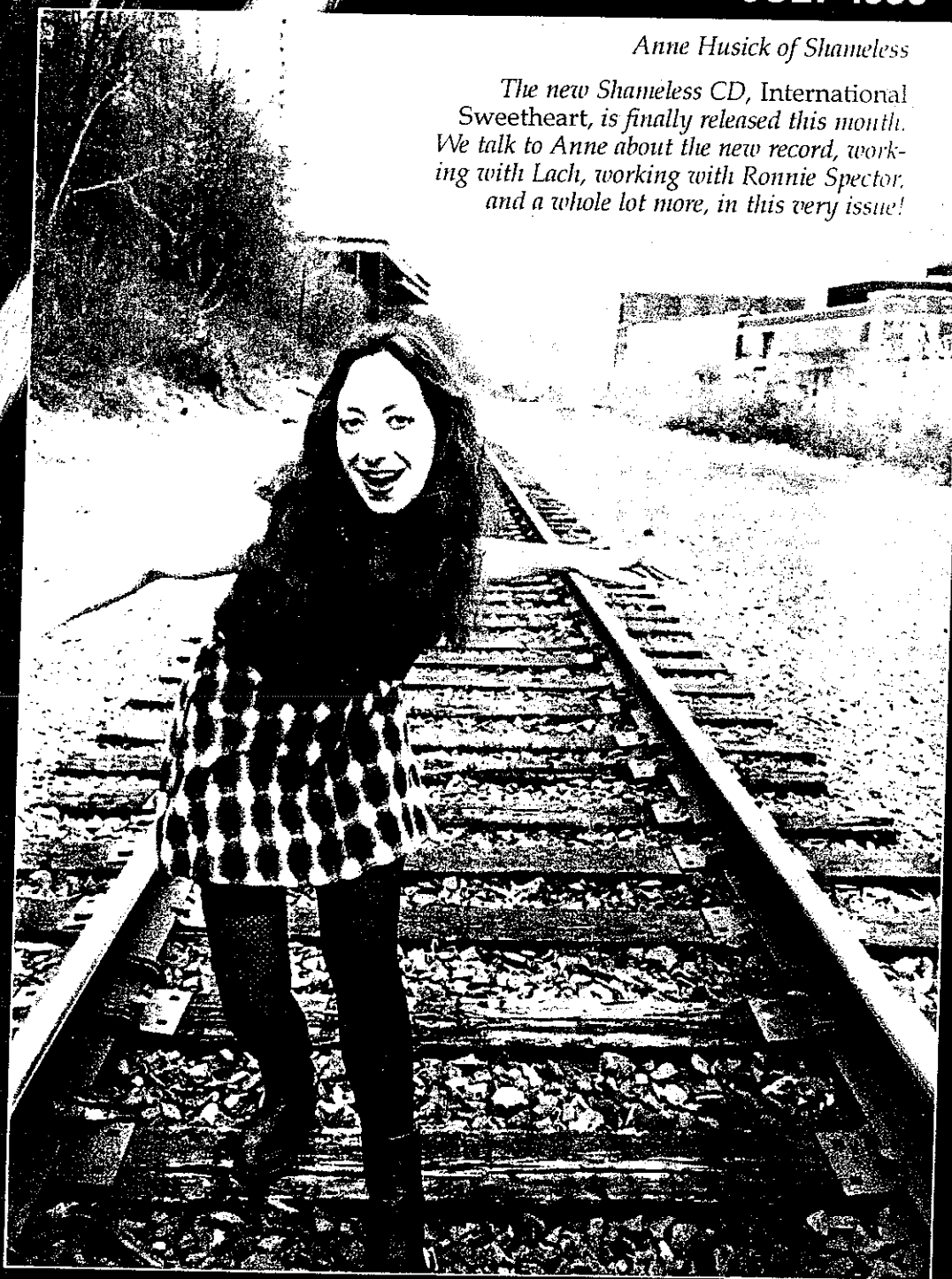


# antimatters

JULY 1999

Anne Husick of Shameless

*The new Shameless CD, International Sweetheart, is finally released this month. We talk to Anne about the new record, working with Lach, working with Ronnie Spector, and a whole lot more, in this very issue!*



the 'what we like' issue



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Jeff Lightning Lewis

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Geoff Notkin

Gustav Plympton

Tina

Tom Warnick

Dave Wechsler

### **AntiMatters on the WEB:**

**<http://www.geocities.com/sunsetstrip/club/3794>**

You know next month is the AntiFolk Festival, right?

In the Park – that's Thompkins Square Park to you, freak – with some of the highs and lows of the AntiFolk community getting together to play their little hearts out. And there may even be cake.

But that's just the start.

Then, there'll be a week of festival stylee events at two – count 'em, TWO! – clubs, the C-Note, and the already illustrious Sidewalk Café, Bar, Grille, and Eating Establishmente, until finally, everyone who was once capable of upright motility and coherent thought will be left as bowls of jelly. More music than you'd want to shake a stick at, and good times, presumably, for at least one other member of the family.

July 31<sup>st</sup> on, for a week plus. Come one come all. **Huzzah!**



Nominally, this is the **WHAT WE LIKE ISSUE** of AntiMatters.

Realistically, though, every issue of AntiMatters is about what we like. In this very cynical scene in this very cynical city, AntiMatters continues to be a fairly upbeat, positive style location to share ideas and critiques of that bastard child of Hank and Sid, AntiFolk.

So anyway, this issue has a theme, but it might as well be AntiFolk Music.

So there you go.

Amateur Lexiphile  
Jonathan Berger

Artistic Segregator  
Gustav Plympton

# Report from the Fort

## 6/22/99 – The Fort at the Sidewalk Café.

No one came to Duane's show, but he didn't mind.

The guy's nuts. He's been showing up at the open mics sporadically, laughing like a madman, playing like a leftover from Cheap Trick, just going crazy on stage. His high energy performance was well worth seeing for the five people in the audience. Well worth staying out past midnight for... (*Jonathan Berger*)

## 6/25/99 – The Den of Cin under Two Boots.

I do so love having the power of persuasion.

At a recent Full Throttle Aristotle Show, I noticed Tom Warnick, the band's guitarist, lead singer, and primary song writer give up the guitar, which he plays so well to just hold the microphone and sing, and dance and jump about. With general aide and abettor Dan Kilian on acoustic guitar, he had the mobility to run out of the club and come back.

After the show, I said, "Tom, that was keen. You should give up that guitar more often."

"What?" he said, "I'm a lousy guitar player?"

"Well, I didn't say that," I replied, "But still, you looked so impressive, flailing about on stage... Like a duck in heat. No! Like a duck in the oven."

"OK, Gustav," Tom said, and looked at me like I was typically nuts.

And yet, here, at their VERY NEXT show, at the Den of Cin, what do I see but Mr. Tom Warnick dropping his guitar for the second half of the set, moving about the stage, making threatening motions at the audience, generally having a great time.

Tom Warnick's a natural born showman. Thank GOD I was around to bring it to his attention. (*Gustav Plympton*)

## 6/29/99 – The Fort at the Sidewalk Café.

The lights blinded me, but I heard, at some point in my time on stage, Sidewalk was standing room only. This kind of thing would make my head grow to the point that, even if I were to grow my hair, it wouldn't fit. (*Jonathan Berger*)

Yeah...Jon,

Just because you're the "Big Man" these days, don't think for a second that I will be handing my AntiMatters stuff in on time or even saying anything nice to you or about you. There's a saying in showbiz, Jon, and it goes, "You're only as good as your last show." What if your next show tanks, pretty boy? I'll be waiting, reviewer's pen and paper in hand, to catch you in all your agony, vainly trying to piece together the words "I'm" "No" and "Good." Think about it before taking everyone out to lunch again-and mysteriously not having any money in your wallet when you thought you did. Or looking for someone "more important" to talk to

while your "fans" try to strike up a conversation at the Sidewalk. Remember what happened to Joey Lawrence, a man who has more than a few eerie parallels with your own "career." He too tried to make the jump from "spoken word" into the world of singing. (Have you seen Joey on any TV shows lately that haven't been poorly dubbed into Spanish? Do you speak Spanish, Jon? I sure hope so for your sake and the sake of your kids!) There's a guy in my apartment complex who can't speak, but if he could, he'd tell you these words of wisdom: "Stay on the high horse and the horse will throw your off, kick your ass through your forehead and run up quite the bill at OTB on your credit card!"

