

IN THIS ISSUE: **BUSTS OUT WITH**
JOE BENDIK HIS NEW ALBUM.

PLUS:
**BIRTH
AND
DEATH**

THE
**BEST
OF '98**

AND
MORE!

**THE
MAGAZINE**

JANUARY 1999 **ONE DOLLAR**

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**"A coward dies a
thousand times, a hero
dies but once."
- Some Coward.**

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like a party in your mailbox!

The theme of this issue is, nominally, Birth/Death. Like so many themes of so many issues of *AntiMatters*, it has been wholly ignored.

Ever wonder about the word *WHOLLY*? Why isn't it spelt like the name, anyway? I mean, if you want to talk about something big, what could say it better than *Wally*?

Unless, maybe, you were to refer to something that's so big, it's a gigantic salt-water mammal, and is *whale-y*? Now, even if you think this is some kind of a weak pun; don't get all *wail-y* on my ass, complaining and whining. I couldn't take it, and then, I'd have to *way-lay* you on the way home, and *whale-y* the tar out of you. Oh. That was a repeat, wasn't it? - JB

AntiMatters on the WEB: <http://www.geocities.com/sunsetcity/club/3794>

This is absolutely, unquestionably, no-doubt-about-it the first issue of *AntiMatters* in 1999. It's easily the best issue we've seen this year. It's fresh, shiny, new, and, most importantly, it's one issue closer to the dreaded Y2K issue, and we all know what a doozy that's gonna be! Oh, yes, beware the Y2K AM...

(Gustav Plympton)

Conduit of AntiFolk Intelligencia

Jonathan Berger

Hash Brownie of AntiFolk Intelligencia

Gustav Plympton

Birth and Death. It happens to everyone, though you probably don't recognize either one in yourself.

This time of year is the perfect time to consider these vitally divergent aspects of the bio-condition. Though this is the cold season, the dark season, the season of death, it also is, ironically, the period that most religions, most cultures, take time out to celebrate life and to encourage community. Or maybe it's not so ironic. Maybe this is the time life needs to be remembered, since it's slightly harder to come by, with the trees shivering and the birds far far away.

Perhaps now is the perfect time to recognize the creation myths, to recall what life is truly about. And so, *AntiMatters* recognizes this season of death with a further commitment to consider life. Death and Life. Constantly at each others' throats like snakes in the night. In absolute opposition, yet so vitally interconnected.

Life and Death. Far more omnipresent than taxes could ever be.

Professor G Lesse II

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You Can't Lose!



December 11, 1998... *the Fort*... Gilligan Stump! released his CD, Just Sit Right Back... to grand acclaim. No one seemed to mind that it was Friday the 11th.

Bald-headed Gilligan Stump! Was as goofy as ever, as he played his solo guitar, his only accompaniment the mute juggling sidekick, Tha Perfesser. They were funny as can be, though a lot of the material is schticky that might run tepid after ten or twelve viewings.

"This is pretty tepid," my date said.

"What? You've seen them before?"

"No," she shrugged, "It's just all so... sophomoric."

"I think they're out of college."

"You know what I mean."

I did. The Gilligan Stump! Stage show is all pretty broad, and it's fun, if you go for it. Clearly, my companion of the evening was a *sophisticate*. Had I known that, I'd never have made her go out with me.

"I think it's funny," I said over Chablis, "But the real stuff is listening to the tunes, the ones that aren't just jokes."

"Like what?"

I was drawing a blank. It was probably the Chablis.

"Wait! Like 'Russian Lady'."

"The one about trying to pick up a chick who says 'nyet'?"

I had to admit that wasn't exactly a deep song.

"That road rage song is saying something important..."

"The one that ends 'And now I'm fucking dead!'"

I noticed that her glass was barely touched. In fact, wasn't that still her first?

"How about that one about popular culture?" I said, "You know, 'Everybody wants to be one of the Beatles, nobody really wants to be John.'"

"That was cool," she conceded.

"Yes!" I said, grabbing at her wine, "There you go! Now shut up and listen to this genius!" (Jonathan Berger)



December 22, 1998...
China Club... Larry
(Ratzo) Sloman
celebrated the
publication of his two
new books, *Steal This
Dream*, a sound-bite
biography of Abbey
Hoffman, and *Reefer
Madness*. For the
occasion he drew out the
Anti-folk scene from



Larry 'Ratzo' Sloman

Lach's Fort at Sidewalk in the East Village and transplanted it into a Times Square version of the China Club, now located on 47th Street and Ninth Avenue. Scheduled performers included Joie DBG, Jeff Lightning Lewis, Hamell on Trial, and Lach, as well as the Velvet Underground's John Cale.

The schedule was subject to change, and the first change involved Jeff Lewis. I arrived around 10 with Colette, who was still celebrating the conclusion of her run in a revival of the Jules Feiffer play, *Elliot Loves*. Outside, we met Jeff and his brother, Jackson, standing behind some meaningless barricade that we promptly passed through. It was freezing, so Colette ran inside while I stood there fathoming that the club admits no one under 18, and damned if word wasn't out that Jackson was only 17. No problem, thought I, as I joined Colette at the coat check line, but there was, because the club made no exception for performers and Jeff left without playing his set.



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Everyone concentrated on the open bar, pausing briefly as Howard Stern entered, surrounded by an entourage that led him, like they were carrying in a religious icon, a Watasi on stilts, to a roped off area overlooking the bar. Mr. Sloman helped Mr. Stern write Private Parts. He's actually credited in the book, and is said to be one of the few people Mr. Stern speaks kindly of. As they passed, I missed my opportunity to compliment the most beautiful speaking voice on radio. I noticed, however, that Lach, looking exceptionally festive for Kwanikamas in striped pants and a jacket, promptly joined them.

Just as promptly, Lach was standing on the constellated stage introducing David Peel and the Lower East Side. They looked remarkably similar to their photos on my copy of the 70's album with the mellifluously titled song "Up Against the Wall MotherFucker." There were the dark glasses and that engaging sneer of the legendary David Peel, the Philip Morris of the Marijuana industry. When he broke into their 60's hit, "Have a Marijuana," everybody in the audience did just that. As he left the stage, one of the enlightened elders among his merry band of pranksters alerted us that May Day is Jay Day, calling forth a million tokers to get high and march. I used to think guys like him were cool, and man, I still do. What next, an unexpected appearance of Country Joe and the Fish?

Next came Joie/DBG, who played "Let's Burn Bleeker Street to the Ground," and his great advice song "Drinking With God." Joie releases a primal sound that is liberating. His voice, however, could be as abrasive as it is powerful, and many of the rowdy drinkers simply booed their asses off.

Ratso and Lach-O



Lach introduced himself and sang three songs from his forthcoming Blang! CD, "Coffee Black," "Kiss Loves You" and the second drinking song of the night, "Drinkin' Beers with Mom (Everything's

All Right)." His vocal range continues to expand, supported by the strength of his material.

He concluded his well-received set with a song heralding the next performer, former Mercury recording artist, Hamell on

Trial. Hamell took the stage and erased all content from my mind, as he is so overwhelmingly awesome and intense. The only specific thing I remember was his instruction to the soundman, paraphrased as "Crank the low end on this fucker like you haven't all night." Lenny Molotov, also there, observed that Hamell's wrist endurance is Olympian. When Hamell

strums the shit out of his guitar it sounds like the fucking philharmonic. He's a one man riot. When I see him again, I will remember something of his material. All I can say now is that it, and he, are great.

No one mentioned the imminent appearance of John Cale, whose 2 1/2 minutes of music written for the 70's adaptation of Sunset Boulevard, a Warhol film called Heat, I so admire.

Instead Lach announced that the next performer was the Hasidic Hendrix. Suspecting that this wasn't Cale, we left before he took the stage. I wanted to go to bed and Colette needed to pack for Hawaii.

Congratulations on your new books, Mr. Sloman, and thank you for sharing your fantastic taste in performers. (Peter Dizozza)

December 26, 1998... *The Fort*... The Kwanikuhmass Party was fun. Good acts. Good food. Good drink. You should have been there. (Jonathan Berger)

December 27, 1998... *The Fort*... Steve Espinola played an early set. Steve Espinola played a rare set. Steve Espinola played a great set. It seems that Mr. Espinola has recognized that absence makes the heart grow fonder, as, with a decrease in shows, he's had a marked increase in audience. And his shows have been better, too!

