

ANTI MATTERS

JULY
2000
a buck

the return of
**TOM
NISHIOKA's**

demo recording tips

- PLUS -

ISH MARGUEZ
interviewed by Jeff Lewis

STEVE ESPINOLA
Only Has Ass For You

JON BERGER
on Hitler & Massachusetts

ASK MAJOR MATT
REPORT FROM THE FORT

some reviews
and, of course, lots more

Some Maudlin Crap from This Month's Guest Editor

Sometimes I marvel at what the human body and spirit can take without snapping in half.

Many of the people in the downtown arts scene have made severe sacrifices to continue doing their art - being ostracized by their families, taking dangerous jobs dealing with scary people, losing all contact with the outside world, denying themselves food, sleep, friends, even self-identity, coping with addictions of every stripe, plumbing our darkest neuroses, just to write a slightly better song or get a little closer to that *thing* that separates us from everyone else, gives us an identity we can show to the rest of the world.

Sometimes it's hard to keep some kind of even keel between doing the crap you have to do, every damned day, and having a life. Some people are better at it than others. One of this month's star subjects, Ish Marquez, for all his great natural talents, hasn't always done a good job of keeping that balance. I don't know how long he can keep doing what he's doing, but I'm truly glad he was able to finish his new CD, and I'm anxious to hear it. Jeff Lewis' lengthy interview with him covers a lot of significant ground, and is worth reading for an insight into that place where art and the rest of the world collide. Ish clearly finds true joy in his creativity, as do many others, and I wish him all the best as he keeps trying to get

through this world.

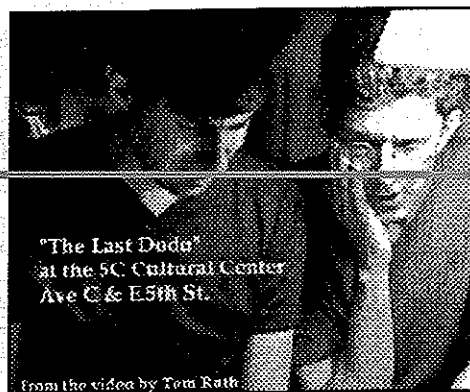
Another side of art-meets-the-rest-of-the-world is covered by Randi [Macho Man] Russo, who has written a few pieces by now about the mindset of finding an identity and a sense of self through creating and performing. Her transformation from extremely scared wallflower to one of the central pillars of the downtown songwriting scene has been swift and decisive. It's also ongoing, and her insights into how she's fine-tuning her act while still remaining true to the core of what she's about are pretty damned cool too.

When I agreed to be a guest editor of AntiMatters for a month while Jon Berger took a break and a road trip back to Massachusetts, I got a series of warnings (mostly from Jon) that it would be a terrible experience, but it's wound up being more fun than, um, Andrew Heller with his pants down. *Okay*, as fun as a Raven Open Mike.

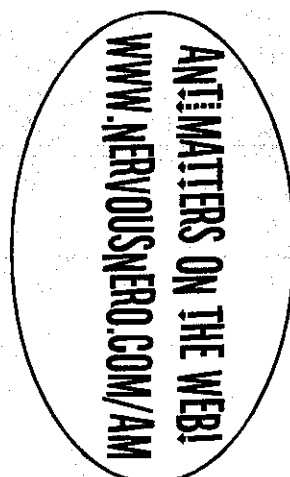
Oh, before I forget. Dina Levy deserves mad props for moral support (and a much-needed piece) as deadline approached.

So there you go. I hope you like this month's issue. I sure as hell do. Thanks, everyone, for letting me play with your zine for a while.

Tony Hightower
tony@nervousnero.com



AM columnist Steve Espinola and composer Peter Dizozza will read from Peter's new play, *The Last Dodo*, Sunday July 9th and 23rd at the 5C Cultural Center (Ave. C & East 5th St.). Also playing uncharacteristically quiet compositions on these evenings will be Tony Hightower (July 9th) and Kenny Davidsen and Monica Dizozza (July 23rd). Refreshments will be provided.



Dear AntiMatters,

I think it's a shame that you haven't covered the release of **Bionic Finger's** excellent debut CD. They were featured in your War article in May '00, and then in the wrap-up of the CD release parties in June '00, but their CD has yet to be reviewed. Fellow CD-release participants **Lunchin'** and **Dan Emery Mystery Band** have had their CDs reviewed. Why not Bionic Finger? ... You should do something to try to correct this obvious flaw.

Sincerely,
Astrid Jones

[Well, um, okay then.
Check out Page 13 - Ed.]

Contact:
AntiMatters
150 West 95th St. #9D
New York, NY 10025
antimatters@excite.com

Advertising in AM:
1/4 page: \$6
1/2 page: \$11
full page: \$21

Resident Godhead and Editor Emeritus:
Jonathan "Flexi-Grip" Berger

Editor:
Tony Hightower

Contributors:
Arnie Rogers, Astrid Jones, Dina Levy, Egils Kaljo, Gustav Plympton, Jack Dishel, Jeff Lightning Lewis, John Kessel, Jon Berger, Major Matt Mason USA, Mike Perazzetti, Mike Rechner, Randi Russo, Sanjay Kaul, Stephanie Biedermann, Steve Espinola, Tom Nishioka, Tom Ruth

Cover Photo of Tom Nishioka at the Sidewalk Cafe by Jon Berger.
AntiMatters - July 00 - Page 2

REPORT FROM THE FORT

The Raven June 8th

Though there wasn't an official 1 year anniversary party, or even much mention of the fact that **Joie DBG's** Raven open stage has been going on for a full year now, the June 8th Raven was a memorable one. What started off as a low key event had more than its share of interesting and exciting moments.

A recurring theme for the evening was the "Wrath of Brenda Khan" game. I won't give away the rules here, but the following sequence should give you some idea. **Brenda Kahn**. Wrath of Kahn, Con Artist, Artist formerly known as Prince, Prince Charles, etc etc.

Jon Berger performed some of his spoken word pieces with a capo. Don't ask.

Randi Russo (or, as Kimya called her in the spirit of the game "Randi Macho Man Russo") seems to have a different guitar every time I see her play. Which just reinforces the idea that great songs will still sound great no matter what guitar they are played on. I really liked her second song "Dead Citizen" which had a very nice single note sequence to begin the song.

Pete G, Brer Brian, and **Crazy A** all joined together to play an explosive blues number.

Ricky Johnson sang a movie-inspired song, with special instructions to the audience to say "Bond. James Bond" after every 007 reference, and "Yo Adrian!" after every Sylvester Stallone reference.

Beware of **Brian Piltin** and his "Bucket of Love."

Rick Shapiro stopped by to present a few minutes of his brand of comedy. He spoke about beret shops and big asses. He then began a story about a homophobic cab driver who proposed some bestiality scenarios with rabbits. Anyway, an audience member took offence at Rick's comedy, and interpreted it as homophobic. Quite a few tense minutes went by as the audience member expressed his extreme distaste for Rick and his humor, while Rick, though not offering any apologies for his material, insisted his humor was not, in fact, homophobic. Hostilities escalated, but the audience member shortly stormed out of the Raven without incident. Never a dull moment when Rick is around!

Kimya then faced the daunting task of following up that performance. Loud feedback notwithstanding, I think she did quite well.

James Brohl made his Raven debut, singing two great songs about lost love and heartbreak.

Joie got up to perform some of his poetry as well, the standout poem being the one about "I am not your dot com."

In another impressive debut, **Umbrella** performed for the first time at the Raven. Particularly memorable was their "This will be all right" song. They left the audience very impressed with their singing and their voices.
(Egils Kaljo)

Iron Horse (Northampton, MA) June 19th

Bored bored bored on a Monday evening out of town, I just didn't know what to do with myself. My friends were all playing geek role playing games, I couldn't recognize any of the TV channels, and Northampton, Massachusetts is known as one of the greater lesbian meccas of the world, so the bars were out... I needed to find something to do.

The Valley Advocate is like the Village Voice of the town. When I lived in Western Massachusetts, there was also the Valley Optimist, which was like the NY Press, the young, engaging upstart. That weekly was run into the ground years ago. So I glanced through the Valley Advocate, to keep myself from chewing my leg off.

I'd had a lot of luck with the Advocate in the past. I first read about Brenda Kahn and AntiFolk in the paper, back in '92. There was a cover story about Brenda Kahn. She was hot. When I went to the show, it changed my life. I didn't have such high expectations for the Advocate this time. After all, it was just a townie weekly.

It was at seven oh five that I read that the Iron Horse had a show that night. A free show. An open mic show.

The Iron Horse used to be the most prestigious club in town. I saw Julianna Hatfield there. I saw Pianosaurus and the Bobs there. I saw Kristen Hirsh there. I saw Boiled in Lead there. I even stood outside in the rain one night to hear my first Billy Bragg set, before I had any notable income or real comprehension of a broken heart. Back in the day, the Iron Horse was it. And they had an open mic, available for acts to just get up there and get going.

I packed my bag and walked past Main Street to the club.

They'd worked on the place since I used to live in the Valley. Fixed it up, which is strange. It had already been a well put-together place. But now it was snazzier still.

On stage was some cute little boy playing guitar.

"I'm Steve," he said, "And I'll be picking names out of a hat. And here comes our

(continued)

(Report from The Fort - continued)

first performer, Lucy Deakins."

