

Beat Fête



January 84

Beat Fête

Faze 5

Communications

Publisher

John Coffey

Editorial Staff

Cathy Cummings

Patrick J. McGinnis

Ari Rosenthal

Staff

Nick Cucci

Doctor Dirty

Timothy Fuhr

Karen Guarino

Evelyn Hess

Christopher Holden

Mark Lerario

Nicky Ruhl

Contributors

ACE

Ed Hesser

Michael Hopkins

Michael McHugh

Pieter Tupitza

Vernon

SEND CONTRIBUTIONS TO:

Beat Fete

1912 W. Girard Avenue

Philadelphia, PA. 19130

ADVERTISING:

Back Page- \$75

Full Page- \$60

Half Page- \$35

Quarter Page- \$20

Circulation- 2000

InComing:

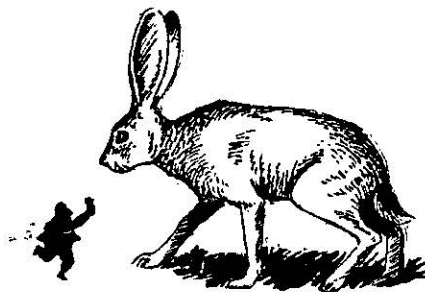
Dear Betty Fetty,

In reference to Mel's Poopjar (December issue), We must say that Mr. Melvaneous T. has destroyed our confidence in him. He writes, concerning the state of the Music Industry, that one of our favorite bands, ZZ Top, has long hair, can't sing, and are downright ugly. OK, MELVANEIOUS, "WHAT-IS A HAPPENING?". Granted, some of the above things are true, but why pick on them, they are three of the best rockers this country has ever seen. Considering the fact that they own an entire city block in Dallas is enough to tell you that they are making big bucks, which they wouldn't do if they weren't selling records, and selling out concerts. ZZ's older material, as well as their newer stuff could completely blow away any of the tunes you list on the "Toxic 10". Think about it Mel, is ZZ Top really hurting ther Music Industry? We don't think so, but maybe bands like "Lords of the New Church" and some of the other trash seen at places like the East Side Club are.

AAAHH LAAATER,

The Entire Town of Gibbsville N.J.

P.S. "You may sell that jazz to some other pothead, but not somebody who spends most of their time holding some sick kid's head while he vomits and wretches sitting on the curbstone at 4 o'clock in the morning". Jack

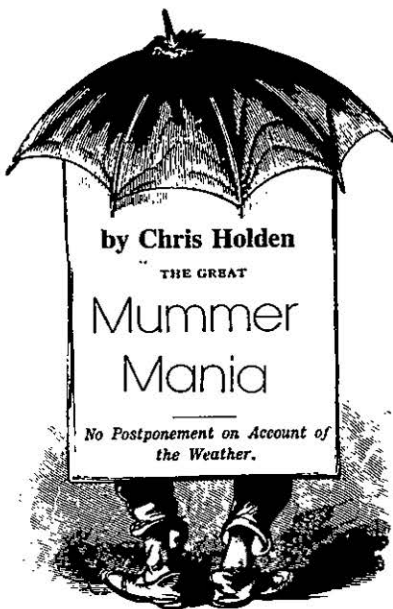


It is beyond me how a *true Philadelphian* can make a New Year's resolution. New Year's Eve never meant squat to me. All right, it's 12 o'clock; time to scream. ...We're drunk; we're happy... yip-pee! It's like, "Hey, it's my birthday. I feel a year older." But the Mummer's parade is a good enough reason as any to break those Puritanical resolutions you don't want to keep anyway.

Every culture has had its blow-out days. In the Greeks' version of the bacchanal, you were not responsible for what you did. Women could get pregnant, and men could wander off with dogs for all it mattered, and it was the God's fault. Our only day is Mummer's Day. I mean you got to do something pretty vicious to get arrested on the first of the year.

