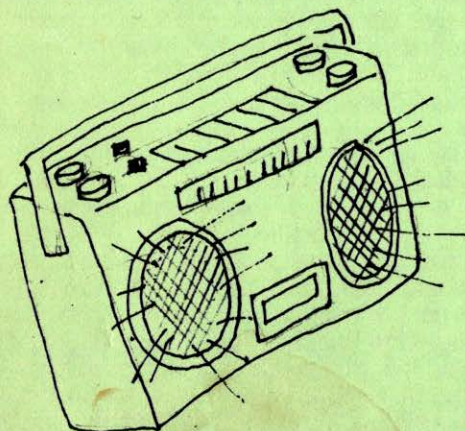


BEAT FÊTE



FREE
.....

MARCH 84

Beat Fete A Faze 5 Production

Publisher

John Coffey

Editorial Staff

Cathy Cummings-Art

Evelyn Hess-Copy

Patrick J. McGinnis-Production

Ari Rosenthal-Business

Staff

Philip Birk-Music

Nick Cucci-Music

Doc-Scandal

Gonzo-National Affairs

Karen Guarino-Art

Christopher Holden-Instigator

Mark Lerario-Music

Nicky Ruhl-Art

Contributors

Ace

Jay C.

k.lynn g.

R. M. Garcia

Michael McHugh

Thom Morris

Vernon

Send original work to:

Beat Fete

1912 Girard Avenue

Philadelphia, PA. 19130

Circulation: 2000

Advertising Rates:

Back Page- \$75

Full Page- \$60

1/2 Page- \$35

1/4 Page- \$20

InComing:

Dear Beat Fête:

Well, commercial radio has done it again. I am speaking of those lovely little "contests" that local stations hold about once a year, where local bands submit an original song and hope for the booby prize of a printed single or something. The latest sham was held by WYSP.

Now, I know most local bands would never admit that they entered one of these, but about 80 percent of us do, anyway. (It's worth a shot, right?)

So, we get our hopes up. Stupidly, I might add.

The end result of these things is that the winner (the band that gets the big prize) was picked before the contest was announced, and the other bands that get on the compilation record either are old friends of the stations's, or their parents or managers are. So the real music of this town gets left in the clubs it came from, unless a stroke of luck or money befalls them.

This year, the contest on WYSP was announced in early December. It was touted as being for the purpose of giving all local bands a chance at the prize, and as a representation of Philadelphia's best new music.

When everybody's fave, Anita, announced the winners, she said that they were picked because they best represented what was going on in the city. The groups chosen were almost entirely well-established, managed and well-known bands of the half-cover, half-original variety. They all perform a pretty standard type of rock original, which would have been commercially stylish in 1980. I speak of the likes of the Cameras, Witness (for God's sake!), and the Numbers.

WYSP totally ignored the other side of Philadelphia's musical coin. If they were going to pick only well-established local groups, why not include Pretty Poison, Dance Factor, the Vels, Da Pliers or Executive Slacks?

Better still, why not give the record space to the local new music groups who really could use the exposure to further their careers, not just confirm their positions in the scene? I speak of groups like The Chant, Spelled Backwards, Brave New World, and many other unknown groups in town. They could also have noticed the hardcore scene a bit, too. After all, Merly, groups like Y-Di, No Milk, and others sound a hell of a lot rougher than Judas Priest. They say more too! That's the real hard rock.

I'll end this little tirade with a crack from my letter-writing colleague: "WYSP-Rock shits."

Kat and Mark Sphynxxx

Coffey Grounds

by Coffey

Many, many special thanks to all those whom attended the Beat Fete-Faze 5 Benefit at the Kennel Club last week. Especially to all the bands that participated, **Executive Slacks**, **Ruin**, **Initial Attack**, **Minor Mode**, **Dance Factor**, **Girls Downstairs**, **Luanu's**, **Modern Cities**, David Wildman, and Lee Paris. All the donations and help proved a great success and enables **Beat Fete** to continue through the next several months. Working on a monthly budget of less than \$100 (even a small station like WKDU has an annual budget of \$8,000) the mag has its problems, but with a little effort and support, anything is possible!

