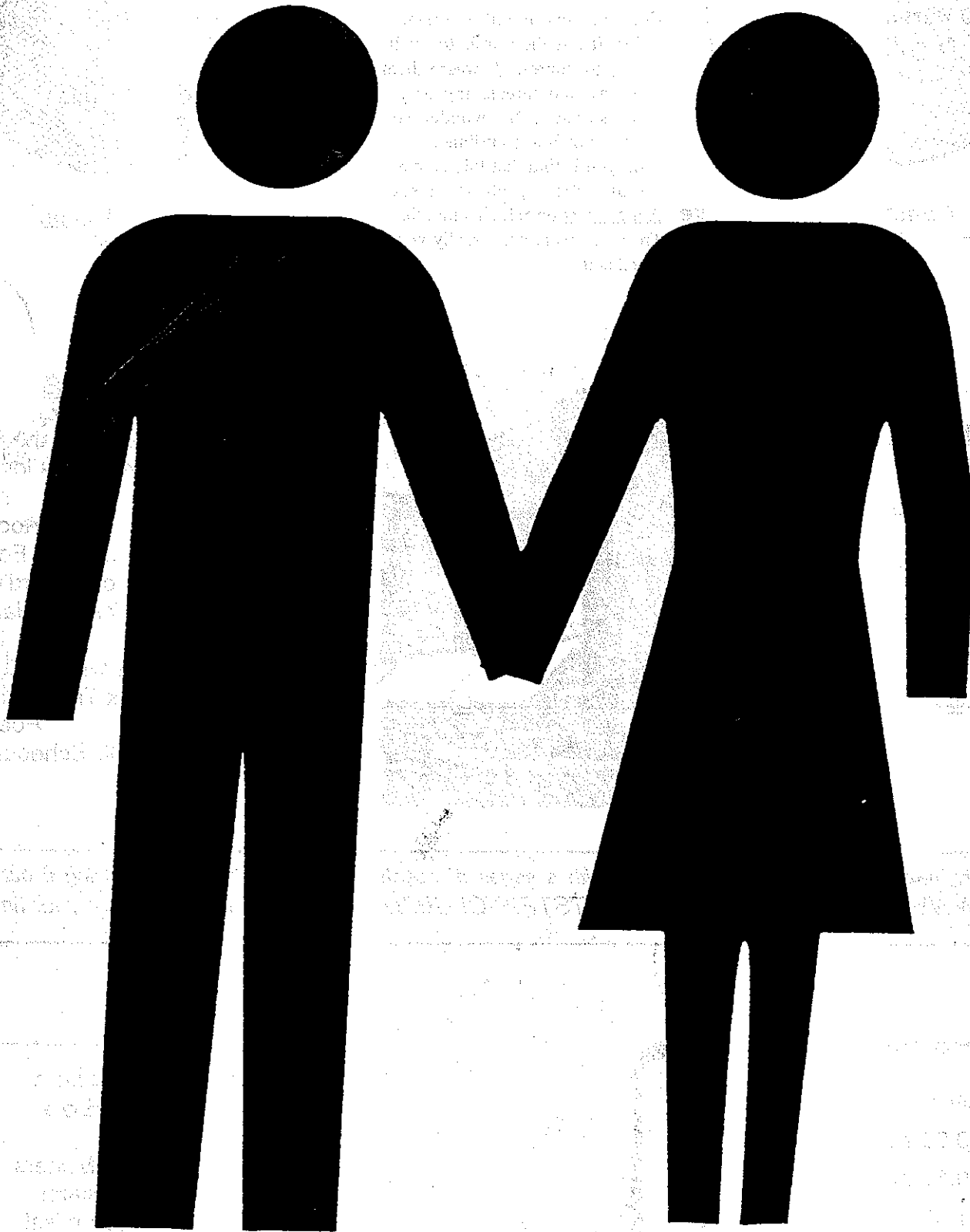


AntiMatters



Friends and Lovers

June, 1998

AntiMatters

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

Romantic Oppressive

Jonathan Berger

Clearly, this month's theme is a killer. It has the power to thrill, the ability to impress. It was a theme as daunting and threatening as a New York summer. No wonder so few people saw fit to contribute.

Still, you'll find that this is, beyond a doubt, the greatest issue of AntiMatters on sale this month.

Treasure this issue. It really won't get much better.

JDB

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Power Behind the Throne

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AntiMatters has a really out-of-date website with a series of obsolete links. Don't bother checking it out at [HTTP://WWW.GEOCITIES.COM/SUNSETSTRIP/CLUB/3794](http://www.geocities.com/sunsetstrip/club/3794). It'd just be a waste of your time.

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6 Months of AntiMatters

12 measly dollars!

No way can this miss!

Report from the Fort

(by Jonathan Berger, Stephanie Biederman, Gustav Plympton and Arnie Rogers)

May 1, 1998 - Somehow, Felini's Basement got a weekend at CBGB's. More than just a weekend, in fact. The band, featuring old AntiFolk stalwarts Mattathias and Dan Emery, not only had opening slots on May first and second, but were also the closing, headlining act as well. Somebody must really like them (*Somebody does. The booker of the night - ed.*).

Felini's Basement has changed dramatically since its early days as an acousticish act. Now, it's all heavy drums, pulsing bass and screeching guitar. The band members even look bombastic and garish; They're enacting their vision of rock and roll excess.

The music is huge, the lyrics not so much. It seems like they're tacked on, last-minute additions. In a way, it's a shame. Mattathias' voice is so much like Lou Reed's, you keep hoping Mattathias'll say something as profound as "Pardon me sir, furthest thing from my mind I'm just looking for a good good friend of mine," or any of the other multitude of Lou-lines.

Still, they're a cool band to rock out to. And easily the most attractive band on the Friday night bill. ~ AR

May 2, 1998 - Music breeds community, sometimes. Oftentimes, that community is bred at the hands of one man, woman, child, or form of livestock.

Don Brody was considered an important figure in the Hoboken music community, and his untimely death around Christmas 1997 left many people devastated. As leader of the Marys, charter member of the Camp Hoboken crowd, and booker, music worker and general big man about town, Don Brody was vital to the acoustic scene across the Hudson. He was also a father, husband and breadwinner. He was even more vital to his family than he was to the music scene he helped develop.

Bands all over the East have been

putting together benefit shows for Brody's family, to collect money to see them through these trying times. Earlier shows featured Dar Williams, Marshall Crenshaw and his old Camp Hoboken comrades.

On May 2nd, the AntiFolk regulars got into the act. The acts on the bill, all familiar to the Fort, did what they could to raise money in memory of Don Brody.

The night started with a rare set by Bianca Bob, whose live appearances have been few and far between. She played her funny stuff, like "Cafe Me" and "Cuz I'm a Man," as well as

the solo duet, "Quaalude Days." In fact, all of Bob's songs are



funny, damned funny, and should be recorded right away.

Gene & Mimi followed. They knew Don Brody for years, had played many of the same bills with his duo the Marys, and dedicated many a song to him. Like always, they were funny and fun. Gene & Mimi are a great pop act.

George Usher, considered one of the finest underdiscovered songwriters around, played a solo set to an impressed crowd. Big Happy Crowd, led by the big happy Rich Grula, came into town to play. The band, Hoboken mainstays who now live across the country, played lots of their cool songs, like the stalker anthem "Walk By Your House" and "Gone," which, Grula explained, had been written with Brody.

Mary Ann Farley made her return to the Fort with Big Happy Crowd's drummer as support. The two of them played almost entirely new material, and sounded like a full band. The waifish Farley loomed large on the stage, and offered great promise that her soon-to-be recorded follow-up to Daddy's Little Girl will be at least as good as what she's done before.

Lach followed Farley, leaving his position as soundman and taking his position as stage-stealer. He played with his old bandmate from Slowpoke, an incredible guitarist who made every song sound different and exciting. The songs Lach played were not his hits, because, as he explained, "I've heard 'Kiss Loves You' enough." The set was fresh and exciting, because of the different band set-up he chose of songs. It promises an excellent immediate future for a more experimental founder of the AntiFolk movement.

The Novellas closed the night out with their recent five piece, very percussive sound. With both drummer and percussionist, and Peter Chance's manic energy at the fore, the Novellas sound exciting and excitable.

The tone of the evening was upbeat, somewhat surprising, con-

Don Brody and Connie Sharar of the Marys



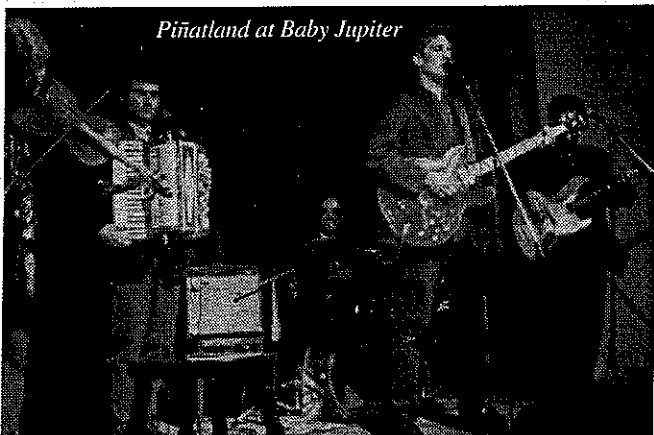
Report from the Fort

sidering the motivation of it all. There'd been enough time to grieve over the death of an old friend. Perhaps the performers, all friends of Don Brody, thought this was a time to celebrate a life, rather than mourn a loss. ~ SR

May 3, 1998 - Baby Jupiter on Sunday night featured three excellent bands for the price of none. Sometimes, you get what you pay for.

Oh, the bands were great. Piñatland into Full Throttle Aristotle into National Anthem, three AntiFolk combos that experiment with traditional song structure and arrangement. They're freaks, one and all, and Baby Jupiter's a great place for freak.

What Baby Jupiter is not a great place for is sound. Whether it's the equipment or the engineer or the fates of being built over an ancient Lithuanian graveyard, the first two bands sounded simply awful. Piñatland, which features violin and accordion, could not get those instruments placed properly in the mix. Full Throttle Aristotle, which features accordion and violin, could not get those instruments placed properly in the mix. It was frustrating to not be able to hear such cool songs in such a cool, inviting space.