A day well worthy of it. Up Broad Street marches the Gray Team, all decked out in blue jeans and dungaree jackets, complete with mohawks. When they get to the judges' stand, they all jump an old lady and try to beat her to a pulp. But out comes a bunch of old ladies with purses from the back of a van to beat the band of motley Mr. T's.

Another group marches up pushing a twenty foot high metal sphere with two motorcyclists in it. They loop around inside the sphere, paralleling each other in the cage, creating an adrenaline buzz for all the watchers adding a true carnival spirit.



As I wandered down the street, there was the honorable mayor, with throngs of people yelling, "Hey Billy! Yo, Billy!"

The fancies marched like matadors to the cheers and dancing. By the time the third group marched by, you thought you were at a movie set, while everyone was singing, "Oh, when the saints... go marching in..., oh, when..."

Every little group had their own little section. If you saw someone with a suit, you knew they were going to the Union League. Even the grand prep of them all, Thacher Longstreth, was shaking hands like the perpetual candidate he is.

All the teenage rock-and-rollers were in front of the Bellevue Stratford, much of course to management's dismay (tsk,tsk). In front of the Philadelphia College of Art was packaged the gay community. The families were confined by the judge's stand, within earshot of the hucksters: "G'mon-man, buy some earmuffs. I'm tryin' to get ta Florida!" and "Hats, scarves, death rattles;" a regular little marketplace of values: "Stale buns a quarter."



It was fun for me, anyway. I must have been the only Philadelphian there who wasn't related to a Mummer. Twenty-five thousand Mummer; 105,000 in attendance. The average size family of four: yep. Well, I guess in a town founded by religious people, resolutions run high. In Italy, over 600 people were injured. What's a few scrapes?



COMFORT CUSHION

New TWIN-REST SEAT CUSHION gives blessed relief to sensitive areas. Fights fatigue and soreness. Avoids side rocking and maintains balance because each half inflates separately with contact-free center space. Unlike embarrassing "ring cushions," it fully supports each thigh independently. Feels like a book or deflates for travel. Ideal for home, office, sports, wheelchair. Eliminates road jars in car. Great as back cushion too—it conforms for firm support. Handsome vinyl 16" x 17" — \$5.49. Green percale zipper cover — \$1.59 extra. We pay postage & ship in 6 hours. NJ resident add 5% tax. Send check or Money Order to:

Better Sleep Inc. Box KK

New Providence, New Jersey 07974

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

HARDCORNER

by Michelle Davis

Hardcore is back in full swing at the once-gutted, newly reopened Love Hall at Broad and South streets. Thrashers and listeners alike piled into the hall Friday, Dec. 16, to hear the show, headlined by the West Coast's Minutemen and the Midwest's Husker Du. Of course the show had its usual three or four local, spur-of-the-moment opening bands, but most were waiting to hear the Minutemen and Husker Du.

The Minutemen, a three piece band from L.A. hit the stage before Husker Du and kept up over an hour of fast paced, high energy surf hardcore. The kind of California hardcore only bands from that area seem to master.

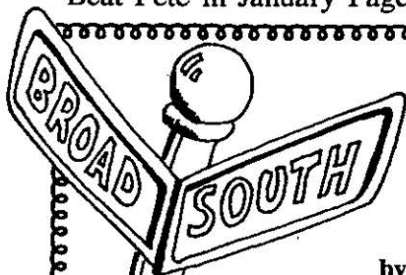
D. Boon, the band's lead guitarist and the guy who does most of the singing was the focal point of the band's performance as he played, sang and danced all at once and all in time with the music.

The band didn't miss a beat as they banged out one song after the other including, "Paranoid Chant" and

other songs like "The Maze," "Boiling" and "Games" from the *Blasting Concept* compilation album and their new EP. Bass player Mike Watt and drummer George Hurley helped out with the vocals in some spots and also helped keep up the band's furious pace.

