Manhattan  
though they all live out in Brooklyn  
They come over on the F-Train or  
so I hear, I never took one  
They play yuppie bars in SoHo, &  
lesser joints on the East Side  
Where they hope to be discovered  
by someone other than each other.

*Chorus:* And I know...

Well I packed my Honda Civic, and I told my friends goodbye  
but I can't afford to breathe New York, so I stay on the Jersey side  
And I come up here from Trenton. I spend my money on the toll.  
It's \$3.15 for the turnpike, \$4.00 for the hole.

And I pass those Bayonne slum rows thinking my shit sounds the  
best  
because all those goddamn folkies come from towns in the  
midwest  
and I come out of that tunnel, like Bob Dylan did before me  
so I can go up to the Gaslight and Jack Hardy can ignore me.

*Chorus:* And I know  
that there's a dream for every rat down underground  
another desperate motherfucker everytime you turn around.  
The city they named twice is more a timebomb than a town.  
The city they named twice is more a timebomb than a town.  
The city they named twice is more a timebomb than a town.

When Butch Ross  
comes to New York from  
Philadelphia, he comes  
to play.

Unfortunately, the  
roaring crowds of  
appreciative New  
Yorkers don't know  
that, and have so far  
missed his performances  
at the Sidewalk Café,  
Bar, Grille, and Domes-  
tic Violence Escape Pad.  
That's a shame. They're  
missing great songs,  
including a haunting  
outsider's historical  
interpretation of NY

Folk. It's called  
"New York," and...  
here it is.

# Endorsements

With the prices of movies skyrocketing, we haven't been in a theater for anything unnecessary for our science fiction jones since Rocky VIII. That doesn't mean we see don't films, though. No, we don't go to our local Blockbuster... don't even have a card. We go to any branch of the New York Public Library, where there are more videos than your petty mind has ever conceived! Of course, no single branch has all that many flicks, but, if you search out items and place a hold on them through the InterLibrary Loan system, well, the world of classic videos is at your disposal!

There are restrictions -- you won't find Chasing Amy there just yet (too new), and no one's been able to track down the Lusty Babes with Naughty Bottoms trilogy, even in Staten Island. But you can take up to five movies out for a full week, return them to any branch of the NYPL, and they do have a pretty fine collection. Hey, it works for the staff of AntiMatters! (Jonathan Berger)

**the ONION**  
America's Finest News Source.™

Zesty Records, home of Big Happy Crowd and most of those wacky Camp Hobokeners, suggested that we who visited their website go on to The Onion, "the most satirical thing in cyberspace."

Big claim, so when we headed on down to <http://www.theonion.com>, we fully expected to be disappointed. Nope. The Onion, a parody newspaper appearing frighteningly like USA Today, keeps us in stitches week after week. With such monumental stories as "Congress approves \$540 Million for Evil," to the topical "George Clinton Threatens to Drop Da Bomb in Iraq," The Onion never fails to make us laugh at those idiots stupid enough to try to print informative stories about subjects of interest. It's based on a real weekly parody paper, which has even more material than the free website. But it costs. (\$50/yr - 33 University Sq., #270, Madison WI 53715) (Gustav Plympton)

ing a prodigious rate, he'll soon have to go cold turkey. Eventually, when the Krispy Kreme bubble bursts, we'll all go cold turkey, and maybe discover some new *haute cuisine* to keep us satisfied. Until then, though... Hold on. There's a new Krispy Kreme on 8th Street? Excuse me... (J Berger)

Major  
Matter (U.S.A.)  
Mason



8:00pm March 11<sup>th</sup>  
at the  
SIDEWALK CAFE  
6TH ST. AND AVE 4.

AntiMatters loves to jump on whatever trend is especially hot this week (most notably in last month's expose on Jewel), and our love of Krispy Kreme donuts is no exception. When Gene & Mimi began singing the praises of these southern upstart donuts, we were skeptical. "How could anything possibly contend with the monolithic genius that is Dunkin'?" We asked.

