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OCTOBER 98

ANTIMATTERS®

100

150

CANADA

FEATURING:

YOUR NUMBER
IS 262... PUT
MONEY IN THE
TIP JAR...

THE VAULT KEEPER

BUY THE NEW
ANTIMATTERS...
PUT MONEY IN
MY HAND...

THE GHOUL

THREE DOLLAR
DRINK MINIMUM....
LEAVE MONEY
ON THE TABLE...

THE OLD WITCH

THIS
ISSUE:

REVEAL THE
HORRORS

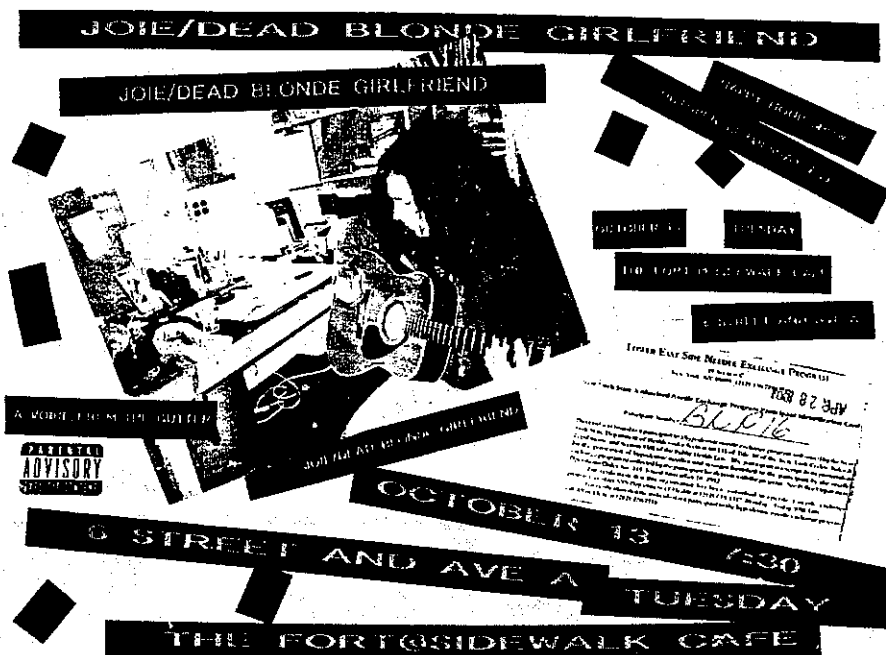
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This is one scary time of year. We've got Halloween. We've got upcoming elections. We've got a president on the out with his family and his country. We've got an international financial crisis. We have Speeding tickets reaching two hundred dollars and computers that don't work. We (the royal we, we suppose) got problems up the wazoo, loneliness, and fright seeing us through every day. We see no future, no past. It's a scaring time to be us. Welcome to the horror. **JB**



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Aren't Jeff Lightning Lewis' covers great? He's got his own products out there. Some of them are reviewed this time around by irregular contributor Mr. Steve Espinola. Also included in this issue is a revealing article about the mastermind of the AF literary wing, Mr. Jonathan Berger. Is it worth reading? Is anything in this magazine? Judge for yourself. (*Gustav Plympton*)

Contributors

Jonathan Berger
Stephanie Biederman
Steve Espinola
Charles Herold
Joie
Billy Kelly
Penner MacBryant
Tom Nishioka
Gustav Plympton
Tom Warnick

Master Artisan
Jonathan Berger

Master Craftsman
Gustav Plympton

We recently received a letter from Fort alumni Kamau Rucker. Kamau moved to Virginia about eight months ago and we miss his energy here on the NYC scene. It seems he misses us as well and has asked for *AntiMatters* to print his current address for his friends to write to him. So, here it is:

Kamau Rucker
P.O. Box 7396
Hampton, VA 23666

Report from the Fort

September 9, 1998 <Sidewalk Café> - Billy Kelly began his set for an audience of three. By the end of the night, it had doubled, at the very least. He played a couple of numbers from his new True Irish Ghost Stories CD, but also stuff from his other identity, the country artist formerly known as Earl Pickens and the Trail of Tears. The countryesque stuff is more lyrical - that is to say, have more lyrics. The stylistic versatility is missing from the CD, replaced by thematic consistency. Hopefully, Kelly's future recordings will show more sides of the artist's creativity. (Stephanie Biederman)



September 9, 1998 <Sidewalk Café> - "So who's the next act?" William asked, as he was heading out.

"Dots Will Echo. They're great."

"What do they sound like?"

"I don't want to say," I said to him and his crowd, "I don't describe them well."

"Try," he grinned.

"Well, imagine if you will, Night Ranger's hooks with Journey's voice."

"Bye," William said, and his company followed.

"But in a good way!" I cried out after them.

They started, those three old guys who've been Dots Will Echo since the dawn of time, through two decades and two albums (one on Wyndham Hill, one independently produced), through dozens of trends and a couple of kids; through the waning sunlight outside, they started. They played for a larger crowd than they usually pack into the Sidewalk. The members of Dots are obviously experienced with one another, and don't need to practice to maintain some resemblance of their chops.

With their 80s pop hooks and the insect-like vocals of leader Nick, they remind me so much of the pompous eighties, hold the pomp. They are so vibrant, so hooky, and so out of date. You know they've been at it forever. But in a good way.

"I like them," Chris Moore said.

"Me too," Lee Chabowski added unnecessarily.

"How would you guys describe them?" I asked, "I think I scared some people off."

"How?"

I told them.

"Journey?" Lee said, "Are you out of your mind?"

"Not Journey," Chris added, "Not Night Ranger. They're like the Violent Femmes."

"Of course," I said, "Minimal

Dots Will Echo

backing, cool hooks, lots of energy. It's like the Violent Femmes! Perfect! Thanks a lot, Chris!"

Chris just looked at the stage, hoping I'd shut up. Eventually, I did. (Jonathan Berger)

September 11, 1998 <Fez Under Time Cafe> - Sponsored by Hacate/Vinkona Music, four of the bitchingest babes to write songs played. Ambient and powerful, Sarah-Chandaria, singer for The Hush, is now heading up a five-piece, which put the band across in a tighter, stronger way. The ethereal mood is now anchored by a solid rhythm section, adding a grind and groove that obviously inspired Sarah to give one of her more provocative performances. Derek, on lead guitar, played just the right thing, as always, and Lauren, on keys, added an interesting esoteric dimension, as she has in the past.

Ann Klein has some key credits, namely that she toured with Joan Osborne and knocked audiences out everywhere with her playing. Tonight found her to be a key singer/songwriter as well. The woman obviously knows how to write a solid tune, and her back-up band didn't drown her out, which is always a refreshing thing. Quirky yet satisfying, Klein offered a solid set, and a few witty jokes as well. Also on the bill were Melissa Reaves and Mary Ann Farley. (Stephanie Biederman)

September 14, 1998 <Sidewalk Café> - It was perhaps the best AntiHoot ever. Certainly, it was the best in quite a while. The energy was mighty different on Monday, with the newbies (Ariana, Kenny, Jeff) sitting near or alongside revered oldsters (Charles Herold, Gene & Mimi, the humans). It was a big crowd, but, for the AntiHoot, that ain't nothing new.

What was new was the sudden return of the founding fathers, mothers, and kissing cousins. In the audience this Monday were Cindy Lee Berryhill, Brenda Kahn, and Roger Manning, all notable names from the earliest days of AntiFolk. The ladies played a couple of numbers, proving why they got the record deals that kept them fed for hours on end, while Roger sat and watched. With the old, the new, and the very old all together in the audience and on the stage, it presented a substantial vibe, one that might never be repeated. (Gustav Plympton)

September 15, 1998

<Sidewalk Café> -

While Marilee sat, she played an awesome set for a crowd that had just heartily clapped Joie off of the stage.



While Joie was rambunctious and loud, Marilee was more subdued, seated, and passionate. Her songs about pairs (parents and lovers, it seems, occupy space in most of her tunes), were played deftly and well. Her voice, whether sweetly singing or harshly howling, is a powerful instrument.

"There were some people up front," I told her, "Who couldn't stop staring. There was this awestruck look on this couple's face. It was amazing to see."

"Oh, I think I know who you're talking about," she smiled, "Those were friends of Joie, who'd heard about 'The Girlfriend' for a while now, but had never seen me sing."

"They looked shocked," I said, "Maybe frightened."

Marilee laughed. She seemed to like that.

Kirk Kelly continued his run of Tuesdays to an unfortunately minimum capacity crowd. One of the founding fathers of AntiFolk, Kirk Kelly writes protest songs for workers and lovers, and is damned good at each. His humor with and to the small audience was great, and his energy was greater. Though breaking strings at a phenomenal rate, he kept our attention, and made us want to come back for more. Luckily, with his string of Tuesdays, we could. (Stephanie Biederman)

September 16, 1998 <Sidewalk Café> - "Looks like it's Baby Night at the Fort," Steph said, as Mr. Lightning Lewis left the stage.

"Well, Jeff's in his 20s, I'd say, so he's hardly a baby." I budged toward the girl approaching the mix, "But Bernadette's a teenager. I think she's still in school." Wearing a cardigan over a t-shirt and cargo pants, hair shorn like some pretty proto-punk priestess, Bernadette began her set with a more aggressive style than usual. She's been listening to harder core stuff, it sounds. With younger songwriters, you can hear the influences seeping out.

"Oh, god," Stephanie said.

"What? She's great, right?"

"Well, that's one way of putting it."

"What?"

"Look at her!"

I did. She prowled the stage, back and forth, drawing the perimeter, protecting her domain. Back to the mic, Bernadette cooed into the chorus, letting her sensuous vibrato lead us into the next verse.

"Yeah?" I said.

"She's got all the moves. She walks like a rock star; she sounds like a rock star, and check how she glances out of the corner of her eye. Straight out of 'Walk like an Egyptian'."

"Right. She's building a repertoire of moves. She's touring a lot, and she's getting slicker."

"One way of putting it."

I checked her out again, watching her rapid-fire her way through the spoken-word intro of "Perfect World," before she howls out the "Oh-oh-oh, if I were a perfect girl." It's an alterna-teen dream. I bopped along with the rhythm riffing.