If you missed Husker Du's performance at the famed West Side Club last April, Friday's show more than made up for it. Both the energy and the tightness of the band's previous performance were there, but this time they had more songs to do, which seemed to extend the time they were on stage. Like the Minutemen, the members of Husker Du take turns with lead vocals with drummer Grant Hart doing the honors most of the time. Not only did the band rip through old favorites like "Everything Falls Apart" and "Wheels," but Husker Du also included some stuff from their new record *Metal Circus*, like "It's Not Funny Anymore" and their latest hit single, "Diane." Bass player Greg Norton and guitarist Bob Mould are undeniable the backbone to any good Husker Du performance.

Despite the old-fashioned, Who-style, smash-the-instruments ending by Husker Du, both bands lived up to their reputation of being two of the better hardcore bands by putting forth all their energy to give a tight energetic performance that was worth braving the cold for.



Hollywood George

The New Music Scene

by P.R. Birk

by Mark A Lerario

"George has definitely gone Hollywood."

My neurosurgeon pal Matthew Cohen may have been a bit hasty when he provided this one-sentence analysis of Thorogood's December 17 Spectrum show. George will certainly make it through the winter. No more 50-seat bar and lounge lizard trips for him. Packing 17,000 letter jacketed preppies into the Spectrum is big business.

Thorogood works like a puppet master. He pulls the strings, and the audience responds. Every move brought applause. George is a super showman and a guitar wizard. In the age of rock, it takes a rare person to hold a 20-year-old crowd's attention with updated renditions of Chicago blues.

George buzzed through most of his standard tunes, hitting upon several age-old blues themes: safety belts that wouldn't budge, house rent blues, madison blues, etc. "Rock and Roll Christmas was a switch. "Bad to the Bone" is expected.

Then come the unexpected. Bo Diddley strolled onto the stage moving a cuestick at Thorogood!

Bo grabbed a guitar and bounded into "Who Do You Love?" Initially, the crowd was baffled. Who is this old guy tht sings and moves like George? Oh, just some guitarist that influenced Thorogood--and quite a few thousand other musicians. Bo's

age should be a clue. He exited with a sustained roar of the crowd's approval.

Johnny Lee Hooker also stopped by to say "Hi," to George. Again, tgh crowd was baffled. O.k., so he is old. His bit prat in the Blues Brothers film should ring a bell in any hip audience. My pal Dr. G says Hooker wrote "One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer." This was obviously unknown to the crowd, but they were still into the performance.

The whole show, which ran at least three hours, was excellent. The opening band, the Drinkers (part of the Delaware connection), cranked out their mix of blues rock that lubricated the audience for Thorogood's two-hour stage shot.

Thorogood was somehow tied to a "fight Juvenile Diabetes campaign" which was never fully explained. Regardless, Thorogood came across as a superb stage personality: generous to share his musical roots and to speak out for a non-profit organization. The word "ego" never entered my mind.

If you enjoy such bands as the Human League, Style Council, PiL, Thompson Twins, or maybe funky guys like Prince, then the new Chef's Lounge is the place for you. In fact, the "Chef's" is the one of two "Rock of the Eighties clubs in Reading, Pa.

From what I understand, the city of Reading is primarily a "heavy metal town," but this new establishment is rapidly gaining popularity in and around the Reading area. Why? Possibly the reason for such a niche place is the menu and the general atmosphere. Could be two of the slickest d.j.'s: Atomic Furr and Idle Dilemma. Maybe even the very reasonable beer and drink prices. Remember, Readinkg was once "Beer Capitol of Pennsylvania!"

Anyway, if you visit Reading in the near future, might you check out the Chef's? Everyone should make it a point to stop by! Their motto speaks for itself, "9th and Green, the new music scene." Tell Joe (the bartender) that Beat Fete sent ya!