Piñatland at Baby Jupiter

When National Anthem hit the stage, it promised to be more of the same. But the band, debuting as a four-piece rock outfit, defied expectations and sounded simply wonderful. They, with their traditional two guitars, bass and drums line-up rocked out exquisitely. By then, of course, the audience, fairly sizable for a Summer Sunday night, had dwindled to virtually nothing. Didn't stop the music from finally being great, though.

It's a shame about Baby Jupiter. It's a great looking club with a great location and a fine selection of a variety of acts. But it just sounds like crap. Something must be done. ~ GP

May 5, 1998 - While Michael Friedman debuted as the Fort's 'resident bitch' on this Tuesday night gig, I talked to the soundwoman about the last act.

"What'd you think of David Clement?" I asked.

"He was good," she said, "I really liked how mellow he was."

"Yeah yeah yeah..." I said, "I'd heard about Clement. I heard he had a song called 'Angry Young Fag'. I figured anyone who was going to write something like that was going to be, well,

an angry young fag."

"He played that near the end, didn't he?"

"Yeah, and it was nowhere near as punkrock as I hoped."

"Well, I liked the song."

"I liked that song, but he was so whispery and quiet. He wasn't what I expected at all."

"Maybe defying expectations is what he's all about," the soundwoman said.

"Maybe," I replied.

Michael kept on singing, with some accompaniment. Michael's a girl, which sort of defies expectations in its own way. Her songs sound sweet and folky, but there's some major bitterness lying underneath. She's mean, and a resident bitch. I like her. ~ JB

Emptied

Today is your day
Everybody's so glad for you
You're flying away

Down South for your honeymoon.

Well I wouldn't trust him
As far as I could reach
He always told me he hated the beach
Something is borrowed and someone is blue...

• And now she's got the ring
That I was supposed to get
And now she's got the wedding
That I was supposed to get
But I just got Nothing
I just got Emptied
Emptied... Emptied... Emptied...

It's not that I care
Or like you're a part of me
It's just that I'd swear
You're standing there mocking me.
'Cause those were the things
That I wished for at night
And you would just laugh at me
And call me trite
Something is borrowed
And someone is blue...

• And now she's got the ring that I was supposed to get
And now she's got the wedding that I was supposed to get
But I just got Nothing
I just got Emptied. Emptied... Emptied... Emptied...

Today is your day
Everybody's so glad for you
I'm just here to say
I don't give my blessing, too.

'Cause I was the one who always wanted a home
So now you're with her and I'm left alone
I wouldn't want to ruin this beautiful transmission
But she was supposed to be our fucking transition
And now she'll have the children that I was supposed to get

But I just got Nothing
I just got Emptied
Emptied... Emptied... Emptied... Emptied... Emptied...
Emptied...

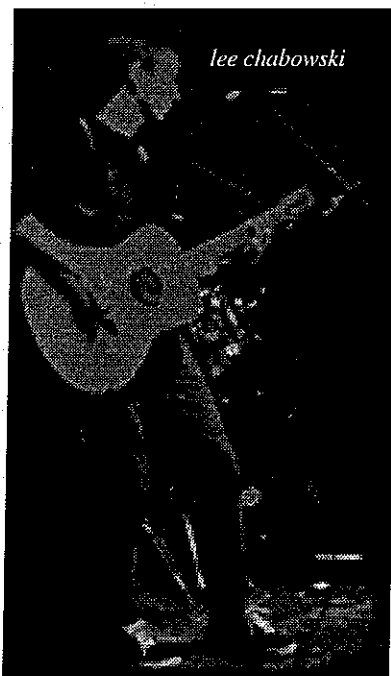
Michael Friedman ©1997

Report from the Fort

May 7, 1998 - Zane Campbell returned from his most recent pilgrimage to the wilds of Delaware to perform the same old songs with the same old self-destructive between-song humor and the same old band. Something, though, was very different. For one, his adolescent son was in the audience, for the first time. For another, Zane was filled with manic, rather than depressive, energy. He was raging against the walls, the soundman, the band, and himself. Unlike Zane's usual attacks, though, this time, he was funny. He was funny, and he kept the show going apace, and Zane, and his band, the Dry Drunks, they were incredible. It was an incredible return for Zane Campbell.

May 9, 1998 - Lee Chabowski had a record release party for his most excellent EP, *Drinky Poo*. He premiered his band, a 3-piece electric ensemble thing, but not before he had friends come up and sing his praises.

Doing mini-opening sets for Lee were Curtis Eller, Chris Moore, Lach and Dina Dean.



Each did three songs, and a couple saw fit to cover Lee's surf-pop pulp-culture songs. Lach debuted his version of a song that Lee had never played in New York, "Space Monster," and Chris Moore played the already well-known "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sky," which inexplicably didn't make the cut on the CD.

Dina Dean disappears for months at a time, then comes back to wow an audience. She hushes crowds. She speaks softly and carries a big impact. She then disappears again, and is horribly missed. For three songs, for Lee, she came out, then went under-cover.

Lach played too. Lach also did requested songs, numbers that Lee wanted to hear. The audience, too. It's little wonder that Lach is the architect of AntiFolk, with an aggressive abrasive style that can't help but get attention. He plays loud and fast and draws people to him. He also runs the club, so probably had to be on the bill.

When Lee took the stage himself, it was with his new band, which could play the material on the album pretty damn well. They must've been practicing. Lee's material, which always seemed satisfying enough solo, sounds so much bigger, fuller, now that he has a band to back him up. He played electric for much of the set. As Pat Harper said at the time, "It was good."



The acts who played were selected especially by Lee, who considered them, he explained, "Some of my favorite performers in New York City."

It's understandable why he's so impressed with them. Curtis Eller, that banjo-playing traditionalist, stomps and sweats his way through numbers. He is so mournful in his approach, so soulful in his delivery, so powerful in his execution. Evidently, he's got a band, American Circus, which increases his presentation exponentially.

Chris Moore, who has also put out an album recently, did some of his older material, material that Lee requested, as well as his Chabowski cover song. Chris Moore reeks of sincerity. He looks authentic. He's the real deal western folk thing.



The Cucumbers followed to a still-packed house, playing songs from their upcoming Home Office Records release, as well as older songs, like their mid-eighties hit "My Boyfriend."

The Cucumbers are an excellent sounding acoustic band. The four members are vibrant and excited on stage. The singers, Jon and Deena seem very happy to be playing, with Deena constantly all smiles, and Jon constantly all jokes. Every member of the band wore some kind of green, which is appropriate.

Report from the Fort

May 23, 1998 -

The show started promptly at eight. I waited for my date to arrive. This girl I knew had seen Jocelyn Ryder and her band play once before, and liked them, so I took the opportunity to invite her to see them again. We agreed to meet at the club at eight on the dot, and I moved hell and highways to get there on time. I didn't want to miss a minute of the girl's company. The music, too.

Jocelyn sang her songs of love, addiction, and spite. Despite her joy between numbers, she's not the most uplifting of songwriters. Pain is her trade, as it were. As I sat alone, no one to console me, I felt it all too surely.

"Couldn't you love me anyway?" Jocelyn sang in "Valentine's Day," and I nodded my head to the beat.

Ten minutes into the set, the girl arrived, "Sorry I'm late." She said. She was so beautiful that I immediately forgot she was late at all.

"You just missed two songs," I said. She sat near me, and I instantly felt better, ordering drinks for the two of us. We could make a habit of this, I figured, me taking this beautiful girl to hear this beautiful voice of pain and sorrow. We'd console each other afterwards, talking about our past pains and future hopes. Jocelyn Ryder would be my key to this girl's heart.

Between songs, Jocelyn said, "Thank you very much. This is our last scheduled show of 1998."

Uh oh. ~ JB

May 25, 1998 - "And now, we return," Lach said, "To our latest installment of Shades of Grey."

Every week lately, when Grey Revell comes up to stage, the open mic MC over at the Fort @ the Sidewalk Café tries to make him feel at home. The way he works to do this is to ask about his life, and make light of the trials and travails he's experienced.

"When last we spoke to you," Lach said, "You'd lost your job, and your apartment."

"That's right," Grey said, fiddling with his guitar.

"But then you bounced back. You found a job at a deli, and you have a couch to crash on."

Grey nodded.

"And now," Lach continued to the audience, "We have the event you've all been waiting for in Shades of Grey — or maybe it should be Shaves of Grey!"

The audience laughed, as Lach gestured to Rifka, in the corner, searching for her scissors.

"A few weeks back," Lach reminded, "Rifka offered to shave

off

Grey's

sideburns. To-

night, it happens!" To

Grey, the MC asked, "Do you want

to play your songs first?"

"All right," Grey said, and did a very cool number which required a cool amount of audience participation. The crowd, already jazzed up by the anticipated performance art, were all to happy to comply. Grey is slowly becoming a more aggressive performer, doing less soft atmospheric stuff and more material that will make people gravitate to him (*More rockabilly Roy Orbison and less crybaby Chris Isaak?* - ed.) [No! That's a ridiculous image! Forget about it!]

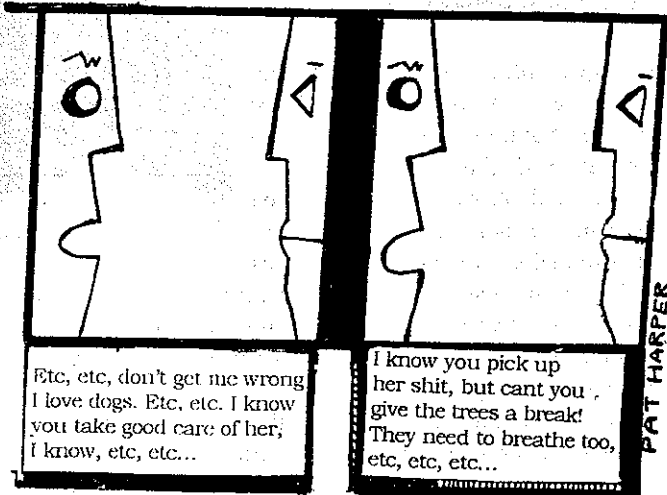
After the audience clapped for the "The Crows," Lach took the mic and said, "The Crows," Lach took the mic and said, "Oh, let's shave him now!"