Up came a cute little girl to play her two tunes and promote her CD.

"Is it too late to sign up?" I asked Steve, crouching before him.

"We pick people randomly, so it's not too late to sign up," he replied.

"Great," I said, signing my name on a yellow piece of paper.

"It's two songs, or six to eight minutes."

"Well," I looked up at Steve, "I do spoken word. Is that all right?"

"Sure! It'll break the evening up," he said, and turned his attention back to Lucy on the stage with CDs.

I went to the corner, took out my notebook, picked up the Iron Horse schedule, and waited.

The waitress never bothered me. My cone of protection seems to keep me safe from waitstaff wherever I go. No one ever asks me if I want to order. Maybe it's because I'm so threatening. Maybe my notebook leaves the impression I'm a critic. Maybe I look poor. No matter. I watched the show from my high seat, unmolested.

The acts that hit the stage were good. Almost all guitarists, almost all original artists, almost all singer-types. They seemed, to a one, quality acts. Many people came up with little ensembles: several guitars, backup vocalists... everyone had pretty smooth arrangements. Everyone was acoustic. Each act, I could see, would have little trouble booking a gig on the west side of my town.

The Iron Horse was a class act, and these

were classy open mic participants. At the end of each person's set, they promoted their wares, if they had any. I was surprised how few people had gigs, but then again, there are maybe five clubs to play in the Happy Valley, so competition for gigs could be fierce.



pace.

"And now, for a change of pace," Steve said, "Like that a cappella guy who was at the last open mic, here's," and he read my name, "Jonathan Berger!"

"Uh, hi," I said after the riotous applause carried me on-stage, "I'm doing something a little different, so... bear with me. I'm sorry."

I know I'm not supposed to apologize before a performance, not supposed to make excuses. It's weak and lame. I always think it's an ironic juxtaposition with my aggressive stage-schtick, but it's just a bad idea. They listened as I began reading.

One of the interesting acts was a britboy who explained, "I have no CDs for sale, no shows coming up. I have nothing to try to sell you. But then, nobody ever bought Hitler's paintings, so..."

The audience listened to his material in stunned silence. Luckily, his material was good. I scribbled furiously while he was on stage.

It was around nine fifteen that I got my heads up. My small card was culled from the hat, and I would be coming up. I pulled out my book, made some hasty selections, and began my process of anxious

I read selections from my newer collection, Volume I, things that got some nice laughs, as well as one or two new pieces. Included:

~~Nobody bought Hitler's paintings~~

Poor Adolph worked and slaved on his art. He labored under the impression that everyone under the sun had an inspiration - a way to contribute to society, a unique form of expression as a unique window to the soul.

But nobody bought Hitler's paintings.

He tried and he tried, vying for attention lying about his age dying to sell his soul for another's pleasure. The Viennese boy toyed with his art but the fickle public broke his heart

and nobody bought Hitler's paintings

so he had to find another form of expression.

That went over about as well as I expected. I carried the mic as I read, twisting on stage, doing some interesting dance steps to my poetry reading. I was up there doing what I could, and I got some laughs and some claps. When I left the stage, the bartender came up to me and said, "That was good stuff."

"Hey, thanks!" I replied, before burying my head in my notebook again.

"That was very brave," the britboy said, "They almost crucified me when I said that Hitler thing."

"It was such a beautiful line," I said, "I had to use it."

"Well, that was a good show."

"Thanks!" I said.

The people, maybe they liked it. I liked it, which might be more important, if I weren't aiming for fame and fortune. Well, the important thing, I guess, is that I got to revisit my old home, play an early important club for me, and got to hear how the other half gigs.

All in all, a worthy evening of entertainment...

(Jonathan Berger)

GOING THROUGH

It's You! It's You! It's The Ish Marquez Interview!

by Jeff "Lightning" Lewis

JL – It's an early spring day, we're hanging out in Central Park, over by the fountain. I'm here with Ish Marquez, it's exactly 4 o'clock and he was just telling me a bit about this weekend. You said you had a crazy weekend?

IM – Yeah, as usual. But, uh, live and learn, right? I'll prevail.

JL – And you have some new recordings?

IM – Yeah. Coming up. Good old Spencer (Chakedis) will record for me again. I have a couple of new ones, like "Black Clouds Hover Like Leeches," "My Name's Not Johnny," I got another one coming out. I have some other songs, pieces – I'm composing, putting together, and at the same time trying to make sense out of life. And being strong. Remaining strong. Cohesive.

JL – Do you have a songwriting process? Do you say "I'm gonna sit down and write a song," or does stuff just come to you?

IM – My life, man. I consider myself kind of like a Caravaggio, where I have experiences so intense and deep that I have to come out of it with something, and it usually ends up being a product. It ends up being a song. You know? It's an accumulation of the life span of the artist. I've done things people wouldn't even think of doing, and so it definitely adds to the intensity of what I really want out of life, and that's music, and my name, under one sentence, under one meaning. By the time I finish my works, you'll get to see, to audibly see, the music. I create the words, and lyrics usually always have a hidden meaning behind my own lifestyle. My own life, it has a hidden meaning behind it. Like the term "Lonesome Crew." Everyone goes through alone, you know. You can't rely on finding a soulmate, or whatever, you've got to go through it alone. That's the beauty that I find in music, that you can experience that alone, and it's no other race or aliens or creatures can imitate. So yeah, it's been a lot of fun. I've seen a lot of people. I've made some amazing friends. I don't have too many complaints. I've got this website thing happening I'm super-excited about; just keep making CDs, make CDs, continue rehearsing the music and performing ... I love to perform. I love it. It's the greatest feeling on Earth, you know? Especially when you got something good to say, you know? And

it's fun. You know immediately, you're about to be entertained. Like back in the old days, they used to throw quarters or something at people, or they would start singing at the bar, and everyone would clap, and all the cigar smoke... I love that stuff! Spencer calls me a "genre collider," and I would definitely like my music to become that, colliding with all the different things that make someone an artist. Like you can hear Sinatra, to Billie Holliday, and I'm there right in the middle of it. Maybe I was born too late, but I was better to be here now than not be here back then. Am I making sense?

JL – Yeah, absolutely. I was gonna bring up the fact that Spencer calls you a genre collider. It just comes so naturally out of you, because it's just out of your experiences...

IM – Yeah, New York City, Man.

JL – What do you think are some of your experiences, or some of your musical experiences and influences or things in your life that stand out as being the most important?

IM – Oh, definitely, having a very intense Spanish background. Very intense. The father listening to the boleros in a little tiny apartment in the South Bronx. Listening to the Beach Boys with my father in the late '70s. Listening to Philip Rodriguez, all these awesome artists, always being around that, even as a child. Meeting someone who is so intense with music, like Little Richie [of Ish's old band *Hallucination Station*, and collaborator on *Gin Is Not My Friend*]. Very intense friend ... We have similar lives, in that we both admire music. I met him in high school. He had a *Guitar* magazine. I thought it was some blond kid that was in the class, and I was excited, and I asked "Is that your magazine?" and it turned out to be Little Richie's and I looked at him. Since then we've

In a scene of people who have been to various parts of the edge of human consciousness, no one still around that I know of has come closer to going completely over than **Ish Marquez**. His new CD is called *Gin Is Not My Friend*. Jeff "Lightning" Lewis interviews someone who knows the Abyss better than you do, and is somehow still around to talk about it.

been friends. Richie and I have been friends and musical partners for ten years. He helps me out. I got all these friends that help me out! I'm now involved in Deep Sound Diver... It's been a great trip! If my life could be anything close to what Charlie Parker's was, that's fine with me. Minus the drugs. As long as it's as intense as that, you know? I'm big into Parker now, really, really big into Charlie Parker. Wow, man, his stuff really just sends me, man. Him and early Miles. Amazing, it's amazing stuff. But yeah, it's different. I was thinking about that the other day. They're blueprints, all of these little things are blueprints to creating more, and composing more, and being taken as a serious composer. Finally, that one day shall occur. Soon. Just to be taken as a serious composer. It'll happen, and I'm doing it slowly but surely. Hanging out, playing where people admire the songs. That's with everyone there involved. You know. Going through. (laughs)

JL – "Going Through" [on *Gin Is Not My Friend*], that's one of my favorites. You talked about Parker's problem with drugs. Right now you're trying to get out of drinking as much.

IM – Oh, man. Yeah.

JL – Do you feel okay talking about that?

IM – No, no, I'm fine with it. I'm really fine with it. I'm just, you know... It's so fucking cheap, it's so inexpensive and it's always there... you know, the lonesome part of it, the going off on tangents... It all accumulates to, you know, just being frustrated. I just am learning to keep myself occupied with music instead of, uh, you know... being occupied being alone. I'd rather have a guitar than a beer bottle any day. Give me a guitar. Give me an audience to sing for. That makes me the happiest.

(continued)

"Ish is ancient. I think that he as a person is strangely irrelevant to his own music - of course it's borne of his personal experience, but it's sent, not made. Actually, he himself even talks about his songs as if they were someone else's. They exist outside of him. I think they existed before him. He's a fucking monster. Amayzazayzing."

- Jack Dishel (Stipplicon)

(Ish Marquez - continued)

JL - When did you start getting together with the two band members that comprise the Lonesome Crew? How did this musical union happen?

