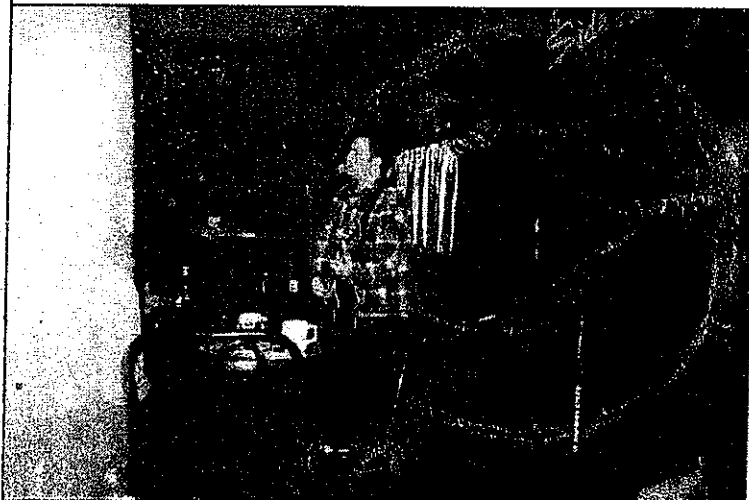


AntiMatters

(One Whole Dollar)



*John Kessel
Interviewed!*



June,
1999



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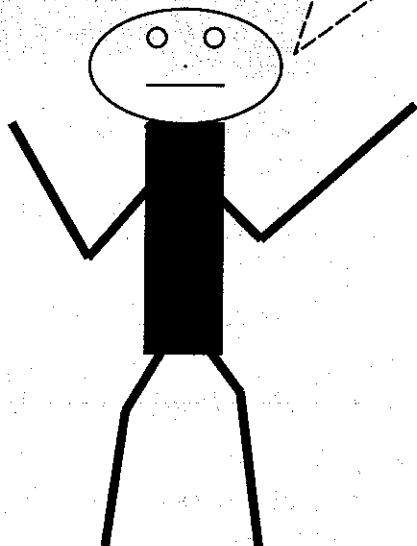
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Major Matt Mason
Tom Nishioka
Gustav Plympton
ArnieRogers
Tom Warnick
Dave Wechsler

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It speaks for itself.
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AntiMatters loves submissions. Without them, this is just the work of one loudmouthed guy, and, while that might make that guy happy, no one wants to hear him spew for 20 pages a month. Contribute to AntiMatters. If you don't, we'll all suffer...

The Host with the Most
Jonathan Berger

A Credit to his Taste
Gustav Plympton

Report from the Fort

Welcome to the Hoot!

So anyway, I'm a singer-songwriter from Newark, N.J. Nothing terribly unique about that! Not so long ago, I set out as a solo performer (too many reasons to sight). Soon, this odyssey led me to the bars and haunts of Bleecker Street.

Bleecker Street?! What's up with that, you ask? Well, it seemed like a perfectly traditional, tried and true arena to hone my craft, and establish a good reputation. I really hoped the "folks" would listen to me. Pleased to note that I've attained what I set out to achieve there. In fact, it's not been without its fair share of reward and enlightenment. However, Bleecker Street does not necessarily lend itself to artists promoting original work. We are all aware that revelers and tourists from all "crawls of life" gravitate to this sometimes safe and septic neighborhood. Subsequently, its performers are expected to play "safe and septic" cover material. (The more familiar and worn out the song is, the better the audience "thinks" they like you!) I don't subscribe to this philosophy. So, I figured if I had to play cover material to satisfy an audience to the point where I could "slip if" a few originals, I'd try to follow 2 rides in order to set myself apart from the rest of the "playing" field. One: perform obscure material by great artists. Two: perform great material by obscure artists. Soon, people were "thinking" that my originals were covers, and my covers were originals. HA HA! Still, I knew I was compromising myself as a writer!

My desire grew stronger to break out and break through to a place less prohibitive and surface, yet more unguarded and uncertain. (you know - a lot like life!) Though a series of conversations with friends, I learned that The Sidewalk Bar might prove to be what I was searching for. Only, I wondered if I was what it was looking for! Now, how does one go about getting booked? Drop off a tape, call back on the 2d Wednesday thereafter, and they'll give you the low down. Sounds too easy! Sure enough, when I placed the call back, a lovely young lady named Annie told me she received and listened to my tape. (Damn! They are actually organized too!) Annie then invited me to participate in the weekly Anti-Folk Hootenanny. Well, ALL RIGHT!

Arriving more than 5 hours before I actually performed (I'm a little neurotic!), I had the pleasure of listening to a wide array of artists presenting their original and uncompromising work. I was overwhelmed and overjoyed to bear witness to so many raw and immediate messages

and messengers. I sat there thinking about what an honor and privilege it would be, when my chance would come to reveal my work to them. Maybe, it would be my way of thanking Annie and friends for the spirit that they are creating and nurturing at The Sidewalk Bar.

By 12:10AM, I contributed a 2 song performance --- heartfelt and sincere. I was truly inspired by the thirty other performers, who played before me! You want to talk about reciprocal relationships? I'll tell you. This crowd embraced my work, as I had earlier embraced their work. Funny how we sometimes receive the most from the places we otherwise anticipate it least!

Guess what? I'll be giving my first musical showcase at The Sidewalk Bar on July 27, from 8:30PM. No one's to blame, and I ain't complaining. May we meet on common ground at The Sidewalk Bar this summer. Thanx, y'all! (Vinnie Ferrone) Dmac252@pop.net

Band on the Run

At Grey Revell's Record Release Party (May 15, Fort at Sidewalk), the low-fi balladeer did not come alone. Debuting his merry band of AF vets (Kenny Davidsen, John Kessel, Jeff Lewis and Spencer). Grey was prepared

JONATHAN BERGER

Not tonight, she says in her finest negligee.

Not tonight, she whispers on my tongue.

Not tonight, she cuddles, curdling all my impulses.

Not tonight, she breathes upon my chest, my eyes, my elbows.

I want to, I'd like to, I have to, but it would be wrong
it would not be right.

Not tonight, she says, at 11.58,
with a wicked smile.
Not tonight.

June 29th ... Sidewalk Café...

**Reading sentences and naming
names... 7.15 PM... Smokin' Word
Performance Art for ADD...**



Report from the Fort

to take his material, already so superlative on his limited edition *Midnight Eye*, to an entirely new level.

It's strange that so many people on one stage could be so subdued, yet still add so many textures and levels to the set. Playing much of the material from the album, Grey and compatriots threw in guitars and keys and multiple vocals and radios and clapping and so much to songs that were already so good.

"This is the first night of the *Midnight Eye* tour," Grey explained, "Tomorrow, at Baby Jupiter, is the closing night."

I knew I had to be there.

Arriving late at Baby Jupiter, I only got to see half of the final night of the tour, but it was even better than the night before. While the performers were all clearly comfortable with the material, with just a day's time, they'd become more so.

The band was grand. Simple. Fun. A worthy tribute to a damned good album. (Stephanie Biederman)

Sunday in the Park with Einstein

Regular Einstein, the brainchild of **Paula Carino**, played its first daytime concert on May 16th at the opening of another season at the incredible Socrates



Sculpture Park in Long Island City. Regular Ein's drummer, **Bill**

Gerstel, somehow hooked up the gig, and what a gig it was.

"It was really

cool to play outdoors," Paula said, "because I got to wear sunglasses under true pretenses."

There were dangers. About an hour before the show, lead guitarist **Andy Green** sprained his ankle, a good quarter mile from any medical supplies.