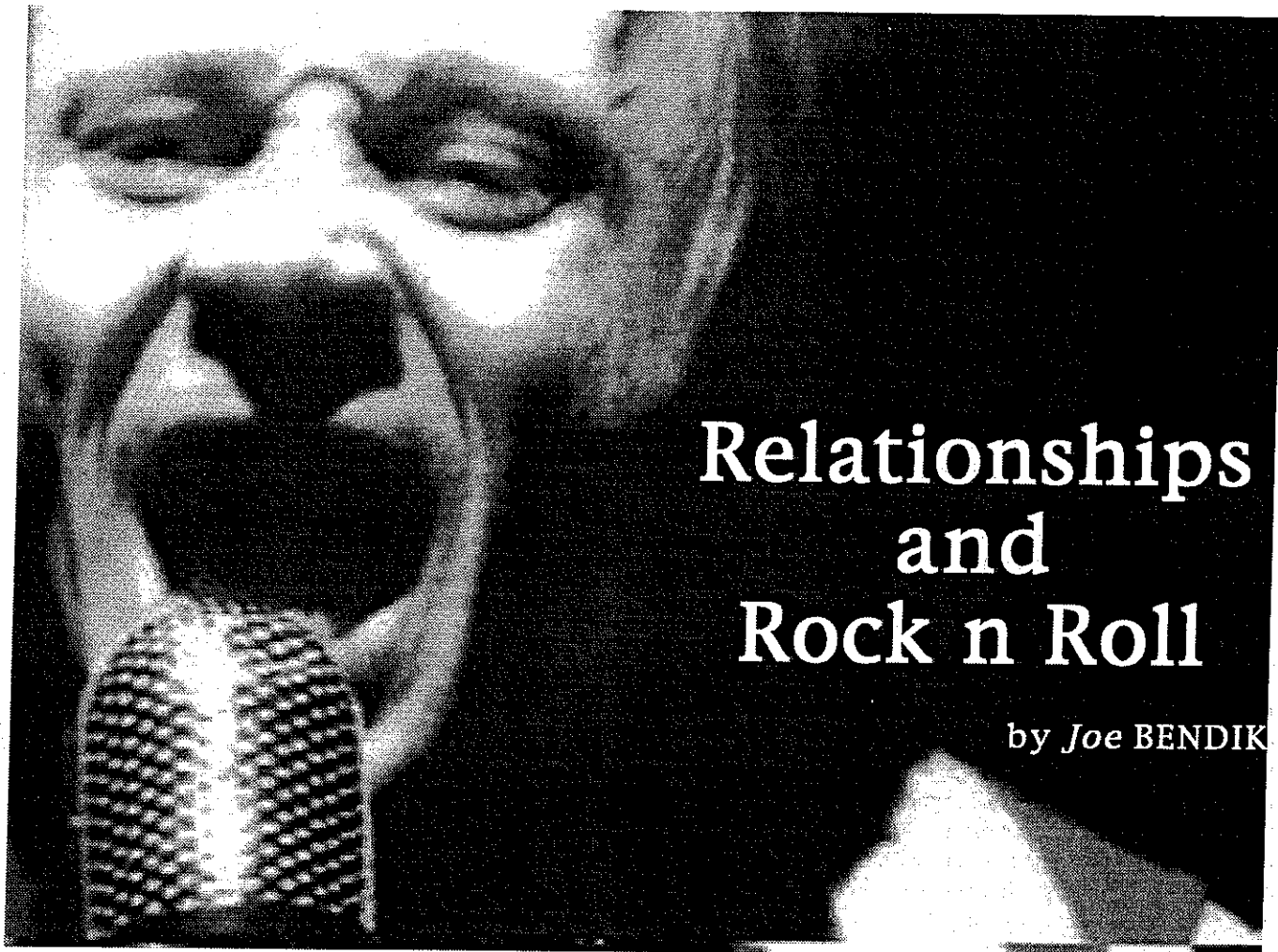
Grey squeezed another song in before Rifka, cosmeticologist to the stars, took the stage, her back to us, and started work on butchering Grey's hair.

Lach tried to do snip-by-snip commentary, but Rifka, all business, would have none of it. The audience maintained interest through the several minutes of

cutting, until finally, Rifka showed the shorn sideburns. Grey didn't look all that much different, but he did look better. The 'burns were still there, but they were trimmed, and framed the boy's face better. Turns out, Rifka knew what she was doing. The audience applauded this physical feat, and the two of them went downstairs for a more extensive haircut. As Rifka and Grey descended to complete what they started, Lach said, "Another first, here at the Fort at the Sidewalk Café." ~ GP

etc,





Relationships and Rock n Roll

by Joe BENDIK

Relationships have been the source of a lot of my songs. Whether I get an idea after I meet someone for the first time, or if someone I knew for a long time is pissing me off, there always seems to be a song in there somewhere. Also, the emotional roller coaster of a failed marriage can make for a miserable life, but potentially great songs. It never seems to end either. There's always some issue to resolve (which never gets resolved) or some raw emotion that has to be dealt with. As boring as this sounds on paper, the minute words and music come together, the whole thing is put into a different light.

Sometimes these emotions can lead a person to all kinds of ways to numb the pain. Alcohol, drugs, cigarettes, you name it- these are ways we deal with these things. Now to write good songs, there is this misperception that these tools are necessary. Quite the opposite is true. In order to really face what's going on, you need to be in a space where you're feeling everything yet detached enough to analyze. If, through intoxication, something becomes really numb, you may feel better for a short time, but nothing really gets to be addressed. Any song that I wrote under extreme intoxication is nothing but crap. I'll know it at the time, which will lead me to more intoxication, and more fear that I've shot my load. I'm working on this right now. It ain't easy. As Ozzy says "Sobriety fucking sucks". This, being true, only adds to the tension when I'm working on something that's based on a relationship.

Mostly what happens is I'll get an idea when I'm not thinking at all (most of the time?). Usually walking around, brooding on the situation. Sometimes it takes forever. One of my songs (You Bring The Asshole) Out of Me, floated around in my brain for at least 6 months. I just had a phrase for the chorus, but it was both lyrics & music (very important). I knew where it was going, but it took a huge fight with my ex-wife to bring this song to life (it usually does). I wrote the rest of the song in an hour. I was in some kind of altered state of mind; something that happens after an emotional situation, where you're natural opiates take over, so I was able to sit back and look at the situation (even though I was right in the middle of it). I've been reading this book on song writing (actually a collection of interviews with songwriters talking about song writing), and Dylan said something to the effect of 'you have to be in and out of a situation; you first have to experience it, then be removed from it enough to be able to write about it - all in a sub-conscious state of mind.' It's one of the hardest things to do. I'll try to examine and distill my feelings as much as possible and do it in a way in which it's not a burden to the listener. I mean, Christ, do you really want to know that much about my life? I don't want to know that much about yours.

Speaking of my life, a whole new can of worms was recently opened. I just signed the divorce papers (after over 10 years of 'marriage'). I won't go into detail, but I've got to say

Relationships and Rock n Roll

Continued, by Joe BENDIK



that the sense of loss was a lot more devastating than I had envisioned. I didn't foresee this feeling but I have to deal with it in such a way as not to dump it on the listener. Instead, I'm trying to find the common feeling that we all share in a situation like this, and ride that wave. As tempting as it would be to blame it all on my ex-wife, all that that does is to create something that's unbalanced. Every time I hear a 'revenge' song, it just bores me.

The ironic thing about relationships and rock n roll is that I can't actually have a romantic relationship with someone I'm working with at the time. Objectivity gets thrown out the window (actually, not always a bad thing), and you wind up speaking too personally to that person. Everything becomes too inside and very few people are that into it. I know I'm in the minority, but Fleetwood Mac, to my ears, is a bore. I couldn't care less who's fucking who. I'll take the Stone's worst song over anything by them - any day. It's just too hippie touchy-

feely-, self serving, self pitying, with finger pointing. If there was ever a Mac song that rose above this, point it out to me, but I just about heard them all, and they are the best example as to why you should never be involved with someone in your band.

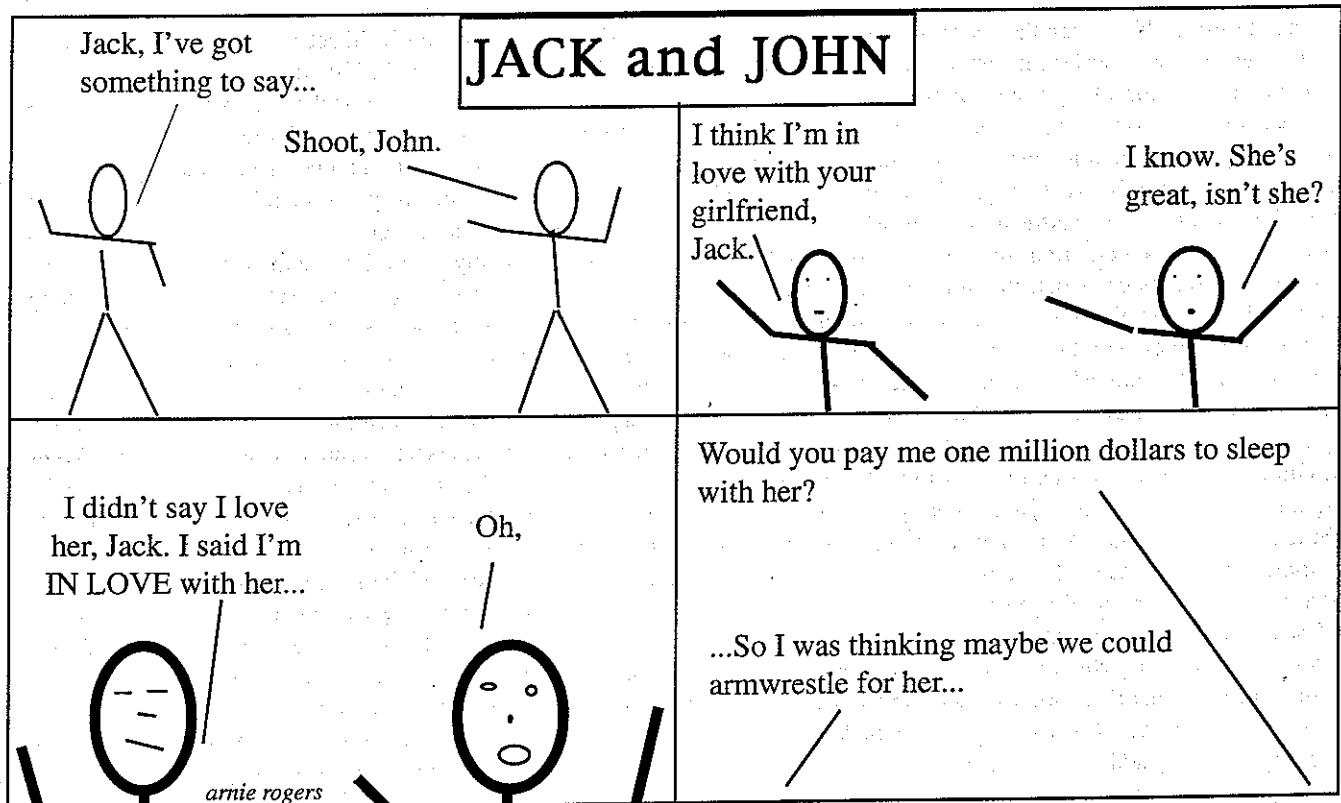
Even successful rock n roll / band mate relationships don't always work musically. As much as I admire Paul and Linda for being faithful to each other for 30 years, there isn't a whole lot of great music in his solo catalogue. The major exception is his last record: "Flaming Pie". On this record, he dealt with (in a surprisingly low-key unassuming manner) the possibility of losing his love to death. He never mentioned any of this in his promo interviews, but the feeling comes through loud and clear. One of the songs Calico Skies actually made me want to cry. McCartney tapped into the sense of loss (which I was also feeling) and I could immediately relate. Had he been overt and overly straightforward, the song never would've worked, but he saw the larger picture.