And while your comment has all the trappings of some strange modesty, perhaps now is not the time for you to use other people's phones to make long-distance calls. Maybe "dropping in" on people under the guise that you were "bike riding" in the neighborhood washes with your uptown friends, Jon, but not here in Brooklyn, no sir! Pay phones may cost a bit more when dialing Sacramento (didn't you think we'd see it on the phone bill? Do you even own a phone?), but I'd suggest that's where you call from next time. And don't you think it's time you ditched the "shaved head" look? We all know you really have a head full of hair underneath that phony (and plastic looking) bald head. Give it up, you Anti-Sy Sperling! Jon, I'm not telling you these things as a friend, rather, as someone who crosses the street when he sees you walking toward him. Good "luck."

Sincerely,  
(*Tom Warnick*)

## 7/14/99 – The Fort at the Sidewalk Café.

I'm trying to get a handle on watching of the Voices.

Lead singer, songwriter and guitarist Brian, some kind of sweet high reedy guy (like Jimmie Dale Gilmore? Maybe), hunches slightly to sing into the single angled mic on stage, while Laurel, standing at attention to his right, watches the audience, surveying some far-off spot that may well be in another galaxy. She's clearly checking out her environment, but also another that we know nothing about.

When it's time to harmonize, Laurel leans on the mic stand and arches up to the head, while Brian continues to menace the device, leaving enough room for his partner. They doubleteam the single mic and make beautiful music together.

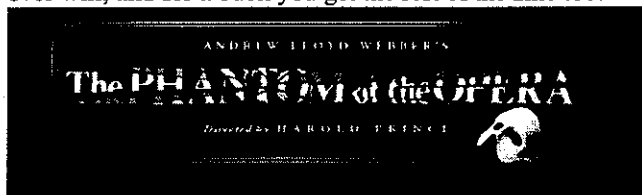
The songs all seem delicate and sweet, and Brian, who does most of the talking (Statuesque Laurel is silent outside of her harmonies, a strange sort of singing savant) is pretty funny with the between song patter.

But it's not about the talking. It's not even about the words. It seems to be very much about the music.

Still, I just can't seem to help myself from watching the Voices. (*Jonathan Berger*)

# Night Of Operatic Ecstasy With Paul Stanley

Now let me start by making clear that for those of you expecting some deeper theological socioanthropological superpsychocircular somethingorother discussion about the deeper correlations between Lach (or any other East Village Kiss Freak-cum-would-be Antifolk icon for that matter, lord knows there's lots of 'em and there's always room for one more, step right up, smooth operators are standing by) and the lead singer and co-principal songwriter of not just any Rock and Roll band, not just yer garden variety local act-with-a-gimmick, but yessiree kiddies the SINGLE GREATEST CULTURAL FORCE TO HIT MUSICAL CULTURE IN MOST OF OUR LIFETIMES, might be a bit disappointed by the following bit o'drivel from your devoted Toronto correspondent. However, like my special friend Janis "Piece O My Southern Comfort Bottle" Joplin once gargled when the tape happened to be running, The following is a matter of great social and political import. So play along, my sweet friends, and loan my sorry carcass a scant six hours of your time, and I'll entertain ya better'n that Star Warts claptrap ever will, and for a buck you get the rest of the zine too!



Now where was I? Right... The beginning... The first thing I noticed was the creepy print ads.

Paul Stanley, on bubblegum cards or anywhere else, always had that stare, that overintense I Can See Right Through You And I Know What You're Thinking look.

Now I wasn't the rabid Kiss freak growing up that ol' buddy Lach was, but the way I remember it, Gene always looked like some kind of slovenly satyr, in makeup or out of it, right down to the stylized hooves he wore on stage, even though he was (if anything) the resident genius of the group. Ace was Fred Flintstone, the clock puncher who dug the gig but it was always a gig. Peter - well, I don't remember Peter much.

Anyway, this rantette is all about Paul. The Apostle Apollo, God of Lu-uve. Star Child. The medieval lust missile with the rippling chestrug and wig to match, who continued (and for all I know continues) to play super rockstar studpuppet boyjoytoy to an endless legion of screaming Hawaiian Tropic Models and Hooters bartenders all over his world, even as he prepares to enter his Golden Years.

The secret is, though, and this one's even deeper than his wife and 2.4 kids in his closet, is that he's not quite,

what's the word, fulfilled by merely being in the biggest glam rock band there ever was.

[I don't get it myself. If I woke up one morning and I realized I was able to bring a kind of simple, pastoral joy to men, children and, um, women all over the world merely by playing a simple cartoon character who got to write his own material, well, uh, oh alright, I'd be in the Ramones. Never mind.]

Paul Stanley apparently is getting the chance to fulfill another childhood dream by starring as The Phantom Of The Opera.

Now think what you like about Andrew Lloyd Webber (He sucks, he's boring, he's no Puccini, he's boring, his musicals suck because they're boring, he's boring), but the Phantom is a fairly demanding role. We ain't talking Jesus Christ Superstar or something where any aging doped-out ex-member of Deep Purple who happens to be home and aware of the phone ringing at a given time could sing in it and no one would know the wiser. This requires lots of vocal range, no shortage of physical strength, and tons of agility and stamina. Paul is 51 years old now (how the hell did that happen?), and while his charisma and ability to hold an audience for two and a half hours was never in question, the one thing everyone wanted to know was, can the dude sing opera?

May 25, 1999 - Pantages Theatre, Toronto

So for the two of you who don't know, Phantom of the Opera is your standard Andrew Lloyd Webber Production where they take a sick old underused theater on the edge of the scummy part of town, throw a couple million bucks into it & refurbish the joint so they can open this show for a good long run (the six storey high mural overlooking the wino park on one side proclaims:

Now In Its  
Ninth  
Phantastic Year!

And you can see where they painted over "Eighth" and "Seventh," etc.)

It's a Broadway thing: a little sing, a little dance, some ris-kay innuendo, the pretty boy goes home with the pretty girl (shit I gave away the ending, sorry), evil makes inroads but the indomitability of the human spirit is somehow stunningly reaffirmed in the end. Also, of course, you have something to hum as you buy two or three copies of the soundtrack and maybe some fridge magnets or a hideous t-shirt you'd never wear except to paint your bedroom or on laundry day.

So if you're bringing a circus this big to town, no matter the size of the town, you grab at every straw of hype

by Tony Hightower

you can grasp in your thick digits. Paul Stanley ("Hey Mildred, wake up, he's getting to the point!"), billed as The Lead Singer Of The Second Greatest Selling Band In The History of Recorded Music (80 million units

# Paul Stanley IS the Phantom of the Opera! (In Toronto)

sold, behind only the Beatles, although I'm sure Bionic Finger will climb this chart like helium through cold gin as soon as they release their second LP and get some repeat business, and would Dead Blonde Girlfriend count as a band or a solo act? Just asking...).

This is opening night: the first time ever on a stage in front of paying customers without Gene Simmons beside him (well that's how they're billing it). The world (okay, about 900 of us) was definitely watching.

This was not your normal opera crowd. The Hard Rock Cafe Heads (squeaky shiny leather jackets with corporate logos on 'em, more feathered-back Big Hair than a 1974 prom night) were there in full force. Some of the opera aficionados that was there (you don't have a nine year run without regulars) were a little bewildered. I overheard two old farts asking who the hell Kiss was. Cretins. Culture, culture everywhere and they never turned on a radio in 25 years. Fuck 'em. And still there were a few empty seats (the place holds about 1000), which seemed to me to be strange. Don't these people know that this is the debut of the great Paul Stanley, International Star of Rock?

So Duncan (a bartender friend I went with, and the biggest Kiss fan in Toronto - or-so-he-says) had a bet on how long the ovation would be for his first appearance, but it wound up being a subtle thing (he appears from behind a mirror, it's a kind of goofy moment really), and except for the odd cries of That's Him!, there was nothing out of the ordinary. Well okay, there were a few whoooooos, but they were quickly curtailed.

So there's three Big Numbers Paul has to do, two in the first act, and one in the second. The first song (The Music Of The Night, if you're scoring along at home) is the longest, as it introduces the Phantom and tells a big chunk of the story. It builds to a crescendo, as these

Webber songs always seem to do, and Paul climbed the

scale to get to the top note, and the orchestra dropped out except for the rumbling tympany, the crowd silent, ready to punch a hole in the roof, and Paul's voice hits the note and breaks like a yodelling 13 year old. Shit. There was actually smirking and tut-tutting audible.