"She's cool," I said.

"I'm sure," Steph said, "I gotta go."

Report from the Fort

"OK," I replied. I barely noticed her leave. (Jonathan Berger)

September 18, 1998 <Peter Dizozza's Songwriter's Salon> - "My inspiration for the inception of this salon," **Peter Dizozza** explained, "Was the need for songwriting inspiration. More specifically, I enjoyed such a salon through the Songwriter's Guild of America."

So, through email and phone, and, with suggestion from Mr. **Steve Espinola**, Dizozza invited a panoply of songwriters to his home on THAT DATE. Attending were **Rebecca Emery**, her companion **Phil**, **Dave Wechsler**, **Dan Kilian**, **Espinola**, **Tom Warnick** and **Anne Kadet**, the musical legend **Biff Rose** and his companions in the **Wandering Menstruals**, **Elizabeth Suggs** and **Carla Grant**, as well as **Dan Kilian's** friend, **Matt**. **Dina Dean** made a cameo appearance but could not be persuaded to perform without her left handed guitar.

"I suggested she write out the chords and we could accompany her." Dizozza said with a shrug, "Well, maybe next time."

He and room-mate **Faith Palmer-Persen** took turns presiding over the evening.

Rebecca played guitar and sang a playfully innocent/disturbingly matter-of-fact song, "Dancing with the Devil," which would be most sexy for the devil and his minions to hear. Her companion **Phil** played a calming piano vocal setting of one of her poems about a rainy day. The audience was impressed. Dizozza declaimed, "I now believe that talent is a genetic strain in the **Emery** family."

Also at the piano, **Dave Wechsler** sang and played a fun new song with a ragtime feel entitled "Talk of the Town."

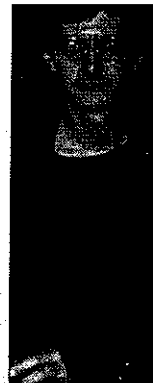
Steve Espinola followed with the unforgettable "Famous Famous" and, later, "Sweet Dream," a beautiful meditative love song worthy of its great companions, "Love Song While Running Away" and the "Bullet from the backwards gun/Googleplex" song.

Dan Kilian played "Danny Dollars" and, at **Steve's** request, his great "Peg-Legged Pirate" love song. It's rare to see **Kilian** solo at this point, as he devotes so much time to his band, **National Anthem**. **Tom Warnick** joined **Kilian** on guitar and **Matt** sang along.

Dan's friend, **Matt**, has a high rock belt which soared over his nylon string guitar accompaniment. He had a great song title in "A Night of Glorious Fisting." His band is called **Seamless**. They are working on a recording deal.

Tom Warnick played "The Big Room." His wife and collaborator, **Anne Kadet**, played an amazing **Warnick-styled** piano song. She is very cool. Who influences whom in that duo?

Biff Rose - known most for his late sixties masterpiece, LP The Thorn in Mrs. Rose's Side, said the Songwriter's Salon was his first stop in New York. He played a vaudeville number about how "He had his fling." He followed up with the beautiful "When we're together I don't want to get caught," a great meditative song reminiscent of "Ave Maria"



that seems to poignantly refers to a former wife and child. "It was miraculous to see his fingers create that beautiful piano accompaniment," Dizozza described. Elizabeth, Carla and Biff played Elizabeth's "Mother" and "fuck buddie" songs. Biff joined his voice with theirs for the doo-wop "I'm a woman who's found her way" the woman's permission song by Reverend Basil McDavid.

"The Songwriter's Salon was their first stop in New York and constituted Elizabeth and Carla's first impression of New York City." Mr. Dizozza described, "Apparently, Biff met them at a folk fair in the middle of Texas. They have some connection to the Lilith movement, which includes painting with menstrual blood."

Peter Dizozza finished the evening, playing soon after his childhood idol, performing first "Quiet Moment" and then the anti-pickup song "Never too Sure."

"Biff particularly liked the opening and ending of 'Quiet Moment,'" Said Dizozza "And said 'Never Too Sure' was pure musical theatre. For him, yes, but for me, it's a state of being. I was overwhelmed by the cumulative excitement of meeting a man who had inspired me in my youth. It was great, after I settled down to discover he's a great conversationalist."

The next similar gathering will be Friday, November 13th from 7:30 to 9:30. It will be a songwriter's sightreading salon: tunesmiths are invited to arrive with a lead sheet, chords and melody, or charts or whatever, and someone else gets to play the song. Call 212-674-2987 for information and location. (Gustav Plympton)

September 18, 1998 <Sidewalk Café> - Well, it was another triumphant night for musical eclecticism at the Fort on September 18th. That date, of course, marked the **International Animal House Night** we'd all been looking forward to for some time. Both folk and rock & roll groups with an international flavor dominated the evening. Some passionately and sincerely put forth a different cultural spin on this American hybrid called rock and roll, while others lampooned it, like foreign versions of Pinata-Land. Although not wholly representative of the burgeoning world music scene that flourishes in the city (Astoria and Fort



élefta
hungarian folk band

Greene come readily to mind), it was a pleasant surprise to find the Big Black Room thick with people with a deep appreciation for music not often given space in downtown clubs. The house was packed around the time I arrived for the featured group, the ever-popular Elefta. As they took the

Report from the Fort

stage, I remember wondering if they could bear the awesome burden of offering proof that the

Hungarian/Transylvanian urban-folk dance/hip-hop movement is a still viable musical genre. That was a challenge I'm happy to report the band more than met. The leader of this all acoustic band, comprised of violins and percussive cello (you got it: percussive cello, courtesy of Melanie Kemp) is a congenial fellow, with a hip sense of humor that comes through on stage and through the selections. This particular evening he showcased his skill on the trumpolin, an instrument combining the horn and fiddle (hey, it works). Elefta's is spirited music, delivered with the right amount of sentiment and made all the more understandable by short explanations of the songs and their place in Hungarian/Middle European folklore and culture before their performance.

Judging from the audience response, the music should be around for a good long while. Who knows? This could well be the year Bela Bartok really makes it big in music. Prior to Elefta, a retro rock and roll band with a French twist, literally, took the stage for forty five glorious minutes.

Sans Coulottes featured, most prominently, a lead singer who bore a resemblance to Peter Sellers; as well as two female vocalists, one of whom was dressed strikingly in a vinyl mini and gold metallic go-go boots and sang a pretty good version of the Nancy Sinatra fave, "These Boots Were Made For Walking" in sonorous French. She didn't do a bad frug, either. Also memorable was the most outlandish, punk rock version of Jacques Brel's "Seasons In the Sun" that has ever met my ears. Honorable mention must be given the keyboard player, whose organ solos were so reminiscent of the best stuff? and the Mysterians did. The night concluded with **Chuck Metakas**, late of Lach's Sextet Offensive, representing Greece with his band, **Trios Maggas**. According to Metakas, there's no real definitive translation for the word *maggas*. "It kind of means a badass dude" he joked on stage. Metakas played an instrument that closely resembles the sound of a mandolin but "is much harder to play" as he noted, and his band mates played bass and acoustic behind it. Yes, they played the requisite song from Zorba the Greek, but by unearthing lesser heard but good tunes like "The Cypress Tree", you got a very full sense of what makes the popular/folk music of Greece so infectious to even a casual or disinterested listener. Of course, the evening was hardly complete in its international representation. I myself would have liked to have seen Tamalalou, the band featuring music from West Africa that has also played the Fort to some acclaim, added to this mixture of international music -- as well as an Irish/Scottish band and a contemporary American folk band to round things out, but those are considerations for future shindigs as this. Overall, it was worth the price of my souvlaki-flavored, crepe-shaped nachos. (Penner MacBryant)

September 19, 1998 <Sidewalk Café> - **The Lounge-O-Leers** were the first act of the evening. They didn't once mention why **THEY** were



chosen to open up the festivities on the **Gene & Mimi** CD release party, what made THEM warrant such an honor. Perhaps we'll never know. The Lounge-O-Leers played only covers, including all the hits of the day. "Tubthumping," "Purple Rain," "Losing My Religion," all got the treatment from this keyboard-percussion duo. In their white tuxes and spats, they looked as slick as can be, and, of course, were as subtle as wallpaper. Most of the audience talked through their set, seeing their lounging sounds as background music.

In any case, most people were more interested in the upcoming CD release party, where dancing girls, cocaine and Harleys would be expected to parade across the grounds. Unfortunately, all the loyal fans got was a cover show. Friends of Gene & Mimi all showed respect by reinterpreting Gene Morris compositions in whatever way they could. **Peter Dizozza** performed with **Erika Belle** on "36th Street," while **Dan Emery** sang and played "Lobster Boy." Close friends of the group tended to stray further from originals, with **Mark Humble**, **Marnie** and **Tamara** offering up drastic revisions of Gene & Mimi recordings.

Of course, the finest moment available was when **Jon Berger** took the stage to perform an a capella reading of "This is Me," a song of self-expression sung by Mimi Cohen, written by Gene Morris, and rarely performed live anymore. Involving audience participation and ending with a horrifying strip-tease, it was perhaps the show-stoppingest portion of the night. Everything afterwards was completely irrelevant. (Jonathan Berger)

September 19, 1998 <Sidewalk Café> - **Gene & Mimi** played as a full band. With old standbys **Andy Mandel** on full drums and **Rich Grula** on full bass guitar, the band sounded full and good, and covered much of the material on Gene & Mimi's new album, **36th Street**. They sounded great - though, I believe, not as good as the album, which is one of the best AntiFolk releases, redefining a good sound into a great one. (Stephanie Biederman)

September 26, 1998 <Luna Lounge> - It's getting harder and harder to think about Michal the Girl as a real cutie, an incredible hot thang, and easier to consider her a potent songwriter and beautiful singer. For one thing, she's got hooks a plenty, through every song, sounding like a more acoustic Madger Rose or something, and her decision to employ an extra guitarist is genius, adding great fills and tremendously improving an already boppy and great sound. And, you're sitting there, trying to listen to the tunes, it's tougher and tougher to just look at her and fantasize about whipped cream and cherry toppings, and simpler to just get involved in her tales of break-up, of loneliness, of bad days. You're grooving to the rhythm, rocking to the riffs, and listening to how tough it is to be a lonely girl. Michal the Girl is defying expectations. (Gustav Plympton)

September 26, 1998 <Arlene Grocery> - **Bubble** never seems to have the same line-up twice. A year back, maybe two, they were a great white power pop trio hope, gaining

Report from the Fort

press, and selling EPs, and then, it kind stopped. But now, back (yet again) as a five-piece, the group

played an incredible set on Saturday night at Arlene. With only cute members, and a lot of fun energy on stage, as well as the same old great hooks and alternately strong and sweet vocals, **Bubble** is getting ready to pop all over everything. **Mark Humble** joined group founder **Dave Foster** on guitars, and original drummer **Tom DeVito** is back on board as one of two percussion people. It's the best line-up **Bubble** has seen since in many a year. Hopefully, this one they can keep.



