

Be at Fete



Beat Fête

A Faze 5 Production

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InComing:

Dear Beat Fete,

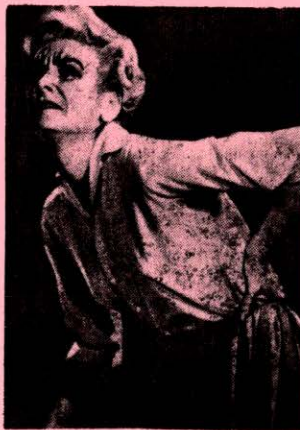
I have got to protest against the totally ignorant stance of your "hardcorner" sections review of the Husker Du, Minutemen show.

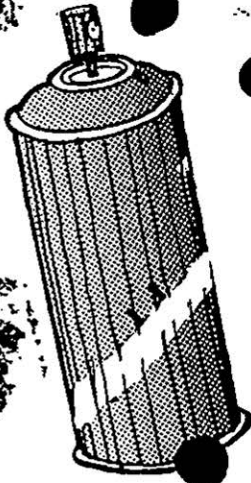
It's true most people did go to hear the above mentioned. But the phrase "local, spur of the moment opening bands" is totally demeaning. What's the matter, aren't they rock stars enough to get mentioned? What is "spur of the moment"? These bands practice just as hard, and deserve as much credit as the headliners (actually there are no "headliners" at a hardcore show).

As a member of a local band (Better Living) I am constantly amazed at how little credit is given to local bands (like Ruin, Y-Di) totally blow away any band anywhere.

I am amazed how a local fanzine can ignore local bands. For without them there would be no reason for fanzines. Wake up and start showing support for those who support you. (I bet Bad Mould doesn't even know what Beat Fete is). Remember, new bands are the future of punk.

Peace
Steve V.D





Aerosol Wars

The war in on and Mayor Goode has proceeded into the march against graffiti.

Warning: Graffiti People turn themselves in and receive amnesty! You'll be doing yourselves a favor? So goes the latest plea from the Mayor and young buck side-kick Tim Spencer.

For those graffiti writers who ignore the request, watch out because the police are gonna hunt y'all done and cut y'all fingers off wit rusty pliers! Especially, the "ten most re nowned writers". Beware, for those whom this applies to only have till Feb. 8 before the dogs are let loose.

And to top it all off guess who's gonna help the **Goode Gang** track you down? CORNBREAD and JOHNSKI, that's whol

Having CORNBREAD, preach the evils of graffiti seems similar to "Dirty Harry" on gun control. The dude has been a legend in graffiti for the last 12 years and now he's gonna tell writers that graffiti "messes up your life"? And how about JOHNSKI a.k.a. JS. While CORNBREAD has been keeping a low profile the last dozen years, JS has been writing (off and on) the last dozen years.

That's right JS! You can't fake those recent marker hits you did with MB on Chestnut St. last month. I know! I know you know that I know you know!

So beware for the snitches and snoops y'all!

Bye y'all
You know who.

XTC BOYZ

Dirt...

From The Doc

By Doc

Rumors: Dance Safari...No more live music at ESC after the 17th...CEC at 35th and Lancaster closed to hardcore...Blint and Sparkle are getting married and I'm sobering up...Cool stuff at the Kennel Club in Feb; Beat Fete/Faze 5 Fiasco the 22nd, and Sleazy films (see insert) courtesy of Jakey Boy. And was that really Ozzie there? Who knows and who cares... Ruin album delayed... Executive Slacks will show some Youth (No Joke-hint)...Eddie Strichnian busted, too bad he wasn't killed...Hurry back Filly's, I'm getting pretty fucking bored...Coolest band: Kremlin Corp (local), Motley Crew (national)-these guys are gonna be Big, really Big...Pretty Poison planning a video with a plot, probably a thriller...Jazz Connor doing DJ duties at Chestnut Cabaret on Tuesday...New mag TKO is bad, read to see how bad it is. Don't forget wimps, our challenge still stands...

Multi-media event coming to Painted Bride next month produced by Val (Initial Attack) Opeilski. Be there... Mike (never say die) Yonkauskis is at it again at the Golden Horse Inn every Friday night. It'll be a dance party if it lasts, har har har.