Ice and a bandage hooked him up, though, and the group rocked in the hot sun. Listening to the band toil while we sat on warm grass and rested... it was the rock and roll was meant to be.

"The most challenging thing about playing the show was there wasn't one level surface on the stage." Ms. Carino later confided, "I'm surprised I didn't... fall and sprain my ankle, too." (Jonathan Berger)



Sunday Sunday Sunday!!!

It was a small crowd, but dedicated, that stayed all night to watch a collection of AntiFolk acts storm Sunday, May 16th at Baby Jupiter, over on Orchard Street.

It was a matter of the usual suspects being out to support their scene and each other. The acts on stage were **Grey Revell**, **Marillee**, **Kenny Davidsen**, **Bionic Finger**, **Patsy Grace**, and **John Kessel**, the night's organizer. Highlights of the evening were Kenny Davidsen on-stage, pounding away at the piano, while John Kessel pounded away behind him on Bionic Finger's drum kit. Kenny's melodies and eloquent playing were intensified and amplified by Kessel's simple but powerful percussion. It was a duo to be reckoned with.

Grey's second band show was pretty cool, but I think somebody else is writing about that, so I'll let it go.

John Kessel, who joined Patsy Grace for a number before taking the stage himself, ran through many of the mighty songs included on *Born Late*, and introduced some new numbers, included the human beatbox driven "Bad Room-mate."

Taking the stage soon after midnight, Kessel exhausted the crowd and himself, playing with intensity and bravado well into the night. He left the dedicated crowd feeling like their scant few dollars was well spent in going out to Baby Jupiter, way out on Orchard Street. (Gustav Plympton)

Say the Words...

The crowd was small for Spoken Word Night on May 18th at the Fort. There are lots of excuses for this... *Phantom Menace* was opening the next day, Hole was playing that night... it was a rainy ugly wet afternoon, nobody likes Spoken Word...

But it didn't matter, those who came out had a rocking good time.

Many of the acts at Spoken Word Night were not exclusively spoken word. In fact, almost none of them were. **Sheena** ended her set with some electric guitar. **Jonathan Berger** began and ended his set with piano and guitar, while **Glenn Pettit**, master axeman, proved it after doing some of his thoughtful prose.

Dave the Poet King had a guitarist join him for some stange jam material at the end of his show, and **Kevin Drain**, normally known as the Bitter Poet, went electric near the end of his sleazy, funny set.

Peter Dizozza situated himself at the piano for much of his performance, even when he was simply reading

Report from the Fort

some of his lyrics which dealt with his theme of Toxic Nostalgia. Eventually, he introduced his main instrument of the evening, a slide projector, and showed pictures of a former girlfriend.

The evening was mostly spoken word, as it was billed, certainly, but there was more going on. Pity only a certain number knew about it. (Stephanie Biederman)

Some Words about Some Words

Every time I prepare for a show, I contemplate it being the last time. It's not really matter of stage fright, but a fear that I won't be able to draw anyone in, that I'll be playing for an empty room – or worse, a room of strangers.

I'm new enough to this performance thing to be deathly afraid of playing for people who I don't know, who don't know me, who don't understand my – forgive me – 'art.' I want to preach to the converted, and I'd like the converted to grow, but I'm scared shitless of how to convert them.

So I keep worrying that no one's gonna show up, and when I recognize that people aren't coming to my show's anymore, I figure I'll give up the ghost.

And it got pretty close at my last show, back on May 18th, at the Fort. I played for my smallest crowd at the club, which wasn't too bad for a Tuesday, but a definite matter of shrinkage for me.

It's a shame. I had pieces conceived or transformed

with certain people in mind. A poem written for Liz, a piece dedicated to Ed, some edits in for Brian...

And, with the small crowd, I figured, it would be a matter of diminishing returns. I might as well give up.

And yet...

"That was great," Mary Ann said, "You're getting better and better. Like a young Sinatra!"

"I was so worried it would be awful," Madge told me, "And I wouldn't be able to look you in the face. I'm so glad you're good."

"That guy on stage sucks..." Damayra said, "Compared to you..."

And none – none of that – compared to the final one-two-three.

"You were wonderful," Cindi said with a husky whisper into my ear.

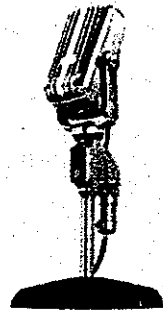
"We should really get together," Caitlin told me, eyes shining.

"That was fun. Can we work with you again?" Anne asked.

I made a nice piece of change – enough to keep me in donuts for a week – and the crowd really liked me.

People think I'm an artist. *This* is why I like playing for friends and family.

No way am I giving this up. (Jonathan Berger)



Seamless Moves

Adam wanted to see Scout at Luna Lounge on Thursday, May 27th, and they were all right, but a little mopey for my tastes. The girls we started talking to seemed to like them, though, so I've decided to give Scout another chance. They're lead singer was pretty cute...

We were all ready to go when I saw Matt Casper at the bar. He lives with Dan Kilian, and had been trying to get me to see his band for what seems like forever.

"What time is Seamless going on?" I asked.

"Right after Scout," he said.

"I'll be there," I groaned.

Seamless, a three piece, plays punchy power pop straight outta the eighties. Their set was strong enough, though I don't think I could identify any of the songs in a line-up.

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Report from the Fort

The band members' girlfriends were doing their thing, dancing in front of the stage to keep enthusiasm up. They were all right.

Then I saw Dan Kilian join the ladies in dancing.



Dan Kilian, former king of AntiFolk. Dan Kilian, lord of the geeky squawk that I so adore. Dan Kilian. I went up to dance with him for a minute. Lurching and sprawling around the dance floor, the music suddenly felt a lot more visceral, a lot more powerful.

When I sweated my way back to my seat, half a song later, one

of my companions said, "Will you dance with me, Jonberger?"

It wasn't Adam, so I said yes.

Adam joined us, and we got up and busted perhaps four moves, and soon, a crowd of the apathetic seat-grabbing freaks in the place were joining us.

The club was filled with bumpy jumpy movey groovey white people trying to act like pogoing was still in. Well, that was me. But the others were out there, too.

And for a few short minutes that night, as my glasses slipped off my face and I slammed into Adam and Nan, as well as some hippie loser I hope never to see again, Seamless was my favorite band of all time. (Jonathan Berger)

Bald-Headed Men

I really came out on Friday night for a picture. It's a pity I didn't bring a camera.

I knew that Gilligan Stump! was playing at nine at the Sidewalk, and knew that at eleven, Hamell on Trial would be taking the stage. They've both lived in Austin, they're both performance-art oriented, they both play electrifying acoustic rock, and they're both blazingly bald-headed men.

I just knew, if the three of us could be in the same well-lit space, a camera would suddenly materialize, and all would be recorded for posterity.

No camera. Gilligan left before Hamell showed anyway. But each performer made me laugh and made

me blanch at the speed and force of their playing. It was something. (Jonathan Berger)

The Haunting

Patsy Grace haunts me. Not so much her, really, which is strange. The diminutive relative newbie to the AntiFolk scene is cute and sweet and kind, and you just want to support her. But then, in some of her songs, as she sits and carefully plays guitar, she comes up with something chilling.

And it's not even things like the spoken word bridge in "I Scream," as it is when she suddenly shakes off the shackles of being an acoustic girl and suddenly, in her seat, becomes some kind of Hamell with Hair.

Which is pretty much what she does with "Reiss 5."

It haunts me. When she plays that insistent riff, I start bopping, which is normal enough. What's abnormal is continuing the bopping hours later.

