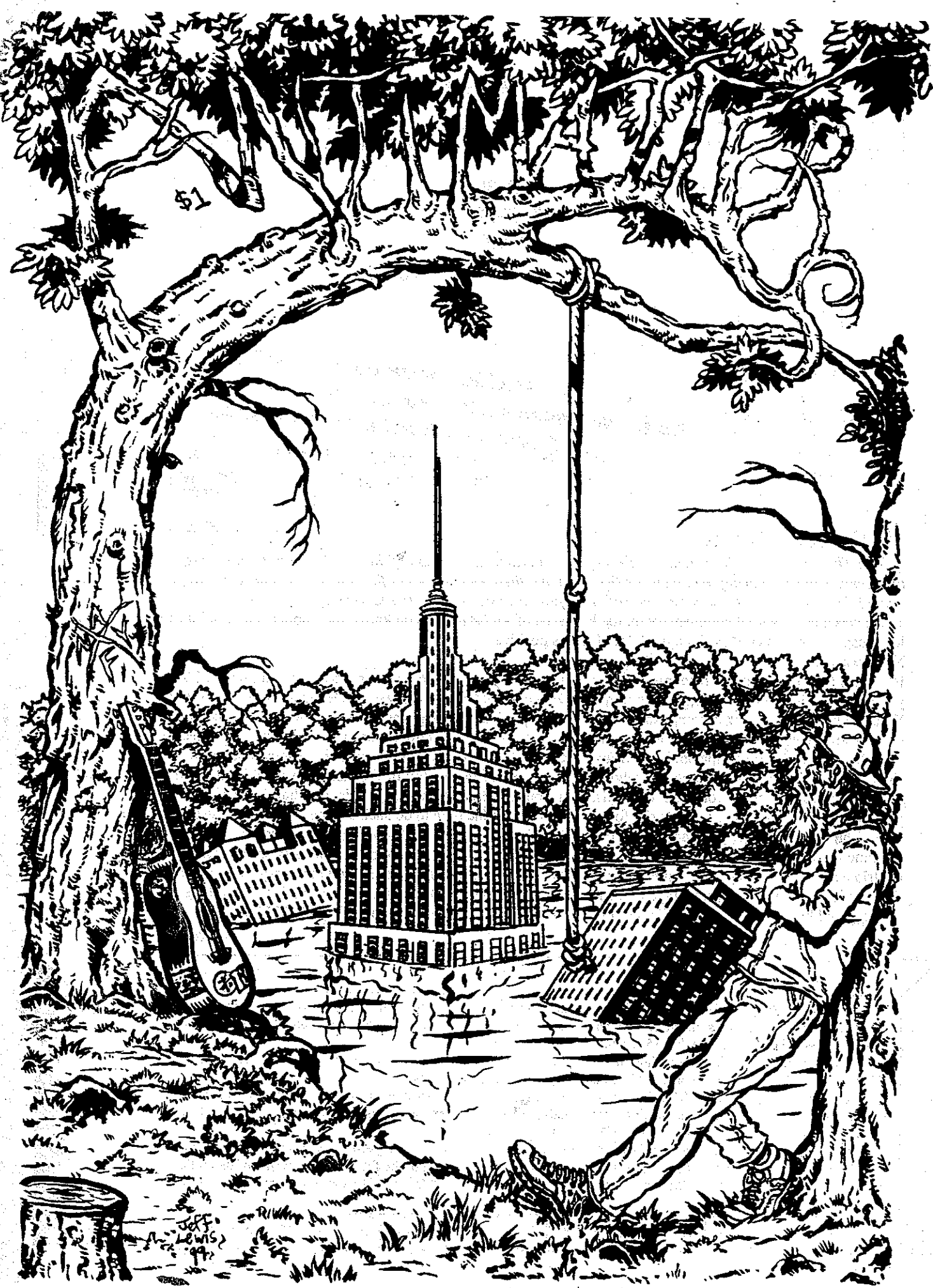


Oct '99

\$1



Jeff Lewis
1999

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**Just
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**Commander-in-Chief
Jonathan Berger**

WHY YOU SUCK

[Note: This essay is for the regular readers of the AntiMatters, members of the scene. If you are not a regular member of the scene, if you're touring the pages for the first time, these words are not for you. This is addressed to people who are part of the community. If you are not one of them, just move on. Nothing to see here...]

There was a lot of verbal commentary on the last issue of *AntiMatters*. You know, the Puppet Issue? A lot of people had a lot to say to about what they thought. A lot of it was positive.

No, it wasn't.

But that's OK. I had a stock response to just about everyone: "*AntiMatters* is a contribution-run paper. It's like sex. What you get out of it depends on what you put into it. Did you contribute to the last *AntiMatters*? No? Then shut the fuck up."

What I'd kind of hoped to accomplish by opening that particular dialog was to get people to recognize that this AntiFolk publication, like the AntiFolk scene in general, is not a one-man show (If so, we'd probably see those oft-threatened **Monday Thru Monday: Special Lach Showcases**). It's based on what the community offers. You know the community, right? You? I'd hoped that the people who complained about the quality of the last issue would step up to the plate and take some responsibility for their opinions, and contribute. Unfortunately, this is what I imagine was the internal response: "Me? I... I can't write for shit! I don't have the time to do such a thing. I don't... I can't... I –"

Look, shut up already. If you can't write, if you don't have the time, that's cool, but then I can only hope you don't have the time to talk about what a load of crap it is. The contributors to this issue of *AntiMatters* are the same old people who contribute each and every time. And it's a good issue, but I don't want to hear any commentary. If you won't volunteer for the solution, then you're a problem, child. Maybe it's a testament to AM's quality that this is the first time I've heard such whining and bitching from the public, but I prefer to think of it as a testament to WHY YOU SUCK.

- the Commander

The 7th Annual Philadelphia Music Conference, taking place January 19 to January 22, 2000, is now accepting applications to perform. It's one of the largest music festival and industry conferences in the world. Showcase applications are being accepted now until the postmarked date of October 15, 1999.

The PMC is widely recognized throughout the music industry for attracting some of the hottest new signed and unsigned acts in the US and abroad. 200 showcasing bands, 20 venues, 3 days, national showcases...

During the day is where the PMC truly shines. Over thirty-five panels took place featuring over thirty-five A&R representatives from the top major labels and the most aggressive independent labels. Panelists last year came from Virgin, Universal, Atlantic, Maverick, Arista, Tommy Boy, Billboard, Blaze and EZCD.com.

Whether you play Alt. Rock, Hip Hop, Hardcore, Folk and Electronica or anything else in-between, you'll want to show your stuff at PMC 2000. Add a very cool trade show and informative panels, you've got the first must-do events of the millenium. For more information, please contact the PMC at 215 587-9550, or fax (215) 587-9552. Email us at info@gopmc.com or hit the website at <http://www.gopmc.com>.

Report from the Fort

8/25/99 – Sidewalk Café – Initially, it looked like it was going to be a tough night for Jessie Murphy. John Kessel had just finished another one of his maniacally and untouchably delightful performances, Joie was paying tribute to his dead blonde girlfriend somewhere nearby and Hamell was about to undergo another trying experience at the Living Room. This set of circumstances resulted in a rather small crowd by the time Murphy, dressed in a chocolate brown suit, took the stage with her acoustic. A severe sore throat presenting the greatest potential challenge for the young lady with the back length mop of gold curly hair and the Mona Lisa-like grin. Yet there wasn't one detectable trace of undue concern all night in the stage soul of Jessie Murphy, who, throughout her time before the lights, remained unflappably pleasant and on point with her musicianship. Murphy is probably one of the few in this pack of performers who could never sound sarcastic, cloying or insincere when she calls the audience 'lovely' at the onset of her gig. But while the uninitiated at this point might've sat back and prepared themselves for a set of radio-ready pop tunes, Murphy made it clear early on in her performance and material that the grittier sides of life more often fuel both her music and imagination. With musical help fine lead guitarist David Litiker, she addressed what some celebrity athletes do when they're not being good role models for the kids of America in her best known song, "Football Star." The soreness in her throat actually lent an appropriate (and needed) huskiness to her call girl protagonist in the hook line, *"Throw me a quarter, I'll get your back."* Murphy's rhythm playing is interesting and



seems to improve with succeeding performances, and while her voice and tonal quality may not be at industrial blueswoman strength yet, it's clear that blues and jazz-incorporated folk seem to be her strongest and most earnestly beloved influences. Presenting these strengths are songs like "Prayer For West Side Soul" a political commentary, exploring the perceived state of affairs in the aforementioned part of town (and was the second of three tunes that dealt with prostitution in the set), and the lengthy instrumental "Rego Park Blues" which showcases Mr. Litiker's considerable talent as well. It's great to hear of some twenty-something

kid like Murphy *knowledgeably* idolizing bluesmen like Elmore James and musical love-and-lovelessness experts like Etta James. It's needed relief in a world overrun by Brittany Spears, Lil' Kim and scores of chart-topping wolves in FUBU clothing. On the minus side, some of her songs suffer from a tendency to lean too heavily on a single refrain, as if a hesitancy to delve deeply and flesh out the details and depth of the world of her protagonists exists lyrically. Still, a song like "Sold You Out" with its lyrical attack on phony manliness (*"loaded just to feel like a man"*) is a gem worthy of The Torpedo-in-Playtex School of Songwriting. It *looked* like it might be a tough night for the young lady, but by the time she and her partner got off stage, she proved that, in her own sweet and unpretentious way, she was tough enough for it. Give it time and effort, I think. With Annie Husick out doing bigger things these days, Jessie Murphy just might grow into the one of other nicest dames that ever kicked musical butt around here. (Penner MacBryant)