Chef's Lounge, 9th and Green Streets, Reading, Pa.; phone: 373-9058.



outside; his mind, the wind in all of its glory moved; stopped; remained the same change and yet was never calm or satisfied. this Everholding omnipresent power created an impact on the planet and beyond that only wind graphers have charted. inside; the deafening roar of Silence IT lie. one only one, would...no, it would never happen.

mind had won, science had won, everybody had won- only underneath the prayer blankets-below the lotus postured beings there lie the gold and silver, WWI WWII, etc.from Rhaetian to the amber pipe stems of Lithiania did the riches of the earth Win and destroy all. those Economies that killed, the Rothschilds. the wind moved. Tantra failed. Zen died, christianity died, the holy spirit cried, Hare Bomb. there were no more hitites, there were no more quakers, the red blood of mans wine,

Ed Hesser

Geographic Witness

...labyrinths of pumus and cosmic soot. Stagnant lake, floating belly up. Cool mud perimeter sucking at inland monastery. Dead stink hangs low, hugging vacant reflection while experimental larvae refract afternoon sun. Albino and mulatto species venture lasciviously through primeval silt. Insects demonstrate oriental simplicity, scattering mean path of Brownian motion. Exclusive surface organisms bobbing at their own good luck. All happy campers in country club serene, sipping eagerly at translucent bubble nest. Overhead lone scavengers glide in disinterested calm. Our friendly planet.

Pieter Tupitza

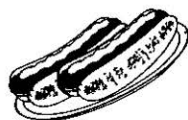
Cut-up

Idiot holiday gore soup. Aquatic nylon scathing. Reasonable fondness flaxen invertibrae. Collapsible scribble, violet reeking. Fortitude slipping into reasonable syntax. Blase repose on fetishist rack. Wrinkled violence of destitute fly. Perverse silliness naked storming boardwalk. Blunk Bond-all screenstar. Polite sickness inevitable... bars liquid tight windows... Jellied porcelain indicate monumental storming. Wait, whether mixed or human wriggling on vast hitch. Silent wound inviting womb under sad Lazarus. Pre-menstrual lithe cut reject impartiality. Slag repose invading damp personalities. Very real stench of dupes. The kindness of ripe transgression.

Pieter Tupitza
Michael McHugh

OVERWEIGHT WITH FRUSTRATION!!!

Show me the way to reality!
Seeing alcohol destroy many minds,
and addicts with no grasp of time,
still poets with no sense of rhyme,
my mother drinks coffee all day,
and my father's a chimney,
as he smokes his life away.,
"if I were president, I'd change this place!"
As I sit and stuff my perfect face.



M. A. Lerario

The Fire of Funk

by Coffey

What a lineup indeed! Rick James, when he grows up). As predicted the The Mary Jane Girls, and Grand big hits were "You and I", "Super Master Flash & the Furious Five. A Freak" and "Give it to Me", but on-sold out crowd to a city of brothers ly on "Fire & Desire" did Rick and sisters out for the evening of unleash into the sexual and provocative entertainment. pure entertainment.

Headling the Spectrum Gala was James who treated the audience to a well paced show performing most of the hits everyone waited so patiently for. With a bit of a delay and a break in the middle the fun went on well past midnight and though this may have upset a few of the "professional press" it sure didn't effect the crowd. Joking around, and visually seducing the ladies, James also facinated the crowd with a spectacular new light show. (I guess Rick really does want to be a Rock Star

If Rick was the champ of the night, then Grandmaster surely pulled a draw as a top notch contender. With GM spinning from two turntables, the Furious Five hit the spotlight with assorted fun and games mixed with their rapping. Each one introduced themselves to the crowd in a cocky yet cool way.

Also as predicted, all the "big hits" were performed including, "New York", "Message", and "Scorpio". Even the fact that after it was all over and nothing was heard of "White Lines" could a bad feeling be felt.

As for the Mary Jane Girls they proved to be the perfect middle band. Disregard all the trash and bad press they've been given as untalented. They're four beautiful ladies all quite different in ethnic backgrounds, that can dance and have at least one great song (All Night Long). And how often can that be said for a warm-up show?



