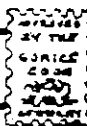
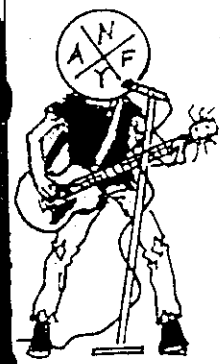


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# ANTI MATTERS

AT LAST!  
THE  
SENSE-SHATTERING  
SECRET ORIGIN  
OF

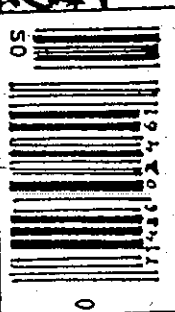
DAVID  
DRAGON!

THE  
HIPHOP SOUNDS EMANATING  
FROM THIS RADIO ARE ALTERING  
MY CLASSICALLY-TRAINED MIND  
... CHANGING ME...

...BUT INTO  
WHAT?!!

IF YOU BUY  
ONLY ONE MAG  
THIS MONTH

THIS  
IS IT!



# AntiMatters

## ALPHAMALE OF ANTIFOLK

Jonathan Berger

## WAR!

### CREATORS

Jonathan Berger  
Brer Brian  
Spencer Chakedis  
Steve Espinola  
Mary Ann Farley  
Andrew Heller  
Mike Hernandez  
Tony Hightower  
Egils Kaljo  
Lach  
Dina Levy  
Jeff Lightning Lewis  
Geln Pettit  
Mike Rechner  
Arnie Rogers  
Matt Roth

You know this, of course, but May 6th will be the greatest day in AntiFolk history. Three separate clubs will host AntiFolk evenings, all in the form of CD release parties. At CB's Gallery, the Dan Emery Mystery Band will be presenting their Home Office debut, *Natural Selection*, to the masses. They are hosting the entire night, and any number of acts you know and will love will be playing.

At Luna Lounge, Bionic Finger will be unleashing their *Inner Bimbo* on the world. At the Fort at the Sidewalk Café, Lunchin' will drop the bomb that is *Lunchin'* upon an unsuspecting public. Any number of acts with recently released CDs will be supporting them, and \*Jonathan Berger\* will be hosting the evening.

Any of those nights would be well worth experiencing; and, unfortunately, they're all in competing spaces at competing times. The artists are ambivalent about this: Pam Weis, of Bionic Finger, said, "The thing that makes me sad is that the Dan Emery Mystery Band's CD release is the same night. I'm so heartbroken about that. I really wanted to go. And I wanted them to come to ours... especially since Stevie (Espinola) is on our CD."

Steve is upset that he won't be able to play with the all-girl Bionic Finger, all much prettier than anyone in the Mystery Band. "If I didn't have to be at CB's, I'd definitely be over at Luna."

Jonathan Berger had this to say: "I think it's a shame that people are putting on competing events at the same time I'm doing something. The fact that people don't consult with me before setting up their shows to see how it inconveniences me is a shocking state of affairs. I intend to write a poem about it." When asked if he had any thoughts about the competing releases, he offered no specific comment.

Sanjay Kaul, a full fifty percent of Lunchin', wished the other acts well on the important day. "Our event is celebrating any number of acts who are getting it together and putting out

their music, so we hope that other people at other clubs have

as much luck with their night!"

CDs as we will with ours. It's gonna be a great

Dan Emery, somehow connected with the Dan

Emery Mystery Band, seemed particularly upset about the event conflict, having met Lunchin' just days before an emotional retreat to NYU medical center for "collapsed lung."

"I have this idea to support the whole AntiFolk scene," he explained, describing a convoluted plan in which people could go from club to club to see the different acts do their thing.

While the artists claim support for their competitors, we in the media can only assume that they're hiding their violent cat-fights from our curious eyes and camera. All the parties involved deny any acts of violence or vengeance on fans who will choose one act over another. And no musician admits to acts of arson on other clubs. We at AntiMatters, however, will remain eternally vigilant to get to the bottom of this crisis situation.

There are at least three references to Queens' favorite sixties duo in this issue of AntiMatters. Collect them all!

### Contact:

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150 west 95th street, 9d  
new york, ny 10025

### IN THIS ISSUE:

David Dragov!  
Reviews aplenty!  
AntiCat!  
Report from the Fort!  
Paper!  
Ink!  
FUN!

## The Last Word

by Gustav Plympton

*(Found in Gustav's apartment was a computer folder called AntiMatters. In it were several pieces revised on March 22, the last day of the late Gustav Plympton's life. Despite the three month silence Gustav agreed to, the editors have agreed to reduce his probational period, and print this, his last words and testament.)*

What bothers me most about Beck's new album is the fact that there isn't enough of that great lyrical intensity found on his earlier records. "Devil's Haircut" may sound great, but what does it mean?

Some people say that Beck rises above irony, that his songs are beyond the confines of mere content, but that doesn't quite make sense. If he's using words in his songs, why don't they follow any kind of linear plot? I mean, telling someone that he wants to Rock the Catskills, that's a great phrase. There's potential there for a story song, or a novelty, song, or a moving tale of combative generations... the possibilities are endless. So what does Beck do with such a great concept? He relegates it to a parenthetical phrase, and sings about... well, to be honest, I don't remember the cut. I don't remember too much about the entire Odelay product. I listened, smiled, and promptly forgot about it. The only thing that I can recall from it, "Got a devil's haircut, in my mind, got a devil's haircut, in my mind."

But then, the only phrases I remember from Mellow Gold, an album I listened to intensely for maybe three weeks back in '94, are, "Oooohhh, from head to toe, I'm a loser baby, so why don't you kill me?" and "Pay no mind, I got signed."

He's a delicious cola drink, our Beck is, full of fun and bubbles and immediate pleasure, but, after the can is finished, leaves you thirsty and yearning for something more. Something else. Something good.

**SoundViews** seems to consistently come out in favor of AntiFolk releases. Credit goes to Gary Pig and Mark Keating for covering the scene so regularly, though that guy who wrote the Tom Clark article didn't seem too respectful, or accurate, in his writing, in relation to Tom Clark's strong AF affiliation. Screw him.



### When I'm Editor in Chief:

- Make buying Antimatters mandatory
- Initiate Sleep With Editor Contest
- Fire Jon Berger
- Start Antimatters Night At Fort
- Slap Jon Berger
- Make subscriptions to Antimatter mandatory
- Slap anyone who gets in my way
- Buy pint of Chubby Hubby

# BIG TIME

I need new pants  
I need new shoes  
I'm too big for my  
                bitches.  
I'm a fat cat now.

*Meow.*

**I think it's unforgivable that Zane Campbell has left the city. I don't know where he is, and I don't care. It's a crime against urban nature that this incredible songwriter and player, an influential AntiFolk personality, could never be comfortable with his art in the city. I only have one demo and one song of his to tide me over, assuming he ever comes back. I know he will, and at that time, I'll be giving him a severe ass-kicking for ever cutting out. I miss his songs and I miss him.**

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child. I am quite sure of my father, but I feel, like Athena or Aphrodite, to have been borne not from the womb, but from somewhere exceptionally different. It's a disconcerting sensation, at best, especially since I'm a guy.

**All this Sellout talk really burns me. Of course, if someone's going to offer me money, I'll do what he says. This is why I have a shit job. The more money someone offers me, the more I'm willing to do for them.**

"Would you sleep with me for a million dollars?"

**“Sure!”**

"How about for a twenty?"

"What do you think I am?"

**"We've already established what you are; now we're just haggling over price."**

Someone offers me a million dollars, I'm sleeping with them. I don't even care who buys the drinks.

And for this magazine to be talking about selling out: *quel absurdisto!* Unlike the artists, who play whether anyone funds them or not, AntiMatters is *totally* catering to the whims of the consumer. Without a buyer, the zine can't exist, which is completely unlike the songs that the artists sing. The very fact we've spent two issues covering that theme suggests a bottom line invested in covering 'pop' topics for the masses. Make no mistake: I was part of that machine until very recently, but it just strikes me as hypocritical, especially considering the source.

*It is so cool that there are all-ages crowds at and on the Fort. I mean, people run the gamut from 16 to 36 with ease, and there are some that top even the big 40. That someone could live that long frightens me. That someone could live that long and maintain their art, their dreams, their songs, well, that gives me hope. I am so glad there are people out there, playing -- even if it's small clubs -- to hone their craft, work their material, do whatever it is they do. I love the old people. They make me look good.*

I'm not really dead.

# THE FORT

(AT SIDEWALK CAFE)

## PRESENTS:

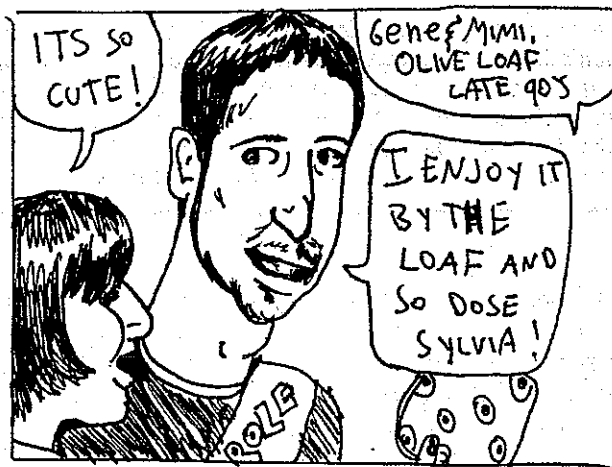
All shows begin at 8 p.m. unless otherwise noted. A \$3.00 purchase required for maximum enjoyment.

Mon.March 30- The Infamous Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.  
 Tues.April 1- Daffodil, Mia, Carol Lipnik, Adam Brodsky, Curtis Eller  
 Wed.April 2 - K-Matrix, Mr.Scarecrow, Rick Shapiro

### THE NYU INDIE FESTIVAL

Thurs.April 3 - 7:30 p.m.-Ben Sher, Billy Kelly, The Hush, Mary Ann Farley, Pal Shazar, Voodoo Martini  
 Fri.April 4 - Ruth Gerson, Brian Stevens, The Acoustic Halfbreeds, Hammell On Trial, Dan Kilian,  
 Muckafurgason, Wammo  
 Sat.April 5 - Rachel Sage, Agnelli&Rave, Paleface, The Rooks, Lach (solo acoustic)  
 Sun.April 6 - Brickface, Tracy Kash and Surrender Dorothy, Jill Diamond, Wildflowers, Stretch  
 Mon.April 7 - Lach's Antihoot, as available on that Shanachie Record. Sign-up at 7:30.  
 Tues.April 8 - Robbie Gennet, Michael Goodman's Motown Fellini, The Meanwhiles  
 Wed.April 9 - Michael Eck, Robert Urban, Rick Shapiro  
 Thurs.April 10 - The Trouble Dolls, Big Happy Crowd, Joe Mannix (of Oral Groove)  
 Fri.April 11 - Sweetfeed, Box Of Crayons, The Humans, Fur Dixon  
 Sat.April 12 - The Fixins, Dean Kostlich, Voodoo Martini, Cecil's Bait and Tackle, Little Shining Man  
 Sun.April 13 - Eletfa, Ellen Cross, Dan Zweben  
 Mon.April 14 - The Antihoot featuring Lach - the one featured in Billboard. Sign-up at 7:30.  
 Tues.April 15- Scott Klein, The Bowery Angels, Bombpop  
 Wed.April 16 - Mike Rechner, Ville, Rick Shapiro  
 Thurs.April 17 - Trail Of Debris, Pal Shazar, Virginia Plain  
 Fri.April 18 - Betsy Thomson, Shameless, Lenny Molotov and the Illuminoids, Reid Paley  
 Sat.April 19 - Gene&Mimi, Benjamin Wagner, The Novellas, Jim Allen, Bill Popp and the Tapes  
 Sun.April 20 - Strange Folk Sunday : Peter Dizozza, Tammy Faye Starlight, Ripe, Jesse White, Jessica Kane  
 Mon.April 21 - The Famous Antihoot with Lach, now available through Old Navy. Sign-up at 7:30.  
 Tues.April 22 - Lynn Bongiorno, Liz Brody, Stephen Clair  
 Wed.April 23 - Kelley Girls, Rick Shapiro  
 Thurs.April 24 - Huw Gower, Ruth Gerson, Trina Hamlin, Fisherman's Stew  
 Fri.April 25 - Jocelyn Ryder, Rita Jackson, Steve Espinola, The Humans, Joe Bendik & band, Jane Brody  
 Sat.April 26 - Episonic, Anne Klein, Homer erotic, Cecil's Bait and Tackle, Mike Rimbaud & the Subway Sun  
 Sun.April 27 - 5p.m. -Art Opening for Abby Gennet, 7:30 p.m.-My Dog, The Blue Saracens, Bob  
 Mon.April 28 - That AntiHoot thing, known to one and all as the Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.  
 Tues. April 29 - Andrew Vladeck, Christopher Dillon, Nancy Falkow  
 Wed. April 30 - Hanna & Inga, Robert Urban, Rick Shapiro  
 Thurs. May 1 - A show like none other.  
 Friday, May 2 - A presentation of music exponentially better than the one before.  
 Saturday, May 3 - Music like the heavens, only here in the East Village.  
 Sunday, May 4 - A Strange Folk Sunday, featuring artistic genius hitherto unknown.  
 Monday, May 5 - MayDay celebrated at the AntiHoot - With Lach! Sign-Up at 7:30. Come or Don't.

