

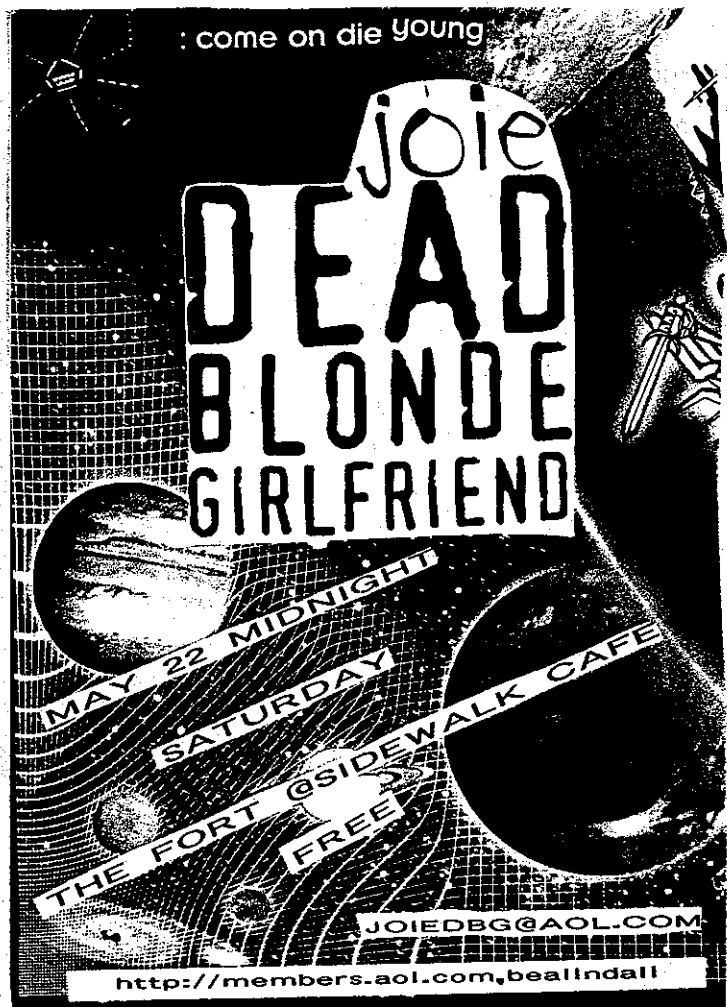
Contact  
**AntiMatters**

150 West 95<sup>th</sup> Street  
9D  
New York, NY 10025

antimatters@excite.com

### CREATORS INVOLVED

Joe Bendik  
Jonathan Berger  
Mark Humble  
John Kessel  
Lach  
Velvet Lane  
Jeff Lightning Lewis  
Gustav Plymton  
Arnie Rogers  
Tom Warnick



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

### Advertising in AntiMatters

Simple as 6 + 11 = 21!

For one quarter of a page you pay six dollars!

For one half of a page, just 11 smackers.

For a whole page of the promotion in the zine on the scene,  
pay just 21. (That's in US units of currency)

You know what DIY is, right? Then there's really not much more to say. From Lach creating and embarking on a solo tour to Joe Bendik taking the new technology into his own hands, to Mark Humble talking about becoming the brilliant artist he is today by whoring himself to whatever takers, to me producing a monthly zine sold exclusively through word of hand, to Jeff Lewis independently producing comics... AntiFolk is all about doing for yourself.

So I guess there was something to say after all.

Mr. Bad Manners  
Jonathan Berger

# Report from the Fort

## STRANGE FOLK SUNDAY

FORT: Sunday, April 11<sup>th</sup>, 1999 – How could I be absent for a Sidewalk show under the heading 'Strange Folk' Sunday? Well, that turned out to be a misnomer. Some acts on the bill were only folk, some only strange, some neither.



What's strange about Massachusetts troubadour Glenn Pettit? First of all, he likes my music, and, for Chrissakes, he did a Paul Simon cover! His skillful country-blues finger-picking belied a voice crippled to a half-gasp, the aftermath of constant touring. I don't hear memorable songs in his act yet, but I admire his adaptability to many styles, which he uses to get gigs at varieties of venues. Smart! Definitely an off-night, though.

Working class schlub Al Lee Wyer defied his miserable past by shining like a cubic zirconium with a crackerjack band behind him. A loathsome presence at the AntiHoots in days gone by, he'd stumble to the mike five sheets to the wind and actually use expressions like "Ladies and germs." After rambling for too long, he would lurch into a soused cover of an obvious top 40 staple. No master of irony, his rendition of "Love and Marriage" is not a tribute to Sinatra, but to his hero, fictional character Al Bundy. On this date, Al Lee showed where his real talent is at, with his hard driving roots rock songs propelled by capable chops and toasty harmonies. True blue collar soul about family, work, neighborhood and, well, drinkin'. What's strange about that?



The Performance by Albert (AKA AB2 Solomon) can definitely be construed as bizarre, yet in the folk tradition. Here we have an energetic gentleman in – I'm guessing – his mid-60s, with a youthful mind and a keen desire to perform. What makes him compelling is a sum of many parts that are ignorable by themselves. He has a very marginal talent; he plays some piano and he sort of sings. His routine includes stand-up comedy, and, erm, a strip tease. Albert never really makes it all the way through a joke, song, dance, or anecdote – so consumed is he with stage fright. The valuable thing he possesses is some depraved need to humiliate himself and discomfort the audience. A freak show? Not really.

*Live Reviews of  
What You Should  
Have Seen!*

"Can you imagine your Dad up there doing this?" Anne Husick asked me. I sadly nodded. Yes, Anne, yes.

We don't think much about aging, and what our lives will be like. Will we have children and extended family, and will they take an active interest in our company? And will we survive our friendships, or see all our allies pass by the wayside? Will our bodies and minds decay into an invalid state? So starved for attention must this man be, to be doing a French Can Can dance in mini-briefs in the middle of a restaurant! And no music behind him! A selfless act to entertain? Or is he fighting the inevitable atrophy caused by a life of loneliness?

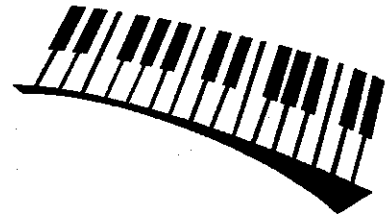
AB2 Solomon created 30 minutes of true tension and anarchy. Amateurism as true high art. Sure he sucks, but nobody's walked out. On the other hand, he didn't really draw anyone, either.

AB2 Solomon does a very important service in his act. He plays songs that were popular from his childhood. You aren't going to hear these ditties on the American Popular Standard radio station, or anywhere else. The performances are somewhat compromised by his tentative grasp at completing what he starts out to do, but the end result is charming, nonetheless.

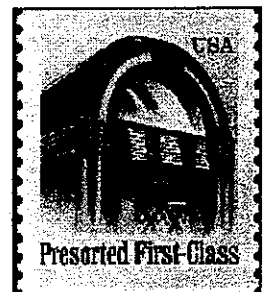
Albert also announced that this would be his last performance... until the year 2000. A threat? A cry for help, I say!

The true heavyweight champeen of them all was the artist from Martha's Vineyard who performs under the moniker **Viagra Falls**.

Viagra is basically a drag queen, a female impersonator who happens to be female. Yes, she is classifiable as a performance artist the same way you can define AB2 Solomon, but she's as much a songwriter as the great Dave Dragov. All her backing music is on tape; basic electric keyboard stuff. Her



voice is definitely of a theatrical background. From the first song to the last, she is constantly changing from one costume or prop to another. Every gesture perfectly timed; all visual details blending like a kaleidoscope. Without giving too much away, I'll say Viagra's lyrics are the most hilarious shit going on at the Sidewalk, save some Rick Shapiro bits I like. The big hit is a tale of narcissism that



# Report

takes a spiraling nosedive into drug addiction and sinks deeper into self-help dupehood. It's called "Me." See *Viagra Falls* soon before she blows up the West Village. Meanwhile, it's a treat to have such a great performer of this idiom setting up camp in such a surprisingly homogeneously straight scene. Despite a free drink ticket, I walked out on **John Mars**, a screechy keyboardist who was doing a rape fantasy song that failed as journalism, entertainment, or shock value. Not strange, more like strangled. <John Kessel>



## JUST A REMINDER

FORT: Tuesday, April 13<sup>th</sup>, 1999 – **Tony Hightower** started off his show with "Always Something There To Remind Me," one of those presently omnipresent Burt Bacharach numbers. It was great. The only problem was he didn't do that cool keyboard thing at the beginning as a call and response. I guess it's harder to do with a guitar. Maybe next time... <Arnie Rogers>

## WHO KNEW?

FORT: Wednesday, April 14<sup>th</sup>, 1999 – That sound guy **Voya** – you know, the one you can't understand – he played a band show at the Sidewalk on Wednesday night. His band, featuring sound gal **Anne Husick** on bass and guitar, was good. I mean, they were *good*. Sort of a loud-ass blues sound that kept the big ol' crowd moving. Great stuff. Who knew? <Arnie Rogers>