Still, with a sense of cynical *ennui*, we went to their 23rd Street, 8th Avenue location, and tasted their original glazed. While not initially overly impressed, we found ourselves returning to 23rd street every two or three days since.

Now, all of us at AntiMatters Central are addicted to the tiny light shiny donuts, going for \$4.50 a dozen. Certain members of our AM caste have begun renting out varied body parts just to keep up the habit. Seeing as how those body parts are grow-



When the hot light  
is on, our feet expand  
glazed doughnuts are  
rolling off the floor.



*There are probably at least a hundred thousand venues around the world that have "open" events where anyone can do their thing. The vast majority are not listed in any publications. In Thailand, India or Laos, all you have to do is bring your axe into virtually any small establishment and people will think you're a rock star. They will be flattered if you strum a few songs. Bars run by expat Americans or Europeans can also be great places to play when visiting Asia or Latin America, where a couple of songs can quickly lead to a paid gig, especially if you know a classic cover or two. In France, open stages are sometimes called "radio crochet", and they are frequently competitive. For example; the most-liked performer might get free drinks. In some countries performance by non registered musicians can be an obstacle for club owners, thus you will have trouble finding an open stage in downtown Peking. Below I have listed a few places (mostly North American) which currently provide a recurring 'open mike' or 'open stage' events.*

#### **SHEFFIELDS**

3258 N. Sheffield St.  
Chicago, Ill. (773) 281-4989

Monday nights, 8:30. Sign-up 8:00. Hosted by Rick Logan. \$3 cover, \$4 to watch  
COMMENTS: [?] Stage is in the back. Good choice of beers. Located near Wrigley Field.

#### **FAT ALBERTS**

300 Bloor St.  
W. Toronto, Ont. Canada.

Wednesday nights, (Sept.-June only): 8:00.  
Sign-up, 7:30.

Hosted by Mary Milne. 2 songs or 8 mins.  
\$2 donation (if you can). Free coffee and munchies. [In the basement of the Bloor St. United Church]

COMMENTS: Four microphones, vintage built-in sound system, superb acoustics. Bring a cassette tape, Tony Hanik can record your performance straight from the board, FREE! Established 1966. A geometric tapestry is suspended behind the old wooden riser that serves as a stage. Many "greats" have performed here (too many to note). The place is eclectic, anything goes, barbershop quartets, skinhead poetry, blue grass, ethnic, jazz, comedy... It's a fast moving show, perform longer than 8 minutes and chances are you will be hooked! Great atmosphere, honest numbers, open minded folks. Non commercial.

#### **FREE TIMES CAFE**

320 College St. W.  
Toronto Ont. Canada  
(416) 967-1078

Monday nights: 8:00. Call Monday afternoon for sign-up, talk to Judy.

Hosts change every week. 2 songs or 8 mins.. \$5.00 minimum.

COMMENTS: Small room, expensive drinks, good food. Smoking permitted, Acoustics are good. The sound system is a pain. Used to be you'd get a free beer after you played. Should be called "Expensive Times". In fact it's quite classy. Worth a visit (especially if Glenn Hornblast is hosting).

## **MORE OPEN SPACES**

#### **EYE OF THE STORM CAFE**

641 Queen St.  
E. Toronto Ont. Canada

Sunday nights. 8:00. Sign-up 7:30 Hosted by Ruth Jenkins. 3 or 4 songs, 10-12 mins.. No Minimum

COMMENTS: Derek Currie says this is the best open stage in Toronto. With Ruth Jenkins hosting I'll bet he's right-on. Abstract art gallery atmosphere. Seats about 25. Smoky. Near the corner of Queen and Broadview.

#### **THE INDIGO CAFE**

685 Queen St.  
W. Toronto, Ont. Canada (416) 504 6344

Tuesday nights, 9 :00. Sign-up 8 :30 Hosted by Nick Beat. 3 songs or 10 mins. No min.