AntiMatters, the AntiFolk fanzine, is looking for contributions. Want to write about East Village acoustic music? Want to get albums and review them, talk about music, speak to cute musicians, or learn the ins and outs of the fast-paced world of independent publishing?

Contact the editors through AntiMatters@excite.com, or leave submissions at the Sidewalk.

9/8/99 – Sidewalk Café - We rushed over from the Raven, hoping to catch the whole set. Despite Kessel having the shortest legs among us, he was speeding ahead. He was the only one, really, who knew what we might be missing. "Is he really any good?" Kenny asked. "Depends on the day," I answered. "Some days, he's just horrendous." "But he can be great, too." Kessel said, far ahead of us. Laurel, gracefully maintaining pace, said nothing. "Almost there!" I belted out as we passed 7th Street. It was nine oh five. I hoped things were running late. Late or not, Paleface had already hit the stage by the time we set up camp in the Fort. Kessel took a corner seat, and I rushed up front. Kenny and Laurel joined Kessel, 'natch (he

...information about the moveable feast that is the antifolk experience...

Report from the Fort

smells better than I do).

Paleface did mostly things I hadn't heard, which makes sense. This was his first public appearance in maybe a year. He was rocking hard and loose on his acoustic, with a gigantic amp at his side. The emphasis, though, was more on *loose* than *hard*.

"I haven't played in a while," he told the small crowd.

Still, he played, which, after his being dropped from three national labels, is a testament to his character, if, perhaps nothing else.

"I wasn't impressed," Kenny said.

"He's been so much better than this," I explained, "But also so much worse. This was pretty Middle of the Road."

"Well..." Kenny said, still not impressed.

"Give him another shot," I yearned, but I had no idea if it would matter. I had no clue if Paleface would ever return to the Sidewalk, or music, again. (Jonathan Berger) <Editor's Note: Paleface rides again on October 21st at 10:00 PM >

9/10/99 - Guitar And Pen (5804 Mosholu Avenue)

Thanks to a website and several songs on the MP-3 charts, in July, Joe Bendik received a cordial e-mail from a café operator named Rick Pernod, he wanted Joe to come to his café and perform. Only thing is this café is located at the extreme northern periphery of the Bronx. Obliging Joe said OK, he then quickly recruited Joie DBG to split the bill. "I have no idea what this place is going to be like, if it sucks I'll do one quick set and wave goodbye," Joe said before boarding the "1" train. The journey to the café took better than 2 hrs. A \$5.00 ride in a non-registered cab got them there just on time.

9:00. The GUITAR AND PEN is quite small (half bookstore, half café), it was near empty but the staff was pleasant and accommodating. They served some decent wine and a plump primo J-bar appeared out of nowhere. "Give it about thirty minutes for folks to show up," said Mr. Pernod. Thirty minutes later, on cue, the place was full, 15 people. The audience was friendly and attentive. Bendik and Joie served up their high energy music (two twenty minute sets each), all had a jolly good time. When the hat was passed they raked in more than \$50. At the end of the show Joe met an electrician/sculptor named Kevin Hogarty. Kevin answers the question; "Where do we get the bus around here?" by saying "I'll give you guys a ride back to the East Village, just let me get my car, I live up the street." What do you think of that?

Note: THE RICK PERNOD BAND will be playing at the Sidewalk, Wednesday Oct. 13 at 10:00 (Patrick Harper)

9/20/99 - Sidewalk Café - Jeff stood up. I could barely believe it: Jeff stood up!

Jeff Lightning Lewis has been back for a couple weeks now, returned from his insane travels in foreign New England lands, and, though everyone's been pretty glad to see him, he's kept a fairly low profile. He played at this little party some had in his honor in Williamsburg, showing off the licks that the isolation and spanish guitar he had for the summer taught him, and he was part of something of a jam one late night at the Sidewalk, but he's not gigged, not been out and about as the player we've all come to know and politely clap for.

But he got an early number at the AntiHoot this week, and hitting the stage with a guitar with a little flower on it, he DID NOT sit down, and he DID NOT play awkwardly, and, for the first time since I've heard the boy strum, I understood why anyone might want to call him LIGHTNING.

He played his Chelsea Hotel song double time, and it rocked, but was still comprehensible, so when he suggests to the female in the song they rent a room, it was still funny and poignant. But fast. Ruthless. He did a Clash song, too. Unbelievable.

"I got a new guitar," he explained off-stage, "Gregg Weiss gave it to me. It's my first guitar. And I've got a strap..."

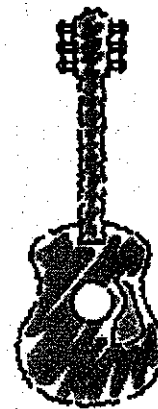
Jeff didn't let go of the guitar all-night long. He was excited, and looked so much like a rock and roll troubadour.

Of course, these were old songs he did. Imagine what he might do with new stuff. (Jonathan Berger)

9/28/99 - Sidewalk Cafe - Drew Blood makes a curious kind of feel good music. It's not so much that you feel good for him or with him, but, rather, at him. This was no less true for his first full-on punk band show.

With songs that range from the self-loathing ("Automatic Self-Destruction") to the self-hating ("Drowning") and back again, Drew proves himself, in capably played song after powerfully performed number, just how full of shit he, in fact, is.

"What happened," Kiri asked, returning from the bathroom, "What'd I miss?"



The all female pop/punk/folk Moxie has been nominated "Band of the Year" by the Long Island Voice (9/29 to 10/6). Moxie's self-owned label 28 Days has expressed interest in AF regulars Bionic Finger, and has already gotten the band's song "In Suburbia" featured on Dawson's Creek, as well as airplay on over 250 stations in the US.

"Well," Milda said, "Apparently, Drew is unhappy."
 "Yep," I added, "It seems he spends his downtime getting high, thinking about how full of shit he is."
 Drew, behind his keyboard, echoed my thoughts precisely, in a hoarse, painfully raw a cappella voice.
 "Huh," Kiri said.
 "Huh," Milda repeated.
 Me, I just grinned. I'd started the night miserable and alone, drinking in the park, anticipating this dark show. It was everything I hoped for, and more. (Jonathan Berger)



9/28/99 - Sidewalk Cafe - Twenty minutes early for the show, I was looking at the board outside of the present home of AntiFolk music, the Sidewalk Cafe. While reading articles I must have read a dozen times before, Pierre popped over.

"Has she started yet?"

"What?" I asked, "Michal the Girl's not going on 'til 7:30. She just sometimes tells people earlier, to make sure they arrive on time."

"Oh?" Pierre said, and pointed at the DryWipe board before me, which told us both that Michal the Girl was to start at 7PM, right on the dot.

"Shit," I said, and dashed through the door.

When I got to the back, I saw soundgent Voya setting up the equipment and Kris, the only other person in the room, looking for the star.

No sign of Michal the Girl. I sighed, and was ready to return to my post outside, when Kris looked at my questioning.

"Seven thirty," I explained.

"She told me seven," Kris said.

"She does that sometimes. To keep people on their toes."

"She should do that to me," Kris said, "I rushed over to get here. I could've showered, I could've gotten some coffee..."

"You look great, Kris," I said. Kris still seemed steamed.

Pierre, following me in, said, "Well, I have to go. I have another show to be at, at seven thirty."

"But..." I said, "Michal the Girl!"

"I came for her seven o'clock show," Pierre replied, "If she played straight with me..."