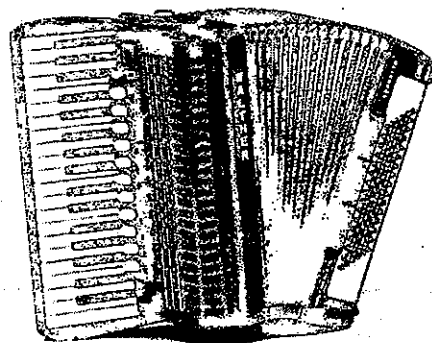
## RURAL MYTH

FORT: Tuesday, April 20<sup>th</sup>, 1999 – **Maria and the Urban Amigos** debuted their show to a tiny crowd at the Sidewalk on Tuesday. Maria, a diminutive country singer with a big old hat and a pretty short memory, couldn't remember who wrote her material, what to promote, or how to get her stuff on-stage. But she remembered the lyrics, and she remembered the emotions. The sometimes sad, sometimes powerful songs she selected (Maria's not a songwriter, far as I can tell) were pretty cool. She sings the material as if it were written for her, and, it seems, from experience. <Jonathan Berger>

## THE SUMMIT

CB'S GALLERY: Saturday, April 24<sup>th</sup>, 1999 – Almost two hours of music were heard between **Pinata-Land** and **Carmaig Deforest**, who played, together, and apart, between eight and ten.

Pinata-Land, that group of freaks who play accordion-led polyglot music that defied categorization and comprehension, backed up Carmaig, an AntiFolk veteran, on some of his



backlog of material. Deforest, who normally plays only a tiny ukelele (presumably, his jumbo uke is in the shop), sounded so much fuller with the back-up. The sensitivity of violin, accordion, tuba and guitar was a delightful change for his sound. And the material was solid.

"Why can't your boyfriend be a jerk?" Carmaig schreeched in "So Happy Together," one of his solo numbers, "Why can't your boyfriend be a jerk? Then I could steal you away from him, and we could be so happy together." My companion leaned in to me and whispered, "That sounds like a Dan Emery line."

"Could be," I nodded back to her, wondering if Emery had heard Deforest over the years, and why, after all, her boyfriend couldn't be a jerk.

I kept wondering the same sort of thing as PinataLand, sans Carmaig, performed their own "Everybody Wants to Take Her Home," about the beautiful prize an entire town seems to strive for. Powerful music from powerful bands. Very evocative. <Jonathan Berger>

## IT GETS NO ROUGHER

DEN OF CIN: Saturday April 23<sup>rd</sup> – The AntiFolk Extravaganza, hosted by **Joe Bendik**, didn't seem to be as well planned as in the past. The acts listed on the schedule were nowhere to be seen, except for Joe and his killer rhythm section, **the Heathens**.

Still, it afforded neat surprises in the evening, like when Joe, setting up equipment for his performance with his band, asked AntiMatters mastermind **Jonathan Berger** to come up and read a few pieces, presumably replacing the scheduled but MIA spoken word guerilla **Pat Harper**.

Reaching into his bag of tricks, Berger started ranting on such varied subjects as women, love, sex, and foodstuffs.

# Report

Doing mostly new stuff, Berger got a request for "That Charlie Brown thing," the only 'poem' he recited from memory.

Always a pleasure to see this daring performer read pieces from his fertile imagination, it was doubly delightful to be surprised with an impromptu show.

Until the Heathens got onstage, and blew him away.

<Jonathan Berger>

## THE ENDO OF AN ERA

**GASLIGHT:** Tuesday April 27<sup>th</sup> was the final performance of **Mitsuro Endo**. The next morning he caught a plane back to Japan. After four months or so of playing NYC open mikes and getting dilly dallied by Catatonic Records, Endo split on us. It is the scene's biggest loss since Dan Monihan moved to Florida.

If you haven't been too self-absorbed, you might have noticed a lonesome figure along the back walls of the clubs, perpetually in a bowl cut, specs and plaid. Usually a late number draw, he would emerge at the microphone as a pure pop dervish with undiminishing energy. Endo's song structures had virtually no weak parts, gaining momentum like a 10-speed running downhill. Of course, the vocals serve purely as musical counterpoint, a guessing game of Janglish or abstract phonetics sung in ten different voices. Occasionally a roar from the crowd would be elicited by a phrase that was recognizable ("Sistah, sistah... HEY!") but for me it wasn't important until I had the urge to talk to him. Endo's English was very limited. I struggled with him for fifteen minutes just to decipher why he wanted to cover a song by the "Elderly" Brothers. I guess it would've helped if he just sung. I could feel the isolation Endo must've endured within his (and **OUR**) bilinguistic limitations. It made me sad.

I think Endo got dicked around by New York and never got his due. When a performer as talented as he seems only to get booked at Orange Bear, well, it chaps my ass.

Endo was very supportive to anyone who had a gig. His attendance was loyal. He held Sphinx-like court in the back room of the Sidewalk, and was always generous to a tobacco-mooch like myself.

Fare thee well, Mitsuro Endo. You're always welcome.



## BANGING THE ALIEN

I've got chartreuse phlegm.  
My head has just imploded  
and my kneecaps shatter  
sporadically and spontaneously.

My therapist thinks it's psychosomatic  
that I'm reaching an important point in our sessions  
where the answers are getting harder to come by,  
as evidenced by my symptoms.  
My body, she says, is reacting to my imminent good  
health.

Like a butterfly, soon I'll be emerging from my  
chrysalis-fate and become  
a better stronger faster me.  
I'll be a man, finally, my father's son.

Me, I think I never should have slept with that  
Martian chick.

*Jonathan Berger*

**Troy Boonsoboro** performed a 30-minute feature the same night. Although no new songs were introduced, Troy debuted a newly-glamified **Kenny Davidsen**. Referring to his accompanist merely as "The Captain," (Yeah, Captain! Picture what George Clinton would design for a skipper in P-Funk!), Mr. Boonsoboro was a shade too tipsy to match keys or chords, which didn't distract me too much.

Troy, who doesn't want for much, auctioned his homemade CD for a whopping final price of 30 cents (or two lines of coke). If you are a fan of groups like Ween or Bonzo Dog Band, the album's street value is closer to a kilo. <Ruddiger James Powell IV>

## THE RETURN

**FORT:** Thursday, April 29<sup>th</sup>, 1999 – His pile of equipment was huge. There was a laptop computer, a couple of amps, a keyboard with foot pedals somehow attached, and more.

All for the one man show that **Tom Nishioka** was putting on as his return to the Fort, after some stupid self-imposed exile. Tom Nishioka is a great player, but, busy as he is running his Brooklyn recording studio, he doesn't play out as often as he should, which is weekly.

It's a shame. It's a damned shame that Tom doesn't perform all the time. He played with rhythmic backing tracks that sometimes intensified the songs the crowd knew from years back, sometimes, admittedly distracted. The purest moments were perhaps when he put the mountain of tools to the side and performed, accompanied only by his electric. That was rivetting.

Tom will return, I hope. Moreover, I hope it won't take years again for him to come back. <Stephanie Biederman>

# Emery's "Ape-Rock" Debacle

**Page  
Six™**

## Europa Espinola

Many people have been wondering why piano champ **Steve Espinola** has been in Europe for the past several months. Espinola is not "over there" on tour, as is the Fort "company line." Rather, he is doing intensive research for his upcoming novel "Frenchy French Jacques vs. Muttonchop Englishman Manny vs. The Angry Robots from Spain vs. "Marvelous" Marvin Hagler." The story is said to be an action/boxing/love story with an international twist, featuring an electric-tennis-racket-playing spy/bounty hunter.