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Jon Pareles-NY Times

Report from the Fort

After Patsy's AntiHoot rendition on Monday, June 7th, a one-song wonder round performance before her brothers and many adoring boys, I kept bopping to the song well into the night.

After a half-score times hearing the song, I'm still not clear as to what the plot line is. The chorus roars: "Are you true... blue? True? Blue?" with such vehemence and trepidation, mixed emotions that can't be denied, even when the audience calls back the word after her. There's so much push in the performance, so much power in the progression, it keeps me going for hours.

And hours after the AntiHoot, hours after I've gone to bed, I'm still grooving to the song, wonder what Patsy means when she sings, "It takes two to hold her down," or where the triangle came from when she asks, "When you kiss her, when you kiss her, when you kiss her, does it feel?"

The song stays with me more than any other I can remember. Patsy Grace haunts me. (Gustav Plympton)

4 Clubs, 3 Nights, 2 Much Fun 4 1 Boy!

Having slain the folks with the most blazingly intense performance of my young performing life, at the Fort on Monday, June 7th, I, Jonathan Berger, smokin' word artist extraordinaire, decided to take my show on the road.

Marillee hosts an open mic that she inherited from Arlan over at the *Gaslight*, on 14th and 9th Avenue. By the time I arrived on Tuesday, I'd missed the 6PM sign-up, and just decided to sit back, relax and enjoy the vibes.

After an hour of the witless comedians and some ironic songwriter, I fled for the hills. Poor Marillee!

I pedaled across town to *Tracey J's Watering Hole*, where the lovely and talented Sharon Fogarty was hosting the first night of a performing arts space. I got kicked out of my seat by the owner, a Mr. Art Heyman, who didn't like the idea of all those artists in his space. Mostly comedians, but far better than at Gaslight, the small crowd was taken aback when Joie/DBG took his guitar to the stage. They loved me, though.

Joie hosts his own open mic on Wednesdays at the *Raven*. He keeps comedians away, but let me read. Then he pulled me off stage, claiming the crowd was gonna kick my ass. Thanks a lot, Joie! The music was good, too, and the bar patrons listened.

Still, the big lesson I learned is just how impressive an open mic occurs at the Fort at Sidewalk, week after week after week after week... Anyone seeking to set up shop against Lach and the Fort has their work cut out for them... (Jonathan Berger)

Restaurant Review

Great Jones Café

4/13/99: Great Jones Café is a small but delightful kitchen located on Great Jones between Bowery and Lafayette. They serve all manner of Cajun cuisine as well as hamburgers and the like in a noisy but comfortable and bustling atmosphere.

While my dining companion much enjoyed the sautéed kale and blackened catfish, I have been unable to taste food for weeks or even draw a breath in this rotten godforsaken city. I find myself awash in a poison that corrupts my soul and unbalances my temperament. I looked around at my fellow dining companions as they sat and ate and chatted about nothing at all and thought, "The day of reckoning is coming. And you will all be swept away!" As I glared at the hopeless swarm that surrounded me, I enjoyed several of the fine selection of beers that are available at Great Jones Cafe. And as I plucked the scrumptious sweet potato fries from my plate and stuffed them into my mouth, I imagined that I was chewing and swallowing the detritus of this city and gnashing them into submission, ignoring their Judas cries and forcing them to see the light through their own destruction.

It was time for dessert. I ordered a fantabulous slice of pecan pie and as I stuffed it greedily into my mouth I meditated on the futility of my quest. They would never understand.

Credit Cards not accepted.

R.F. Dandyhead

DEMO TIPS

by Tom Nishioka

It's been awhile since I've written, working on my own CD and recording projects for Matt Sherwin, Mr. Scarecrow, The Reachers, Le Sans Cullottes, Butz, The Tresspassers, a Rabbi Schneerson video, and a 15 woman a cappella group named Treble have kept me busy. I also just finished a mixing a musical in which I recorded my first Grammy-winning musician in my studio, Deliverance band leader Eric Weisberg.

One new offer: Get Demo Tips archives online!!!!!! E-mail me at tnish@earthlink.net and I can e-mail you the articles you want. Choose from:

1. Stereo vs. mono explained in recording uses
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6. Applications in songwriter recording for hard disk editing
7. Recording strategies for solo singer songwriters



I have other demo tips from earlier years, but only if I can find back issues from Jon Berger. I'll let you know if any more become available.

Now for this month's demo tips:

EQ for great drum sound

A lot of engineers won't give specific info on how they get their sounds, and I'm a little afraid of losing business doing this, but this has been such a powerful factoid for me that I can't resist telling you. Just keep it between you and me. The secret to good drum recordings: Cut low mids in the 200-440 Hz eq range. This is where muddiness resides. Cut it definitely on the overheads, sometimes I take it all the way out, as far as the eq goes. Roll it off to taste in the kick drum, it will get the flappiness out and leave the nice attack and the thud of the bottom. Tom mics, maybe a bit, snare if you want to. You might leave it in the snare if you want the snare to have full body. If you want it to cut more, take out these low mids and boost the level a bit.

Where exactly you place your eq for this cut is up to you and your ears and the type of mics you're using, and where they're positioned, and the type of drums... and so on. Just sweep your parametric or move various bands of your graphic eq until you find what sounds right.



This here is an example of a generally good engineering rule – when you want to make something sound different tonally, use subtractive eq. In the kick drum example above, you might want more bottom or more attack, and think to turn up the 100 Hz and the

2 k. But eq is an amplifier, and any amp when turned up will add noise to the sound. Better to take away things in other ranges, thereby exposing the frequencies you want, and reducing the amount of noise in the track.

Another place for good drums sounds with subtractive eq is in the high mids, around 1k. I'll often do some cuts in this area on the overhead mics, since cymbals, especially heavier gauge rock cymbals, have a significant amount of metallic clang, ring, and hum in them. That can be fine in a particular mix, but sometimes you need that room in the frequency spectrum for the voices and guitars, and you need the cymbals to be more splashy. Apply some cut and sweep around with the center of the eq to find what clears up the clang. Listen to what the depth of this cut does to the overall sound of the drums, however. Your overheads are going to pickup every other drum, and when they mix with the direct mic on the snare, you want to make sure the overall snare sound is good.

I hope parametric and graphic eq's and their differences are available and familiar to you. Let me know email-ically if you'd like to see a column on eq types. I did do a column years back that dealt with the eq spectrum overall and where instruments and sound qualities (brightness, harshness, nasalness, muddiness, airiness) reside. Hopefully Jon has that issue.

Until next time, have fun... Tom

John Kessel Interviewed!

"Shored up by a solidly impressive musicality, eclectic genius John Kessel demonstrates a mastery of the urban blues. Steeped in the traditions of rock, punk, and folk, and polished by a lifetime of performing in New York City's best-known dives, Kessel's songs alternate between scathing satire and naked vulnerability."

That's what Clavicle Recording Artist says about their resident superstar, Mssr. Kessel. No real argument, but there's more to it. There always is. Not only is John Kessel an eclectic genius, but also a producer of other AF artists, an excellent collaborator, and, most recently, an impressario, designing AntiFolk nights in various East Village locales.

Jeff Lightning Lewis caught up with the artist who's between Clavicle albums. Still promoting *Born Late*, Kessel is about to release "All This Can Be Yours, Vol. I." It seemed the right time to talk.

Lewis: Okay, today is March 10th, 1999. It's about twenty to eleven PM. Myself, Jeff Lewis is ere with John Kessel. He just came up from his gig at Sidewalk. And uh, ask'm a few questions and just, uh, I'll talk and stuff. So, let's see. When was first time that -- when did you start playing open mikes and gigs and stuff?