COMMENTS: Ruth Jenkins says this is currently the best open stage in Toronto. I don't know Nick Beat, but his name is cool so maybe she's right. Dimly lit, seats 40. New sound system and good acoustics, I was told.

#### **THE BLUEBIRD**

4104 Hillsboro Pike  
Nashville, Tenn. (615) 383-3230

Monday nights: 6:00. Sign-up; 5:45 Hosted by Barbara Cloyd. 2 songs. 1 drink minimum. [First come first serve, maximum 20 performers.] [Song writers only.]

COMMENTS: Great acoustics. This open stage isn't for everyone, no poetry, no bands, just original music, mostly "country". And wow, it's impressive. The crowd is sophisticated ( in a country music kind of way), they don't suffer fools and at the same time they are very friendly. A good place to be heard, industry people come to listen. The room seats about 100. At 9:30 a featured act appears. One of Nashville's hottest clubs.

#### **THE BROKEN SPOKE**

1412 Brickchurch Pike  
Nashville, Tenn. (615) 226-3230

Friday nights, 11:30. Sign-up; 10:00 Hosted

by Lee Rascone. 1,2, or 3 songs. 1 drink min.  
COMMENTS: Surprisingly good acoustics. Mostly it's "song writers only" but Mr. Rascone is kindly flexible. Less pretentious than "The Bluebird", in fact it's downright tacky...What do you expect in the lobby of the Ramada Inn, next to the sports bar? Hotel patrons provide for a healthy and diverse crowd. A great place to play if you got the chops, if you don't... just do it, and have another drink...They hate New Yorkers anyhow. Similar event Thursday nights.

#### **FOOD FOR THOUGHT**

1739 Connecticut Ave. N.W.  
Washington, D.C. (202) 797-1095

Monday nights: 9:00. Sign-up when Phil arrives.. Hosted by Phil Duarte. 2-3 songs, time limit is arbitrary. \$3.00 minimum.

COMMENTS: This is a challenging environment. The overall attitude is "who gives a shit?", Phil Duarte does nothing to warm the crowd. He doesn't sing or play, doesn't joke, doesn't even introduce the performers. Phil just sits around like a lump chattering away. Hungry babblers sit at the distant back oblivious to events on stage. The front tables are often empty. Big messy stage. The sound system has frequent problems. If you enjoy a challenge, as I do, you shouldn't miss this joint. Can you compel the crowd to pay attention? Inexpensive beer and healthy food. Located near Dupont Circle.

#### **MADAMS ORGAN**

2461 18TH St. NW  
Washington, D.C. (202) 667-5370

Sunday night: 8:30. Sign-up 8:00 Hosted by Renaissance Ronnie. 3 songs or 12 mins. No min. Try a cup of DC tap water.

COMMENTS: Run down dive in an old brownstone building, billiards upstairs. No food. Capacity is about 60. Often rowdy, smoky. Local establishment catering to boozehounds and heads. A good place to get plastered, then on your way home maybe you'll be mugged. Blues is the mainstay but anything goes. Acoustics are fair. Sound system sucks. Ronnie is a riot.

### ARCHIPEL

163 chaussee de Charleroi  
Brussels, Belgium (02) 538-91-91

Tuesday and Wednesday nights 9:00. Sign-up; 8:30 Hosted by Guy Callens. No minimum.

COMMENTS: Anything Goes! Turkish zaz, ranting Walloon Tuesday is officially poetry night but musicians will not be turned away. Wednesday is officially music night but poets will not be turned away. OK acoustics, unamplified. Atmosphere is laid-back, unstructured "Maybe you can play 5 songs, maybe only 1 or 2". Friendly! English language, 'ce n'est pas un probleme'. The beer is good and cheap. Buy the house a round.

### THE BLACKBURN TAVERN

2 Main St.  
Gloucester, Mass. (978) 282-1919

Thursday nights, 10:15. Sign-up 9:00. Hosted by "Jabberwocky". I drink minimum.