IM - Oh, I was real dirty and dusty, and I'd just finished coming out of work, and I was all dusty, and I was at ABC No Rio; I just told the audience calmly that I'd had a hard day and I would like nothing better than to sing. And Anders, the drummer, Anders Griffin, was in the audience. I must have touched a heartstring with him, 'cause he immediately sought me afterwards. We tried different bass players, but of course my favorite... you know, you've got to become the personality behind the songs, behind the instrument, and Scott Frugala is my man. He does that, he does music brilliantly, brilliantly. We're having fun doing it. We just need to be out there more. Those are my definite compatriots, those are by far my favorites, and playing music with them, it has to be fun, 'cause I think we're doing something right. I think I'm becoming respected, slowly but surely, in songwriting circles, and amongst my friends, you know. I'm big on that. But we're doing alright. It's like Moldy's - Adam Green's song: "We're not those kids sitting on the couch," you know? That's an anthem. That's one of my anthems, that song. I'm big into the different things that I'm hearing, you know. It's been fun. And I've got your tape on me, too.

JL - Oh yeah?

IM - Yeah. Where's my bag? There it is. I carry your stuff.

JL - What's that pin on your bag?

IM - This? The Rolling Stones. [It shows the cover of the *London Years* box set.]

JL - Man, I have that. The Rolling Stones singles collection.

IM - You have that? Oh, man!

JL - I lost most of the tapes, though. I lent one to a friend of mine in LaGuardia [high school] and he put it in his locker & someone broke into his locker and took it; I don't know, I can only find a couple of them. But that's such great music, the early Stones singles.

IM - Yeah, man, that's another part, that's part of my blueprints as well. I'm in the middle there somewhere, I like thinking. I think that high about my art. Drinking's just the frustration. The drinking aspect comes with the frustration of being an artist and not being heard. But it happens. If I can get to the point where Charlie Parker was then I'm fine. In being respected for the music. It's been fun. And Hallucination

Station [Ish's amazing band circa '93], we might try that again.

JL - Really?!

IM - We might try that again. We have to record some of those lovely songs, man! Oh, my goodness! We're talking about "How Would We Go About," "This Cat I Know," "Schoolyard Sociologist" ... these were the great songs of my youth.

JL - Those were amazing songs.

IM - We're gonna do it again.

JL - Yeah, you said you hung out with Richie and Manny [the other H.S. members] the other day.

IM - Yeah, so that was a lot of fun.

JL - So how did your ... I'm sorry, were you going to say something else? How did this solo career, and the Lonesome Crew, how did that evolve out of the Hallucination Station days, and how did the music change from then to now, do you think?

IM - Oh, the baritone, of course it's missing the baritone of Manny's voice. Very distinct, very original voice. I think I added more, definitely, lyrically...

JL - These days, you mean.

IM - Yeah, lyrically, and lifestyle-wise. Like, the reflection of life. I think it changed, man. I learned how to sing. Through Hallucination Station and through the coaxing of Richard Pintojas, I learned how to sing. I will always say that, that Hallucination Station was definitely my schooling. I was my schooling in creating what I've created. I want to come out with a poetry book too, "Sin City Caving In." It's more reflections, you know. It's so beautiful, a song is so beautiful and a poem is so beautiful, especially if it's completely original. It's like you buy things, you buy products, or whatever, so that you can really get off on it, so that you can really get something out of it. That's all I've ever wanted to be about. And I think it happens, man. It has been happening. I can look back and really observe it, and say "this is all right, I'm doing something right." Just like how we all feel, in the scene.

JL - You're talking about the originality of something, and when something really goes above and beyond. There's music you see and it's okay, and then there's music you see and you just say "Holy Shit!" Because it just knocks you, and it's undeniable. And I think you're at that level where anybody could see you, performing on a good night, when things are tight, and you've got it together, and the soul flows

through, like it does on the tapes... All the recordings are excellent. Brian Piltin and Jason (Whip) Merritt and I blasted the *Gin Is Not My Friend* tape, driving down from the Bronx last night.

IM - It was spooky. The *Gin Is Not My Friend* sessions, it was definitely meant to have a spooky, ethereal, cloudlike, in your head... I wanted you to experience something how I really felt, and I think I captured that with the *Gin Is Not My Friend* sessions. I captured youth, and the spooky, clouded feeling, mind-clouded feeling... That one was a lot of fun. That one needed to come out. Sometimes ... I couldn't wait. My first recordings, the *I Perceive Things* sessions, I produced that myself, out of my own unemployment checks, and I'm gonna have all of them on one CD now.

JL - Excellent.

IM - Yeah, the *I Perceive Things* sessions were very ... oh man, for me, very tough times. Tough times, man: The years 1996 through now. Very, very tough. But I met a lot of great, groovy people out of it. I met so many wonderful people out of it. Wow. I have life-long friends now. I just can't wait to get out of here and play out of New York City. I think I'm ready now to do it myself. Head to Philadelphia for a day... find things out. Little by little I have to find things out. Arent there one of those big newspaper stores where they have newspapers from different cities?

JL - A listing of venues, to gig around? I'm sure something like that exists.

IM - I want to do that now. I'm looking forward to that. Having my entourage around me, you know? I can't wait for that.

JL - Touring with Lonesome Crew?

IM - Touring with the Lonesome Crew, man. I want to find gigs for them.

JL - One of the things I was noticing about the *Gin Is Not My Friend* tape is the fact that that it's very acoustic-oriented, the soloing is haunting, it's got this beautiful, ethereal sound, from the acoustic. I always associated that sound with you.

IM - Oh, thank you, man.

JL - But you've been playing electric.

IM - I've been playing electric because I have to, to have a sound, I needed to create a sound for Lonesome Crew, and I think I found it. Man, my amp and my guitar are just beautiful godsend. I love these things. I'd be lost if I

(continued)

Sonya Hunter
"Finders Keepers"
Innerstate Records

Contact: www.innerstate.com,
info@innerstate.com

REVIEWS

976-DAVE
You're No Fun

Released in 1998, by San Francisco's Innerstate Records, *Finders Keepers* pulls original songs from **Sonya Hunter's** repertoire and combines them with traditional folk and singer-songwriter standards to produce an evocative and stimulating (if sometimes predictable) CD that acknowledges its past and looks towards its present. Although outnumbered, with the exception of "Silver Dagger", a traditional song, Hunter's original songs are the strongest tracks on the disc.

Personal accounts, in songs like "Wedding", "Talkin' Sad Eyed Sales Girl", and "Man In The Movie", examine nuances of feminist life in small town America. These songs conjure up images of Edward Hopper's Nightmare/Dreamscape Ameri-

cana with a woman as protagonist, weaving her way through the sawmill of American popular vernacular.

Always an incredibly dynamic live performer, Sonya Hunter is not to be missed next time she rambles into town. *Finders Keepers* is a beautifully sad and mind-provoking string of tales that should unraveled like the ball of yarn it is.

With an impressive catalog, also keep an eye out for other releases by Innerstate records, exploring the boundaries of acoustic roots music, like their compilation of various artists, entitled *The San Francisco Song Cycle*, including Cindy Lee Berryhill as well as the aforementioned Sonya Hunter.

(Dina Levy & Mike Rechner)

With the exception of the almost credible Sonic Youth inspired indie rock jam of "2.5" (which is really little more than a single little guitar lick) the material ranges from punky pop to poppy punk, with the occasional gentle rap inflection. Perfect for today's modern hit radio. The lyrics are strictly teenage boy fare, as are the voices that convey them. The drummer does an adequate job until he has to do a fill. There are plenty of hooks that come on ready, but never linger in one's memory, as if one ate an entire head of iceberg lettuce for lunch. Totally safe, and cuddly rock music that fearful American parents can hope will soundtrack their adolescent's rebellious stage. Hooray...

(John Kessel)

(Ish Marquez - continued)

didn't have my Princeton Chorus, my Fender Princeton Chorus amp. Or my Fernandez. I'm really having a great time playing electric. I love the trios, you know? With a trio you have to come out hard hitting.

JL - I think you hit really hard on the acoustic. In fact, I sort of prefer the acoustic sound because people don't expect it to hit that hard. The first time I saw Lonesome Crew play, when we split the bill at the Knitting Factory last April, almost a year ago, I was absolutely blown away. I was shocked at the sound you were getting. I had never seen you play that kind of music, with that intensity. I had known your songs for years, and I'd been seeing you perform, but all of a sudden there you were, with the same nylon string guitar, but it had this amazing fuzzed-out sound, and you were playing with this band, with Anders and with Scott, and it just sounded like the sun rising. It had this immensely powerful sound.

IM - Yeah, man. People shouldn't sleep on our music. It's going to be a fun ride. It's going to be a very fun ride for the Lonesome Crew. They're great, outstanding musicians. I'm very, very lucky to have them, and I'm very lucky that they find my stuff interesting. I have a lot of other

songs too, that they're playing as well. They do a great job for me. They really do a great job. Both of them are jazz-oriented. Holy Moly, man, it's just so much fun. They're always on the pocket, they always catch on. It's gonna be a lot of fun and we're gonna have a lot of good times together. I like it acoustic, but there's the power behind it... The power behind each personality intertwining together to create an entity, and they've done it, man. They really have created this entity. It is what it is. It's been a blast, and I think it's gonna be a long, great time together, performing music.