Following them on-stage was **Bankhead**. **Bankhead** also has some trouble with steady members, but it's leader, **Marnie**, struggles on, hoping to keep a band together. With the incredible guitar leads, and powerful drumming of this new combination, the 80's punk-pop sounds of the band worked better than ever before. In "Denial," "Violet Crumble,"

"Clown," the group rages and rocks, and... and damn! You have to see them! (Stephanie Biederman)

October 6, 1998 <Sidewalk Café> - We were all in shock, and I know I clapped enthusiastically, if only to encourage the performer to get off the stage as quickly as possible. It was a bit of impromptu chaos, with some good elements underneath a whole lotta bad.

"Remember," Lach said, "There are a lot of people who want to play, so there's a limit of two songs or eight minutes. Please be considerate."

The act left the stage, oblivious to any potential digs.

"The next AntiMatters is about the Horror, right?" Cal said.

I nodded.

"Man, that last act should be included there!"

I could offer no argument. (Jonathan Berger)

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TO THE FORT: SPECIAL REPORT

The Artist
Formerly
Known as Prince

kicked ass, got us off ours, making even the nosebleeders dance away, but he didn't respect his material. His songs – all of them; new, old, and

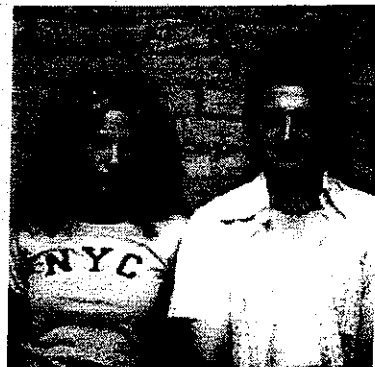
Three days, three shows, all from expats or residents of that great laked city Minneapolis.



On Thursday, September 24th, Brenda Kahn played her only New York City gig before the record release party for Hunger, the artist's Rocket 99 debut. She played with upright bassist Ernie Adzentoivic on many of the songs that will be released on the upcoming

album, including "Christopher Says," "Messiah," and, of course, "Hunger."

The duo played softly, subdued, losing much of the bombastic tendencies so apparent on Kahn's last Shanachie release, Outside the Beauty Salon. Word is, the new album will be



equally minimal, which is relief and a half. The crowd was not excessively interested, which was clearly their loss, as it was one of the more exciting shows from an excellent songwriter with one of the most seductive voices in the universe.



On Friday, September 25th, the Artist Formerly Known as the Leader of the Revolution closed the night at Madison Square Garden. Opening for him were other acts on his NPG Records, Larry Graham and Chaka Khan. Despite declaiming during Graham's set and joining Ms. Khan on-stage for a shortened version of each of their "I Feel For U," it wasn't until around ten o'clock that the real party started. Beginning with "Jam of the Year," off of the Artist's first indie release, "Emancipation," Minneapolis miniature marvel rushed through versions of lots of his hits, in medley form. Touching upon 70s and 80s glory days through "Delirious," "Little Red Corvette," "Take Me With U," "Raspberry Beret," and dozens more, he sped-performed, lighting on song after song, never playing one to completion.



The band was excellent, and Mr. Nelson is a consummate performer, athletically playing the Madison Square Garden like it was his rumpus room. He's a master showman, and a master songwriter. Unfortunately, evidence of one precluded evidence of the other.

Bob Mould, playing both Friday the 25th and Saturday the 26th at Irving Plaza, is, in many ways, the embodiment of the



AntiFolk ethic, constantly struggling to combine pop hooks with punk aggression. With a voice that evokes more sheer raging emotion than virtually any other conceivable, Mould's career has also revolved around being one of the mightiest post-punk guitarists around. Despite his history, Bob Mould has sworn off his past. Performing exclusively from his solo career, he avoided songs from the two successful alternative acts that he led in the 80s and 90s, Husker Du and Sugar. Despite that obvious disappointment, the kinetic energy running through this, Mould's last shows as an electric performer, made it well worth the price of admission. Relying heavily on material from his brand-new The Last Dog and Pony Show, Mould and his band played furiously and full-on.

This is his last electric tour. He played no Husker or Sugar stuff, just solo stuff. The electric version of "See A Little Light", one his best songs off his first solo was incredibly intense. Despite all the sound and fury, the intensity of his vocals, normally full force front at the acoustic shows, could still be felt. Damned powerful stuff.



Three performers, all having done time in the midwest, all having seen more successful commercial days, all still, in certain ways at the top of their game. The potential in Minneapolis seems great. God help us if they plan a full-scale invasion... (Jonathan Berger)

After School at the Fort

(special times for special people)

Late nights at the Fort have become a tradition for me. I don't split until the last note has strummed and the last word has been sung. This story goes back to the night the French television people invaded the Fort. The night went on, and we went into the one-song wonder round, and it was quieter, and relaxed, and Lach started a game called Exquisite Corpse.

Those of you who don't know what it is, it is a poem game of some sorts. One person writes down a line on a piece of paper, then passes it the next person. That person then reads the line and writes their line under it and then folds the paper to hide the first line of the poem, only exposing what they write. Then it gets passed to the next person and they do the same and so on and so on. This night, four of us played this odd game of collective poetry. The players were Lach, Marilee, Clay Mitchell and myself. Lach started it off, with Clay following, then myself and Marilee. This went on while we watched the last of the musicians play. Who ever leaves early this is directed to you. Some of the players late night are pretty fucking good and you should stick around to see them sometime. They deserve to be heard. The atmosphere's relaxed, mellow, less hectic than at 9:30, when you want to go on.

After the last player played, Lach went up and did his 2-in-the-morning closing gig. The Exquisite Corpse continued with only the three of us. We laughed at what each other was writing and had a hell of a time. We got to the end of the page and Lach wrote the last line and read it aloud to the few who'd stayed and to the newly arrived. It isn't the best poem in the world, but it was fun to see which way the poem went. We all tried to guess who wrote which line. Then we packed up and said our good-byes and put another Anti-hoot to rest. I have included the poem here, so you can share in what goes on, late night at the Fort. It doesn't happen often, but when it does, it is kind of special in a way. It's like staying late after school, and the teacher lets you wash the board, or draw, or sing, or just hang out. I thought I would share the poem with the rest of world (or, at least the people nice enough to cough up a buck to buy the zine). See if you can pick who wrote which lines. It doesn't have a title, so I guess it's called "Untitled 4.0" You see, staying after school can be fun.

Thanks, Joie

Untitled 4.0

Art gallery girl forgot what i was saying to her tilted head
Five feet and twelve toes lost in my feathered bed
And I wet the bed before my lover came home instead
She said fuck this and walked through the wall
An angry Alice, sirens wailing like a sick seagulls call
A jealous John stands screaming "catch the fucking ball"
And the misfits in toyland waited for the sunrise before it
sets again
Don't set me off before my time comes
Bombed and bombing minus prodigious sums
Round ripped ran screaming drunk through purple slums
Human beings being human beans from a jar that was ajar
Someone saw them thought they would be tasty from afar
Moving closer, closer working Vaseline through her hair
So let it be written so let it be done let us breath let us have
fun
Kingdom come
Bla bla blue my red ass black butt headstart budda
very being very being o so merry no I must forget and
repent
Don't mind me some times I can't find my own feet
I look down down and my toes dance like chocolate treats
A left turn at my heart and I went blind from all the pain
that felt the same
So I opened up cause I know something about pain
Divide it by two and it'll never be the same...

*Lach, Clay, Joie and Marilee August '98

Art Gallery girl forgot what I was saying to her tilted head
Five feet and twelve toes lost in my feathered bed
And I wet the bed before my lover came home instead
She said fuck this and walked through the wall
An angry Alice, sirens wailing like a sick seagulls call
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Don't mind me some times I can't find my own feet
I look down down and my toes dance like chocolate treats
A left turn at my heart and I went blind from all the pain
that felt the same
So I opened up cause I know something about pain
Divide it by two And it'll never be the same

Jeff Lightning Lewis: indie-rock fortune cookie

Steve Espinola requested – insisted – the opportunity to talk about Jeff Lewis' first release to the AntiFolk community. Here:

Sometime this summer, Jeff Lightning Lewis told me he wanted to see how long he could play at the AntiHoots without ever repeating a song. Well, he broke down this September, but set a record in the process: The first time anyone has ever played the same song twice in a row at a hoot. The song was beautiful, funny, surreal, and included the odd line "everything is one inch long". The chorus was a single "ooh" that extended from the highest note one can sing to the lowest. People were happy to hear it twice, and to sing the chorus with Jeff the second time through.

In some recent AntiMatters, some guy wrote something like "Jeff Lightning Lewis is good because he knows his limits and stays within 'em." Bullshit. He's great because he doesn't let apparent limitations prevent him from blowing our minds on a continual basis (And for all we know, those limits may even be self-imposed).

Yes, he doesn't strain his voice, he consistently sings quietly in a narrow melodic range, his songs often have only two chords in them. But I don't know many people who can keep an audience riveted singing a two-chord song that lasts 7 minutes. That's exactly what Jeff does in "The Chelsea Hotel Oral Sex Song", one of the gems on his new 13-song cassette "indie-rock fortune cookie". He's selling it for \$3, which is the steal of the year.

Jeff's stuff sounds simple at first. He's got a bunch of unpretentious songs about crushes on girls and stuff. But he's a real poet. That is, he doesn't use flowery fake poetry language; but he makes stark dreamlike leaps in many of his songs, putting together images you'd never have thought of consciously, to get at the essence of things. And he's silly and touching and quite philosophical at the same time. Also, his guitar picking is pretty great, without drawing attention to itself.