This is only a partial list of performers. For more info and set times please call the club at 212-473-7373.



# REPORT FROM THE FORT

3-30-00 - the Raven - Joie Dead Blonde Girlfriend broke at least one string during "Bleeker St", his second song, but continued unfazed into his third song, which only required a few strings anyway!

Randi Russo, who has been playing the electric guitar recently, played two of her melancholy songs, including a song about how she loves emotional men.

In one of the highlights of the night, Atoosa, backed by Lunchin', played a great version of the song "Too Much".

Dina and Nan did a spoken word number. Nan did the speaking while Dina drummed upon the tip jar and a chair. They were "demanding answers RIGHT NOW!"



Lunchin' played a blistering two song set, waking the crowd in the process. Especially memorable was the "haven't got a house" song.

The CD auction was competitive tonight, as an Ani DiFranco CD sold for eight dollars.

The wisdom of Vader Vader: "Stay true, be you, don't you, go sell out," and "If you eat, the old will surf."

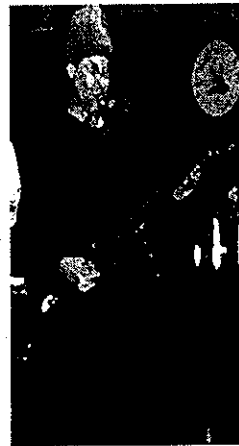
I meet interesting people at some of these open mics, and I was instructed to present this notice verbatim in my latest report: "Ish Marquez' Lonesome Crew. Byron and the Chief. This is what's gonna save rock and roll. 2000. Turn of the century. Eureka Joe's. 22<sup>nd</sup> Street and 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue. 9:30 and 10:30." I didn't ask him for a day. It didn't seem to matter. (Egils Kaljo)

4-5-00 - the Raven - After having her second song interrupted by feedback from the monitor, Reverend Liza related a story about her experience playing in the park. She had been approached by a 9-year-old kid, who told her his dad was an entertainment lawyer, and then asked her how long she's been "in the business." She played him the song that she was working on, and, as it turns out, this performance was the first "live experience" for the kid...



Joie mentioned how at first he had a fear of speaking on the microphone, and now, in his own words, he "can't shut up." If you haven't already, check out Dave's Place's cable access show (every other Friday on channel 57 at 8:30), especially because he occasionally has anti-folk talent on his show. Dave was lamenting his band situation, as he's in a band who are

unbending on their rule of playing covers only, while Dave believes in original material. The moral of the story being, apparently, if you're in a band with Dave, let him play his songs, or otherwise he will critique you at every open mike he goes to. Two guys standing behind me had been screaming at each other most of the night, but, in a strange turn of events, during Dave's Place's set, they started hugging! Coincidence?



I think not...

After some cajoling, Parker Ramsey almost took off his shirt. But he did take off his denim jacket, which is something, I guess.

As part of their two-song set, the brothers Lewis (Jeff and Jack) performed their John Kessel tribute song entitled "The John Kessel Catastrophe."

I enjoyed Rebecca Hall's set, as she played two beautiful and mellow songs. What's cool about Patsy Grace is that, regardless if she's playing them solo or with the large string ensemble, her songs sound great.

When Jeannette Charlton began her song, about half the people in the Raven were chatting away, the other half not paying any attention. By the time she was done singing her song about Moses, the entire place (no joke!) had gone quiet to listen to her.

I've never really been sure how to describe Brer Brian's music, it being a very unique mixture of many different kinds of styles. I like his "I'm sorry I never told you I was insane" song, which he played with rapid-fire delivery. (Egils Kaljo)

4-6-00 - Sidewalk Café - The dark and twisted circus, the musical mayhem, the passionate experience known as Drew Blood descended upon the Sidewalk Café on the 6<sup>th</sup> of April before a small but enthusiastic crowd of Fort regulars - and a few newcomers.

"Playing Songs of Death and Destruction" rang true as the set's name and a perfect album title. The sarcastic death pop-punk mindset of Drew Blood acts as a metaphor for spiritual rebirth. "Good Day to Die," "Drown," and "Automatic Self-Destruction" fit perfectly into a worldview of negative spirituality. His spiritual rebirth, however, does not venture beyond murder, suicide, and virtual forms of mental torture and masturbation, made over with cheeky sincerity; it's all fodder for our spiritual reawakening at a Drew Blood show. His cover of Lach's "I Love America,"



while hardly a positive song, acted as an antidote to the night's typical fare.

Blood plays piano dense and thick with an intensity reminiscent of Jerry Lee Lewis on a dose of AntiFolk. With his talented hands, he would make an incredible addition to any band, playing blues, jazz, straight rock or any number of weird and wonderful musical hybrids. In fact, he is a valued member of Lach's back-up band, the Secrets. Equal to the challenge is rock star bassist John Kessel, playing Mad Hatter to Blood's Alice, at times tweaking his piano with a familiar cookie jar smile on his face. Kessel plays bass like few I've seen elsewhere: weird, wonderful, and amazing. Drummer Mike Stevens flails and flexes, calmly keeping pace with the piano driven anarchy.

Blood's writing, playing and posing sets him apart from most performers in the New York music scene: He's ready for the big-time sell out. (*Mike Perazzetti*)

4-9-00 - **C-Note** - I felt like being a hermit all weekend, and Sunday I succumbed to the desire. I cleaned my room, and finally ventured outside around six. I went to the C-Note open



mic night. **Brer Brian** happened to be there, and we met while we were signing up. He was in front of me. I told him I'd never been there before; he said it kind of sucked. He was right. Still, like Brian said, it's a place to play. To say this scene was different from Sidewalk was an understatement. Less people, less variety (and from a personal perspective, less talent). The guy who ran it annoyed me, too - but to be fair, anything at that point would have annoyed me. I started getting the itch and left after 45 minutes, went home and did my home thing for the rest of the night. (*Andrew Heller*)

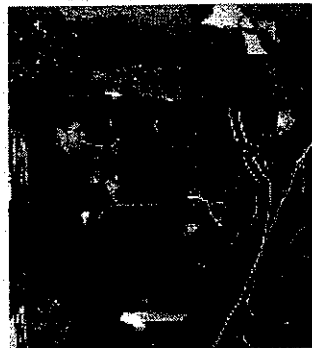
4-9-00 - **Pink Pony** - My visit to this new AntiFolk outpost a few weeks back was quite an eye opener. The evening featured **Turner Cody**, **Adam Green**, **Kimya Dawson**, **Quankmeyer Faergozia**, **Jack Dischel** of **Stipplicon**, and a small assortment of those nutty Purchase extras that Jack and Seth always seem to have at their disposal. The evening's music was performed round-robin style, with each performer singing two songs before handing over the stage. The performance space atmosphere, and perhaps the lack of alcohol available in the front room, made for a strangely reverent audience, one which viewed the performers with all the quiet and undivided attention usually reserved for priests. This worked out very well for Turner and Kimya, who, in their quieter moments are sometimes sonically overcome by the idle yacking of insensi-



tive inattentive jackoffs who need to find themselves a jukebox bar (Not that I'm casting stones). Some of the louder performers used this atmosphere to their advantage to get even more jiggy with things than they normally do. Adam sang "Dance With Me" a good four oc-

taves above where he normally sings it, to the shock and horror of the innocent bystanders, and Jack and Quank did some kickass rendition of "Without Your Love", the rousing, booty shaking crowd-pleaser from Funderwear. Steve Espinola provided the evening's tech support. Grey Revell sang "Green Train", and I played an old big band tune with a spoken word interlude that left everyone feeling hurt, confused, and betrayed. (*Brer Brian*)

4-11-00 - **Sidewalk Café** - Spring. It's so great to be out and about again. And it was wonderful to hear **Steve Espinola** play. What a satisfying show. I liked **PinataLand** a lot too - they have a similar musical sophistication as Steve, only the songs are coming from a less personal place. I thought **Jocelyn Ryder** has grown tremendously since I've seen her perform last, which I guess is about a year ago. She's a lot more confident, for one thing. And **Holly Miranda**, she sounded too much like **Ani DiFranco** for my taste, but she was obviously talented.



So yeah, I want to get out MORE. I need to get back into LIFE so that I'm not writing any more songs about teeth and bones and what it's like to have pain in my teeth and bones... (*Mary Ann Farley*)

4-15-00 - **Club Passim** - Somebody pinch me! Wake me up, please! I dreamt that this guy that I'd kinda known for years pulled a 180 and sold out! You know who I'm talking about: that scrawny dude who used to get himself banned from all the real folk clubs in the West Village was suddenly playing a Saturday set at America's premier mainstream folkie joint in Cambridge, MA.

Well lo and behold, I woke up and Goddamn! It was true! On Saturday April 15<sup>th</sup>, a little bit of Folk/AntiFolk history was made when Club Passim finally surrendered its stage to ol' Uncle Lach as part of the NEMO conference series in a half

# REPORT FROM THE FORT

hour that was the cultural/musical equivalent of the Apollo-Soyuz hookup in '75. As someone who has seen Lach perform numerous times over the years, half the fun was watching the audience react as if a bucket of cold water was thrown in their face – only to see their looks change from that of shock to



that of laughter. Seeing who “gets it” and who still has a stick up their ass at the end of it is an amazing experience. The night had all the makings of a disaster. With Boston folk scene favorites like Jess Klein and Mark Erelli (no offence to them, of course) featured on the bill, it was apparent that there was no one else in the same building sensibility-wise, like our anti-hero.

Taking the stage at 9:30 with Taylor and trusty distortion box in hand, it was obvious from the first blangy chords of “Coffee Black” and then “Ungrateful” that warm and fuzzy were not gonna be the order of this sassy sing-a-long.

And the audience was agape. But slowly the magic started to work on them, after he announced that his “home state’s having a national election this year” and launching into “Hillary Clinton.” The Cambridge crowd ate it up, and he kept ‘em

suspects were evident on the walls and in hall, as they checked out the art that Patsy had created since her debut into the AntiFolk scene. Represented in the show were exclusively AntiFolk artists, including Grey Revell, Kenny Davidsen, Michal the Girl and Tony Hightower. Again, with no Jon Berger photos or illustrations or even reference, the gallery lacked a certain something. Still, maybe some people will still consider it worth seeing... (Jonathan Berger)



4-17-00 – Sidewalk Café - Monday night was fairly quiet, except for Jon Berger’s run on the place.