"If you want to write about something, you have to experience it," said Espinola through a spokesperson. "At least that's what Louis L'Amour said"



### Berger—Wigged Out

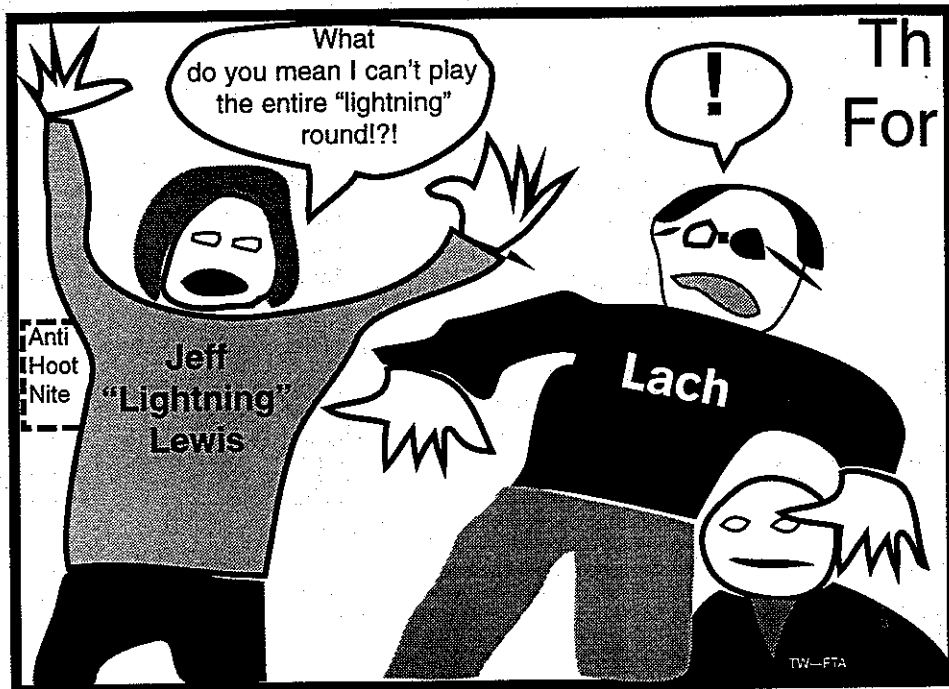
A hot time in the 'ol Fort was had by all when **Jon Berger** celebrated his 57th birthday with an Antifolk bash at the Sidewalk in April. **Adam Brodsky** quickly eyed up fellow guest **Christina Ricci**. Before long, the two were engaged in some full-blown candoodling. Their steamy make-out fest went on till they left together 45 minutes later. Berger's party went from wild to weird when **Mark Humble** yanked Berger's new wig off and enacted a scene from the Star Trek episode "The Trouble With Tribbles."

**Dan Emery's** feud with the rock-throwing apes in the Central Park Zoo keeps getting worse. Despite a court order to stay away from the zoo after trying to attack the apes on Valentine's day, Emery was back at the zoo during last week's "Kids Day,"

dressed in short pants and Keds. But the apes were not fooled and quickly began hurling rocks at their arch-nemesis. Despite his excellent agility—which once won him the award of Mr. Track & Field of Iowa—one of the rocks struck Emery in the eye, which result-

ed in his recent eye surgery.

"Listen, apes, your ape days are numbered," Emery said through a locked door. "I'll call Charlton Heston or that shop owner who caged Magilla Gorilla if I have to!" A call to the apes' publicist was not returned.



### Just asking...

WHICH "Bionic" singer was escorted out of Veruka after brawling throughout the club with a singer whose one-word name rhymes with

"Gruel"? Both used chairs, tables and David Wells as weapons. WHICH "Pifiata" man—and so-called cat nut—was seen playing cards with the canines at the

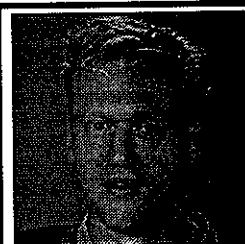
Washington Sq. Dog Run? WHICH green-haired gent KO'd a "Diff'rent Strokes" star when he didn't want to repeat what he was talkin' 'bout?

### Hamell's Snow Cone "Trial"

**Hamell on Trial** recently found out that you can't always get what you want—but you might find something even better if you save your receipt. Last Tuesday, Mr. Trial tried to return his old broken-down Snoopy Snow Cone Machine to the K-Mart at Astor place, saying to the cashier, "Isn't there a warranty on this thing?" In fact there was—and it was still valid. However, since they were fresh out of Snoopy Snow Cone Machines, Hamell had to settle for a "Rex Morgan M.D." Brillo Pad Maker. Mr. Trial says that the Brillo Pad Maker works so well, he will soon be performing in an entire suit made of Brillo Pads. "You better not spill your drinks when I'm playing, I might come over and roll all over your table!" Hamell said through his spokesman.

### Great Scott...

**Casey Scott** is putting the finishing touches on her new Broadway show: "Jumble, That Scrambled Word Game." Said to be a "musical play," Scott is in the lead role, as a globe-trotting adventurer who battles vowels and consonants while solving puzzles. We can't wait!



### Kessel: Dreams fall flat

**John Kessel** was thrown out of his apartment recently when he ran afoul of the law. Seems that Kessel tried to turn his half of his Ave. A loft into an International House of Pancakes. "That damn mayor's office zoned my block as 'steak-houses only,'" Kessel said. "How was I supposed to know that? And where are people going to eat pancakes now?"

# NorthWest Tour

# Lach



3/17: Arrived in Seattle and played with the city's toys. The downtown section has an area called Pike Street Market bordering Elliot Bay on the Puget Sound. It is a sprawling market

place dealing in fresh fish, pastries, magic tricks, clothes, toys, books, sandwich shops, tarot readers, strolling minstrels and coffee bars (every five feet there's a coffee bar in this city). I had me some New England clam chowder and read the New York Times. The cook had a ship's cook vibe to him and I made believe I was grizzled, world-weary and id-the-know. He gave me extra bread. "Supposed to charge you for that but forgot it pal".

I stopped in the Crocodile Café and put up flyers for tomorrow's gig there. The show happens in the back room with a good punk feel – walls and stage covered in torn flyers and band stickers. The old, black porter watches me practicing my Pete Townshend stage jumps with hangdog red eyes.

Outside, I pass the cinema and spy the \$4.50 matinee price and "Wing Commander" has the new Star Wars trailer starting in 4 minutes. I quick draw a pre-movie Camel and go in. (Road trips pump up my cigarette addiction something fierce. I smoke, feel buzzed for three minutes and then feel lousy for about 1/2 hour. I know I need to move to a higher discipline if I'm to survive road trips but for now it's the brown and stained life of cigarettes and coffee.)

Next to the movies is a great video arcade. All the latest including "Virtual On" my fave hard-to-find game and for some reason they have it at half-price. I put in some quality time slaughtering cyber-robots.

Now it's night and there is an open mike at the pub near my brother's apartment which I am using as home base for the tour. A bar crowd of clustered middle-class white youth intent on their conversations involving TV shows they've seen or software they've bought. No strains of revolution, religious epiphanies or daring invention here. I sign-up third, sit at the bar and order pot-stickers and Earl Grey Tea (hot). The stickers arrive underdone, no tea yet. Go outside, smoke. Come back in, no tea still. First singer starts – in his 50's, gray beard, Hawaiian shirt (Mr. Showbiz!). Safe songs winking at naughtiness "Let's Bang in The Bushes". He calls himself The Emergency Folksinger. Oh God! Next up is another one only difference is a gray sweatshirt. Lyric "No-one gives a bleep about it" and he actually said "bleep" instead of "fuck." Like anyone gives a bleep!

Finally my tea arrives and I go onstage. This is the classic talking crowd. I start with "Ain't It The Most" ("The crowd talks through every song") and turn a few heads. I

make eye contact with some pretty girls and young guys who still have an ember of curious individuality and continue into "Kiss Loves You" and "Drinking Beers With Mom" and I'm finished. The folkies tell me, "You got some energy there!" Ha ha! I am back out the door and into the non-filtered night!

3/18: I rip through the local morning papers like Charlie through a Wonka Bar for the golden ticket. The Stranger, The Rocket, The Post – nothing. No CD reviews, no gig previews... and then the blessed Seattle Weekly arrives with a grand preview/review! ("His creations are full of abrupt humor and musical creativity... He's prolific and equally creative, with hundreds of tunes, all of them offhand enough to be comfy, but frank enough to be exciting"-Andrew Bartlett) Yes! I bring it to the copy shop, enlarge it and add it to the tour poster. I then hit the Tower Records in the University District and there's Blang! right next to Kiss on the racks and there it is again at the listening post. Excellent! I put up flyers, hand out stickers and go up to the campus of The University of Washington. Ah, the missed life of my miss-spent youth. I hit the radio station (KCMU-FM) and give out more flyers and stickers. I eat at the campus cafeteria expecting security to read my seditious thoughts and kick me out.

## •CROCODILE•

2200 2ND AVE AT BLANCHARD

First Gig: I am on the bill with tattooed, slicked hair formula rockers. Damn, the rock scene is as old and predictable as the folk scene. No songs that count, all hypnotized gerbils on the wheel. I come on and there's a crowd of about 20 people. Who would actually come out for this rocker circle-jerk? I don't blame them. But I slam with cut after cut from Blang! and the monitor soundman is grinning from ear to ear like a Northwest version of Dan Emery. Crowd is confused but digging it. "Where's the band?" faces of puzzlement turn into "Shit, who needs a band" faces. I finish with my traditional closer "Drinking Beers With Mom," kick out my best jump, rip the strings off the guitar and exit. The sound guy forgot to tape me. Aaaargh! But he and the other employees said they will give the booker great reports. Mission accomplished.

On the way out the monitor guy said, "Strange bill to put you on."



Me: "Why? I like playing on the rock bill, I dig it more than the singer/songwriter crowd."