I'm especially impressed at his storytelling ability. That Chelsea Hotel song -- which is about meeting a girl who likes the same sexy Leonard Cohen song, then messing up a possible love connection--takes in every possible detail of the brief meeting, makes it rhyme (except, refreshingly, when that would get in the way of the story), and swerves into a wonderful epiphany about appreciating and remembering people you barely know.

Dina Dean turned me onto "Clyde and Alyda" which is the kind of revenge ballad that used to get written in the folk process, gradually embellished by generations of singers. Somehow he got the whole thing right on his own. Again, the song is full of slow-motion-dream pacing, and funny details, like this verse:

"He wore a satin suit and he was eating truffles/ but he didn't act like they were any good.

I opened up my mouth to tell my troubles / He said that he already understood."

I'm still absorbing the cassette, so I'm not going to say too much more about it. And he's only, 22 or 23 or something,

and I'm afraid I'll give him a swelled head. But I would like to offer up a couple more examples of lyrics I like:

"The days are all spread out like a deck of cards / the queens are all bent up so you'll know where they are." (from "3/4 Moon")

"Kisses are weird but they can be fun / instead of shaking hands it's like shaking tongues..." (from "Life")

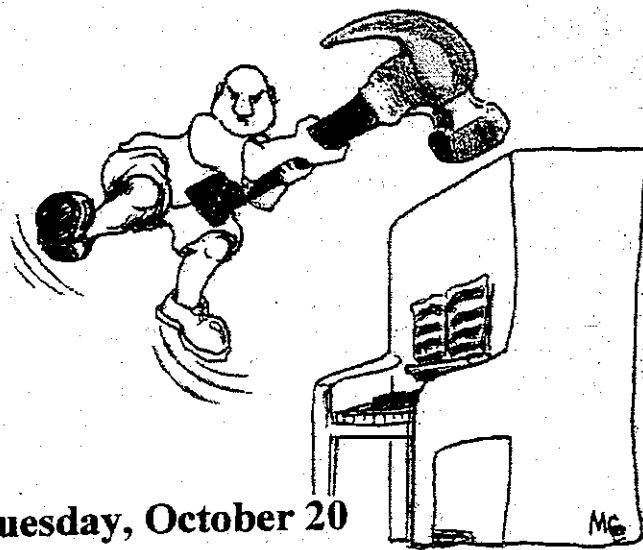
The album was mostly recorded on a boombox or dictation cassette machine--you can hear him turn it on and off at the ends of each song. And that suits his vision just fine -- no unnecessary production distractions (I wish more Fort performers would record this way!).

Just as in Jeff's "Far Out" comic book (which you should buy as well), his brother Jack contributes two pieces, which make a wonderful contrast -- punk, primitive, goofy, and nasty. These are the only two which could have been better recorded -- the single microphone should've been closer to their mouths and further from the bass, because you might miss the lyrics, which I love:

"Now I've found another girl / and she's cuter and younger than you ever were. And she can kick your ass if you fuck with her / and she's good in bed, and she calls me Sir."

One last thing. I hope Jeff puts that song called something like "The History of Jeff Lewis' Sex Life, Part 1: Kindergarten through High School", on the next tape...

Ken Davidlsen



Tuesday, October 20

8:30 pm

SideWalk Café (corner of Ave. A
and 6th Street)

No Cover

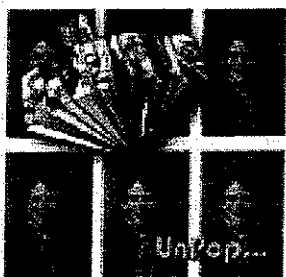
For more information, call (718) 858-3429

E-mail: KDavidlsen@aol.com

A few weeks ago Jon Berger was passing out CDs to be reviewed (after having culled the bands he liked and anything with a cute girl on the cover) and I thought, "hey, I'd like some free CDs."

Now I've got a nasty cold, my neck's immobile, the stuff I've been working on at my job has me one step short of bringing a shotgun to the Time & Life Building and shooting everyone in management, and guess what, today's the deadline for my review! Nothing in life is free.

Some critics would just rip a few bands apart to get out their aggressions, but instead I'll start with the best CD of the bunch: UnPop by The Previous. The title's an outright lie: this is as pop as you're going to get, with bright, catchy little tunes about despair, longing, anguish and corduroy pants. Fronted by Andras Jones (I assume the photo of a geeky kid in a boy scout uniform on the album cover is his), who seems to hold the laudable belief that there's not much reason to write a song over three minutes (one song's 4 seconds long, but it's silent), The Previous, with their witty lyrics (If I could only get my tongue so far in your ear it scratched your brain) and bouncy tunes remind me of other great bands like Anton Barbeau and the Joyboys or The Sutcliffes. In other words, they're one of these great bands no one's ever heard of, and probably never will.



UnPop is, I think, a theme album. This is suggested by a brief biography on the inner cover of one Dennis Bland, a loser in corduroy pants who's adolescent experiences sound a lot like mine. Certainly there is an overriding theme in "Get Normal" and "A Nerd's Night In" of incredible geekiness.

There's even a song called "He's In Love" that tells the old infatuation story from the point of view of the object of adoration (you'd think he'd know, by all the signs I show...). This is one of those albums that you love the first time and then keep realizing it's better than you thought it was. I don't know where you'd buy it, but keep an eye out for these guys. UnPop was the second CD I listened to; I liked the name. But the first CD I listened to was Royer's Guitar Machine Band, because the guy had a marionette and a weird guitar in a vice on the floor on the cover. This turns out to be the Guitar Machine itself (except the marionette), something that allows Royer to play an acoustic guitar, an electric bass, and a cowbell with his feet while he plays bluegrass banjo. It's a really cool device, and I wish he'd put up blueprints on his website (www.guitarmachine.com), but he hasn't.

So the guy's a pretty good inventor, but you don't buy CDs for the inventions, you buy them for the music, and happily Royer is as good a musician as he is a mad scientist. If you like old fashioned bluegrass guitar and guys singing about old dogs and old-timey nonsense like that then you're going to like this. If you love that stuff you'll love Royer. If you hate bluegrass there's no point in listening to a single song. Royer isn't writing songs. Royer isn't trying to push the banjo to new extremes of discord (except for a really cool



song by The
Bluegrass 45 that

sounds like
nothing I've ever
heard on banjo),

Royer is just doing the best bluegrass singing and banjo playing he can manage, and that's pretty damn good.

If only all the CDs were so good. But they weren't. None of them sucked -- they just annoyed the shit out of me. Still, I gave them a chance. I listened to each one many times. After all, these people steal their parents drug money so they can make these CDs, and you've got to give them a chance. Then my job started pissing me off and suddenly I just couldn't listen to a bunch of annoying generic crap any more.

For example, Sheelah-Na-Gig's Glowing, a band who's unmemorable songs reminded me of the light heavy-metalish sound of Rush, who I don't like even though a friend insists their lyrics are incredibly profound and has recited crap about standing on the beach thinking about death until I had to hang up on her. Still, with the success of bands who sound like other successful bands I imagine SNG has a better chance of making it in the cruel world of music than a band like The Previous that reminds me of other bands that never went anywhere.

The same level of genericness in a different musical genre can be had from Paul Kotheimer's What I've Learned so Far..., an album I didn't want to listen to because it had such a lame title and cover. Paul is your basic urban folk singer. This CD gives you 10 years worth of songs he's recorded at home, and show no real improvement over the years. It's not bad, it's not really much of anything. There is one catchy song, "Don't Call Me," which is surprisingly good. Or it may just be that I've heard it so many times: It's on the CD twice, and in the CD case was a second CD



what i've
learned
so far...

Paul Kotheimer
1997

from The Herring Boys, which is just Paul and whoever plays with him, and there's the song again. The only difference is that in some versions "fucking" is bleeped out and in some it isn't. There's also one pretty cool, weird blues song about cars that I can't tell you the name of because it's just one of "eight bonus tracks" on the CD (I don't know why he put down the titles of the first 15 songs and not the last eight). I mean, none of it's *bad*, it's kind of in the middle level of stuff at an open mike at a folk club. A CD of the five best songs might even come off as being pretty good. But the overall impression is of basically humorless, generic folk shit sung indifferently by someone without a lot to say. The CD I had the least hope for was The Black Mama Dharma Band's One Body, because the band's name sounds like some sort of annoying hippy band. That's not quite what it is, it's more of a gypsy jazz band (they might



be real gypsies, by the look of them), but you can just see hippies trancing out on the slow, aimless melodies. Of all the CDs I don't like, this is the one where I feel most strongly that it's no so much that it's a bad CD as that it's just not my thing, even if it does have a Didjiridoo on the first song. I'm sure someone thinks this is the best CD ever

made, and if you think you might be that person let me know and I'll give you the CD.

I also got a CD single from Slink Moss called Phantom Stranger. It's a pretty good little western rock thing, but if they're not going to go to the bother of making a whole CD I'm not going to go to the bother of writing a full review.

(Charles Herold is presently featured every Wednesday on Manhattan Cable Access (Channel 56) at 7:30 p.m. on "Another Self-Indulgent Cable Access Show." Tune in and hear him sing songs, tell stories, and rant like a lunatic.)

This month, it's not about tricks; it's about a tool. By knowing what's out there and what's possible, you might be able to use a hard disk recorder on your next project to save your neck or make the perfect track.

Demo Tips: Tom Nishioka
Hard disk editing

Hard disk recorders use the same hardware as your computer -- in fact, many of them are computers. Fostex, Otari, and Akai make stand alone boxes that record to their own hard disks, and then there are bunches of software makers that make programs for specially equipped PCs or Macs. Sound is converted to digital information and stored on the hard disk just like a word processor stores the words you write.

So there's no tape -- no reel-to-reels or even SVHS or 8mm cassettes. The big advantage of this is that your audio information is really available to you. The editing software allows you to see your tracks, and allows you to cut and paste just like a word processor. You can zoom in on syllables of words, or on a sixteenth note in a run of notes in a guitar phrase. You can zoom all the way in to a single audio sample: 1/44,000th of a second and cut and paste and screw around. You can cut and assemble words and change what someone says. You can paste together the good phrases from 15 different takes and make one perfect take. You can cut out a verse from a song, or repeat the last chorus twice, without re-recording.