A Place In The Sun • Y-Di

This is the second vinyl release by what many people consider to be Philly's finest hardcore band. *A Place in the Sun* doesn't diminish that reputation. Every cut is a killer, not just in intensity but in sound and production as well. The only way you can ignore this is if your dead. The most intense cuts are "Mad at the World", and "Why Die?" I don't care if you buy it or steal it, get this fucker, now!

I'd Rather Be In Philadelphia • Burn Potential Records

Two years and much hype in making it, was it worth it? Yes and No. Yes if you want a compilation of Philly bands, No if you wanted more diversity. There are no cuts by any

Hardcore or experimental bands. There are no band bio's and the recording quality is sub-par unless it's played loud. Minor stuff for a step in the right direction. Vol. II should be real cool. As for Side one.

Bunnydrums "Sleeping": Typical, slow rhythmic & hypnotic from the PKD sessions...**Pretty Poison** "Secrets": from their transition period, danceble, less synthesized than current material...**Sensory Fix** "Last Match": R.I.P. for Philly's most pretentious and dark sounding band...**Impossible Years** "Flower Girls": C'mon this ain't 1967 wimpy nostalgia...**Mother May**

By Dirt

I "When Children Play": R.I.P. If you like Joy Division, Bauhaus etc...

Side Two. **Book of Love** "Henna": Formerly Headcheese, danceble well constructed pop...**Stickmen**: R.I.P Fast weird fun from their "This is the Master Brew" session.



Dirt From Dirt = Dirt

Please get back together...**Red Buckets** "Something else again": Normally I hate all this psychedelic nostalgia but this cut surprised me. I like it...**Girls Downstairs** "Steam rises from the Jungle Floor": Synthesizers! The other surprise track, these guys are virtually unknown even in Philly and have arguably the albums stongest cut. more in 84!...**Executive Slacks** "Typically bizzare (good) music from one of Philly's good bizzare bands.

Awards & Predictions

Suicide we most would like to see-

DMS. If this little misanthropic slimeball keeps up his current endearing style, it could draw more people to the funeral than any other new musick (sic.) happening this year...All the way in 84:**Vels**, **Ruin**, **Ex Slacks**, **Y-Di**, **Girls Downstairs**, and **Beat Fete** (we ain't modest)...Rest In Peace:**Reds**, **Final Conflict**, **ESC**, **Minor Threat**, **Love**

Club, **BYO**, **A B's**, **Fonda's**, and every bighead who was stupid enough to...**Stanley Segal Memorial Award**: Mike Yonkausk; he booked more clubs in one year than even the sleazeball the award is named for...Asshole of the year: Thousand way tie...

Bullshit

Some people never learn department: The morons of **Flight 90** are starting something called **TKO**. Good luck you wimps cuz we can wipe your smug looks off your pretty faces without trying, whether it's writing or street hockey (get the message)...In the studio **Ruin**, **Bunnydrums**, and **Ex Slacks**...Some people never learn Dept. II: **Tony Zinni**, **Phil D' Andrea**, and **Joe Glennon** (Ex **Ben Wahs**) are rehearsing again. Ditto for **TOC**...**Lee Paris**, the reclusive music director, says there's going to be bands coming to the **Kennel Club**; however, he didn't elaborate about them playing...Again, **TKO** put up or wimp out.

Part 2:

Was that me or my room?

By Michael P. Hopkins

Some software is surfacing in the personal computer market that adds new meaning to the words *artificial intelligence*.

Are you fat? Do you lack career motivation? Do you need sexual confidence? Well, have we got the product for you! Our new software package lets you overcome all your nasty habits, and lets you build those personality traits that you've always wanted. And that's not all! It can all be done in the comfort of your own home! While watching TV!

These new developments of the modern age work in conjunction with you personal computer and your TV. While you're watching your favorite reruns, personality altering messages, of your own

choice, are flashed at you in 1-30th of a second pulses.

Now, the screen images are much too fast for your conscious mind to register, but they are easily recognized by your subconscious.

Several years ago, being young and naive, I thought that if I took karate lessons, my body would be magically turned into a tough as steel fighting machine. I soon found out that there was nothing magic about it; it was all hard work and perseverance.