Espinola added a variety of guests to the stage, all of whom have been sporadic collaborators with our diminutive keyboard playing, tennis racketeering, short-wave radio twisting *artiste terrible*.

Starting the show with our Steve was the tenacious Debby Schwartz, once of the Aquanettas and recently Mercury-dropped. After a few numbers with her, Steve went solo, until he decided to bring up his old collaborator, Do Peterson. "One of the strangest and most brilliant minds I've met," Steve said of his former partner, "I hope someday I can get him to produce some of my stuff, if we can work out an arrangement where we don't kill each other."

The boy was strange. Vocalizing and guitarizing over Steve's piano, Do



No John Cale at show



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CONTINENTAL

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backed Steve up on his old *old old* song, "You Are a Slime," and performed one of his originals, a mathematics rap.

Frightening in its way, but damned groovy.

Finally, Mssr. Steve brought up the following act, Peter Dizozza, to perform a duo version of "You've Lost Everything," a cool number from his Steve's Life-O-Phobia

album, a collaboration with an artist who didn't make it. It's a song about life and loss, and the end being near, and... well, look for yourself (see attachment).

This collaboration concept seems to work for Espinola, who seems to work regularly in duo formats. It was a good show, with new material, old material, and great fun. (S Biederman)



January 7th ... *Den of Cin...* It was Joe's idea. He got it into his big old head to move the spirit of AntiFolk a couple of blocks down from its usual 6th Street headquarters at the Fort, to 3rd Street, and the Den of Cin.

Billing the evening as an *AntiFolk Extraveganza*, Joe Bendik booked friends from the family of bands he plays in and with into the basement of Two Boots video, an intimate little club. Hosted by spoken word freakazoid Pat Harper, the evening included performances by Marillee, Joie, Shameless, Doctor David Dragov, Lach, the humans, and finally, the headliner, Mr. Joe Bendik, with his band, the Heathens.

"What is AntiFolk?" Pat posed at the beginning of the evening, "As I see it, it's a bunch of people who hang out with each other a little."

Never was this definition of AntiFolk better proven than this hours-long festival. Consistently, the small room was filled with artists about to hit the stage or just off of it. The audience didn't change very much, though there were steady replacements for those who had to leave.

The entire night was great. Special highlights were Marilee's opening performance, Lach's chestnut set as he played to the Fantasia being projected over him, and Dave Dragov's all acoustic show, the first time he'd done that since forming his band, the Drunken Artist Tribune.

It was a very good night. The entire spirit of AntiFolk seemed, albeit temporarily, moved from its regular home to a new, smaller, more homey location. (Jonathan Berger)



You've Lost Everything

You lie alone on your bed again
hooked up to your oxygen
your family's in the living room,
they're getting on with their lives.
And you don't doubt that they love you,
but the words are getting mighty few
a tired out part of them must wish
you'd hurry up and die

And they'll watch baseball games next spring
When you've lost everything
when you've lost everything oh yeah
And cars will change and new songs they'll sing
When you've lost everything
when you've lost everything oh yeah

Dying slow's an awkward thing
your friends aren't sure what they should bring
and conversation's harder
when it's got no place to go.
They try to time goodbyes just right
but you keep living, night after night
They stand around, afraid to eat your last pistachio

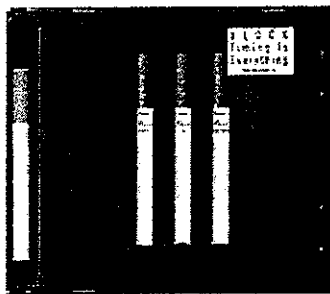
You hear their footsteps echoing
You're losing everything
You're losing everything oh yeah
Your body's just a piece of string
You're losing everything
You're losing everything oh yeah

They cover you with dirt and grass
the ants chew on your rotting ass
And now your just our memories
and a place for weeds to grow.
And everything we never said,
Can't matter to your cold, dead head....
But I talk to your grave and think of things I'll never know.

And bells will toll and bees still sting
When you've lost everything
when you've lost everything oh yeah
The living souls are gathering
'cause you've lost everything
'cause you've lost everything oh yeah.

c. c 1995 by Steve Espinola

Block: Timing is Everything - Java Records/Capitol Records >>>> Anti-folk is the Rodney Dangerfield of Punk. Beck's new album, which sounds like a Paleface album remixed by Major Matt Mason USA, is being touted by his record company as "not an official Beck album, but a stop-gap or in-between album" Nevermind that it'll make a half-dozen critics ten best lists or that NPR is all over it like Lenny Molotov at a Zapruder film fest. Not that The Mensa candidates who do promotion for DGC could find a good idea if they woke up in Menlo (or Asbury) Park.



It is the saddest of ironies that the great white hope for anti-folk's second generation may be Alanis Morissette. (I'll give you a moment to wash the bile out of yr. mouths -- better? -- Okay hear me out) Gangly, Canadian, & annoying, she wouldn't exist if it weren't for her

Shep Pettibone, one Glen Ballard, who produced both of her smash albums. By produced I mean wrote the music, hired the musicians, sketched out melodies, and otherwise created an environment where our former dance diva could come in and bellow whatever pseudo-angst affections wandered into her pear-shaped head. It made her a huge star & actually let two Positive things happen:

1. In seventeen magazine she said that BK's "Goldfish don't talk back" is a must have record for every teen girl. (Although it would've done Brenda more good if she had said "Epiphany", since it's available, She is completely right about Goldfish) and;
2. AND THIS IS THE IMPORTANT ONE It gave Glen a buttload of money to start his own record label.

That Label's first release "timing is everything" by BLOCK. A collection of songs from perennial Lower East Sider Jamie Block. Produced by his drummer with only cursory fiddling from Mr. Ballard. This album simply oozes 6th & A, Friday night at Brownies, a good Wednesday at C-note or whatever. Catchy tunes, sardonic lyrics, and that vibe that comes from years of half-hour slots wedged between Joe Bendik & Rick Shapiro. It's a poppy radio-friendly album that's going to get a real push from it's label this month (semi-reliable sources say). It's a good album, even if you don't like it, you should buy it. It'll be interesting to see if this album opens up our little scene. If it does, we'll all have Glen & Alanis to thank. Ironical -- don't you think? (Butch Ross)

AntiFolk is Assumptions.

REVIEWS

Tony Hightower & the Trapped Tigers: Messiahs Galore >>>> I don't love all the songs on Messiahs Galore, but dammit,

there's enough to keep me happy.

"The I In Iconoclast" sounds like such a ridiculous idea, I can't believe no one has ever phrased it like that before. "The T in Trouble stands for me, I am the Bomb in Bombast," Hightower sings, with truly overexaggerated flavor, "I am the Evolution in Revolution, and I am the I in Iconoclast..." It's about an undiscovered superstar, as you might have guessed.

"Dead Awhile" is all about the utopia that is to come after we're all gone for some time: "Of course by this point, people did nothing but smile, of course but this point, style was going out of style, of course by this point I was dead awhile." It's got a boppy little accordion going on, not the only time that instrument is featured on the album. It's the kind of song, like so many that Hightower writes, plays, performs, that makes you move your head back and forth stupidly, like that's all you really want to do for the rest of the day. You hear what I'm saying? Boyfriend's got hooks!

"I Loves Annie First" is another kind of dreamscape, in which the girl that Hightower desired through school becomes the kind of star that everyone adores. Kind of Billy Joel's "Everybody Loves You Now," and Big Happy Crowd's "All I've Got Is Your CD," only this one's all that and a bag of potatoes!

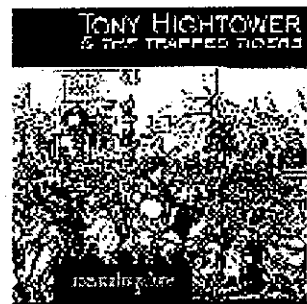
"Not About Ani DiFranco" features the rip-roaring refrain, "So anyway, so anyway, we hit it off, " if you know what I mean. If not: "She tickled til it itched and then I scratched it so hard that it bled." Maybe that clarified a little bit.