All this is done at CD quality or better. All bounces or mixes can be done in the digital domain; mathematical conversions that don't degrade the audio quality like making a copy on tape normally does. Sound good to you? It is good. Good enough that stars use 'em. Beck's Odelay was done on hard disk (which is in large part responsible for the eclecticism of the sounds in the songs). Butch Vig saves all the Garbage albums on ProTools on a Mac.

SITUATIONS WHERE YOU MIGHT WANT TO USE A HARD DISK SYSTEM

1. *If there's a really difficult or really important track.* If you're going to be doing a lot of takes the hard disk can help. Unlike tape, doing another take doesn't have to erase the previous one. You can store take after take and then paste them together, note by note if you want to.
2. *If there's a very small punch-in you want to do.* God bless Steve Espinola. For Dan Emery's CD, Steve came in and decided he wanted to punch in one note in a solo. You might not be that exacting, but if you're punching in on a valuable take, you might do it on a hard disk. Again, with tape, if you don't hit the in and out points

exactly, you're erasing a valuable take. With the hard disk, you can preset your in and out point down to 1/44,000 of a second.

3. *If you want to change the song without calling back all the musicians.* You can copy and paste parts of the song, or delete others to get enough choruses and enough repeats in the verse.
4. *If you get a part right in one part of the song, but blow it when it appears elsewhere in the song.* I just did a project where we were done with all the lead vocals. When, weeks later, we brought in the backup singers, we found that the lead vocal was out of tune in the 2nd and 3rd chorus. The backups made it worse. Rather than try to reset the mics and get in the same mood to re-sing the lead vocal, we could just copy the first chorus and fly it in later in the song.
5. *If you want to electronically correct pitch or volume or clean up a pop or background noise.* Yes, Madonna, you can be made to sing in tune. High-end software allows you to change the pitch of audio on a hard disk without changing its tempo. Volume can be recalculated, and noises can be excised like laser surgery, with no danger of erasing parts you want. Dr. Zizmor, I presume.

These are some of the basic applications in tracking. You can also use hard disk recording in mixing to get vast ambience changes in a song (a la Beck) and to really control effects and levels. Mixing can be totally automated and recallable in hard disk environments. You'll almost certainly be using it in sequencing and mastering. But I'll leave that for later.

All this said, hard disk recording does have its drawbacks. It requires lots of memory -- you either need a big hard disk or the studio is going to be charging you for taking up their disk space. And, it can be time consuming. It might actually save you time in compiling the best parts of different takes to make a super track, but the temptation to become microscopic is very strong. New users have a tendency to worry about details they never would have noticed if they were using tape.

Hard disks are incredibly powerful tools, and they can be used to advantage on just about every recording project. They're the bionics of the recording world. Knowing when and how much to use them is the key. Hopefully, after having read this, you'll have an idea of when they are just the thing to make your recording stronger. Best of luck to you.

An Annual Tradition – The Jon Berger interview

Conducted by Billy Kelly

You've seen him. Standing there at the front of the sign-up line at the Monday night Anti-Hoot; annoying the crap out of each and every one of us trying to sell a few more copies of Antimatters. Jonathan Berger. Heck, you probably bought this copy from him within the last fifteen minutes. You've scanned the whole issue for your name --- a futile search which turned up nothing, unless you're Joe Bendik, whose name always seems to turn up on each and every single page of the zine including this one, thanks to me--- and now you're actually reading, as you patiently wait for Lach to call number 72.

Take heart, friend, for, as the song says, "[Jon Berger] Loves You".

I had a few questions for the man who makes this mean, scene 'zine happen each month. The man who was probably at your last gig, and will most likely be at your next. The man who has taken upon himself the noble, thankless job of writing and producing this collection of news and reviews from the Fort (and beyond) each month. Think of him as our Kurt Loder, with a better haircut. And next time you see him, give him a hug. Tell him its from me. He'll understand.

1. Why on earth would any decent, normal, well-adjusted, seemingly sane person take on all the work and responsibility of producing this 'zine every month?

Well, Billy, I'm glad you asked that question. There's a need to be filled, in any community, an information-dispersal need. In this day and age, with people interested in such specific arcane subjects as... oh, I don't know... AntiFolk, I guess, there need to be media available to satisfy those needs. I'm just doing a service - a necessary service-to the community I'm a part of.

2. Having answered question 1, tell me why YOU do it.

Oh. A smart guy, huh? It's people like you wh... oh you! I like to write, and have always wanted to be published. However, I've got... issues. It's tough for me to try to send stuff out, submit pieces to magazines. Fear of rejection, fear of failure, fear of success, something like that. I figure this is a way to get people to read my words, without me having to go through the *tsuris* of submitting to magazines, and likely getting no good response. I'm published every month, and people claim to like my style. And who knows? Maybe someday, some big publisher will read my zine at the soda counter at Schraaft's, and offer me a big deal...

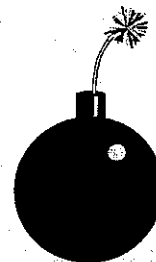
3. The 'zine has looked pretty much the same since it first appeared. Do you have any plans to change your presentation / packaging? (ie. NY-Times-like color photos on the cover, artist of the month scratch-and-sniff centerfold, a 3-D section or perhaps even an annual anti-

gravity issue with a built-in micro-chip that would be able to levitate and deliver itself to your subscribers. This issue could also be equipped with some type of heat-seeking missile that could kill anybody who tried to steal it. Or maybe a laser would be more practical. You decide.)

Well, Billy, I'm glad you asked that question. I've been toying with the idea for a year of going over to a folded magazine format, but... well, a lot of the copies of Antimatters are... subsidized by my job. They... inadvertently offer their Xerox

technology to the AntiFolk cause, which I really appreciate, but, see, the problem is, they can't handle the 11 by 17 sheets of paper needed to do the big sized foldout magazine. I could swing designing a digest form, maybe 8 1/2 by 11 paper folded over, but, then there's another problem. Layout becomes a bit more important with a folded publication, because you need to know how the first page relates to the last page, and how the penultimate and the second page work, and... it's a big *schmegeggi*, if you ask me. I'd like to go that route, but it takes a bit more advance planning.

In terms of color, or scratch and sniff, I've got the same problem, the same limitations of work-supported technology. Though I do have plans for a special heat-seeking missile issue, which I'd like to keep under wraps, until the patents are passed. So let's shelve that talk for now, shall we?



4. Who started AntiMatters?

Not me. I almost did. Lach came up to me in Spring '95, after I'd been sitting in corners for, like, a year and a half, and said, "What are you writing in that notebook? You should do a fanzine about AntiFolk." And, well, you know how huge a figure Lach is; I thought of it as some kind of divine command from on high. So, I figured out what I'd need to put a zine together. I figured, a name, and desktop publishing program. The name was easy, it took me about three minutes of brainstorming to come up with it: Fortified. This was a bunch of months before Lach had created his record label, or at least, had told me about it. So I, in my own mind, at least, came up with the phrase Fortified, in an AntiFolky context.

My friend said he'd get me PageMaker, a program, so I could do layout and stuff. I'd never laid out a zine before, though I did publish one in high school - before I knew they were called zines. That's just the kind of pioneer I am.

I was doing all this planning: talking to friends, thinking of articles, kinds of features, trying to get information from record labels, all brainstorming stuff... Of course, nothing was concrete, none of it getting anything done.

Then, around the summer, I heard that JT Lewis and Tom Nishioka were starting an AntiFolk zine. They were both players on the scene, both cool people, both AntiFolk



Talking with Jonathan Berger

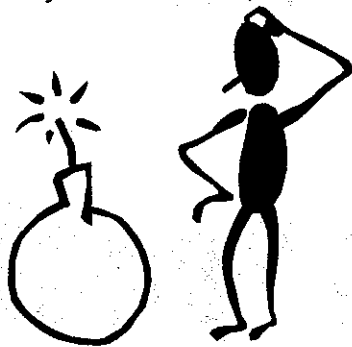


artists, and I knew that what they could contribute to the AntiFolk scene would be more important, more directly linked, more inside-scoop, than what I could. Again, issues: fear of confrontation, fear of sharing, fear of tea... So, I spoke to JT, offered my services, and they put out a couple of issues. Then I started contributing.

Eventually, JT and Tom passed the zine on to Scarecrow, who burnt out on it, so I volunteered to help out. I found a hole in the power structure, and arranged a bloodless coup. So, it took, like, an extra year, but I did put out the zine I'd been wanting to, though saddled with a doofy name. Fortified was by then clearly taken.

5. What was the 'zine initially conceived to do, and how close is it's content now to it's initial, stated purpose?

Well, not having been in on those early planning sessions, but I did talk to Tom about it some time later, and I got the sense that there was something more of a political agenda, originally. Tom wanted to use the literary medium to extend the bounds of community felt between the Antifolk. He wanted to be able to share thoughts on a variety of subjects, to bring people together, to create links. Me, I want to publish articles I'm interested in. But there's more. I want just about everything in the zine to be related directly to AntFolk. At it's best, I'd like the content to be all AntiFolk-related, but that's sometimes unrealistic, so I can justify publishing by AntiFolk community members on other subjects, or subjects that deal with our general community, the East Village. The political element? Irrelevant, to me, at least. The community? Well, I guess putting the zine together has been helpful in forging a stronger community. It is a testament to the linkage between people, I think, that the zine exists, and is read by as many as eight people a month.



6. How much does Antimatters cost to produce each month? In man-hours, maybe 10 active and 20 passive per month. In woman-hours, nowhere near enough. Expenses... well, to reproduce a copy of the magazine runs about a dollar seventy an issue at Kinko's. Advertising and sales can subsidize some of that, and the generous unintentional support of my employer, well AntiMatters stays afloat. Theoretically, the price of an issue should be more than the cost to produce it, but I doubt that I'd want to pay more than

a dollar for a magazine, and it's important to me to produce something that would satisfy me as a consumer. So I've tried to gear the content of the issues in a way so that I'd want to read it, if I were to buy it.