Serious Shit: Uncle Floyd (Vivino) of the show that bears his name was in town last month, Mugsy and Scott Gordon, to do a show at the Rip. Very cool people, they've featured Crash Course in Science and the Stickmen on the show and they're into the Flyers and hardcore. If you've seen the show you either love it or hate it. If you love it they need your help to stay on the air. Heres where to send the money. If you don't Ogie will be forced to go on welfare.

OGIE
UFS C/O NJ NETWORK
980 BROAD
Newark NJ 07102

good ole days

By Carol Schutzbank

Everybody's lived through them at one time or another. And we still talk about them — remembering where we used to hang out — whether it was at the Hot Club, Omni's, the Starlite Ballroom, the Eastside Club, the Wet Spot, Love Club, Pagano's, the Elk's Center or even London Victory Club (yes, it had its moments), rehashing the memories we've tucked away in our minds and hearts.

And that is how it should be. To forget about the past completely is

to ignore the foundation of the present. Where we are now is directly related to what we did then.

But of late I've noticed a resurgence of "the Good Ole Days" to the point where clubs that were dives and bands that were awful have achieved the mythical proportions of Greek Gods and the like. Sure, Eastside was fun. I saw some terrific shows there (Simple Minds were unforgettable). But it was not paradise. The drinks were usually overpriced, the crowds could be unbearable and the bathrooms were constantly in a state of disrepair. Likewise with the other clubs we went to... They were fun and they had their moments, but not one of them was consistently wonderful. We went, we hung out, then we moved on.

What is most noticeable about this are three things:

- 1) A lot of the people who reminisce about the "good ole days" hated them and complained non-stop while they existed.
- 2) Some of the people who talk about the "good ole days" barely lived them to know what they're talking about.
- 3) Most of the people are so caught up in living the "good ole days" that they're missing out on the present.

Okay, maybe we all tend to get a little sentimental over the things that have passed. Great shows inspire great memories. But that doesn't mean we should let the past obscure the present. People tend to get so caught up looking backwards they trip over themselves.

The past is the past, and that is how it should be. Now, why don't we concentrate on making the present equally as good — so that we'll have something to talk about in the future.



Here goes...the unobjective (of course) capsulized review of the Ramones at Ripley the night I got laid off.

I was late, as usual. I made my way through the plethora of black leather jackets to find my pseudo-Ramone friends (whose last names, for all intents and purposes, are Ramone). Up front, jostling turned into slamming, but no stage diving this time around—thanks Lenny.

In basic black, the Ramones were typical-marvelous and fun. Grimacing through their high powered set, they poured forth all the classics 2-minute standards like "Surfin Bird", "California Sun", "Rockaway Beach", "Sheena...", "Susie...", "...Pinhead", et. al.

But, ah— something was different...Johnny sported a short spiky haircut. Within weeks of his release from hospitalization for a lead pipe-induced concussion, he was on the road again. So glad was I to witness my namesake (a.k.a. John Cummings) "back in black."

Four score and two encores later, came "Time Has Come Today", from the band's latest LP, SUBTERRANEAN JUNGLE, now over a year old. With about eight albums to their credit, the Ramones can't be "young and in love" much longer, but they still rock me the right way (and they still ride in a brown van).

Cathy Cummings



by R. M. Garcia

Such A Beautiful Day

It is a sunny day in April. His birthday, in fact. He has just turned 21 and she celebrates that fact with 21 kisses against his face and forehead.

It is such a beautiful day, so boundless with life, that as they sit (she on his lap) on the park bench in Fairmount Park, he feels compelled to set boundaries.

"If you were to die suddenly — instantaneously — in an accident, say... What do you think your last thought would be?"

If anyone else were to say such a morbid thing on such a beautiful day she might wrinkle her forehead in disgust. But she knows why he is asking, and instead, she pulls his arms tighter around her waist.

"I don't know," she says, her voice muffled in the crease of his neck and shoulder. "If it were right now, I would be thinking of how much I love you. What about you?"

They both smile. It is a game that fascinates them: the most bizarre scenarios ("If Charles Manson turned out to be my cousin, would you still love me?") rehearsed in the bright mid-day sun, then giggles and squeezed hands acknowledging a performance well-done and truths revealed.

And as the dwindling sunshine would break shadows across their faces, they would sit silently, wondering at how transparent their thoughts had become.

"Once the sun moves behind those clouds, lets go back to my apartment and make love."