The last two cuts I love are "What I Did on My Summer Vacation" and "What I Did Not Do on My Summer Vacation." I'm a sucker for connected works that don't scream out that they're connected.

The first song lists the things that happened: "Been a good summer, got a lot done, been a good summer, had a lot of fun," and, somewhere in the middle verse, gets to the heart of the matter: "Read the newspapers so much more these days, so much it seems that I have learned. I called you once but the line was busy, I bought you a birthday card, finding one that was appropriate was actually not that difficult, but sending it was hard."

The latter song, later on in the album, tells the other side. Sort of. "So I went home, and except for listening to your records and reading that book you gave me and going through your letters and sleeping on the wrong side of the bed and dreaming you were still here and waking up sweating & crying in the shower and reading your letters again, except for then, I did not think about you at all..."

The other cuts are all right, but these, they bop, they roll, the rock, they move, they make life worth living. These songs, they sing. (Jonathan Berger)



DANIEL JOHNSTON AT KNITTING FACTORY

Article by John Kessel.

Photography by Andria Fiegel Wolfe.

NOV.6,1998 – Daniel Johnston enters soundcheck one hour before showtime, aggressively twisting an empty coke can, "Hey, Dan! My name is John- I brought you a chord organ to play. I'm a huge fan!"

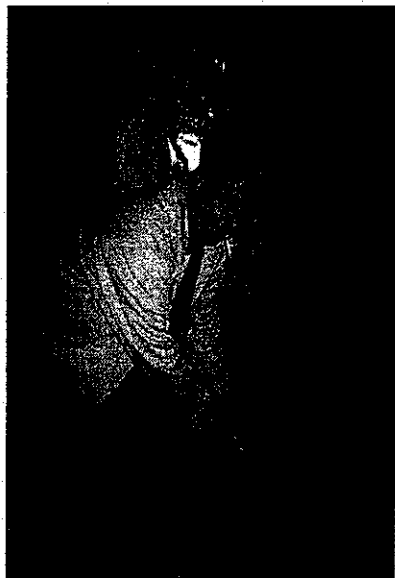
"Want a souvenir?" he counters, offering the mangled wd of aluminum.

Anyone who has spent 5 minutes with Johnston goes home with anecdotes like this. Johnston's art has always been self referential to a madness that came close to destroying him. This is probably why it's been 10 years since he's been in NYC; a time where he went off his medication and got in a lot of SERIOUS trouble. Psychotic episodes, drug binges, arrests for graffiti on the Statue of Liberty. The stuff of Legend.

Despite Johnston's behaviour, his reputation is stable on the basis of his craft. He has been recognized as many things, The proto-Antifolk songwriter. A pioneer in DIY rock. A milestone in the history of basement tapes. The American Syd Barrett. A lo-fi Brian Wilson. Well, it's all true. To delve into his art in depth deserves a lot more copy space than I have available, so back to the present...

Johnston looks awful these days. At 37, he is almost completely gray. His body trembles as he chain smokes menthols. He is perspiring and over 300 pounds. Chaperoned by his 71-year-old father Bill, Daniel is now stabilized on a bundle of psychiatric meds, which give him a sweet tooth, causing a constant thirst for

sugar-laden beverages. This actually has turned up in several songs since 1994's "Fun" (Atlantic). Still, he appears cheerful and recovered from the deep depression that took up a big chunk of the present decade for him, but he has lost some of his focus on things. Looking at the chord organ I brought (it's sort of his signature instrument, which he made famous on the



Daniel Johnston with chord organ.

classic album, "Yip/Jump Music"), Johnston shrugs that he forgot how to play.

"Hey Dad! Remember when I used to play the chord organ?", he yells into Bill's hearing aid.

Another tragedy is that most of the prolific back catalog of truly amazing pop songs Johnston created are now forgotten, and now he works out of a notebook. I believe that he just has a short attention span, like many intensely creative people do.

Painter Ron English booked the show and is hosting the Johnstons at his loft. He and Daniel made it big in Austin in the 80's, and Daniel appears on his CD, "Popaganda," a compilation of songs about Ron and his art.

"I'm in the running for the world record. Who do you think has the most songs written about him?", he asks me.

"I guess maybe... Jesus Christ?" I muse.

"No!" English scoffs. "Someone ALIVE."

"Who?"

English arches a brow.

"Sadaam Hussein. He's got 110 songs. I've got 107"

"I'll write you three songs right now," I reply, thinking that is just what Daniel has been doing. Dan claims all of his thousands of ditties are based on one song of obsessive unrequited love he had for a girl who worked in a library and married an undertaker, with Johnston figuring himself into the dichotomy as a King Kong sort of character. Whew! So, what will he do tonight?

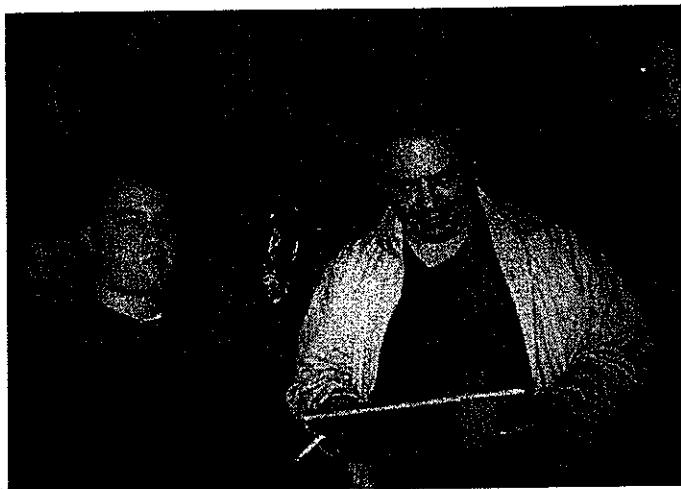


Ron English. Sort of.

That morning of the show, Johnston called English prior to his flight to New York. Daniel told him that he wanted to rock, and wanted a band. So, onstage a slapjob combo had assembled their guitars and drums, including Jill Sobule, author of "I Kissed a Girl" (wanna fuckin' MEDAL?) and Joseph Arthur. Johnston takes out a cheesy backpack guitar and strummed a few G and C chords in his trademark undeveloped style. Hypothetically, one can say that Johnston's guitar songs are all in the key of G and it would be easy for the whole band to follow by watching his fingers. What may not have been considered was Daniel's erratic timing. Not to mention what I feel is the 'Daniel Johnston Aesthetic'; the sound of a lonely guy playing his lonesome song ALONE. So anyway the soundcheck sounds like the most amateurish crap you ever heard. If you learned anything about Antifolk, it's to ignore a 'poor' technique and concentrate on the SUBSTANCE of the material, but what's the point when the musician in question does COVER

DANIEL JOHNSTON AT KNITTING FACTORY

*Article by John Kessel.
Photography by Andria Fiegel Wolfe.*



Portrait of the author with the artist, looking over an album inspired by Johnston to the extent of outright theft.

TUNES? Reading off the music stand, Johnston leads the band through "You've Got To Hide Your Love Away" and redundantly, "Live And Let Die" - BOTH arranged for chords G C D (try making THIS sound good at home!). Frustrated band members and friends alike cajole Johnston to go forward alone. The best they could do is lay back behind him. The 20 minutes allotted for soundcheck speed pass and all that's left is the waiting. Johnston packs up the book and guitar and goes off to dinner.

Oregon band Tra La La plays a forgettable set of music that has all the arrangement devices and gimmicks of the Pixies and Breeders with none of their songcraft. The sold out house is packed with fans and celebrities like David Byrne, Jad Fair and Kramer, both of whom look concerned. The equipment is set for Johnston's band. Even a piano's miked, hinting that we may hear Johnston's excellent keyboard work. Song charts are drawn and laid down. Hey fans, here's the original set list that was never used:

- 1) Pain In My Heart (new song)
- 2) Dairy Queen (new song)
- 3) Silly Love
- 4) Hide Your Love Away
- 5) Live And Let Die

Time drags. 15-20 minutes past showtime. It is announced that Daniel has lost his lyrics notebook. He doesn't seem to be looking too hard. From time to time he'll emerge and loiter on the side of the stage apron, a look of wonder on his innocent face at the turnout. To appease the audience, Joseph Arthur reluctantly takes the stage for two songs. More waiting. The crowd is patient. We expect problems with Johnston. Was it because of the soundcheck? Stagefright? Did he attack Satan when he entered the body of Michael Dorf?