Aside from that mini-catastrophe, he was actually pretty good for a rookie. The rest of the piece was fine, he interacted well with everyone else on the stage, and he's got the charisma to command attention at center stage (where'd he learn that, I wonder). But musical theater is a different animal. Listening to him sing, I kept thinking, yeah, he's pretty good at this, and then one of the others would open their mouth and you could hear everyone stop shifting in their seats. Especially the female lead, who deservedly got almost as big a hand at the end of the show as the marquee rockstar dude, and I no longer have her name because I gave the program to Lach for some reason. It's okay, I'll find it, don't worry about me, toiling day & night & overnight so all you Anti-readers are sure to have the Whole Story.

Anyway. After the intermission he began to loosen up, you could see it, and by the end he had found his stride. The last piece (Music of the Night again of course, that lazy bastard Webber never wrote two songs when one would do), the Big Closing

Number for the whole show, requires him to climb the scale and hit That Damned Note again, and you could tell he was breathing a little differently, maybe some singing coach had helped him out at halftime (sorry, the intermission) or something, but he wasn't trying so hard to go all operatic & shit. He sang it like it was a Kiss song, no vibrato or anything, and he hit it like a pro, smooth and clean, and the thunder that rained down from the audience was that of joyous relief. The star child, the hero - Our Hero - had triumphed over his personal adversity, even if he was actually the Bad Guy in the play.

The bows and curtain calls have to be rehearsed in a big production like this just like everything else, and Paul screwed that part up royally, almost knocking over the female lead (I remember from the program she was a regular on Another World for a couple of years, fuck - come on brain, think!), but at this point, everyone had a good laugh about it. There was only one curtain call, and it was for the whole company.



by Tony Hightower

# Phantom kisses Toronto goodbye (with Paul Stanley)

Get this: people were shouting for encores. Like, this isn't Star Wars or The Amityville Horror, with sequels a-poppin like acne all over the face of modern theater or something. Even dumb ole me knew that once the show's over, they're not gonna sing anymore. Besides, by then I was trying to figure out a way to get backstage.

So here's a shock. Backstage was bedlam. I got to shake Paul's hand, and slip a copy of Lach's CD [*Blang!* (Fortified, 1999), includes the post-ironic anthem of this or any summer "Kiss Loves You," which was the inspiration for this whole article, so I recommend the song and the album if you haven't heard it yet, it's really quite good] into his weary digits, and then it was pretty much a bum's rush. And my one thought as I grasped his long skinny hand in mine and stared into his sweat-caked eyes was: Paul Stanley is even creepier-looking in person than in his promo shots. And his promo shots are pretty creepy looking.

A little poorly-kept secret: Paul hasn't had the Big Frizzy Rawk Hair in at least ten years. He keeps it pretty short, and it's apparently almost completely gray. For Phantom, he just doesn't wear The Wig. He let it grow out a little and dyed it completely black. I could verify this meeting him in person, but only because (I admit it) I was totally searching his hairline for clues.

I know it was opening night and all, but they'll have to work on security if the poor guy's going to get any rest. Of course, if anyone can handle (expect, require) a backstage mob scene, it's Paul Stanley, Mister Backstage Party Himself.



So if I haven't turned you off to the concept of seeing an aging icon enter his mid-life crisis by taking a "serious" music gig for the first time ever, and you're willing to make the 10 hour drive (from NYC) to Toronto to witness a little piece of history (the size of that piece is

beyond this article's reach), there are tickets available for every night he's singing. I know he's doing 7 shows a week, but you better hurry because he finishes his run with the Company on August 1st so he can go tour with Kiss again starting in Australia. Back to his day job, keeping the dream alive for millions more Knights in the Kiss Army all over the world, singing a different, if no less challenging and special, Music of the Night.

The female lead's name was Melissa Dye.



*by Tony Hightower*

## Jonathan Berger, AntiFolk Freak

At the AntiFolk Festival

At the C-Note (10<sup>th</sup> Street and Avenue C)

At 9:00 PM

At August 3<sup>rd</sup>:

Reading Words from Pages. Like:

### LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

Amongst the dead  
beside the stones  
within the night  
I dance with you.

And I don't care what ghouls or vampires of  
werewolves  
beset us.

I don't care what horrors we may face  
so long as I'm with you.

Course, that grave-robber there kinda puts me off.

Put your clothes on, let's hit a hotel.

# MY DINNER WITH PATSY

## by Brian Halloran

*Few people have a last name that suggests something of their personality. Patsy Grace certainly has such a name, a name that describes something astoundingly appropriate about them. Whether on stage or in conversation, Patsy exudes a grace and wisdom belied by her youthful façade. When Jonathan Berger suggested I interview Patsy for AntiMatters, I jumped at the chance. On a balmy Tuesday evening in June, Patsy and I sat down to a home-made meal to talk about music, art and the dangers of creative cooking.*

PG: So I made this sauce, right? I like jarring my own sauce, but I added sake to it because there was sake on top of the refrigerator. Don't ever add sake to tomato sauce. I was like, "what the hell did I do?" So I had to cut it [with more sauce] and I took garlic and basil from my garden to kill the flavor of the sake. I'm such a nerd! (Laughing)

BH: No! It's good to experiment in the kitchen. I always put wine in tomato sauce.

PG: Yeah, that's what I thought, but it's rice wine. (Laughing)

BH: Well, it's lovely. So, are you excited about your show tonight?

PG: I am excited, but then I think I'm going to fuck up. It's this running thing.

BH: When did you first play Sidewalk?

PG: I was always scared to play Sidewalk, so I just sat and listened for a long time. Then I went to Gaslight. That was the first place I played.

BH: Did you just show up or did someone get you involved?

PG: Funny enough, when I first came here somebody told me to go to Sidewalk. I was in a play and after the play was over we had a party at my house. I was living in this huge loft at the time. There was this one guy I thought was really good, so we were sitting in my bathroom (I had a really big bathroom) and I played him some of my songs. And he said, "You have to go to Sidewalk." That was three years ago and I never went. Maybe a year later, I went to see someone else play and I thought, "this is cool." But it wasn't until September or November [98] that I went to play at an open mike. It was with the people from Gaslight; Arlan and Joey Folds.

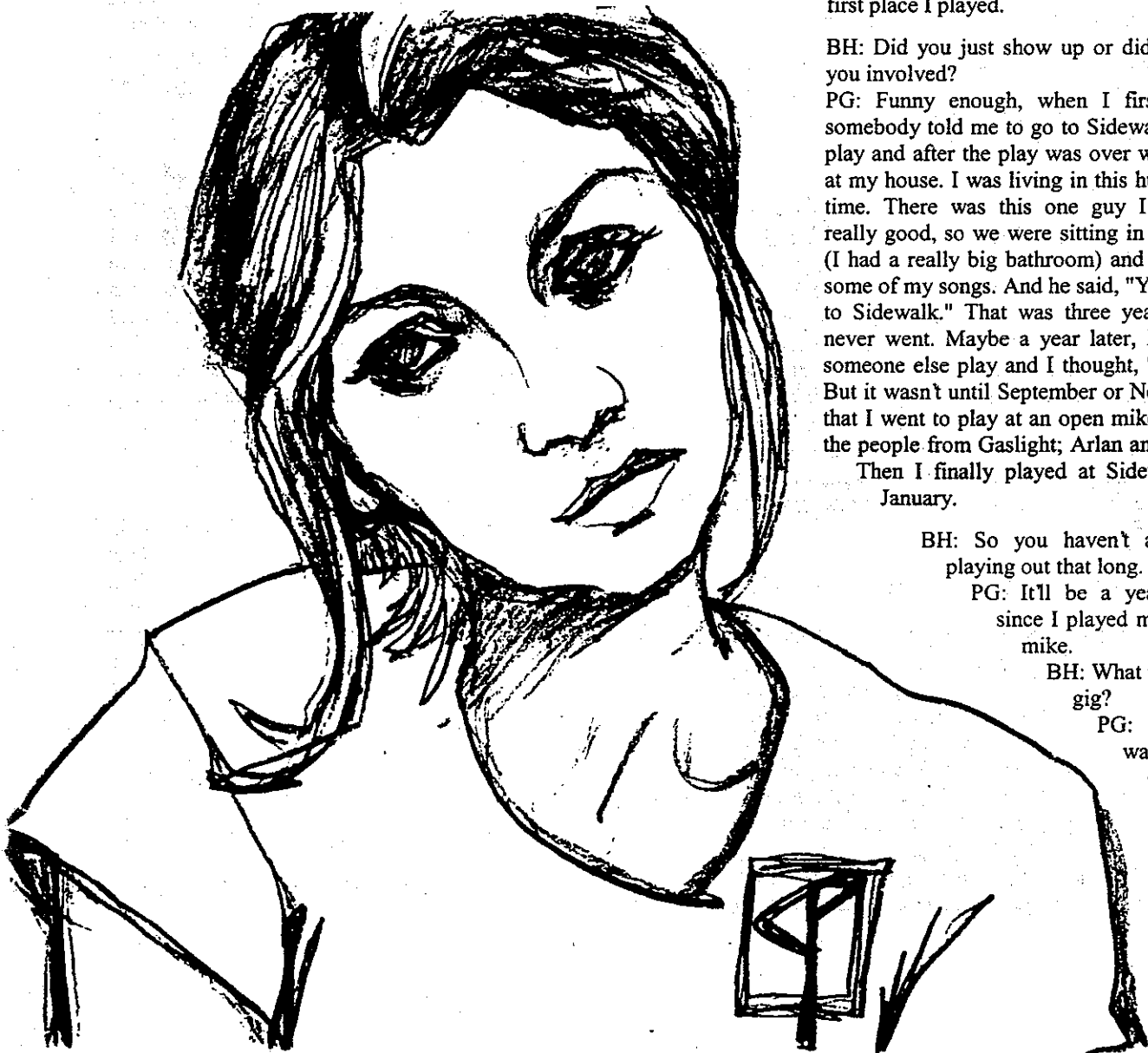
Then I finally played at Sidewalk in mid-January.