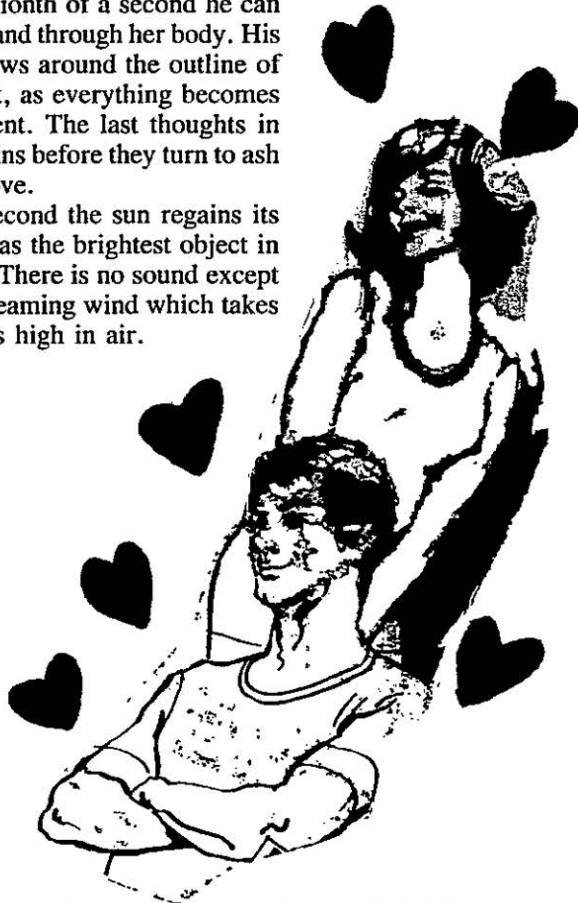
One hundred yards away a man with a camera adjusts the aperture to allow for the sudden drop in light. He quickly tries to focus on the couple he sees one hundred yards away, walking hand-in-hand.

"I can't think of how I could love you anymore."

"Try," she giggles, leaning into him for the twenty-second kiss.

The pink of his eyelids masking the sunlight grows redder as he kisses her. Then white. If maybe for a billionth of a second he can see his hand through her body. His hand glows around the outline of her heart, as everything becomes transparent. The last thoughts in their brains before they turn to ash are of love.

In a second the sun regains its position as the brightest object in the sky. There is no sound except for a screaming wind which takes the ashes high in air.



The Fab 50's

By Christopher Holden

DON'T TOUCH YOUR DIAL. YOU ARE NO LONGER IN CONTROL OF YOUR RADIO. FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING YOU WILL BE TAKEN TO A PLACE THAT IS ALL BUT FORGOTTEN, EXCEPT BY THE TRUE MUSICIANS IN THE WORLD...YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE HY LIT ZONE...IT'S THE FRIDAY NIGHT FLASHBACK. "Oh no, not that!", screamed the motorist clutching his ears while his car careens down the sidewalk barely missing the pedestrians. As a streetlight cuts it's way through the engine of his car, his radio dies. "Oh thank god", he reverently mutters.

But yes it's true. It's either talk shows, Ozzie Osborn or fifties revival music. "And now kiddies it's time for schlock and roll. "If you thought that the current play lists are boring, just wait 'til you hear the eighties version of the fifties play list. There's no chance to even hear a nice oldy you haven't heard in a while. How about Bill Staley and the Vomits or Uretha Franklin singing "Think" again and again and again.

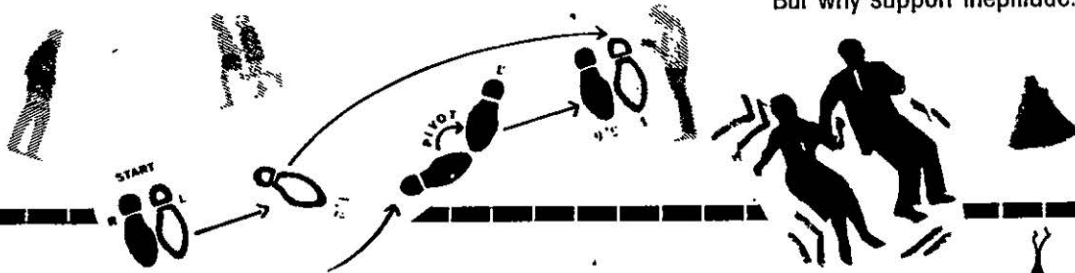
Just think of the culture created around it. You have Penn students turning up the white collar of their alligator shirts slapping vasoline in their hair and whammo you've got a thousand clones of Fonzie. For a little more effect, "Daddy can I borrow that old sweater of yours" or "Mommy how did you used to do your hair, I wan't to be authentic".