JL - For a while, you weren't playing among the so-called Antifolk scene; you had been kicked out of Sidewalk or something. I don't really know the story, but in the past year or so you've made a return...

IM - I'm alright.

JL - ... and you're making big waves around that scene; what do you feel about that whole Antifolk scene and the downtown scene in general?

IM - It's a place to play. My friends are there. I have many friends there, and people that care about me. That means more to me than anything else. My friends are there, man. I get

to sing for people and I get to hear some groovy music too. I get to sing. I'm in the prime of my existence, I'm in the prime of my life. I enjoy other people's music, as well as mine, and it's fun. It's fun to hear you sing there, and you don't hear anyone. While you're singing, man, you don't hear a pin drop. 'Cause it demands that attention. 'Cause you're very low key, whereas I'm a screamer. It's a lot of fun. I like those people, they treat me good. I don't got nothing bad to say 'cause everyone there's so nice. They're just nice folks. I don't know, I don't know what the word Antifolk means. It's not what my music means to me. It's been just a great ride.

JL - Is there anything else you want to say? Anything of utmost importance or anything you feel you want to talk about before I conclude this? Are there topics you want to get into?

IM - No. I've just been keeping a piece of mind. I've been feeling better. I've been really going through the city. Whether I fall off the wagon or I stay on, it's my business, it's my right. I'm just looking forward to having a beautiful existence, where I don't have to take myself so seriously anymore. And I'm not taking myself seriously; I find I don't give myself a lot of headaches when I remain that way.

So of course I've been busy, it's been a long time since I wrote demo tips, but here are some new installments, based out of recordings I have been working on with **Dina Dean, Anne Husick and Shameless, John Kelly, Andrew Hunt, Schwervon, Josh Cohen, Ann-Margaret** (yep, the real one), **Little Brown Bat, Plastic Beef, Peter Lane, and Les Sans Culottes.**

This month's topic:

MASTERING

and the cheapest CD recording possible

by Tom Nishioka

At the most basic, smallest project, you need to do 3 things—

1. track and overdub
2. mix
3. MASTER!!!!

This is really a way to tell you what it seems most people don't know going into the studio. When you finish laying down tracks and mix it all down to DAT, and maybe even burn a CD-R to listen to at home—you *still have one more step—mastering.* So plan for it, budget for it, make room for it.

True mastering is not something I even do in my studio, but in 10 years of recording for TV, radio, and record labels, it's something I have learned you have to do. People try and get by without it, often because it seems like one more process tacked on to the project when they thought they were done; but you need it.

Here's what mastering does:

- It makes your music louder. If you want people to be able to put your CD in a changer on random next to *Time Out Of Mind* and *Nevermind* and *Magnolia* and *Tapestry* you need to master. otherwise, your CD is not going to be as loud as those CDs, and a listener will have to turn your songs up and then turn in down when the others blast. Why? Because all commercially released CDs are mastered. How does it do this? Compression. why can't you do it in the mix? Well, you do compress in the mix, but compression sounds much better if you do it a little bit 5 times in a row rather than once 5 times as strong.

- It makes your music sound better. Your ears hear things differently every day, in every different humidity, in every room with bare or carpeted walls, on every different speaker set. what sounds good to you one day might not be right later. Mastering very carefully adjusts treble and bass, and compresses specific frequencies so that your music sounds better everywhere.

- It makes all your songs fit together. See the two things above. If you record 10 songs, 5 songs a day on 2 days, what sounds good to you one day will differ. The songs will have different sounds. Also, if you have solo acoustic and voice on one song, and a full raging band on another, obviously the volume levels are going to be artificially leveled out. Mastering makes sure that all the songs flow together evenly, volume and overall sound.

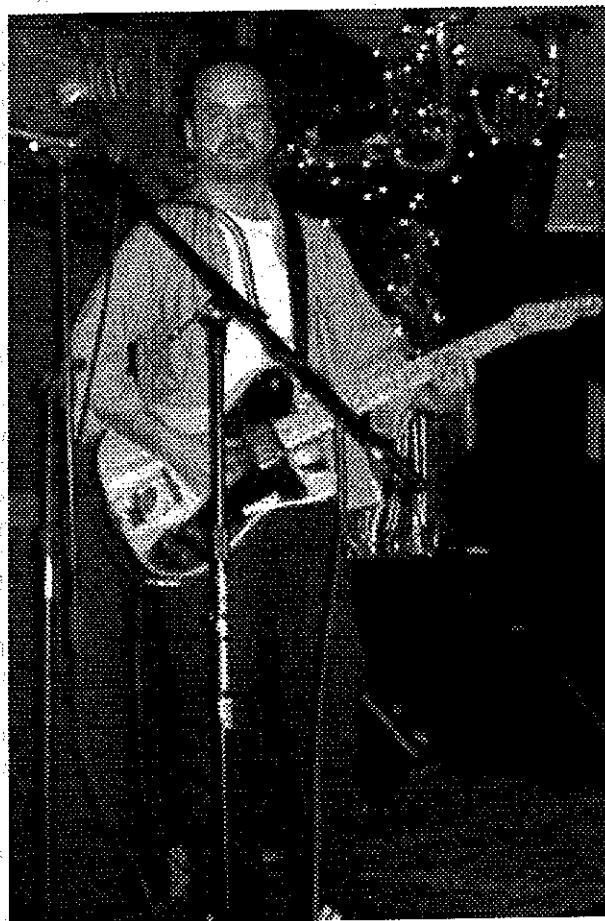
- Lastly, mastering makes the right data type. See an earlier demotips for fuller discussion, but stereo is two tracks. CDs need to write the song as one file. The process of making two tracks into one file is called interleaving, and you need it.

- Lastly lastly, mastering puts the songs in order, decides on the spacing between the songs (which is remarkably a subtle part of how your record comes across), and puts the data on that tells a CD player where to cue to for the start ID. If you

want to have songs flow one into the other. XTC-style. this is where you do it. Why don't you do it in the mix? Because you can't cue DATs and 24 tracks precisely enough to have 2 sec pauses between each song.

Plus, and this will go into next months column—you really should be doing 2 or 3 alternate mixes of each song. "what???" you say... yes, this is why label CDs sound like CD released by labels and why demos sound like demos.

The cool thing is that tools that are basically available to you in consumer



gear and in "pretty cheap" well designed studios can, when used right, make professional sounding CDs. You can use the same gear that Butch Vig, or Beck, or Lisa Loeb, or Bjork use. Using it right is what i'm talking about here—and mastering and compression and all these things, including alternate mixes, constitute using it right. Go to it....and then MASTER!!!

YEAH, IT MATTERS

by Dina Levy

Ok, this is kind of a rant, so here it goes: so this month's Antimatters is being guest edited by Tony Hightower, while Jon Berger takes a vacation from the monthly toil of putting together his Antifolk zine. And for those of you that didn't receive it and might not realize it, Tony sent out an email today with requests for contributions. And he specifically asked for some contributions with content about female performers and/or contributions by female contributors. Now being a female, a performer, and the radical feminist thinker that I am, it got me to thinking about some stuff that I thought I would write about. I mean, should Tony even have to ask for that? Should it matter? I certainly commend him for having the foresight and the sensitivity to think on those terms, and to do something about it by requesting more female oriented work, but why are only mainly the men on the Antifolk scene writing for Antimatters, and why aren't more people writing about the woman performers there? And why aren't there more woman performers on the Antifolk scene? Well, those are some important questions, and I could go on and answer them with a lot of thoughts that I have, and some might be valid, and some might be over the top, and some might insult people, and some might get people to think,.... Or should I just let you all think these questions over and think of how you would answer these questions.

So the first thing I did was write a review with Mike Rechner about a female songwriter, Sonya Hunter. So now Tony had one more piece about a woman, and it was co-written by a woman. That was a start. And then I decided to write this. I don't have all the answers to the above mentioned questions. And they are actually questions I think about a lot and talk about a lot with my woman friends/performers that I know from the Antifolk scene, and also talk about a lot with Mike Rechner, my husband. I mean, this Antifolk scene that we are all a part of is so awesome and can be so welcoming and inspiring (at least that's how I feel), and it is also a scene/community that seems to be growing and getting more and more diverse and big, especially this past year. And I've been hanging out there for a long, long time.