There was a crowd, and there was good talent, but they never



seemed to coalesce together into the amazing experience that an AntiFolk AntiHoot can be. The crowd clapped politely as artist hit the stage, did their thing, and walked off, but no one got that huge a reaction.

Maybe it was the camera in the corner that got everyone nervous.

## REPORT FROM THE FORT

feeding out of his hand for “Kiss Loves You” and finally (a request from an audience member) “Drinking Beers With Mom.” The audience cheered, laughed and gave thumbs up. After all, at that point, who wasn’t going to admit that they never had a friend who could make a bong out of a clarinet!? Lach, all charm and heart, made his way toward the kitchen to hang with a few friends, much relieved after feeling “trepiditious” (is that a word?) but admitting to having a “great time” and that it was all worthwhile.

All in all, the evening was a must-see (well, not for most of you, but...). A perfect illustration of his mailer blurb quote from the Voice (to the effect of), “A tough, snotty punk poet with a heart of gold.”

Well, heart surely won out in the end, and the crowd got it and showed it! The current management of Club Passim (for the last 3-4 years), has shown more of a genre bending, edgy inclination. This is cause for people both inside and outside of the Anti Fold to Celebrate and Encourage. Ah, now, if only this could have happened in 1985! Oh well... (Glenn Pettit)

4-16-00 – Sidewalk Café - Patsy Grace debuted her art show to an unsuspecting public, except for the people who were invited, which was just about everyone. One wall of photographs, one wall of sketches, no pictures of me in the place, the show seemed somehow incomplete. Still many of the usual

Joe, who’s been coming with a digital camera every now and then, upped the ante at the Hoot by bringing his professional-level videography equipment and, perhaps, scaring performers’ witless with the higher intensity level.

Still, when Jon Berger hit the stage, around eleven thirty to a modest crowd, things changed.

He did one of his typically incendiary spoken word sets, with the caveat of no new material. While, on the one hand, it can get tedious to hear the same material over and over, sometimes, it helps, even with basic prosaic prose, to hear the material more than once, to get a better feel of what Berger (or any other poetry maven, I guess) is talking about.

Anyway, the applause for him, doing something a little different, writhing and twisting on stage, leaving the pedestal to harass the occasional talking audience member, and ranting about love or rage or whatever it is he’s doing, Jon Berger had a good show.

Then, a little later on, during a sickly Grey Revell’s performance, while Grey sang a throatier version of “Violent Jack,” Jon Berger approached the front of the room, starting pushing people like Joie, Patsy Grace, and Brian Piltin, before





settling into throwing flyers and sugar packs at everyone in sight.

A controlled food fight ensued, with no mess but a lot of fun, until Grey looked harshly at the participants, willing them to stop. For about fifteen seconds, before it all started up again.

After Grey's set, energy went about where it was before, but for some short shining seconds, excitement and energy enveloped some small section of AntiFolk. (Arnie Rogers)

4-18-00 - **Living Room** - Angelic songstress with a throaty stiletto delivering and 4-4 SG beat. **Randi Russo**, one of New York City's many talented singer songwriters presents songs of dark truths that both mesmerize and cause you to reflect at the same time. Without attempting to overstate the obvious Randi's songs are of sorrow and hardship written from a third person perspective. Underlying each song is a well thought out storyline and centralized theme of the outcast ending up being the winner. Some of my favorites include, "Bribe the Bride", "Sign", and "Dress". Check out her next performance - whenever it may be. (Mike Hernandez)

4-18-00 - **Stanton Street** - So, Randi Russo's show was a success. She grabbed victory out of an annoying booker's obnoxious grasp, getting a pretty good crowd for a Tuesday afternoon at the Living Room. Maybe twenty people there at seven o'clock, a majority in the AntiFolk contingent. It was a striking blow for community and local artist support, if you want to see it that way.

But it got even better.

After the show, Joie went up to just about everybody and said, "Jude's playing Baby Jupiter."

Baby Jupiter, right across the street, is a club that had some pretty good promise when it was a hole in the wall. But with a fairly crappy sound system, uninspired soundpeople and a typical five dollar cover charge to see bottom-feeder acts (those who play free most other times), it's a place I usually avoid. "Isn't she playing Sidewalk on Thursday? For free?"

"Yeah," Joie said, "but she's worried that no one's gonna show."

"Oh, all right..."

So most of the people at Randi's show trekked a half a block away in the fine evening air to pay five bucks to enter a big old room to surprise **Jude Kastle**, who was totally expecting to play to an empty room.

"Oh, thanks, guys," she said, "You didn't have to."

"What? This show isn't mandatory? Then I'm outta here..."

She gave me such a hug.

The shows were great. Randi, despite getting over a pretty potent loss of voice, seemed comfortable and powerful on

stage, though her set ended up being a little short. The audience was attentive and really appreciative.

Jude's crowd was loud and powerful, probably because she started the gig with a couple of numbers featuring Lunchin's Sanjay Kaul on borrowed drums (they were just sitting there). Afterwards, Jude moved into a slow burn mode, playing powerful haunting numbers that the audience seemed to love.

It was a great night, a night of community, and a night of fun. (Jonathan Berger)

4-25-00 - **Sidewalk Café** - It was one of those nights that reminded me why I love performances, music, and **Ish Marquez**. A clear-eyed Ish hopped solo onto the stage with a borrowed Martin acoustic and proceeded to show why he is (or should be) a national folk treasure. With the kind of reverb that is meant for great flamenco singers (Cameron comes to mind) thick on his vocals, Ish sounded like a cross between a bird and someone screaming at the heavens, trying to catch the

scream-ear of God.

Ish started with "Goya 101" (getting off your ass), which with its chorus of "now I have to try a little harder than I tried before" rang through the club and my mind as an anthem of hope both general and specific for Ish and what he is trying to do, musically and



## STONE SOUP

7:00

Tony Rubin

7:30

Leener

8:00

Jonathan Berger

8:30

Schwervon

9:15

The Leader

10:00

Steve Espinola

10:30

Star Park & Cotton Candy Head

## C-Note

(157 Avenue A)

Wednesday June 14<sup>th</sup>





# REPORT FROM THE FORT

otherwise. From the first words escaping his mouth, I got the feeling that this show was going to be the emotional experience I have enjoyed too few times before, (seeing Taj Mahal, Bob Dylan, listening to Ry Cooder or Maria Muldaur). I could tell that I was going to be affected deeply by what I was seeing. Following with "Stopped Being your Mirror," which once gave me the courage to quit my day job (and I'm not kidding, either; I heard the song six times in one day, then walked into the boss's office and quit), the set was hitting home quick. Ish continued with the old party favorite "Gin is Not my Friend," which I nominate as the finest East Village bar anthem of all time. Friends, try to find, buy, steal, or, if necessary, sell your body for the cassette bearing that name - I have listened to it more than any independently made music, including my own, audio narcissist that I am. Good as his performance was, it was when he began "Najee" that things started to get real moving, moving like continental drift. A song about a girl whose love he let go makes you feel the loss, the uncut, undiluted loss: "I should have started believing in every aspect of our love... why did I deny this?". Before Ish played three encores, requested by a crowd that seemed on the verge of violence if denied more Ish, (Well, OK, it was just me, maybe Jeff and Grey), he pulled out two covers: Leroy Carr's 1938 "When the Sun Goes Down" and Jimi Hendrix' "If 6 was 9" (which had a blazing guitar outro, Jimi smiles Ish). Who does covers that different, while still making it sound like it was written for him? And who ends shows with a laugh like a sinister talking clown possessed by the devil in beautiful rhythmic syncopation dancing around the jazz chords he wields like natives around a voodoo fire? No one but Ish Marquez. His only spoken words to the crowd were "This is the only thing that you like that I do." He displays the necessary humility of an artist that is truly brilliant. (*Spencer Chakedis*)

## 4-26-00 - On seeing Jon Berger at the C-Note

I got hard.  
The greatness of your diction,  
your lack of all restriction  
the obtuse-ness of your meaning...  
all combining within me,  
acknowledging your word-one-upmanship,  
your nervous, nerdy anger, petty jealousies,  
and revisionary view of your own past—  
pulling me up through flavors previously untasted,  
heights untested,  
and former girlfriends unmolested.  
Now you see why I got hard,  
and felt a compulsion,  
a throbbing desire to embrace you and  
maybe slip you some tongue—  
but your Mother was sitting in the front row.  
(*Tone MC*)

4-26-00 - **Pete's Candy Store** - For those who've never attended an open mic in Brooklyn, you're in for a treat. Pete's Candy Store is a club at 711 Lorimer Street (exit the L-train at Lorimer) that has an open mic every Wednesday night that runs from 9:00 til 12:00. Much like our own beloved Side-walk, you walk through a regular bar area to get to the stage area. It's a very interesting room, which looks either like an old-style train car, a 1920's hotel or a small, German café, depending on your preference. It creates a warm, cozy atmosphere conducive to an audience that actually listens, with no waitress service to disturb the performer. It's hosted by a long-haired, goatee-wearing guy named Bruce, who sports a red velvet smoking jacket. If that doesn't seem to match, get used to it. The place is ECLECTIC in the best possible sense and remains untainted by the occasional singer/songwriter ego.

The first performance was a group unlike any I'd ever seen in the East Village. 3 horns weaving in and out of strange, disjointed and fascinating harmonies with a female singer, yelling like Yoko Ono, somehow fitting into the whole mix. Then came an older man singing and finger-picking a guitar in the style of Woody Guthrie. He was followed by a beautiful piano player singing a song about the Golden Gate Bridge and another in French. Diane Cluck, I believe. That alone made the night worthwhile. Then came a group of German kids going under the name "The Gustav Heimlich Explosion," or something like that. Very sparse, very German, very fun. German AND fun? Yes, but don't ask me how. Like I said, ECLECTIC.

One of the Bavarian ladies in the group then did some songs of her own. Though I couldn't understand a word, I was hanging on every line... uh, syllable. After an accordion player, a poetry reading, a Dobro player and a visiting Englishman had performed, I got my turn. I wasn't sure how I'd go over, myself being a bit louder than the previous performers, but the room is friendly and I had a blast. Usually you get two songs, but for out-of-towners and the occasional newcomer like me, you get three songs, you get three songs, you get three songs... Though it coincides with my beloved Raven open mic, you should definitely check it out There's something good across the river. (*Augustuv Hatfield*)

## Coming Soon:

Joie Dead Blonde Girlfriend  
A Walking Tour of AntiFolk  
Movie Reviews  
Brer Brian Interviewed  
Maybe Something Else!

# Got a question about love, dating, or Kansas? Ask Major Matt.....!

*Dear Major Matt, I suspect my girlfriend is only with me so she can get citizenship to this fine country of ours. I know that relationships are give and take, but I suspect I'm being taken. What do I do?*

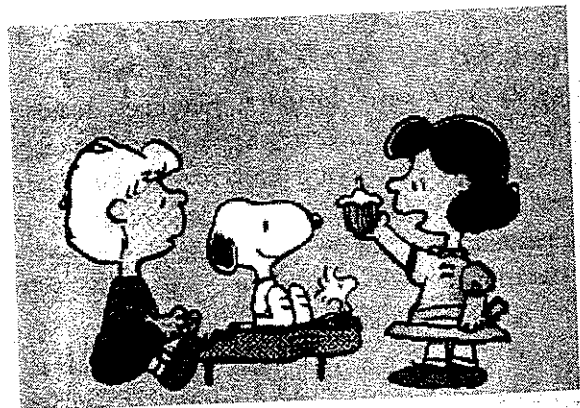
I'm going to start this response with a nifty little technique I learned from my therapist by answering your question with a question. The fun part about this is, since I'm not a therapist and you're not able to respond directly, we won't spend the next hour saying the same things over and over. Next time, maybe you could be the therapist...

This is the question: Do you love your mother? Your father? A brother or sister? Are you very close to someone you happened to meet through work? Okay, maybe you hate your parents, you have no job and you have no friends. If this is the case I would stop right here and marry the girl before she finds out too much about you. Most people could answer yes to at least one of the questions above, and none of those relationships were created by choice. Still, we can manage to give them weight and substance. We all manage to develop them into occasionally pleasant experiences, or at least to learn from them and become inspired by these relationships, created completely at random.