I think Michal's strategy is a smart one, particularly since she's inconsistent about it. When I used to put my watch ten minutes ahead so I'd never be late, I quickly learned to calculate that it was ten minutes ahead. With Michal, I know to hit her shows exactly when she tells me to, or suffer the consequences. And isn't that what it's really all about? (Jonathan Berger)



9/29/99 - Sidewalk Cafe - Butch is good. Butch Ross is one of those Philadelphia AntiFolkers, sort of the red-headed step-children of NYAF, and it seems like they've built up a strange hierarchy in their town. Maybe it's because of the limited number of players

Report from the Fort

(as opposed to the sprawling multitudes in NYC), but the self-proclaimed and seemingly active leader of the PAF pack is Adam Brodsky, head honcho of Permanent Records, and the fastest lip in the East. Make no mistake, Adam, a smart, shocking singer songwriter, is very good. Self-deprecating as he is, he deserves lauds of some sort. But then again, he didn't play the Fort this Wednesday. Butch did.

And, not to go full circle or anything, but Butch is *good*.

He ranges. He's got some traditional folkish numbers, like "Spider and the Fly." That may be one of his older numbers, as he's played it out for a while. But then there's this brand new number about assholes who smoke (not that they're one and the same, but the song does kind of play that up), which was positively funky. Then he pulls some fast-lyric tricks like his mentor Adam Brodsky, as in "This One's Gonna Marry Me, That One's Gonna Bury Me"



(I really hope that's not the title. That would be something of a mouthful), and then a noir tale like "Five Miles Out of Town." Butch ranges as far as he wants, but he always plays rhythmically, or his guitar is mic'd in such a way that he feels like he's pulsing energy as he's up there on stage.

Butch is good. I could do without a lot of his between-song patter, and would have him just stick to the material at hand, but that's small stuff. Butch, all I'm trying to tell you here, is *good*. (Jonathan Berger)

10/1/99 - Nimrod's - How do you handle a drunken freak? Three artists had different strategies.

At this Leukemia Benefit, Patsy Grace, Michal the Girl and Edith of Ohio's Amy Speace all volunteered their time to play the small upper east side club. When Ms. Grace opened the evening, the roar of the crowd was not for her. Some gray-haired drunken guy, expressing great interest in her... talent, tried to sing along, applauded wildly, and spoke during her set. Patsy nodded at him, used him for her show. When he tried similar stuff with Michal, she laughingly told him he was invading her space. He quieted down after that. When Amy Speace closed the evening, she somehow got him to do regular pitches for the Leukemia benefit, and made him collect money. Different chicks, different ways to manipulate men. I was impressed. (Jonathan Berger)

Prepare to Meet Your Maker is BACK! Peter Dizozza's touching musical tale of a hunchback and the corpse that he loves returns to New York for a surprise (really, it's always a surprise. A surprise, a shock, a horrifying moment of clarity...) engagement as part of the Williamsburg Art and Historical Center's Apocalypse 1999 series. 7:30, on October 22nd and 23rd, at 135 Broadway, at the corner of Bedford in Brooklyn. For tickets, contact 718-486-7372, The performance will feature musical accompaniment by Kenny Davidsen and Brian Wayne, and perhaps other AntiFolk personalities...



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CARBON MONOXIDE

by John Kessel

I think Moldy Peaches are a little too cutesy", bitterly intones 18 year-old Jack Lewis from the stage and sofa. And his discomfort is understandable, for when brother Jeff Lewis left New York for the summer, he left behind a seemingly unfillable void, where lysergic prose and the Theater of Chaos sow their demon seed. The scene would surely be duller.

Enter Adam Green, same age as Jack (uh-oh!), and present in NYC only a week or two after Jeff's departure. One open mike at the Fort and BOOM- He took over the whole freakin' vanguard.

Green's band, Moldy Peaches 2000, apparently dominated the rock scene in Port Townsend, Washington- formed in 1995 when Adam was only 14, and fostered by K Records. Googley-eyed, slack-jawed Green championed the tiny but heralded indie rock subgenre known as 'kiddie-core', which he manages to translate well into varieties of hip hop, folk, and pure bubble gum pop. Okay, good theme, good gimmick, but is it aging gracefully? Apparently so. The lyric writing, shared by co-vocalist Kimya Dawson (who's in her 20s,) is absolutely Beck-worthy. MP2K tread a smart/stupid vibe that us old folk used to go to Ramones shows for.

The rest of the band arrived in town a month after Adam, and in the shuffle of settling down in the big city, they found little time to rehearse. Don't worry, what the group lacks in gelling musically they make up for in costumes. Justice and Jest are probably the most committed sidemen any front person could ask for. I don't know yet whether or not Jest actually plays the guitar, but he does wear a prosthetic rooster head and does grandiose poses whether something happens or not. One big asset about MP2K (that conveniently helps adapt them to 'Anti-folk') is that they are capable of playing tentatively even when their amps are on 10. They care about their songs.

Adam says Moldy Peaches 2000 sing anthems for children of the new millennium! Adam and Kimya are perpetually precocious; as you will hear in the couplets of most MP2K ditties; like Lucky Number Nine ("Sepia on the staircase/ Mirror in the back of my brain/ Makes these hard pants feel great"), Lazy Confessions ("I think you're pretty/ My shrink says I'm witty"), Greyhound Bus ("I like my roller skates/ I ride them everywhere/ The circle flows eternally/ How can I find a savior). New tunes like Steak For Chicken are nasty put-ons, delivered as a duet with conflicting lyrics between the two singers. Velvet Underground fans, take note!

But is it fair to pin the *wunderkind* label on Adam Green? Well, it's fairer than shooting him. Besides a parallel on advanced lyric writing and idiot savant guitar (both Green and Lewis play loud and sloppy to mask a talent for intricate country-picking) they're both very different performers. For example, lyrically, Jeff is a great story-spinner while Adam is a quipper and self-signifier. Though both are intentionally producing themselves in lo-fi, only MP2K have the agenda for attaining music superstardom. Jeff's celebrity status is totally against his will. Fortunately, both brothers Lewis get along with all the Peacheses and there is no rivalry.

By the time you read this, it will be all over, for Adam Green will have left the band to enter the mature adult world when he leaves New York this fall for film school in Boston. The entire Moldy Peaches saga has been preserved on an extra-long career retrospective CD, "Fer The Kids" (Average Cabbage), available at Accidental Records.

POSTSCRIPT: Adam changed his mind. He's dropping out of college to prolong his youth, and MP2K recently enlisted a bass player in one Brian Piltin. Now you can eat your cookies, kitten.

MY WOODSTOCK '99 EXPERIENCE

I admire today's youth; generally speaking they are tougher, smarter, and just all around better folks than previous generations. They show an unprecedented concern for the environment, native peoples and animals. It's really quite easy to be tolerant of their burgeoning culture. My two sons Zach, 17, and Skip 14, are both fine young men. I have kept my opinions to myself amid green dreadlocks, baggy clothes, the crazy hand gestures, the tattoos, the nose and face studs, and violent rap music; in fact the only time my wife and I put our foot down was when a pack of cigarettes was found in Zach's coat pocket.

It was this tolerance which motivated me to accompany my sons to the three day Woodstock '99 Festival at Griffiss Airforce Base in Rome New York. They really wanted to go and since I had not been able to attend the first Woodstock Festival in 1969, 1999 seemed a good time to not only experience a once in a lifetime event but to bond closer with my kids and hopefully have lots of fun. I was thrilled by a rumor that CROSBY, STILLS and NASH might play. I imagined a harmonious melding of X-ER and Boomer cultures.

We had a family talk; it was decided Mother would stay home, I promised not to interfere with the boys for the full 3 days. The boys promised to act responsible and watch out for each other. No drinking, no drugs and no foolhardy shenanigans or else we would pack-up and go straight home. No questions asked.

Mother packed us a large picnic basket filled with

tuna, eggplant and watercress sandwiches, fruit, protein bars, and her famous carrot cake. This healthy food would supplement those concession stand snacks. Face it, kids are gonna eat the junk food no matter what you do. We loaded up the



minivan with tent, sleeping bags, sweaters, soap, toilet paper, two 3-gallon jugs of water, lawn chairs and other essentials. Off we went, a \$165 per-ticket trip into peace, love, and father-son bonding.