BH: So you haven't actually been playing out that long.

PG: It'll be a year in August since I played my first Open-mike.

BH: What was your first gig?

PG: My first gig was at The Orange Bear. John Kessel





wrote something on that. I can't remember the date.

BH: Do you feel you've gotten better?

PG: (Pause) Yep! (Laughing)

BH: How long have you been playing guitar?

PG: Maybe about five years.

BH: How did you get started?

PG: Well, I performed a lot as a kid and then I stopped for a long time. I think that I always wanted to get back into it, but I didn't like performing. I did some commercials and stuff. I was trying to get together with people who played music. I wanted accompaniment. But I never had the guts to initiate that. But I wanted to sing and I felt like I needed someone to play with. I didn't really want to do covers, you know? In Seattle, this guy was showing a friend of mine how to play (everyone in Seattle plays guitar) and I just picked it up. As soon as I started learning a few songs, I started making up songs. I had a really strong desire to sing again. And I write, y'know, poems and stories and stuff.

BH: You're also an accomplished artist. What do you like more?

PG: It's weird. Like today, I wanted to paint. I guess it changes day to day. When I started writing songs, I didn't have anything to record on, so I started playing songs into my answering machine. I was friends with this girl, Mary, who was also a closet songwriter. I mean, I didn't really consider myself a songwriter, I just liked making stuff up. She taught me how to fingerpick. I gave her the security code to my answering machine so she could call in and hear my songs. We started getting together every Monday night and she'd teach me stuff on the guitar. When I left Seattle she had started playing open mikes. She was great

## INTERVIEW WITH PAISY by John Johnson

and she was also really encouraging to me. As soon as I started to play it was so satisfying. I think it's just one of those creative things. Like I cook and I paint and I bounce back to music. Whenever I wanted to take a break from something else it could totally consume me.

I got a lot of encouragement the first time I played in New York. Each time I went back to play, I'd be thinking, "I don't know why I'm doing this," (laughing) but then somebody would say something nice or someone new would come to play so there was something new happening each time. I just stuck with it. And I found a little niche with the people at Sidewalk.

BH: What sort of things do you write about?

PG: (Laughing) Turn that question around!

BH: Hey, I'm doing the interview, here.

PG: That's interesting, because I think it's really nice to hear people's speculations on what my songs are about. I think it's great when you evoke something. I like the ambiguity about certain songs. I like stuff that sort of gets under your skin. I think I write about isolation and trying to make connections. I try to talk about the things that are sometimes in place of real and genuine connections.

BH: Do you have a favorite among your songs?

PG: Well, it's hard not to be really proud of "Reiss 5" right now, because people sing it (laughing) and really like it. One thing since I started playing is that there's certain music I listen to and certain music I play. Part of what I do is pure expression, but the other part is that I'm limited by what I can do musically. So, I work with what I've got. Sometimes that's a good thing because it's really my own thing, but the music I like to listen to is uplifting and makes you want to dance and move. So it's nice when people want to bop to something I've written. When Jon [Berger] said he was grooving to one of my songs, I said, "Awesome!"

BH: What's "Reiss 5" about?

PG: "Reiss 5" is a reference to the psychiatric ward at St. Vincent's Hospital. The meaning is sort of layered. The chorus is sort of a play on words: "Are you here? There?" and then weaving that into the song. Especially at the end: "When you kiss me does it feel? Real?" The theme is about trying to figure out what's real. It plays with the question of who's really there for you when you're in a genuine crisis. Also, literally, the idea of places like mental institutions when you reach a breaking point, it's a scary place. These people just walk the floors and they're drugged. On a personal note, it's also about wanting people around you that you feel a connection to and knowing that that's real. I'm sure after hearing all that you can make all kinds of assumptions, (laughing) which I really think is much better than having something explained. It's like when you dissect a poem, it loses its charm.



# CARBON MONOXIDE

There comes a time when we heed a certain call. The call to write about the songs that give your life meaning. **John Kessel** has heard just such a call, and has obediently answered it. Witness, do, this first and latest installment of Carbon Monoxide, John Kessel's column on the things in the AntiFolk Community that keeps us all coming back week after month after year: the music.

For the first eight months that he played the Fort, it seemed that Joie/Dead Blonde girlfriend was on an automatic smear campaign against himself. All you had to do was listen to the songs he was writing. They were popular and energetic, but negative and nihilistic to the point of smugness. Joie also used the word 'fuck' constantly, like it was his surrogate snare beat. He really was embracing the dark side of the force.

Sometime during the winter, the clouds shifted. New anthems like 'Me Against the World' had superior melodies and suggested strength and hope against petty adversity, relying on the power of the self, despite the false lament "Nobody loves me!"

The beacon of positivity, and Joie's first foray into capoland was 'Welcome To My Brand New Life', a thrasher (sometimes performed as a ballad) that would make a fitting closer to the DBG 12 steps saga. Joie's best lyrics are in this one, particularly, "I shot the moon/ drank the stars/ made love like a crashing car."

But for me, the most poignant of them all, is the piece entitled, 'The Letter'. This is the one that makes it all too revealing. They say we can't go home. Joie could visit if he wants to. As for me, there is nothing left. We all have problems with our families. Some we can solve, some we can't. I don't miss my parents the way Joie does, just the concept of them. If there was any song that could make your hard-boiled scribe blink up tears in '99, it might be around the sub-chorus in 'Letter' where Joie sings, voice cracking: "I keep smiling and laughing / I'm gonna make you proud / I keep thinking of ya / even though I don't come around/Hello Mom / hello Dad / I'm alright!"

These three masterworks will be included on a future Joie/DBG release entitled 'White Trash Symphonies', available at Kim's West or a fine... handbag near Joie.

And then there's this Drew Rakowski guy, the Joie of piano. He's a refugee of Toronto, where true rockers are illegal. A lovely chap, usually in head to toe black leather; jovial and fun to hang around with. Once he's at the keyboard and mike, though, he is Satan incarnate. His songs channel a well of negative energy, where he punishes himself with zeal. His original repertoire (he makes a good living playing other people's stuff) is less than a baker's dozen, but easily distinguishable from the pack. In a Marilyn Mansonesque growl, Drew snarls through his lurching blues verses that seem hellbent on depressing even

that impish rascal from Dave's Place - then walloping you with incredible bombastic choruses where he SCREAMS his ass off (and compels me to do the same). Who can avoid a hook like the one in the song that goes, "I listen to the radio / feeling out my highs and lows / I-I-I / Spend my downtime getting high / THINKING ABOUT HOW FULL OF SHIT I AM!!!"

His last Sidewalk show on June 23rd was rather poorly attended, despite the dedicated scene support he has given in the four months he has been in the Big Crabapple. I mentioned Joie before; like the green haired boy, Drew wears his drug habits on his sleeve, hopefully more than under them. For this I hope he doesn't become a quick rock star, cuz you know how he'd spend a recording advance check, ha ha. But really, I care about the kid. I see YOU don't. Ingrate.