Every human being is different, right? We are all individuals. Like snowflakes, right? And as long as we all keep that in mind, and rejoice in that and drink Pepsi, we will all be happy, right? Wrong! Because maybe I don't want Pepsi or Diet Pepsi or Pepsi One or Caffeine Free Diet Pepsi or Coke or Cherry Coke or Diet Coke or Mountain Dew or Sprite or 7Up or Dr. Pepper or Mr. Pibb or Citra or Mello Yello or any of the wide selection of Fanta carbonated beverages. Maybe I want toilet water out of a dirty shot glass. And maybe I just want that because, as often as I ask, no one seems be interested in giving it to me. We are living in a time when being free to choose is not only a privilege but also a requirement. At the risk of sounding like "The Grumpy Old Man" I think that in our attempts at finding what

we really want, we are failing to discover what we can do with what we have.

You have a girlfriend. At least you call her your girlfriend. Which means that you guys have probably had dinner a few times, seen a couple movies and had some good sex. She is foreign, which you cannot deny attracts you in some way. Where we come from has a great deal to do with who we are. Let's just say, for our purposes, she's French. I dated a French woman once and I remember thinking on several occasions while dating her that "European women are so cool." Was I dating her just because she was European? Well, I don't think so. But I cannot deny, looking back, that her lineage did have a fair amount to do with the attraction. It's over now. Years ago I would have called it a failed relationship, but looking back it was wonderful six months that had simply run its course. We had great conversations. We had good sex. I learned some French. But eventually, it ended. I was tired of Coke and she was tired of Pepsi and we decided to try something else. When I first met her, I did not freak out when I realized that she was not a one of a kind Major Matt Cola. She was simply a beautiful European breed of soda that I really dug. When my taste changed I



# Ask Major Matt.....!

told her, and, funny enough, hers had too. But I do believe that we enjoyed the "real thing" for a brief and wonderful time.



Which brings me to my next point. While it is important to be happy, to realize that our choices are not limitless. It is also important to realize that we do have them. And that the ideas associated with the institution of marriage need to be revised in accordance with this evolved human sensibility. (A quick note about procreation: No one should even think about parenting children with another human being until they have been intimately involved with the other person for at least 5 years.) The lifelong commitments associated with marriage are simply inhuman. If self-actualization is what it is to be human, then clearly the choosing to do so is part of the practice of being a good human. When we look at ourselves and our feelings, and not attempt to control or confine them, I think we all could agree that we are quite dynamic by nature, if not downright conflicted. In other words, we crave, almost equally, stability and variety. And this is never so apparent as when it comes to matters of the heart. I heard just the other day that, for the first time since I can remember, the divorce rate is actually down - but so is the marriage rate. Until we find something better, it seems to me that the institution of marriage is the most general signifier of intimate loving relationships that we have. The only conclusion that I can reach from my overheard statistic is this: people are scared to fall in love. And I believe that this is a very strong reaction to the threat of divorce.

I'm tired of the fear of divorce being the scapegoat for the country's emotional problems. Certainly, divorce becomes much more serious when children are involved. But for lovers, without children, it is all too often that divorce is not what we fear. More often what we fear is marriage. The pressure of needing to be constantly committed, emotionally and sexually, *in sickness and in health, till death do you part* is a flat-out impossible promise for

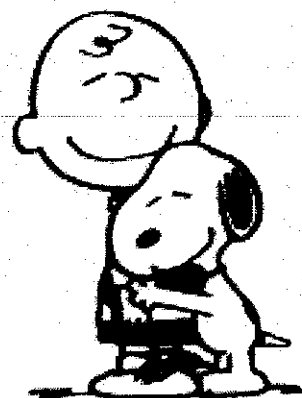


any honest, self-accountable human being to make. So, what, then? Do away with marriage altogether? If that works for you, then so be it. But if you need something more, then let's look at marriage a little more humanely...



Do away with the silver and gold anniversary bullshit. A caring heartfelt marriage that has run its course in three years is a much more beautiful thing than a bitter, jaded, burnt-out old couple drooling on themselves at their fiftieth wedding anniversary while their snot-nosed little grand-kids take turns wetting their pants and crying as the whole family gathers around some rented park shelter. Don't stress getting married - if you really are in love, of course. You can always get a divorce, or not.

Life is long. We have choices. We are capable of loving many people in our lives and a marriage license is just a piece of paper. What are the pros and cons of marrying someone so that they can become a US Citizen? Is it different than marrying someone for money? Is it different than marrying someone for sex? Is it different than marrying someone because they give a great back rub, or because they always seem to know just the right thing to say? And if you feel like you are being taken, then consider the alternative of being left behind.



Any more questions?

- Visit the "Ask Major Matt" section of the Olive Juice Music Website @ [www.olivejuicemusic.com](http://www.olivejuicemusic.com)
- or write:
- Ask Major Matt ~ Olive Juice Music ~ Box 20678 ~
- Tompkins Square Station ~ NY, NY 10009

# YARDSALE SPRING SHOPPING LIST

(formerly *The Warehouse Report*)

April 2000

{Please note: the order of this list has no bearing on the order of this list!}

## 1. Them's Good Eatin': *The Full on Sonic Beatdown*

Damnfine Records ~ Damnfine.org

Educational potluck rock from these frenzied genre hoppers. The production is a little flat, but the groove isn't, and the playing is downright manic. Track 11 should be called "Ronald Reagan Rocked your Mom," 'cuz it rocks. "I'm Not Your Disciple" is a pop nugget and there is plenty of anti-folk boogie to go around and around often with this disc.

## 2. Kimya Dawson: *I'm Sorry that Sometimes I'm Mean*

c/o Pro-Anti ~ PO Box 282 ~ Cooper Station ~ NY, NY 10276  
moldypeaches2000@hotmail.com

Kimya Dawson's delivery on her CD *I'm Sorry that Sometimes I'm Mean* is at first simple, almost childlike, matching her soft innocent voice. Don't let that fool you. Her song writing is anything but!! This CD is filled with songs that are densely packed with emotion: brutality mixed with tenderness, sadness, charm, joy, pain, and sheer brilliance. Listening to these songs, you become mesmerized by their beautiful, ethereal, otherworldly sound, and you can't help but share in every raw emotion emanating from the songs, and from Kimya. On several of the tracks, Kimya's voice and guitar are enhanced by chirping birds, children singing, and sirens blaring, all of which just add to the many layers of depth found on this amazing CD.

## 3. Spencer Chakedis: *Fueling the Fire of Delusion*

Spencer Chakedis, the guy responsible for a lot of the hum and buzz on the two great Grey Revell Discs (*Midnight Eye*, *Crazy Like an Ambush*), has got a mid-tempo chill groove going and lets it chill and groove on this CD. Chakedis deconstructs the process and psychology of this endeavor while constructing. You're sure you're participating and then Randi Russo informs "Just (not) Feeling (it)," to challenge the dynamic. Then "Llamada De La Isla Nueva" rocks out in classic fashion for a good ten minutes (followed by a rocking anti-folk number) and you just rock out and listen.

## 4. King Missile: *Mystical Shit/Fluting the Hump*

Shimmy Disc Records

Wide-eyed and ready to go, John S. Hall (the lead singer/spoken worder of King Missile) will tell you what's going down. Lucky for him, he was in the midst of the East Village catharsis (along with crack bands down for the experience). Lucky for us, he decided to yammer on incessantly (with classic beat and neo-beat constructs), with rigorous regard for performance, vocabulary, story telling, and the intensity of situation. A double classic anti-folk record!

## 5. Vader Vader: *Bach is a Fascist*

This is a great, really catchy idiotic punk rock single, right down to the hysterical vocal effects, inane lyrics, and totally cheesy guitar solo. The instrumental version leaves a great impact as well! Weirdness at its finest.

## 6. Joie Dead Blond Girlfriend: *White Trash Symphonies*

Inside Out Records ~ joiedbg@aol.com

The ex-junkie with an incredible pop sensibility, this guy brings you to his depths, to clean up his thoughts and memories, which

is great, but with melodies that can ice a cake, and songs structures that Devilsfood couldn't make better. The food may have once been junk food, but now only pure, punk, concentrated anti-folk confection is offered for your listening pleasure. The great songs on this album are too many to list, so get this CD.

## 7. Major Matt Mason USA: *Me Me Me*

Olive Juice Music ~ www.olivejuicemusic.com

*Me Me Me* is an album about me, me, me, you, you, you, and everyone else out there, as well. We could just never be able to express our emotions with nearly as much wit and humor as Major Matt does. Major Matt's songs are chock full of vulnerability, and his uncanny use of strangely tweaked timeworn phrases is incredible. One of the most clever songwriters on the lower east side, this recording fluctuates from being beautiful and folksy to rocking out, and Major Matt's voice is one that you won't forget anytime soon. Major Matt Mason USA's songs will blow you away (or "blow right through you" - through and through).

## 8. Jonathan Berger: *Unicorns and Faeries*

jonberger@excite.com

Throughout "Unicorns and Faeries," anti-folk spoken word maven Jonathan Berger unleashes his pen to page with ferocious results. Well-structured words suspend themselves with sensitive timing, sensitive to themselves and sensitive to the context, ready to punch. Berger embraces writing from points as diverse as American Modern to the more recent Neo-Beat, with great results. And of course Jon can be found scaring amany around town with his nervous, intense live spoken word performance, in which his most recent writings are recited. Check it out!

## 9. Jeffrey Lewis: *Indie Rock Fortune Cookie*

Honey Sugar Iced Tea Productions

Jeff Lewis is an adept storyteller, and an energetic performer, and his cassette "Indie Rock Fortune Cookie" will make a believer out of you, taking you on the Jeff Lewis Journey. Songs about New York, Sex, Love, Drugs, and other assorted sundries keep you hooked as you listen to this awesome homemade recording. Jeff is accompanied by his brother Jack, who wrote the new wave ballad "The Man with the Golden Arm" (a poppy song with a hook all its own), which only helps to ground this album in its indie sensibility. And don't forget to check out the cover of this cassette, which is a handmade Jeff Lewis original comic, an integral part of this cassette, and of Jeff himself.

## 10. Paleface: *Get Off*

Sire/Electra

A true electric anti-folk record from one of anti-folk's greatest acoustic performers, this record destroys itself, its history, and its lyric construct, all while chronicling the brutal decline of the performer himself. This record is difficult to listen to, but it is a legitimate response to deterioration, and because it does not represent this deterioration as a construct, but as a state, it is quite possibly the only electric anti-folk record ever made to match the grace of Lach's *Blang!*

# The Secret Origin of Dr. David Dragov

CONDUCTED BY JEFF LIGHTNING LEWIS ON THE EVE OF  
THE RELEASE OF FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

JL: I'm down in the poolroom and the sounds of Testosterone Kills are going on overhead. I hope it doesn't disrupt this interview. So finally I'm going to hear the secret origin of David Dragov; that's my mission tonight. I'll let my interviewees introduce themselves and begin on their origin tales. I guess we should pass this around, to make sure this recording gets recorded...

DD: How y'doin', I'm Dave, Dave Dragov. This is Chris, my wife...

CS: Hello, I'm Chrissi. (Giggling) Chrissi Sepe.

JL: I had a headful of thoughts and questions but now that my head is all exhausted with an oncoming sickness I'm trying to remember the specifics. I guess the secret origin of Dave Dragov is where I was thinking we'd start, and see where it goes from there, 'cause I have wondered for a long time where the whole thing came from, the concept. When you get up on stage there's such a stage presence, this big guy in a silver suit, this DAT machine booming, mixing in classical samples with hard hip-hop beats and strange humorous or surreal or just twisted sort of stream-of-consciousness rhyming on top of that, played on acoustic guitar to boot! What was the genesis of all this? How did this evolve?