The Club Scene:

Moving on to other issues, namely the club scene, we still hear conflicting reports about the future of the East Side Club. My

guess is that it may pickup MOR bands previously featured at Filly's. Another lingering rumor is a Power 99 scenerio-hangout.

As for Ripleys, who the fuck cares! They wouldn't let us in for one minute at the Ramones to distribute our mag. With a court cloud hanging over them, expect fewer live acts and more moronic radio dance nights. **Exception: Bunnydrums & Executive Slacks** on March 15.

Cars & Clubs:

the passengers round the corner. At least four major clubs are within a block and a half of 13th Street: Kennel, East Side, Catacombs, and Second Story. All four clubs are unique and offer strong alternatives to new suburban clubs that are sprouting up like barnacles on a boat.



DO YOU CARE?

An article I was to have written last month but never quite made was an open letter to Mayor Goode regarding parking on 13th street. The problem—in case you haven't been ticketed yet—is that it is illegal to park from 9 p.m. to 6 a.m. I repeat that once again, 9 p.m. to 6 a.m..

Isn't it a bit stupid not to allow parking during the less frequented hours of the night? It can't be to allow trash and street cleanups; the area is always dirty. Could it be the mistake of the sign printer? Or does it give the police force an additional chore between coffee breaks?

In many ways, the "no parking" deters partying in the area. Cars are ticketed minutes after

One reason for the the success of such suburban clubs is that parking is easily accessible. Sure, parking isn't ever going to be easy, but it doesn't have to be intimidating or deceiving. Even people as close as City Avenue tend to drive twice as far to King of Prussia rather than be insulted with a \$15 parking ticket. Let's face it; it's a real stab in the back!

So I ask you, Mayor Goode, why is it illegal to park on 13th Street from 9 p.m. to 6 a.m.? I demand an answer to this silly Quaker-like rule. After all, we at **Beat Fete** endorsed you in your election victory.

Mayor's Office for Complaints:
888 8888



Dr. Strangelove Meets

"When younger...I believed myself destined for some great enterprise... This sentiment of the worth of my nature supported me when others would have been oppressed for I deemed it criminal to throw away in useless grief those talents that might be useful to my fellow creatures...But this thought, which supported me in the commencement of my career, now serves only to plunge me lower in the dust. All my speculations and hopes are as nothing and, like the archangel who aspired to omnipotence, I am chained in an eternal hell."

-Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley
"Frankenstein"

The older I get and the more of life I see; the more I become obsessed with the roles and perceptions of science. From early childhood, we are given images of the scientist as a friendly, helpful father figure. There he is in his pure white lab coat, toiling tirelessly in the laboratory to emerge with some new modern miracle of science. Later, in school, we are taught the great human scientific discoveries: the telephone, penicillin, the light bulb, the heart transplant. It is not until usually much later, or never at all, that we get a good look at science gone mad; science as evil; science as destroyer.

The first images of science gone mad are usually found in fiction, books and movies. Everyone remembers some old science fiction movie where a

Gonzo



crazed and twisted scientist sets out to destroy the world. Or, even better, where some scientist is trapped obliviously in a basement laboratory/prison performing experiments to aid a power crazed maniac who uses him as an unwitting pawn.

These fictional experiments are always attempts at gaining control over a fundamental force in nature, such as time (your standard sci-fi variety time machine); energy (a new super-bomb, or energy source like the mythical dilithium crystals that powered the Starship Enterprise); or life itself (like Frankenstein's creation or recombinant genetic mutations).

How different are these fictional stories from what has become reality in the late twentieth century? Time machines may be few and far between, but the other two experimental areas are found so frequently as to almost be commonplace.