Zoom! Johnston emerges from the wings, a solitary man, and apologizes for not being able to find the book and do the set, but, here's a song or two... What followed is a new invention in songwriting. A sort of medley, but not quite. Over his typical three chord vamp, Johnston opens with, "I've been drinking myself to death/ oh I know it's only Kool-aid..." It goes into self-sampling..."Funeral Home" turns up..."Get Yourself Together"...He goes back into new ideas. "Adolph Hitler was a very big man/ but God is bigger than France and Japan/ so he had to surrender..." He punctuates this with a sig heil salute (disorientingly amusing, like the car crashes on the Fox network)...And then it's over. Johnston nervously plows through the classic, "Casper", and he is done.

Twenty minutes later, Ambitious Lovers are about to go on. Suddenly and surprisingly, Johnston runs back onstage brandishing the lyric book and announcing his return later that evening.

It won't happen.

When a great artist comes to town, let them have their way. Let them run wild. Prepare to be disappointed by their alien ways. Let the creator be true to his vision, and not his popularity. You may grow to understand them later. Like sex and pizza, even paltry amounts of Daniel Johnston is better than none. Reports from Texas testify that Johnston has been at the top of his game, playing 90 minute sets with flair. Ron English avows that the material on the upcoming album, "Rejected II" (Tim Kerr Records) is the best Daniel Johnston material yet. Get on your knees NOW and pray that this rare original doesn't take another 10 years to visit Gotham City.

For more information on the music and art of Daniel Johnston:

TROUSER PRESS
GUIDE TO 90'S ROCK (Ira Robbins)

THE UNOFFICIAL DANIEL JOHNSTON HOMEPAGE
<http://www.oberlin.edu/~lgumpp/danj.html>



Hey! That's Daniel Johnston!

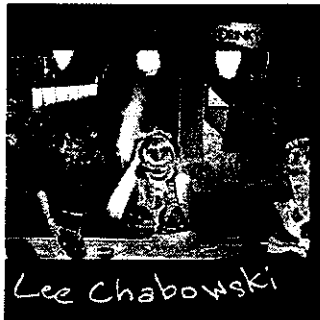
Year-End Round-Up!

By Geoffrey Antsey

Here is a completely unfinished, off-the-cuff year end Delicious Dozen list of Antifolk CD releases. This doesn't include major releases (ie. Beck or Dylan). So, in no particular order:

Billy Kelly - True Irish Ghost Stories- Billy isn't Anti in a punk/folk way but he mixes the bone of true folk with the flesh of punk production in the vein of Eno or Lanois with help from Tom Nishioka's engineering.

Lee Chabowski - Drinky-Poo - EC comics imagery with Antifolk humor and drive.



Eugene Ripper - Faster Than You Think - A Canadian Antifolkie, Eugene, is responsible for helping organize the scene up north. Though he comes from a Punk background (backing

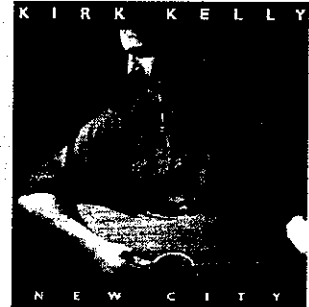
musicians include Billy Ficca {from Television and Lach} on drums and Dave Rave {of Teenage Head and Agnelli & Rave}), this album is much more mellow than his roots. Another nod to John Prine from the Antifolk scene, this is a great collection of songs from a talented writer.



Mark Humble - Guilty Pleasure Cabaret - If John Lennon was antifolk then this would be the Paul McCartney version of the scene. Clever, well-crafted tunes that any self-respecting punkfucker would sneer at and yet there's no denying there's a great songwriter at work. Like finding out that Elvis Costello and The Cuts actually wrote some killer tunes together. Mark Humble's CD is a Guilty Pleasure worth having.

The humans - Plastic - Like Homer Erotic, another superb live band that has produced a fun, cool take-away from the show but not as stellar an album as they are capable of making. The humans strive for full production in a Cure-like way but without the resources a band like that has. I wish they had that kind of a budget (and any major label would be lucky to sign this band). Until then I'd like to hear an acoustic stripped-down CD from the boys highlighting their soaring melodies, sweet hooks and humor. However, if you've ever seen the humans live then you should pick up this collector's item to at least say you knew them when.

Kirk Kelly -New City- Though actually recorded years ago this disk from original Antiscenester Kelly shows why he is the Phil Ochs of our time. Now if only he'd get out on the frontlines as Ochs did we'd have a new hero in our new city.



Adam Brodsky - Dork - Philadelphia's king of Antifolk. A scrappy mix of stage patter and antifolk songs. Class clown gets a guitar in an attempt to get chicks. Wise and wise ass. Adam better watch out for behind all the jokes and mirrors we can start to see an amazing writer at work.

Homer Erotic - Yield (ep)- Homer Erotic are one of the best live bands on the scene. A seven-woman band alternating



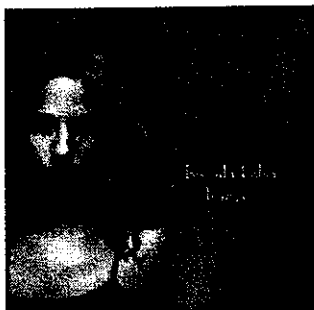
percussion and vocals against a bass, drums, guitar foundation. Political without being self-righteous. They are the result of the revolution rather than another band asking for one. Unfortunately, their debut ep is too careful and doesn't quite capture the live chaotic energy. Yield is a good souvenir of the show but I look forward to hearing a full CD with a producer (perhaps someone like David Byrne?) who can really translate Homer Erotic onto disc. Still, if

you've seen them live you'll want Yield as a reminder of the night.

Gilligan Stump - Just Sit Right Back - A great debut from Gilligan. Another artist showing how humor is integral to the Antifolk scene. A stripped down, raw record, basically acoustic with a few lo-fi rock thrills thrown in. Gilligan's embrace of marijuana gives him a Yippie view of society that is fresh and fun. Sort of a hyped-out John Prine meets Fred Schneider.

Gene & Mimi - 36th Street - Sonny and Cher meet Peter, Paul and Mary. A great mix of Gene's excellent writing and Mimi's sensitive yet fun approach. I know they are working parents but if these guys could get out on the festival circuit, they'd be huge. Does anybody know a good babysitter?

Year-End Round-Up!



Brenda Kahn - Hunger - Fresh from major and indie label disappointments, Brenda has made her best album yet. Raw, honest and recorded in two days, it captures the artist without all the fear that seeps into contracted efforts. It's pretty much Brenda on vocals, acoustic guitar, and Ernest

Adzentoivich playing a beautiful bass behind her. A must have for any of her fans and a great introduction to a talented artist hitting her stride for those of you who are new to her work.

Your Record Here - What?!? - You haven't made your record yet? What the fuck are waiting for? Do it!



I haven't heard Dan Emery (someone stole my copy), or Mike Rechner (doesn't play on my player) but judging by their live shows in the past I'm betting these are more than worthwhile releases. Plus very honorable mentions to cassettes by: Joie/DBG (cassette only) and Jeff

Lightning Lewis (cassette only). Both tapes are great and have a permanent place in my car collection of driving tapes. 1998 proved a great year for Antifolk releases! Onwards to 99!

By Geoffrey Antsey

Little Foetus

When she told me about you, I wasn't too thrilled, I admit.

But when she showed me that ultrasound scene, little foetus, I fell in love.

Little fingers, little toes, big ol' scrambled eyes...

You were so hot.

I knew we were meant to be together.

When we made love -- she and I -- it was you I was thinking of.

"You don't mind that I've gotten so big?" she always asks.

I'd just smile, squeeze you both, and love you all the more.