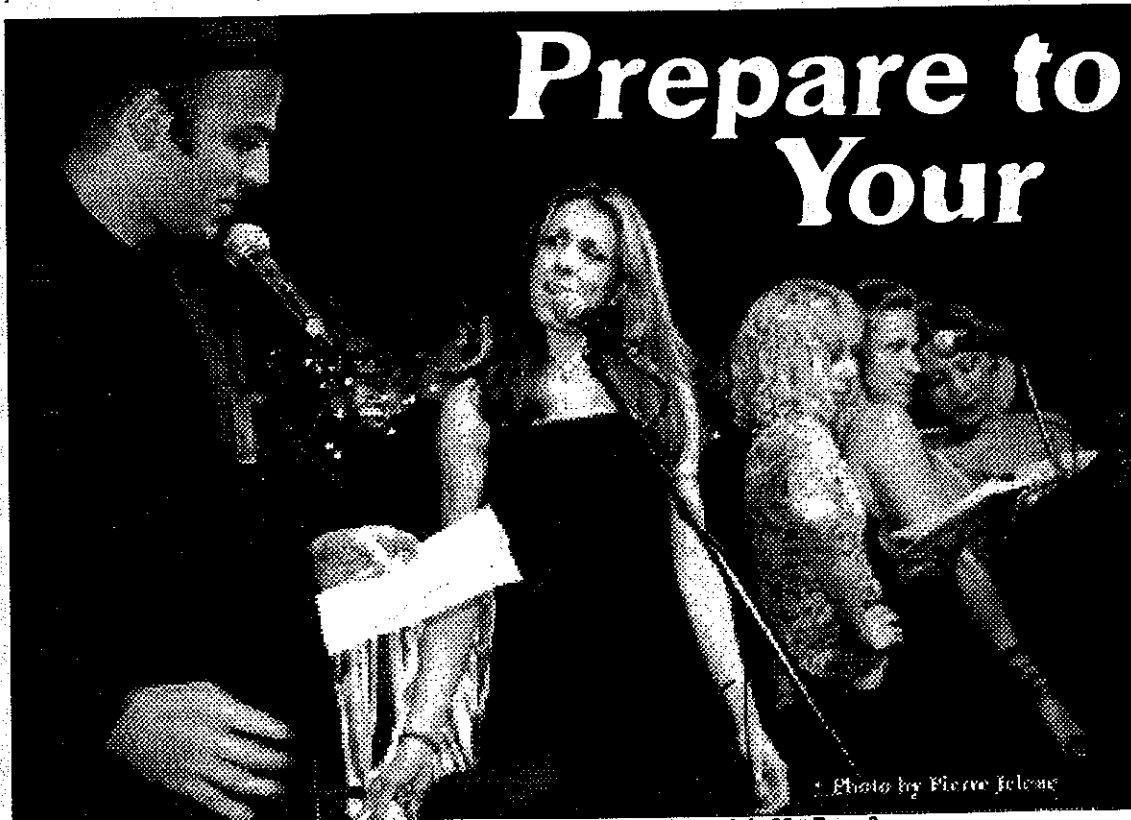
And yeah, it is getting bigger, and that's great, but is it that conducive to women? I don't know. I mean I love it there, and have met so many great men and women, but it still feels very male dominated. Is that just because rock and folk music are historically a male-dominated industry, and even if this Antifolk family we have downtown is not part of the mainstream music industry, it is still about music/rock and folk. And is a place like that (NYC bar/club) going to attract the most

talented, interesting, politically-minded women performers? Or is it going to attract the kind of female performers that the men that hang out there want to see? Ok, I don't know now if I am insulted the men and the women that hang out there or perform there.

but these are questions that I ask myself a lot, and I know a lot of other people that do. I don't know. And why do we even need to be defining things in this way? It's hard not too. I mean I define a lot of things in my life this way, because unfortunately if a place/space/organization is not designated as a space/place for women and their needs, then unfortunately they most likely will not be met. Maybe some of you might think that's crazy, but I think it's the truth, and it's something that I carry around with me everywhere I go in life. And that doesn't mean I don't want to hang out on this scene, or go somewhere else. Cause I love what I have gained from the Antifolk scene.

Hopefully this all doesn't sound too jaded. Because I'm a pretty optimistic, positive person, and don't like be too negative about situations, but this is just part of what being a woman in this world is, I think.

Ok, I don't know how well I answered the questions above, which are my own proposed questions, and I don't know if what I said is that clear or makes that much sense, but as I stated above, this is just a rant, about my thoughts, which were prompted by Tony's request, which I commend him for. Yeah, it matters!



Prepare to Meet Your Maker

4TH ANNIVERSARY
PERFORMANCE!

THU. JULY 13TH
MIDNIGHT
SIDEWALK CAFÉ

cinemavii.com

Photo by Pierre Jelinec

A Tale From The Road: RACING IN THE STREET

by Ion Berger

As Rob and I voyaged through America, we committed a certain amount of warfare over the speakers.

My traveling companion was something of a radio head while I'm more of a tapeboy. Of course, the car we were in had a third, far more pleasant option. This is the first car I'd ever driven with a CD player. How sophisticated I felt, rolling up to Buffalo, with a Marys disc in the player...

The Marys were a vital Hoboken band, part of the Camp Hoboken team that included Fort regulars **Big Happy Crowd**. I'd heard nothing but great things about the Marys, but had never seen their album sold anywhere. Then, in Amherst, MA, I found it for pennies a day. Buffalo seemed the right place to bring it out.

Other albums that got a little bit of play between oldies cassettes and oldies stations - and the occasional oldies CD:

Cindy Lee Berryhill: Straight Outta Marysville - The songs that stayed with me are the ones that are tales of Cindy Lee's past. The first song, *High Jump*, tells about adversities the young narrator persevered over, including being the only girl on the boys' track team, and a failed relationship with a successful singer. Over each of her crises, she says she'll "high jump over whoever I gotta..."

Like most of the album, (other memorial highlights including *Diane* and *Jane and John*) it's not fast paced, so it wasn't good highway listening. But riding around back roads in country towns, alone, this album did the trick.

Brenda Kahn: Epiphany in Brooklyn - Brenda Kahn's Columbia debut is a road trip album. Written in many locations, themes over-riding the CD are locations - The first song, *I Don't Sleep (I Drink Coffee Instead)* is a rocking

song about being isolated in America. *In Indiana* covers the same ground. A lot of it was about missing New York. I could relate. Of course, also on the strong release was the powerful *Mint Juleps and Needles*, about a night on the town. Good stuff. One of my favorite albums from my AntiFolk adventures, and one I was happy to have on the road with me, not the least of which because of the cover shot of Brenda's booted legs.

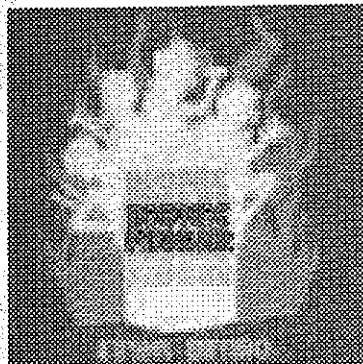
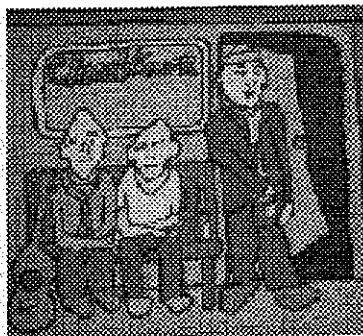
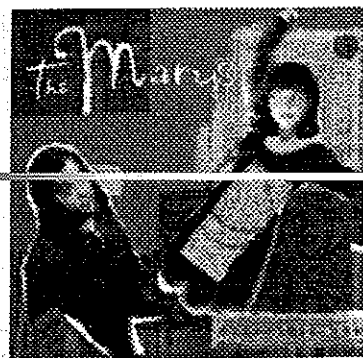
Hamell on Trial: Choochtown

- Hamell on Trial's latest album starts off on a strange, dull note, with *Go Fuck Yourself*, but quickly gets into gear with a full band version of *When Bobby Comes Down*. Like a lot of stuff on the album, that first musical track is much more produced than you'd expect from Hamell on Trial, but it gives cuts like *Uncle Morris* and *The Lottery* and *Choochtown* a rhythm, a drive, that the pure power of a solo Hamell performance might lack. The album was great to drive to, though, ironically, the quiet *Long Drive* didn't do that well on the highway.

Bionic Finger: Inner Bimbo

The changing moods of Bionic Finger's album made it like a cool alternative radio station. With the multitude of songwriters and arrangements included on BioF's Y2K album, going from the organic groove of *24-Hour Bug* to the rant of *Sweaty* to the declarative hate-tune of *A.S.S.H.O.L.E.*, then to a romantic pop ballad like *Melting Ice*, it was as if I had turned into a pretty varied college program. Which is why, eventually, I turned off the CD player and got back to the radio. But not after hearing *Hotel Bar Butter*, about a trip "about as far away as I could get from here."

Now that sounded about right.



SCHTICK CITY

by Randi Russo

Randi Russo has been thinking a lot about what constitutes success. This could very easily become a regular column on the mindset & thought processes that make up "making it."

We all have seen a lot of acts come and go, and there are plenty of mediocre acts that capture national attention that bewilder us, and plenty of stellar talents that go unnoticed. Much of their success, unfortunately, does seem to involve the packaging of their product. And since many of us here want to make a career out of music, that means, as artists — in some way, shape, or form — we will be packaged. And I'm not talking about just the tangible product of a CD or a T-shirt; I'm talking about your whole being (which after they get done with you, may feel more like a "hole being"). But there is some kind of packaging that comes from the artist, and it can definitely be a good thing.

The most successful acts (and by successful I mean "acts that I like whether or not they make a lot of money or get any attention") seem to have their own thing. I go to shows. I listen to albums, both local acts and national acts, and I try to figure out what their schtick is - What's that one thing that makes this performer unique? What is that one thing that makes him or her or them stand out above the rest? There is so much subtle (and not-so-subtle) competition here in the city (just opening up the music listings in the Village Voice and recognizing only one or two names out of a couple of hundred is enough to make one cry). So how do you get your unique persona across to an audience? I wish I could make this a "how to" article, and give you all the answers, but this is something that I struggle with myself.