Nuclear energy is by far the most pervasive area, and the one with the highest aspirations, both constructive and destructive.

Nuclear power plants costing billions of dollars, and still incomplete, are being built to generate electricity, incredibly virulent toxic waste, and a horror of safety and regulatory problems. The image of these plants as providing low cost, safe, and plentiful energy still floats as a scientific wet dream and exists as an ecological nightmare. Nuclear weapons are still produced with regularity, adding to the already outrageous stockpile.

It is the scientists who design



Dr. Frankenstein

these things, build them, test them, advise the politicians and the military on the best ways to use them, and who attempt to get the masses to see them as good and necessary. The scientist supports the pseudo-patriotic drivel of the politician by providing him with just enough information to impress the masses into scientific idol worship. Dr. Edward Teller, the "father" of the new, improved supermegaton nuclear bomb is the prime example of this kind of science gone mad. Listening to Teller speak is an embarrassing and frightening experience for anyone even remotely connected with science. You expect to see him start frothing at the mouth at any time, transmogrifying before your very eyes into a rabid animal in need of a silver bullet.

Genetic experiments are still pretty low level, but this is the up and coming scientific aspiration of the future. It has possibilities that could make "Blade Runner" seem like Disney.

In this country, and probably most others for that matter, no scientist can claim to being forced to work on anything against his will. This is still a free country, within somewhat shrunken limits, and relatively free of scientific prison dungeons, except maybe those of the mind. It is the scientist himself who must take responsibility for the consequences of his creations. (Sorry to all you radical feminists out there for the continual use of the male personal pronoun, but it's easier that way, and fortunately



for women everywhere, more correct in this context.) In fiction, the scientist usually never has to take responsibility for his malignant creations, since they are finally destroyed by the hero of the story at the end. In real life, we are not always so lucky, heroes being few and far between. And unlike Frankenstein in fiction condemned to his fate, in reality it may be that all of us stand condemned to the scientist's hell - blind, deaf, and too dumb to protest our fate.

*She blinded me with science
And tricked me with technology.*

-Thomas Dolby

West Side Club

By Mark A. Lerario

One of the highlights of February was the hardcore show at C.C.'s on 35th Street and Lancaster Avenue. The Feb. 11 bill included Kremlin Korps, Agnostic Front, Iron Cross, and Black Market Baby.

Kremlin Korps is a young teenage band from Philadelphia with one of the most electrifying female singers I've ever heard. K.K. played a nice set that set the stage for a New York power band.

Agnostic Front is a raw, destructive slam-band. Skinheads and punks alike went nuts over A.F.'s high energy power. The best band,

though, was a group from Washington, D.C.

Iron Cross has 2 EP's and were the best band that night. Granted, every band was great (especially the Philly bands) yet this Washington-based group was the best slam band. The highlight of the night was when the bass player got knocked (by a skinhead) into the drummer. Sensational! (The lead singer looked like John Lyndon.)

Black Market Baby was probably the most distorted sounding band. I couldn't make out where the music was going. Anyway, they were pretty bad, but I still enjoyed and appreciated the fact that they are keeping music alive. Kind of.

poems

THE PUPPY ORGANIZATION BEGETS A BITCH

You're hot.
I can tell because you dressactive so well,
and all your entourage wear faces of bored young punks,
club people,
so clean and witty, but their looks kill.

Your hot high heels,
patterned legs,
perfect legs,
paint on eyes,
add to the wonderful scene.
You're decorative, I'll give you that,
But if you came out
with a fresh kind phrase,
unlike those too cute lines you hiss each night,
those kissy little cruelties that amuse
your leather set so much,
if you spoke a line of truth,
and didn't check your makeup while you did,
I would shock to death.