Which is what it's really about- the larger picture. Listen, men & women are always going to be at odds with each other. If you must play with your mate, break up first, write some songs, play them, break up the band and get back together with your mate. Then of course, you could repeat the whole pattern over and over again.

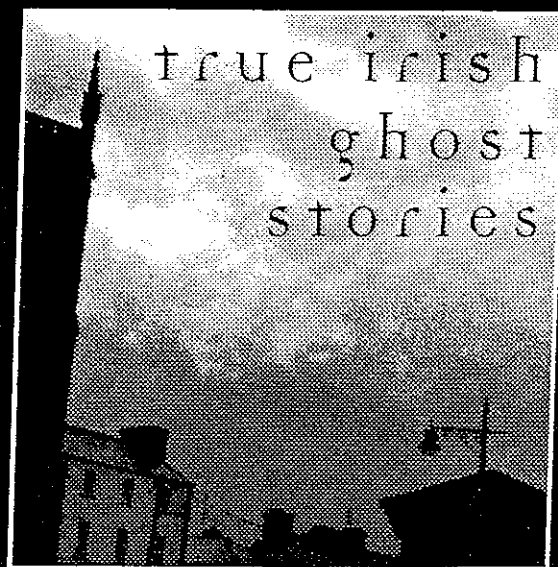
Luv ya,

Joe

<http://members.aol.com/joebendik>



boo.



BILLY KELLY • new cd • June, 1998

Dear AntiMatters -

I regret to inform you that it appears we have a problem. I am of course referring to Mr. Gustav Plympton's review of our Piñatland show at Baby Jupiter the night of April 20th. Therein is contained a grievous error; one that is no less egregious to me than the supposed error that brought M. Albert de Morcerf to blows with his friend and companion Beauchamp (and later, to the infamous and mysterious Count of Monte Cristo). And so, I fear, it must be between us.

Most journalistic entities have as part of the birth of an article, if you will, a process known as proofreading. A process surely no less important than the cutting of the umbilic (sic) cord. If not done, the child cannot be separated from its parent without causing catastrophe (sic) in the world. It's as if a parent were to set their offspring loose in the world without instilling a sense of decency, morals, or honor. There are two different kinds of proofreading. Spelling errors are either fixed or acknowledged with the editor's addition of a "sic". Of this kind, I have no quarrel with the editors. While, in fact, your publication is fraught with spelling and punctuation errors, it would be a coincidental calumny indeed if they turned out to be slanderous. The second kind of proofreading involves perhaps a bit more work than clicking on your spellcheck box. I speak, of course, of fact-checking.

A fact-checking error is even more detrimental to the morale of a magazine, (or simply "zine" as I believe the parlance of this type of newsletter refers to itself.) I must admit that I have been a contributor to this "zine" in the past and I regret that for lack of a simple fact-checking phone call to either myself or my musical comrades, my association with you must cease, effectively immediately.

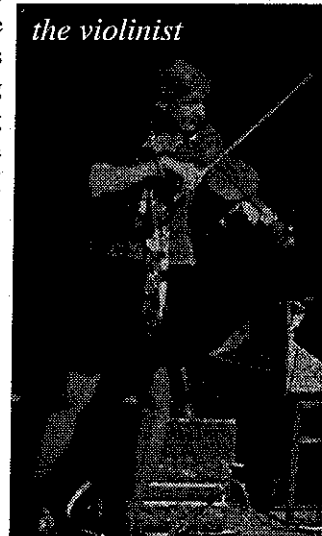
But first, I must deal with other un-wholesome aspects of Mr. Plympton's article. In the forefront of those aspects, I would kindly ask him

to base his comments on our band at a more musical level. I speak, of course, of his unsolicited remarks about our violinist. While she is a very attractive woman, I do not feel that Mr. Plympton needed to spend the amount of time that he did endlessly rhapsodizing on her physical appearance. What you do by yourself when you go home after our concerts is your own business, Mr. Plympton, and is certainly not of interest to the reading public. His comments in regards to her violin playing came as a relief after wading through sentence after sentence about her other attractions. I pray for you, Mr. Plympton, that neither she nor her hot-headed Argentinean (sic) boyfriend happens upon your "article" or I fear you are in for a resounding thrashing.

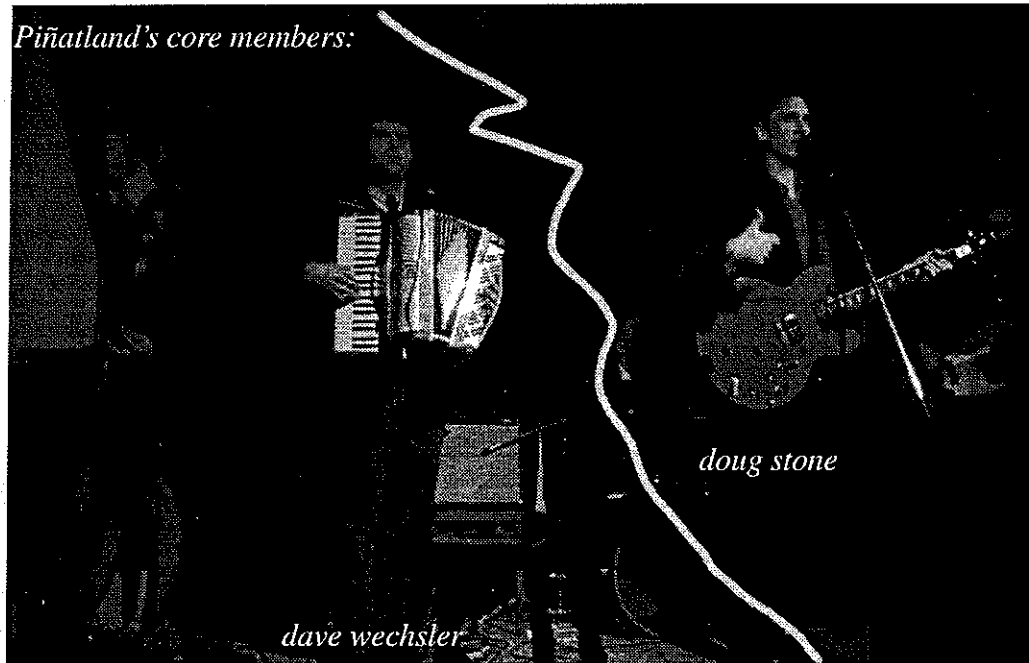
But perhaps a thrashing is what people like you need, Mr. Plympton. I speak in reference to yet another attempt of yours to stir up rivalry between me and my partner Douglas. It is not the first time we have read something in Antimatters that has started a long and bitter argument between us. I, of course, appreciate the fact that you recognize that I was the prime creative and organizational effort behind the former group known as Piñatland, but Douglas is of a more fragile constitution and does not appreciate seeing that fact in print. In fact, the simple phrase, "band-leader Dave" will send him into an apopleptic (sic) fit along

with threats of quitting, hurled invectives, and an unpleasant mood that lingers for days or weeks, casting a dark shadow over not only our band rehearsals, but since we are roommates, our every day living. Is it perhaps some giant conspiracy which demands that you print calumnious (sic) material designed to infuriate my partner and me,

the violinist



Piñatland's core members:

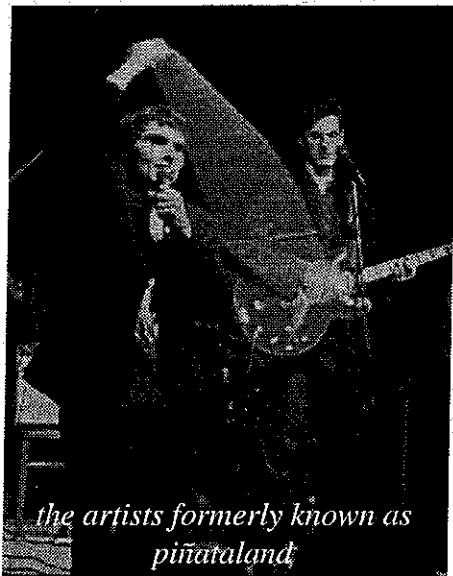


doug stone

dave wechsler

causing discord and dementia between us? Before your article appeared, we lived in a small, but pleasant apartment. If you were to see that area now.... After our furious sparrings it now resembles war-torn Saigon. You will be receiving a bill in the mail. I suggest you pay it.