DD: It just evolved. I started doing open mics without any DAT or anything, it didn't even occur to me. Then I got an 8-track studio with the DAT backing, with a DAT player, and I just thought to myself "hey!" You know, I was checking out some of these rap guys and it was like, "this is interesting," they were laying down tracks in their studio, and then coming and rapping over it, and I thought, you know, I can just keep some acoustic guitar tracks and put some beats and stuff in the background. It's more like an efficient way to have a band than hiring a bunch of musicians, because I can't find, really, musicians that really want to jam with me in New York. So I'm not for the DAT, I'd rather have real musicians, but this sort of works out now; a good way to get my ideas across to people, you know, more than just with an acoustic guitar and voice. That works, but some of the tunes, like "The Glitter Life" and all that, I need some beats in the background and some backing voices and some different lines happening simultaneously. And that's the way it happened. You know.

JL: Are any of the songs that you perform currently, like "Live the Glitter Life," "Here I Am," "Staten Island," which actually isn't on the album, but we'll talk about the album in a little bit,



are any of these songs that have lasted from the time when it was just you on an acoustic?

DD: Yeah. Definitely, indeed. "Here I Am" I wrote when I used to have a residency on Staten Island, unplugged, totally raw, no PA, just acoustic guitar. I played for two and a half hours every Thursday night. I did Tom Waits covers, Lou Reed, stuff like that. Beatles, lotta Beatles. Then I'd do two sets, two 45-minute sets of my originals. "Here I Am" was written just right before going on on a Thursday night, about a half hour before, it just sorta came to me, as well as "The Rite of Spring," I didn't write that that same night but it was written two years ago on the first day of spring. I put on The Rite of Spring by Stravinsky, and I had three chords in a D-flat tuning and I thought, "yeah man, this is really funky." And I just arranged to it.

I believe that a great song can be played

on a piano or a guitar, that's just icing on the cake. "Electroedipus" too, towards the end of that residency on Staten Island, was on acoustic guitar, "Shafted"... "Glitter Life," "Carlos the Chihuahua"... the texture is like really hip-hoppy, it really needs DAT, you really can't do them on an acoustic guitar solo. "Glitter Life" on an acoustic and a piano would be very good, as well as "Carlos."

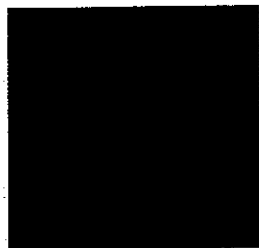
JL: Huh, I had no idea. So at what point did they have the tracks added to them? When did that happen?

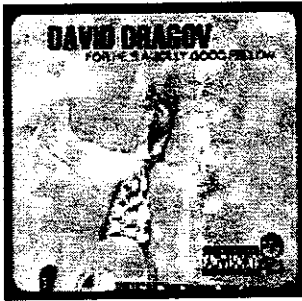
DD: Well, just wanting to experiment, and having the access to record stuff in my home, I just thought, "well, I have this song," let's take for example "The Rite of Spring," it's like, "okay, this is the groove on acoustic guitar, let's try working from the bottom up, let's get some beats happening." Got some beats in, I'm like "this is cool," I program some beats in, and then originally I had a bassline comping what I was doing, and then I thought maybe a walking bassline would be better. A more funky feel. And then the strings and everything sort of evolved, things grow, but, you know, over the course of like a week or two, just fooling around with the tune, but the actual structure of the tune is there. And then you can just add these little counter-lines and stuff like that, you know.

JL: Peter Dizozza just stepped in on our interview. Say hello Peter.

(Chrissi's giggling)

PD: Hi, how are you doing Jeff? Good to see you guys.





JL: Any words on Dave Dragov? He's the subject.

PD: Oh, great, symphonic...

DD: I got your album for you. *(hands Peter a shrink-wrapped copy of For He's a Jolly Good Fellow)*

*(There follows a confusing combination of Chrissi's giggling and Peter's excited stutterings)*

PD: I'm very excited, it's like a symphonic effect here that he creates... *(reading the CD label)* "Parental Advisory," good... *(much giggling from the Dragovs)* Oh what cool graphics, "Dave Dragov"...

JL: Yeah, Mike Rechner took a photograph for the inside that's really great.

DD: Yeah, inside, he gets some credit for it.

PD: Who did this graphic on the front? It's fantastic.

time is the judge yourself/ and you shall flourish as the snow permits you to..." That's all like, spring-y topics, what happens in the spring, and the third thing, it's like, three-dimensional, is stuff that happened to me in the spring time. 'Cause one time my mother gave me this necklace, it was like a religious cross, and I'm not used to wearing necklaces, and I was at the train tracks and these snakes, it was in Canada, it was spring, and these garden snakes, they were just born...

CS: Garter snakes.

DD: Garden snakes, they were just born...

CS: Garter snakes.

DD: ...Gar-ter snakes, they were just born, and I freaked out, I was only like eleven years old, I saw like thirty snakes, just crawling all over the place...

CS: That's scary.

DD: ...And I forgot I had the necklace on, and I thought one was in me, 'cause snakes are cold, so I just flipped out, so that's why "A garden of snakes/ awake by the rail/ a one road-track mind adolescence/ Republic of China," you know, what

## The Secret Origin of Dr. David Dragov

DD: A friend of mine up at Jive Records, actually. Ryan Wise, known as "Mr. Wise." Great musician, too. He's got his own band, called Little Climbing Monkeys. He's a total genius, yeah.

PD: *(referring to the CD cover art)* I don't recall, is this a tie or a shirt that you wear often?

DD: That was taken during the residency at Sidewalk, in December when I premiered "Electroedipus".



PD: Oh, that was such a beautiful evening. *(Chrissi giggles)* Yes, I remember that.

JL: Peter Dizozza, of course, loves any mention of...

PD: Well, he's made a big breakthrough in psychology. Freudian psychology has only gone so far, until David Dragov came. If I may say, my girlfriend Kim has spoken very favorably of that song. I also love "The Rite of Spring."

Oh man. "I got the right..." I always wanted to know, exactly... do you have the right to right, to correct, the Rite of...

DD: No, "to write," to scribble, "the right," the correct, "rite of spring."

PD: Oh, the right rite of spring.

DD: That's a total stream-of-consciousness piece. What I do is I take two... three things; it's about being blown away by the Stravinsky piece, with the actual spring, like "In the spring

happened to China in the spring of 1989, with the gates coming down. *(Chrissi's giggling)* It's all three-dimensional poetry.

PD: Frightening.

DD: And with the Stravinsky and stuff.

PD: Wow. Yeah, that's true, those things turn into snakes sometimes. You put them around your neck... I'm trying to imagine the garden snake, it's friendly, the garter snake...

DD: They're green and yellow...

CS: There's really no such thing as a "garden" snake. People don't realize that.

DD: They're garter snakes, because they're about as long as a woman's garter.

CS: Isn't that interesting?

DD: I just learned that "whet your palette" is W-H-E-T...

CS: Yeah, because I proof-read his emails before they go out, and I told him, "no it's not W-E-T, it's W-H-E-T." And so he goes, "oh good, I'll change it."

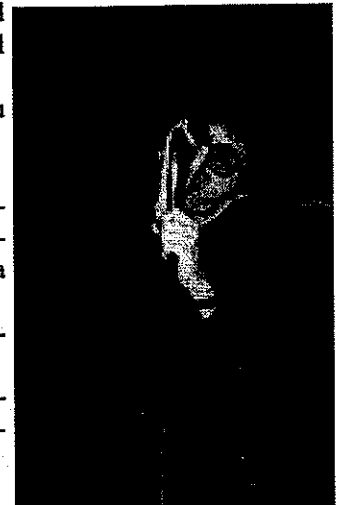
DD: "Whet your palette," you know.

PD: What does that mean?

JL: *(feeling left out of the interview I'm supposedly conducting)* So that you can get a taste of something...

DD: Get excited about something.

PD: Okay, good. And the picture in here now? *(The Halloween photo in the CD)*





**DD:** Mike Rechner (was the photographer). For the cool people, just look at the left hand. We just did it a bit, just to make things off. Only my friends know. We just exaggerated a bit. Just to make it weird.

**CS:** Made it longer, yeah.

**PD:** So we know what century we're in. Wow.

**DD:** Like, "What's the guy look like? Oh no! Oh my God!"

**PD:** And the little moon, is

that authentic lighting?

**CS:** Yeah, that was upstairs, right by the piano. We have the actual picture. It's just the way the light shows.

**JL:** (*trying to keep things back on track*) I love that song. I was shocked that "Staten Island" isn't on it. I would've thought that'd be the opening track or something; that's like your theme song.

**DD:** I think that's more of an area thing. Because I'm sending this CD out to a lot of places, and people in Chicago really don't know where Staten Island is. Well, maybe now, cause of Wu-Tang...

**JL:** Well how are they gonna know if you don't tell them?

**DD:** It was really hard for me to pick what songs, and we just thought... I wanted it to be cyclical, it's actually quite a bit of a cyclical CD. It has an interview motif. It starts with an interview, then the interview comes back between "Chubby Linda" and "The Glitter Life," so I wanted songs that would sort of contrast one another. "Here I Am" is like a heavy arena-rock song, and then "The Rite of Spring," well, you know, and then a pop song comes in, a hip-hop song, it brings it down with

## *The Secret Origin of Dr. David Dragov*

**DD:** He had total carte blanche with that. I gave him a whole bunch of photos. Visually, I can't see, and when he showed me this, like the comps for it, I was like, "This is it, definitely." I like it.

**PD:** There's a song that had a lot of repetition, "Lilly White"...

**DD:** That's not on there.

**CS:** I told him to put it on the next CD, though. That's a highly requested song.

"Shafted," and then "Electroedopus" sort of gets you out of your seat again.

**JL:** "Chubby Linda" (*the grotesquely catchy tale of an overweight reject who tries to become a bulimic*) is a pop song by Dragov standards. (*Chrissi giggles*)

**DD:** That was an old song, one of the third or fourth songs I ever wrote. I used to do it acoustic. I was gonna put this song called "It's Relative," and I thought, well, "it's too dark," there's too many slow songs after "Shafted," and then I was like "I'm getting sick of recording these songs," I hate recording, and a friend of mine said "why don't you get one of your old ones and see what you can do?" And I thought that was a good idea and what I did was I thought "Chubby Linda," well that's kind of cool, I used to do it on acoustic guitar, and I had some beats behind it and I didn't really like it, and I got some new beats, I added the distorted guitar and that whole section "your ankles are like your wrists..." I just wrote a whole coda section to tie it all up at the end. I was sorta glad about that.

**JL:** You said you wrote a "coda section." You have a certain amount of technical classical training in music...

**DD:** Oh yeah, totally.

**JL:** What exactly do you have?

**DD:** A Bachelor's at Berkeley College of Music, Master's Ph.D. University of Toronto, all in composition. I studied a lot of middle Viennese school. I'm a little rusty now; I used to be able

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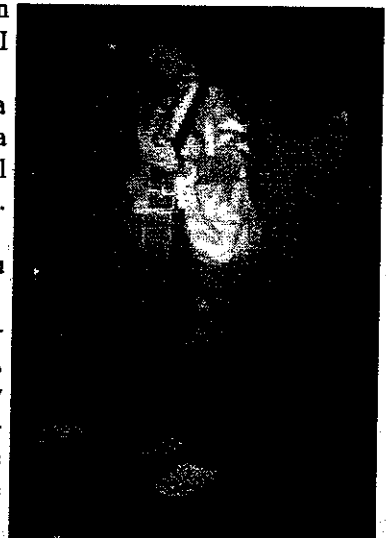
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HOSTED BY ANTI-POET EXTRAORDINAIRE - JON "FLEXI-GRIP" BERGER

# The Secret Origin of Dr. David Dragov



to write a four-part Bach fugue in four hours, which was a requirement to get your Ph.D. Masses in the style of Palestrina, again in four hours. I could harmonize anything in the

style of Brahms, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner (*Chrissi's giggling again*), I'm right into that, man, but my personal favorite is music of the 1920s and 30s in Vienna, the New Viennese: Arnold Schoenberg, Alban Berg, Anton von Webern really permeates throughout my music, as well as Stravinsky and the Rite of Spring, and then the East European stuff in the 70s and 80s out of Poland and the former Soviet Union, like Lutoslawsky, Schnittke and all that.