1
26 22 18
a b c

E. Choy

Samaria

Samaria
the upmaster's hand awakes the observer of protestant law.
they are playing cards at the tables
these the universal saints, veils, threads of harm
lightened discussion.
Soldier, had already
after, He shudders
as the hunts cut their throats
Revolts ferment in the center of the statesmen.
Over stairways and armchairs of torn the
strange city
wan and flat
Africa and Occidentally,
suppose he had been then
a ballet of familiar seas and
he had behaved so queerly
chemistry and impossible melodies
done?

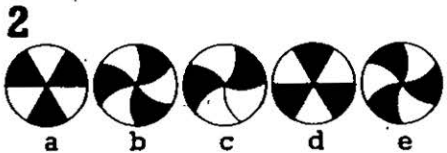
Anything in Samaria.

Michael McHugh

DECISIONS

Toxic lead
inside my head
destroys my
confidence, relentlessly
pulling me under,
dead;
stress-infection
mind-inspection
I'm wide awake in bed....

Idle Dilemma



Give me mansions

On through violent dog-eared influence,
in rabid code of sentry speak "Aha! The plastic hour."
From points obscure and redundant, paper sails intact.
Where be your jibes now...
(in muffled reply) rendez moi,

rendez moi,

The news we chew in place of the she-wolf, dying
Broken arteries snapping final judgement into
blue-gray ions, some eighty unknown.
'Heathen' she wails, spewing curiosity across
innocent pedestrians. Unwarranted/ undue
They arrive in columns, eight abreast
tearing flesh and dragging their inflatables
to mono-tone conviction. The indignant crowd pulls wires
from public utilities after a ruthless assault of the senses.
You are safe nowhere. The edges offer retreat
from the taunts of public office, seriously impeded.
Nurse's aid running, hosiery whisking down city concourse.
Eighty or so benign old farts pronounce sentence
while the women cry into greasy napkins.

Pieter Tupitza

The Corner

I know how many times
you tried to stop, but you see,
you can't
The earth will always turn and so will the heads
on 8th and South.

11:30

and nothing really to write about
but grace has glided on a
reef of lips
that swims in my head.
like unmarked little black books,
we stand vaccant.

But we go on

like the genes of Java man.

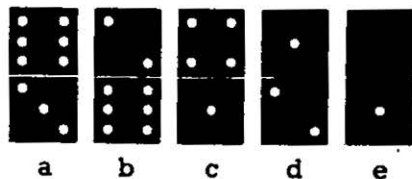
Maybe we should have stayed in hiding- crushing berries with palms
and greased twigs.

It's on the corner

where we make red so primitive.

k lynn g

4



The John

Listening to reggae vibrate porcelain
and cold breath from nicotene clouds
spray me.

And I feel like a hot naked black boy
in front of the city fire hydrant
being drenched.

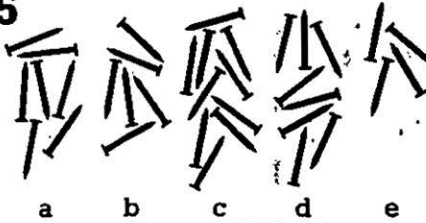
So should words be spoken
as the obsession of your last
heartbeat still throbs
in my head?

Because I'm ready to break
and I really don't desire for
the moisture from hairlined lips
to prick these singed wings of mine

As they would rather
sip culture from flasks of ripple
listening to reggae vibrate porcelain

K. lynn G.

5



Dewey Cheat 'Em 'N Howe

by Chris Holden

Are you tired of working hard and having nothing to show for it? Does it seem that between food prices, doctor's bills and mortgage payments that you barely have enough for that after-dinner six pack of beer?