Who ever thought the fifties were that great of a time anyhow. As far as I can tell, it was one of the bleakest periods in American history. Back in the good ole days when builing an addition to the house meant building a bomb shelter. "Gee dad all the rest of the kids have bomb shelters to play in, why don't we have one. We must be poor. "The days of Joe McCarthy when half of Hollywood were having their lives ruined, their family and friends followed by our own version of the K.G.B., otherwise known as Herb Hoover's F.B.I. When the government decided that they could send in the National Guard to squash any strike they wanted by

declaring it illegal, the wonderful Taft-Hartley act. Of course there was our big hero, General Thug MacArthur who didn't want to go to Chinatown for a couple of eggrolls so he thought that he would invade China under the auspices of the Korean War. Gee Doug ya lost a few thousand men on that one. And how about those great fads, swallowing live goldfish and ramming yourself into a car full of other assholes, sounds like fun to me.

So everybody gets dressed up like it's Halloween, tries to remember a time better forgotten, but it's fun. Why should we support new ideas and new music. Put money into the pockets of stuggling creative artist? When we can listen to the same old songs over and over, wear a selection of clothes that a blind man could pick out, and support the rich and their night clubs and record factories? Subtract the human touch, take away error, give it all a technoplastic-prefabricated sheen and presto you have the marketfers dream.

But why support ineptitude.



Leather Never Dies

By Vincent Blackshadow

Ozzy Osbourne, Motley Crue, and Wasted provided a leather and denim Spectrum crowd with a weird evening of heavy metal music last month. In the kingdom of heavy metal, Ozzy reigns supreme.

His 90 minute show is fantastic. The stage is even more elaborate than before... a monumental stair-

case leading to a moving drum riser; huge mechanical bats flapping happily; fog; choreographed/computerized pastel colored lights, and flames; visions of doom projected on a stage wide screen.

The shows runs on its own energy - something new is always happening. Ozzy certainly lends his energy - the crowd is in mass awe of the fact that Ozzy is actually doing one more tour, one more show, and maybe even one more song.

The songs are standard, but they never sound tired. "Bark at the Moon," "Over the Mountain," and "Revelation Mother Earth," are good, mean tunes.

Guitarist Jake E. Lee and Blizzard of Ozz veteran bassist Bob Daisley work well together. Drummer Carmine Appice is another story. He is very, very good. However, he seemed to play in a reserved, straight ahead fashion. The funky, suicidal attack of Tommy Aldridge (Damn! he plays things that most good drummers can't even think about playing. How did he get that good?!?) is sadly missed.

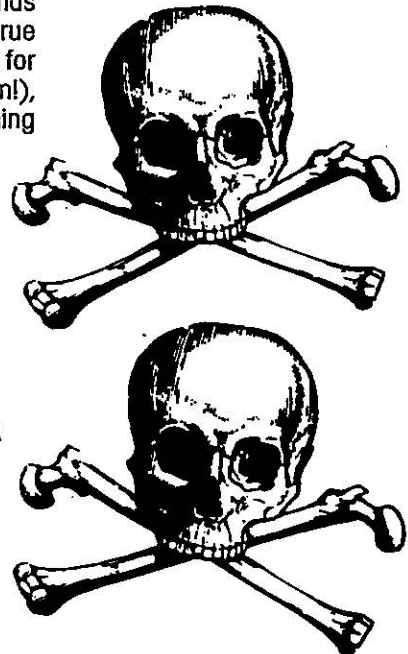
Even so, Ozzy has proved that his music is the heavy metal standard. Slightly substandard, but truly amusing is Motley Crue. Spike heels. Studded crotches. Leather, leather, black hair dye and pantene for the

heavy guitar. "just got out of bed" hair look. Very

The language was also pretty heavy. Lenny Bruce sure had some burn raps when it came to obscenities - and these guys are free to roam the stage? Yeah. Well, somebody has to be the first to curse.