There was a happy vibe, a youthful excitement in the air as I parked the minivan. We strapped on our overstuffed backpacks and trudged forward about a quarter mile to the entrance. Approaching the gate I noticed burly security guards going through peoples belongings. When our turn came they confiscated the contents of our picnic basket and the jugs of water. (Where's the ACLU when you need them?) The smile was wiped off my face. The ubiquitous PIZZAHUT logo was a sharp reminder of unbridled commercialism. I asked a staff worker where the "FAMILY CAMPING ZONE" was located. He pointed towards several multicolored helium balloons about a half a mile away. The field was already muddy, I didn't know why; there had been no rain. Then I noticed... I had expected nudity... but not people openly urinating. Zach and Skip marched enthusiastically but it was hot, about 100 degrees, the kids were thirsty and understandably complaining. I bought a 20-ounce bottle of water for \$4.00.



The pungent odor of marijuana mixed with raw sewage. "Drum circles" had formed; people were dancing, laughing, and sliding around. We pitched our tent and set-up about three hundred-fifty meters from the East Stage. The heat was wicked. Our immediate area (we never did find the "FAMILY ZONE") was filling up quickly. You had to stand if you wanted to see anything, there was heavy traffic, like a super-foot-highway just in front of us and people kept stumbling and falling onto the tent, so we moved it about 4 feet to the left. Just as the great James Brown began performing Zach and Skip got into a fight over a pack of chewing gum. After 10 minutes of bickering and punching I pulled them apart, "one more time



and we are leaving!" I said sternly. I then gave Zach \$75 and told him to buy us some pizza, Pepsi, bananas and water and "bring em back here pronto!" Finally I could watch the show. To my utter amazement I realized our view of center stage was completely obscured by a massive television camera tower. I felt like; hey, I've been ripped off. It was a densely populated sea of humanity. Shoulder to shoulder. Our neighbors on all sides were very drugged up. I saw Skip get offered a joint, I'm proud to say he refused.

Hours later, when JAMES BROWN was but a memory, a white rap group named LIMPBIKIT took the stage. At this point I'm wondering: where is Zach? Zach never came back. This caused me great concern, but at the same time I knew Zach had to find himself, and maybe Woodstock '99

A personal Memoir by Patrick Harper

MY WOODSTOCK '99 EXPERIENCE

By Patrick Harper

would be the place. Common sense told me to just sit back and wait, but Skip and I were both hungry, our bellies crying out for food. I left Skip in charge of the tent and set out to look for Zach, I'd pick up food and drink on the way. First stop: the "Mosh pit". I make my way to the edge, I think I see Zach a dozen times amid the thousands of frolicking youth but it is only the same green hair-color and FUBU logo. Tragically I saw one topless young woman (just a few feet from me) get caught in the "Mosh pit", she was kicked in the stomach, then the head; her face gashed open, teeth knocked out, she was all mud, blood, and gore. BIZKIT's lead singer is shouting, "break stuff", violently encouraging ape-like stupidity. As a medical "Peace Patrol" team removed the girl on a stretcher, young men and boys were grabbing at her breast and crotch. The kids were chanting "Grab Tit! Mosh Pit". Surely Zach was smart enough to avoid this chaos. I headed to a concession stand. \$12 dollars for a tiny personal size pizza, I bought 4 of them, and several of those 20oz waters. Luckily they accepted credit cards.

When I return to the tent my spirit sinks, Skip is nowhere to be seen. I was worried; perhaps he headed off to watch the clusters of young people copulating on the ridge. In any case, I wasn't going to try to find him, not now. It would be near impossible. Besides, I noted a terrible

HE SAID SHE SAID

She keeps telling him men and women can't be friends without being lovers
or wanting to be lovers
or thinking about being lovers.

He wants to tell her she's fat, and stupid, and short, and emotionally stunted.

He wants to say that he can barely tolerate her as a friend, and the thought of her as a lover causes spasms of fear and anxiety and fury.

He wants to explain that he'd never choose to be with a slut, a bitch, an awful whore like her, that if he ever had such a thought, he'd rather shoot himself in the large intestine over and over.

But he knows she's right.

Jonathan Berger:
*Out-Spoken Word Artist and all around
gentleman's gentleman...
at the Libra Birthday Bash
October 9th - 7:30 PM @ the Sidewalk Cafe
(94 Avenue A - 6th Street)*

migraine headache gnawing at me from the back of my eyeball socket to the scruff of my neck. I ate one undercooked pizza and drank a few waters. A band called BUSH finished the first day's festivities. I was nonplused. At about 1 a.m. I decided to take a walk, I stood up, and then it started, my belly was crying out, but not for food. I made it to the PortaPotties where I stood in line for ages, the stink alone was enough to make one ill. I had dysentery and my stomach was knotted and gurgling. I sat there for at least an hour.

Still feeling like hell, I departed the box and dizzily slogged back to the tent, still no sign of Zach or Skip. I remembered my vow not to interfere. Although Zach and Skip were both acting irresponsibly I didn't want to traumatize them with an embarrassing search and loud speaker paging. I unrolled my sleeping bag and got inside. At this point I'm totally sick, shivering with fever and cramps as if Moctezuma himself had cursed me. Very uncomfortable. The neighbor next to me seemed concerned but he didn't understand, "you'll come-down, you'll be OK" he said. I zipped up my tent, put in some earplugs and tried to sleep, spinning and nauseous. Except for two more dizzy, virtually surreal hikes to the PortaPotties, all day Saturday I remained motionless in my tent, too sick to move. Dehydrated, intensely tired but awake. I missed Willie Nelson and Jewel and didn't care. Someone fell onto my tent, collapsing its structure; I didn't have the strength to stand-up let alone make repairs. I just lay there, a hump of



sweaty, plastic covered flesh, in 100 plus degree heat. The lumpy soggy ground beneath me, the constant music, noise, the stink, my churning intestine, torture beyond

description. Sunday morning Zach came back, but he seemed different, though I was utterly immobile he didn't try to help or even fix the tent. He was incoherent, obviously on hard drugs; his pupils were like giant black holes. I tried to be authoritative but my voice was weak "We are going home... I need Peace Patrol... get stretcher for me... sick."

Zach just gazed at me for a moment, then grabbed the uneaten pizzas and fled without responding. His indifference confounded me, I pulled the red



Goretex tent-flap over my face, then mercifully I fell asleep.

MY WOODSTOCK EXPERIENCE

By Patrick Harper

My fever broke about 4 p.m., Sunday. I summoned up my willpower and repaired the tent. In the blazing sun and heat I was still a mess, powerful migraine headache continued, for some unknown reason my jaw hurt, and I couldn't fully close my mouth. Above all I was angry with my sons, Betrayed I sat and waited for their return. About 9:30 Sunday night Skip came back terribly blistered by sunburn. Anger gave way to sympathy as I saw how much pain he was in. He could barely walk. As I heard his groans, and saw his tears gush, I couldn't be mad. About 10 p.m., Zach came strolling over sheepishly. I was glad he had returned but also very perturbed. I let him know it. "Come on, we're going!" I said. He answered "Don't go all agro Dad! I have to see the Peppers". Despite his most whiney tone I was intractable. We packed-up camp, (someone had stolen our lawn chairs) and headed for the parking lot, but first I had to visit the dreaded PortaPotties again...Once I sat down, the box started to rock, I heard deranged chuckling, then the repeated chant: "Hey, Hey, Ho, Ho, PortaPotties got to go", suddenly I was tipped over, upside down. My arm was jammed between the urinal and my shoulder. Unbearable pain, my right arm was badly broken, a thick blue chemical liquid, and excrement had poured from the toilet all over me, I couldn't reach the lock or handle to get the door open. I shouted for help, I was suffocating. Twenty-five minutes later members of the "Peace Patrol" forced open the door, my arm was locked in a painfully unnatural position round the back of my head, trousers at my knees. I was loaded onto a stretcher and rapidly hustled through the screaming mob of young miscreants. I saw the



"Art Tent" in flames and the "Peace Wall" being ripped apart. The music was over, replaced with the

sound of riot. To add insult to my injury: as the paramedics loaded me into the ambulance we were pelted with hundreds of pretzels. Zach and Skip, unaware of my situation, were eventually rounded up by the "Peace Patrol". I saw them Monday afternoon at the hospital. I promptly grounded them both, without TV, for two weeks! Needless to say I'm suing Woodstock 99. It's all their fault. It could have been beautiful.