Oh, little foetus, to be near you, to be so close, yet separated by a thin layer of skin... I think of the knives in the kitchen, and...

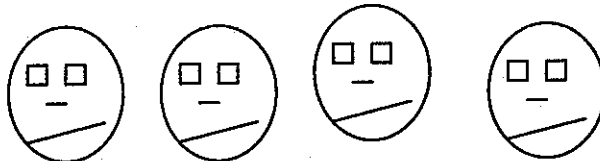
I know our love's not meant to be. I know we have far too little time together, before you get out, grow up, become a little girl or --

Wait. Hold on. Could it be? Is it possible? Might you be... a boy?

Oh, I may be sick.

Jonathan Berger

Witness the wonder...
Experience the ecstasy...
Listen to the laconic lyrics...
View the virtuous valor...
Glory in the gargantuan gratuitous guttering-ramblings...



See **Jonathan Berger** read his short attention-span performance art pieces to a cast of dozens!

The critics agree!

"It was... interesting." - Shocked witness.

"What was he thinking?" - Perplexed viewer.

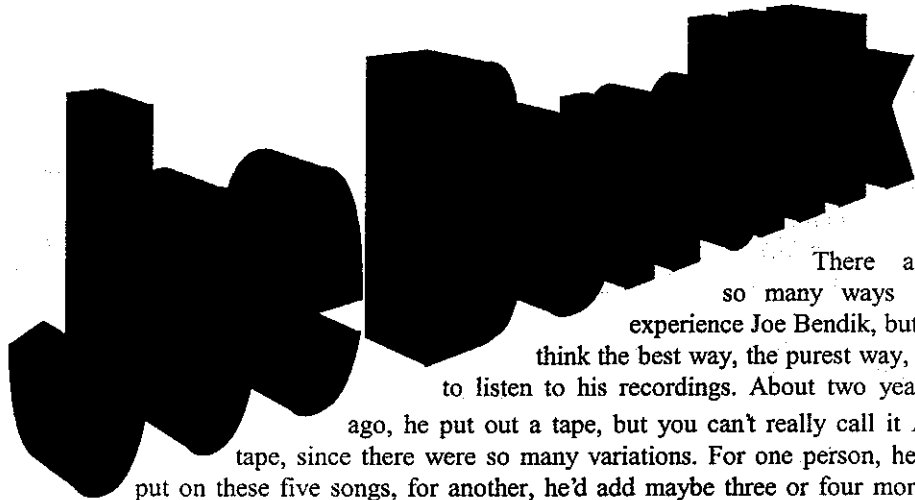
"I... seen... a... good... show... of... Jonathan Berger." - Review in New York on \$14,000/hr.

"It's a half hour. What could it hurt?" - Confused audience member, before the show.

Free menopausal memory loss with every seat!

February 9th, 1999. 8PM! Jonathan Berger, mogul behind AntiMatters (no relation), and creator of McDonald's, in a one-time only affair at the Fort. At the Sidewalk Café. At 94 Avenue A. Off Sixth Street. In Manhattan. Just off the Western Rim of the Milky Way galaxy.

(The event is somehow connected the Winter AntiFolk Fest, and the shameless promotion of AntiFolk product, so bring money!)



There are so many ways to experience Joe Bendik, but I think the best way, the purest way, is to listen to his recordings. About two years ago, he put out a tape, but you can't really call it A tape, since there were so many variations. For one person, he'd put on these five songs, for another, he'd add maybe three or four more.



For someone else, there'd be six songs, but they'd be different from what the other people got. God only knows how many of these different tapes are floating around. Of course, they were demo versions of songs, but they were full versions, great versions. Bendik created perfect majestically orchestrated punk anthems in his tiny studio which he called an apartment. And there were tons of that perfectly produced product. Now, finally, there's a new release, with some of that older material, but some pretty fresh stuff. Joe Bendik's first CD is being released this month, and, really, it's about time. (Gustav Plympton)

Joe Bendik is a rough kid with the heart of a flower's shadow. Going into the crawl space of memory he is on the Antiscene playing scrappy tunes and drunken sets at The Fort at The Chameleon. A true punk he rebels against the fashion-punx in their Trash Vaudeville bands and stalks the Antifolk scene wearing the lyrical flag of liberty. Onstage he is like a losing quarterback, his goose head sticking up above the fray, seeking an opening for one last desperate pass at Rock and Roll freedom. Careful when you kick a working-class hero cause his scars

become art, his jealousies foment into poetry and his dark brow softens with illumination. Careful, cubicle citizens, the office jerk you just snubbed carries a guitar that kills the hypnotized.

Step lightly, Joe, stay free!

- Lach



AntiFolk is rock.
AntiFolk is obscene.
AntiFolk is antagonistic.
AntiFolk is loud.
AntiFolk is acoustic.
AntiFolk is punk.

So is Joe.
So is Joe.
So is Joe.
So is Joe.
So is Joe.
So is Joe.

- Anonymous Poet.

JOE BENDIK

An interview with Joe Bendik, conducted by Mr. Jonathan Berger. Photographs by Ms. Karen Treanor.

> You're one of the longest running, most regular acts to play the Fort, be true to the AntiFolk scene. What do you get out of it?

I get the satisfaction of trying out something new. I get a chance to get some of my frustration out of my system. I got two bands out of it, some write-ups blah blah fucking blah.

I'd hope to get laid more often too.

It's the best platform. Big respect to Lach... I couldn't imagine pulling all of that together. On another level, I do it to try to prove something to myself. I see other cats from my era who really don't contribute anymore. They're not the vital acts that they once were. That's because they just stopped, at a certain point, developing a regular live thing. I don't want to let that happen. It has to progress and be current. I don't ever want to be seen as someone who once had a few good songs, but hasn't done anything lately. I've seen cases where some of my peers, who don't regularly perform anymore on a regular basis, do a few tunes and be really surprised by a non-responsive audience. People have a very short attention span. People forget. If you want your name to mean anything at all, you have to keep going.

> What are the musical projects you're involved in now?

Right now I'm spending all of my time with this new PowerMac that a very good, long time friend recently gave me. He works in the computer field, and needs to have some of his visual presentations scored on QuickTime. So I'm trying to figure out this shit. I have just about another album in working stages too. I'm trying to broaden my approach a little by incorporating some of the Hot 97 elements that I love so much. Of course, I'm working really hard with The Heathens. We have around 15 songs now, with about 5 more new



ones coming down the pike. I'm really excited about my work with the humans' too. I'm playing bass, and Andy Morris (The Heathens' drummer) is behind the trap set. The humans rock now like never before. There's talk of Dragov returning in the role of keyboardmaster too.

In addition to this, I'm doing some production/collaboration work with Jiussanna, the model in my video for "Everybody's Watching." She has a really cool thing happening. Portishead/Cowboy Junkies with a Mexican vibe. Some of the songs have Spanish lyrics. There's some Tex/Mex in there too and there's talk of a label deal with her down the road. I'm also writing as much as possible. Trying to make sense out

of this shit.

> How can people see your video for "Everybody's Watching"?

I hope to put it on my website (<http://members.aol.com/joebendik>) soon. I'd also like to put out the word to some local public access shows too. Of course, you can come over and watch it at my place. Maybe I'll bring it down to the Fort and we can show it there at the CD release party.

> You've got a CD coming out. How did that develop?

That started a while back when an old friend that I knew back at EMI began talking about putting out some of my stuff. Well, he moved on to a publishing company called ARC (they do all of the CHESS music catalog licensing) and got some resources together. He contacted me last year and asked to hear some demos. Now, I have well over 100 songs recorded to DAT in my studio, so it was a little daunting to choose -- to say the least. He had this concept in mind -- an 8-song CD! Naturally, my favorite songs were my newest ones, so that element had to be there, but he had specific requests of slightly older songs which had to be re-recorded. Little by little the thing began to take shape. It's not meant to be a first album of live favorites. It's more of a thing where these songs really hold together thematically

AntiMatters... it's only as good as it's writers, readers, and the acts it covers... not bad at all...

and musically. It's a real vibe thing. I'm happy with the way it's turning out and am actually pretty excited about it.

> When can we hear it?

We're looking to have it in the stores by January.