Comfortable old pub. Good eats. Blazing fireplace a few feet from the stage. All kinds of people come to the Blackburn including weirdoes from the local 'artists community'. Folk-rockers "Jabberwocky" scorch the room for 45 minutes starting at 9:30, then the stage is open. Topnotch environment.

### THE KELLS

161 Brighton Av.  
Alston, Mass. (617) 782-0982

Monday nights, 9:00. Sign-up 8:30 Hosted by Gary Gore 1 drink min.

COMMENTS: My contact in Boston reports The Kells has had a fine "open mike" for the past 2 years. Anything goes. A brief journey from "The Peoples Republic of Cambridge". Smoking permitted, Inexpensive food and beer. Huge back room "probably seats 400 people". Irish.

### CAFE T.

814 Bascom Av.  
San Jose, Cal.  
(408) 298-0808

Thursday nights, 7:00. Sign-up 6:45. Hosts change. 3 songs or 15 mins. Free.

COMMENTS: According to printed matter: No FX boxes, no tape machines, no synths, etc. "There are no limits on the content of your music but please be aware children are present, etc..." I'd bet there is also; no booze, no tobacco, no political incorrectness... no fun. Sounds yucky, but frankly, I have no idea. Adjacent to San Jose City College.

### TRON TAVERN (CEILIDH HOUSE)

Hunter Square Edinburgh, Scotland

Tuesday nights, 9:00. Sign-up 8:00. Hosts change. 10 mins. £1 to watch. Free for performers. [Songwriters only]

COMMENTS: Fringe! There are lots of places to play in Scotland. According to "Folk Roots Magazine" this is one of the best. The name of the event is "Song Writers Showcase". Be aggressive, numbers are limited and "the competition is fierce".

*Patrick Harper is an entertainer who has hosted several open stages in both Canada and the United States.*

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SPECIAL TAXTIME  
UNWIND SHOW.

APRIL FOOLS  
4/1/98

8:00 Jessica Kane  
8:30 Patrick Harper  
9:00 Neal with an A  
10:00 Rick Shapiro

SIDEWALK CAFE  
94 Ave. A.  
New York

IT'S JOIE'S BIRTHDAY SHOW

Poet,  
Philosopher,  
Preacher,  
Prophet...

JOIE/DEAD BLONDE GIRLFRIEND

MARCH 15, 1998  
8:00

SIDEWALK CAFE  
6 STREET & AVE A  
NO COVER

ODDGTEVEN@AOL.COM

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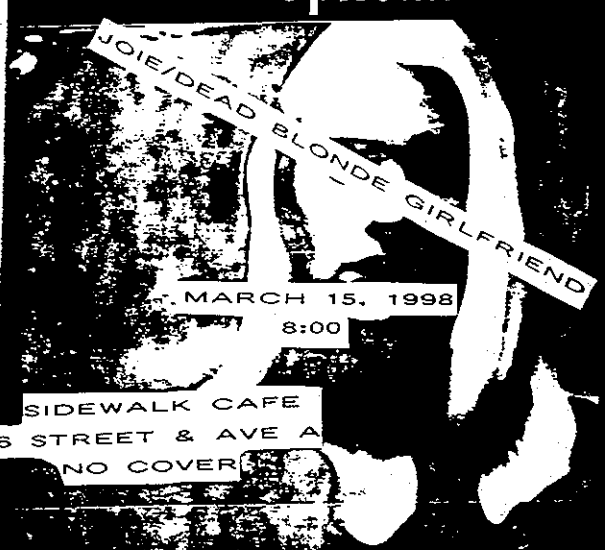
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Poet,  
Philosopher,  
Preacher,  
Prophet...



JOIE/DEAD BLONDE GIRLFRIEND

MARCH 15, 1998  
8:00

SIDEWALK CAFE  
6 STREET & AVE A  
NO COVER

ODDGTEVEN@AOL.COM

# A night and a day in the life of Nelson, British Columbia

charlie starkweather

It's not supposed to be this way.