-Patrick Harper and his family live in New York City

Things I Like – Brooklyn

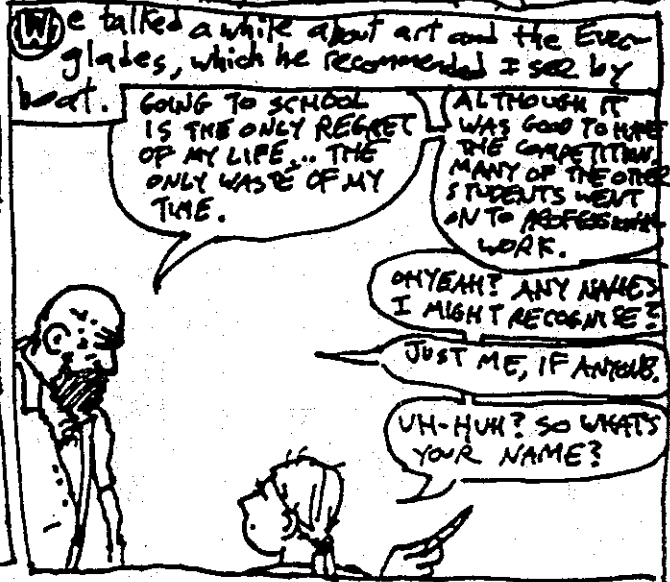
by Dave Wechsler

Well, Autumn is here again and the only thing I can say is, "Hmm."

I know it's not all that an exciting thing to say, but that's how I feel. You can't tell me I don't feel that way. No one knows how I feel and if I say I feel "hmm" then goddamit I mean that I feel "hmm". It's like this- You're walking in a playground and a little kid is crying; so naturally you take him over to the sandbox and start kickin' a little sand in his face, you know, to soak up the tears. Anyway, he starts cryin' a little more and before you know it, the parents are involved. They're yappin' and yappin' and you're sayin, "Hey, but it's just a little crybaby." Next thing you know, you're surrounded by the cops and they're cuffin' you and reading you your rights so you look straight at the kid before they shove you in the patrol car and say, "If it's last thing I do, I'll get you. You ruined my life. You understand me. You're a dead man!" And at those words, the kid stops cryin'. And you're like, "Well it's about time."

The point is that you don't really understand why people do the things they do. Why they enjoy the things they enjoy. Why they hate the things they hate. So the importance of knowing why people like the things they like is nada, 'cause it probably won't make any sense or give you any insight into what they think about anything else cause people are weird and have to be dealt with on a case by case scenario. You might need to kiss 'em. You might need to smack 'em. Those two events may be seconds apart. You just don't know. Anyway, I like Brooklyn. You go figure it out, smart guy.

Continuing the Saga of Jeff Lightning Lewis and his trip to Florida: So far, he's been in Florida, bumming around, meeting people, walking a lot, being poor, and... oh, hell. Just read the story, all right?



Brief pause in the story:
I drew the previous panels last week. It's now Monday night, 5-10-99 and I was told about an hour ago that Shel Silverstein died today.

I tried hard not to run into Johnness or Eve, to avoid making any bad impression on them that might jeopardize our arrangement. I did bump into Eve that night + she invited me to eat dinner with them...

WE'VE BOUGHT TOO MUCH FOOD... YOU'RE WELCOME TO JOIN US...

FREE FOOD! SO TEMPTING AND I'M KINDA HUNGRY... BETTER NOT, I DON'T WANNA SAY OR DO ANYTHING TO OFFEND THEM LIKE THAT OTHER RIDE...

NO THANKS, I ALREADY ATE!

Next morning I woke up early again. When they made a comment to me about how much stuff the three of them had to load into the car I was sure they had decided not to take me along.

THIS SUCKS! I DON'T WANT TO WAIT AROUND ANOTHER DAY!

THE 203 I SPENT ON THE EXTRA NIGHT HERE COULD'VE GOTTEN ME ON A BUS ANYWAY!

Luckily I was wrong, and we were off!

YAAAY!

JOHANNES AND EVE SPOKE good English. His sister Carol was just learning. We talked about music + how we weren't sure what to think about the bombing in Kosovo.

I thought they were planning to drive through the Everglades, which I was pretty psyched to do. Unfortunately for me they first were going to spend the night in ~~then~~ the Florida City Youth Hostel. As that didn't seem like an exciting idea, and it was only about one pm, I decided to just take the bus from there to South Beach Miami, which I was pleased to hear would only cost me \$1.75!

SO I BUY THE PASS HERE? UH-HUH.

WELL, ARE YOU GONNA GIVE IT TO ME?

OH NO, YOU GOTTA BUY IT FROM HIM.

BUT I CAN SEE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE MY DOLLAR BACK. THAT'S OK, I GUESS.

WOW, HE WAS PRETTY SLICK.

MAYBE MIAMI'S A DANGEROUS PLACE IF I JUST GOT SCAMMED FOR A BUCK THE SECOND I GOT ON THE BUS TO THE CITY!

While on the bus, then a transfer to a metro-rail thing, then a transfer to another bus and I started to see pizza places + tattoo parlors + some beach in the distance.

MIGHT AS WELL GET OFF HERE... LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE HIP PART OF TOWN.

PIZZA

PIZZA

PIZZA

PIZZA

PIZZA

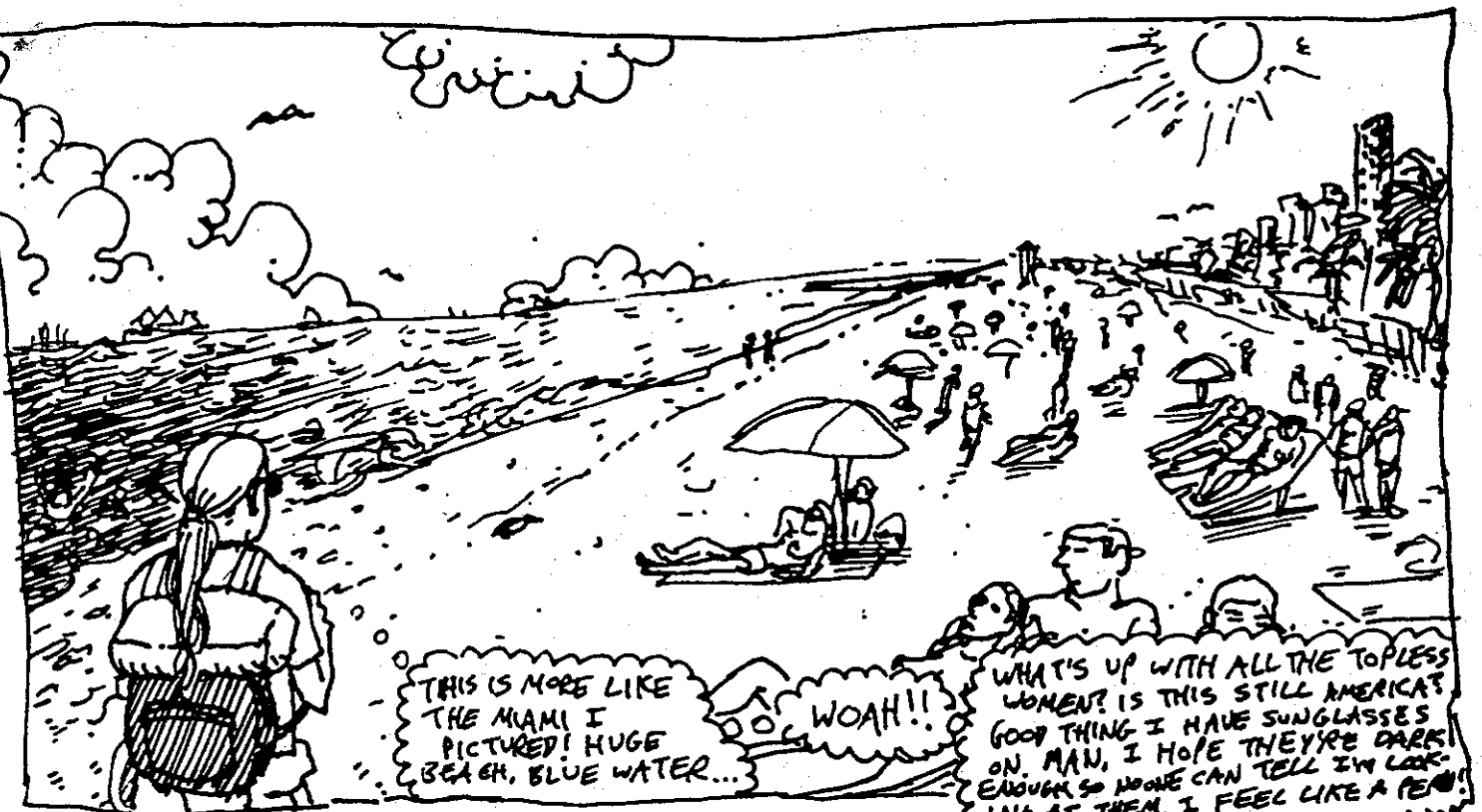
PIZZA

PIZZA

GUESS I MISSED DAN AGAIN, HUH?