7. How many copies are sold each month?

Most months, I sell about a hundred copies. Most of that is door-to-door, but a few are through subscription sales. Everybody but contributors pays for a copy, except for the occasional really cute girl that I hope to impress with my obsessive and painstaking effort on a subject she's heard nothing about. For her, I slip it into her bag, as a little Forget-Me-Not.

8. Can I have a free copy?

Well, Billy, I'm glad you asked that question. No.

9. Why the haircut? I mean, you've always kept your hair pretty short, but the bald / skinhead look seems to be here to stay. My wife says it makes you look mean. I told her not to worry; that you were actually a big sissy. Still, first impressions can be hard to shake. Have you ever considered going for a softer, more subscriber-friendly look? (I didn't really tell her you were a sissy, I'm just trying to make myself look good in case she reads this.) (Sissy.)

Didn't you used to sport a hippie look? Weren't you once something of a girly man? Just checking... Last summer was really hot. That's not really the answer. I cut my hair on July 4th as a declaration of independence from hair. That's not really the answer.

I had a really lousy trip at the end of April year, and I decided that my life needed a change. I mapped out a whole new face for myself then, including a goatee and a bald head. I grew the facial hair right away, but it took me about three months to get up the nerve to cut off my hair. But that's not really the answer either.

My father's bald, and, as I understand it, it's a male-inherited trait. I'd spent about a year looking out the corner of my eye at mirrors, windows, wondering if I was losing any hair. One picture I have of myself shows the back of my head, and maybe it's a reflection, or maybe it's a yamulke I didn't know I was wearing, or maybe some paint, but I could swear there was a bald spot.

Now, when I was 13 years old, I swore that I wouldn't be one of those toup-wearing, head-hiding guy who pretended his baldness wasn't happening. At 13, I swore I'd wear my bald head proudly.

So I shaved my head, and since then, people who had a better view of the back of my head than I did ask me, "Why'd you shave? You weren't going bald..."

I'm not gonna argue with them, since it's not a fight I want to win, but



no one seemed to recognize my eminent hair loss but me.

Talking with Jonathan Berger

10. What's in all this for you?

The babes, the power, the thrills... I wonder about that. Originally, I intended my role in AntiMatters was to be a contributor. It's always been hard for me send stuff out, like I said, and I wanted AM to be the stepping stone to other publications. I wanted to contribute, take editorial criticism, get better, get going. But the zine needed to be made, and, I have to say, for the last two years, it's been my primary creative outlet. Kind of sad, since most of the writing isn't too creative, but I get to produce something every month, I've had to practice my craftsmanship, my ability to work with deadlines... It's made me a better writer, I think. I think...

And, of course, as I've continued, I've developed a certain notoriety. I'm probably one of the more easily recognized people in this very small sphere of AntiFolk. I've made a lot of friends, and I've got an excellent excuse



to go up and talk to any old musician that I like. It's pretty impressive. So I get to hang out with creative people, get to be creative myself, and get to be, in my own mind, a semi-celebrity. All from Xeroxing a couple pieces of paper a month. Not such a bad deal.

Bonus question: (10 points): When will the first annual anti-gravity issue with a built-in micro-chip that would be able to levitate and deliver itself to your subscribers be available? Will this issue be equipped with some type of heat-seeking missile that could kill anybody who tried to steal it or do you think a laser would be more practical.

You decide.

Look, I TOLD you, that information is confidential. If it were to leak out before the plans were complete, my Cuban backers would -- I'm afraid I'm going to have to kill you now.

Kill me? Well, I don't know about that -- but, Jonathan Berger, you slay me. Oh... you!

Paula Carino Speaks OUT!

Paula Carino, songwriter, singer, and rhythm guitarist for those pop people, Regular Einstein, recently went off with the band to parts unknown. AntiMatters, in the guise of Gustav Plympton, went off to learn about that voyage. Where did they go? Why did they go? Who did they see and what did they do? Learn the answers to these, and many more questions, NOW!

You've been working on a new project lately. What's up with that?

Well, Gustav -- if that is your real name -- we just got back from San Francisco where we recorded and mixed our new album, Robots Helping Robots.

Why did you record in San Francisco? What's wrong with New York?

Our producer, Scott Miller, lives in SF. He had just gotten back from a long tour with his band the Loud Family, and had exhausted all his vacation days at work, so we recorded around his schedule. We stayed at his house, recorded in his living room at night, and went out and enjoyed California during the day. It was a blast and a half, and I saw the ghosts of several prominent beatniks. "Show me the beatniks," I said when I got off the plane, and they made themselves apparent.



What is behind the title, Robots Helping Robots?

I was reading Edward O. Wilson's book Consilience, a spiffy li'l tome about the unity of knowledge, and there's a chapter about artificial intelligence. In it, he mentions robots, and the fact that robots these days

can interact with other robots in a sort of grand, mechanized symphony of human will. I was touched by the idea of robots helping robots -- this image popped into my mind, a tableau where robots befriended each other and helped each other get through their grueling robotic day. Holding hands, singing.

Is that related to Asimov's third law of robotics?

Nope, what's that?

Gustav Plympton finishes interviewing Regular Elstein's Paula Carino

Forget it. Do you have any pictures of you nekkid?

Not completely naked, but almost. How much you got?

Forget it. How did this recording experience compare with the making of your EP, *Seven Deadly Songs*?

The EP we recorded in a weekend, with no looking back. This current one was recorded over a couple of weeks, at a



more leisurely clip. And it was recorded in Scott's living room, in his cozy li'l suburban domicile. I felt like the Carpenters and the Wilsons and the Brady's all rolled into one -- the atmosphere was so wholesome. I think the result is that we got better vocal takes and were more creative with percussion and arrangements.

How long is *Robots Helping Robots*? What's included?

It's 5 hours long. It's meant to be listened to on cross-country flights while gazing at the elephant skin of the desert. It'll include all the pop hits you kids love.

How does it sound?

I had originally wanted it to sound like a Ron Wood solo album, or a Stones record, circa 69-74. Y'know, a rawk record. But somehow it turned out a little moodier and wispier than that, and the guitars are more trebly and phased than they sound in our live show. It's melodic and the vocals are recorded almost all dry, so the kids can sing along at home.

You like that rawk thing, don't you? Is that the sound that's closest to your heart?

I've got a couple of competing loves, and when they get along it's great. I like '77-era punk, Stones classic rock, plus really sweet pop melodies, and heartfelt folk lyrics.

What was it like working with Mr. Miller?

Dreamlike. I've been a drooling, rabid fan of his since the first Loud Family album. To me, he's the consummate songwriter and also a brilliant producer. And he's a really nice, quiet, slightly eccentric guy with a huge halo of curly hair. After a few days it felt like we were being produced by a big fluff of hair, which would occasionally emit these brilliant one-liners or compliments. He also played some instruments and sang a little—hearing the voice I've loved

all these years singing along to one of my songs: that was better than all-night Yahtzee, my friend.

One day during the recording sessions I was looking through his record collection and found a notebook amongst the CDs that contained the production notes for one of my favorite Loud Family albums. It felt simultaneously ordinary and like holding a holy relic.

Having a hero of yours be so intrinsically involved in your project, that must have been satisfying.

On a rank ego level, it's pretty gratifying. And in a more profound sense, it's like being an apprentice to a great master, with a lineage that goes back to some universal pop ancestor.

regular einstein

Who else would you want to work with?

As far as producers go, when I sell out and become mainstream, I'd like to work with T Bone Burnett. I'd love to sing a vocal harmony or duet with Freedy Johnston or Hub Moore. And I'd gladly dig up the rotting remains of Scatman Crothers to use as album cover art.

What was it like, recording away from home, mixing in another state, producing from afar?

I recommend it highly, especially if it's somewhere cool and healthy like Cali. It allows you to focus totally on the music.



When will RHR finally be released, and on what label?

Sorry--ancient Chinese secret!

Regular Einstein will play on Friday, October 16, at Baby Jupiter. 9:00 PM. Be ther. If you miss it, you'll pay.

Bionic Finger

by Steve Szpinola

A roughly tuned guitar spits out long and short chords, like Morse code sent in slow motion. Nan intones, "Oh, yeah, break it down and shake yer buuhhhh! Oh yeah." The snare come in with a strangely delayed funky beat—is it going to release tension on the one? the two? the 3? No, the 4 & 1/2, the last possible moment. Nan sings "I am wrapped up in your, your sweaty sheets." The song sounds like a midnight argument about what belongs to who and who belongs to what, the words sometimes locked in rhythmically with the bass drum, sometimes breaking free of the band's music into a spoken, high-pitched pissed-off monologue. The song is funny without sacrificing any of its anger. In fact, it's funny because we've all been there—we're all that angry—and it's a relief to hear someone give voice to it, to capture the sound of an argument that perfectly. So everyone is laughing and dancing and having a great time.

Have you noticed how good Bionic Finger's songs are? It's easy to forget, because there are so many cool things going on to distract you from this. For one thing, like Muckafurguson before them, the band features three songwriters who constantly switch off instruments, so Nan Turner, Alina Moscovitz and Christine Murray all play acoustic, electric and bass guitars, sooner or later in the set. They constantly switch off lead vocals. Even the drummer, Pam Weis, sings, beautifully, backing them up like a guardian angel. And then, further distracting, they all look real good up there, which certainly distracts me.

The personalities dominate. The punk cartoon version goes like this: Nan, the sorta Northern European-looking one, comes off as aggressively goofy-yet-angry. When she's mad, she yells. Alina, the darker one, is somehow a bit more intimidating, emotionally cooler, more likely to sneer. Christine, who smokes cigarettes during the set, comes off as a guarded sweetheart, but somehow I could picture her punching someone out if they got on her bad side. And then she'd yell and sneer at the jerk, and get her friends to join in. It's much more complex than that, though, of course. They crack jokes and crack up constantly. Their songs aren't always about anger either, although, punk rock as they are, it's certain in their top 5 emotions (Since it's generally in my top 5, too, I'm into it).