I mean, what's an Antifolker doing in the all-too-beautiful southeastern corner of British Columbia anyway? Probably something illegal.

That's true, but more on that later.

I nearly lost my mind in Nelson. And I enjoyed it. This is a corner of the world where God goes for vacations. From the snow covered mountains you can ski right into the clear, cold blue waters.

In fact, I'm almost certain I saw God snowboarding down the slopes Whitewater Resort, listening to Lach on his headphones.

God is an Antifolker, too!

But that's not why I spent a night and a day in Nelson. Not that an experience like that alone wouldn't make visiting the city worthwhile. Nelson is a turn of the century mining and timber town that's chucked most of its environmentally unfriendly industries to become a tourist trap with attitude.

It started when I saw a poster for the "Free Spins at the DJ Playhouse and Electronic Cabaret." I'm no fool. I can read between the lines. What they were saying "Welcome to an open mic for dance music."

That was something I couldn't resist. I mean, I've been to open mics from one coast to another, from Canada to California, but I've never played while a DJ mixed the beats.

I suspected this cabaret would be the beginning of something very different from the standard fare of some guy jerking off his guitar.

I was right.

First of all, let me just say that the stereotype about Canadians being obsessively polite is true. The guy operating the whole event (and serving drinks from behind the bar, more importantly) Richard Fordham, didn't know me from Adam Ant, and still he was absolutely helpful, offering to help unpack my stuff.

I arrived at the appointed hour to the Student's Union Building on 10th Street, right across the street from the International College of Canada.

The SUB is part of the now defunct David Thompson University. I slipped in the front door and felt my way down into the basement.

First impressions.

Imagine a big suburban rec room. Oh, except for one thing. Huge #\$\$^ speakers that shook the foundations and set of seismographs on the mountainside where frontiersman and old world imperialist David Thompson never went to college. There were old couches around everywhere, discarded and recycled kitchen tables from forgotten middle class homes; and somewhere - far in the corner, a DJ with two turntables and no microphone.

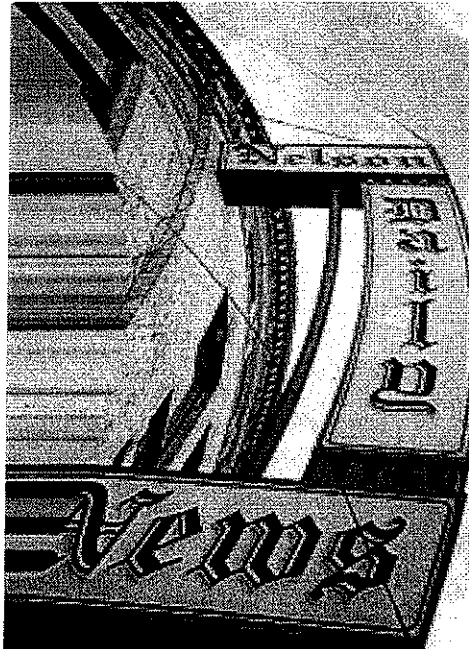
That's where I set up. I brought your standard electric acoustic guitar detuned to "C." I also had another ploy. I wanted to spin my own beats. I figured I was there to help

people dance, not think. And when it comes to mindless fun, hey, put me at the front of the line.

The first guy at the tables was Mathew. A skinny ex-British guy who hated England because they all thought he was gay. He is, but the fact they knew it bothered him anyway for a reason I was never able to figure out.

So Mathew left the country. Well, at least as much as going from Britain to a place called British Columbia can be called leaving. It is a change of scenery, if not necessarily nationality.

But Mathew is stiff-upper-lip cool. He readily spun ambient discs while I provided the beats from my beatbox. The textures he spun filled the holes and created a perfect mix of dialogue and phonic effects. It made for some wild crescendos and moody music like I had



never been a part of before.

And people danced. That's something I don't see enough of at open mics. People sweating. Bodies flying. Clothes being thrown off. Sure, it was just jackets and sweaters (this is Canada, after all, in February), but still.