Him: "But this was a rock night and you are solo."

"But I rocked harder than the bands did."

He looked like a kid discovering a lost treasure.

Him: "That's right you did."

Then the puzzlement again. "But, but...ah...I dunno."

There you go. Antifolk trampling on the preconceived hypnosis of the supposed rebel youth

Onto Bellingham...

# Lach's NorthWest Tour

3/19

I go back to downtown Seattle to rent the car for the road shows. The bored receptionist is surprised that I actually want to go out to the lot to chose the car. I examine various options and settle on the closest thing to a x-wing fighter - a silver Grand Am with CD Player and cruise control. I am off to Bellingham but first, an hour of Seattle traffic while listening to Grosse Pointe Blank: The Soundtrack. The titles "Blister in the Sun" and "Rudy Can't Fail" seem to reflect the present moments. Finally, the traffic thins and I can cruise at 75 mph. I put on the Stiff Little Fingers CD that I traded for a copy of Blang! at Seattle Record store.



About 45 minutes from Bellingham I switch off of I-5 to the locally recommended Chuckanut Road. It turns into a beautiful winding mountain road overlooking the sound with setting sunlight filtering through pines and cool houses. I always dream of owning one of these places with pine needle driveways, old dog, magnificent view, grand piano in front of large bay window, living off of royalty checks. But for now I end up at The Cookie Cafe where I play for nine people.

I arrive at the cafe, meet the waitress and owner, suss out the lack of ads in the window for the show, no local previews in the paper, full overhead fluorescent lighting. Grrrrr, I split and go to KUGS-FM at the local university and drop in on the DJs who are in the middle of a sports talk show. I convince them to play some cuts off of Blang! and they spin "Kiss Loves You" and "Drinking Beers With Mom". As I drive back to the cafe, "Ungrateful" comes on and I pull over and listen to my song on the radio as the moon rises with the Dog Star over this sleepy town. A few people actually show up at the gig after hearing me on the radio and they buy CDs and t-shirts. I play a full 90 minutes. After the show I take the 2-hour drive on cruise control flipping radio stations. I come onto that Jackson Browne song about being on the road gigging and thanking the audience and roadies and figuring "Hey, this is cool, I never liked this guy but now I'll be able to relate" No such luck. It still sounds like maudlin pabulum. Man, it'd be heaven to

suddenly hear Jeff Lightning Lewis or the humans come blasting over the air.

3/29: At this point I am on the plane back to O'Hare then onto NYC. I'll arrive at 8PM and zoom over to the Antihoot. (Props to Anne for filling in at The Fort and making this tour possible). I don't have a brain left in this airplane atmosphere so I'll just randomly recollect some tour moments...

Bellingham: A week after dropping by KUGS in Bellingham Andras Jones and I are passing through on our way to Vancouver. We stop at roadside phone and Andras calls in to request "Kiss Loves You". As we get to the Canadian border the DJ comes on and says he's been getting a lot of calls for Lach but can't find the CD but he'll keep looking for it. Instead, just as we cross the border he puts on Kiss' "Rock and Roll All Night". We howl into Canada!

Olympia: Hey, there's my name on the movie marquee! The Antifolk Summit is in the old movie theater. There are about 8-9 tables set up (K Records, Folk Alliance, and Indie stuff). I keep answering the "What is Antifolk?" and "Is Lach your real name?" questions. One guy hosts a cable TV dance program ala Soul Train and I dance to "I Love Them".

The gig also occurs in the movie theater. The stage is where the movie screen is and we face away from the main seating back toward the stage. Only about 30 people show up. There were 150 people the night before for Chris Chandler. He's been through town a number of times and has built a crowd. That's the way to do it and that's what I am learning and working on. There are some cool opening acts including Andras Jones and Super Duo. My set goes well despite broken strings and dead batteries and we burn a CD of it the next day.



Olympia-Night #2: The town comes out to the theater for the Oscar night party. The Oscars are projected on the big screen with raffles and contests during the commercials. Andras and I hand

out flyers for our Oscar Bites after party at The Tequila Bar.

The Tequila Bar gig is fun with Andras and myself swapping songs. At one point everyone but two guys at the bar are digging my set. I introduce the talkers as Roberto Beginini and Matt Damon whom they resemble. The audience laughs but no effect on Roberto and Matt. I ask the crowd how long do they think it will take Rob and Matt to realize I am talking about them. I then dub over the mike their conversation as I interpret it:

R: Matt, C'mon, you are so gay.

M: Am not!

R: Are too!

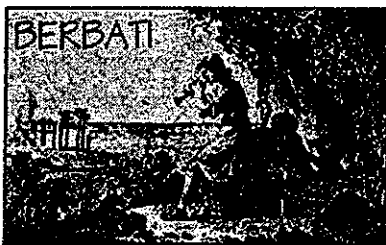


M: If I'm gay what was I doing with your mother last night?  
The audience loved it but the drunk guys never realized it! Ha, performer's revenge!

## Lach's Northwest Tour

Portland: Stop in at KPSU-FM and meet the programming director - a girl named Rach. Rach and Lach! What a trip! She digs **Blang!** and plays the entire CD (except "Teenage Alcoholic" because of the word shit). I do an interview and then head to the gig at Berbat's Pan.

Typical rock club gig. I jumped to the floor 1/2 way through the set and did "The Day I Went Insane" as a spoken word piece. Freaked out the yuppie office girls ("This isn't like Neil Young"). Antifolkie Charlie Starkweather (aka: Scott Fralick) was at the show.



After the show the manager gives me \$50 and says "Not bad for 40 minutes work." I reply, "Actually I expect more. The deal was for 60% of the take". He says the band after me had 5 guys so he gave them \$175. I said, "I don't give a shit about the lame band who played after me. I want my money!"

He talked to his partner who agreed with me and then he gave me an extra \$18. Since 18 is my lucky number I let it go after that. Jeez, you got to watch these guys



when you are on the road.

Vancouver: Everyone is right. Vancouver is a beautiful city. Nestled in mountains with cherry blossoms in bloom it's like a town out of a Tolkien novel.

My gig at The South Hill Candy Store is best of the tour. The owners have created a very musician friendly bar with excellent sound and welcoming attitude. I played to a full and fun house.

After the set these two office-type chicks come in. When they find out I'm from NY they ask if I know a club on Avenue A where they have something called The Antihoot. "Uh, yeah" I say, "I run it." They tell me what a great time they had there but that they couldn't believe the comedian they saw on Wednesday night who freaked them out. Ha! Rick Shapiro strikes again!

I can't wait to get back home.

After waiting for a few months - seeing nothing, I decided to make Berger's life a little easier by reviewing my recent CD release myself:

First of all, this isn't the

definitive Joe BENDIK CD. It only has 8 songs, and those songs were heavily debated with the powers that be (it is not a self-release - I'm far too broke for that). Knowing that, then you're not going to get some of the songs you may expect. I don't mean this as any sort of apology either; it's just that if that's your criticism, then that's the reason.

Still:

Track one: "Stick It In Your Mouth": I always felt that this was a weird opener for me. I wanted a song called "Nothing Bothers Me Anymore" (Now available at

## A Critic's Worst Nightmare

(the artists reviewing themselves)

by the artist sometimes known as Joe BENDIK

MP3.com as a free download/single) to open it up (and be the title track), but the powers that be rejected that song, and thought "Stick It"

was really radio friendly so, once again - money talks. That being said, I do like the song and the recording. It's really cool because, due to digital technology, the very first idea is still in the song. Yeah, I woke up one Saturday, a little groggy, walked over to the old Emax (MIDI'd to the equally old Proteus) and started to play the organ/bass riff and just recorded that into the sequencer. That became the foundation for the track and is still in the mix. No, I'm not going to get into any specifics of the lyrics - I hate it when people do that. If you can't tell that I'm going through some shit in this song, then you just are not listening. The track did present a problem for me as an opener: I had to build this

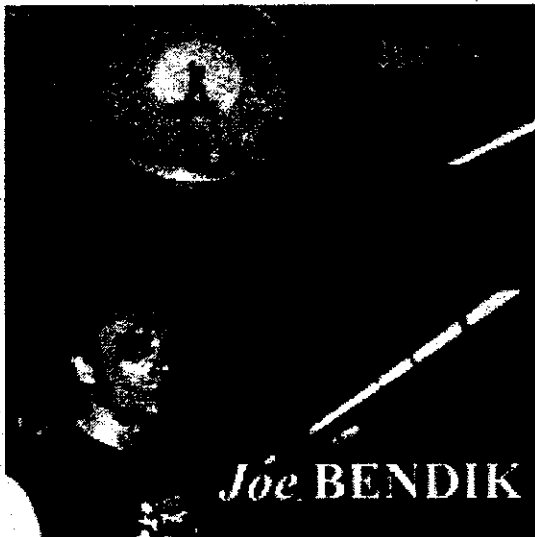
# A Critic's Worst Nightmare

## (Joe Bendik Reviews his album)

'album' from a slow track. Now, anyone who has seen me perform over the years knows that I like that Rock N Roll music, so I was initially bummed to have the first track on my first CD be a near-ballad, but I got over it and quite like it now. Besides, it has a nice B.B. King flavor to it and it's freakin' Radio Friendly. What more could you want?