They are different from show to show: One time they'll be sort of manic, silly, and apparently barely functional, the next deeply driven and intense. And I like them both ways. Some people seems to miss "the days when they could barely play their instruments"; I would counter that they've had it together from day one, and they've since developed a wonderful instrumental interplay, while keeping it rough enough to stay exciting and honest. And while I miss them constantly tripping over their guitar cables, their instrument-juggling has developed a choreographed grace, and that's a pretty fair trade.

At their last Sidewalk show I thought, "Man, I would kill to have a band that had this level of psychic communication." It seemed like the songs had spaces for the unplanned and unexpected to happen; and any improvisations or even mistakes were opportunities for a group magic to take over. The band is still not about chops, thank God. They are closer in spirit to the Northwest bands from Olympia and Vancouver—the bands of K Records, Kill Rock Stars, and Mint—where the songs might speed up and slow down, exactly the way your heartbeat does, and breathe a bit, like your lungs do, and slink around, like you might do, walking around. On a cassette tape of a recent live show, removed from their visual charisma and the rock-club volume, I'm really struck by their strange, idiosyncratic groove, played as if the band is savoring each chord, each beat.

OK, right, I was going to talk about their songs! That's why I wrote this! (See? You get distracted...) I noticed the band's songs

right away, maybe at their first open mic at Sidewalk (back when they were named Ripe), when they sang a song of Alina's called "Just a Moment". It had a great, melodic baseline, and was about her waiting for her lover

to show up... *Almost there, almost there, I promise...* Or maybe she was waiting for her lover to come, literally, or both. I thought it was great, clever and funny.

And then, one night, under the influence of a couple Margaritas that left me unable to shake my butt, I heard Nan and Christine's bluesy, countrified "Texas", and had my mind turned upside down. The twin melodies meander and twist unexpectedly around a long single sentence, sounding the way a 2-lane highway looks on a map. The lyrics are a travel guide to a Texas which seems strangely underpopulated—you're on your first road trip, and you're at the only motel in Texas, or maybe you're at every motel, or maybe you're at the only one which matters: *And if you stop at the Motel 6, be sure to ask for Jim because he's been there, he's been everywhere he has / a red mohawk and army shorts / and is not anything like / the slimy men you'll meet at the pool / who aren't too cool 'cause they make you wanna leave / because they're staring, they're staring, they're staring, at you.* The tune swerves randomly from major to minor to major, the words rhyme in strange places, the lines are all uneven lengths, and I am knocked out of New York, fully transported to a motel's front desk where the unlikely Jim has appeared, a miracle in a creepy movie.

Bionic Finger's contrasting yet compatible songwriting styles are a big part of the band's depth and aura of balance. Alina's songs tend to be poppier, melodic, hooky ones, with harmonized choruses like *Show me, show me, woncha tell me, tell me, take me oh take me to the bottom of yer heart!* Sometimes she sounds like a distant cousin of Deborah Harry, with that stretchy, vampy voice and deadpan delivery; other times she gets folky and sweet. She's got a lot of great, sensual sex-positive songs, like the one about licking melting ice-cream off her lover's mouth. And that great sneer, which adds lemon to any potential sweetness. Her songs "Cheryl" and "Whore" definitely have something much darker going on, but I haven't yet been able to make out the lyrics.

Oh, but wait...Nan wrote "A-S-S-H-O-L-E" which is certainly a melodic, hooky song, at least in the chorus. The categories break down? Then it goes into really disturbing detail in the verses about just why the guy's an asshole, and it gets less pop, more punk. Maybe Nan is the band's personal-as-political songwriter; maybe she's the conversationalist. The chorus comes around; she waits absurdly long before spelling the final "E", and she's suddenly the really funny one. Clearly, I'm being way too simplistic; you can't box the band up.

Christine's songs are probably the most mysterious. I often don't know what they're about on a literal level, but the songs are evocative, as if you're coming in halfway through the story and have to fill in the details. In "So High", for example, she sings (I think) *No time to learn how to take me apart / the hidden mysteries of my heart / maybe i forgot it out in Frisco / or maybe it's buried on top of Mt. Kisko.* I completely tranced out during her song "10' Shadow" this summer: Didn't know where I was; glad to be there.

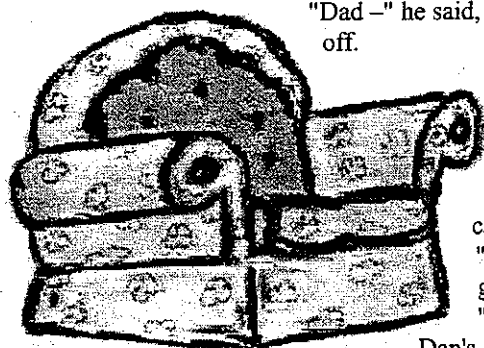
The band plays their sweeter, happier songs as sneers, and their horror songs as deeply-felt comedies; again and again, you find yourself in several places at once. The songs all come together and get layered up with strangely-intervalled harmonies, lyric interjections from other band members, and then those groovy drums hit and the magic happens. Break it down and shake yer butt! Oh yeah!

Bionic Finger are playing at a National Coming Out Day Event in New Jersey in October, probably on October the 11th.

The snow lay lightly on the Chevy, dusting it white. A quick wipe would clear off the snow, letting the new cherry red paint job come back into view. The boy'd do that before taking the car out. One of the rules. Where was he, anyway? It was nearly seven on a Thursday, and that meant he was overdue to ask for the car. Hurried footfalls down the stairs proved that the boy also saw he was behind schedule.

Waiting for him, I smiled. I knew him so well. "Dad," my son said, looking down on me in my chair. "Clay," I said, nodding for him to sit next to me. "I was - how you doing today?"

"Just fine, son, just fine. Sit down. Take a load off." The boy smiled a little and leaned on the footstool. He used to have to jump up there, holding some comic book or another, and sit with me for hours. Now the wood creaks beneath him, and would crack entirely if he ever stayed there for more than a couple of minutes. He never does.



"Dad -" he said, and I cut him off.

"What can I do for you, son?"

"Can I borrow the car tonight?"

"Where you going?"

"Meeting at Dan's. We're gonna

rehearse."

I nodded, as if I was remembering. Long as I can remember, Clay'd been rehearsing, with friends or alone, in garages or basements, with guitars or drums, always looking to play.

I worried about the boy, with all that music. It's no way to make a living. And Clay was getting to a point where he should have started thinking about earning his keep.

"You like that car, right?" I asked.

"It's all right," Clay smiled.

"You worked down at the dealership with me, you could probably afford one yourself in a couple of months."

He smiled and shook his head, "I know, Dad, I know..."

"Summer's almost over. You won't make as much, but still..."

"Dad, school's starting."

"Bet you'll keep up with the music, right?"

"Well -"

"Son, I told you about those promo-shows we used to put on at the Pontiac dealership? I'm talking the old one, back when we lived in Amarillo."

"Dad..."

"Keep your shirt on, boy. And keep your seat."

My son looked at me, realizing he wasn't going anywhere until I had my say. Not with my '72 Chevy, anyway.

"This is before I was born, right?"

"Yes indeed," I said, "it was something like '55."

His chin was big. That was the first thing I noticed about him in person. I'd heard his name - strange name - a few times before Mr. Johnson introduced us, when he'd told me he wanted to hire some musical entertainment for the Grand Opening of our Lubbock lot. I'd heard the name, like I said, but it never made a real impression. Not like the chin. But that wasn't 'til I saw him. At first, it was just a name.

"What kind of music do they play?" I asked my boss.

"Some of that race stuff," Mr. Johnson said, "The kids'll like it."

"Kids don't buy cars, Mr. Johnson."

"Kids' parents do. And kids' parents buy their kids cars, too."

Johnson-Connelly Pontiac was growing all the time. The beginning of '55 saw me get my job as a full-time dealer, and by the summer, I was making pretty good money, and getting along damn well with my boss. By I felt perfectly comfortable in throwing my opinions out there. Sometimes, he listened.

"I still say a swing band would please more of the people, more of the time."

"Tell you what, Mitchell," Mr. Johnson told me, hand on my shoulder, "You find me a swing band for 75 dollars, I'll hire them."

"Tell you what, though," Mr. Johnson continued, "You feel really strongly about this, why don't you meet there boys before the Opening, interview them, see if you like them. If you don't, we'll find some other kind of entertainment."

I nodded in agreement. It sounded good to me. Mr. Johnson respected my opinion, wanted to give me responsibility, wanted me to take charge. It definitely sounded good to me.

He was a nice looking boy - boy? Just a couple years younger than me - but he was a musician, which would leave him a boy for the rest of his life. Performers don't take responsibility for themselves, or for their families, or anything else in their lives, even the few who are lucky enough to make it. This one, maybe already in his twenty, probably didn't have a wife and a little bundle on the way.

"So tell me," I steepled my fingers behind my boss' desk, "What you and your boys are going to do."

"Well," his manager replied,

Clay Mitchell

"The boys are going to play some of these rhythm and blues songs, maybe a couple of country standards. It's a trio, and the girls love them."

I glanced over at the big chinned boy, quiet in his seat, uncomfortable in his jacket. "Colored girls, or regular folks?"

"All sorts," the manager said, "I think you'll have a very memorable opening with us."



"Well, Mr. Phillips," I said, standing up, "I'll let you know. Thanks for stopping by."

I shook hands with

the manager, and the bandleader, and saw them out the door.

"So? What'd you think? You satisfied?" Mr. Johnson asked.

"Nice people," I answered, "but I still don't know if they're right for our clientele."

"Well," Mr. Johnson said, "I think they'll be fine. For our budget, they'll be just fine."

"All right," I said, slowly, realizing that the lord gives responsibility, and then, just as quickly takes it away.

They were all right, that band. They showed up a little late, didn't know exactly where to set up, but we worked it all through. I helped those young boys put themselves together. There were three of them, with guitars and a big old bass, and another band that had drums, too. Some kind of bugs, they called themselves. All white folks trying to sound dark. All sounded like too much rhythm and blues to me, but then, it wasn't my kind of music anyway.

The crowd liked them, but I still don't know how many cars sold, or how many people remembered the dealership because of that show. They did play cheap, though.

"Nicely done," I told the bandleader as they packed up, "You tell your Mr. Phillips that you done real good."

"Why thank you very much," he said, with a nervous smile that seemed more like snarl. He took the check for seventy five dollars, and left with his buddies in a big old car.