Last winter (this is the last I'll mention him), Joie and Drew did a string of performances dueting on that song I mentioned. One dude with green hair, the other platinum blond. I wanted to dye my locks red and we would be a trio called 'traffic light'. It didn't happen. I stopped at red.

The thing about songwriters who approach the topic of insanity is that they either use the expression 'go crazy' as a metaphor for liberation or they put on a front to suggest that their ways are really far out, maaaaan... They don't know what they're talking about. However, in her song, 'Reiss Five', Patsy Grace's writing is good enough to get inside the head of a mentally disturbed person and expose the fragmented inner dialogue that isn't meant to be understood. Random switches from 1st, 2nd and 3rd person are very effective, as well. The wonderful thing about art and madness is that there are no rules. The riff is a killer; a four note chromatic descension taken apart as I-IV chords alternate, reaffirmed by the refrain that cuts it off,

*"And it drags me down/ What a drag..."*

You can't mess with Patsy's signature voice. She tears your heart out quietly with a conversational intimacy and a vulnerable tremolo that Katie Agresta will never teach at any price.

Sometimes her delivery sounds like she is telling a story to a small child, which can throw you from the dire topics at hand. The overwhelming charm of her performance belies her subject matter, but 'Reiss Five' is a piece that would rock you even if you don't understand English.

So there.

# Ask Major Matt

*Major Matt Mason  
USA, songwriter  
extrordinaire,  
inexplicably gives  
dating advice for  
all generations...*

**"Hey Major Matt, that first kiss sure is a lulu! How does one INITIATE the makeout?"**

Being the shy, sensitive, midwestern born, artist type that I am I have admittedly never been comfortable initiating physical contact with other living things, unless they are covered with fur. So, to answer your question I decided to do what I often do in situations like these and ask my friends from Queens. And, as usual I got a concise eloquently put solution.

**Number 1) Under any circumstances whatsoever do not wait until the two of you are alone...**

Trying to plant a kiss on someone for the first time, while you are alone, creates way too much of a pressure situation. Pre lip-lock tension is unbearable, and without any alternate public distractions you really run the risk of engaging in that that petty unfocused style of conversation that is really just a device used to put off what is really on your mind...

You want to feel connected but not isolated. So, pick a bar, a restaurant, a subway dock, the more crowded the better, with strangers...not friends.



**Number 2) The plan of attack...**

Now, I know that it is in our nature to believe that something as special as a first kiss would happen naturally and spontaneously, without anxiety or awkwardness, like in the movies, like after 2 hours of make up and 15 takes..... Well, sometimes that happens, like when your drunk...

But if you happen to be in that uncomfortable situation where you're with someone, stone cold sober, that you really, really, really want to kiss...try this. Right after the waitress brings you and your date a beautiful plate of toasted pumpkin ravioli appetizers, or immediately after hopping on the F train at West 4th street confidently and quickly turn to him or her and say, "Do you wanna Kiss me?" That's right... Look them right in the eye, don't blink and just say it. After that do what comes natural. Oh, and be absolutely, one hundred percent as honest as possible.

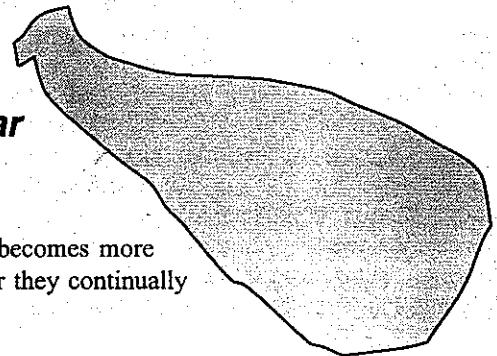


If the answer is: "Yes..." Don't Blink! Don't look away! Smile! Lean over and kiss them, you fool. And don't use your tongue unless they use theirs first.

And if the answer is "No." Eat a ravioli...take a sip of water. Smile! And say, "does that mean, like, never?"

**"Dear, Major Matt, it's getting to the point where I can't masturbate anymore 'cause I fear rejection."**

As we all get along in years the importance of a healthy fantasy life becomes more and more apparent. Unfortunately, as our libidos, just as our minds, grow older they continually



# Just Ask Matt

*Dating Tips for  
those who need it.*

crave more diversified forms of stimulation. When I was growing up I could whack off to **Soul Train** five time a day. Today, club MTV barely inspires a hiccup in my boxers...Are the people any less beautiful? No! Are the moves any less funky? Debatable, but not really! Are the gratuitous crotch and boobie shots any less frequent? No! I've just been there... I've done that... more times than I even want to admit to myself. I've moved on. My objects of fantasy have evolved, as I have evolved. It is important to remember that even in masturbation fantasies there are two parties. There is the fantasy and there is you. I think that too often people treat masturbation like it's just another chore, like laundry. It's not! It's sex! Sex with yourself, but it's still sex. And if you can't please yourself how the hell are you gonna please someone else?



If the objects of your fantasies can change, then why can't the objectifyer? I mean, it's your fantasy you can do anything you want. Act like your a famous pornographic movie star and your pleasing a room full of hotties. Dress up like a cowboy and ride yourself bareback. Tie yourself up (stay away from the neck area)! And if your still getting rejected, then don't worry it's not really you that's getting rejected. It's Dirk Diggler. It's John Wayne. It's Bruce Wayne. No, it's Batman!

----Any more questions? [majormattusa@earthlink.net](mailto:majormattusa@earthlink.net)

From the people who brought you  
everything good in the world...



**ADAM SYMONS & THE WRONG PARTY**

**JON BERGER**

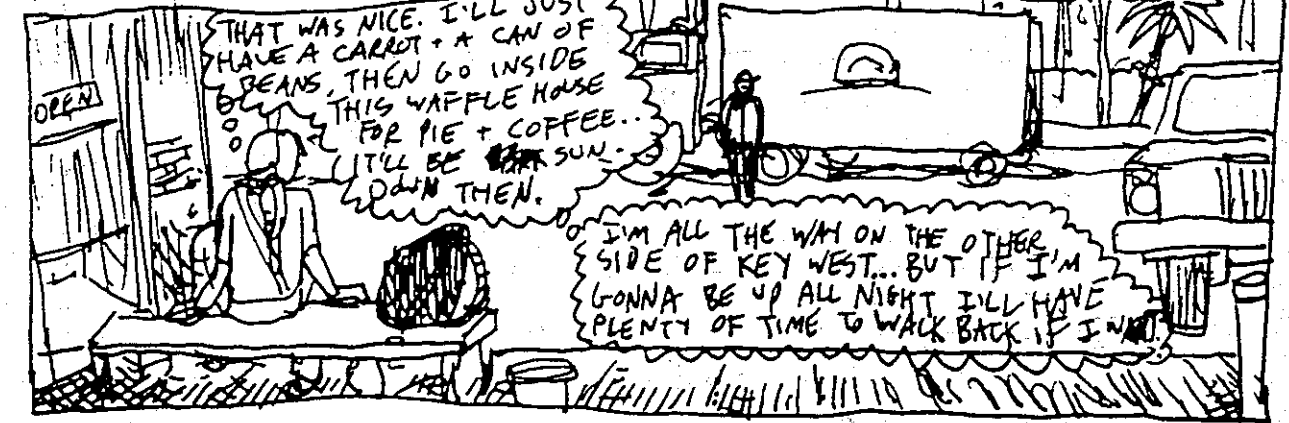
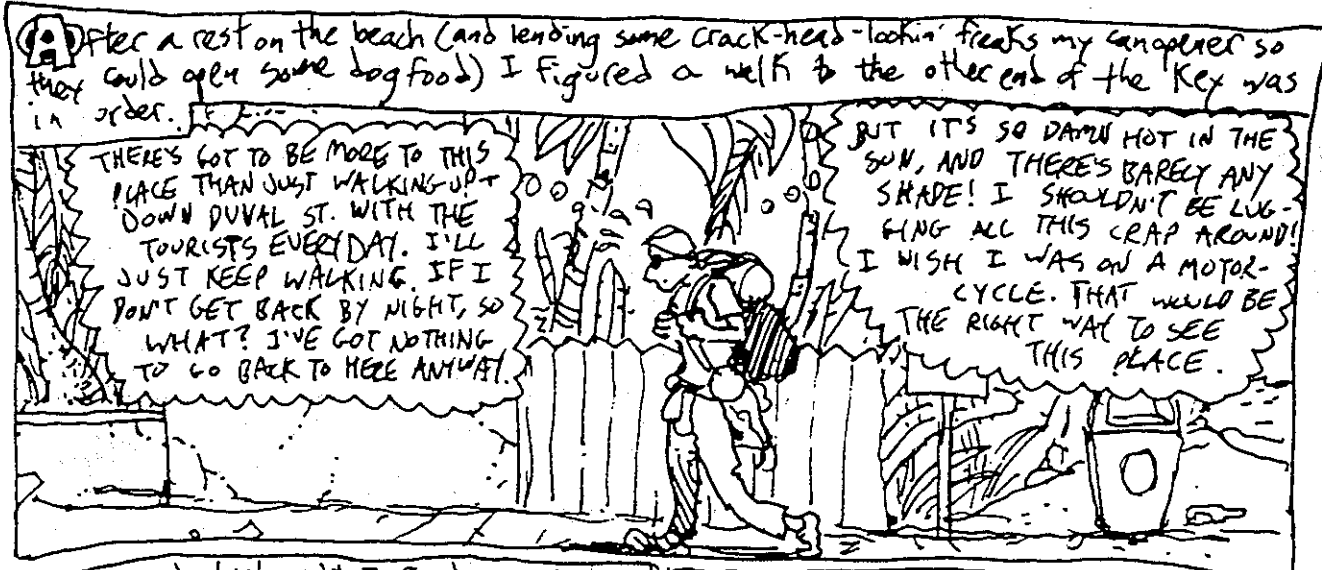
**THE IMAGINARY NUMBERS**