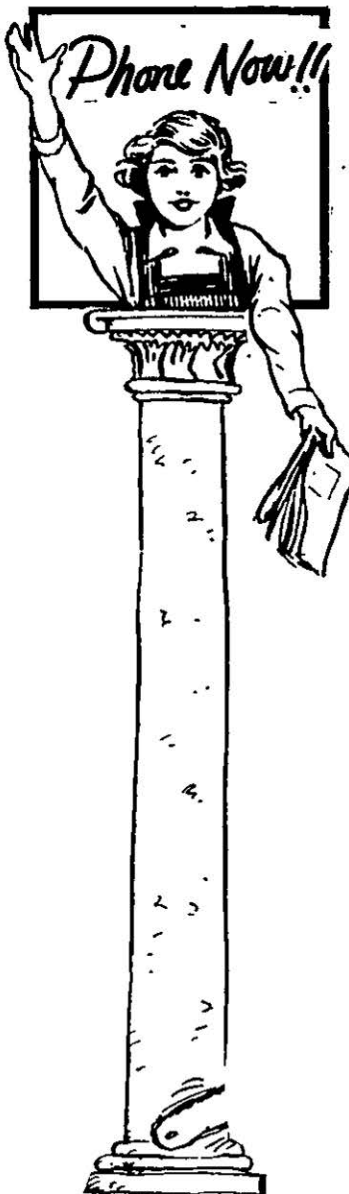
Is the only thing you have to look forward to after a long day's work a wife that nags and a kid that screams? Well we have the answers for you.

We at Sheister Associates have been solving problems like these, for people like you for over two months. Just call us at Libel 6-6666, and our bookmobile law office will be promptly dispatched by radio to your house.

Before calling us at Sheister Associates, Mr. and Mrs. "Jake the Snake" Fishlime were buried deep in hospital bills, and car payments, and a man from the gas company was posted outside their door just waiting to turn off their gas. Mr. Fishlime's \$120 a week janitorial position just couldn't keep them in beer and rubbers.

Thanks to us, within eight business days they now drive a brand new Chevy, have a beautiful house in the suburbs, the respect and envy of their friends and one less mouth to feed.

Yes that's right, with the help of our "Ten Easy Ways to Throw Your Baby Under a SEPTA Bus" course the Fishlime family weaseled \$5 million from the transportation



authority.

But we're not just a law firm, we're a full service company. We offer acting lessons that are guaranteed to bring tears to the eyes of even the most reluctant jurist.

We have a fully trained staff of engineers to assure no harm to the parents. And with a full array of financial counselors to manage your newly gained fortune, a sort of rags to riches coverage. Just look in the Daily Snooze for the pages and pages of testimonials verifying the success of our happy new millionaires. Our courses are veteran approved.

Even if your financial need is small, we can counsel you on the fine art of mutilating your finger in heavy industrial machinery. This is a good ploy for those of you in mortgage foreclosures. Feet, noses and ears are quick money makers for those of you in varying degrees of financial hiatus.

With our staff of AMA-approved doctors to help you in your dismemberment, you are guaranteed the money you need.

Plus as a bonus if you act now you will receive a copy of "The Essential Pat Boone" never before offered; it will insure you serenity in your hospital stay.

Just remember, or, if you will, dismember us at Sheister Associates. The first name in relieving financial burdens.

Platters!

HE-HO
RUIN

DOMINANT FORCE
McRAD

Red Records
By Dr. Dirt

With these two records, Red Records has secured it's place as the label for Philly New Music and especially hardcore. Not bad for starts but when the power of these two releases are taken into consideration Red is going to be a muth-uh cause this shit is the real stuff; **POWER!**

RUIN and **Mc RAD** are two of the best examples of the new direction that American hardcore is taking. The familiar and basic elements are still here. Speed, raw sounds, humor and an undercurrent of fury, but there is also a maturity (Christ, I hate that word) that few young bands have. Both are barely a year old. There's not much ranting and raving, just concise and often introspective glimpses of themselves and life. Luckily, this stuff sounds way better than this friggin review.

HE-HO is a shock. Live RUIN can be sloppy, out of tune and played too long (yes Buddhists can be self indulgent too.) Not here! The songs are short, tight, and right to the point. Great production work also. All the songs are a killer, especially "Dionysian", "Laudium", "Baby Doll", and "Where Fortune".