Moving to music - who'd a thunk it?

After keeping the beat going for thirty minutes - drifting between hardcore, industry, hip-hop and disco - as well as mixing in enough ambient atmosphere to remove the last traces of basement suburbia, I packed in the beat box.

It was time to play guitar.

Let's just say that if you want to wake up a dance crowd, start playing your acoustic through a wah-wah pedal. You'll pierce their ears (like they need another hole!) with the stinging highs that I swear bring dogs to their knees (do dogs have knees?) and shake the walls with lows that resonate longer than a reversed-reverbed bass drum.

I played like that for another half-hour, sometime taking off all the effects and just pretending I was at some Blue-Grass Jamboree in Bowling Green, Kentucky. That messed with the crowd's mind more than anything.

But what I loved the best about it was - I was so incredibly out of my element - there were no rules. Anything went. And anything goes as long as the beats don't stop. Sure, you're a slave to the beat. You got a problem with that?

I even sang, making up words and rhymes as I played. But there was no microphone so I was pretty well just talking to myself onstage. Like that hasn't happened before.

This is where it gets weird.

Once I walked off the stage and grabbed a good, high-tox Canadian beer, I heard from another DJ that someone was planning an all night rave.

## charlie starkweather

Things were going much better than I had dreamed.

OK, but here's the hitch, he says. It's not just down the street, around the corner and through the backdoor of an abandoned church.

No, this is the otherwise quiet world of Canada. The country so remote that herds of caribou can migrate for thousands of miles and never bump into a single man-made structure.



I'm not making that up. So this DJ tells me to get to this rave you have to 1) drive to a lake dock, 2) park your car away from where the police can see it,

3) take a ferry to some distant spot on the shores of the Kootenay River that you'd never find again in a million years; and 4) stay there all night because the ferries stop running at midnight and don't come back until 6am.

Sounds like paradise to me.

I went, of course. This time without my guitar and beat box. It wasn't an open mic affair and I didn't feel like treading further on that fine, if not frighteningly nice, Canadian

hospitality. Yes, I had a great time. No, I didn't have to fight off major wildlife while looking for a place to piss in the woods. Yes, I danced until I no longer felt my legs. No, I don't remember if it was with anyone.

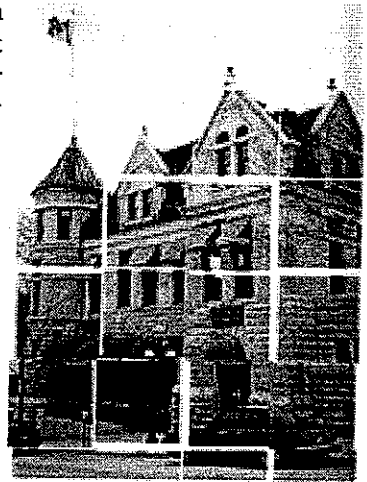
Now, one final note on Canada. Four letters: RCMP. It does not stand for Really Cool Mothers Partying. RCMP stands for Royal Canadian Mounted Police. These

would be your Mounties. The guys on the horses with the goofy looking hats.

Well, I learned they don't just ride horseback anymore. They're cops with really fast cars. Big American cars. And those damn Canadians are anally fixated on their 55mph (90kmh) speed limit. And nasty Americans who are doing 75mph (115kmh) are going to get ticketed for huge amounts.

Even if it is Valentine's Day.

On the bright side, my ticket is for \$172 Canadian. Given the current exchange rate, that's about the price of a pizza and coke in real American money.



## A Moveable Feast - The AntiBrunch.

The beautiful Rachel Spark called in July, inviting me to a brunch at the Fort, exclusively for AntiFolk. Having just recently forsaken god, I found my Sundays substantially available. "I'll be there!" I exclaimed. And I was — one of the last to show. Antifolksters past and present arrived for brunch, eating eggs and talking old times, creativity, and music. Lach sat at the head of the round table, holding down the Fort, even during the early afternoon hours of that sunny Sunday.