Kessel: I think the first time I went to an open mike might've been on Bleeker street. The Folk City club, which is the legendary place where all the old folkies congregated in the sixties for their kind of revival. And they did all that traditional stuff. And it's also the place where Bob Dylan came and put it on the map for, uh, shaking their shit up and making the protest song viable again and using that tradition. But what eventually happened in the post-Dylan Folk City/Greenwich Village scene is it became very reverent and conservative and that's what drove a lot of us away and that's how the 'Antifolk' scene started, which I was a part of... I guess around '85...



Lewis: Okay, so you, did you consciously start out in opposition to the sort of 'old school', stodgy, retro-folk thing?

Kessel: I was into punk rock. That's really, that's really how I'm bred in philosophy. That's how I remain, too. And I've always had trouble doing my work with bands... so

I would play every opportunity I could. So of course, I played the open mikes.

Lewis: But... let's see, along with that you're also one of the most -- or I might even say *the* most -- technically talented guitar player(s) in the regular Antifolk scene. How do you... what do you feel about that, how do you reconcile that with coming from a punk, um, going in a punk direction -- coming from that background and among the uh, other musicians in the scene?

Kessel: Well, first of all I don't consider myself especially technically uh, adept, especially in the length of time I've been playing. Secondly, it's not an issue of how much technique you have. Um, there's an attitude. My personal approach to the punk philosophy doesn't limit you in how much chops you're allowed to display. It's a soul issue. It's a... it's an issue of purity and truth.

Lewis: So, from what I hear, you took a break from playing for a little while and then came back stronger. What do you feel is different about your playing, if anything, or your perspective on your playing and the scene?

Kessel: I didn't really take that much time off to notice a difference. I think I should take more time off actually, but I have to play. I figured that if I had a month between one gig and the next, I shouldn't have to slave over the open mikes, especially when I have these works in progress that I meant to finish but I got involved in other writing projects and I also had not quit going out. I continued to go out and support other people by checking out their performances, and I'm working at my own pace. By expending the amount of energy I do by going and seeing people plus working as much as I do, I haven't really had proper time to rest, adjust, gestate my thoughts.

Lewis: The album, *'Born Late: New York Recordings'*... is it '87 to '94, is that the date?

Kessel: That's right.

Lewis: So those were recorded over a pretty long span of time... Did you see it as a whole *album*, or were those songs that you laid down here and there -- and then when you had enough for an album, put it out?

Kessel: I'm just glad it wasn't called, *'Born Even Later.'* (Laughs) I have bad fucking luck. I really could've put the thing out in '94 instead of '97, but I was beset with endless problems. I



John Kessel Interviewed by Jeff Lewis

had to be able to amass the work. I didn't have a huge body of recorded

work. Around '87 I finally scrounged enough money to get my self into a studio where I was able to complete 3 songs. Previously, there was a time that I found a wallet and it had some money, and I booked studio time. And I really didn't know how to play very well yet and I had to pause on the recording, and I left a deposit. And the studio closed up and refused to refund my deposit; just high-tailed it out of there.



And I was really frustrated. I knew that I had to work very quickly the next time I went in. So I had practiced every instrument I could, because, it was just me. When you

record alone, it's very expensive. I recreate band arrangements, alone. So, when I did the first recording, there was an argument with the studio. At first they were really gung-ho and they were going to put out an EP. And then it turned out they wanted me to finance the project and put their name on it. And I said, "Well, that's impossible." So a lot of time went by.

I had started a job where I was making some good money and I amassed savings and I bought a Tascam 488 which is a cassette oriented 8 track recorder and I started recording multi-track at home. At it got to around 1993 I started to amass a certain body of work that I could show as demos to people. There was a time where I was playing really technical music, and the range of influence was way too broad for me to say that I sounded like this or that. And nobody knew how to read, so I couldn't give people charts. So it was pretty obvious that they would only be able to learn off a tape to be able to play my music. So by the time I had done recording some material on the 8 track there were quite a few musicians interested in playing with me. In retrospect, it was actually after my decision to make an album cuz I amassed these recordings and I knew I could collect enough to put out an album. I had wanted to layer more sound so there was this ADAT studio. It was the last place where Johnny Thunders used to rehearse. And they had a couple of ADATs. Eventually they upgraded to 24 track. And I brought my stuff there to dump there, to clean it up, to add effects. And then I started recording there, and I added five songs. Um, but there's some raw stuff there that's just straight to a tape deck. There's even a song on the album that I just improvised on the answering machine. I used whatever I could to get my songs documented. I used to take two cheapo tape recorders, and record on one condenser mike, play it back live, play over it into another one. Go back and forth until the sound degraded really tiny and dense! Lots of hiss. And, it's really interesting what

of my first single.

Lewis: What was your first single?

Kessel: The A side was 'Existentialism'. I put that out in 1995.

Lewis: On vinyl?

Kessel: Yeah, it was a seven-inch single. Took me, uh, 8 years (laughs) from the point of recording to issuing it.

Lewis: Oh. Um, is that the origin of the title, 'Born Late'?

Kessel: No, 'Born Late' just describes how long, um, how long it took up. I've always, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN LATE! (Laughs) I've always been behind schedule. I've always been delayed. People waste my time. It just seemed obvious to name the album 'Born Late' because it was so delayed. Then once the proofs from the artwork came back, someone told me, "Hey, did you know that Shaun Cassidy's second album has the same title?"

I said, "Fuck this! I'm not going to change my artwork now..."

Lewis: So who are some of your songwriting influences?

Kessel: Well... Lennon & McCartney and Leonard Cohen and Tom Waits and Woody Guthrie and Nick Cave is cool... Elvis Costello... Dylan... Um, Hoagy Carmichael... Goffin & King...

Lewis: What have you been listening to a lot lately, like the past couple of weeks?

Kessel: I've been listening to Bessie Smith, Jonathan Richman, Roy Orbison...

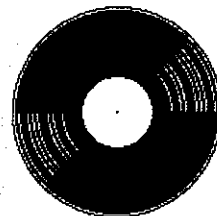
Lewis: Is there anything else you wanna say? Final comment?

Kessel: Yeah, this is a message to the kids. Keep the world beautiful - don't get a tattoo.

John Kessel's latest release is a live cassette, 'All This Can Be Yours, Vol. 1' (Clavicle), available in June.

John Kessel's birthday party will also be at Sidewalk - Thursday, July 1st 7:30PM

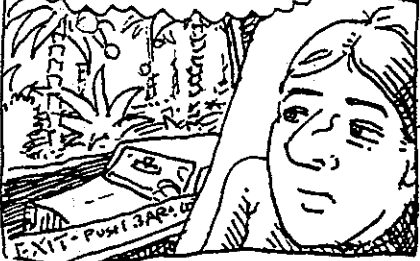
those recordings sound like. One of those songs, 'Adulthood', wound up as the B-side



CONTINUING

When Jeff Lightning Lewis, AntiMatters' de facto cover artist and AntiFolk's resident hippie-lookin mutherfolka, wentt down to Florida, he began to tell us of his adventures there. Jeff's gone again, this time somewhere North, but that doesn't mean he's through sharing with his audience about his **Relatively Meaningless Trip to Key West**. So without further ado...