Take the issue of stage presence for example: do I want to play it as the shy and subdued lonely girl on stage, or the tough, don't-fuck-with-me femme fatale, or the don't-you-want-to-fuck-me femme fatale, or the I-don't-give-a-shit-about-the-way-I-look riot grrl? And that's just image; that's surface stuff. The questions get harder as you approach the real questions about your own music. Do I play with a band, and make it sound more accessible with the straightforward line-up of bass, drums, and guitar? Do I do it solo? How 'bout making it more moody or avant-garde by getting that cello player? If you're a versatile artist, and you flirt with different styles, or have a sound that can lend itself to both hi-fi

production or lo-fi production, then you might be confused about which way to go. Does doing it slick carry the weight of less integrity, and hence may lead to the shame of any loss in indie-cred? Does doing it lo-fi have only a cult-like appeal, and therefore only ends up being received by a select few and may even jeopardize your career, so much so that you'll be tempting your whole life? Can you pigeonhole your own self — your persona — by choosing one way over the other?

There are some artists that I have noticed that have their schtick down, and I mean "schtick" in a good way. It's not like they have a gimmick or anything; it's just that it so happens that what they've got can make a sale while they travel down that road called the Truth. They are true to themselves, and that is what is so powerful about their act. It sounds terribly cliché, which is a

shame because it's actually a lot harder than it sounds. We've always heard things like, "Stay true to yourself," but when you start to think about that for a while, you end up in some kind of psychological fractal, in which you no longer recognize the original image or thought. It's kind of like staring in the mirror for too long, and not recognizing yourself anymore. If you think too much about what your unique quality is, you may just alienate yourself from it.

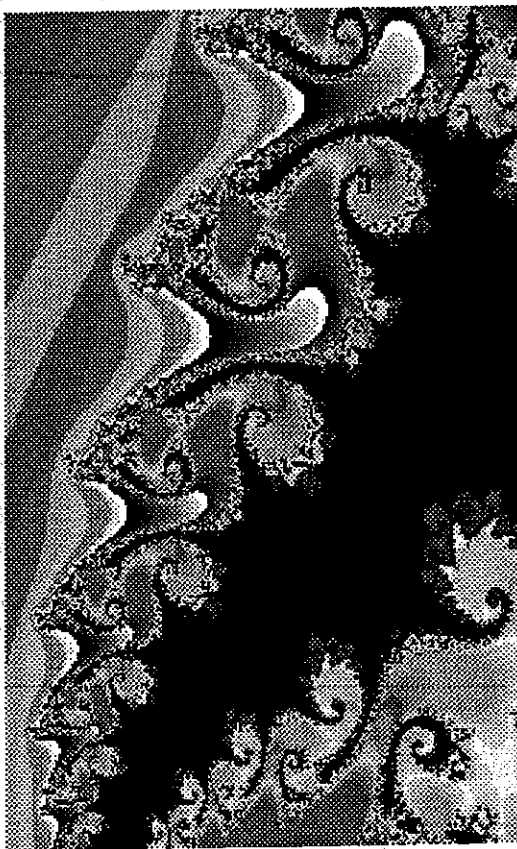
I don't know how they do it, but there are many artists in this community that really plug into this quality of unique presence, on stage and/or on record. Just to mention a few (and there are many more out there

than I have chosen to mention here): Kimya Dawson, who was the manic counterpart to Adam's two-part slacker in the now-defunct Moldy Peaches 2000, now is often the sad girl in her solo material. Both of these personas are true to Kimya, and are presented to us through her delivery of her lyrics and the lyrics themselves, and that is why neither one of these personas causes confusion, or a feeling of alienation to her fans when she switches

from one to the other. Jude Kastle has a stage persona that is undeniably her own, and is effective in capturing everyone's attention. Barry Bliss and Ish Marquez each have stunningly distinctive singing styles along with their thought-provoking lyrics. Paleface has this indescribable way of emoting through his voice and hard guitar riffing in which screams of frustration are imploding and seem spill out into his performance — as opposed to the typical frustrated singer-songwriter whose anger is exploding on stage or

who is totally withdrawn from the audience.

It's beyond the song, it's beyond the stage presence, and it's beyond the guitar technique and the vocal range. These people know how to quiet a room; they know how to make people reflect, or how to make them feel whatever vibe is being conveyed in that moment, whether it's sad, sexy, frustrating or humorous. What they have in common is that they are all intense. They are able to transcend themselves and make their audience become the center of attention through what I will call (please



(continued)

forgive me) "empathetic vibrations." Either the audience is awestruck by that "one thing" that they've got and wants to be more like them (sure, these artists may have many good qualities going for them, but usually one thing stands out above the rest), or the audience sees themselves in the artist and finally feels understood. Either way, these artists have connected to their audience.

And there are many artists who have great stage presence and some really good songs, yet are still developing their schtick. They've already got that seed of greatness in them just waiting to come out and show itself to the world, and perhaps only a lack of confidence, or a level of complacency has stymied them from finding it. Whether on stage or on record, it is still a performance. And finding that one thing is not easy, and may take years to come, and to show it off is a whole other matter altogether. It's something that perhaps should not be pondered on too much because it is the naturalness of the people who have their schticks down that make them so successful. So now you're probably saying to yourselves, "so why did you write the article, which has caused me to reflect too much about my persona which has made me feel terribly insecure, and then tell me that it's not good to think about this too much?" — I guess I was just trying to work out one of those psychological fractals myself.

But I suppose one of the things that I am trying to say is that it is essential to find and keep that thing which is integral to your being when you are trying to be part of an industry (or a community, for that matter) which may try to mold you into something you're not. To hold onto your integrity while "selling out" (which, let's be honest, some of us aspire to on some level) is a difficult task that requires you to get to know what this one thing of yours is, and to build your other talents around it. Not to mention, being able to do this will make you a better performer, and will naturally lead to the recognition you so deserve.

THE ASS GAME

by Steve Espinola

I have a private, cruel little game I play at the Antimoots. It's called "The Ass Game." In it, I rate performers on the way they pronounce the vowel "I". Why, then, is it the "Ass game?" Read on.

Have you noticed this? It's a common affectation for people to pronounce the "I" sound as if it were "ah". I don't know what this is about. Are people trying to sound British, or Southern, or some estimation of "Black"? Is it a "Soulful" thing? What's going on?

A little of this is OK. I must say that even a few of my favorite performers put on a little of this "singers' accent." But there's a clear line. You can say "Ah" for "I", "raht" for "right", "crah" for cry, and "lah" for "lie". The clincher is how you pronounce the word "eyes". If, when you sing "When I look deep into your eyes," it sounds like "when I look deep into your ass," you've gone too far, and you lose the game.

This past Monday I heard someone sing the praises of a lover's "bright blue ass"—or was she singing about a baboon? Then, even better, some guy sang "Your lips never moved, but your ass told me things I didn't want to know." I busted up. Couldn't help it.

There was this one white blues singer who went on at around 12:45 am. Great Dobro player. He was saying "ah" all over the place, and I sadistically waited for him to lose my secret game. I figured that he had to mention eyes sooner or later (it's amazing how many songs do!) But, what a surprise! When he reached the crucial word, his mouth suddenly opened wide and he pronounced "eyes" as if it were an exotic delicacy. "Ah trah, but Ah just can't escape your iiiieeeeeez". Clearly, someone had clued him in on the importance of getting this one right. I gave him only half credit, because he was clearly cheating: Given his overall diction, he should have said "ass" for the sake of consistency.

Your lyin' ass. Your fragile ass. Your sensitive ass. Your cold, cruel ass. Your blabnd ass. Your round ass, like saucers. Bloodshot ass. Deep brown ass. We stared longingly into each others' ass. I see pain in your ass. And, most famously, Van Morrison's first song on Astral Weeks, "Would you, kissa mah ass...to be born again?"

In a way, I'm sad that our wonderful Brian Piltin sings so clearly. I think we could all use a song called "Desperate Ass". Somebody get with it!

tony hightower

- unveils his new band -

Tuesday, July 18th

Baby Jupiter

170 Orchard @ Stanton

with

Jude Kastle!

Lunchin!

Testosterone Kills!

a single angry word from tony hightower.

Nervous Nero Music - www.nervousnero.com

As Requested by their Screaming Legions of Fans! Finally!

REVIEWS of BIONIC FINGER: INNER BIMBO

I think the CD sounds very good. It's a well-produced, clean production job, and it makes it very easy to hear most of the lyrics. That's a good thing, since the CD package doesn't have a lyric sheet. It does have a list of the description of who played what on each cut, which is really enlightening. Who knew that those girls could play so many instruments so well? My favorite cut on the album is "A.S.S.H.O.L.E.," by Nan Turner. It's about a guy who should be blamed, "and it's time you were... ashamed." Potent stuff.

(Arnie Rogers)

Oh, the album's all right and everything, but where are the naked pictures of the band? If the album's called *Inner Bimbo*, shouldn't there be more pictures of Bionic Finger's outer bimbos? One slut-shot on the outer cover is NOT ENOUGH.

The album's all right. With four songwriters, there's four songwriting styles, and fourteen songs – damn, only thirteen. Again: NOT ENOUGH. Anyway, **Nan Turner's** songs are alternative cuts, with non-traditional time changes and different parts that seem like they could be entirely different songs. **Alina Moscovitz's** songs are the pop cuts, **Pam Weis's** song is an empowerment anthem, and **Christine Murray's** are the slow burns...