I think that this software will be looked at as a magical way to eliminate unwanted traits in one's life. How do you want to stop smoking? By banging your head against the wall until the urge fades, or by

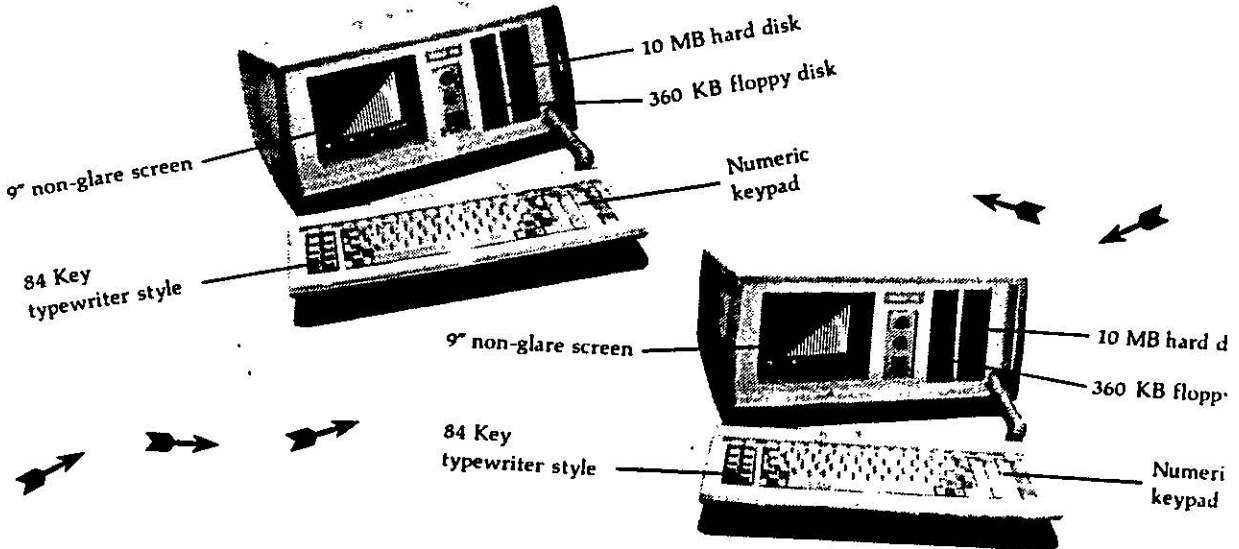
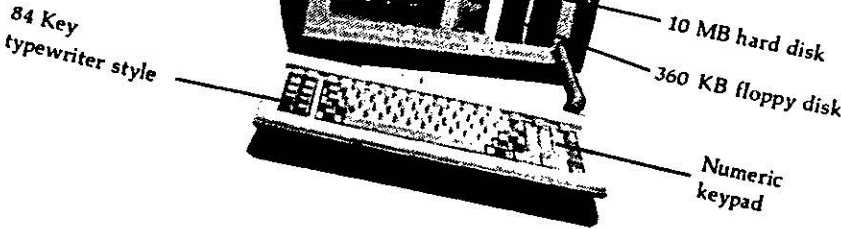
vegging out in front of the TV?

I also thing that this type of indirect approach treats only a symptom, burying the problem deeper into the mind.

There have been several books written about subliminal advertising, and we can all use our imaginations to see the possible juxtapositions that this idea could evolve into, so I won't bore you with my own paranoid visions.

But, the next time you get an intense craving for brand X's wat-chamacallits, take a minute and ask yourself if the need actually originated from inside of yourself.

And by the way, don't forget that this is the year that we've heard so much about.



Nick Cucci...

by Nick Cucci

For introduction's sake, the Cocteau Twins are Robin Guthrie and Elizabeth Frazer, and together they create an intoxicating blend of Music, words and emotions. Their musical world is a richly embroidered cloth of pastel colors. A world they hold very close, and at times seem a bit frightened of what the outside world has in store for them.