Several days have gone by since I read your article about us and being of a reflective nature, many hours of comtemplation



*the artists formerly known as
piñataland*

(sic) have passed. At first, after reading the lies that you commend to our readers as "the truth", I was loath to admit that your article had any validity at all. But I will agree with you on two points: 1) You should never trust Piñataland. And 2) The other acts (excluding Dirty and Cheeky) were indeed, horrible beyond belief.

Do not think that I take the admission of these two points lightly. To a villianous (sic) cur such as yourself, I was tempted to concede nothing. But my honor prevailed and I felt it was my duty to soften the sharp poinard (sic) of rebuttal with the soothing salve of praise.

But do not think for a moment that it excuses you! Your behavior is quite beyond the pale and I fear that if we meet again we shall come to blows. Thankfully, that is unlikely to occur, thanks to my withdrawal from your freelance writing staff and the non-occurance (sic) of Piñataland gigs in the future.

I suppose the time has come to relate to you that which brought me to this state of affairs. What heinous error you committed that whipped me into such a frenzy that I could not contain myself and forced me to dive into this scum- topped pool of vituperation. You know I am not an angry man and invective comes hard to my gentle soul, but some outrages can not be passed over, and some lies must be corraled (sic) back to the truth if we are to go on living in this world with decency and honor. Your "misprint" was this. It was I who wrote "New Year"; not Douglas. If need be, I can provide your publication with the necessary U.S. government copyrights. Not that it matters anymore, for we have come to the end of all; my letter, my association with your "zine"; and the band once known as "Piñataland".

Dave Wechsler

BK

Inspired by AntiFolk

POEM WHILE RUNNING AWAY

I know you've had four hours sleep, and I know you've got better things to do, and I know that you need time not to think, and I know you're really really busy...

And I know you don't know my full name, and I know you couldn't care less about it. I know you've got a boyfriend in every major city, and I know all these thoughts must make you nauseous.

And... and I know I'm too short, and I know I'm not successful enough. And I know I'm not strong and I know I'm not sure and I know I know too little, but... would you have dinner with me?

No, wait: I know the answer.

POE TO THE GUY OVER THERE

He wears the hat
So he's got to be cool.
Poise, power, sophistication:
he has it all.
I could be like that.
If I had the hat.

She's moving to Omaha.

"I'm moving to Omaha," she said, "With my boyfriend."

Why's she got to mention the boyfriend? Like I didn't know about him? Like each and every glance she makes doesn't scream out to me and all the others like me, 'I've got a boyfriend!'

It's not as if I wanted her or anything. I mean, come on...

Just because of that night, just because of that roll in hills, the cold wet grass pressing into me, then her, then me again, I know it doesn't mean anything. It wasn't like it mattered. Those words? That promise? It was nothing.

Well, sure it was something, but still.

It's not like I remember anything about her, really. Not much, anyway. Not the fragrant touch, the shuddering scent, the radiant moans or soft taste of her. Certainly not her delicious beauty... all forgotten. Close to, at least.

It's not like I care.

Shit, Omaha. Who even knows where that is? Just some little town on the tip of Nebraska, population 620,000 at 41° longitude by 96° latitude.

It rains a lot, in season.
She's moving to Omaha.

Reviews for the Wicked

(by Jonathan Berger, Stephanie Biederman, Gustav Plympton and Arnie Rogers)

The Cucumbers: The Cucumbers are into repetition. It makes sense, since the songwriters, Jon Fried and Deena Shoshkes, have been together as long as the band has, over ten years. They must have seen it all, done it all together. It stands to reason, then, that there's little new ground to cover. Thus, their lyrics often repeat words and phrases, sounding like bipolar personalities who can't get over a particular concept, which just might be the case ("8500 Million Miles" showcases Shoshkes singing "I'm goin' out of my mind, or maybe just deeper in..."). "What Are You Doing?"'s chorus of "What are you doing to me, what are you doing to me, what are you doing to me, to me, to me?" pretty much shows the lyrical muse.

Oh, make no mistake: it works. This style expresses a lot of anxiety — gets the nervous energy going through your body, which is pretty likely the intent. It's just... well, it's meant to be creepy, so congratulations to the band.

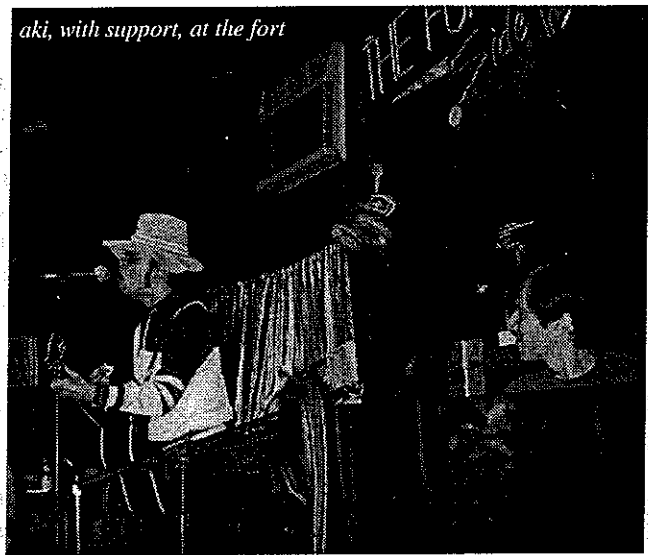
Most of the songs are lead by Deena, who sings with an enthusiastic joy that's obvious even on record, with no visual context clues. It's a strange contrast to the apprehension running through the release, but, again, it works.

The album features great pop songs like "Birthday" and "Indivisible." Then there's the paranoiac's anthem, "Neighbors," featuring a creepy high-pitched organ part underneath such memorably repeated lines like "Are the neighbors gonna turn you in?" and "Does your mother love you?" The penultimate rocker, "Get Over It" sounds like it could be on any number of early 80s dance party mixes — which is by no means whatsoever a bad thing.



On the strength of this 11-song demo, the Cucumbers have signed to Home Office Records, and will produce a bigger album in the Fall. So there's more green music right around the corner. In the meantime, before the Home Office Record, there's this home recording. (The Cucumbers - 973-761-0937 - shoshkes@cris.com) ~ GP

Aki - Boogie Baby: A demo is like an AntiFolk performance; full of sound and fury, and signifying whatever the fuck you



want. In a minimalist demo, there's a little playing, but it goes a long, long way. The words, the basic playing — with just one or two instruments — all give you a frame for a song. You can imagine whatever pieces you want. You can fill in any and all blanks. And if it's a good song, a good performance, and you have some imagination, you can find a lot of blanks to fill.

So it is with the latest demo from Aki, Japan's rocky star and former King of AntiFolk. The three song release, two in Japanese and one not in English, is a skeletal canvas, with a few lines that leave a lot to the imagination/

When Aki was an AntiFolk regular, his biggest — dare I say it? — 'hit' was "Love Train's Comin'," an excellent little rocker that started with a line I hope was "You know you make me feel funky," but was never too sure. When he played, everybody had to join in. Steve Espinola would play piano, Dan Emery, would join on guitar, Lach would sing "Na Na Nana Nana" from "Hey Jude," and I, quietly, from my seat, would put in a whole nother set of "Helter Skelter" backing vocals. It was exciting, and beautiful, all the additions people could hear in what was already quite a rocking number.

The recording of "Love Train" is just like the initial solo performance, just Aki's voice and his guitar. None of the excellent ideas that his audience provided were

added to the song — it's a solo show. And it's fine. It works great that way, and, like a true AntiFolk song, it leaves the listener with all the opportunity in the world to add all the sounds in the world. The slate is almost completely clean for the imagination to do what it will.

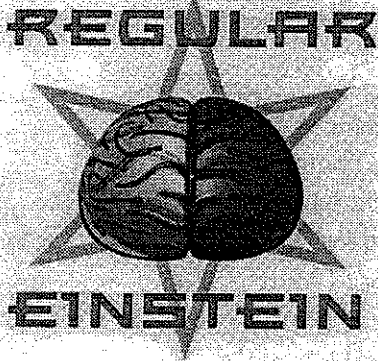
The other two songs on the tape are good, too, but they ain't "Love Train." ~ JB

Reviews for the Wicked...

Regular Einstein - *Prince of Reichstadt/Wormholes*: Sometimes, the form is appropriate for the content. Regular Einstein, that band led by former AntiFolk Queen Paula Carino, just released a their long-awaited single with Flamingo Records, "Prince of Reichstadt" and, believe it or not, It's an actual single! I haven't seen one of those things, since, when was it? 1981? Wow! And the thing is, it works. Like a real single, from the days when they existed, this thing grabs your attention immediately, and won't let it go for what feels like much too short a time. You're barely grooving to its might, and then you're left alone, and you need to start the damn platter all over again. "Prince" is a gigantic rock song — big and dumb, but memorable. The concept, if concept it is, is My father ruled the world once, and that's a real tough act to follow... I'm the Prince of Reichstadt — my father was Napoleon." If this is supposed to serve as a metaphor, perhaps for generational discontent after the baby boomers, it's completely lost on me. Still, it's got a great beat, and you can jump up and down to it.

The B-Side, "Wormholes," does what it's supposed to do: change the mood and show an entirely different side of the band. "I opened up a can of worms," Carino sings, and in showing first the force and then the frailty of Regular Einstein, she certainly has. (Flamingo Records - Box 40172 - Albuquerque NM 87196 - flamingo@rt66.com) ~ SR

Future Folklore, Volume 3: Java Jam: When Cindy Lee Berryhill and Elizabeth Hummel did their first Living Room show last summer, who'd have known a tape would come out of it? Hold on. Rewind. What's going on? Latching onto the Everyday Angels, a group of electronic Tori Amos fans (who defected to Jewel when the time was right), Cindy Lee and Elizabeth started a tour in the summer of '97 that took them into people's homes. These guerrilla performances gave the



ladies access to a more intimate fanbase who seemed far more appreciative than your average clubgoing crew. The shows were easy to coordinate, as volunteers in various towns offered up their houses to the pair, charging ten dollars, on average, to cover expenses of having these acoustic rock and roll invasion. Someone recorded one of those shows as the first Future Folklore cassette, which was distributed liberally to fans.