A nice compilation of some of the better songwriting available in New York Woman Rock, and all from one band...

The album's all right.

(Gustav Plympton)

Bionic Finger released their new CD, *Inner Bimbo*, on the 6th of May under a torrent of AntiFolk CD release party competition. Most of you missed it, but close to one hundred of us New Yorkers didn't. No antimatter. Appropriately enough, the show began with female impersonator, **Witti Repartee**, introducing the band and desperately attempted to convince the band and the rest of us that she also has an inner bimbo. She didn't. The inner bimbo here is truly great music.

Bionic Finger is that tough 80's bubblegum girl group that you always secretly liked and were proud to admit it. And Bionic Finger has all that 90's attitude to go with it. **The Bangles** were always way cool, but they were way cooler during their *All Over The Place* phase. **The Go-Gos** were always way cool throughout. *Inner Bimbo* is all of that on a CD that would fit wonderfully on any WFMU show, especially Monday mornings at 9:00 with Hova.

Inner Bimbo's standout tracks include "24 Hour Bug" (which also features **Steve Espinola** on the organ), "Melting Ice," and "Big Dick" (buried in the middle at number 7). What makes Bionic Finger stand out as a band and on these tracks is their instrumental flexibility, each member playing a different instrument during each

song on the CD and their live sets (the CD and their live sets benefit rather than suffer for this exchange). Expect more from this band real soon.

(Mike Perazzetti)



I like "Guy in a Tie."

Christine Murray has written an excellent lonely guy song, from a boy's Point of View, while being, well, a woman. Someone just said to me it's not as important how much you do, so much as how far you go from where you started. To be able to write such a sensitive, powerful song about a lonely lonely man, while playing for the other team... that's cool.

Also, "Guy in a Tie," has, because of the band's collaborative musical innovation, a funky backing track, and an amazing release at the end, while Christine, Nan and Pam rise together to sing, "Just another... guy in a tie." Wow.

(Jonathan Berger)

It's a big album, with thirteen cuts on it, with songs by each of the four members of Bionic Finger. Just like their live performances, the CD showcases all of the different songwriters, and all of the different playing combinations that Bionic Finger uses. Just about everything sounds good, clean, clear, but the more rocking numbers, like the second half of "Sweaty" and "Shut Up" just don't rock out the way they should. Having seen them perform once or twice, I can attest to the fact that these songs can sound very big, very powerful, but something in the recording leaves them appearing relatively limp. That makes me think that the album isn't the strongest testament to what Bionic Finger is capable of. Some of the songs really work out, though. Like Christine Murray's "Come On" and "10 Ft. Shadow."

And really, it makes all of the warring lines that the background vocalists employ (as in "Get Like This" and "What I Think") very easy to hear and understand.

(Stephanie Biederman)

Why aren't there more songs by Pam Weis on this album? While Nan Turner clocks in with five of the songs, Alina Moscovitz with four, and Christine Murray with three, poor poor Pam Weis is only presented with writing one song (one and a fifth, if you count the full band collaboration on "Guy In a Tie," one of several songs on the album from a male point of view). What sort of conspiracy is in the works to keep Pam Weis out in the cold? Is this because of the other Finger's fear of a strong white woman presenting her music to the masses? Are they threatened by her genius? I suggest AntiMatters use its considerable power to uncover the secret behind the missing Weis songs.

(Astrid Jones)

The Sensual Anarchy of Peter Dizozza

ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE

by Michael Perazzetti

"Life is a banquet, and most poor suckers are starving to death."

—Auntie Mame

Peter Dizozza is in top hat and tails at afternoon tea with Alice, the Mad Hatter, a kindly anarchist, Mother Goose, and a couple of comic book characters with questionable morals thrown in for good measure. He is about to speak, so pay attention, children: Sing and dance my lovelies. All you need is love.

Dizozza writes and sings of many things, inhabiting his world as playwright, lyricist, and composer. He favors strong female leads and is well-versed in mythology of all kinds, children's literature, leather-clad comic books, and so much more. All are freely mixed up like Thursday's leftovers into a lovely poetical mess that will strike you as not quite right, not quite normal, but very dizozzaesque.

Anything can happen in the world of Peter Dizozza. Let's look at his *Prepare to Meet Your Maker*, last performed on consecutive Sundays in February of this year at Baby Jupiter. It follows a very old but reliable premise: boy meets girl, boy gets girl, boy loses girl, boy finds girl, and they live happily ever after. But this is a Dizozza love story, remember. The boy is a gravedigger, and the girl is a corpse. It is a world similar to Dante's. Their place in this heaven is not determined by saintly deeds but by unsaintly promises to a variety of nefarious denizens of the Ordered World. Their place is a spacious house with a picket fence around it.

Along the way, we are treated to an irreverent look at pop culture through the Dizozza looking-glass. It is a look forward that simultaneously looks back at the Last Supper, the Original Resurrection Myth, and Spanish Mystery plays of the sixteenth century filtered through twentieth century Spanish porn comics. It is all part of Peter Dizozza's quirky charm, lovingly influenced by American musical theatre, the Golden Age of cartoons, and Lach's Antifolk scene in New York City.

Much of Dizozza's work seems unsentimental and often sexually explicit. It has a gruff

attitude on the surface. But listen to the energy. There is a strong current of the happily ever after underneath and around the edges. That's Antifolk musical theatre. And it's fun.

Such a current runs through *The Last Dodo*, a Dizozza play without music. Although, I suspect he will have added some wonderful insanity by the time it's finished. It had its first run at La MaMa e.t.c.'s "Experiments '00, Concert Readings of Experimental Plays" on April 15th. Inspired by the H. Rider Haggard novel and the Warner Brothers cartoon of the same name, *The Last Dodo* is oozing with surreal anarchism.

It follows the standard Dizozza formula: All you need is love with strong female leads. And it has all the requisite Dizozza touches. But this time the lead is a very charming, sexy, proud...dodo bird. Did I mention that the male lead, the human lead, is strongly attracted to her? In her own way, she is attracted to him, but she is mostly interested in the preservation of her species. This is a Dizozza work after all.

But *The Last Dodo* is a Dizozza work in progress. Indeed, Dizozza invited everyone's comments and suggestions afterwards to improve the charming little piece. In spite of dragging in spots and some verbose moments, it is quite colorful and charming. With a little imagination, *The Last Dodo* could be

translated to the screen as an animation or live-action/animation hybrid. With such deliciously vivid music and lyrics added by Dizozza, and a little script doctoring, it would be a delightful anarchy for most ages.

Fairy tales of all kinds have provided Dizozza with plenty of fertile adaptation material. But it's always unsentimentally ever after with that sugary sour aftertaste. Dizozza's *The Enchanted Forest* premiered in Dizozza's quaint hometown of Forest Hills, NY in Queens on the 7th and 8th of April this year. It is Jacob and Wilhelm with a few twists: Mother Goose and the Wicked Witch are sisters, and Mother Goose must scare the kiddies of Forest Hills into submissive obedience and teach the little ones a lesson with funny, brutal, tart little truths.

They are scared, yes, but not everyone seems submissive or as obedient as the grown ups would like. Don't forget those little dizozzaesque trademarks. It's the boys that seem to be cowered into submissive obedience. Most of the girls in this one are smarter and seem to take the fork in the road with the least resistance. The girls do return home but they seem to do it on their own terms, and their reformation is a mischievous twinkle in their eyes.

While we are in *The Enchanted Forest*, we are treated to everything we have come to expect from Dizozza. It is a most twisted retelling of *The Wizard of Oz*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Mother Goose*, and the fertile imagination of Peter Dizozza. It is all stirred up into a delectable ice cream-like mess that we all played with in front of the TV on a Sunday night.

Peter Dizozza may be Patrick Dennis in disguise. He feasts on life and a quite unfathomable and unlimited supply of world literature. He digests it...and returns us to song, dance and drama in that sick twisted Antifolk fuzzy sentimentality that everyone eventually learns to love. Even fungus can be affectionate if given half a chance. The works of Peter Dizozza are a banquet and most poor suckers ARE starving to death. Come make the world a better place: Feed your poor selves at the next Dizozza pot-luck.



ASK MAJOR MATT

Got a question about love, dating or Kansas?
Ask Major Matt Mason USA!

*Dear Major Matt, two guys like me.
I mean like me, you know... WANT like me?
So, I don't know which of them I should choose. Do you?
Signed: Single in Saskatchewan.*

Dear Single,

Let me begin by telling you that you have come to the right place. Of all the advice columns, friends, guidance counselors, and shrinks that you could have turned to for advice with this very serious problem, you have made the write choice. I have this problem all the time. And believe me when I tell you I understand fully that it is not an easy thing to deal with. First I suggest you pause, sit if your standing, take a deep breath and thank the Lord God Almighty that it is only two admirers who "WANT like" you. Because when you get into the double and triple digits it's not only stressful, it's downright exhausting.

I'm going to assume, otherwise the answer to your question would seem quite obvious, that you are, just as I am with all of my admirers, as equally enamored with them as they are with you.