WELL, LET HIM KNOW I'M IN SOUTH BEACH.

YEAH, I'LL PROBABLY HEAD UP TO W. PALM BEACH TOMORROW OR SOMETHING. RIGHT NOW I'M JUST GONNA WALK ON THE BEACH.



THIS IS MORE LIKE
THE MIAMI I
PICTURED! HUGE
BEACH, BLUE WATER...

WOAH!!

WHAT'S UP WITH ALL THE TOPLESS
WOMEN? IS THIS STILL AMERICA?
GOOD THING I HAVE SUNGLASSES
ON. MAN, I HOPE THEY'RE DARK
ENOUGH SO NO ONE CAN TELL I'M LOOK-
ING AT THEM. I FEEL LIKE A PEE!

I'LL JUST WALK UP THE BEACH
AWHILE + TAKE IN THE SIGHTS.

NOT THAT I'M, LIKE, A
CREEPY 16 YEAR OLD WHO WANTS
TO SCOPE OUT TTTS. IT'S JUST
INTERESTING TO SEE, SOCIO-
LOGICALLY.

YEAH.

I'M TOTALLY OVERDRESSED.
PEOPLE ARE PRACTICALLY
NAKED HERE AND I'M
WEARING JEANS + A SWEAT-
SHIRT AROUND MY WAIST...
THERE'S JUST NO ROOM
IN MY BAG FOR 'EM.

HEY, YOU
GOT A
CIGARETTE?

NAH...



After walking around (and a terrible minute when a woman pointed
me out to her boyfriend, having correctly assumed that I was
resting where I was because her breasts were in my line of
vision) I saw the tan, porn-star figured young guy + his
heavier, middle-aged father again...

HEY, WHAT'S
UP.

WHAT'S
UP.

YOU AINT FROM
AROUND HERE,
HUH?

NAH.
I'M FROM
NEW
YORK
THE CITY.

SEE, WHADDID
I TELL YA.
WE'RE FROM
BROOKLYN.



YEAH, MY PARENTS'RE
FROM BROOKLYN. I'M
BORN + RAISED.

UH-HUH.

I'M JUST
TRAVELLING
THROUGH FLORIDA
FOR A LITTLE
BIT...

I WAS JUST IN
KEY WEST FOR
A WHILE.

YOU SEEN THAT
POST THEY GOT IN
KEY WEST THAT
SAYS 'SOUTHERNMOST
POINT IN THE U.S.'?
THAT'S SOMETHIN',
HUH?

YEAH, I SAW THAT.

THIS IS UNREAL! I'M
HANGING OUT WITH
THE GOTTI CRIME
FAMILY! I SURE
AM PLAYING IT OFF
SUPER COOL.



WE WAS JUST
DOWN THERE
TOO. I GOT A
PLACE HERE IN
MIAMI THOUGH.

OH
YEAH?

YEAH. YOU HEARD
OF THE GOTTIS, RIGHT?
WE'RE GOTTIS.

NO FUGGIN' WAY!!!!



I'M MIKE. THIS IS
MY SON FRANK.

HI.

HI.

SO WHAT WERE
YOU DOIN' IN
KEY WEST?

I DONNO, I JUST
FIGURED I'D CHECK
IT OUT. SOMEONE
TOLD ME I SHOULD
SEE SOUTH BEACH.
SO I CAME HERE.
I JUST GOT OFF
THE BUS A COUPLE
HOURS AGO.

YEAH, IT'S
NICE HERE.
THIS IS A
COLD FUKIN'
DAY THOUGH.

WELL, IT'S
RELATIVE
CONSIDERING
WHAT NEW
YORK'S LIKE
NOW... IT WAS
JUST WARMING
UP WHEN I
LEFT.



SO WHAT
ARE YOU GUYS
DOIN' DOWN
HERE? JUST
HANGING OUT?

I RUN A
LOT OF SHIT
HERE, LIQUOR
STUFF...

HEH, MAYBE
YOU SHOULDN'T
TELL ME TOO
MUCH, HEH!

IT'S ALL
LEGAL. 'S WHERE
THE SMART
MONEY IS.

DAMN, MY
STUPID ATTEMPT
AT HUMOR
MADE ME
LOOK LIKE A
WUSS!



...SO, UH, WHAT DO
YOU THINK ABOUT THAT
GOTTI WHO JUST GOT
CONVICTED? IT WAS IN
THE PAPERS...

COUSIN JOHN? WELL
HE WAS FUKIN'
STUPID. YOU GOTTA
KNOW WHO YOU'RE
DOIN' BUSINESS
WITH...



WHAT DO YOU THINK I SHOULD CHECK OUT WHILE I'M HERE?

THE BEACH... YOU MEAN LIKE OTHER STUFF?

THERE'S A BUNCH OF CLUBS AND SHIT. THEY'RE COOL.

YOU WANNA CHECK OUT LINCOLN ST. THAT'S WHERE PEOPLE HANG OUT. 'SLIKE THE FUCKIN' VILLAGE.

HERE, YOU MISSED SOME SAND ON THAT FOOT...

THANKS... THIS IS NUTS!

HERE, WE'LL WALK OVER TO MY PLACE. Y'SEE THAT RESTAURANT? OLDEST ONE IN THE AREA. IT'S 24-HOURS, TOO. NOTHIN' SPECIAL, BUT IT'S OKAY.

YO, THOSE NIGGAZ'LL FEED YOU GOOD THO'.

I'LL WALK WITH THESE GUYS BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I WANNA GO UP TO THIS GUYS HOUSE... WHAT IF THEY'RE GAY-MEN? I WAS AN OBVIOUS MARK...

WHAT TIME IS IT?

6:30...

THE KID ASKS ME FOR A CIGARETTE, SCARING ME OUT... I'M OBVIOUSLY NEW IN TOWN... IT WAS ONLY AFTER I SAID I WAS FROM NEW YORK THAT THEY SAID THEY WERE!

YOU DON'T JUST PULL INTO AN UNKNOWN CITY AND GO TO THE APARTMENT OF THE FIRST FRIENDLY STRANGER WHO COMES ALONG! I SHOULD SPLIT.

COME UP AND HAVE A DRINK.

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT THEY ALWAYS SAY!

MY FRIENDS COMING TO PICK ME UP... I'M ONLY GONNA BE HERE A LITTLE WHILE + I'D LIKE TO SEE SOME OF THE CITY.

ALL RIGHT... IT'S REAL EASY TO GET TO LINCOLN ST. FROM HERE.

LEMME GIVE YOU MY CARD BEFORE YOU GO... FRANK YOU GOT ANY ON YOU?

NAH. THERE'S MORE IN THE ROOM.

THIS DOESN'T EVEN LOOK LIKE A CARD... IT'S LIKE A MOTEL...

A PERFECT SET UP! THEN THE DOOR LOCKS BEHIND ME AND BOOM, I'M THE HOTTEST NEW STAR ON THE SNUFF FILM SCENE!!!

YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANNA DRINK? ISNO PROBLEM...

THESE GUYS TOTALLY PLAYED ME! I'M LIKE A LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER NOW!

WELL, WE'RE RIGHT UP HERE.

I DON'T WANT TO JUST FOLLOW YOU GUYS AROUND... WHY DON'T YOU POINT ME IN AN INTERESTING DIRECTION?



Sick of this piecemeal collection of Jeff Lightning Lewis' Relatively Meaningless, "What the hell am I doing here?", Trip to Key West? Well, so are we!

Now, available only from Mr. Lightning Lewis himself, is the completed, unexpurgated, essay-enriched version of his sad little adventure down south.

Contact Jeff Lewis at weja4@aol.com or comb the streets crying, "Jeff! Jeff!"

Whatever floats your boat.

NEW YORK FRINGE FESTIVAL

The Third New York International Fringe Festival was held August 18 - 29, 1999.

During this edition of the Festival, at least 135 short plays, by new and or obscure writers, were presented.

The plays were mostly performed in small, intimate BlackBox theaters. Tickets were \$11.00, Adult, and \$7.00, Student. Anyone involved in the productions and members of the press were admitted to all events free. Most of the shows I went to were near empty.