Up until June of this past year, the Cocteau Twins were three: Robin on guitar and tapes, Elizabeth singing and Will on bass. In the midst of a

lengthy European tour supporting Orchestral Manoeuvres, Will split and the band had to cancel the rest of the tour.

Since then, Robin and Elizabeth have confined their live appearances to a few scattered dates, America seeing only three of them, one in Philadelphia and two in New York. Never again will they take on a huge tour.

Robin: "We did that big tour with Orchestral Manoeuvres... and it ended up as bland. It's a pain in the ass. For me to enjoy it, it's got to be special. If you do it every night for

three months, it's not special anymore. We like to play in small places, filled with people, with good sound and good monitors, but we don't like to do it that often."

Soon the Cocteau Twins will be three again. If all goes according to plans, Robin says they will add a new bassist. The person in mind is Simon, formerly of a band called the Drowning Craze."

But with Will gone, the fate of the band fell on the couple's shoulders. Their new Lp, *Head Over Heels*, released on the 4A.D. label, was recorded with just the two of them.

Philadelphia Music Company

2549 S. 61ST ST.

Phila. Pa. 19142

- MANAGEMENT
- BOOKINGS
- PUBLICITY/PROMOTION
- POSTER DESIGN, PRINTING, & DISTRIBUTION
- LOGO DESIGN
- CONCERT PROMOTION
- DEMO TAPE & RECORD PRODUCTION

CALL (215) 724-0308
BETWEEN NOON & 5:00pm

On "The Cocteau Twins"=====

Again, in protection of their seemingly fragile world, the studio they chose was secluded in the Scottish countryside. Edinburgh, to be exact.

"The two of us went into the studio to make *Head Over Heels*; it was a case of not having any songs written. We wrote them in the studio. Then we recorded it and produced it ourselves. It was much better just the two of us, total improvisation," Robin said.

And Elizabeth talks very little. She is a demure, pleasant woman with an infectious habit of giggling, and

seems nearly as delicate as a butterfly, yet possessing a truly unique and powerful voice. It is her voice that has the major role of forming the Cocteau mosaic, a voice that concerns her in a most unpretentious manner.

"I worry about it," Elizabeth remarked in her usual soft-spoken manner, "I worry about whether or not I have a good voice, because I don't know what a good voice is, but I'd like to have one."

All through the interview, and the rest of my time with them, Robin and Elizabeth communicated to each

other with a personal language, one of jokes and puns, of smiles and smirks. They both spoke very softly in thick Scottish accents. Elizabeth giggled while Robin dished out one-liners just to catch you off guard. They are one in their world. They rumble you with sound and innovation, with textures and colors that mold an emotional landscape that is all their own. The Cocteau Twins--a shimmering display of musical romance.



THE EAST SIDE CLUB

THE PHILADELPHIA SHOWCASE FOR LIVE MUSIC AND DANCING
EVERY SUN, MON, WED, & SAT ARE DANCE NITES
(FREE ADMISSION W/MEMBERSHIP -SUN.MON,WED.)

LIVE MUSIC FOR JANUARY



★ Thur-5th. THE CHANT & MINOR MODE

★ Fri-6th. THE FAD & LIFE AFTER BOB

★ Tue-10th. THE PROLES & ?

★ Thur-12th. NUCLEAR LUAU, THE FLIES, & BOWLING CLONES

★ Fri-13th. RED BUCKET & BEN VAUGHN COMBO

★ Tue-17th. FLYING SQUID & SOTTO VOCE



★ Thur-19th. GUNG HO & DUCT TAPE

★ Fri-20th. REGRESSIVE AID & FLAMING BANGO BANGOS

★ Tue-24th. EXCUTIVES & ?

★ Thur-26th. SEPARATE CHECKS & DOG BEANS

★ Fri-27th. DANCE FACTOR & MODERN CITIES

★ Tue-31st. STAINGLAS & SPELLED BACKWARDS