Sometimes you gotta laugh when bands use words like "sanctity". These guys have earned the right to use that word!

Mc RAD is a young band, none of them are out of high school and

it shows. This ain't a slap at'em though because very few bands would love to have 1/10 of their youthful enthusiasm (that's energy you knuckleheads.) On cuts like "Acid Drop" and "Program Children", it's fast, loud, and great. Most highschool kids, hell, a lot of college kids can't get their point across as well as these guys do.

Not to knock their fast and loud stuff but Mc RAD really shine on the reggae and dub stuff. "No Guns", a cut by Philly's Timmy Dread shows the real strength of this band.

move your feet to the beat; excellent choices for clubs in the area. Again, Jim Kerr's vocals are brilliant, at times captivating (sounding much like U2's Bono), with beautiful imagery and smooth comparisons.

In turn, **Sparkle in the Rain** is upbeat, more energetic than **New Gold Dream**, but not as flowing and calm. If anyone sees the Simple Minds as a so-called "mellow-synth" band, then I believe their eyes (and ears) are playing musical tricks on them! **RECOMMENDED.**

Simple Minds
Sparkle in the Rain
A&M/Virgin Records

By Mark A. Lerario

Textured, graphic, without a doubt, **Sparkle in the Rain** is a fine follow-up to 1982's **New Gold Dream** (81, 82, 83, 84) Lp.

From the synthesized orchestra swirling endlessly in "Street Hassle," to the thunderous beats of ancient drums on "Up on a Catwalk," the Simple Minds have perfected the art of holding an audience.

Sparkle relies more on polished melodies and rich, meaningful lyrics than whirlwind keyboards and sophisticated bass chords. Heavier on drums and guitars (than previous Lp's), this record sounds more diverse, and it captures the real Simple Minds philosophy: music should be interesting!

Songs like "The Kick Inside of Me" and "Book of Brilliant Things"

DEAD CAN DANCE
(A.A.D.)
by Nick Cucci

There are walls to be torn down in pop music, experiments to be attempted, discoveries to be made. When the endeavor is made, the rewards are sweet.

Dead Can Dance have done just that; they have taken the chance. They swing the hammer against those walls. Their debut album is an exploration. Their depth and variation of musical ideas is astounding.

From the opening boil and simmer of "The Final Impact," to the soaring mystical "Ocean," to the crunching pound of "The Trial," DCD use different sounds for the needs of different songs.

Like label mates **The Cocteau Twins**, DCD take you down the path of adventure. Their music is music for absorption, for assimilation into your mind to discover what they have. You'll be surprised to find what is behind those walls.

WIRE TRAIN

by Nick Cucci

"We play non-form oriented music. That is, we focus on content, tone and lyrics. We don't do a million different time signatures, and we don't mess with the basic form of pop music. That's not where we put our energies. It's with the lyrics and Curt's guitar tones."

Kevin Hunter, singer and lyricist with Wire Train, is intent on words. No rhyming moon with June here. He writes in a personal style which captures a situation, an emotion, a fleeting moment with very real depiction.

"I've never been able to write a straight line," Kevin said. "When you write prose, you run up against a whole bunch of sub-textual biases that people have towards not hearing something. Any straight prose phrase, anything you can say in a pop song has been said. It has no value."

"What you say can go right by people and no one will even hear it. But, if you want to touch people, if you want them to feel something, you have to take all the images that come to mind to describe that feeling; toss them into a pot and arrange them till it feels exactly like that emotion feels."

Wire Train: Kevin on guitar and vocals, Curt Herr on lead guitar and vocals, Anders Rundblad on bass and Federico Gol-Sola on drums have been together for less than two years now. Their debut Lp, **In a Chamber**, was released recently on 415/Columbia Records.