(At this point Peter and Dave begin back and forth name-dropping of composers whose names I will not embarrass myself by attempting to spell, other than Bartok. They discuss the notes contained in "The Chord From God." They discuss Dave's dissertation, which was "a third symphony: 'Symphony #3,'" and his second symphony, which was based on William Faulkner's *The Sound and The Fury*)

**DD:** When I first moved to New York, and I went pop, I realized "this is ludicrous." One of my best pieces in classical music was called "Please Don't Feed the Bears," it was for cello and piano, it was like a cello sonata. I hired these two Julliard musicians, who did an exceptional job, but while they were rehearsing they were making fun of it, because the title's not a classical title. I'm sort of blunt, I like to swear, I couldn't buy into that proper classical way you should act... They did a good job, and then, come time for the concert, everyone loved the piece and're like "who wrote that?" And then they go "yes,

indeed, it was a good piece," and I thought, "You're shallow. I paid you to play my music and because people tell you it's good now you think it's good?" And then I just started picking up a guitar, I started jamming around, and I just started composing tunes. And I came down here, you know. And then the whole DAT shit evolved, and all that.

**JL:** How much of your training comes into your arranging of the DAT backup tracks?

**DD:** Lots. Chris helped me out; I used to think, "I'm 33," and pop music is the only form of art in which the age-ist thing comes into question. It's like, "Oh, 33, you're too old," which I'm totally against. I used to think (of my life), "what a waste," like, everyone was going on the road, and I was in grad school working my ass off. And then I realized, when it comes to understanding music and writing music I'm kinda glad that I went through that, because I can really express myself now. I think it was really good that I did that. I think I'm taking what I learned and fusing it into something new, and I'm sure that great composers would be proud of me. Because it's become a moribund institution, it's totally dying, classical music is esoteric, and it's dead, you know? That's kind of what I want to do, bring back that great tradition, but in a different medium, and that's why I like hip-hop. I think Schoenberg would be more proud of RZA than he would be of some minor composer up in Berlin now, I'm not gonna mention any names. I'm talking good hip-hop...

**PD:** What do you mean by...

**DD:** You know, like Bobby Digital, Tribe Called Quest, and early Wu-Tang...

**CS:** Busta Rhymes...

**DD:** ...And Busta Rhymes, his stuff's like in elevens, it's nuts...

**JL:** I listen more to like, NWA...

**DD:** NWA, really good, I just bought that new re-release, the remix for the tenth anniversary of *Straight Outta Compton*, it's fucking amazing, man...

**JL:** Is it a tribute album? I have the original, I bought it from a guy on the street for like three bucks, a ragged old cassette, this guy had a big shopping cart fulla tapes, I got Redman, NWA, and something else, I forget what...

**DD:** I like a lot of that. I'm not into killing and all that, but the music as an art form, it's great, it really moves me.



When you contribute to *AntiMatters* (and you will), remember these words:

"It's about community. This scene cannot exist without you. This zine cannot exist without you. Life is too short for you not to write for *AntiMatters*. So what are you waiting for?"



# Steve Espinola's Recipe for Ramen with Anchovies

- 1) Get off at home subway station after late night gig.
- 2) Check in with stomach. If hungry in that 2:00-in-the-morning, too-late-for-a-full-meal way, proceed to Korean all-night grocery store.
- 3) Buy ramen. The large \$1.35 kind with kimchee and dehydrated extras packet is best.
- 4) Also buy anchovies, in small rectangular can. These must be the kind where each anchovy is curled around a caper.\* The brand I buy includes the poetic printed advice: "Keep Cool".
- 5) Take groceries home. Fill small saucepan with about 2 inches of water. While heating up water, check phone messages, then turn on TV. Catch a few minutes of Channel 7's "Late Night Movie", which will feature one actor you know, in a movie you've never heard of (usually for obvious reasons). Do not get hooked, because the ending is always a disappointment.\*\*
- 6) While continuing to wait for water to boil, rip open plastic ramen package. Break off small chunk of dry noodles, and eat.
- 7) Add ramen noodles to boiling water. Add powdered spicy flavor packet and dehydrated extras packet.
- 8) When ramen is ready, pour noodles into a bowl with as much soup as you like. Open can of anchovies. Fork out all 10 anchovies into noodle bowl, capers intact. Add small amount of leftover anchovy oil for flavor. Mix. As cats are now milling about, threatening to wake roommate with meows, give each a small amount of leftover anchovy bits.
- 9) Sit on couch in front of TV. Eat ramen & anchovies.\*\*\*
- 10) Optionally, make satisfied "mmmmm" noises. Leave empty bowl on floor, where cats will take turns licking at it.
- 11) Turn off TV at commercial break. Leave bowl and saucepan in sink for morning. Brush teeth. Remove clothing. Go to bed.

## Footnotes:

\* By the way, according to my expert friend Ted, they actually coax the anchovy fish to curl themselves around the capers, using reason, before shooting them.

\*\*It used to be that the late night movie would end around 2:30, and it would be followed by ABC's "World News Now". This was a fantastic and surreal news show featuring the witty, sassy, attractive, and irreverent Asha Blake (she looked like an Indian Halle Barrie), and the nearly-as-wacky Mark Mullen. For filler, they would play videotapes of, say, George Will, cut him off, and then make fun of him! Or they'd read the news while spaceships zoomed around in the background. Thursday nights they had a staff accordion player who performed polkas at Peter Jennings' desk. Eventually the original writers and producers and anchors and sense of humor left, and now they run it at 4 am, if at all. It's a real shame.

\*\*\*Be careful about those splintery anchovy bones. As a child, I had to go to the hospital twice to get anchovy bones out of my throat; I must say, though, that this seems to be more of a problem with anchovies on pizzas which have been overcooked to the point of dryness. These canned, capered anchovies should be delicious and safe. Enjoy!



## WAR! (Part II)

*Warring open mics*

Last Sunday of every month, AntiFolk has a host of playing opportunities. Firstly, Nan Turner (of Bionic Finger, Schwervon, and Nan and Dina) along with Farrell Burke (of Moxie, Star Park & Cotton Candy Head, and the Clam) have created a scene for violent femmes of all sexes at Meow Mix. Starting at 7PM, the ladies invite any and all comers to come onto the stage and do what they gotta do. Word on the street is it's a very open space, so long as the audience isn't too engrossed in the Oscars, or the game, or whatever else might distract them from all the wonders an open mic could hold.



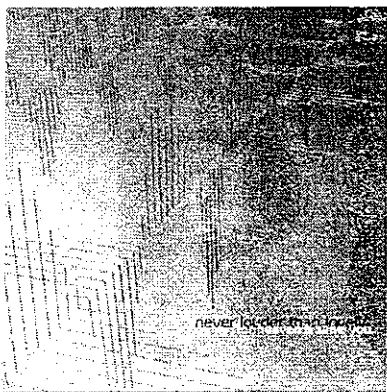
Then, over at the Fort (you've heard of the Fort, right? Over at the Sidewalk Café...), starting around ten (or whenever the regularly scheduled music ceases), Joie Dead Blonde Girlfriend (you've heard of Joie, right? The Scion of AntiFolk? The guy with the Green Hair? The Purple Hair? The Surprisingly Soft Hair?) brings it all back home with his Anti-Social, where people are randomly chosen to hit the stage and do those things that they do so well, or so poorly, or so often. For a while, these two scene-skeins were tangled up, running concurrently, and great hatred and anger practically tore the AntiFolk community apart! But Nan and Farrell moved theirs earlier in the evening, so now everyone can bounce around from club to club. And peace spread across the land... The last Sunday of every month, you know where to go...



# Reviews

## Never Louder Than Lovely: *For Heaven's Sake You* (Olive Juice Music)

Tom Nishioka is one romantic guy. But under the guise of his new electronica pop music project, **Never Louder Than Lovely**, he is an army of passion filled Casanovas drenched in digital reverbs and oozing synth tones that are too beautiful for this world. But this is not music to fuck to. This is music to make slow sweet innocent love to, like the first time... or more like the sixth or seventh time, but like we all imagined the first time to be.



The function of music in this reviewer's humble opinion is twofold: **One:** being to transport us to worlds that we dream of, away from the drull of a present filled with traffic jams and unsatisfying careers. **Two:** to ground us in our bodies with universal sentiments that wake us from our fabricated dream worlds to

the simple miracles that occur right in front of our faces every day. Well, **Never Louder Than Lovely** does both!

I could talk about the subtle drum and bass influences on "Ready." I could talk about how the reverse gated reverb Jupiter synth on "Come On" creates a perfect sonic metaphor accompaniment for the line "I won't want to come on down, because it feels like your heart is yelling." But I won't. Because this is simply put some of the most beautiful music that I have ever heard. It makes my heart hurt, but like in a good way. When Tom wails "Let's go dancing to the sound of those alarms. I hear those alarms!" at the end of track nine "Take Your Turn." I want to cry out for every botched prom night with a silver lining (and I'm so one of those non-crying kind of guys). I want to rip my heart out and throw it on the ground and dance on it and then pick it up go play four games of handball with it, then stick it back in my chest and ask the first beautiful girl I see to go on a road trip with me to the Grand Canyon.

Now I know what you little purist AntiFolksters are gonna say: What's with all the electronica shit? All the synth's... all the samples and delays and echoes??? This shit would never work in the subways. Well, I just have one thing to say to that: "Unusual," track four on *For Heaven's Sake You*, no drum machine, no four-part harmony, just Tom and his guitar. Not only one of the most lyrically beautiful love songs on the album, with lines like: "You're just the sale before they raise all the prices. You're the sweetly scented air around the factory

where they bake all the spices," but it's lack of accompaniment makes one realize that any tune on *For Heaven's Sake* could firmly stand alone with this minimal style of arrangement.

Try this for little experiment. Buy *For Heaven's Sake You*, put it in your portable CD player and get on the F train headed for Coney Island. Grab a seat and press play. Observe... Something very strange will begin to happen. That large Russian woman with the mustache and all those plastic will become a beautifully tragic symbol of lost love and forgotten dreams. You'll suddenly begin to notice the scenery. You'll get that excited nervous feeling while looking back upon the Manhattan skyline. Just like you did the first time you saw her.

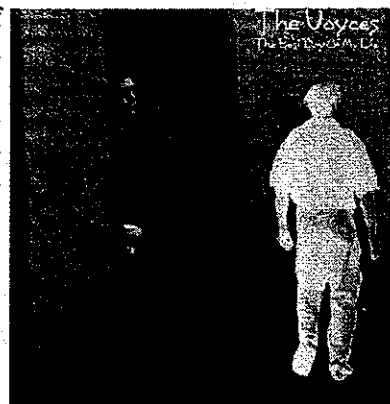
*For Heaven's Sake You* is a testament to the personal power, warmth, and beauty of electronica-inspired music, which is all too often lost in a lot of the sterile K-kid rants of today. If you've been looking for the perfect crossover album this just might be it. (Matthew Roth)

## The Voyces: *The Best Day Of My Life*

**The Best Album Of 1979:** (I hereby declare that whenever I review an album for *AntiMatters*, I will incite smirks, ire and debate by selecting some year other than the present one, and proclaiming the record to be the best album of that year.)