Track Two is "Everybody's Watching". It rocks with that distorted drum groove thing & looped bass. I'm picking up the tempo here & going with some **noise**. I always thought of this as a Lennon song - you know: minimalistic, aggressive & heavier than it appears to be on the surface. I wrote it while watching everyone play the Fort on a Monday.

We go on to an oldie (vintage '93) which I re-recorded for the project: "Your Psychosis, My Neurosis". Now, I'm glad to put this one out finally. It was originally recorded live (solo) for Lach's Anti-hoot CD but reportedly had sound problems & didn't make the album. The funny thing about that was when I had actually tried to acquire the recording, it was like, lost or something. (Tom Nishioka, wherever you are, I'm still interested in that recording, flaws and all, I'd like to put it out MP3 style. Call me, let's talk.) So, it's good to have this thing come out now and The Heathens do a great live



version. Plenty of cool production loopings & crazy-ass guitar too.

"New Baggage" is next. Another re-recorded vintage '93 semi-early, Anti-Hoot, local-pseudo-hit. I don't really play this one live much anymore. Including it was my big concession to getting this damned thing released in the first

place, however, I am pretty happy with it despite its reason for existence. It has kind of a "Diamond Dogs" cowbell groove to compliment the 'reluctant to start a relationship' theme. There's a nice little sampled echo/dub thing in the middle too. Damn near glam.

"Have Sex" is next. Should've been the opener (my second choice; also vetoed), but works nicely there to pick up the pace. Yeah, we're talking Muddy, Bo, and Buddy (Holly). Written while strolling through the East Village in the Springtime; watching all of the beautiful, sexy East Village Devil Chicks. How I would love to say that to one of them in real life.

See Joe BENDIK  
& The Heathens:  
Saturday, May 22nd 11:00  
Sidewalk

"Inconsiderate" follows. A nice hip-hop-ish rendition for a tune dedicated to these punk ass kids on my block. A little bit of "Monkey Man" is thrown in at the end for good measure. A little "Tone funky cold medina' Loc" too (buried way in the groove).

Following this pop is some of the real deal: "(You Bring the Asshole) Out of Me". This is my favorite song on the CD. Yeah, folks, there's real accordion in there too (my first instrument). The song is so self-explanatory. What you hear is what I feel.

The last tune, to completely reverse all logical sequencing, is the R&Bish "Shut My Door". Now, I wrote this one after repeatedly getting no returns on my phone messages to a certain female. I wouldn't have called so much if she didn't lead me to believe that I should. Of course, I just Shut My Door on that woman. She is obviously way too good for me.

Oh yeah, this thing is completely a solo project. I did all of the instruments, vocals, production, engineering, etc. at my home studio/studio home (if you must know).

So there it is. Jon Berger, rest easy, review some of that weird, sensitive, eclectic stuff you like so much. That's cool, I'm not downin' you or anything - you gotta do what you gotta do. As far as my CD goes, yes, I have to recommend it. Yeah, I'll do better, I have a bunch of stuff recorded that I'm excited about releasing in the near, but for now, this is the shit. I actually like this thing.

Buy it at my site: <http://members.aol.com/joebendik>

Email:

[Bendikjoe@aol.com](mailto:Bendikjoe@aol.com)

# JEFF'S RELATIVELY MEANINGLESS,

"What the hell am I doing here?", TRIP TO

# KEY WEST

STARRING



**P**ort Authority bus terminal, 11:45 pm (on the bus)



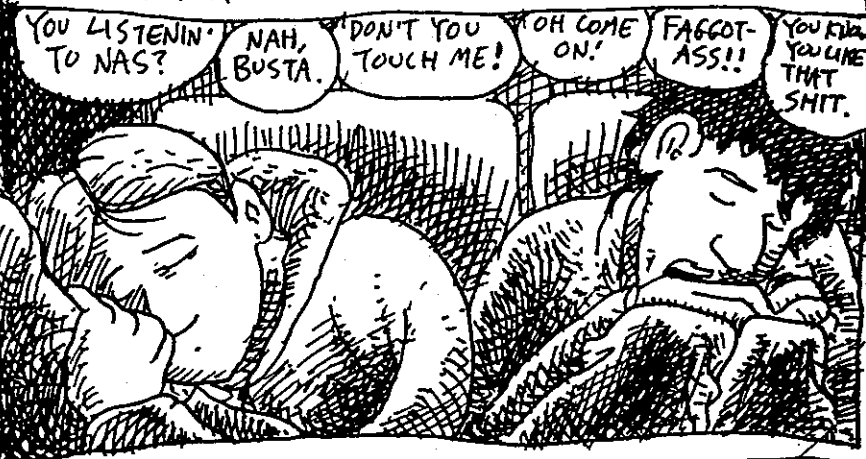
**A**nd that was barely a hint of the lunacy that ensued non-stop for the whole 36-odd hour trip... There was the limping, overweight half-psychotic Oriental man who couldn't control his laughing + grunting + strange hand-gestures until he took a pill, which seemed to stabilize his twitches for a few hours until they came back...



The only other white guy on the bus came + sat next to me, which I found a little embarrassing. Then an older guy, I assume his father, got on. I think they were speaking German.



These two black guys in the back seat started gettin' silly... I don't remember when it started; I guess I had sorta dozed off when I first noticed. They sounded about 15.



It went on... I'M A TELL YOUR MOM, VERN. WHY YOU NEVER PRONOUNCE MY NAME WITH THE PROPER EMPHASIS?



And on and on and on... Seriously, it was at least an hour if not two or three. I checked my watch and it was getting toward three am. They refused to stop! People trying to sleep would occasionally "shush" them, but they just got louder + louder and more outrageous...



Eventually the bus driver made a feeble stand, mumbling a couple words over the intercom. He did that twice, after the first time had no effect.



That was said with a certain sarcasm... but really seemed to quiet them was the threat of being left behind at our first 30-minute rest and snack stop.

When when we got back on the bus "Vernon" started making ridiculous passes at the big older woman who had been in the seating argument! (Notice how this story is nowhere near K...)

Oh yeah, and the guys were actually, like, in their 30s!



He couldn't help smiling at his insane banter and her pissed-off comebacks.

SAY, YOU KNOW I AM ALL THAT AND SO MUCH MORE. REALLY THO? JUST WRITE DOWN YOUR ADDRESS. I'LL SEND YOU MONEY! LISTEN, GOD CREATED THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH...



AND YOU GONNA BE PART OF THE EARTH REAL SOON!!

He began messing with the older German(?) guy, who didn't seem to speak English but was obviously very uncomfortable with it all...

HEY, BILL GATES!!

NOW I KNOW YOU A C.I.A. AGENT, RIGHT?

SEE, I MAY BE BLACK, BUT I GOT MONEY!

I KNOW YOU GOT STOCKS AND BONDS. BUT I GOT MONEY! LET ME SHOW YOU! LET ME INVEST IN YOU! COME ON!!



He kept taking out his wallet; the old guy was pathetically attempting to ignore him. Finally Vern's cousin got back on the bus and quieted him down a little before hustling him off to the back.

The night passed, and so did the next day, with many stops dropping people off and picking people up. Thankfully, the bus got a lot less crowded + I had two seats to myself to sleep in. The guy sitting directly behind me was a big, chubby white guy with a mustache, who started talking to the hispanic men now in the back seats...

MAN, I DIDN'T EVEN TAKE NO CLOTHES. I GOTTA WHOLE BAG FULLA BOOZE. CAN'T WAIT TA HIT MIAMI. I'M GONNA PARTY, MAN.



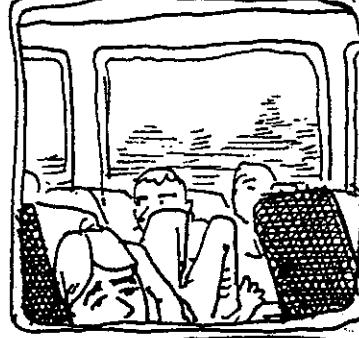
NO JOKE, I'M PARTYING HARD. I'M IN THIS BAND, 'MUSHROOM WHITE'. MAN, THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW I'M GONE. HA HA, THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW I'M GONE.

YEAH?

YEAH. WE'RE PLAYIN' THE OZ-FEST UP IN MASSACHUSETTES NEXT WEEK. GOOD GIG, MAN. GOOD MONEY. LOTTA MONEY.

WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING?

THE OZFEST, MAN. OZZY OSBORNE, BLACK SABBATH. I'M IN MUSHROOM WHITE.