As they drove off, I thought about those boys, those white boy singers trying so desperately to be black. I wondered how long the teenagers would enjoy their noise before settling back into listening to real music. Would those boys stick with that kind of music, before the next fad took over, and wiped them out? I couldn't imagine that jumping hip-swaying stuff could last too long anyhow. I wondered if Mr.

Phillips would make them bite the bullet and become popular music performers, instead of just that race music stuff.

And I wondered, suddenly, what kind of parents would name their children Elvis, or Buddy.

"You've told me that story before," Clay said, almost under his breath.

"And I don't think you got it, then, either."

Clay tried to hide his smirk. He did well enough that I didn't see fit to mention it. "What should I have gotten from that story?"

"That this rock and roll music you're so interested in is a poor man's game. Those boys were paid barely a living wage for their work. And you never know when fashions are gonna change."

"You paid some musicians, and they became rock and roll superstars. Elvis Presley practically invented rock and roll, and you knew him when."

"Yeah, you told me he's been a big wheel in music."

"The biggest."

"But what about that other guy. That bug boy?"

"Buddy Holly? Of the Crickets?" Clay laughed, "He was huge too."

"Was?"

"He's dead."

"Well," I said, sitting back, "There you go."

Clay stared at me, but I don't think he was really looking at me.

"Can I have the Chevy, Dad?"

"The keys are on the kitchen hook."

"Thanks, Dad."

I watched my son rush off to get to

the car, to get to the garage, to get to his gig.

I heard him roar off, and hoped that he'd remember to use the wipers, and to gas her up before he returned home. One of the rules.

Someday, he'd learn. My boy would become a man, and leave these childish things behind. Someday, he'll drop the music, stop that life, and grow up.

And that'd be all right.



True Tales of AntiFolk: Honest-to-God stories of antifolk, told literarily. Part I by Jonathan Berger

Hey there, Wanna be on a CD Compilation?

This is just a reminder to any antifolk who were considering, contributing material to the UNSOUND Demos Only project.

Now's the time to get those tapes in! "Genre" or amount of material doesn't matter: So long as it was RECORDED AT HOME, it will be considered for use. For more info, check out Unsound Home Page: <http://idt.net/~tomlou/unsound.html>.

Gary Pig Gold

PIGPROD@aol.com

ANTIMATTERS CLASSIFIEDS

Help Wanted

Village Idiots. For some reason, our town has a surplus of 'em. Each one guaranteed to sleep in a sock drawer, marry a Coke machine or think you are a head of lettuce. Great for christenings and bar mitzvahs. 555-WRNC

Office ass't. Belligerent, whining, crybaby boss needs wet-nap of an office helper to clean my poop messes and feed me Gerbers for lunch. Good benefits. Call B. Parcels@ 555-JETS.

Cannibal handler. Have you always wanted to know what it would be like trying to control an out-of-control ex-boxer? Help throw furniture out windows, rough up ring announcers and map out opponent's most tender pieces to bite off. Call D. King at 555-CHMP

Antihoot traffic cop. I'm tired of Lach splitting during my set. I need someone in a uniform to stop Lach from playing that race car game while I play. Pull over "Andretti" before he misses another version of my song, "William Howard Taft," it's really good!

Paramedic. Needed for 24-hour vigil at the Sidewalk Cafe in case anyone orders the nachos. Also need security guard to make sure no one—especially Jon Berger—sleeps under the pool table anymore.

Meddling Kids. There's a scary ghost out by the old mill. I think there's gold hidden there somewhere, but I'm scared to check! Hippie freaks and talking dogs need not apply. Call 555-ZOINKS

Drunk detective: He helped find a waitress at ten 'til eight and we got the two-for-one special. But "Kojac" had too much booze and now thinks he's W. Taft. Very embarrassing! 555-DRNK

Help Wanted

Rambler listener. "It's seven o'clock. My jacket is red. I'm wondering about Monty—did he really get a raw deal? My face needs washing. Ah, lovely wallpaper. Why am I dizzy after a trip to the deli?" If you think you can listen to these sort of ramblings for hours on end, give me a call. 555-LOOP

Announcements

The Mel-Fire Club Where your wildest fantasies better come true.

Thurs. Oct. 15: Alice night! Wear a pink waitress outfit and get admitted free. Fri. Oct. 16: Flo night! Come and get your grits kissed! \$5 off with this ad or if you present a gruff-but-lovable short order cook.

Dial a hot anti-folk strip gram! Our hot models will make you pant and sweat while they belt out "Drinkin' Beers With Mom" or "Ungrateful." Sorry, no full service calls or Tori Amos song requests.

"Safe Sex Get Paid®" Men! We're looking for mooks, weirdoes, lowlives, greaseballs, riff raff and anything in between for motion picture "Creepy Guys Nobody Really Wants To Watch Having Sex—Even If It's Safe." It's an art film—we've got NEA dough and we gotta spend it fast! Hurry!

Pet lawyer. Does your dog think he's a person? Well, don't you think that entitles him to the rights of every other individual? You bet! I'll see to it that via court order, your dog can enter the post office, join the Kiwanis Club, pick out his own lobster at Key Food and even purchase doily's at Macy's. Call Celino & Barnes at 555-PETT.

Announcements

Earn \$800 participating in NYU Medical study "Do witches float when they're thrown into a pool with their hands and legs tied?" Also accepting applications for study on sewer rats accepting marshmallows stuck in a stranger's ear. 555-QUAK

Personals

SWF seeks SWM for foul tempered relationship. Must prefer "Gasoline Alley" over "Rex Morgan, M.D." Mr. Rourke over Mickey Rourke, Sha Na Na over Bowser solo, and Janeane Garofalo over stewed beets. If you can argue with me about all these things, we'll have a fine ol' time! Call-555-PUNCH

SWM seeks SWF for making moony eyes over coffee, hand holding and discussing the sexy career of William Howard Taft. He was a big man with a lot of love—and so am I!

For Sale

Delightful Brownstone Home on Upper West Side. Must sell immediately for \$22,000. Don't think for a second that it's haunted. It's just settling. That's right, settling! Call 555-SPKK vahs! 555-LONG-ISLAND

Wondertwin powers at bargain prices:

*Form of a staplegun. Form of a glassful of bargain scotch.

*Form of a roomful of debutantes. Form of a tub of grain alcohol.

*Form of a gorilla gram. Shape of a puddle of tears after Norwood missed that field goal. Damn you fates to hell!

Radar detector. Used for ten years. Best used when Hawkeye needs to know where the olives are. Also have Klinger detector for cross dressers. 555-MSH

SCHEDULE

At the Sidewalk (94 Avenue A. Right off of 6th Street)

Mon.Oct.12- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.

Tues.Oct.13- 7:30- Jolo/DBG, 8-Ariana, 8:30-Harry Nagle, 8-Carmalg Deforest, 8:30-The McCarthys, 10- Trouble Dolls

Wed.Oct.14- 8-Dave Foster, 8:30-Bernadetta, 9-No One Will Marry You, 8:30-Jessica Kane, 10-Rick Shapiro

Thurs.Oct.15- Honky-Tonk Country Thursday: 8-Grey Ravell, 8:30- Steve Owen, 8-Rob Ryan, 10- The Big Galoots, 11- Country Jam

Fri.Oct.16-8-Betsy Thompson, 8-Matthew Puckett, 10- Mozart's Grave, 11- Dots Will Echo

Sat.Oct.17-Antifolkadelle Extravaganza: 8-Kevin Brennan, 8- Howard Fishman, 10-Starchile,11- Karen Kuhl (of Saxpod),12-Miness

Sun.Oct.18- Art Opening for Annika from 5pm-7pm. 8-Chris Hamilton, 8:30- Jessica Levine, 9-Jessie Turner, 10- Anna, 11- Dina Dean

Mon.Oct.19- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.

Tues.Oct.20-Plano Night: 7:30- Peter Dizozza, 8-Dvorah Silverstein, 8:30- Kenny Davidson, 8-Jamie Stallard, 8:30-Robert Bob Roberts, 10- Andrew McCann, 10:30- Enid and The Boys

Wed.Oct.21- 8- Andrea Hanson, 8:30- Sean Lee, 8-Peter Spink Three, 8:30- Shoolah-Na-Gig, 10-Rick Shapiro

Thurs.Oct.22- Honky-Tonk Country Thursday: 7:30- The Moonlighters, 8:30-Psychobillies, 8-Rob Ryan, 10- Howard Fishman

Fri.Oct.23-8- The Count, 8-Steve Espinola, 10- Johnny Seven, 11- TBA

Sat.Oct.24- 8-L.E.G. Skurp, 10- Homer Erotic, 11- Bionic Finger, 12- Gil Schwartz and The Lava Daredevils

Sun.Oct.25- 7:30- Michelle Riganese, 8-Suncrush for Sweethearts, 8:30- Chris Wiedeman, 8-Cleveland, 8:30- Bree Sharp, 10- Citizen One, 11- Dina Dean

Mon.Oct.26 - The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.

Tues.Oct.27-7:30- Lorjo Manley, 8-Damion Wolfe, 8-Springwell, 8:30-Shameless, 10:30- Near

Wed.Oct.28- 8-Troy Boonsburu, 8:30- Adam Brodsky, 8-Jolo/DBG, 8:30-Mia Johnson, 10- Rick Shapiro

Thurs.Oct.28- Honky-Tonk Country Thursday: 8-Trio Maggas, 8:30- Royer's Guitar Machine, 8-Rob Ryan, 10- Shoot Me Now, 11-The Country Jam

Fri.Oct.30- 8-Randy Kaplan, 8-Ralf, 10- Mozart's Grave, 11- Yucca Flats, 12- Dan Emery Mystery Band

Sat.Oct.31- The Annual Halloween Super Costume Party!!! Special prizes for best costume. Door prizes include Free Drinks, T-Shirts, CD's!! 8-Mike Rechner, 8-Lee Chabowski, 8:30- David Dragov, 10-The Humans, 11- The Bitter Poet, 12- Joe Bendik and The Heathens.

Sun.Nov.1- More music. Unless October sees the end of the world as we know it...

Acts in bold are featured in this issue of ArtMatters, and hence, are worth seeing, either to enjoy or to mock. Check it out!