WHY AM I TAKING THIS TRIP? I DON'T FEEL AS EXCITED AS I HOPED I WOULD. MAYBE NOTHING THRILLS ME ANYMORE. I WONDER HOW LONG I SHOULD STAY DOWN THERE... I'D LIKE TO MAYBE SEE DAN MONAGHAN IN BOYNTON BEACH, WHEREVER THAT IS. I'D ALSO KIND OF LIKE TO GET BACK NORTH TO HIT THE BIG MUMIA RALLY IN PHILLY ON THE 24th BUT THAT'S ONLY NINE DAYS OFF. I HAD PLANNED ON TRAVELING FOR AT LEAST A MONTH, ORIGINALLY CUTTING IT DOWN TO A WEEK IS KINDA WEAK...



At one stop, the Oriental man was limping back to the bus, when for no reason a guard snatched his boarding pass out of his hand, crumpled it up and tossed it away!



WHU... MY... 'CUZ YOU DON'T NEED IT NO MO!!

Don't think he understood. He was very distraught at the graft treatment and pointed his finger out the window in anger.

He was finally cowed into a troubled, fidgety submission when the bus filled up again: a 2-yr old sat in the seat in front of him + stared him down.



UGH? GUH?

The mom in the next seat never noticed the bizarrely intense battle of minds that her baby was waging.

6:45 am:

WELL, HERE WE ARE CRUISING THROUGH FLORIDA... I HAVEN'T BEEN IN FLORIDA OTHER THAN WALKING IN A FEW FEET FROM THE ALABAMA SIDE ABOUT EIGHT YEARS AGO.



IN A FEW HOURS I'LL BE IN KEY WEST... THE ARRIVAL TIME IS SUPPOSEDLY NOON. THAT'LL GIVE ME PLENTY OF TIME TO CHECK THE PLACE OUT FOR SPOTS TO CRASH IN.

But it was not to be! I slept through the spot in Miami where I guess I was supposed to switch buses, and ended up somewhere in Miami with four hours to kill before the next bus to Key West came through. It was about eight in the morning. I had toast + coffee in an hispani-hole in the wall, where two brutally huge cops were enjoying a big breakfast. At 9 am it was already almost too hot to walk on the sunny side of the street!



Geez, maybe this was really stupid to come to Florida in April. I shoulda come in February!

What the hell am I doing here? New York is beautiful in the spring. I guess the point is that I'm alive + I have a little money, so I might as well go somewhere...



ended up finding a beautiful park on the water! I did my exercises and took a semi-shower in a plant sprinkler.

And the Final leg of the journey ensued - The Keys!

Wed, 4:50 pm - **KEY WEST!** - after 40 hours -
The driver said there would be two stops in Key West: "Downtown" and "The Airport". I opted to get off downtown. And there I was!

Wow, HERE I AM! WHEREVER THAT IS. COOL! JEFF IS IN KEY WEST!



Wow, SO THIS IS THAT FAMOUS DRIVE. I WISH I WAS ON A MOTORCYCLE INSTEAD OF INSIDE A BUS. CHECK OUT THE CRAZY BLUENESS OF THE WATER AND THE TROPICAL VEGETATION!

THAT GUY WHO JUST GOT OFF THE BUS WITH ME LOOKS ABOUT MY AGE, AND HE'S TRAVELING ALONE. MAYBE I SHOULD FOLLOW HIM AND ASK HIM IF HE KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT THIS PLACE? NAH, THAT WOULD KILL THE REASON FOR BEING HERE... I LIKE HAVING NO CLUE WHERE I AM.

FIRST I BETTER BUY SOME SUN BLOCK - EVEN IF IT IS GONNA COST 3 BUCKS. I SHOULD'VE THOUGHT TO BRING SOME WITH ME.

A hustle here and a hustle there... New York City's the place where they said they'd be...



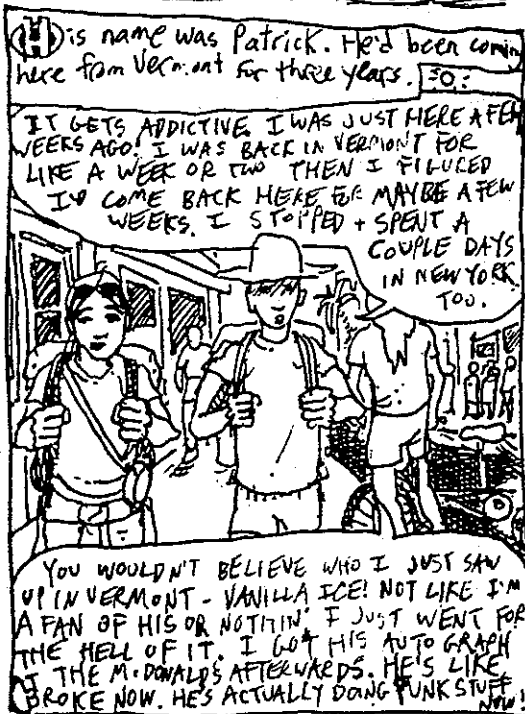
IT'S FUNNY TO HEAR LOU REED ON THE RADIO IN KEY WEST! WAY TO MAKE ME FEEL HUNESICK ALREADY.

AND THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT I HAD WANTED TO DO - WANDER AIMLESSLY, IN SOME UNKNOWN PLACE, WITH NO DESTINATION, NO TIME SCHEDULE, NO NOTHING.

IT'S WIERD TO THINK THAT I'LL LOOK BACK ON THIS WALK IN A COUPLE DAYS AND UNDERSTAND HOW MY RANDOM ROUTE FITS INTO THE WHOLE LAYOUT.



LOOK AT THIS BIG GRAVEYARD, WITH ALL THOSE ABOVE-GROUND TOMBS JUST LIKE NEW ORLEANS!



SO YOU TOOK THE BUS FROM VERMONT?
I WOULD HAVE BEEN ON THE SAME
ONE IF I'D TAKEN THE MORNING BUS
OUT OF NEW YORK.

SO WHY DID YOU COME HERE?

IT WAS SORTA THE RESULT OF
A BUNCH OF PLANS COLLAPSING.
I HAD WANTED TO GO TO EUROPE, THEN A
FRIEND OF MINE SAID SHE'D BE DOWN
TO HITCHHIKE OUT WEST, SO I FIG-
URED THAT WOULD BE A LOT OF FUN.
BUT SHE ENDED UP GETTING A RIDE -
I DIDN'T WANT TO JUST TAKE ANOTHER
ROAD TRIP WEST, I WANTED TO DO
SOMETHING I HADN'T DONE BEFORE,
AND I STARTED THINKING OF HOBOING
TO FLORIDA. I'D HEARD THAT YOU CAN
JUMP ON A TROPICANA TRAIN IN NEW
JERSEY, BUT I COULDN'T FIND OUT MORE
ABOUT IT. SOMEONE HADN'T MENTIONED
KEY WEST, SO I JUST GOT ON THE BUS.

Patrick talked awhile about his travels
on the trains + hitchhiking. Then he
went to find a place to hide his
stuff so he wouldn't have to carry
it. He also was going to camp out,
but I didn't want to just be a tag-
along, so I said see you later +
wandered around.

Of course before too long I bumped
into Travelling Joe + his drum.

YAH, I WAS HARD IN
THE WINTER IN NEW YORK
BUT A LOT OF GOOD
ENERGY IN THE PEOPLE.
I HITCHED DOWN HERE
A MONTH AGO. UNFOR-
TUNADLEE I SPEND SOME
TIME IN JAIL FOR SLEEPING
ON THE BEACH IN FORD
LAUDERDALE, BUDID WAS
OKAY.



I KNOW A SAFE PLACE TO SLEEP HERE
THO, ODDER PEOPLE SLEEP DEER TOO. I
CAN SHOW YOU TONIGHT. ID'S UP BEHIND
A HOUSE ON MALLORY SQUARE. YOU
MUST BE CAREFUL HERE OR THEY ARREST YOU.