Fleetwood Mac-style double tracking. Disco. Glam. These things make *The Best Day Of My Life*, the new album by East Village favorites Tha Voycezz the best album of 1979. It's also a damn good album for the year '00. In the two weeks since I've purchased it, its held steady the number one chart position at our apartment, where five people live, and its only recently being threatened by the Hamell CD I've borrowed from Patsy Grace. If you've ever seen this duo live, you know that they kick a fat ass. They're sometimes a gnarly, pissed off throwback to Simon and Garfunkel, and sometimes a sweet, heartbreaking throwback to Simon and Garfunkel. Sometimes they cover Simon and Garfunkel. (Not to overdo the S+G comparisons or to call them

a rip-off or anything of that sort. They are an acoustic guitar with impeccable harmonies, and S+G are clearly the most direct precedent for what Brian and Laurel do live.) They currently reside (I believe) at the artistic forefront of NYC AntiFolk's pop hemisphere, and all their greatest songs are on this



new disc. "Hair Up High" and "Theater of Laughter" are awesome. And call me a pathetic fanboy, call me anything you want, but I knew from a

few months back that I would need the CD in my possession as soon as it came out. I have to say, however, that I disagree with some of Brian's choycez as a producer. At the same time, for the choycez he made, I have to give him mad props for having pulled them off so astoundingly well. I'll explain. The sounds on the disc are compressed heavily, all Steely Dan style, and the vocals are all doubled much in the way Lindsey Buckingham's were in days of yore. Performance-wise, its all played very safe; you never get a real sense of sweat from it, with the possible exception of "Underville", the album's strange, rousing homage to Styx and Ween. There is a "Whoo!" in "Mercedez," but it sounds kind of staged and overdubbed and doesn't really achieve the rockout effect such things are meant to have. The end result is an impeccably arranged, beautiful bit of slickness that effectively hoses a decent portion of what makes them so compelling in a live setting. It's that chorus effect thing. It gets hard to tell who's singing what at times. I don't mind quite so much with the snappy, happy songs like "I Should Be Mad" and "Never Have I Seen...". On the darker material however, like "Theater of Laughter" and "The End Of Everything," I find myself clenching my fists like Bevis and yelling "C'mon... Rock! ROCK!!) So my inner Jeff Lewis was disappointed at

# Reviews

times. I do believe though that an unabashed careerist like Brian could give a rat's ass about my inner Jeff Lewis, and that he knew what he wanted

and did a good job of getting it and all that. Pop radio, watch out. Maybe. Who knows with those things, you know? (I personally think we're all crabs crawling on top of each other in a boiling pot, but that's another article.) The triumph of this album occurs with "Merrymen," a track so rife with lilting, haunting beauty that I damn near cried the first time I heard it... Anyway, please don't interpret any of my petty qualms with parts of the production as a pan of any sort. These guys have the greatest songs, you see... (Brer Brian)

## Turner Cody

(Pro-Anti)

One thing you gotta remember: Turner Cody's still a kid. He may sound like he's got this big history of knowledge and experience, like he's spent the last thousand years making his already-long arms longer by hanging off moving trains and scrubbing away at a long succession of cigar-box guitars in towns and roadsides all over this world and probably a few other worlds too.

But he's still new at all this.

He may or may not have actually heard a whole lot of L. Cohen or L. Ferlinghetti or the Fugs back in his native Bos-

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# Reviews

ton, but his deliberately obtuse sense of humor definitely comes from them (and all those would-be genius types that clutter our counterculture's history with an unknowable joy and depth that we all draw on whether we admit it or know it or not). But then again, I'm not sure even the mighty Ginsberg (or whoever) could have come up with such a perfectly dense and empty line as "I left my Massachusetts hologram ID on the Budweiser ashtray on my Sega Genesis," a line that for some reason leaves me breathless whenever I hear Turner utter it. Cody exists in this little alcove of songpoetry where reason and linear thought rarely reach. He embeds metaphors within metaphors like some spiritual software developer, his fingers quietly tapping out the simplest chord progressions this side of the Mississippi Delta, while he wanders around in his four-note vocal range, saying things out loud that he's probably just thinking at the time. That is, if he's always thinking in this really dense word-association freestyle like only someone who is well on his way to forgetting almost all the amazing things he has learned can think. His detachment is often chilling.

If only he could keep his effortless lyrical intensity steady for a whole song, let alone an album side, the world might just roll over and let him rub its belly, and he could take his considerable enigmatic charisma and pull some serious truths out of that non-sequitur filled brain of his, and then, and then we just might have ourselves a prophet.

But give it time. He's still new at this.

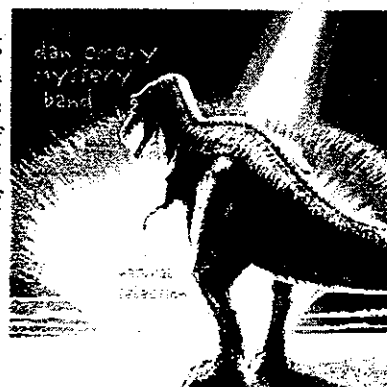
Oh, but every time I hear a line bubble out of the soup that just might lead to something really profound and significant, like, oh, "she always snaps and I always bend / she is nothing like a trophy with her arm on me" and think, ye gods, this cat's about

to shine a flashlight sideways into everything I know, he follows up with a forced rhyme like "So take your de la vega sleeping pill / put it in your nose or in your nostril" and I get all frustrated, and the gist of his point fades back into the speckled lyrical junk drawer treasure chest that is this CD.

Still. I sometimes find myself wanting to turn in my poetic license and follow him, Heaven's Gate-like, into the graying sunset. (Tony Hightower)

## Dan Emery Mystery Band: *Natural Selection* (Home Office Records)

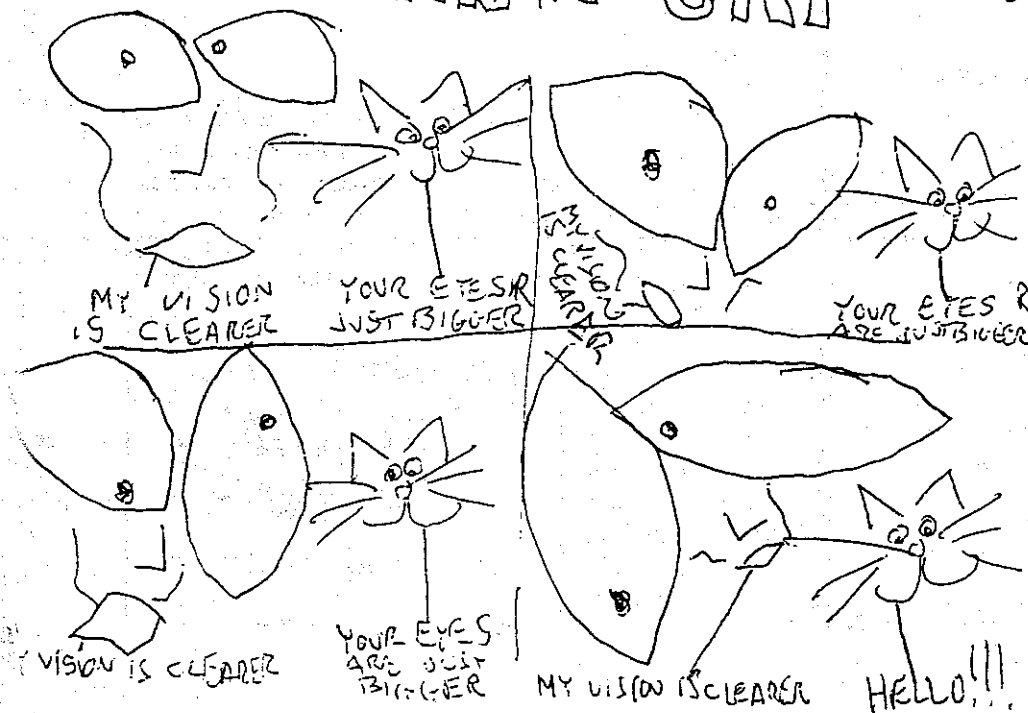
I'll be a Dan fan as long as I can, and I have been since around the time he was crowned King of AntiFolk, back in the days when that sort of nomination meant something (you kids today don't know nothin' about AntiFolk, you little whippersnappers...), but I've been out of touch with



his accomplishments of late. I didn't ever hear about his signing to Home Office Records from him, but rather, from the record label execs who I have such a strong relationship with. It's a great potential relationship. Home Office has strong ties to the AntiFolk community, and great commitment to presenting great new music to great new people. Similarly, Dan Emery has an almost insane devotion to pleasing his audience, characterized by his idiotic mantra at shows, "We one mission and one mission only, which is to entertain you to the best of our ability." They believe in music, and, I can only hope in each other.

The result of this match is the Dan Emery Mystery Band's sophomore album *Natural Selection*, which lifts a couple of selections from the band's independent debut, *Love and Advertising*, but also ups the ante with new cuts. Some of the new cuts are old Emery originals from the early days, like the acoustic "Streets of the East Village." "Streets" is the epitome of AntiFolk, borrowing the music from "Streets of Laredo," but giving it a newish slant, telling the tale of a guy meeting a squatter, and falling in love. "She's an anarchist and I was her guy." It's love in the nineties - in the aughts - today. It's funny, it's silly, and it straddles that indefinable fence between trad and nueva, or folk and AntiFolk. The last cut, "Good and Evil," is another solo cut, and a song of Dan's that I've never heard before. That's an exciting aspect of losing touch with such an artist - uncovering treats from them when you re-enter the fold.

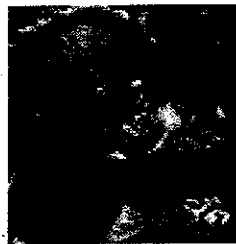
## ANTI-CAT





Of course, the album isn't called the Dan Emery Mystery Solo Acoustic Thang, though I do suggest that as an alternate side project (Dan used to play every week somewhere, would come out to AntiFolk events all the time. Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?); this is a Band release.

A revolving cast of musical characters, the eight-strong Mystery Band rock out on "Mustard," "No One," "Over in Scotland," and "Student Loan." They really rock out for everything, but certain songs are so cool, they require some detail.



"The Only One Who Loves You," returning from *Love and Advertising*, is an incredible song, and better suited to lead off that album, as it's about, well, love and advertising. Still, with Steve Espinola's (clearly the second most important Mystery in the band; Dan's keyboard player and, increasingly, excellent background vocalist) short-wave

radio squealing around and about, the song is a welcome addition to any album. Will it show up on Dan's next release? We can only hope.

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"T. Rex," the song that gives us the album cover, is about... I don't know what it's about. Probably about Natural Selection, and thinking globally while acting locally, or maybe something else entirely. But I do know it's great. I love it. I can't help feeling this way...

"Aperock.com," named after the band's website, was never much of a favorite of mine for the band to play, but the recording is astonishing: It's a lost U2 song, circa *Joshua Tree*, only with Dan's fervent vox and lyrics. I mean, Bono would never have sung so enthusiastically about downloading smut from the internet - at least, not until he got ironic in the nineties. In any case, near the end of the song, the line, "I still haven't found what I'm looking for yet," has, surrounded by swooping guitars, a whole new resonance for me. And the goofy, tuba-like bass is just amazing!

All of this is, of course, prelude to the second cut on the album, the hit spot, the song that will change your life, if you let it, the incredible, the inordinate, the amazing, "Salt Mine."

It's good. I can't even think how to tell you how good it is. It's a newer song for Dan and the Band, and, though this independent release self-censoring profanities in the song is a little strange to me (as their placement in the first place seemed somewhat unnecessary - why not just gut them entirely?), it's a fine song about love, choices, responsibility, careers, and, probably, in some unclear way, natural selection. His voice is never stronger, softer, sweeter. The spirit of the song is liberating and enervating all at once. It's great.

The entire album is great. It's worth buying one the strength of any three of the songs listed. But "Salt Mine" alone is worth the price of admission. Twice that.

Buy this album. Get in touch with *Natural Selection*. (Jonathan Berger)

## A Quick Look at Some Worthy Records

by Lach

**Josh Max's Outfit: *Make It Snappy*** (Swipecat Records)

The mod/swing album art by Geoff Notkin immediately clues you in as to what to expect: a fun Lounge-A-Billy album. The kind of music you'd expect to hear the band in an old MGM thriller playing in the bar as Lauren Bacall attempts to seduce Bogart. Flip it on, mix a Martini, turn down the lights, kick off your shoes, and swing!