The Fringe Fest also included seminars, poetry, and "street theater". On Allen Street, I saw some Fringe sponsored "Street Theater": A guy from Australia shouted dance instructions through a small distorting amplifier as two woman dressed like Marie Antoinette (with enormous white wigs) jumped around. A third woman, dressed similarly, played the violin. An apathetic crowd of about 20 looked on. Standing nearby was a person in a "Snoopy the dog" costume. I have no idea why he was there. He may not have been involved.

It started to rain.

On the other hand I attended an interesting seminar called "ZAP For ZIP," about marketing and PR, hosted by Ron Lasky, who handled the media promotion for The Fringe. Mr. Lasky dispensed basic but ultimately useful information about getting your production booked and looked-at. I guess it's not ironic, this lecture was much better attended than any of the six plays I saw.

In general it was amazing to see so many actors and writers with so little to say. A sign of the times I guess.

Furthermore any festival that issues a press-pass to *AntiMatters* has to be suspect. But I'm not being fair, as noted I only saw six plays, so a full analysis is not possible. I'll bet there was at least one "diamond" in that haystack. I encourage all the scribblers out there to get to work and submit something to next years "selection committee". If you do write and produce a "diamond" of a show, instant notoriety and opportunity could be yours - if only for a moment.

The Fringe provides Lower East Side venues. You provide the ideas. Viva Fringe Fest!

Reviews By BOTCHO

ALIEN INTERCOURSES: Collective Unconscious. 8-21.

This longwinded mess is about an "alien abductee support group".

Of course the "abductees" are all stupid nuts. Lots of anal probe humor. No suspense. The acting was OK but never convincing. It seemed strained - for obvious reasons: according to the playbill there were supposed to be three actors playing the various rolls, only two showed for the performance. Sophomoric. Not funny or interesting. Blow it out your ass. A big disappointment from "Post-Krisper Productions".

TIGHTROPE: NY Performance Works Theater. 8-24-99.

Performed by a huge amalgam of "street performers" from Antwerp and NY. Written by Ken Post, TIGHTROPE is little more than a vehicle for Ken's mediocre songs (sorry man), most of which are well sung by a delightfully enthusiastic cast. At first I thought, hey, this is going to be a fun anti-Rudi musical. Saxophonist Lenny North does some good acting and leads a fine jazz combo that provides incidental music and backs up many of the songs. Some of the cast doesn't speak English too clearly. Unfortunately the emerging story fades into a series of unrelated songs each followed by, often, unintelligible monologues. This play ran 130 minutes; 90 minutes would have been much better. You want costumes? They got costumes! What do Pablo Picasso, Salvador Dali, Anais Nin and Camille Claudel, have in common with today's "Street performers"? Apparently, they were all misunderstood and repressed. Get me out-a-here!

HORSE COUNTRY: Present Co. Theatorium. 8-24.

Two drunken assholes, Sam and Bob, sit at a table getting drunker. Too realistic to be very interesting (have you ever heard two drunks talk?). The actors do a good job, despite Sam's phony condescending voice. The play seems to mock the viewer, "There's nothing here", Sam and Bob laughingly say in unison as they stare out at the audience. A parallel between the way horses are broken and the way people are manipulated is alluded to. For animation Bob

violently smashed his chair onto the table... There was almost some real action when part of that smashed chair went flying into an empty seat with great force. "Nothing here" should have been the title.

ON THE CLOCK: New York Performance Works, 8-21.

This is a collection of 3 short plays. The acting was uneven. The cast ensemble for the "Entertaining The Rich" satire was fittingly perky. In the next item, a subway confrontation mimics the power struggle of rat-eat-rat life in NYC. Unfortunately, the terrorizer stuttered and stumbled on his words, and that doesn't cut it. Looks bad. Ah, but, finally "The Installation" was sheer delight - The audience never knew what was to be installed but those two women ("the guys" in charge of the installation) had me on the edge of my very uncomfortable seat. Written by the by the guy who wrote "HORSE COUNTRY".

HOUSE OF LUCKY: Collective Unconscious. 8-28.

This is a semi-autobiographical one-man show, written and performed by Frank Harper Wortham. It tells the story of a poet and his deranged, drugged-up lifestyle in present day San Francisco. Wortham convincingly portrays several characters without going over the top. Great sarcasm. It's more a well-told story than a play. Raw blab. I understand somebody is going to make HOUSE OF LUCKY into a film, good idea. This one is worth seeing.

HOTEL CALIFORNIA: RedRoom, 8-22.

The title should have been ample warning. Then again, a traumatized "soldier of fortune" with a dumb-mute servant sounded full of possibilities. Everywhere (around the world) our hero goes he hears "Hotel California". If you like this song you'll probably like this production. Friends of the show were asked to join-in so as to punctuate this somewhat circular self-defeating construct. Weak! Frankly the performers were having a good time, which is infectious, and there was another good point; they dolled out free beers... I was glad I didn't walk out.

Kenny Davidsen: 88 Strings

Collecting dust in my tape collection somewhere is a bootleg from 1988 called **The Ice Weasels -- Live at the Tavern**. It's a band I ... roadied for in my college years -- though *groupied* might really be a better term. I was friends with many in the six-piece band, and I wrote some proto-journalistic essays about them, and I helped them move their equipment. Main thing I did for them, though, was love them. Not for the music -- they were a mediocre first year college band -- but because I knew them, and was intrinsically involved in their lives. I remember how they wrote their first song, "Grandfather," and how they never played it out. I remember how two of the guys were fighting for one of the girls in the band, only to have a third guy swoop in and take the prize.

I remember this best when I'm listening to the tape, though, really, just glancing at the handwritten Maxell tape floods me with memories of '88. Good memories, bad memories, memories I'd hoped would remain submerged and memories I'd thought I'd never forget.

I haven't listened to the Ice Weasels tape in years -- not in its entirety -- not since I lost touch with the band.

I just saw the lead singer of der Weasels on the street last week. I was prowling St. Marks with Kenny Davidsen, who'd just furnished me with 88 Broken Strings, an ironically similar album.

Despite the grandiose title, Kenny Davidsen's first CD is a live album, an unedited transcript of his April 25th, 1999 Birthday show. Immediately after Anne Husick's introduction, pleading the live audience to give the performer a warm birthday welcome, Kenny's piano and voice take me, and, presumably, other listeners on a trip down a very local memory lane.

Starting with the bizarre salute to AntiFolk AllStars, a medley called "Art Deco's Tribute to Sidewalk," through the relieved roar when Kenny begins performing his original, "Start Anew," and pushing through a plethora of proficiently played piano pop pieces, the album reminds me of what's strongest about Kenny: his enthusiasm and accuracy on the keys and his eternal hookiness. But what makes this live album so special for me are the moments between the songs. The lame introductions, the mistaken lyrics (See "Everybody's Trying to Put Me Down") and the musical allusions (Oh, say, double-referencing the Beatles in lyric-choice and phrasing in "Karma Never Dies"). It's seventy minutes worth of opportunity to treasure this special night in a young performer's life, and it's worth it.

Before "The Lonely One," which requires wind accompaniment, Kenny says, "You don't blow into a kazoo, you hum into it."

Reviews

"Like a dick!" someone, sounding suspiciously like some purple-headed Dead Blonde Girlfriend.

When the song transitions into the oldie, "Under the

Boardwalk," the audience joins in,

and, with each listen, I can pan across the crowd, seeing familiar faces, and faces I am, in imagination, becoming more familiar with, until Kenny commands a kazoo solo, and a solo that *must* be John Kessel's is performed brilliantly. I am there. I am, with each listen, living a show that I, unfortunately missed. I don't even remember what I was doing on the Sunday night of April 25th, but, in retrospect, I do know where I will have been.

Kenny Davidsen's calling this a commemorative album, and, because it's live, he's downplaying its value. He's

clearly not doing his work justice. (Jonathan Berger)

Queen Basi: Demo

kdavidsen@aol.com <718-858-3429>

Alright, I admit that writing the review while you listen to the tape is particularly lazy but as of late I've become a big proponent of magilla-gorilla journalism. Besides, Berger said the deadline was Friday and Gustav Plympton'll have my legs broke.

Queen Basi's three song tape is not bad for a demo. Although the sonic quality is OK, there is too much reverb on everything. (Something I myself am guilty of as well.) Her voice has a raw but pleasant sound to it that reminds me of Brenda Kahn's lower register and her guitar playing is rudimentary but not distracting.