After an hour or so of aimless talking, the party dwindled, and some few of us opted for some aimless walking, heading from the far East to the West Village.

The whole day was great fun. "Why don't we do it again," someone said. And it was so. Rachel Spark was the ringleader for those early episodes, until she started some weekend job that kept her away from the proceedings. Jon Berger, editor, agitator and general bon vivant of the AntiFolk scene, took over the weekly thing, inviting people with backgrounds as varied as 6th & 7th Streets. "The sidewalk's not just for AntiFolk music anymore!" Berger exclaimed one heated afternoon, "It's for AntiFolk food, too."

And the AntiBrunch flourished. For a while.

Finally, though, people tired of the trite habit of eating, and eating mid-day was simply too gauche for words. So Jon Berger retired as organizer of weekends, and no one has jumped to fill his shoes. So the walls of the Fort rang a little more quietly. For a while.

There's been talk of doing it again. Having an occasional daylight gathering of antifolk irregulars might be the ticket to get us through the trying Spring ahead. Anne Husick has gone so far as to set something up for noon, March 15th. Anyone interested? (Arnie Rogers)

## Rick Shapiro



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# Sidewalk Schedule

The Sidewalk Cafe is at 94 Avenue A. All shows are free and begin at 8 p.m. For updates please call the club at 212-473-7373.

- Mon.March 2- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.  
 Tues.March 3- 8- Mighty Vitamin, 8:30-Amy Abdou, 9-Shoot me Now, 9:30- Joy Zuzulo, 10-Double Naught Spy  
 Wed.March 4- 8-Django, 8:30-David Clement, 9-Chris Dillon, 10- Rick Shapiro  
 Thurs.March 5- 8- Pat Mattingly, 8:30- Brian Seymour, 9-Springwell, 9:30- Lo-Fi, 10- Roxanne Beck  
 Fri.March 6 - 8-Thom Macfarlane, 9- Rachel Sage, 9:30- Rachel Spark, 10- Tom Clark , 12- Thomas Conenant  
 Sat.March 7 - 8-The Goofballs, 9-The Humans, 10- The Cucumbers, 11-Lach  
 Sun.March 8- 8- Eletfa (Traditional Hungarian Folk Music), 9:30- The Dan Emery Mystery Band  
 Mon.March 9- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.  
 Tues.March 10 - 7:30- Brian Belfiglio 8-Mike Younger 8:30- Valerie 9-Halo 9:30- Jesse White 10-Nancy Falkow 10:30- Johnny 7  
 Wed.March 11- Rick Shapiro Record Release Party: 8- Major Matt Mason 8:30-Jack Pedler 9- Coyote Shivers 10- Rick Shapiro  
 Thurs.March 12 - 8-Verb, 9-Ruth Gerson, 10-Tricia Scotti B'Day Bash, 11-Lost In Reality  
 Fri.March 13- 8-Rob Ryan, 9-Matthew Guadalupe, 10- Lezlee, 11- The Jim Allen Band, 12-Delta Garage  
 Sat.March 14- 8-TBA, 9-Liz Brody and Soap City, 10- Jeremy Wallace. 11- Headland, 12- The Johnson Boys  
 Sun.March 15- 8- Dead Blonde Girlfriend, featuring Joie, 8:30-Slappy J, 9-Nicholas, 9:30- Larry May, 10- Al Lee Wyer, 10:30- Citizen One, 11- Gary Heidt  
 Mon.March 16- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.  
 Tues.March 17- St. Patrick's Day Show: 8- Irish Spoken Word Artist Pat Harper, 8:30- Polar , 9-TBA, 10- Pay Daughtery  
 Wed.March 18 - 8- Gregg Swann, 8:30- Michael Eck, 9- Ruth gerson, 10- Rick Shapiro  
 Thurs.March 19 - 8-Rome 56, 9-Shameless, 10- Dan Zweben, 11- Hutz and The Bela Bartoks  
 Fri.March 20- 8-Jarrold Gorbil, 9-The Swimmies, 10- Sinde Kise, 11- Joe Bendik  
 Sat.March 21- 8-Animal Head, 9-Gene&Mimi, 10- Tamalalou, 11- Fisherman's Stew, 12- Torn & Frayed  
 Sun.March 22- 8-David Easton, 8:30- Lori Jo Manley, 9-Lenny Molotov, 9:30- Adam Brodsky, 10- David Dragov  
 Mon.March 23 - The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.  
 Tues.March 24 - 8:30- Holly Cosner, 9-Ben Eyler, 9:30- The Loving Kind, 10-Ash Negative  
 Wed.March 25 - 8-Sean Altman, 9-Uncle Carl, 10- Rick Shapiro  
 Thurs.March 26- 8-Randy Kaplan, 9-Springwell, L.E.G.Slurp  
 Fri.March 27- 7-Michael Packer CD Release, 9-Jocelyn Ryder, 10- Gilligan Stump, 11- Ferdinand The Bull  
 Sat.March 28- 9- The Humans, 10- Lezlee, 11-The Meanwhiles  
 Sun.March 29- 8:30-Jenna 9:30-Rob Skane 10- The Blue Saracens  
 Mon.March 30- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.  
 Tues.March 31- 8-Brian Bauers; 8:30- Stellan Wahlstrom, 9-Wendy Chamlin  
 Wed.April 1- **APRIL FOOL'S CELEBRATION:**  
 8- Jessica Kane, 8:30- Pat Harper, 9-Dan Kilian, 9:30- Neal 'With An A', 10- Rick Shapiro  
 Thurs.April 2 - Rob Ryan's Country Thursday! 9-Rob Ryan, 10- Demolition String Band, 11- JamNation  
 Fri.April 3- 8-TBA, 9-The Alan Andrews Band, 10- Puckett  
 Sat.April 4- 10- Wilma, 11- Richard X Heyman, 12- Gil Schwartz and The Lava Daredevils  
 Sun.April 5 - Popaganda Art and Music Happening presented by Ron English.