Motley Crue is better at hammering out L.A. heavy metal than cursing. "Shout at the Devil" sounds pretty cool at 96 decibels. The Crue even popped into the press box for a minute (I think that was them!), but we were all too busy watching Ozzy to notice each other.

Opening the whole deal was Wasted, featuring former UFO bassist Pete Way. Their short set was pretty powerful - expect no less from a quasi-UFO band. The audience responded favorably to "Only You Can Rock Me" (or whatever UFO labeled that song) and "Too Hot to Handle." Both songs placed the lead guitarist in the uneivable position of trying to follow up on the blitzkrieg style of former UFO guitarist Michael Schenker. No problem, right?



Album Reviews !!!

ABC
BEAUTY STAB
Mercury Records
By Mark Lerario

With some of music's most notable compositions of 1983, ABC are indeed the professionals they strive to be. In turn, ABC is to BEAUTY STAB, as The Clash was to SANDANISTA; the musical transformation for ABC from 1982 to 1983's BEAUTY STAB is indeed phenomenal.

Tunes like "That Was Then, But This Is Now", and "Love's A Dangerous Language" best exemplify ABC's resistance towards musical stereotyping.

Honestly, there are no "bubble gum" songs on BEAUTY STAB. Last year's Lexicon of Love seems infantile as compared to "Stab". Give this LP a listen, it'll blow your mind!

D.O.A.
The Damage To Date
By M.A. Lerario

For all collectors of hardcore, this is the LP for you! THE DAMAGE TO DATE: 1978-1983 is a 19 song collection taken from D.O.A.'s two out of print albums, SOMETHING BETTER CHANGE, and HARDCORE 81.

From the driving sounds of "New Age", to the rushing bass of "The Prisoner", D.O.A. sets a standard that's hard to equal: agony & bitterness equals hardcore energy.

D.O.A. independently produces and distributes their own records, amazingly the production and engineering are of comparable levels as any major record label if not better! D.O.A.'s motto? "Talk minus action equals Zero". Albums can be obtained by writing to:

C.D. Presents, Ltd.
1230 Grant Ave, Suite 531,
San Francisco, Ca. 94133

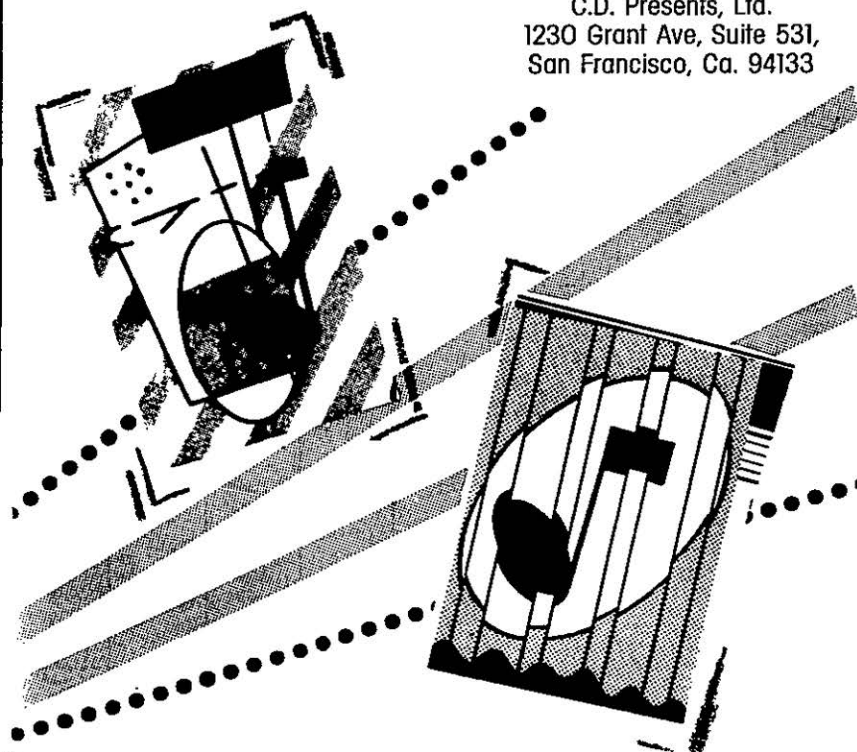
P.FUNK ALL-STARs
Urban DanceFloor Guerillas
CBS Records
By Coffey

Parliament as in Funkadelic. Funkadelic as in Parliament. Two different bands? Two different labels? Parliament Funkadelic as in "Flashlight", "One Nation Under A Groove", and "Knee Deep"! A legal hassle ensues and the law holds up any Parliament/Funkadelic outfunk. Fuck'em, just call them P. Funk Allstars and let them sign a new record contract!