BOY THIS PLACE SURE IS FULL OF
CORN-ASS BARS + STUFF. KINDA
LIKE NEW ORLEANS, OR BLEEKER
STREET IN NEW YORK, JUST A
SILLY TOURIST TRAP. MUSICIANS
PLAYING ENDLESS LOUSY COVERS
OF "ME + BOBBY MCGEE" AND "BROWN
EYED GIRL" - PUKE!! I WONDER
IF THERE'S ANY REAL MUSIC HERE
OR AN OPEN-MIC. THE ART IN ALL
THESE GALLERIES IS PRETTY
SHMALTZY TOO - MY DAD WOULD PRO-
BABLY LIKE IT.



I'LL JUST SIT ON THIS STOOP + DRAW.
HMM, NOT MUCH TO DRAW - I'LL DRAW
THAT BICYCLE.



THE STREETS
ARE GETTING
DEAD. I'M
GETTING
REAL TIRED TOO.

I CAN BARELY KEEP
MY EYES OPEN...
IT'S ONLY 2:30.
I'LL NEVER MAKE
IT UP ALL NIGHT!
BETTER FIND
JOE + SEE
ABOUT THAT SAFE
PLACE TO
CRASH.

THAT'S COOL. I LIVED WITH A
BUNCH OF SQUATTERS IN COLORADO
ONCE WHO RODE THE RAILS A LOT.
THEY DIDN'T WANNA TELL ME ABOUT IT
'CAUSE, YOU KNOW, I DRESS KINDA NERDY.
I WASN'T REALLY ONE OF THEM, BUT
AFTER A MONTH OR SO OF HANGING OUT
WITH THEM + DRINKING + STUFF THEY
TOLD ME HOW TO DO IT. I HAD A
GREAT TIME RIDING THE TRAINS AROUND.

MAN, IT WAS AWESOME. NOW, WHEN
I'M AT HOME + STUFF, WHENEVER
I SEE A TRAIN GO BY I JUST
WISH I WAS ON IT. JUST
SITTIN' ON ONE OF THOSE OPEN
GRAINER CARS, WATCHING THE
PLAINS GO BY EATIN' CRACKER.

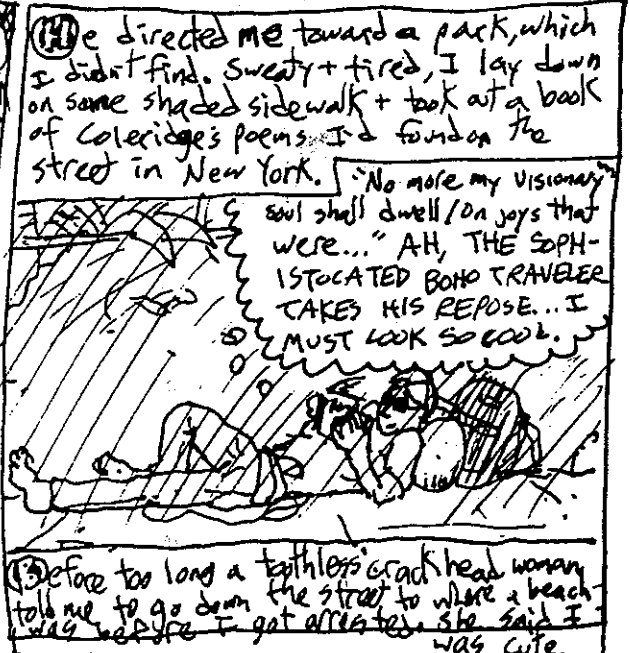
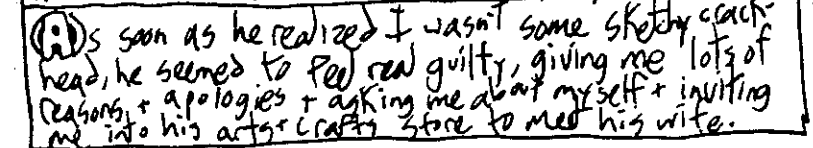
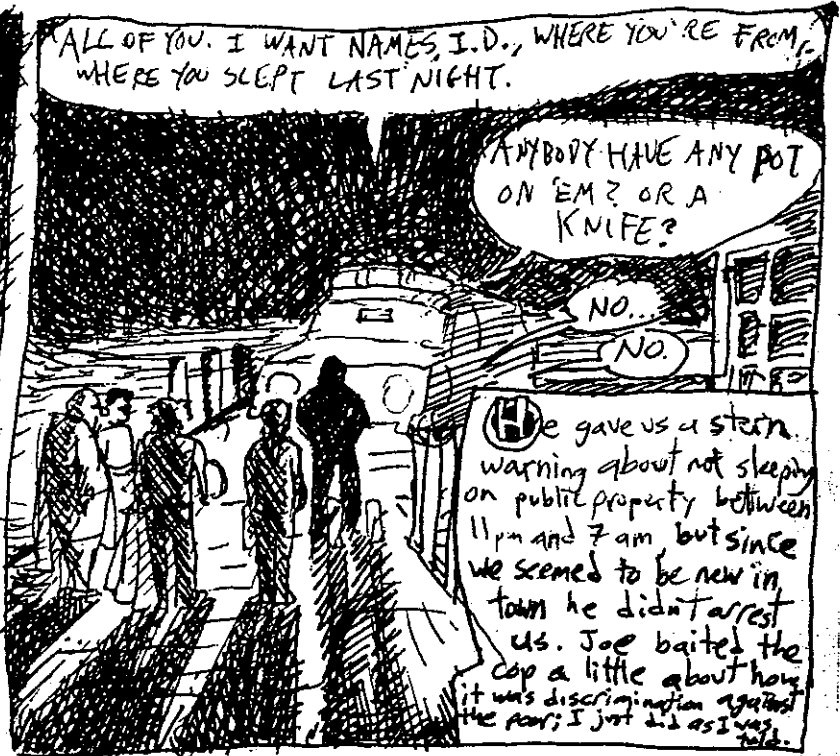
WOW. I TOTALLY WANT TO DO
THAT. I JUST DIDN'T THINK I KNEW
ENOUGH ABOUT IT TO JUST GET ON ONE.

A STRANGE MAN ASKED ME FOR A CIG-
ARETTE (WHICH I DIDN'T HAVE) THEN
ASKED IF I HAD A PLACE TO STAY.
HE WAS PROBABLY TRYING TO PICK
ME UP. SOMEHOW, AFTER I FOUND
JOE, THE MAN CAME BY + ALL 3 OF
US GOT INTO A BIG POLITICAL/PHILO-
SOPHICAL DISCUSSION. THEN JOE
TOOK ME TO A PLACE LIKE A
BOARDWALK BEHIND THE MALLORY
SQUARE AQUARIUM. THERE WERE
TWO OTHER PEOPLE PASSED OUT THERE
TOO. JOE TOLD ME ABOUT HIS
LIFE.

MY PARENTS BOUGHT ME IN CANADA, BUT
WERE FRENCH-CANADIAN. I WAS
STUDYING SOCIOLOGY + RUNNING A
SMALL NEWSPAPER. ONE DAY I LOOKED
AROUND ME + I JUST HAD TO LEAVE. I
THOUGHT THE FURNITURE I LEFT BEHIND
WOULD PAY FOR ANY RENT I OWED. I TOLD
NO ONE - I TRAVELLED THREE YEARS
BEFORE I MADE ANY CONTACT WITH
MY FRIENDS + FAMILY...



It was pretty interesting for a while.
It seemed like maybe it had been a
long time since he's had a chance to
talk about it all.