I got the Master for my CD and it sounds really fab, man. I was worried since it was mastered on the West Coast without my participation (how could they?), but I was mistaken. All of my East Coast Bass is still intact (I wrote a letter to go along with it telling them not to fuck with it) so I'm giving it the 'OK'. Now, all that has to be done is this dreadful UPC Bar code that the guy is insisting on (who knows how long that'll take? Since the artwork's done, we're gonna be ready to press.

Soon I'll be able to burn my own CDs and really put them out myself. I'll do the artwork too. I'm tired of relying on someone else. I have too many songs to just keep sitting on them. I'll be putting out Heathens things too, along with some live stuff. I'm in the process of taking the initial steps for doing at least one other website which will feature audio.

>You've got, with the Heathens, a rock band that also has a great deal of funky elements. In fact, in this three-piece, you've got a very malleable unit. How does it rate compared to other trios you've been involved in?

This is my favorite band that I have ever been in. They can take my demos and bring them to life. As far as it being funky or whatever, I think they just know how to swing the beat. Andy puts the 'roll' back in rock n roll. Anne (Husick, bass) grooves with the best of them and both are capable of stopping on a dime and changing courses in mid-stream. I don't want to put anyone down that I played with before, but this is the right chemistry. From the first note of the first time we ever played together, we just knew it was going to work.

>Why do you work in so many different projects at once? Doesn't it distract you, dilute your energies?

It probably has something to do with my short attention span. My ex-wife claims that I have Attention Deficit Disorder and wants me to take Ritalin. Now, I've tried Ritalin in the past -- snorted it with a 'friend' -- and it just made me more restless, so go figure. The only thing that dilutes my energies is the daily 9 to 5 situation in which I'll get an idea and have to wait until like, 10 at night before I can actually sit down in my studio and work.

>What is different for you between performing and recording?



DEFICIT

Performing is when it all comes together. That's when I know if a song will work or not. At that point the goal is immediate communication. It doesn't even have to be verbal (or at least lyrical). It's just a feeling. Call it empathy or (at the lowest level), some ego driven need, but it's something that I have to do. When I don't play a gig for a while, I get really irritable. I need to get that shit out of my system. I celebrate frustration.

Some may confuse that with anger, but anger to me, is personified by this guy at work who bangs on his keyboard all day long. That is one angry guy. My performances strive to be more cathartic than angry or mean spirited. It's something I'll continue to do until I drop.

I see recording more like sculpting or painting. Usually it starts with some rough sketch that I keep refining. I couldn't imagine anyone sharing in this process with me as it is so tedious it would drive anyone insane. I may obsess on a bass drum part for hours, but mostly I try to make it sound as 'live' as possible. I'll rehearse something to the point where I can lay down the track without punches. I do punch, but I try to keep it to a minimum. Each recording is different

though, so there really is no method. Some songs have multiple demos with radically different versions. Sometimes after playing a song live for the first time, I'll go back to the recording and either change it, or re-do it completely.

>How long does it usually take to create a new song? What steps do you go through?

That depends. Some songs take 5 minutes to write and 3 months to finish.

An idea has to pop in my head to be used. I never just sit down and say 'What shall I



AntiMatters... it's only as good as it's writers, readers, and the acts it covers... not bad at all..



write today?" Usually the initial idea will come to me at the most inopportune time. I've written complete songs on the subway, like "Mr. Songwriter," walking around, dreaming, but rarely when I'm jamming. I also write a lot of stuff on the keyboards. You wouldn't know it to hear it, but that's the case maybe 45% of the time. Well, after I get some raw idea, I'll try to flesh it out. I feel that a song has to have a reason to exist. If there isn't some clear concept of what I want to say, I'll just abandon the idea. I also have literally hundreds of ideas on cassette that are just me humming (or singing one phrase) into a tape recorder. I carry around a cheap Walkman recorder at all times and have one next to the pillow at night. Well, the next step is just deciding if it will be a song or not. Then, assuming I feel OK about it, I'll deal with the chords and melody. I love trying out different harmonies that might not be so obvious at first. I believe that this is an under-estimated concept. Of course, the test is playing the damned thing live. I'm also pretty detached from it too. If something isn't working, I'll throw the damned thing out. That's the main thing that I've learned over the years; not to be afraid to go 'hey, this just is not happening' and go on to something else.

>What have you seen in the AntiFolk community over the years that keeps you coming back?

I think a lot of the artists in the scene keep me coming back. Unlike the 'punk-rock' scene, there is a lot of diversity here. There's room for everyone because no one is in direct competition with each other. Not like the local punk scene. Wayyyyy too derivative. We try to mix it up more and more, which breaks many NYC Punk Rock Rules. * Individuality is encouraged and there seems to be a genuine support for each other. This is so rare that I couldn't believe it at first, but it is true. I can't think of another New York scene that compares. Sidewalk is like my living room – if I had one, that is – or something.



NYC PUNK ROCK RULES

By Joe Bendik

I wouldn't be surprised if there is a rulebook out there. You know,

- 1) No Acoustic Guitars
- 2) Must have at least one Marshall amp
- 3) Display antagonistic attitude to the audience
- 4) Play way too loud
- 5) Do a Punk cover and a 60's cover
- 6) Don't be concerned with things like 'lyrics'
- 7) Never let them hear an entire chord, only play power chords and never ever use extended harmonies.
- 8) Over Distort
- 9) Act like you don't care and
- 10) Only admit to liking what other people admit to liking and if something is (or was) popular and you like it, you're obviously a poser. So to play it safe: hate everything.

There.

AntiMatters... it's only as good as it's writers, readers, and the acts it covers... not bad at all...

Ever been in the bath, and get to thinking?

Sure you have, like, say, listening to Traffic (the band, not the street), grooving to the tunes, getting down with their funky bad selves, and you suddenly realize, "This is one of the best albums of all time!"

Well, narrow the scope. Think about the the artists you experience on a regular basis. What are the albums, songs, artists, performances, places, things that you love best in and around the AntiFolk scene?

Anne Husick with *Kenny Davidesen* compiled the questions that will make you think about your AF experience. Think about it for maybe seventeen seconds, and tell us, oh, you readers of AntiMatters...

WHAT DO YOU THINK???

THE FIRST ANNUAL ANTI-MATTERS FOLK POLL

Best solo artist

Best band

Best song of the year

Best male and/or female songwriter

Best male and/or female performer

Best male and/or female singer

Best male and/or female guitarist

Best male and/or female pianist

Most uplifting song/songwriter

Most depressing song/songwriter

Most offensive song/songwriter

Best original song

Best cover song

Most original act

Best Lach wannabe

Best scene tape/CD of the year

Best non-scene CD of the year

Best improviser

Most humorous

Least sober artist

Best image

Best self-image

Best Promotional effort for an event

Most likely to succeed

Most likely to burn up in their own juices

Best hair

Cutest male, and, of course, female

Best AntiFolk couple

Favorite waitress (Pictures required)

Best dancer

Best club outside the Fort

Best soundperson

Best AntiFolk Zine (Don't strain yourself on this one)

Rookie of the year

Desert Island Discs*

Questions, comments, rants, pictures...

*this questionnaire is confidential, but if you'd feel more comfortable, send us your desert island disc list on a separate sheet of paper with you name.

Antifolk Moments, '98

by J. Seal

INTRODUCTION

I have seen many shows. I mean a lot of shows. You might not have seen me at your show but I was there somewhere amongst the weirdoes and drunks you attract. Antifolk moments don't include shows just at the Fort. It is everywhere you people play with the spirit of antifolk. Here are just some highlights. If I left any magic moments out, sorry. You write about them next year. Remember a musician is only as good as his/hers community.

SPECIAL EVENTS

RETURN TO:

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

Antimatters@excite.com

Or just leave at the Fort, C/O Lach

Everyone likes a party and I have seen some parties around the town. Packed house for *the humans* CD Release Party. The fort was decorated with red posters and balloons. A

smoke machine and the loudest set at the Fort by anyone in my estimation. Also on the bill was David Dragov, Lach, and *Joe Bendik*

The Fortified Records National Distribution Party.