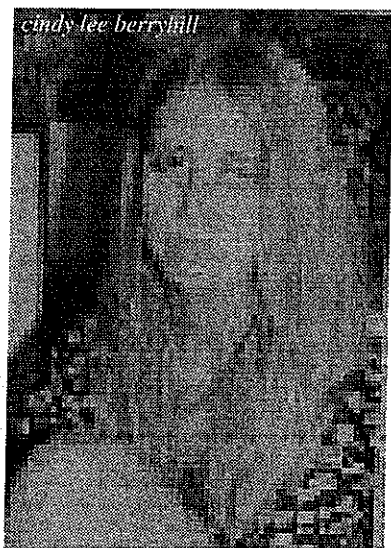
Other people got into Living Room Tour act, other Southern California artists riding the Jewel wave, which culminated in a huge 2-day Thanksgiving concert convergence at Java Joe's (in Ocean Beach, CA) on November 28th and 29th. The very same fans that crossed the country to see the show recorded and reproduced the tape for a greater number of fans. So now, distributed across the galaxy is finely produced 90-minute sampler of those two nights of music. Artists included are Hummel and Berryhill, Gregory Page, Joy Eden Harrison, Tara MacLean, and a threatened cameo by Jewel herself. A lot of cool music is on this release, which ends with selections from Cindy Lee Berryhill's set. The final song of the night was "God Bless the Living Room Tour," a simple folk song, with Berryhill accompanying herself on guitar, seemingly making up lyrics on the spot.: "I can't believe you flew out here all the way to San Diego... You kept me in line, you're all so clean and sober. Especially thanks to the EDAs for flying out here on their awesome miracle wings."

A cool way to discover how the other coast lives. (Contact: Horter3 - 500 Middlesex Rd. - Belmont CA 94002) ~ SR

Alan Andrews

Alan Andrews: Alan Andrews sounds like Tom Waits, with smoky vocals that seem to suggest more than they say. It stands to reason that his words will be filled with meaning, wit, and import. The lyrics that Andrews presents seem be pretty straightforward, though, so it's an illusory technique. Maybe his voice just does that, and he can't help it. I dunno. The thing is, though, the husky, mostly-spoken singing voice leaves you interested in getting past it to glean wisdom from the lyrics underneath. Which leaves for a certain amount of disappointment when you hear "I know what you're thinking - keep it to yourself. Someday I'll be bigger than Orson Welles." ("The Ballad of Orson Welles"), or the vaguely clever, "Now I don't get choked up thinking about the past; when I look behind me all I see is my ass." (Museums and Mausoleums")

Still, it sounds damned good. Alan Andrews' 12-song release is a country effort, with upright bass, accordion, and cool subtle electric guitars. It's a full and powerful sound, and word on the street is the live show is equally good. It's all a fine package, except around that voice, which suggests it should be saying so much more. (Alan Andrews - 609 Columbus Avenue, #2Q, NY NY 10024 - 212-799-4049) ~ JB



Reviews for the Wicked...

Matt Sherwin: Matt Sherwin is one cranky old man. That he's in his mid-20s doesn't seem to impact on that in the least.

Matt Sherwin writes songs that have a sad lost quality running all through them. Abandon hope, all ye who listen here. The first song on his recent three-song demo, "Phases" seems to be about * the narrator judging everyone. The kids today, he seems to suggest, are all fucked up, because they're parents are all fucked up. Sherwin appears to be the grandfather in a family tree which has dramatically drooped. He sings, "My parents said they raised me with Dr. Spock — I always pictured a Vulcan with pointed ears. But even Spock couldn't predict the aliens the next generation rears." Any minute, you expect him to say, "In my day..."

Hell, all his phrasing is that of an old guy. The second song, "Upstairs," starts with "You've got more upstairs than most people would bet on." another grandfatherly phrase. Later, of course, the song goes on to explain why the narrator is making such an impassioned plea to his neighbor to change her 'Luka'esque life: "Excuse me for caring, but your private life's affecting my sleep."

Enough of the lyrics. There's also the band. It's not a rock ensemble, but it's a full sound, that fleshes out the music very nicely. Rather than blaring, overbearing, the music supports the lyrics, never drowns them out. Oi! Back to the lyrics...

Sherwin ends with "Stürm & Drang" a love song which might well be encapsulated by the final line of the chorus, "What a blessing it is to be young and much too high-strung." Despite the attempt to bring some youth to the proceedings, the worldplay, the concepts, even the arrangement all smell of age, age and decay. Matt Sherwin is one old old man in a young man's shell. (Matt Sherwin - 718-832-5226) ~ AR

* It's kind of tough to really tell what a Matt Sherwin song is actually about. They're the wordiest rants imaginable, filled with ideas and images thrown so fast and loud, conclusions are nothing but escapable.

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recording that rocked -
or didn't - don't you
think people want to
know about it?
AntiMatters wants YOU to
review recording that
make you move, or make
you a prude. Contribute
to AntiMatters, follow-
ing the information on
the inside cover...

TOM WARNICK'S FASHION HAIKUS

Fashion Haikus differ from run-of-the-mill haikus only in the syllable structure. Other than that, they can be enjoyed by everyone from the housewife to the dock worker to the end of the D line.

Gibson!
On Thompson Street
sushi bar pictures
forever show
'dazed Mel

Booker:
you hear our tape?
Abe Vigoda song
is our fave.
Hello?

Bad dogs
alley mugging
"Give us all your steak!"
Yikes-only have
snausage

Mohawk
On St. Marks Place
Been sad since he heard
That 'ol Mr. T
shaved his

Subway:
"Do you have change?"
"No, only Monkey's Paw."
Took it. His name?
Don Trump

Softie:
Bad folks say "nay!"
"We hate that dumb song!"
I reply: "burn
in hell!"

Toupee
Park Ave. pancake
It flies through the air
on windy way
back home

Demo Tips

Hello again from Demo Tips land.

by Tom Nishioka

I used to write this column regularly. Here are some of the things I've done before (talk to Jon Berger about back issues if you want to check them out):

- mixing for cassette release vs. mixing for CD
- mastering. what is it? why do it?
- reverb. types, adjustments, the psychological basis (really.)
- where different sounds and instruments are affected by EQ.
- pre production. how to prepare to go into the studio.

After a long process of building my studio, I've had some really good recording experiences. Paula Carino and Regular Einstein came in to record drums for a new CD—they took tapes back to their home computer to record guitars and overdubs. Ross Owens and Delta Garage tracked about 20 songs for their CD. Chris Dillon and Das Phrogge brought their producer, Rich Wilkins, and 24 track tape from a big mid-town studio to mix down 6 songs. Dan Zweben sketched 12 songs solo-straight-to-DAT in about 2 hours. Pat Harper did some spoken (and screamed) word for a WWI poetry release. Dan Emery did a couple of songs for his upcoming CD on Mekkatone Records. Of course, Lach and Rick Shapiro brought their 5 hours of tape to edit down to a one hour live comedy CD (watch out for it). Other (non-sidewalk) projects brought in ambient, downtown improv, way professional pop, a jingle, and a musical about Napoleon into my ears.

Another project worked in a way that I thought I would share, because it lead to great results. Billy Kelly is a songwriter you might have seen around the Fort, sometimes solo, sometimes with a band called The Trail of Tears.

Billy wanted to record some songs he normally does solo, but he wanted it to be a little more full than when he played live. He worked out a method that we used from beginning to end.

The key is to work on a song over a couple of sessions. Take a rough mix home with you at the end of each session, AND REALLY LISTEN TO IT BEFORE YOU GO BACK TO THE STUDIO. The more time between sessions for you to listen and analyze the better.

I've found that recording a song can decrease your perspective on how the song sounds overall. By taking a cassette home to listen to at your leisure, or when you're in a different mindset, you can really get more of a handle on where your recording is going.

Get a rough mix of the basic tracks only. Catch changes you want to make early. Listen to the bare bones, without the frills (Is it the right tempo? Do the basic tracks have the right feel?).

Use the rough mixes to decide about alternate takes of an overdub (vocal, guitar part, background vocal, violin). Often overdubbing means you end up with a couple of takes of the same passage. Instead of paying for studio time while you study which parts to use, have the engineer put all the other parts in

mono, while panning one take "hard left", one take "hard right." When you get home, you can use the balance on your stereo to hear one or the other to decide. With Billy, we did some very free flowing overdubs that he was able to 'edit' at home. Instead of listening over and over in the studio, he came in with a list of ins and outs for each track. We edited in one pass and he saved good takes and money.

Use the rough mixes to experiment with different mixes, effects, or arrangements. Lay a mix down with bass leading, or guitar leading, split the guitar to wide stereo, wash the vocal in delay for the chorus. A studio can take the same tracks and make them sound vastly different (ala re-mix), so have fun, experiment, and put it to a rough mix cassette. Most things sound good in a studio; you won't know exactly how good it was or how it fits unless you listen from another perspective.

Use the rough mixes to listen to your songs in your "CD order." You'll work intensively on one song in the studio. See how it sounds flowing in from the previous song and going to the next one. See if the energy flow of your CD makes sense to you. If you do this with roughs, You can go back into a song and add or subtract instruments before you do a final mix.



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LEZLEE:

The AntiMatters Interview...

by Penner MacBryant

LEZLEE is going to be very very successful. You can tell by the way people react when she performs. When this beautiful young woman approaches the microphone, there is nothing calculated or insincere, and when she sings, something very special — almost spiritual — happens. Her audience attends regular shows religiously, and her audience is growing. Her musical career is a rolling wave, and, now, with the recent release of her CD, Just Being, is an excellent time to begin riding it.

Penner MacBryant: That was an impressive show you put on last time you played our stage at the Fort.

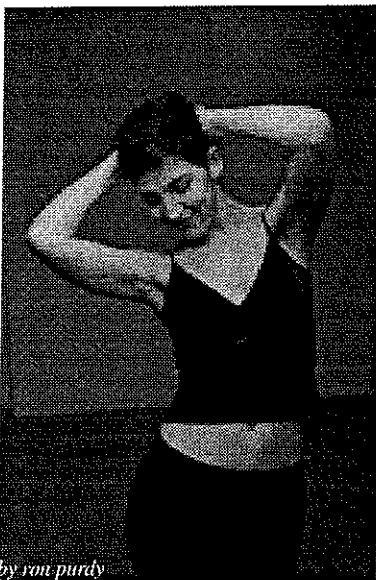
LEZLEE: Thank you. I'm glad you enjoyed it.