George Clinton and the Gang (Bootsy, Et Al), the cosmic crew are at it again. Seven new songs and a new hit "Generator Pop" deserve some mention. Where last year's "Computer Games" reintroduced the group as P-Funk, but with the same old recipe, URBAN DANCEFLOOR GUERRILLAS, is a toasty reunion dinner. Their style of "rock/funk" cannot be explained with words and their catchy rap that never get played out. Like COMPUTER GAMES, this album's hero is also critter, namely a cat (as opposed to a dog). "Copy Cat" is the perfect sequel to "Atomic Dog".

Also like many previous Parliament/Funkadelic & Whomever albums, the mood is split between the heavy "get down" type of charge & the slower blues jams. It is the latter mood that tends to bore me, but as for a total effort it is a complete LP vinyl. Along with "Generator Pop", and "Copy Cat", the other crankable dance pieces are "Acupuncture", and "Pumpin' It Up".

Though I was prejudiced to buy the P-FUNK album because of the "All Stars", George Clinton also has a solo album out which I've yet to hear. So take your pick and enjoy!





D.E.A.D.

Slick and silent Whopper-blind squeal of wilted vinyl
in a part of the future where asphalt and sugar do meet.
Furiously objective and drunk with the immortality of the
senior class. Scene through windshield...
salted dash, a Spin-Art mural of blood and condiments.
Shy masquerade of open wounds blush, sad and incestious,
turning jelly-fish peasants over milk sugar tributaries
where they wriggle like the homeless goldfish.
Teary-eyed identification of sugary satin
and rented tuxedo, his Learners Permit in hand.
Searching through Foodstuffs, past and present, he swerved
to avoid a porcupine. Dangerously slick,
wax paper and discarded dill chips, goes reeling slick and silent into Hamburger Heaven.
Offspring sit yards away, polished and vacant, with a lap
full of ice... Fractured medians bleeding salad oil
...while the beverage fizzes in the carpet.
Absently cataloged into the back of a wagon with tarter sauce
and these words on his lips. Don't Eat And Drive

The Judas

The sinner kisses the
Bible
As water glistens on
leather
like blood on the freshly used knife
k. lynn g.

Untouched

Quiet
and there you are
as in an infants dream
sleeping untouched
with me beside your
white night gown
k. lynn g.

Pieter Tupitza

"A New Pose"

A mannequin at Wanamaker's sneered at me
the other day,
And muttered some contemptuous phrase
I almost caught

in the corner
of my eye.

When I turned in surprise,
She pretended nothing had happened--
Standing hand on hip--
And the real hip sneer

Still on her face now
Frozen in plastic as if

it had always
been that way.
-David Updike

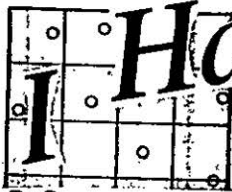
VIOLENT INTEREST

Breath from jerry-built houses without doors choke
on shards of glass and ice-blue mosquitoes.
Lady passes over concrete mosaic, teetering on chunky heels.
Loud clothing muted by her homeliness, shielding black
vinyl handbag.

Athritic hands fumble with mints wrapped in foil struggling
down avenue of snaggle-toothed Belgian block, wind-torn newspaper flying AT HER.
Elevated tracks, empty and broke, follow the street like an injured spine.
Shadows of cyclone-fence BLANKET HER. Violet interest passing
oil-stained weeds which snare the buckles on her shoes.
Lady passes, empty and broke, over chain-link sidewalk handbag
tightly AT HER SIDE.

Pieter Tupitza





By Dr.G

...The American version of representative government assures that such qualities of intellect and ethics as might equip a man to lead a powerful nation responsibly are precisely the qualities that would prevent him from subjecting himself to the debasing performances of vote begging and delegate swapping. It is truism of American politics that no man who can win an election deserves to.