A night of antifolk all-stars. Fortified hooked

up with *Big Daddy Distributions* and they decided to throw a party. Lach, *the humans*, David Dragov, *Major Matt Mason*, *Joie/DBG*, *Clay Mitchell*, Marilee, and Kenny Davidsen played to a full house on a Friday night.

Libra Birthday Bash. *Anne Husick* from shameless (and countless other bands) celebrated in style. And at the end of the night ended with a nice quite jam with Anne, *Lach* and *Geoff Notkin* playing old songs and covers. Marilee, *Joie* and Grey Revell ended the night with a couple of songs.

Antifolk goes uptown. The china club held a book release party celebrating the book *Steal this Dream* by

Larry "Ratso" Sloman. So Ratso invited some players from the Anti folk scene up town to show them how we do it on the East side. *Joie/DBG* led of the night with 2 songs and ripped the china club up (They loved bleecker street and Boood Drinking with God. Who knows, who cares). *Lach* was up next



and opened with *Coffee Black*, *Teenage Alcoholic* and at the end of *Kiss Loves You* he leaps off the stage and lands in the midst of the crowd (mans got balls the size of Texas). He ended his set with the unreleased song called *Hamell on Trial*. *Hamell on Trial* was up next and stunned the crowd with his brand of antifolk and showed them a man and a guitar is all you need for a rock-and-roll show.

The AntiHoot dropped an *Old School Beat* when some of the heroes and heroines of the first wave of AntiFolk made an appearance. *Cindy Lee Berryhill*, *Brenda Kahn*, *Roger Manning* and *Glenn Pettit*



popped in, played some songs, are got to see what AF is about these days. A meeting of the minds that was mighty memorable.

The Flea Theater had an opening night party for *Rick Shapiro's* 4-show engagement at the place. Packed house down in the bowls of Tribeca he worked the large room with old favorite bits and new shit that made the people laugh and remember what comedy is about.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Enough about parties. It doesn't need to be official to be an event, and some of these artists make any show they

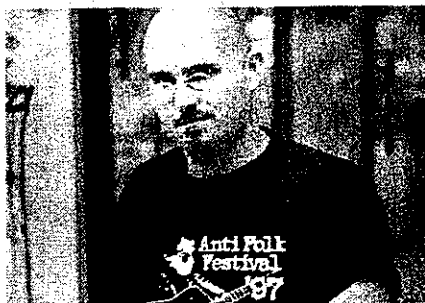
waiting to hear the song about the blue haired girl. Nevermind, would make any family proud to have him crash at their house.

Antifolk Moments, '98

perform at a worthy occasion.

Marilee on New Year's Day 98 first show, full room, blew the roof off the sucker. And shut up a room full of Drunks at St. marks bar with her music, beauty and quick wit. Marilee and Joie Jamming on Barbie Doll at a Monday night.

Jeff Lightning Lewis ' 17 minute song that leads you down a bad acid trip he took. Great Idea great song. And a great artist. By the way who stole some of his art off the wall That same night Dan Monihan had the words Halloween in Harlem on everybody's mind.



Jonathan Berger at Speechifying Night. The man needs no explanation, but could probably use a therapist. Or a good lay.

Balloon Head says it all. Everyone thinks Mr. Harper speaks in a thick Irish accent he fooled everyone with that gag.

Kenny Davidsen. Smashes a keyboard at the gaslight and keeps the crowd entertained. Kenny is a musical freak. Late night sometimes Kenny gets on the Piano and plays songs by Grey, Joie, Lach, Marilee, Jeff Lewis, Kevin Kadish, and some others I can't remember. The boy knows all your songs.



Joie/DBG, the Rock and Roll Tragedy who Put Drinking and God together in one song and wants to burn Bleecker Street down. The man is sick and tired of the mainstream music business and is definitely going to change it. And it shows in the gigs at the Fort, all the open mics in NYC and the Monday night hoot. They even throw money at him at St. Marks and almost gets shot at Gaslight Tavern. It must be hard being him.

Grey Revell. Fresh faced, doe-eyed transplant from California, dude. Learned fast about NYC in the weirdest ways joined his CA. sound with an NYC attitude. Recorded a live gig at the Fort, lived in 10 different places, and 92 different jobs, and lived to tell about it back home. I'm still

Lach. The man himself. The musical action hero can whip a roll of electrical tape at a person who has their back to them at Arlene's Grocery while he is on stage, leaps off stages in a single

bound (see above), and keep us entertained on a Monday night with witty banter, good music and the occasional pickup band of Kenny and Joie. His late night sets and pick a topic songwriting is the best. Buy the Blang! album in February. It has the coffee house feel with arena rock punch. The way Lach knows how to do it. Smart lyrics and more hooks than you can shake a stick at. He has a band behind him and it is a good full sound. Not that he needs it. The man is a force on his own, too. All your favorites or soon to be favorites are on it.

SOME FINAL NOTES.

Shameless gig at C-Note during CMJ... Solo appearance of **Joe Bendik** at the Den of Cin... **David Dragov** and The DAT's... **The AMA** storming any and all open mics in the surrounding area... **Grey Lightning**

California show at the Fort... Late night singing with **Kenny Davidsen**... The last open mic at St. Marks Bar... Watching **Arlan** stun a Monday crowd with great songwriting...

Egils for staying all night and playing to us drunks your songs

that are great... **Dave the Poet** ranting... Brie Sharp's dramatic show on that Sunday... **The Philadelphia AntiFolksters** playing in town... **Rick Shapiro's** Wednesday shows... **John Kessel's** gig - played a half hour after it was supposed to - just three minutes after his arrival ... **Scott Forman** at the bitter end... **Tony** "I want to play here more often" **Hightower**...

I could go on but I won't. I can't remember a years worth of Antifolk. If you don't have a clue what's going on maybe you should get around more often and see other musicians play and support the scene that will make and break your career.

See you all in '99...
Love,

John Q Seal



ANTIMATTERS CLASSIFIEDS

Help Wanted

Mouth Tattoo Maker. Must know how to make everything from an eagle to Trent Lott serenading a unicorn with songs from the "Bloopie" show to William Howard Taft. Fire up those teeth! Call E.T. Camel at 555-TEETH.

Monster trainer. Must have monster training class "B" license and know how to open cans of Alphaggetti's. Knowledge of "monster installation" under beds a big plus! 555-GO-MNSTR

Chopper Four operator. Our last hot-shot flew Chopper Four into the Hudson River. You have to be pretty dumb to do that—Chopper Four is as smart as "Kit"—and better looking! Must be able to enjoy that running dialogue sort of thing while working. 555-CHPPR4

Scalawag Cereal Pirates. I've had it with these "health" cereals. It's time I hired some real men and kicked some cereal ass like I did in the '70s! Call Cap'n Crunch at 555-KILL. Crunchberry lovers need not apply.

Rock 'em Sock 'em Robots Referee. Now that Mills Lane is retired, we need someone else to ref our matches. Must have Class "B" license in pushing back down robot heads. 555-ROCK

Orderly. We're looking for a nice man in a white suit to keep our son Jon locked up tight. Every Tuesday afternoon he tries to scotch-tape pigeons to his arms so he can fly. Our boy's simply not right in the head! Call S. Berger 555-KOOK

Alphaggetti Gobbler. Our last Gobbler went crazy and had to be "put down." Must like letter-based spaghetti products and have class "C" gobbling license 555-GBBL.

Announcements

Thank you Saint Jude for prayers answered. Although I really wanted my boss crushed by a falling piano, having him ripped to shreds by Art Garfunkle's hair was just as good. Thanks again!

Gorilla Gram

Our trained orangutan loves delivering messages, singing songs, and peeling off human heads. Great for parties or last-day-at-the-office get togethers. 555-GORL

Massage by Jon

Sure, I'll make you wear nothing but a towel, but no peeking, I promise! I won't even touch you, I'll use one of those novelty back-scratchers if you like. Not even a glimpse will I take! Call J. Berger. 555-RUBB. Sorry guys, only ladies!

Lawyers For Hire. Are you involved in a frivolous lawsuit involving monsters? How were you to know that that monster would go out of control? You were only trying to put a scare in your neighbor—not have his gizzard ripped out! Call Celino & Barnes, 555-LWST

L&S Dungeon Now Open!