The arrangement of voice, guitar and the occasional harmony vocal leaves only the songs to stand on their own, and here is where Queen Basi runs afoul. Although her songs are as tuneful as anything on "Blang," she has good ideas that don't come to fruition. The occasional clever line "What do you call a Jewish guy who's got a great job and he goes to the gym? Well, I don't know 'cause I didn't call him" and the attempts at cool rhyme (dinner/Yom Kippur) probably work well at an Anti-hoot or during a live performance. But in the context of this tape, Queen Basi usually takes too long to get to the point. I would suggest that if you're gonna use clichés you should quote them verbatim -- it's the only way they'll be ironic ("I wish you were dead" by Lincoln is a good example of this).

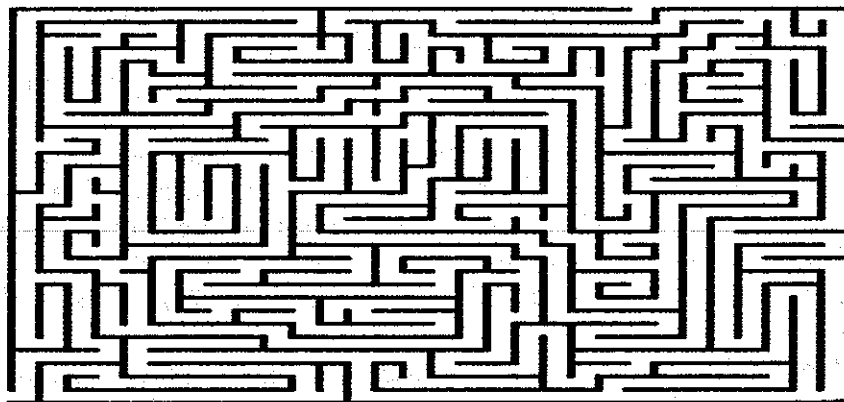
In general, I just don't feel that she has anything she needs to say. Her attempts at wanton sexuality don't wash and there's no pain or bitterness in her breakup songs. It's just detached cynicism over a bass line. There some talent here but Queen Basi needs to dig a little deeper. (Kenny Reed)

FILMIC

Cindy Lee Berryhill's tne-year old recording of Kirk Kelly's anti-Reagan rant, "This Administration" is featured in the independent film **SUITS**, now playing at the UA on 62nd & 2nd Avenue. Also available at the Waverly (on W. 4th Street).

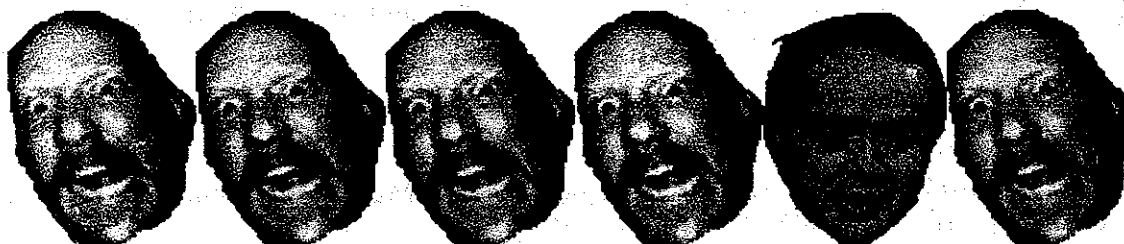
Mike Reckner's recordings of his own "SoHo Gangsters" and "Kodak Gold," from his first full-length, Wrecked Car, are featured in the gay road movie, **HITCH**, at the New York Film Festival.

Help John S. Hall get through the maze so he can eat up that rascally Ginerbread Man!



1. Don't Let Anyone in your Room, *Not Even People Who Say They're the Police* (That's the older trick in the Martian Book!)
2. If you see a Martian ordering Chinese Food, suggest they order the Kung Po Chicken. (If Martians eat extra hot food, their heads explode, but they don't know this!)
3. Believe it or don't, but it is NOT illegal to brain a Martian with a baseball bat in New York City. (And yet you can't make a right on red. Go figure!)
4. Martians are allergic to pumice, so buy a Martian a bar of Lava Soap!
5. Say your prayers and eat your vitamins--the quickest way to building muscles and kicking Martian ass all the way to next Thursday and beyond!

WHICH OF THESE PICTURES IS DIFFERENT?



ANTIFOLK KIDS' TIP OF THE MONTH: NEVER, EVER GO SWIMMING UNTIL ONE HOUR AFTER PLAYING A SET AT THE SIDEWALK CAFE! @@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@



entertainment sidewalk cafe the fort

Mon. Oct. 4-The Antihoot with Lach.Sign-up at 7:30.

Tues. Oct. 5- 7:30- Boshra, 8:30- Robert Secret, 9-Reclinerland, 9:30- Bill Dickson, 10- Jeff Nimeh, 10:30- Major Matt Mason USA and Schwervon

Wed.Oct.6-Jazz Wednesday: 8-Anomie, 9-Gil Schwartz and The Lava Daredevils, 10- Ahmed el-Motassem and Legal Fiction, 11- NYC Jam Session Inc (Larry Corban, Thierno, Ravish Omin, Kid Lucky)

Thurs. Oct.7- 7:30-Mo, 8-Al Lee Wyer, 8:30- John Kessel, 9- The Voices, 10- Brother Nature, 11- Howard Fishman (Fresh from the Algonquin Hotel's Oak Room!)

Fri. Oct. 8-7:30- Boaz, 8-Farrah, 9-Hawksley Workman, 10-TBA, 11-Kirk Kelly Group,12-The Bobby Syvarth Combo

Sat. Oct. 9-**Libra Birthday Bash**-7-Lorijo Manley, 7:30-Jonathan Berger, 8-Mike ill, 8:30-Kenny Davidsen, 9-Shameless, 10-Grey Revell, 11-Smelt, 12-Joie/DBG 1- Art Decco sings John Lennon

Sun. Oct. 10- 7-Scott Wakefield, 8-Brian Piltin, 9-Rick Shapiro

Mon. Oct. 11-The Antihoot with Lach.Sign-up at 7:30.

Tues. Oct. 12-7:30- Brian Steen, 8-Adam Wade, 8:30-Karen Rush, 9-Jennie Arnau, 9:30-Denis Moreau and The Krishna Country Band, 10:30-Jim Knable

Wed. Oct. 13-Jazz Wednesday: 8-Ekayani and The Healing band, 9-Deridan, 10- House of Pernod, 11-Destefano and McLeod

Thurs. Oct. 14- 7:30-Shamsi, 8-Billy Kelly, 9-Father Paul Murphy

Fri. Oct. 15-8-Upshot, 12-Mia Johnson

Sat. Oct. 16- 8-Damien Pratt, 10-Deni Bonet, 11-Slide

Sun. Oct. 17- 5-7-Anthony Muscat Artworks, 7:30- Dave Wechsler, 8-Deborah Smith, 8:30-Adrian Romero, 9-Rick Shapiro

Mon. Oct. 18- The Antihoot with Lach.Sign-up at 7:30.

Tues. Oct. 19-7:30-Duane, 8-Ruthy, 8:30-Kyle Shiver, 9-Michal The Girl, 9:30-The McCarthys, 10-Testosterone Kills, 10:30-Jude Kastle

Wed. Oct. 20-Jazz Wednesday: 7:30-Dina Richardson, 9- Blonde Sheriff, 10-Blue Fire, 11- The NYC Jam Session inc.

Thurs. Oct. 21-7:30-Deep Sound River, 8-TBA, 9-Tony Hightower, 10-Paleface,

Fri. Oct. 22- 8-Tryst, 9-Drew Blood, 10-Animal Head, 11-Joe Bendik and The Heathens,

Sat. Oct. 23-10-Lach

Sun. Oct. 24- 7-Scott Wakefield, 8- James Boggia Project, 8:30- Logs in The Mainstream, 9-Rick Shapiro

Mon. Oct. 25- The Antihoot with Lach.Sign-up at 7:30.

Tues. Oct. 26- 7:30- Anandi, 8-Grey Revell, 8:30- Fire Dean, 9-Sean Lee, 9:30-Belden Gaynor, 10-Kevin Drain, 10:30-Walker

Wed. Oct. 27- TBA

Thurs. Oct. 28-8-Ari Hest, 9-Matthew Puckett,

Fri. Oct. 29- 8-Mark Humble

Sat. Oct. 30- **SUPER HALLOWEEN PARTY PRIZES BEST COSTUME** 9-The Humans, 10-David Dragov, 10:30- Moldy Peaches 2000, 11-Joie/DBG, 11:30-Hot Dog

Sun. Oct. 31-9-Rick Shapiro

**NEXT ISSUE of AntiMatters:
New Releases on the Block!**