Assuming that this is the case, and we all know what happens when we ass-u-me, which regardless hopefully will result in something mildly entertaining, I have simple test which I have used countless times to solve similar problems (barring group sex).

Pick a public place. Might I suggest your favorite outdoor cafe, a drinking establishment, or the food court at your local mall. Something preferably with decent acoustics. Next, pick a time and ask both guys to meet you there at the exact same time. Be specific and stress the importance of being prompt. Now, I would suggest you showing up a little early, say anytime between half hour and an hour should be sufficient, just to sort of acclimate yourself to the environment. Oh, this is very important, try to bring along some type of musical instrument. If you don't play a musical instrument, learn one, or improvise. If this doesn't work for you there are lots of things around the house that can double as musical instruments: pots and pans, waxpaper and comb, an empty wine jug..... You also might want to take along some original poetry you have written recently, or a journal. Again if you come up short in this department, you can always improvise.

Now on the day of meetings such as these I like to have a nice big breakfast, that is if the meeting is later in the day or early evening. This way perhaps a light snack, a piece fruit an hour before the meeting should be sufficient. I would suggest not eating a really big meal any earlier than three to four hours before the show.

Now when the guys arrive allow them to get settled in, order a drink, chit chat a little. Thank them for coming. Try to remain cheerful. Then stand up, and begin your performance. And heroes where the fun really starts. Whatever you choose to do, sing, play and instrument, improvised scat ramblings. Try to focus on the frustration that you are feeling

THIS PEN

This pen has seen me through so much.
So many days, nights, adventures, sheets
This pen has seen me sitting, standing, leaning, pondering,
writhing, writing away.

Writing when I could be seeing.
Writing when I could be dancing.
Writing when I could be living.
Spreading ink when I could be spreading joy.
Spilling ink when I could be spilling blood.
Dripping ink when I could be dripping tears.
This pen, this small yellow and black masterpiece, has seen me
through so much,
But I'm afraid it's about to see its last day.
Soon, I'll retire my Gotham Writer, bury it beneath a host of
other waste,
Hide it far from prying eyes.
I shall cover up this pen that kept me far from the world
Because it's life will soon end,
It's usefulness fled
And for this pen, there are no refills.

**JONATHAN BERGER, in a fit of pique,
declares his independence from hair.
Sidewalk Café (94 Avenue A) - 8:00 PM
July 4th
(You know - Independence Day?)
Come for the poems - stay for the grits!**

in the fact that these two guys want you equally and that you want them equally and that deep down inside the chances are that you less than five years you probably won't even be speaking to either of them. Ponder the fact that you can't really be sure of anything in the future and that it is a sad thing that sometime caution as well as freedom can be is a jail cell. And the truth is that none of us could ever know if any of us are perfectly meant to be with one another. Pour out your soul. Pour out your heart. But don't break the fourth wall. Maintain your performance posturing and do not speak directly to either specifically.

Now, as you near the end of your set you will notice a phenomenon begin to happen. At least I always do. Certain member of the audience will begin removing pieces of their undergarments and throwing them on stage. And considering that in you case there will only be two in the audience and they both "WANT" you, you can pretty much bet that the briefs will be flying. When this happens this is what you do. Whoever manages to get their underwear to actually stick to the microphone stand is the one you go home with. Believe me, this method of choosing between multiple admirers has been in common practice for at least forty to fifty years. It can't go wrong.

— Any more questions?

To ask a question:

Visit the "Ask Major Matt" section of the Olive Juice Music Website @
www.olivejuicemusic.com

or write:

Ask Major Matt
c/o Olive Juice Music
P.O. Box 20678, Tompkins Square Station
New York, NY 10009

THE FORT IN JULY

The Fort at the Sidewalk Café is at 94 Ave. A @ 6th St. All shows are free. For info and updates, call 212-473-7373.

Mon. July 3 *The Antihoot With Lach. Sign-up at 7:30*

Tues. July 4 Independence Day Party! 8-Jon Berger, 8:30-Dave's Place, 9-Deep Sound Diver, 10-Seth of Dufus, 11-Midnight Experiment

Wed. July 5 7:30-Matt Richards, 8-Erika Simonian, 9-Ekayani and The Healing Band, 10-Acoustic Outlaw Trio, 11-Anthony Salerno

Thurs. July 6 8-Boshra, 9-Holly Miranda, 10-Chris Barron (of The Spin Doctors), 11-Mia Johnson and Hoagy

Fri. July 7 7:30-Jean Caffiene, 8-Michal The Girl, 9-John S Hall (of King Missile), Lach, 11-Joe Bendik and the Heathens

Sat. July 8 8-Kid Lucky, 9-David Dragov, 10-The Costellos, 11-Drew Blood, 12-The Humans

Sun. July 9 8-Desdemona Finch, 8:30-John Norman, 9-Jamie Stellini, 9:30-Ms. La Nive, 10-Karen Orzolek, 11-Dave Deporiss

Mon. July 10 *The Antihoot With Lach. Sign-up at 7:30*

Tues. July 11 8-Laura Burhenn, 8:30-Erica Smith, 9-Kirsten Williams, 9:30-Rassan, 10-Chinese Restaurant, 11-Joe Bidewell

Wed. July 12 7:30-Keith Z, 8-Joanna Erdos, 8:30-Diane Cluck, 9-Thé Patty Murray Band

Thurs. July 13 7:30-Jamie Lilly, 8-Kenny Davidsen, 9-Patsy Grace, 10-Carbon Covered Brick, 11-Ensimismada, 12-Prepare To Meet Your Maker

Fri. July 14 7-Trancesenders, 8-Woody Guthrie Birthday Celebration with: Kirk Kelly, Adam Brodsky, Tom Clark, Erica Smith, Brenda Kahn, The Folk Brothers, 10-Animal Head, 11-Tony Hightower, 12-Jason Blum

Sat. July 15 8-Brian Joseph, 9-Lunchin', 10-Jonas Grumby, 11-Drew Blood, 12-Fragile Male Ego

Sun. July 16 7:30-Sylvia Mann, 8:30-Chris Osburn, 9-Helen Stratford, 9:30-Aaron Roston, 10-Derek Richmond, 11-Barry Bliss

Mon. July 17 *The Antihoot With Lach. Sign-up at 7:30*

Tues. July 18 8-Arianna, 8:30-Elektra Complex, 9-Linda Draper, 9:30-Randi Russo, 10-Ethan Daniel Davidson, 11:30-Brer Brian

Wed. July 19 7:30-Bill Dixon, 8-The Pain Killers, 9-Andrew Heller and the Boy Wonder, 10-Michael Dutton, 11-Sagit

Thurs. July 20 8-Reverend Tim, 9-Jack Grace, 10-Matthew Puckett

Fri. July 21 8-Matt Sherwin, 9-Curtis Eller's American Circus, 10-Mary Ann Farley

Sat. July 22 9-The Sugar Twins, 10-Janet Vodka, 11-Drew Blood

Sun. July 23 8-Chaz, 8:30-Kellee Bradley, 9-Acoustic Buzzer, 10-Celia, 11-Anthony Salerno

Mon. July 24 *The Antihoot With Lach. Sign-up at 7:30*

Tues. July 25 7:30-Craig Chessler, 8-Pluto, 8:30-J.C. Sone, 9-Adam Leland, 9:30-Umbrella, 10-The Wandering Minstrel, 10:30-Holly Miranda

Wed. July 26 9-Ekayani and The Healing Band

Thurs. July 27 7:30-Elyse Spies, 9-Emiko, 1

Fri. July 28 8-Three Normal Humans, 9-Kelly Mayo, 10-Deni Bonet, 11-Dots Will Echo, 12-God

Sat. July 29 Fortified Records Presents: The Summer Antifolk Fest 2000! 8-The Voyces, 9-The Costellos, 10-Joe Bendik and The Heathens, 11-Drew Blood, 12-David Dragov

Sun. July 30 Fortified Records Presents: The Summer Antifolk Fest 2000! 7:30-Peter Dizozza, 8-Atoosa, 8:30-John Kessel, 9-Adam Green, 9:30-PreWar Yard Sale, 10-Adam Brodsky, 10:30-Butch Ross, 11-Tony Hightower, 12-Grey Revell

Mon. July 31 *The Antihoot With Lach. Sign-up at 7:30*

SANJAY FROM LUNCHIN' WAXES ELOQUENT

We would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who came out to support our CD release party on the 6th of May. Without you guys we would be justregular rock stars! Heh! Heh! Thank you for making us feel like we were THE SHIT!

The most heartwarming part of the evening was the way you guys stayed not just for your friends, but for the whole evening! It was truly a great example of community and support. The fact that we had anything to do with it was an honor.

It would be fucked up if I didn't take a minute to thank the bands involved. **Atoosa, Tony Hightower, The Costellos** and of course **Grey Revell**. For being part of our



Antimatters - July 00 - Page 16

little shindig, you guys will always be so so much extra special to us. (We really didn't care much for you guys before.....see?)

Jon Berger, you have once again proved that you are truly the "Flexi-grip" man!! He emceed his little tail off....matter of fact see, he's tail-less now! Thank you.

If for some reason you missed this event.....not to worry, you can check us out at www.lunchin.com and listen to samples from our CD.And we have a small file on you, not to worry you or nuttin'.....

Oh, and thanks to Lach for giving us this opportunity to do this.
(Sanjay Kaul)