I'M THE DRUMMER. THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW I'M GONE!

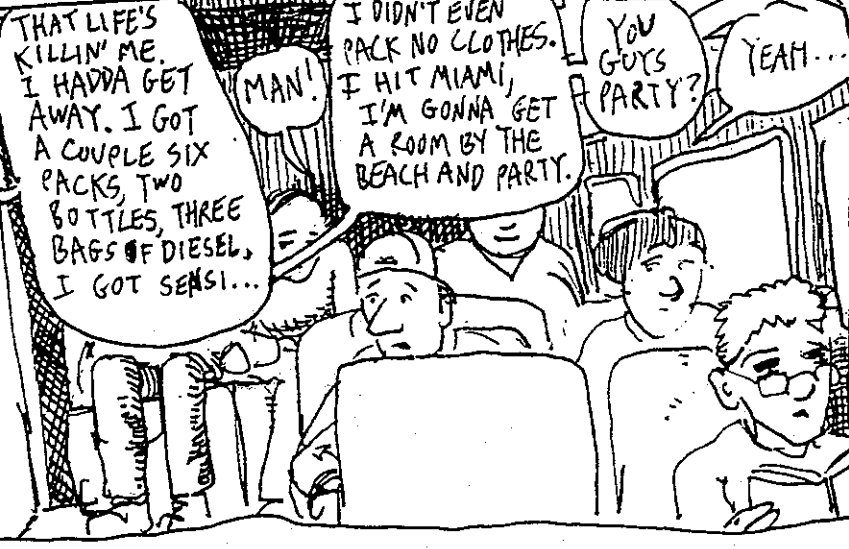
THAT LIFE'S KILLIN' ME. I HADDA GET AWAY. I GOT A COUPLE SIX PACKS, TWO BOTTLES, THREE BAGS OF DIESEL, I GOT SENS!

MAN!

I DIDN'T EVEN PACK NO CLOTHES. I HIT MIAMI, I'M GONNA GET A ROOM BY THE BEACH AND PARTY.

YOU GUYS PARTY?

YEAH...



(H)e sorta coerced the guys to sneak a couple cans of beer with him, as he talked and talked about all the drugs he was doing and all the money he was making, and how he needed a break from all that before it killed him...

THEY DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM, MAN. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE REHEARSING ALL WEEK, BUT I SAID FUCK THAT. I DIDN'T EVEN PACK NO CLOTHES, NO SHIRTS, SOCKS, NOTHING! JUST BOOZE! HA HA HA!!

I HADDA GET AWAY.




MY ARMS HURT SO MUCH I CAN BARELY DRUM...

... (B)ut conversely his other main topic was all the drugs and alcohol he had brought with him to do in Miami! He had a real friendly laugh.

YEAH, NOW THE ONLY RIG I HAD ON ME IS BUSTED.

RIG? WHADDAYA THINK I BEEN DOING IN THE BATHROOM HERE EVERYTIME WE STOP? I GOT A REAL NICE BUZZ ON ME NOW. I GOT A BAG OF SENSI IN MY LEFT SOCK. IN MY OTHER SOCK I GOT MORE DRUGS THAN ANYBODY IN THIS WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD! HA HA HAAA!!



THOSE TWO CLOWNS WHO WERE BACK HERE BEFORE WERE PRETTY FUNNY, HUM? "HOMO!" HA HA HA

THEY WENT A LITTLE TOO FAR WITH THE CURSING, THOUGH. THERE'S KIDS ON THIS BUS.

(H)e told a story about getting out of a white limosene in a bad neighborhood, and wearing a lot of gold, + his limo driver was packing heat. He kept laughing about how small and out of the way all the Greyhound stops were + how long they took.

HA HA, CHECK THIS ONE OUT! THEY JUST KEEP GETTIN' BIGGER! HEY DRIVER, I HOPE THE NEXT ONE'S SMALLER, THIS ONE'S TOO BIG FOR ME! HA!!


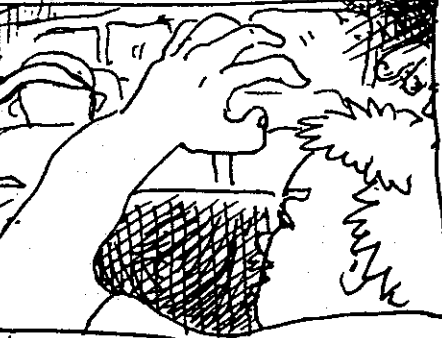



When they started making fun of the oriental man, who was having another wierd fit... by this time no one was sitting next to him or in front of him.

AAH! BUGS! BUGS!! GET 'EM OFF ME!!

HA HA HA... OH NO... HA HA...

MAN, DID YOU SEE WHEN HE KEPT SLAPIN' THE GUY SITTIN' IN FRONT OF HIM? HA!

(B) Don't know if the man heard or understood them. I hope he didnt; it was pretty messed up.

(A) YOUNG WOMAN GOT ON IN THE CAROLINAS. I THOUGHT I OVERHEARD THAT SHE WAS GOING TO KEYWEST. IT TURNED OUT SHE WASN'T, BUT FOR A WHILE I WAS TRYING TO COME UP WITH SOME WAY OF STARTING A CONVERSATION. I FIGURED IT'D HAPPEN WHEN WE GOT OFF TOGETHER IN THE KEYS.



(B) did actually speak one sentence to her when a guard told us we weren't allowed to sit outside one of the bus stations:

DOES THAT JUST MEAN WE'RE SUPPOSED TO STAND?



reflected for a while how good a job I'd done in law the founder our relat. got off the sacksville



## Beck — *Mutations*

Velvet Lane: I have several ways to talk about *Mutations*.

Gustav Plympton: Oh, please, won't you choose one.

VL: First, let me explain why this album reminds me of Spring, and not Winter, as it should.

GP: Oh, god...

VL: Well, every year, since the birth of Christ, I've asked my mom for one thing for Christmas: Records! And every year, I produce a list of the albums I really want,

GP: And every year, she picks the lamest, most popular albums on the list.

VL: Hey, that's my mamma!

GP: Yeah...?

VL: So this year, on the bottom of my list, in nine point type, all lower case letters, I write down, Beck -- *Mutations*.

GP: The hit of the season? Did you want it at all?

VL: Well, I was curious, but non seventeen bucks curious. So she got me the album. Since it was all wrapped and stuff,

I figured, 'well, I'll just try to give it somebody else.'

GP: Any luck? No, you wouldn't be telling it if that were the case...

VL: Exactly. Everybody had it already. So it sat there in its shrink wrap for three months. Finally, one day, I put it on... and

realized that not only is it the best work of his career, but one of the most engaging, deeply felt albums that I've heard in a long while. I have never admired Beck's writing --

GP: He doesn't actually write in English, does he?

VL: No, nor are his songs particularly well-crafted musically.

GP: High praise!

VL: In fact, I've always felt that Beck has been, well, duping

the public. But he redeems himself here.

GP: You think?

VL: I know.

GP: You know, fascinating as your opinions may be, I haven't been able to hear one note over your yammering. Shut up, just for a second?

VL: Fuck you, bitch...

# He Said She Said

## Julia Douglass *Fetish for the Underdog*

VL: Oh!

GP: What?

VL: The lyrics to 'I Can't Mother You.'

Brilliant. Like Cole Porter portin' coal...

GP: That's good, right?

VL: It's like he's feeding the engine of great pop music!

GP: Are you well, Velvet?

VL: Very well, Gustav. Julia Douglass takes the somewhat cliched singer-songwriter genre -- that swirly, circular, major seventh-drenched swoopy vocals thang

GP: -- and turns it on its candy assed ear?

VL: Well no. Cuz that's not true. But the lyrics are certainly two cuts above just about any other --

GP: Chick?

VL: No. The usual earnest, literal bullshit that litters the airwaves today.

Julia's a poet.

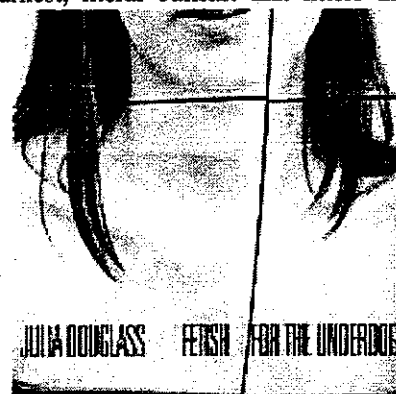
GP: It's possible this album is on the airwaves.

VL: Well, that wouldn't surprise me. Sounds like Stylus is trying to groom Julia to be the next Natalie Imbruglia. The

album-opening song is by far the blandest

GP: I don't even know the song. Has she ever done it live?

VL: No, I think it was grown in petrie dish. Along with The Dave Matthews Band production style.