For all your Lenny & Squiggy fantasies, come to Lavern's house of L & S. The "Carmine Vault" now open! Ask about our "Milwaukee Brewer" special! We're also hiring Fonzie and Chachi look-alikes! Call Shirley at 555-HDZE

Become Socially Adept!

Are you a shy wallflower? With my three-week course, I will make you the life of the party, from knowing when to pull off your host's legs and beat him with them to when you should pull off your pants and sit on the birthday cake. Call Doctor D. Wechsler @ 555-NO-SHYY

Lost & Found

Found. Crazy ex-senator who insists on wearing only flower-pattern tablecloth and shouting, "Coco Rico, I am the Spanish Rooster!" I have a lumber business to take care of without Al here eating all the sawdust! Call G. Lesse Sr. 555-D'AMATO

Lost. Two shinbones. I was running in Tompkins square park when I stopped off for a pretzel. When I turned around my shinbones were gone. Very embarrassing. Contact G. Lesse VI 555-SHIN

For Sale

Cabbage brains, 60, will sell as set or individually; Make great companion piece to cabbage heads and/or perfect for cabbage monster experiments. 555-CBGE

Monsters.

January special! Free installation under bed of your choice with purchase of second monster at equal or greater value. Yes, we also install monsters in closets and behind radiators! 555-MSTR

Debutante certificates. Why should being a middle-aged man prone to punching and kicking strangers stop you from living your dream? Free "handsome" date and "page six" mention supplied with certificate! Call today, you budding flower, you! 555-LACH

Imaginary friend. Ever since "The Incredible Hulk" TV reruns started running again, my imaginary friend and I have been estranged. I still say his name should be David—not Bruce—Banner! If you think "Bruce" is a manly enough name for Lou Ferrigno, then you can have this so-called "friend." Good riddance! Call G. Lesse VII at 555-HULK

Sidewalk Café Presents:

The Sidewalk Cafe (94 Avenue A) presents the following schedule. All shows are free (one drink min.). Call club for info 212-473-7373

Mon.Jan.11- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.
 Tues.Jan.12- 8-Lorijo Manley, 8:30- Andrew John, 9-Dina Dean, 9:30- Shameless, 10:30- Anna, 11:30-Near
 Wed.Jan.13-8-Acoustic Sweetfeed, 9-Chris Buskey, 9:30-Mia Johnson, 10- Rick Shapiro
 Thurs.Jan.14- 8:30- Chris Decker, 9-Gilligan Stump!, 10- Psych-A-Billy, 11- Smelt
 Fri.Jan.15-8-Betsy Thomson, 9-The Humans, 10-Lach, 11-Magges
 Sat.Jan.16- 8- Ruth Gerson, 9- Curtis Eller's American Circus, 10- Mozart's Grave, 11- Joe Bendik & The Heathens, 12- Larry Goggin Band
 Sun.Jan.17-5-John Pavlou Art Opening, 8-Brian Halloran, 8:30-David Forman 9-Kenny Davidsen, 9:30-Scott Forman, 10-David Newbould, 10:30-Ronda Jonannessen, 11:30-Mich Van Hautem
 Mon.Jan.18- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.
 Tues.Jan.19-7:30-Wayne Gladstone, 8-Jim Knable, 8:30-Allan Orsky, 9-Dina Dean, 9:30-Nancy Falkow 10:30-Kyosuke
 Wed.Jan.20-8-Dan Monahan, 8:30 Paul Curreri, 9- Kessel, 9:30-Jeff Lightning Lewis, 10-Rick Shapiro
 Thurs.Jan.21-8-Lee Chabowski, 9-Zipthunk,10-Slink Moss, 11- The Trouble Dolls
 Fri.Jan.22-9-Three Normal Humans, 10-Ruth Gerson, 11-Cecil's Bait and Tackle, 12-Dots Will Echo
 Sat.Jan.23-8-Sean Lee, 9-The Lovin' Kind , 10-Amy Alison and The Maudlins , 11-Tom Clark
 Sun.Jan.24 - 7:30-Cynthia Hilts, 8:30-Sugar and Stomp, 9-Dvorah Silverstein, 9:30-Robert Bob Roberts, 10- O'Smith
 Mon.Jan.25- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.
 Tues.Jan.26- 7:30- Nicotine Gabriel, 8:30- Peter Dizozza, 9-Dina Dean, 9:30- Tricia Scotti
 Wed.Jan.27- 8-Deaf Aides, 8:30-Mike Young, 9-Al Lee Wyer, 9:30- Michael Merenda, 10- Rick Shapiro
 Thurs.Jan.28- 8-Double Naught Spy, 9:30-Queen Vee, 10- Mathew Puckett
 Fri.Jan.29- 8-TBA, 9-Thomas Covenant, 10- The Humans, 11- David Dragov
 Sat.Jan.30- 8-Haale, 9-Butch, 10- Mozart's Grave, 12-Gil Schwartz and The Lava Daredevils
 Sun.Jan.31-Jazz Night with The King Kortette and Special Guests
 Mon.Feb.1- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.
 Tues.Feb.2- 7:30- Tanisha, 8-The Valentines, 8:30-Christine, 9-Bill Popp and The Tapes, 10- Enid and The Boys
 Wed.Feb.3- 7:30- Liz Skillman, 8:30- Terry Garland, 9-Kevin Kadish, 9:30- Michael Eck, 10-Rick Shapiro
 Thurs. Feb.4- 8-10-TBA, 10- Daniel Johnston
 Sat.Feb.6-8-TBA, 9-The Cucumbers, 10- The Advertisers, 11-Jeremy Wallace, 12- The Larry Goggin Band
 Sun.Feb.7- 7:30- Meg flather, 8:30-Snurg!, 9-Warren Kimmel, 9:30- Charles Accetto
 Mon Feb.8- The Antihoot With Lach. Sign-up 7:30
 Tues.Feb.8- Spoken Word- 8-Jon Berger, 8:30- Peter Dizozza, 9- Robert Priest,10:30Manas Brothers
 Wed.Feb.10- 8-Holly Cosner, 8:30- Paul Page, 9- Uncle Carl, 10- Rick Shapiro

THE WINTER ANTIFOLK FEST 1999 IN CELEBRATION OF LACH'S NEW CD BLANG!

7 Nights/2 Clubs!

Appearing at The C-Note (157 Avenue C, between 9th & 10th Street)

Sun.Feb.7-8-Gregg Swann, 8:30- Al Lee Wyer, 9-The Reachers, 10-Trouble Dolls, 11-TBA 12- Gil Coggins (legendary pianist with Miles Davis and many more)
 Mon.Feb.8-8-Jessie Murphy, 8:30-Michal The Girl, 9- John Kessel, 9:30-Mike Rocklin 10- Jack Pedler, 10:30-Gilligan Stump,11-Johnny Seven, Tues.Feb.9-8-TBA, 8:30-Pat Harper, 9-Carmaig De Forest, 9:30-Tony Hightower, 10- Roger Manning, 10:30-Lee Chabowski, 11-TBA, 12-TBA
 Wed.Feb.10-8-Neal with an A, 9- Bionic Finger 10-Dan Emery and The Mystery Band , 11- Regular Einstein

Appearing at The Sidewalk Cafe (94 Ave.A & 6th st)

Thurs.Feb.11-7:30-Jeff Lightening Lewis, 8- Butch, 8:30- Marilee, 9- Mike Rechner 9:30-Adam Brodsky, 10-Tom Clark,11:30-TBA Plus Special Appearance by Mia Johnson
 Fri.Feb.12-7:30-Gentleman Jim Noone, 8-Lenny Molotov,8:30-Mr.Scarecrow, 9-David Dragov 9:30-Shameless, 10-Mary Ann Farley, 11-TBA, 11:30-Joe Bendik and The Heathens
 Sat.Feb.13- 8-George Usher, 9- The Humans, 10- Deni Bonet 11-Lach Plus a Special Appearance by Richard Barone
 Sun.14-7:30-Kenny Davidsen , 8:30- Grey Revell, 9- Joie/DBG 9:30-Major Matt Mason USA, 10-Dina Dean, 10:30-Steve Espinola