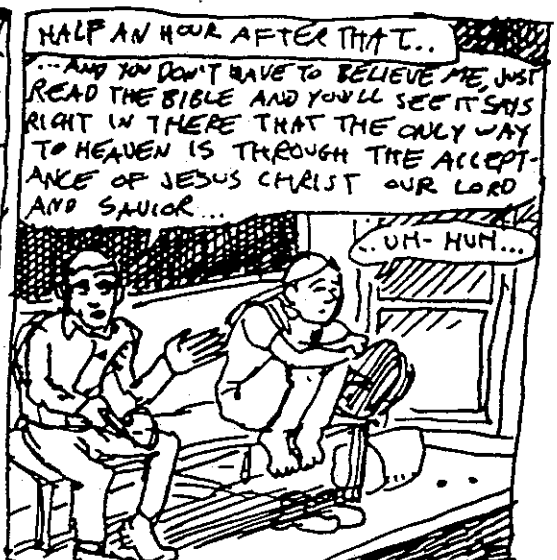
<http://listen.to/wsr>

## WHAT FOLLOWS

*What follows is a continuation of Jeff Lewis' Relatively Meaningless Trip To Key West.*

*When last we saw our intrepid illustrator, he was in Key West. Let's see what's happened to him lately...*





OK, SO NOW I'VE GOT THE ILL  
TREK BACK... BUT THEN WHAT?  
I'VE SEEN THE BEACHS, BEEN TO  
THE SOUTHERNMOST POINT,  
WALKED UP + DOWN DUVAL ST...  
I CAN'T HANG OUT DURING THE  
DAY, 'CAUSE THE COPS WON'T LET  
ME SLEEP AT NIGHT, BUT  
WHAT THE HELL IS THE POINT  
OF HANGING OUT HERE IF I'M  
JUST GONNA BE UP ALL NIGHT  
BORED + CARRYING MY STUFF  
AROUND, THEN SLEEPING THROUGH  
THE DAY? THIS SUCKS!

DAMN, I'M DEPRESSED.

WHAT THE HELL AM I  
DOING HERE?!!

THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL WALK,  
THOUGH. THE TREES + THE  
WATER + THE MOON...

I'LL JUST DO MY EXERCISES IN FRONT  
OF THIS WALDEN BOOKS... (AT LEAST  
THEY LEAVE THE FRONT LIGHTS ON  
WHEN THEY CLOSE)... THIS'LL  
MAKE ME FEEL BETTER.



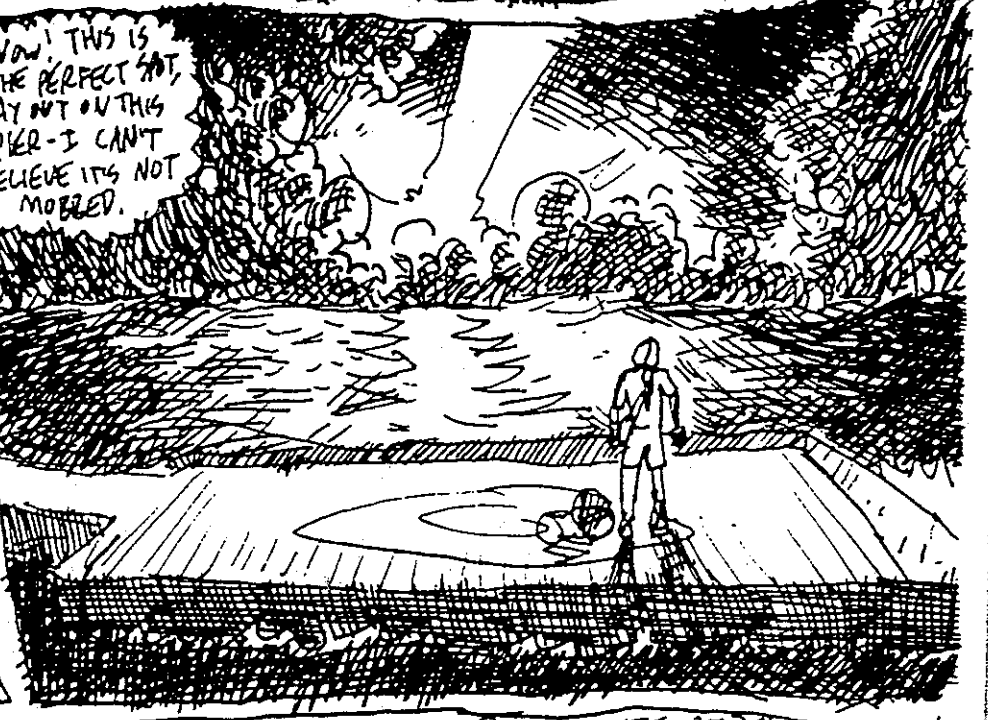
AH... NOW I FEEL  
A LITTLE MORE  
ALIVE...

OKAY, SO I'VE GOT TO STAY UP ALL NIGHT  
OR I'LL GET ARRESTED... WHY DON'T I JUST  
DRAW ALL NIGHT? THAT'D BE GREAT! WHAT  
IF I JUST DREW A COMIC ABOUT ALL THE  
STUFF THAT'S HAPPENED ON THE TRIP...  
EVERY NIGHT I COULD ADD A FEW MORE PAGES...  
IT'D BE LIKE A TRAVEL DIARY.

IT'D TURN THE WHOLE  
THING INTO A JOKE... "JEFF'S  
MEANINGLESS TRIP TO KEY  
WEST"... THE MORE RETARDED  
AND MEANINGLESS MY DAYS ARE,  
THE MORE I'LL HAVE TO DO THE  
COMIC.

I WANNA WALK BACK TO DUVAL + GET STARTED!  
ALL RIGHT, NOW I FEEL GOOD.





Friday was more of the same. I hung out with Patrick and traded portraits with a loony artist who said I looked like Sylvester Stallone, so he wrote "First Blood" on the drawing of me.



That night I hung out further up on Duval St where more of the bars + stuff are. Gradually I was surrounded by the local down + outers + prostitutes + pimps. It started with a guy who kept quoting 60s songs...



His friend "The Fishman" came + sat down too. He was just like Billy Bob Thornton in "A Simple Plan" but real dopey nfo.



...AND WHEN I'M GONE... THERE'LL BE ONE CHILD BORN IN THE WORLD TO CARRY ON... CARRY ON...



"Fishman" was spacing out hard; he agonized over every line, stretching + twitching + nodding off. An hour later he had created a barely comprehensible little sketch of a face and arm.



There was Kimberly, who I'd met the night before. You might not expect someone so pretty to be involved with all the other ragged all-night crazies, but she sure was. She was pretty cool.

SO AM I IN YOUR COMIC YET? NAH... I'M A FEW DAYS BEHIND...