**Reviewing Records  
Through  
Intellectual Discussion  
by Velvet Lane  
&  
Gustav Plympton**



# To MP3 or not to MP3 - is that even a question?

**Joe BENDIK on taking the internet  
into your own hands.**

You know, I've been a Public Enemy fan for over 10 years now. Damn! I SAW them 10 years ago. Anyway, when I first found their website, I couldn't believe how cool "Terrordome" was. I couldn't believe that I could get these great, UNRELEASED tracks in CD quality for free. That is until their label pulled them off the site. Of course, the rest is almost history, as Chuck D severed his ties with Def Jam & signed with an Internet label. The big source of the controversy: the MP3 files. Hmmm.

So, I start to ask a few questions here at BMI (my 9 to 5 hell) and EVERY SUIT HATES IT.

So it MUST BE GOOD.

Now, the third strike came in the form of an E-mail from my old friend (and former band mate) Mr. Scarecrow. He had gotten on MP3.com with 2 of his songs. There was a little bio, a place for pictures/graphics, lyrics, song notes, Real Audio Preview (& Radio) all for FREE.



At that point I got off of my cyber-ass and started to download shit like mad. I got a CD-ripper, an MP3 encoder and a player all for free. Since I have a Mac, and the whole damned world is biased towards PCs, I had my work cut out for me. It was pretty frustrating at first, but when I found that right combination of ripper/encoder, I felt a real sense of power. Power over my music. Power over the fuck-heads who just won't consider putting it out, who have done nothing but been an obstacle for me. FUCK THEM. This is exactly why the music industry is so pissed (and scared). Their public mantra of 'no one will get paid, we'll be pirated etc.' is a crock of shit. What they really fear is people like me and you putting out our own stuff for millions of people to have access to. Since they take such a huge, vulgar cut anyway, should they be surprised that artists are willing to 'give' away a few tunes? You know, I have a hunch that if someone likes an MP3 file of mine, they just may link over to CDbaby and buy my CD anyway. Besides, I'm including non-CD tracks too.

Let's backtrack a second. MP3 is a relatively new format which takes Meg Hungry Audio Files (a 3 minute song is about 30 Megabytes of memory) and magically, reduces the size to about 1/10th of it's size (3 Megs vs. 30

Megs is obviously a big difference) without losing any quality. It does this by using a new form of digital compression & layering technology. Quite amazing; it takes about 7 minutes to download one of my files (assuming you're using a 56K modem). Plus the (free) players take up less memory than the songs themselves. Most players include graphic equalizer too.

So, I contacted MP3.com, filled out some information, uploaded pictures & songs and within 1 week's time, I was 'live'. My songs started to chart too.

Now this was a really new experience, to see something I wrote in the top 40 of anything. Using my password (that they give you), you could see how many downloads, previews (real audio/radio) & hits you got for the previous day.

The free website is pretty unbelievable. I can update as much as I want, and within a few hours, it's on the site. I can put as many songs on there as I want too and it links directly to my CDBaby website (which sells my CDs). All for free.

Now, I've since put my music on other sites as well: AMP3.com, Musicmatch.com, Ampcast.com as well as some MP3 critics. It's also a cool way for industry freaks to hear your music too. It kind of makes them feel like you don't really need them, so naturally, they're going to be more curious. Still, fuck them. The way artists have been treated is no different than the "Company Store" mentality in which you never get out of debt (unless you're one of the handful of exceptions). Chances are these greedy fucks are going to have to change their business practices or else go down. I personally hope

CD Baby!



**Continued on second following page...**

GP: I got a friend who loves the Dave Matthews production style.

VL: Anyway, Julia Douglass is a brilliant songwriter whose music deserves to be heard –

GP: Certainly.

VL: But tarting it up in this candy ass Lifetime channelesque gloss is a disservice, I think, to the subtlety and wit of Julia's work.

GP: Yes! Like, in 'Jenny Is a Sponge,' where she sings about how the only thing that scares her 'is disenfranchised youth.'

# She Said Biss eH

## ...Man and Woman Arguing About Music...

I always figured that was a joke. But you can't get that sense from the fucking earnest delivery she sings it with on this album. Of course, 'Thank You' still rocks.

VL: The lyrics to 'Thank You' make me cry.

GP: I don't see you crying.

VL: Shut up, bitch...

**Shameless –**

*International Sweetheart*

VL: Anne's voice is so throaty and beautiful.

GP: Yeah, and even with all the instruments bustling around, it's still up front and center.

VL: Her melodies are pretty strong, too--and the arrangements are good old-fashioned rawk showstoppers. Like....Heart!

GP: Heart? Like... the Wilson sisters?

VL: Yes.

GP: Is that a good thing? 'Dreams?'

VL: More like Dreamboat Annie... Husick!

GP: Oh, dear god...

VL: Shut up, bitch...

GP: That is unfair! I mean, sure, she rocks like the seventies, but... Heart? There's got to be better comparison points.

VL: C'mon, wavy brown hair, operatic range, pop hooks that go on for ten minutes...

GP: There's an emotional range to her bombastic tendencies, though, I think, that work better than Heart does. Certainly, cuts like 'Grey Symphony,' are more effective, than, say, 'Magic Man.'

See, her hooks are her big strength.

VL: Doesn't that sort of make her like Heart?

GP: This Heart reference... it's a good thing, right?

VL: I guess...

GP: Well, all right, then.



## To MP3 or Not to MP3?

By Joe BENDIK

...Continued...

they don't change a damned thing, and helplessly watch people they've ignored make money - without them.

### ATTENTION ALL MP3 ARTISTS

I can't recommend doing the MP3 enough. If anyone has suspicion, either they're uniformed or they're the enemy. Really, it's that cut and dry. I never thought I'd see the day where I'd give someone like Alanis 'jitter-freak' Morissette or Tori "creepy-ass freak" Amos any credit, but MP3 is sponsoring their joint tour AGAINST their label's wishes. Word to Madonna lovers (AKA pre-pubescent minded girls or drag queens): her label (she owns Maverick) PULLED Alanis's MP3 tracks. Remember what I said about the enemy?

Check it out, freely download, get the info, buy the CD, check it out again (cause it's always being updated). Here's the (easy to remember) URL:

<http://www.MP3.com/joebendik>

Feel free to go to the other sites mentioned here & just search for Joe BENDIK & The Heathens too. The more we use this stuff, the more legit it becomes. I got an E-mail today from Germany. This guy downloaded a song from ampcast.com and wanted information about where to buy a CD. The answer was as easy as a 'reply message'. Now there's no way in hell this guy would've ever heard of me without MP3. He'll tell his friends too. Do it. When you do, let me know, and we can do a mutual link (one is there for Mr. Scarecrow right now).



# Getting There Was Half The Fun...

**MARK HUMBLE** continues to tell tales out of school.

By late 1989, Chameleon had become my home away from home. I was mixing sound at open mike on Thursday nights, hosting Friday nights, and playing the 9:00 slot before Lach on Saturday nights. When I wasn't there, I was writing songs and recording. Around this time I decided I wanted to play with as many people as possible. I was excited by all the talent that was passing through, and it wasn't enough to just mix sound or record. I stopped mixing sound/playing/emceeing at Chameleon, sold a lot of stuff and worked a lot of overtime word processing, and bought a used standup bass.



Bass was the first instrument I played in a band when I was in junior high. I read somewhere that if you wanted to be in a band, learn bass, because bass players seem to be in short supply compared to guitarists or drummers or singers. This has definitely been the case. And as much demand as there is for an electric bass player, there's

more for an acoustic bass player, because the damn thing looks so cool, and it sounds pretty great too.

I also started playing in a duo with my friend Paul Perry. We cryptically settled on calling our act Perry Humble. We tried writing songs together, worked up new arrangements of songs we had written alone, learned some cover tunes - it was a lot of fun. Looking back I can see the influence the Anti Folk scene had on our approach. I liked the freewheeling style of the open mikes; we started to bring guests up for just about every show, and back them up on their songs, maybe do a song together. We were opposed to writing a set list, instead just bringing a master list of songs, and deciding what to play and when based on the feeling we got that night. Another carryover was the need to do a brand new song for EVERY show, in the same way I felt a drive to bring a new song to open mike every week. It wasn't anything we announced, but it kept things interesting for us and for the people who came, and we got a lot of nice feedback.

Around Spring of '90 the Eagle Tavern on West 14th Street became an Anti Folk-friendly outpost. It was an Irish bar with a back room that seemed



to be decorated by someone who longed to return to the Venice of his youth. The guy who booked the acts was "Andre," a comedian so nicknamed because he looked like Andre the Giant. The resemblance was close enough. But he was a gentle giant with a soft spot for the music acts (he also booked comedians and magicians). He bought bags of Cheetos or pretzels on his own and put out bowls of snacks on the tables to add to the ambience of the room. The sad thing is, the snacks added a lot to the ambience. He was supportive when it came to us staging ambitious shows there, like a special Halloween musical revue based on Disney's Chilling Thrilling Sounds of the Haunted House. Paul and I had to do some drilling in the ceiling, not much, but Andre smoothed things out with management.