PM: Apparently, a not so silent and growing fan base around this area feels the same way.

L: Yeah, I'm very happy about that. It's a difficult thing to do. In fact, the other night at SideWalk, I was pleasantly surprised because I'd had kind of a week of questioning—confusion—on and on that I think a lot of artists face. And then to come to the SideWalk, which has been so good to me since I've been playing there and just the place seemed to fill up right before, and I thought, "God, how did these people know [I'm playing]?" (laughter) We send out e-mails and we try to put the word out as best we can and I send out a newsletter. But you see that date wasn't in the newsletter. It fell between [issues of] the newsletter and I didn't promote it enough. So when I saw all those people there who then, afterwards, said 'Oh, I'm really enjoying your music and I'm really enjoying your CD', it was just very reaffirming. You know you don't want to think that necessarily numbers equal success, but it is nice that you're working so hard and people seem to be appreciating it in and of itself. That's great.

PM: Where are you from originally? You mentioned to me [over the telephone prior to the interview] that you're a Southern lady and the family spent time in Mobile, Ala.

L: I sort of feel I have two home towns. Mainly, I grew up in Atlanta, Georgia. As far as Mobile goes, my maternal great-grandparents lived there. They were immigrants from Romania and they met in New York City. My great-grandfather was tired of being cold his whole life and wanted to go to a small Southern city by the water. So he said to the train conductor "Just take me to a small city by the water. This is about all the money I have, so Wherever it takes me, just give me a ticket". The toll booth clerk said "Mobile Alabama. Here you go." (laughter). So he got off at the foot of Dauphin Street [in Mobile] He was an Orthodox Jew and spoke very little English at the time, so the first thing he did was look for other Orthodox Jews to communicate and [socialize] with There was a small percentage of them in Mobile, at that time (1907) but they existed and my great-grandparents saved enough money to bring down the rest of the family. So that's where my grandfather and my mother grew up My father grew up in Moth Point,



Mississippi., which is like the tiniest town and they were the only Jewish family in the entire town. And his family also comes from the North and settled there because of an industrial opportunity. So, for my father, moving to Atlanta was like a big time thing, you know? And he's an attorney there. But I always went to Mobile several times a year. I feel very close to both places.

PM: Now that you've mentioned family, was there a family precedent for this musical career of yours? When did music make its appearance in your life and when did it declare itself to be your calling?

L: I guess as far back as I can remember I've been making up melodies and lyrics. It's not really something that was taught to me. It was just an instinctual process that

felt good to do. We (my family) would take long drives a lot, let's say from Atlanta to Mobile. That's about six hours in the car. And to pass the time, I would be in the back seat in my own little world, looking out the window. There's not much to see (laughter) on these long drives, you know? And you can't get the radio stations for a while. But I loved to sing, and singing always felt good. And I would sing other people's songs but it always interested me more to make up my own little melodies and lyrics. I remember one time I was in the back seat of the car—bouncing—and it used to annoy my grandmother, who I guess thought it wasn't lady like or something. But I was keeping a rhythm. I was setting a pace and I would create these songs in my head. I could just sit in the back seat for hours and do that. Or I'd be waiting for the car pool and I'd be hippety-hopping—bouncing—anything—to set the rhythm. And now actually a lot of songs come to me when I'm walking; when I'm setting a pace to a rhythm or doing something that has nothing to do with music. I marvel at people who can sit down and just write songs. For me it's easier when my brain is almost thinking about something else. As for family precedence, my mother's a drummer and she used to practice—

PM: Really?

L: Well, she had her own band and in the South for a woman to be playing at that time was like (laughter) almost unheard of. But Mom started taking lessons when she was thirty. And she was learning from this drummer in the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra. They became really good friends. She moved from the practice pad to the full drum set. And I'll never forget it. I'd

NEXT ISSUE

Inspiration.

What inspires the music?
 What inspires the life?
 What gets you up and about, each
 morning, each evening, each day?
 Love, money, fame, craft...
 What makes you create, or be a cre-
 ator, or anything else? *AntiMatters*
 approaches the issue...
 next issue.

pennar macbryant's interview with lezlee...

come home from school and the whole house would literally be vibrating. George Benson or Stevie Wonder would be, like—LOUD! (laughter) Mom would just be in her own world playing and I'd be saying 'Mom, can you please keep it down? I'm trying to do my homework! (laughter) It was like, "Just give me a few more minutes!"

PM: That's great. I love every minute of it.

L: And how do you explain that to your friends? In fact, people to this day still ask me a lot if my mother still plays drums. Well, from there it moved from her doing that to me helping her load her drums in the car and then going with her on her gigs and sitting in. One day, I think when I was thirteen I asked if I could sing My Funny Valentine because at that time she had different singers [in the band]. and she said "Okay. I'll speak to the piano player about it". So I stood up, sang the song and, at one point, I remember forgetting the words and Mom was whispering them to me from the back. It was kind of a hit. People liked it and they liked it more that I was this kind of budding adolescent and that it was my mother behind me. It was kind of a novelty. So the next gig she had, I think I sang two songs. Then I learned another five songs. Pretty soon, I was almost doing a full set with her. And it was a great experience. My mom is my biggest fan and supporter but she's also never lied to me. She's very honest, and that's real important because she knows how much it means to me and how seriously I take what I do. She doesn't want me to overdo or anything that doesn't look natural, she would bring to my attention, which is a good thing.

PM: How successful have the attempts to balance your needs as a performer with those of a newly minted independent recording artist been?

L: They are two different animals altogether—recording and

[live] performing. Unless you're making a live album, which I want to do. I do feel that right now, my strongest suit is in the live performance. I really love playing live I guess because I just let go of all of the feelings of having to be perfect or sing [the material] perfectly. I mean, it's just gotten to the point where I feel very comfortable—like there's no difference between me if I had my guitar sitting here, playing for you and sitting up on a stage, you know, with more people in front of me. I don't really get as nervous as I used to, that's for sure. Because at this stage I'm pretty confident. Also, because I've been studying voice and I always prepare vocally before a show. I think that's really important; to really warm up your voice. I didn't understand the importance of it in the past. But once you do that, your voice is like—elastic. And so, really, I can trust that it'll be okay, because I've done my work. And maybe if I can't hear perfectly or if the sound isn't right, as long as it can be heard out in the audience, then—I know if I don't push—if I don't overdo, then it's going to be fine. I think that when you're not as confident, you tend to overdo. In fact, few musicians that I've had—I'm really happy with the musicians I have now. I finally have a core live band that I'm like, "Yes, I'm finally there!"—but in the past, when playing with lots of different people, every time a new person came in to play a show, the tendency is to overplay. I've noticed when you're nervous about what you're doing. I really understand the importance of recording an album. Unless you have a product that you can give to somebody that represents you, that they can take in their home, in their own space and their own time, it's difficult to get to the next point. The album that we have now [Just Being] is different from [what we do] live. It's not that different, but we were able to do a lot more with the recording process. There are overdubs, and guitar parts that physically one person couldn't do in one song. That doesn't mean that it's overdone. It just means that parts come in at different points and that sort of thing

PM: It certainly doesn't seem overdone to me.

Contact LEZLEE through: As Is Entertainment ~ PO Box 30274 ~ Old Chelsea Station ~ New York, NY 10011.

<http://www.LEZLEE.com/>

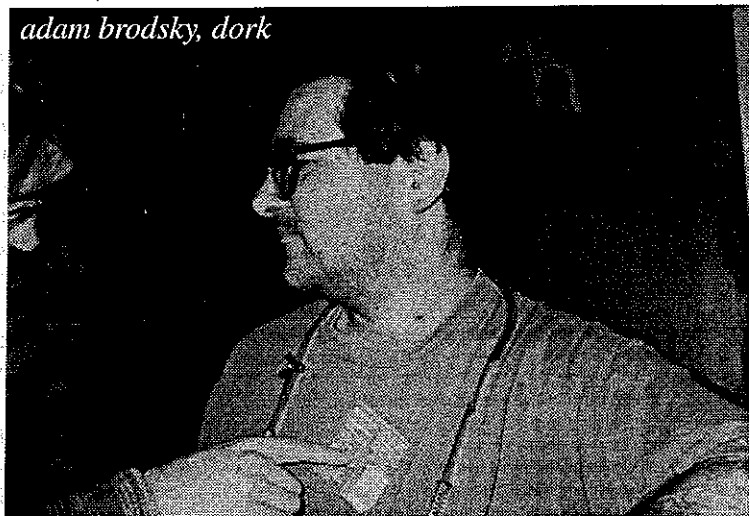


by sam friedman

ANTI-FOLK TRIP TO PHILLY

by, Mike Rechner

adam brodsky, dork



It all went down at George's 5-Spot in Philadelphia. I spoke to George and he said he was trying to build his coffee spot around the local Anti-folk scene. The S-Spot has been an Anti-folk venue for about six months and after a slow start such Anti-folk firebrands as Butch (who from all accounts played a killer set during the winter Anti-folk Festival at the Fort) were bringing in a lot of people giving recitation and resonance to go along with a great cup of coffee.

Lach, Mr. Scarecrow and I drove to Philadelphia to meet up with Adam Brodsky (who was just coming off a string of shows at Tin Angel with Hamell on Trial) and Cynthia Mason for a night of Anti-folk at the 5-Spot. The drive took about an hour with no traffic, but like most cities there was no parking so that took about an hour too. It was exciting to know that in just a couple hours drive there was a whole new city with it's own Anti-folk scene to explore.

Lenny Molotov, who had made the trip a few weeks earlier for an Antihoot had explained that a different vibe could

be felt there. Considering that Philadelphia is so close to New York City to be part of the same region of the country, performers and audiences are carving out their own idiosyncratic independence virtually side by side. I got a chance to talk to Adam and Butch (who ran sound) and they were both enthusiastic about Mia Johnson and Brenda Kahn recently playing in Philadelphia, and the expansion of the whole Anti-folk network in general.

George's coffee and muffins were excellent (I recommend iced cinnamon coffee) and the music was great too. Adam Brodsky opened things up and while he broadsided openly he would frequently get jocular and talk to drive you mad but it was funny and when he did get to the songs they flew by frantically. Adam is a great songwriter who mainly writes in the sped up classic Anti-folk talking shit style. He's rooted in conven-



cynthia mason



tional subject matter which he routinely takes over the top, and when I say routine I mean routine in the Andy Kaufman style.