# Speaking to Anne Husick

*Familiar with the AntiFolk scene? Ever been to the Fort at the Sidewalk Café? Then you know Anne Husick, sound woman, guitarist, bassist, booker and all around scene queen. Former bandmate to just about everyone in the AntiFolk community, Anne Husick has been an important part of the East Village acoustic scene for over two years now. AntiMatters, the zine on said scene, took a little time out of its busy schedule of being a magazine, and spoke to her about what's been going on...*

*You've said you want to talk about stuff.*

Exactly. I wanted to talk, not type. I feel like I have to write a paper for school so I've responded in my typical fashion by procrastinating - aside from the fact that the iMac keyboard is too small and the chair that I'm sitting on is broken....

But here I am, finally, at the keyboard after days of distraction (rehearsal, gigs, new boyfriend - yea!!!) so at least part of the wait is over. I have to leave for a recording session in an hour, so I'll do what I can and continue as soon as I can. I promise I will do this. This will be done. Yeah.

*Shameless seems to have gotten more popular in the last few months. How do you account for that?*

I think part of it is that I've found fantastic people to work with. Robert "Knot" Watkins, guitar player extraordinaire, well, he just really gets my music. Not only can he figure out the weird chords I'm playing, he comes up with these fantastic complementary, textural parts. Briana Winter and Tricia Scotti, my background singers, both angels and extremely talented singer/songwriters with their own projects, have really made my dreams come true. Most of my songs have 2- and 3-part vocal harmonies that I've only been hearing on recordings or in my head at gigs. But now these heretofore unheard harmonies are being brought to life.

We're all really excited, and that always translates well to an audience.

Another thing is that I've been exposed to more people, working at the club 3 nights a week and filling in for Lach on booking and open mike duties while he's been on tour. I'm not really much of a schmoozer, so all this contact with people at work has been a blessing, beside the fact that I've met whole bunch of really cool people and made some truly wonderful friends.



And lately, there just seem to be a whole bunch of new people at my shows that I don't even know. Keep 'em coming!

You've been seen less around the club lately. What gives?

Well, after 2 years of various duties at the Fort and Fortified Records, I'm moving on. No more sound, no more booking. This has been a really amazing phase of my life -

I've heard so much great music and met so many cool people, but it's time to shift the focus. With the 1st Shameless record out and another to be recorded soon, I want to put more time into working with my band. Next, I want to add bass and drums and really kick some ass.



*So, Anne, what kinds of projects are you involved in lately?*

Besides Shameless, I'm playing bass for Joe Bendik and the Heathens and Tricia Scotti's band. I've also done a couple of gigs this summer backing up Ronnie Spector (of the Ronettes fame - "Be My Baby", baby!) on electric guitar and background vocals. What a blast!!! Hopefully, they'll decide they really love me and I'll get to do a bunch of touring this fall and winter.

*Ronnie? Ronnie Spector? How'd you hook into such a high profile gig? Is that your first experience in the big leagues?*

Ronnie... Tricia Scotti has been singing and playing acoustic guitar in Ronnie's band for over a year, and when she found out they were looking for a female singer/guitarist, she recommended me. They came to see Shameless at Sidewalk and decided to try me out. So far, it's gone really well. We've done 2 shows, Central Park Summerstage and The Bottom Line. They were both really fun. I hope I continue working with them.

As for my other experiences, well, I don't know if you'd consider Band of Susans the big leagues, but I did get to record numerous albums and tour extensively in the US and Europe for 5 years. My name appeared in one of those rock-

# Anne Husick Speaks

n-roll encyclopediae and in Rolling Stone Magazine (big thrills, both.)

I've also toured with Lida Husik (she's got a bunch of great albums out) and Siberia.

*What do you account for all of this busyness?*

Patience and persistence.

I've been in the music biz for a long time, in various capacities – musician, soundman, booking agent, roadie, tour manager, (and of course, groupie!!!)

It's what I love and it's what I live.

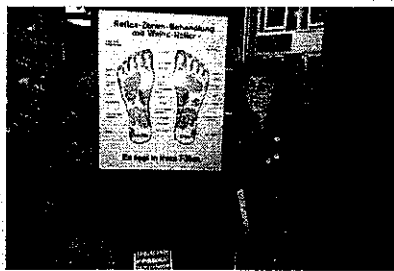
*When's your album coming out? Why has it taken so long?*

Hmmm. I don't think I should delve too deeply into the 2nd question. Suffice it to say, the discs are being shipped to my house as we speak. Finally!

For those of you who don't know, the "fake" record release party for International Sweetheart was March 27th. Now the "REAL" record release party is scheduled for July 31<sup>st</sup> (9pm, Sidewalk Cafe) which coincides with the first night of the Summer Anti-Folk Fest. Hope you can all make it!!!

*What can we expect from it?*

The CD actually sounds very little like the live band. It's a great representation of the songs, but it's a bit more on the grunge side (or, it sounds like Heart, if you agree with the review in the recent issue of AntiMatters.) What happened is... I got a spec deal at a studio last Valentine's Day weekend and none of my band members could make it out to Hoboken (they all had wives and girlfriends who wouldn't have been too pleased to be dumped so that their men could record). So I ended up playing acoustic guitar, bass, and doing all the singing. Chris Gibson, who gave me the free studio time and co-produced the CD, played electric guitar and brought in Ned Stroh to play drums (Ned went on to be my drummer/percussionist until he was stolen away from me by Michal Towber, another AntiFolk escapee. It's a small world.) We recorded 3 songs and I figured that would be enough to shop for a



deal, so I gave the tape to a lawyer friend of mine. He liked it so much he asked if he could put it out (he has a small label, Rainbow Quartz, set up and

running in England) instead of shopping it. Well, that was one less headache for me, so I said yes. He gave me some

\$\$\$ , we recorded 3 more songs, and International Sweetheart was born. I love the CD, but I can't wait to get back into the studio and make a record that really represents my live band.

*How'd the boyfriend thing come about? You've been whining about boys for so long now, in song and in person, some people just assumed you liked it better that way. What changed it all around?*

They assumed I liked it better that way, did they? That's news to me. Anyway, I met a guy from one of the bands that plays Sidewalk, and luckily, we recognized the possibilities and we got together and I think it's safe to say we're both enjoying our relationship.

I feel so incredibly blessed.

*You've been a big supporter of other acts, through your responsibilities at the club and your membership in so many AntiFolk bands (Zane Campbell, Lenny Molotov, Spacegirl, Lach's Sextet Offensive, yada yada...) Has it been tiring to work in so many projects? Do you want to continue such a pace?*

I don't find working in all these projects tiring. In fact, it's rather exhilarating, still. I feel really lucky to have played with so many extremely talented singer/songwriters.

When I was young, even though I had debilitating stage fright, I still always saw myself as the front person in the band. Then in the mid-80's I saw Pat Benatar (don't laugh) at the Garden or the Meadowlands, and I was sitting behind the stage. I had an excellent view of her background singers. They sounded great and they looked like like they were having the time of their lives. That was a really important moment for me. My whole perception changed and I realized I loved being a musician and it didn't matter if I was up front, singing harmonies, playing guitar or cowbell, I just wanted to be in the band. Now I am.



*Where you going?*

To the top. I want to do the usual... record, tour, make zillions of dollars and live happily ever after. Seriously, I intend to keep playing music with my band and in other bands and I'd like to get into doing studio session work. Someday I'd like to try my hand at producing, and I may get back into the sound biz at some point as well.

On the other hand, I'd love to move upstate, live amongst the mountains and forests, and do energy healing work (which I've been doing for the past 10 years.)

Ideally, I'll be doing all of the above.

*(Interview by Senor Gustav Plympton)*

# Continued Report from the Fort

## 7/6/99 - The Fort at the Sidewalk Cafe.

Michal the Girl was supposed to go on at 10:30, right after the last act of the Indie Girl Fest, but Rachel Sage ran late. It was closer to 11 when the diminutive Michal took the stage.

And it was at 11 when the crowded house, piddling about for much of the Indie Girl evening, began to stream out, while Michal made her introductory remarks.

"I'm not really part of the Indie Girl Fest," she said, "So I guess I'm an Indie Indie girl."

She laughed, and the few people listening to her laughed with her. Most the Indie Girls, however, along with their Indie Boy companions, were heading out the door, concentrating on their conversations, their departures, and each other.

I did a tiny bit of reading about the Indie Fest. From memory, it seems like the purpose of the series of concerts, linked somehow with the internet, was to build community around the always growing number of women without recording contracts. Something like a lowfi virtual Lilith Fair, granting any and all ladies an opportunity to respect each other, play for each other, and support each other.