***Lunchin'*** (Ashanti Records) - This debut CD is a must for any Lunchin' fans. An incredibly full sound for just two players. Think Talking Heads' *Bush of Ghosts* meets Simon and Garfunkel.

**Kimya Dawson: *I'm Sorry That I'm Sometimes Mean*** (Pro-Anti Records) - Wow. An honest, intimate, poetic beauty of an album. Like some of the best AntiFolk (ie, Major Matt Mason USA or Daniel Johnston), it is Punk in a quiet way. There are no production credits, but the minimalist addition of effects and sounds frame Kimya's songs wonderfully. A real treasure.

**Ian Brennan: *Teacher's Pet*** (Toy Gun Murder Records) All is not pretty beneath the happy family exterior in Ian's view of the world. From the San Francisco AntiFolk scene, Ian gives us a record for the downtrodden, abused kid. He rips the illusion of the sitcom family apart and bares the loneliness and pain of growing up American. Predating *Columbine*, but aptly predicting it, this release is must listening for those who want to know what is really going on in the emotional heart of this country.

### *Lunchin'*

(Ashanti Records)

Originating from Washington DC, Sanjay Kaul and Alan Brock first began playing music together over 14 years ago. Through various changes and evolutions, they eventually landed in the East Village music scene going by the name Lunchin', cause that's what they be (it's a DC slang term for slacking off). Using only an acoustic guitar played by Alan, and a djembe (an Indian drum) and some shakers by Sanjay, these two have created a solid following based on solid songs and a high level of musician-ship. If you've never seen them be-



... 'Cause that's what we be!



# Reviews

fore, chances are you've seen them as some one else's backup band. Their self-produced debut record, self-titled *Lunchin'*, comes out on May 6th, along with a huge CD release party at the Sidewalk Café. Andrew Heller and The Boy Wonder took a listen and gave their unbiased opinions...

## Discussion:

**Andrew:** It's hard to describe something you really like. It's hard to say why you like it some much. I'll start by saying that though there's only two of these guys, they sound like a full band. They've been together for a long time and it shows. Sanjay's endearing underdog point-of-view and Indian rhythm mixes with Alan's American trailer-trash voice and rock guitar like rice and curry. How nice a break their world-rock sound is from the usual AntiFolk act. Even if I'm in a bad mood, this album sucks me in. I listened to the whole thing my first time through. I love this album. I listen to it before I go to work.

**Boy:** Thank you, Andrew, for your meaningful opinion. I, too, enjoyed the album, but I have a few concerns.

First of all, this is not your traditional album. *Lunchin'* (not *Luncheon*, damn it!) has a very unique sound. Using only a guitar and a bongo, they produce music that itself holds itself back. While the songs push a strong groove, it seems to be halted by the lack of electricity in the instruments. The song-writing is strong, and there's no question that these guys rock live, but on the album there seems to be empty spaces coming out of my stereo. A drum kit would definitely take up more room, but I'm not so sure how it would fit into the band as a whole. In the end, *Lunchin'*'s frugal line-up is both a blessing and a curse. While it definitely sparks some interesting and innovative sounds, I feel like there's something missing.

**A:** Brian, you are ignorant in the ways of AntiFolk. Though I wouldn't call *Lunchin'* a hard-line AntiFolk band, they are a part of the scene and play by some of the standards of the

idiom, including using acoustic instruments and maintaining a certain level of sparseness. An electric guitar would drown out Sanjay's subtle percussion, which fills in so many gaps. I love that the songs have an open, airy feel to them. The lack of electricity is part of who they are. Everything nowadays has a drum kit and distorted guitars. Thank Vishnu that there's still a viable alternative to the mainstream.

**B:** Perhaps I am not as deeply ingrained in the "scene" as you. But as an "outsider," listening to *Lunchin'* outside of the live context is sort of like relaxing in a hot shower when the hot water runs out. I can't see these guys controlling a dance floor, but they rock the Sidewalk. Still, substituting this CD for my usual Beatles' album takes some getting used to. Finally, I'm not really sure how I'm going to listen to this. The album's got great grooves, but you can't dance to it. And you know how I love to dance! I wouldn't play this CD at a party, but I can see how there would be times when nothing else would suffice.

**A:** How hard is it to just listen? Get off the crack and just listen! I don't need to dance to everything I hear. Besides, that's a stupid thing to say. You can't dance to it? Anyone can dance to this! You can't because you can't dance, period. True, the album doesn't capture quite the charm and playfulness of their live shows. *Lunchin'* went for a more polished and professional sound, and I appreciate that. That's why it's a good debut album. They play the songs they were meant to be played. And you can't compare everyone to the Beatles! You bought the Blue Album three years ago and haven't turned it off since.

## Favorite Song

**A:** Today it's "Can You Hear Me Scream." On previous days it has been "In My Shoes," "What You Want" and "Zoning Out."

**B:** "Savior"

## Overall Impressions

**A:** I love this album. Completely worth buying.

**B:** It's missing something. I think they're better live.

*(Andrew Heller & the Boy Wonder)*

## Jonathan Berger

## speaks d' troof!

When I have become dictator of the world  
and I have taken custody of that pentagramal tower of  
power  
a mover of the shaking masses,  
quivering at my each... and... every... whisper...

When my hunger has been sated, satiated, satisfied  
for my will's been applied to all who've lived  
(and those recently died) ...

When the globe has grown accustomed to my pace  
and the speed of my commands are others' most fervent  
wishes

and dishes are broken after my every step

and men smile at my coming while their women lie, wept...

When all is as it should be  
when all is mine,  
when time is my plaything,  
like space,  
and matter,  
and the patter of little feet are only  
as loud as I want...

When I am king of all I survey,  
and have found ways to survey further  
and faster and more completely...

When all is mine...

Maybe then you'll want to share your Fettuccine Alfredo with me.

**May 13th.  
the Fort.**

*Celebrate Jon Reed  
& Daniel  
Kaufman's birth-  
days at eight.*

**Don't be late -  
it'll be great!**

# May ~ at the Fort at the Sidewalk Café

*Please call the club for further info - 212 - 473 - 7373*

Mon. May 1 - The Antihoot With Lach. Sign-up at 7:30

Tues. May 2 - 7:30 - Andrea Halverson, 8:30 - Joe Bidewell, 9 - Craig Chessler, 9:30 - Ivan Klipstein, 10 - Jamie Stellini, 10:30 - Matthew Puckett

Wed. May 3 - 7 - Upshot, 8 - Deirdre Flint, 8:30 - John Fahres, 9 - Jabber, 10 - Keith Blank, 10:30 - Linda Draper, 11 - Gary Davis Heckard Improvisations

Thurs. May 4 - 7:30 - Bibi Farber, 8 - Sharon Fogarty and the Dinosaur Sisters, 9 - Al Lee Wyer, 10 - Christopher Crofton, 11 - Paleface, 12 - Brian Piltin

Fri. May 5 - 8 - Stephanie St. John, 9 - Troy Boonsboro, 10 - Jonas Grumby, 11 - L. F. Ant, 12 - Gregg Hodde and the Blue Miracles

Sat. May 6 - The Fort Celebrates Lunchin' Record Release: 8 - Atoosa, 9 - Tony Hightower, 10 - The Costellos, 11 - Lunchin', 12 - Grey Revell

Sun. May 7 - 7:30 - Andrew Heller, 8:30 - Kirsten Williams, 9 - Dave Wechsler, 9:30 - Prewar Yardsale, 10 - James Mineheart, 11 - Sean Fitzpatrick

Mon. May 8 - The Antihoot With Lach. Sign-up at 7:30

Tues. May 9 - 7:30 - Anandi, 8 - Lara Ewen, 8:30 - Bobby Zapp Band, 9 - Sylvia Mann, 9:30 - Tim James, 10 - Jun, 11 - Billy Populus

Wed. May 10 - 7:30 - Kid Lucky, 8:30 - Kaki, 9 - UltraVenus, 10 - Miguel Gonzalez, 11 - Hamell On Trial

Thurs. May 11 - 7 - Pluto, 8 - John Kelly, 9 - The Linemen, 10 - Jason Pendergraft

Fri. May 12 - 7 - Trancesenders, 8 - Miller's Farm, 9 - The Cucumbers, 10 - Ruth Gerson, 11 - Chris Barron, 12 - No Artificial Colors

Sat. May 13 - A Night of AntiFolk Excellence: 8 - Agro, 8:30 - Jonathan Berger, 9 - Schwervon, 10 - David Dragov, 11 - The Humans, 12 - Das Phrogge

Sun. May 14 - 8 - Huff, 8:30 - Love's Greatest Losers, 9 - Badger, 9:30 - Miss La Nivé, 10 - Matt Katz, 10:30 - Dave Deporis, 11 - Joe Bendik Solo Set

Mon. May 15 - The Antihoot With Lach. Sign-up at 7:30

Tues. May 16 - 7:30 - James Mineheart, 8 - Billy Kelly, 8:30 - Diane Cluck, 9 - Andy Germak, 9:30 - Fred Haring, 10 - Ken Webb

Wed. May 17 - 7:30 - Mike Previti, 8 - Springwell, 9 - Sprinkle Genies, 10 - Saul Zonana (of Planet 14)

Thurs. May 18 - 7:30 - Luke, 8 - Kenny Davidsen, 9 - John Kessel, 10 - Gilligan Stump & the Perfesser, 11 - The Regressives, 12 - Jim Flynn

Fri. May 19 - 8 - FordFalconBlue, 9 - The Cucumbers, 10 - Yukka Flats, 11 - Fragile Male Ego, 12 - Dots Will Echo

Sat. May 20 - 8 - Patsy Grace, 9 - Citigrass, 10 - The Costellos, 11 - Drew Blood, 12 - Three Normal Humans

Sun. May 21 - 7:30 - Andrew McCann, 8 - Steve Espinola, 9 - The Cucumbers, 10:30 - Celia, 11 - Peter Dizozza

Mon. May 22 - The Antihoot With Lach. Sign-up at 7:30

Tues. May 23 - 7:30 - Joss, 8 - J. C. Sone, 8:30 - Anthony Salerno, 9 - Jessie White, 10:30 - Will Hawkins

Wed. May 24 - 7:30 - Evan Samuels Schlansky, 8 - Liz Skillman, 8:30 - Nikki, 9 - Curtis Eller's American Circus, 10 - The String Messengers

Thurs. May 25 - 8 - Kenny Young & the Eggplants, 9 - The Problems, 10 - Lunchin', 11 - Shameless

Fri. May 26 - 7:30 - Paul Mahoux, 8 - Ekayani & the Healing Band, 9 - Michael Packer, 10 - Ruth Gerson, 11 - Joe Bendik & the Heathens, 12 - Opaque

Sat. May 27 - 8 - Smitty, 9 - Phoebe Legere, 10 - JanetVodka, 11 - Joie Dead Blonde Girlfriend, 12 - Testosterone Kills

Sun. May 28 - 7:30 - Fire Dean, 8 - Steve Espinola, 9 - Randi Russo, 9:30 - Turner Cody, 11 - Joie/DBG's Mega Anti - Social Open Stage

Mon. May 29 - The Antihoot With Lach. Sign-up at 7:30

Tues. May 30 - 8 - Jen Halpern, 9 - Sean Lee, 9:30 - Derek Richmond, 10 - The Voyces

Wed. May 31 - 8 - Lisa Alice, 8:30 - Marilee, 9 - Mia Johnson, 9:30 - Jack Stippicon, 10 - Tristan, 11 - Low City

Thurs. June 1 - Paleface, Bicycle

Fri. June 2 - Jonas Grumby, Dots Will Echo, Fragile Male Ego

Sun. June 4 - Steve Espinola

*Maybe DJ's customers*