*-Trevanian
"Shibumi"*

I like to freak some people out by wearing a Jesse Jackson for President button. It's not all a joke though, by any means. My one and only political hope is that Jesse will take the Democratic nomination and set after Reagan like a righteous thunderbolt and drown the smug old bastard in a not so tepid bath of fire and brimstone.

Of course, I don't and won't believe any of it, but a Jackson-Reagan contest would probably be the most violent shakeup American politics has seen since Lincoln freed the slaves, and the only really interesting match for this much maligned year of 1984.

Visions of a Mondale campaign bring to mind every boring political cliché one can imagine, like a dusty flashback of Muskie's 1972 debacle. Here's the candidate smiling and waving to a crowd of senior citizens after a rousing speech. Here's the candidate shaking hands with unemployed factory workers and kissing the babies of welfare mothers, if they'll let him. Here's the candidate shaking his head sadly over the forgotten people of America who, if they'll only vote for him...It would go on ad nauseum, and the end result would be the same. Mondale would lose because no one would believe his promises or even give a shit at all.

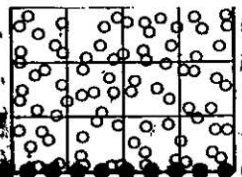
At least we know what we have in Reagan, and a lot of fools who like being pulled by the nose with blinders aside their eyes actually love him for carrying a big stick and using it often on someone other than them. Mondale would be an unknown, and he's not a Kennedyesque type of candidate where someone would watch his act and get sufficiently cranked up emotionally to feel compelled to take a chance.

Jackson has been very visible recently. Since his triumph of personal diplomacy in Syria, he has rarely been out of the media spotlight. Both of them, Jesse and the media, milked the event

and circumstances of Lt. Goodman's release to the last drop of its worth. All cynicism aside, it was a ballsy gesture on Jackson's part. He couldn't have been sure that he wouldn't return empty handed, but he took the chance.

Reagan must have generated a political hemorrhoid over Jackson's move, and there's for certain a comic gold mine contained in the scene that must certainly have transpired when Ronnie found out what was happening. His advisers gave him the right way to handle it, but still it must have been tough forcing that famous wrinkled smile.

Who knows? 1983 and 1984 may go down in history as the age of interracial politics. Wilson Goode made it along with some others, but the Presidency seems to remain a faraway and virgin white land. In an essentially integrated culture, it is the last interracial taboo. Even though winning might be a doomed hope, Jesse Jackson has one more chance to break a cycle of pain, in America this time, of another dull and useless presidential campaign.



Beat Fete / Faze 5 Productions
Presents:

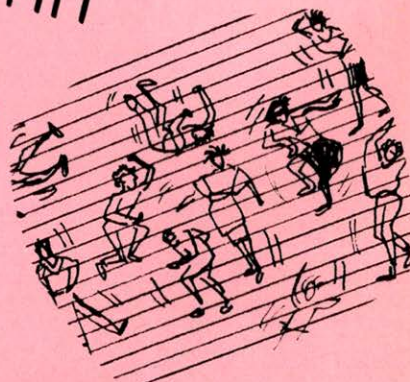
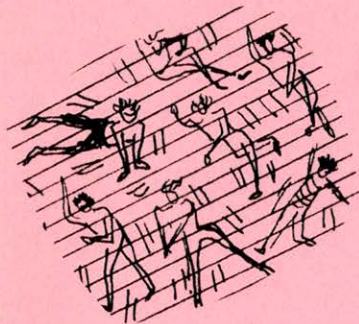
T.V. party tonite

Ruin... Brand new material
Executive Slacks... Their latest cuts
Minor Mode
Dance Factor
Girls Downstairs
The Luau's
Modern Cities
Initial Attack
St. Hitler
plus many more...

NEW YORK GRAFFITI

Wednesday, February 22nd
10:00pm - 3:00am

The Kennel Club
1215 Walnut St.



HOW MUCH LONGER WILL WE LAST?



It's 1984 And Everyone wants to Blow up
the world. It's inevitable that we're goners.
So die fashionably with clothes from

Zipperhead

Die Frying in Handcuff Belts,
Bullet, Spike, and other Belts

Be Annihilated in great
T-shirts like these:
Michael Jackson, Grace Jones,
Duran Duran, Bauhaus, Big
Country, etc.
Great Earrings And lots of other
For Doms Day

Zipperhead

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