Mr. Berger,

Just got a brainstorm for an Antimatters column. Of course I could be completely nuts. Envisioning a sort of Dear Abby/Dan Savage write in or email in romance advice column: Ask Major Matt... I could advise people on their toils of the heart, or party etiquette, or homemade chili recipes, or whatever. Considering I don't really go to parties, eat out every night, and I haven't been in a serious relationship for about 2 years I think it sounds perfect...

I've already got an idea for the first couple just in case nobody writes in:

Major Matt's Dating Tips!!!

MAJOR MATT'S DATING TIPS #1 Never smoke pot on the first date...

One time I was hanging out with this girl. It wasn't really an official date but we'd never really hung out before so, it was sort of like a date. I'd just gotten off of work and she said that she was gonna go visit this dude down in Chinatown to go buy some pot. And she asked me if I wanted to go and I thought she was really cute so I said, "Sure." Well, the second we go into this guys apartment he starts loading up this big purple bong and he says, "I'd hate to sell you something you've never tried." And like the girl seemed to be into it and I thought she was really cute so I went like..."Cool." So, by the time we walk out of this dudes place I'm like really, really high. I suggested that maybe we got to the park and she just turned to me with these big blue understanding eyes with sort of a reserved smile and she said, "I think... that sounds... wonderful...." And it did. So, we start walking up Bowery and all of a sudden all of the trash and shit on the sidewalk started to remind me of



a beautiful plants and exotic flowers. All of the ugly, smelly people running down the street turned into these funny little furry creatures hopping around in this beautiful new age paradise type setting. And we just kept smiling at each other like we had this

big secret. This special thing, like we were the last two people on earth... When we got to the park we were sort of hungry, so we bought a knish from this guy under an umbrella. And it was like, we couldn't stop laughing. We just kept giggling and whispering to each other, "I wonder if anyone can tell. I don't know...do you think he can tell?"

Then we sat down on a bench in Washington Square Park to watch the people. All of sudden we were like eighty years old and it was like we had spent an entire lifetime together. And we had sat on that bench many, many times before and we had watched many, many people go by...generations of people. That was our bench. We had grandchildren that had all grown up and moved away. We had been through many difficult times together. We had accumulated years of experiences... And through it all I had always cherished those late afternoons we had spent together, in the park. Through it all, we were still together. We didn't even have to talk. We didn't...and when we finally had to go home to our different apartments, even though we wouldn't be sleeping together we would always have our place in the park.

On the second date we didn't smoke pot. We went to a movie "Kurt and Courtney." I thought it was totally cool... she hated it. It turns out she's like this strict vegetarian, nonsmoker and I... well, you know... and she's like really into Janet Jackson (for real).

While we were walking down the street after the movie she started talking about how much she hates New York...and how she really wanted to move somewhere much cleaner, like...Aspen. Every sentence that came out of her mouth was like this sledgehammer smashing into a beautiful row of ancient Chinese vases- "But, our place in the park..." I kept thinking. "What about the park????"

Man... what a total bummer!

Want more Advice from Major Matt
Mason USA?
Then ask a freaking question, dummy!

Saturday, June 26th

8-Debby Schwartz & Steve Espinola

9-Dan Emery Mystery Band

"They're loose and they're cool; they don't care and they mean business at the same time authentic and honest...." – *AntiMatters*

10-Shameless

"Fine vocals inspired arrangements... brilliant exploration in minimalism...the show rocks!" – *AntiMatters*

11-Smelt

12-Mark Humble

"One of the finest songwriters... a hard act to cover." – *AntiMatters*

Fort at Sidewalk Café

Come for the music
Stay for it, too!

Be a Professional Musician!

I support myself musically – no day gig.

Since I can still be considered new to the area (since September '98) I'm still struggling to get enough work, but I'm barely getting by. Have to build up the connections, which takes awhile.

You can pay your bills if you want to bad enough. Playing music is the thing in life that I'm best at, and I can make more doing that than anything else I'm qualified to do, so that's why I do it. Since I'm basically a rock guitarist, the most efficient way for me to make money is to play solo acoustic gigs. Generally the smaller your group, the more money you'll make for time spent. Before I started playing those for a living, I had never even owned an acoustic guitar – I just bought one and learned enough songs to play for four hours, which is the usual length of the gig.

In my experience, to make enough money to live on, you have to play covers, but I have never had a gig where I couldn't also throw some originals in. Unlike some people, I don't have a problem playing covers because I'm a huge music fan and I have fun playing songs I like. Even if it's a song I don't really like, if I make a bunch of people happy by playing it, then I enjoy that. And I'm free to improvise with the song –

I never play something the same way twice. And I never play anything I don't really want to play, even if it's popular – like Hootie. And one thing I've learned is that frat boys

WILL threaten you with physical violence to get you to play

Chris Decker

Pearl Jam.

Overall, the pros vastly outweigh the cons.

Pluses:

- Keeps your voice and musical chops up
- Learn how to deal with any type of crowd situation, scheduling problem, or equipment breakdown imaginable. Do it even for a year and you'll have great horror stories. (I've played gigs with the flu, a broken hand, and four guitar strings. Somebody spilled a whole cup of beer into my Mackie mixer. I've forgotten to get paid at the end of the night more times than I'd like to remember.)
- Drink on the job (if you want)
- Meet people you can pull into your original music gigs
- No routine schedule – every week is different
- Lots of free time to work on your own stuff and get exercise or whatever

Minuses:

- Most times when I want to go see someone else play, I have to play a gig
- No health benefits
- Hard if you're a morning person

You also have to have a car and a decent PA to work a lot. You start by making a demo tape, looking around to see where else people are playing, and start making calls. It takes awhile to build up your connections, and a lot of people just starting out are willing to play for really cheap, so you might be stuck doing that now and then.

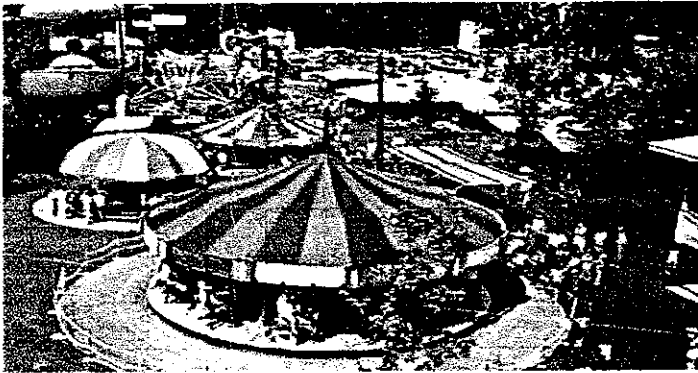
Even if I'm doing a cover gig in the middle of nowhere, I try to put out, be really musical, and do cool songs. If the place or the crowd sucks, at least I don't have to go to work tomorrow morning, or any morning.



Come to AntiFolk Land!

It's the Theme Park You Might Love!

- ☛ More than three acres of rides, attractions and attitude!
- ☛ All rides guaranteed to be mostly safe!
- ☛ All the AntiFolk stars in cute, huggable form, roaming the grounds at all times!



Get your rocks off on the Lach Merry-go-Round. Grab for the brass ring that grabs back!