Kevin and Curt, the band's songwriters, met about four years

ago. Kevin: "I met Curt at school. He was standing next to a wall. I walked up to him and introduced myself. The first thing out of my mouth was 'Do you play music?' and 'Do you want to be in a band?' He answered 'No' to both. I was very incessant. I knew when I saw this guy and talked to him a bit, that he would be perfect."

"I borrowed a guitar from a friend, gave it to him and said, 'Go on. Take it and see what you can figure out.' In a week he knew the Clash's first album and the Sex Pistols' album. He was a total knack."

I'm always talking about Curt's guitar playing. It's just something that blows me away. Just listen to the album and tell yourself that two years before the day this album was recorded, this guy had never played a guitar before."

Wire Train has been on the road for several months now and they have just landed the support slot on Big Country's national tour. A good break; now it's bigger halls and bigger audiences.

"As far as going into a hall," Kevin said, "knowing that we weren't necessarily what the people wanted to hear, or weren't necessarily what they were ready for, and playing... And then at the end making the people admit to themselves that they had heard some music tonight. That kind of excitement. Before, it was kind of a paranoid excitement that we didn't know if we could do it, but we kind of knew what was going to happen."

Now we know we can do it."

Wire Train, a young American band with great songs, a fresh approach to stagnant pop world and the passion to keep things always on the move. Get on board!

Gene Loves Jezebel

By Nick Cucci

Identical twins are that rare fortuity of nature that the world in general holds in awe. It's a puzzle that can be decribed scientifically, but hits a brick wall when it comes down to relating it in everyday terms.

Michael and Jay Aston, the nucleus of **Gene Loves Jezebel**, are equally concerned and puzzled by the way nature has brought them into this world. Michael, older than Jay by fifteen minutes, said just that. "For us, it's fairly confusing. Were not yet sure of our identities and our relationship in a group together."

Promises is GLB's debut album. It's a communication of their relationship, a telling of where they have come from and why they are here. Michael and Jay have been together all of their lives, from their working class upbringing in a Welsh family

of ten to the formation of the band.

When they were 16, the oppression of English industrial society was a bit too much. Jay said, "Our relationship is really the reason that we got out of there. We're twins and we can consult each other and come to conclusions much quicker."

"Our strongest identity is together," adds Michael. "That's the reason for our escape, intellectually."

But their individual personalities do shine through, not in the obvious sense, but in tiny little nuances. "In the context of the band," Michael explained, "it comes down to each separate song. There are loads of paradoxes. We tend to find the songs that I instigate, Jay is better at doing, which is really quite strange."

Their songs run a gamut of musical styles. From the powerhouse explosiveness of "Upstairs" & "Screaming (for Emaline)" to the soft, melodic "Wrap and Arms," the music fits the need of each song. Both Michael and Jay sing, and that trade-off adds to the mystery. "This is what we enjoy most," Jay said. "There isn't any formula as to how we approach songs. They either can be well thought out or they can just happen."

GLJ is a young band, still growing and refining, still trying to attain their goals. Jay calls it a "very painful process." Michael goes into it with a bit more detail.

"We haven't done that much live work or recording. It's very important to us and we spend a great

deal of time thinking about what we do. We had the idea in the beginning that you can change something within music. We've learned that you have to be much more subtle to communicate with anybody," he said.

The band was in New York for two weeks in January to record a single produced by John Cale and to play two shows at Danceteria. It was an adventurous thing to do, but the results were not satisfying and nothing will be released from those sessions. Though they hold no bitterness towards John, GLJ will record in London this Spring.

Jay, on a final note, said, "Not many people understand us. What we are we have not put on record yet."



hair design by.....

Grimaldi & Co.

CALL for Appt.....

SA7-7171



Since 1921 & Still Hip!

What: "WKDU Event "

Who: Marginal Man, Seeds Of Terror
+ 2 Other Bands

Where: C.E.C. 35th. & Lancaster Ave.

When: Saturday March 10th.,

Doors Open 8:30pm

Why: Why Not?