Check out our web-site at  
<http://members.aol.com/folkbro>.

Fri 03/06 Alan Andrews/Tim Robinson  
 Sat 03/07 Bev Grant/Pat Humphries  
 Thu 03/12 Rachel Bissex/Tom McCormack/Tom Prasad-Rao  
 Fri 03/13 Jack Hardy plus Billy Martin  
 Sat 03/14 John & Mary (of "10,000 Maniacs") \* \$15 \*  
 Sun 03/15 Bernice Lewis  
 Wed 03/18 Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music Open Mike \* \$5 \*  
 Fri 03/20 Toby Fagenson/Dave Hall  
 Sat 03/21 Grant King  
 Wed 03/25 New Voices Showcase - \* \$5 \*  
 Fri 03/27 Teddy Goldstein/Steve Tannen \*\$6 \*  
 Sat 03/28 John Train plays Old and in the Way/Ellsworth-Leal Band

Sat 04/04 John Cohen (of Uncle John's Band)/James Reams  
 Wed 04/15 Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music Open Mike \* \$5 \*  
 Fri 04/17 The Jazzabels  
 Sat 04/18 Acoustic Food Chain  
 Sun 04/19 Camp Hoboken - Christian Bauman/  
 Gregg Cagno/Linda Sharar/ Rachel Bissex  
 Fri 04/24 David Massengill/Lorin Rowan (of Peter Rowan & The Rowan Brothers)  
 Sat 04/25 Armand Mele  
 Fri 05/01 Ken Schatz & The Cruel Sisters

Sat 05/02 Out To Lunch  
 Open mike on Mondays and Tuesdays.  
 Signup at 6. Music begins at 6:30.  
 Show at 7:30pm for a \$10 contribution.

**Fast Folk Cafe**

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 stevennn@delphi.com  
[www.fastfolk.org](http://www.fastfolk.org)