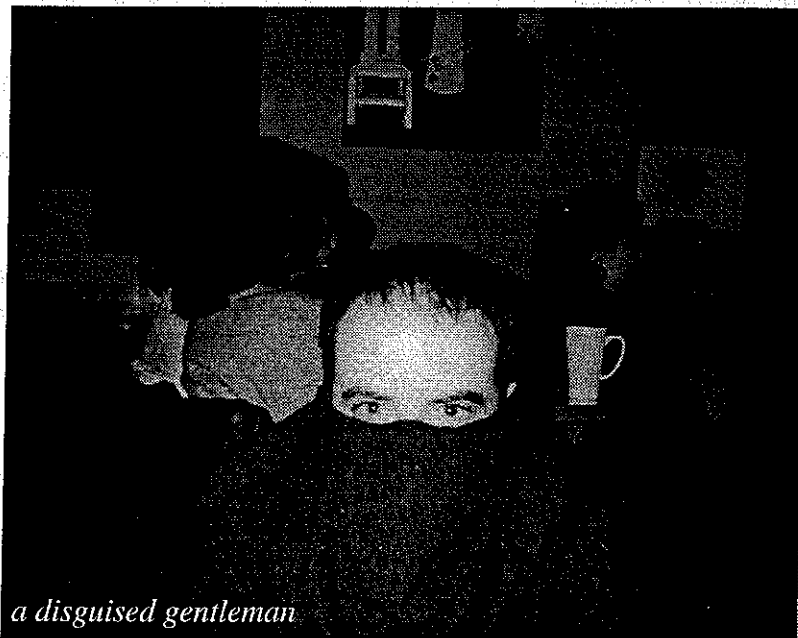
Cynthia Mason played some new songs and some songs off her most recent cassette, Critical Neighborhood Map. Cynthia played and sang songs about Philadelphia, Gender Politics, and fluidity with a casual intensity that was at once gripping and aside. I got a copy of her tape, which I like, but I'm afraid to review it because of the title so I'm going to give it to AntiMatters to review.

Once in a while someone plays a set and you get transported out of wherever you are, whether it's New York Philadelphia or any-

where and when Mr. Scarecrow played that night it was transport time. A simple heartfelt acoustic set (which sometimes seems in these days to be impossible to achieve or too absurd to believe) remarkably rendered by Mr. Scarecrow to remind everyone in the room about life and love and the joy of experiencing it together via the Anti-folk singer and his guitar.

Lach, following Mr. Scarecrow, said fuck it and pulled out the monster rock stops, he wailed, shimmied, played the and to the crowd and when the set was over no one asked what Anti-folk was. Lach leans over the stage and scans the audience, riveting them, as he is riveted in his version of the call and response martial art.

I got to play as well and I had a camera with me so I did a conceptual art death threat, I look forward to another visit so I can testify accordingly in 8/8 time on an amplified distorted acoustic guitar.



We said our good-byes, did some stickering and made our way back into the east coast night eating Tic Tacs and Tylenol listening to some otherworldly music Lach picked up on his AM radio. We got back to New York about 4:00 in the morning. We were tired, but we knew it was true that when you go to Philadelphia you feel love.

Inspired by AntiFolk

PERFECT DAY FOR BANANA PUDDING HALLOWS EVE IS OVER

by JD Berger

Danny likes banana pudding.

I tell him not to, tell him that he's wrong.

"It doesn't have bananas in it," I say, "It's a completely unnatural flavoring."

He just smiles and nods, an inbred Buddha.

"More for me," he says, "I like the taste."

I've kicked him, screamed, abused him, all to no avail.

"It's the stuff of the devil," I shout, throwing pamphlets and proof.

But I just get the glazed look, and a lick of the lips after a fresh spoonful.

He lives his life like that. It's so infuriating; just eating and grinning, perfectly happy with his wretched fate.

Danny lives in a hovel that rats won't enter. He works 100 hours a week digging shit into shit holes, then out again.

His friends steal from him, and his parents leave no forwarding address.

He should accept his misery

but he loves that awful pudding crap.

Idiot.

Maybe I should try some more...

So, I guess this is goodbye.

I know you don't want to hear this.

you left so long ago

but I didn't want to believe

I couldn't believe that you'd never see me again.

so I haunted your steps
 your stoops
 your stomping grounds.

I haunted every part of that I could
while you haunted my thoughts
 my dreams
 my being.

But it's over. I know it now. I'm sorry it took me so long to recognize to believe that you'd never see me again.

I won't be haunting you anymore.

I won't visit your fresh-hewn land
 your well-kept lawn
 your oft-trod paths again.

So, I guess this is goodbye.

The Fort at the Sidewalk Cafe Presents:

Tues. June 2- 7:30-Paul Christian, 8-Dave Foster (of Bubble), 9-Bernadette, 9:30-Randy Kaplan, 10:30-Adrienne
 Wed. June 3- 7:30-Burn What's Left, 8:30-Gregg Weiss, 9-Steve de la Seve and Goatpants, 9:30-Tricia Scotti, 10-Rick Shapiro
 Thurs. June 4- **Rob Ryan's Country Thursday:** 8-Cyndy Hasty, 9-Rob Ryan, 10-Little Mo, 11-Country Jam
 Fri. June 5- 8-Betsy Thomson, 9-Lach, 10-Delta Garage, 11-Torn & Frayed
 Sat. June 6- Antifolkadelic Night: 8-Jake Miller, 9-Starchild, 10-Redneck School of Technology (G'nu Fuzz), 11-Illness, 12-Walking Bird
 Sun. June 7- 8-Joie/Dead Blonde Girlfriend, 8:30-Al Lee Wyer, 9-Michael Eck 9:30- Style Martly, 10- Pat Mattingly and Denny Blake
 Mon. June 8- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30
 Tues. June 9- 7:30- Kimberly Werst, 8- Dave Foster of Bubble, 8:30- K.O. Trudie, 9- Verb, 10- Daniel Harnett
 Wed. June 10- 8- Eve Hars of Eva Haze, 8:30- Dots Will Echo, 9-The Adverteasers, 10- Rick Shapiro
 Thurs. June 11- **Rob Ryan's Country Thursday!** 8-Josh Allan, 9- Rob Ryan, 10- Cecil's Bait and Tackle, 11- Country Jam! (Open Jam on Hank, Merle, George, Patsy and the rest!)
 Fri. June 12- 8-Margo Hennebach CD Release Party for "Big Love", 9- Raving Noah, 10- Johnny Seven, 11- Kenny Young and The Eggplants, 12- Jarrod Gorbel
 Sat. June 13- 9- Gregg Swann, 10- Animal Head, 11- The Meanwhiles, 12- Chris Barron (of The Spin Doctors)
 Sun. June 14- 8- Mike Rechner, 8:30- Sean Lee, 9:30- Marilee, 10- Lorijo Manley, 10:30- The Mighty Vitamins
 Mon. June 15- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30
 Tues. June 16- 7:30- Wendy Chamlin, 8:00-Dave Foster of Bubble, 8:30- Abbe Rivers, 9- Todd Griffen, 9:30- Chris O'Connor, 10- Springwell
 Wed. June 17- 8- Deanna Kirk, 9- Kevin Bents, 10- Rick Shapiro
 Thurs. June 18- **Rob Ryan's Country Thursday!** 8- Roxanne Beck, 8:30- Collin Seals, 9- Rob Ryan, 10- Little Mo, 11- Country Jam! (Open Jam on Hank, Merle, George, Patsy and the rest!)

The JVC JAZZ FESTIVAL:

Fri. June 19- 8-THE SUPERJAZZ BAND, 9-THE SITUATION, 10- THE CHARETTES, 11- KEVIN BURKE, 12- LENORA ZENZALAI HELM
 SAT. JUNE 20 -The JVC JAZZ FESTIVAL: 8-CNTHIA HILTS TRIO, 9-THE DEREK BRONSTON GROUP, 10- KING QUARTET, 11-CHOCOLATE GENIUS
 SUN. JUNE 21- The JVC JAZZ FESTIVAL: 8- IVY Y LOS GAUPOS, 9-NELSON ALEXANDER AND BRUCE WEBER, 10- THE DAVID ULLMAN ENSEMBLE, 11- GIL SCHWARTZ & THE LAVA DAREDEVILS
 Mon. June 22- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30
 Tues. June 23- The JVC JAZZ FESTIVAL: 8- THE BLUE SARACENS, 9-ARLEE LEONARD GROUP, 10-UNCLE CARL, 11- CRAIG YAREMKO, 12-LARRY GOGGIN
 Wed. June 24- 8-Lenny Molotov, 8:30- Jack Peddler, 9-Joe Bendik and the Heathens, 9:30-Pat Mattingly, 10- Rick Shapiro
 Thurs. June 25- **Rob Ryan's Country Thursday!** 8-Julie Grower, 8:30-Elizabeth Jean, 9-Rob Ryan, 10- Matthew Guadalupe and The Regulars, 11- Country Jam!
 Fri. June 26- 8-Mark Humble, 9-Oh, Mr. Grant, 10- Tamalalou, 11- Matthew Puckett, 12- Animal Head
 Sat. June 27- 8-Curtis Eller's American Circus, 9-Neal With An A, 10- Shameless, 11- Chocolate Genius (With Marcs Thompson & Ribot <of Waits, Reed, & Costello fame>), 12- Bill Popp and The Tapes
 Sun. June 28- 7:30- My Dog, 8- Double Naught Spy, 8:30- Alan Orski, 9:30- Connor Tribble, 10- Rick Shapiro
 Mon. June 29- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30
 Tues. June 30- Piano Night- 7:30- Andrew McCann, 8- Debbie Dean, 8:30- Marly Hornik, 9- Peter Dizozza, 9:30-Paul Matthews, 10- Enid, 10:30-Gavin Degraw, 11- Zinc
 Thurs. July 2 - **Rob Ryan's Country Thursday!**

All shows are free with a 1-drink minimum (most nights start at 8 -- stay the whole evening). Check out our website at <http://members.aol.com/folkbro>