Michal the Girl, after the noisy exit of the Indie Girl crowd, played for a late night devoted crowd. None of the acts from the Indie Girl Fest took the time to stick around.

Michal did all right, I guess, taking some chances with set order and playing solo, a format she seems less comfortable with; but I think she was thrown by the ironic stance of the earlier acts, and a set strangely shortened by the soundman. She was told, after five numbers, to wrap up, then told she had a few more songs to go. Still, Michal got righteous applause and appreciation from the audience.

It's a pity that the greater crowd from earlier in the evening didn't see fit to enjoy the great melodies and the strong voice of one of the more independent women around. (*Gustav Plympton*)

## 7/7/99 - The Living Room.

"Julia Douglass is absolutely, positively, completely nuts," I told Paula.

"Who do we know personally that isn't nuts?" she asked me, and I didn't have a good response.

"But her," I said, "She was on-stage for a good hour and a half, and she only did eight songs!"

"Did she do that cover of 'Inna-Gadda-Devita'? I love it when she does that."

"They were almost all originals," I said, "And, you know how she's always slow to write --"

"I hate that," Paula said, "She's so good."

"I know! But there were like four new songs in this set. If you count that cover."

"What cover did she do?" Paula said, all excited.

"I don't remember."

"Oh," Paula sank in her chair, then brightened. "Did she have a band?"

"She was solo. I don't think I can imagine Julia Douglass with a band."

"Doesn't her album have band arrangements all over it?" Paula asked.

"Yeah..." I said, again remembering the lessons learned from Douglass' Stylus debut, *Fetish for the Underdog*, "But I'm not too fond of that. She said that she has a band, though, and that they rock out."

"Well, that's something," Paula said.

"Sort of. She doesn't promote her shows. I only heard about this Living Room gig because I was looking through the paper. I was over at the Raven, and just discovered she was playing."

"Lucky break."

"You're telling me," I replied, "It was a really cool set. She told stories between her songs, and complained about how flighty she was, and told us about books she was reading... She was sitting down the whole time, and just chatting with us, and starting songs and stopping them, and... it was a lot of fun."

"So you're not complaining that she's nuts?"

"No," I said, "I guess not."

"Did she do 'My Boyfriend's a Genius'?"

"No, but she did do that great one based on Andrew Carnegie, 'Firm Handshake'."

"Oh, I don't like that one so much," Paula said.

"Then I guess it's good you weren't there, huh?"

"Shut up, dookiehead!"

"Oh, all right."

(*Jonathan Berger*)

## Win a Date with Patsy Grace!

"I never thought it could happen to me!"

Just think: that could be **YOU** saying those immortal words!

As Joié (You know: the leader of Dead Blonde Girlfriend) says, "Shouldn't there be a contest to see who could win a date with Patsy Grace?"

AntiMatters says **"YES!"**

Just submit a short essay (no more than 100 words), explaining why you, yes, **YOU**, deserve a date with the girl that so many AntiFolk boys not-so secretly lust after.

After our quality judges review the applicants, you may be a winner, and be allowed the opportunity to take Patsy wherever she damned well wants to go.

And if you're wondering, "Just who *is* Patsy Grace, and why should I be lusting after her anyway?" Then this contest is **NOT** for you.

**WIN A DATE WITH PATSY GRACE:**

*antimatters@excite.com* or write: AntiMatters  
> 150 West 95th Street > New York, NY 10025

# AntiFolk Schedule

The Sidewalk Cafe is proud to present the following schedule of entertainment for your publication. All shows are free. Please call the club for further info- 212-473-7373.

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

Tues. July 20- 7:30- Peter Dizozza, 8:30- Nathan Pyritz, 9- Kid Lucky, 9:30- Brian Halloran, 10- Andrew McCann

Wed. July 21- 7:30- Viction, 8- Moldy Peaches 2000, 9- Hot Dog, 10- Rick Shapiro

Thurs. July 22- 7:30- Jennifer Halpern, 8- Burnley Vest, 8:30- Mark Spencer, 9- Philosopher's Stone, 10- Lach, 11- Kirk Kelly, 12- The Folk Brothers

Fri. July 23- 8- Sean Fitzpatrick, 9- Gilligan Stump, 10- Joe Bendik & the Heathens, 11- The Regressives, 12- Jonas Grimby

Sat. July 24- 7:30- Betsy Thomson, 8:30- Michael Hayes, 9:30- Mook, 10- The Cucumbers, 11- Dots Will Echo, 12- The Bones

Sun. July 25- 7:30- The Amazing Headless Boy, 8:30- Mojo Stu, 9- Yoav, 9:30- Ten Spiders, 10- Maria and The Urban Amigos

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

Tues. July 27- 7:30 The Patty Murray Band, 8:30- Vinnie Ferrone, 9- A.J. Cope, 9:30- Max Metro, 10- Kevin Drain, 10:30- Sean Peter Genell, 11- Gene Bryan Johnson

Wed. July 28- 7:30- Permanent Bubble, 8- Like Sonja, 9- The Shade, 10- Rick Shapiro

Thurs. July 29- 8- Leif Arntzen, 9- Lisa St. Ann, 10- Lach, 11- Copper Dalton

Fri. July 30- 8- Eric Davis, 9- Joel Newton Situation, 10- Brianna Winter, 11- Magges, 12- Heather Eatman

## Fortified Records Presents: Summer Antifolk Festival '99

*Saturday July 31 Tompkins Square Park (2pm-6pm)*  
2- Gilligan Stump, 2:15- Joe Bendik, 2:30- Marilee, 2:40- Kirk Kelly, 2:55- Peter Dizozza, 3- John S Hall (King Missile), 3:20- Joie/DBG, 3:30- Stephan (False Prophets), 3:35- The Humans, 3:45- Mike Rechner, 3:50- Lunchin', 4- Mary Ann Farley, 4:15- Haale, 4:30- Brenda Kahn, 5- The Costellos, 5:30- Lach  
*Saturday July 31- Sidewalk Cafe (94 Avenue A):*  
**Opening Night:** 8- Chris Moore, 8:30- Seth of Dufus, 9- Shameless, 10- Bionic Finger, 11- Smelt

### C-Note Bar (157 Avenue C)

Sunday August 1: 8- John Kessel, 8:30- Patsy Grace, 9- Jesse Murphy, 9:30- Michal The Girl, 10- Moldy Peaches 2000, 10:30- Animal Head, 11- Special Guest

Monday August 2: 8- Brian Piltin, 8:30- Chris Decker, 9- The Costellos, 9:30- Haale, 10- Stellan Wahlstrom, 10:30- Arlan, 11- Special Guest

Tuesday August 3: C: 8- Peter Dizozza, 8:30- Mike Rechner, 9- Jonathan Berger, 9:30- Tony Hightower, 10- Lee Chabowski, 10:30- Mary Ann Farley, 11- Special Guest

Wednesday August 4: 8- TBA, 9- Jesse White, 9:30- Mo, 10- Kirk Kelly, 10:30- Casey Scott of Diva Machina, 11- Special Guest

### Sidewalk Cafe (94 Avenue A):

Thursday August 5: 8- The Voices, 8:30- Marilee, 9- Joie/DBG, 9:30- John S. Hall, 10- Lach, 11- Hamell On Trial

Friday August 6: Sidewalk Cafe (94 Ave. A): 7:30- Al Lee Wyer, 8- The Kairos Co., 9- Gilligan Stump, 10- David Dragov, 10:30- Joe Bendik and The Heathens, 11- The Humans, 12- Grey Revell

Saturday August 7: 8- Steve Espinola, 8:30- Major Matt Mason USA, 9- Sharon Fogarty & the Dinosaur Sisters, 10- The Dan Emery Mystery Band, 11- Jarrod Gorbil, 12- The Bones

Sunday August 8: 7:30- Mr. Scarecrow, 8- Butch, 8:30- Lenny Molotov, 9- Kenny Davidsen, 9:30- Adam Brodsky, 10- Goh!, 10:30- Kamau, 11- Closing Party and Jam

Mon. Aug. 9- The Antihoot with Lach. Sign-up at 7:30.

Tues. Aug. 10- 8- Jocelyn Ryder, 8:30- Billie Ann, 9- Them Keener Boys, 10- Sam Bisbee

Wed. Aug. 11- 8- TBA, 9- TBA, 10- Rick Shapiro

Thurs. Aug. 12- 8- TBA, 9- Robert Warren (formerly of The Fleshtones), 10- Lach