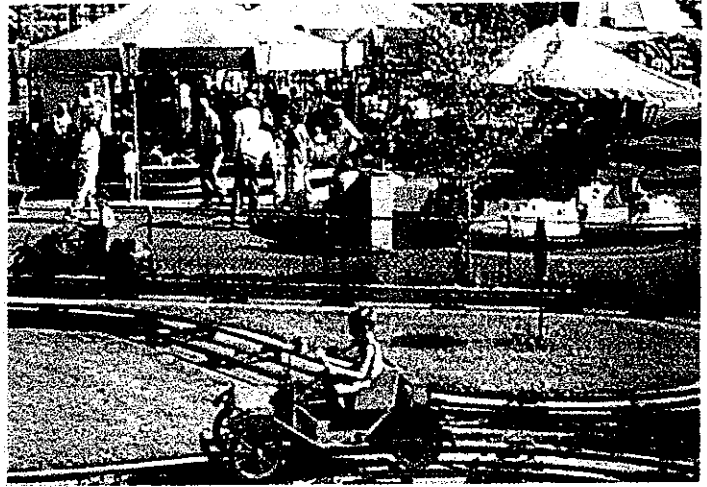
The Special Olympic-sized Swimming Pool is a perfect place to cool down after going nuts on the Curtis Eller Tilt-a-Whirl. If the water's too warm in one area, it must mean you're swimming near a Kenny's Castaways patron!



As always, AntiFolk Land's lodging will make you think YOU are a real-life squatter on Avenue B!

- ☛ The Antifolk Land Theme Park is located right outside of Montclair, NJ. (Formerly "Action Park") Open from 9 a.m. to 4 a.m. daily June-October. Call 718-555-6722 for directions!

The owners of AntiFolk Land assume no responsibility, liability or blame for theft of personal belongings, injury or assault at the hands of the lovable, huggable AntiFolk mascots which roam the grounds freely at all times.



Don't drive too fast on the Ole Fashioned Jon Berger Race Car Course or you may lose your cotton candy lunch, just like Jon does when he takes a spin!



At the outdoor AntiHoot Pavilion, every number is Number One! Your hosts this summer are Tony Orlando (Mon.-Thurs.), Jesse Camp (Fri. 11 a.m. -11:07a.m.) and Mickey Dolenz! (Fri. 11:08 a.m.-Sun.)



All aboard the Paula Carino/Regular Einstein Train Ride to Hell! Your conductor is David Dragov, who will make sure you wave your arms and legs out the sides of the train as you ride through the narrow Cave o' Pirates!

SCHEDULE

Mon.June 14- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.

Tues.June 15- 7:30-Niki Lee, 8-James Remains (of Wayne's Remains) , 8:30-Richard Groom, 9-Patsy Grace, 9:30-Bill Popp and the Tapes, 10-Valkyrie's Reckless Abandon, 10:30-J.J. Bones

Wed.June 16- 8-Jim Kemp, 9-Zipthunk, 10-Rick Shapiro

Thurs.June 17- 8-Dave from Pinataland, 8:30-Lorijo Manley, 9-Edith O, 9:30-Joie/DBG, 10-Lach, 11-The Bones, 12- Michal Towber

Fri.June 18- 8-Rhythms of Aqua, 9-Kenny Young and the Eggplants, 10-Curtis Eller's American Circus, 11-Steak

Sat.June 19- 8-Johnny Seven, 9-David Dragov, 10-Gregg Swann, 11-Dufus, 12-Friends of Dufus

Sun.June 20- 7:30-Cynthia Hilts, 8:30-Mike McCann, 9-The Valentines, 10-Brian Halloran, 10:30-Petty Coat, 11-A.J.

Mon.June 21- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.

Tues.June 22- 7:30-Drew, 8-Bernadette, 8:30-Job, 9-Kevin Drain, 9:30-Enid & the Boys, 10:30-Major Matt Mason, 11-Duane

Wed.June 23- 7:30- Brian Piltin, 8-Jason Downs, 9-Les Sans Culottes, 10-Rick Shapiro, 11:30-Sway Machinery

Thurs.June 24- 8-Paul Scott Goodman, 8:30-Psych-a-Billy, 9-Gilligan Stump, 10-Lach, 11-Dots Will Echo, 12-Magges

Fri.June 25- 8-Grey Revell, 9-Animal Head, 10-Joe Bendik and the Heathens, 11-Matthew Puckett, 12-Tom Clark

Sat.June 26- 8-Debby Schwartz & Steve Espinola, 9-Dan Emery Mystery Band, 10-Shameless, 11-Smelt, 12-Mark Humble

Sun.June 27- 8-Allison Tartalia, 8:30-Barry Smith, 9-Kenny Davidsen, 9:30-Karen Rush, 10-Huff, 10:30-Briana Winter

Mon.June 28- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.

Tues.June 29- 7:30 - **Jonathan Berger!** 8-Sarah Lentz, 8:30-Josh Wachtel, 9-Jessie Murphy, 9:30-Troy Boonsboro, 10-Mia Johnson, 10:30-Gene Bryan Johnson 11-Eric Neher

Wed.June 30- 8-Vida Loca, 9-Jack Grace, 10-Rick Shapiro

Thurs. July 1 - 7:30-John Kessel Birthday Show, 9-Tom Nishioka, 10-Lach, 11-Unheard Sounds, 12-Goddess

Fri.July 2 - 8-Huw Gower (of the Records), 10-The Swimmies, 11-Sinde Kise, 12-Gil Schwartz and the Lava Daredevils

Sat.July 3- 8-Sean Lee, 9-Voya Besic, 11-Billy Populus

Sun.July 4- 7:30-Jarrold Voss, 8-Jason Downs, 9-PlayLunch, 10-Z

Mon.July 5 - The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.

Tues.July 6- Indie Girl Fest-7:30-Ellen Rosner, 8-Allison Tartalia, 8:30-Virginia Wagner, 9-Ariana Daner, 9:30-Rachel Sage 10:30-Michal the Girl, 11-Robert Hacker

Wed.July 7- 7-Paul Page Record Release Party, 9-Uncle Carl, 10-Rick Shapiro

Thurs.July 8- 8-SVA, 9-Three Normal Humans, 10-Lach

Fri.July 9- 10- Neal With an A, 11- Magges

Sat.July 10- 8- Sharon Fogerty, 9-Zip Thunk, 10-The Humans

Sun.July 11- 8-Pat Daughtery, 8:30-Muldoon, 10-Joe Bidewell

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

Tues.July 13- 7:30-Andy If, 8-Jonathan Berger, 8:30-Johnny Shipley, 9-Dan Kilian, 10-Mooney

Wed.July 14- 7:30- Andrew Morse, 8-Felice Rossner, 8:30 - Brian Steen, 9:30- The Voices, 10-Rick Shapiro

July 15- 9-Kenny Young and The Eggplants, 10- Lach

Fri.July 16- 9-Franco-American Spectacle Fantastique

Sat.July 17 - 9-David Dragov, 9:30- Joie/DBG, 10-Yukka Flats, 11-Slide

Sun.July 18- 8-Amanda Bybee, 8:30-Regina Spektor, 9-Cynthia Hilts

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

Tues.July 20- 7:30-Peter Dizozza, 8:30-Nathan Pyritz, 10-Andrew McCann

Wed.July 21- 10-Rick Shapiro

Thurs.July 22- 9-Neal w/ an A, 10-Lach

Fri.July 23- 8-Sean Fitzpatrick, 9-Gilligan Stump, 10-Joe Bendik and the Heathens, 11-The Regressives

Sat.July 24 - 10-The Cucumbers

Sun.July 25- 7:30-The Amazing Headless Boy, 8:30-Mojo Stu, 9-Yoav, 9:30-Ten Spiders

The Fort at the Sidewalk Café is conveniently located at the Sidewalk Restaurant (94 Avenue), which happens to be located on 6th Street. It's a fine locale with entertainment in the back room most every night. Hence, this schedule!