Another place that opened up in 1990 was the Space at Chase (now known as Bar None), booked by Kirk Kelly. I think Kirk and Lach were having some kind of rivalry then, at least that was the talk. I never asked either guy, but I figured things weren't so bad, because one night Lach showed up and played pinball by the bar, and then a couple weeks later he played at Kirk's open mike, which was called "Kirk's World." Then Kirk put together the "Kirk's World Orchestra." He asked me if I'd play bass and I said you bet! The Space at Chase had gotten some good press and had been pretty full most nights, and Kirk was expecting a good turnout for the orchestra debut. I know he was figuring on a big crowd because of the conversation I heard him having with his pal Rockets Redglare. Kirk had invited Rockets to open the show with some funny stories. Now Kirk was assuring him that there would be a big group of people coming, they were just late. Rockets' mood was darkening as the time passed. Kirk decided to go ahead and start the show, and Rockets took the stage and spent 15 minutes ranking on Kirk, who managed to take in stride. Why not? It wasn't like anyone heard it! Then we got up and played our set. By the way, I should also mention that the Kirk's World Orchestra consisted of me and Kirk. Eventually it would nearly triple in size.



Meanwhile, Lach was getting ready to release his debut record "Contender." He played a rollicking show at Pyramid club during the summer of '90, backed by his

# Getting There Was Half The Fun...

producer Tom Goodkind (of the Washington Squares). The excitement that began a year ago was still rolling along. Paleface was recording his Elektra records debut around this time, too. A couple of filmmakers



from Europe arrived in NYC to make a documentary about Anti Folk and most performances were shot at Chameleon. There was a big party at one of the open mikes for Lach to thank him for putting in so much time and also to wish him good luck on his tour. The Smokestack Brothers began tending bar around this time. They were in a band called Woodpecker, and together with John Saleeby, took care of the week in and week out work at Anti Folk's ground zero for about a year or so.

I think Lach ended up moving to San Francisco for a while some time after that. Chameleon ran out of steam, but a lot of people kept playing Anti Folk at clubs in New York, and points beyond. There are more tales to tell about different performers and shows and clubs and such: The John Outlaw Project, Downtown Beirut, Enamel the Camel, Dave Quartershine, The Tompkins Square Riots, psychotic skinhead gangs on 9th Street between 1st and A, crazy shit that still goes on today with different names and faces. There was a period before the Sidewalk and after Chameleon when Lach was hosting open mikes at a blues club on St. Mark's Place. He got the Sidewalk going in early '94, and the rest is history.



**by Mark Humble**

## UNCLE IRVING

My Uncle Irving has offered me a job at his butcher shop.

Mother says it's a good opportunity, that if I work long and hard strong hours for many months, it could someday be all mine.

Mother says 'it's better to be a big fish in a little pond than a little fish in a big pond. I always thought it better to be a giant space ship over the pond.

That's why I'm taking Uncle Sid's offer to be a rock star.

I always liked Dad's side of the family best.

## JONATHAN BERGER

The Devil You Know!

## JONATHAN BERGER

Performing at the Sidewalk Café!

## JONATHAN BERGER

Reading from his infinite collection of Short Attention Span Performance Art Pieces.

## JONATHAN BERGER

You already love him!

## JONATHAN BERGER

## JONATHAN BERGER

## JONATHAN BERGER

TUESDAY, MAY 18<sup>th</sup>

Fort at the Sidewalk Café.

Eight PM sharp, as part of Spoken Word Night.

Bring ears, and a desire to spend money...

And no tomatoes...

**JONATHAN BERGER!**

# FOR AROTT

*The Fort is at the Sidewalk Café, situated conveniently on the corner of Sixth Street and Avenue A. Come in any evening and experience delightful music, beautiful and polite waitstaff, and some of the finest, most affordable food in the East Village! Arrive before eight PM on any day and receive two for drinks, a bargain unimaginable at other, unmentionable clubs. Stop by! You won't regret it...*

Mon.May 10-The Antihoot w/Lach. Sign-up at 7:30

Tues. May 11-8-Mooney, 8:30-Jeff Nimah, 9-Citizen One, 10-Andrew McCann, 10:30-Briana Winter, 11-Eric Neher

Wed. May 12-8-Sharon Fogerty, 9-Zipthunk, 10-Rick Shapiro

Thurs. May 13-8-Maria Montiehl, 8:30-Rick Quinones, 9-Lach, 10-Lunchin', 11-The Dan Neustadt Group, 12-The Bones

Fri.May 14-8-Rachel Sage, 9-Ruth Gerson, 10-Vida Loca, 11-Curtis Eller's American Circus, 12-Larry Goggin

Sat. May 15- 8-Copper Dalton, 9-Grey Revell's Record Release Party, 10-Dufus, 11-Whip, 12-Slide

Sun. May 16-7:30-Brian Piltin, 8-AJ, 8:30-Drew Rakowski, 9-Ebon's Jam, 10-Joey John, 11-Tanisha

Mon.May 17-The Antihoot w/Lach. Sign-up at 7:30

Tues.May 18-MOSTLY SPOKEN WORD-7:30-Sheena, 8-Jonathan Berger, 8:30-Glenn Pettit, 9-Pat Harper, 9:30-Dave the Poet, 10-Kevin Drain (the Bitter Poet), 10:30-Project Blue, 11-Peter Dizozza

Wed.May 19-8-Liz Skillman, 9-Shameless, 10-Rick Shapiro

Thurs.May 20-8-Bibi Farber, 8:30-Jim Kemp, 9-Nancy O, 10-Unheard Sounds, 11-Mushroom Spiderhound

Fri. May 21-8-Amiel, 9-Ruth Gerson, 10-Lucas Shine, 11-Magges, 12-SCSI Buss (Formerly Thomas Covenant)

Sat.May 22- 8-David Dragov, 9-The Humans, 10-Joe Bendik and the Heathens, 11-Smelt, 12-Joie/DBG

Sun.May 23-7:30-Spencer, 8-Amy Carr, 8:30-Barry Fresca, 9-General Hospital (Gary Heidt), 10-Song Cycle w/ Carraig DeForest, Dan Emery and Jeff Lightning Lewis, 11-Andrew John

Mon.May 24- The Antihoot w/Lach. Sign-up at 7:30

Tues. May 25- 7:30-Brian Steen, 8-Harry Nagle, 8:30-Anandi, 9-The Voices, 9:30-Chris Decker, 10-Sabina, 11-Jack Grace

Wed.May 26-8-Sean Lee, 8:30-Badger, 9-Kevin Brady, 10-Rick Shapiro

Thurs.May 27-7:30-Lorijo Manley, 8:30-Lee Chabowski, 9:30-Roxanne Beck, 10-Kenny Young and the Eggplants, 11-S.A.M.'s Roamin' Cadillac Church, 11:30-Eric Davis

Fri.May 28-8-Huw Gower (of The Records), 9-Ruth Gerson, 10-Animal Head, 11-The Bones, 12-Tom Clark

Sat.May 29-11-The Meanwhiles

Sun.May 30-8-Alec Ferrell, 8:30-?, 9-Stellan Wahlstrom, 9:30-Patric Westoo, 10-Charles Aceto, 10:30-Amy Madden, 11-William Bern

Mon.May 31-The Antihoot w/Lach. Sign-up at 7:30

Tues.June 1-8-Yoav, 8:30-Rosanne Drucker, 9-Damion Wolfe, 10-Tony Hightower, 10:30-Mo, 11-Jepp

Wed.June 2-10-Rick Shapiro

Thurs.June 3-Americanana Night-7:30-Rhinegold, 8:30-Maria and the Urban Amigos, 9-Vida Loca, 10-Cecil's Bait and Tackle

Fri.June 4-8-Rachel Sage, 9-Gilligan Stump

Sat.June 5-12-Gil Schwartz

Sun.June 6-7:30-Meg Flather, 8-Russ Turk, 8:30-Cedric, 9-Peter Dizozza, 9:30-Gavin Degraw, 10-Christine, 11-Jeff Gaynor

Mon.June 7-Anihoot. Sign-up at 7:30.

Tues.June 8-7:30-Chris Kock, 8:30-Kathleen Manstream, 9-Jim Knable, 10-Tricia Scotti, 10:30-Joe Bendik-solo

Wed.June 9-8-Rick Quinones, 10-Rick Shapiro

Thurs.June 10-9-Franco-American Spectacle Fantastique

Fri.June 11-9-Copper Dalton, 10-Matthew Puckett, 11-Dan Emery Mystery Band 12-Bobby Syvarth Combo

Sat.June 12-8-The Count, 10-The Humans

Sun.June 13-Strange Folk Sunday-8-John Kessel, 8:30-AB2Solomon, 9-Al Lee Wyer, 9:30-Leroy Montana, 10-Robert Bob Roberts