

Beat Fête



In This Issue...

**Gods of Guitar
Imminent Fiasco**



**Kennel Club
1215 Walnut St.
Wednesday Nov. 30
Doors Open 10:00**

**Break Dancing At Filly's
Views On Vinyl
Poop, Dirt and More**

November

Beat Fête

A Faze 5 Production

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InComing:

Dear DMS:

Saw your paragraph on me in a recent copy of Beat Fete, and just wanted to observe that just because I like neither *Imperial Bedroom* nor "Pills And Soap", I obviously don't think Costello's career is worthless or, more to the point, not worth recommending to people. *Get Happy!!* is one of the best rock albums ever. My point in that Sunday "Nation" piece was that people who consider themselves rock fans but who sit around wearing out their old **Simon and Garfunkel** albums ought to wake up.

Best,
Ken Tucker

*First, I would like to say I am a bit surprised that after a couple of personal letters and a number of brief phone conversations, it took a little paragraph in a minor place to elicit a response from you. I don't remember the term "worthless" coming up in the paragraph in question (and my point has nothing to do with a disagreement in value judgment of Costello's latest works) and I fully understand the point you were trying to make. But, is there really much difference between wearing out a 3½ year old album or a 17 year old one? Waking up, to me, means becoming cognizant of today, now! Whether that means **Punch The Clock**, the new **Grandmaster Flash 12"**, or the 1000 Mexicans' debut single. The contradiction has not been reconciled.*

DMS

Rap-n-Break-Rap-n-

Beat Fete In November
Page 3

Break-n-Rap-n-

by Cathy Cummings

Electric boogie, tick tock, King Tut, wave link, poppin', break dance-- that's what it's all about Wednesday nights at Filly's, 237 Chestnut St., where area youths have been competing for a chance to be chauffeur driven to New York's club Ritz in December as Filly's Philly representative in the World Breaker Competition.

The joint was jumpin', to say the least, when I arrived for the 5th Rap-n-Break Night sponsored by Power 99 FM. Filly's packed in a large assorted crowd to check out this phenomenon. Most spectators viewed the dancers from large screen video and small TV monitors positioned throughout the club. Others gathered around the dancers, cheering enthusiastically as they strutted their stuff on a 10' x 10' parquet square, 'specially install-ed for the event. Competition for an up-close and personal peek at center ring was as fierce as the break dance contest itself. It looked like a street fight from the

outskirts, but when you caught a sliver of the action, it was more like Devo doing a street mime act.

The breakers, predominantly young black males, hurled, tumbled, swayed, spun, (....., fill in action verb) around the dance floor on assorted limbs in helicopter propeller movements. They coordinated impressive routines in groups ranging from two six dancers, combining gymnastics, martial arts moves, and just plain rhythm.

Some groups are known best for "poppin'"--alternating wave and robot-like motions which yield the impression that their joints are not connected. The Scanner Boys, a popular local duo clad in nuevo-Chinese garb, debuted their own style of oriental poppin' to Kraftwerk's 'Tour de France'--marvelous!

But by far, the star of the night was a fifteen-year-old youngster named Chino. He was part of a New York troupe called the In-

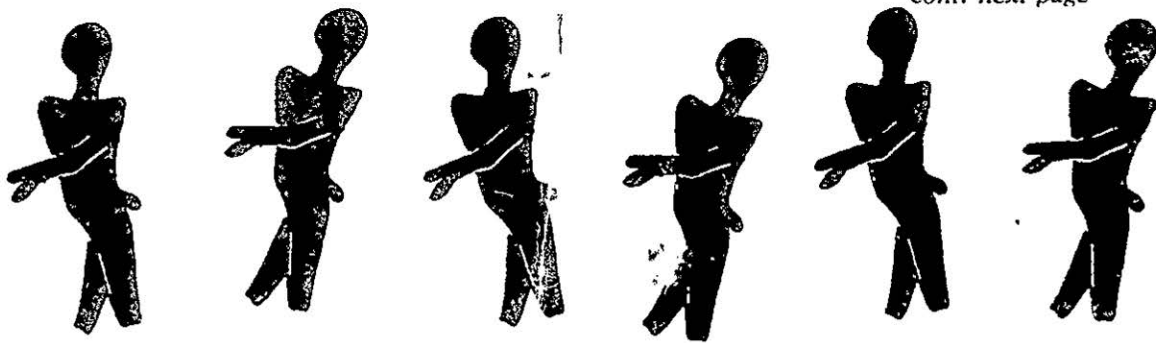
credible Breakers, who were, incidentally, the inspiration for their friends, the West Street Mob, to write the current break dance anthem, "Electric Boogie...."

Chino spun on his hands so rapidly that he actually created a blur. During informal dancing between the judging, his fellow competitors, with careful and admiring eyes, urged him out on the floor for more. (I understand that they call stealing someone else's tops "biting.")

Taking care of the rap side of Rap-n-Break Night, the very popular WHAT AM d.j. Wendy "Lady B" Clarke took the microphone. She did a great job, sweetly scolding at times, to keep the crowd under control. At one point, she leaned over from the stage, smiled, and told someone who'd just made a racist comment, "Honey, you better get a check-up from the neck up."

Because so many of the dancers are under 21, they are re-

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RAP-n-BREAK-n-RAP-n-BREAK

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quired to sign a declaration that they will not consume alcoholic beverages in the club. So, for a nominal \$1 registration fee, ten groups perform every Wednesday night from about 9 p.m. to midnight. Kimberly Bowie, Lady B's personal secretary, observed, "They're young, you know; they gotta get home for school."

Kimberly, along with Kenny From Zipperhead (whose own break dancing prowess has been certifiably confirmed), judge the break-dancing on the basis of coordination, style, originality and professionalism. They select five winning troupes, who are awarded record albums for their efforts of the night, and then they qualify for a final "break-off" to yield the Philly representative to the New York Competition.

Another highlight of the night came from the International Playgirls, two young female rappers who call themselves "Lady Ice T" and "Lazy Smurf." They took us on a 15 minute harmonizin'/rappin' journey called "International Travels," which inspired some free-style steppin' as Lady B, Kimberly and friends joined the crowd on the dance floor.

Force 5 disc-jockeys from Germantown (*not* Mount Airy) took care of music for the contestants

with a healthy dose of heavy-duty scratchin' and mixin'.

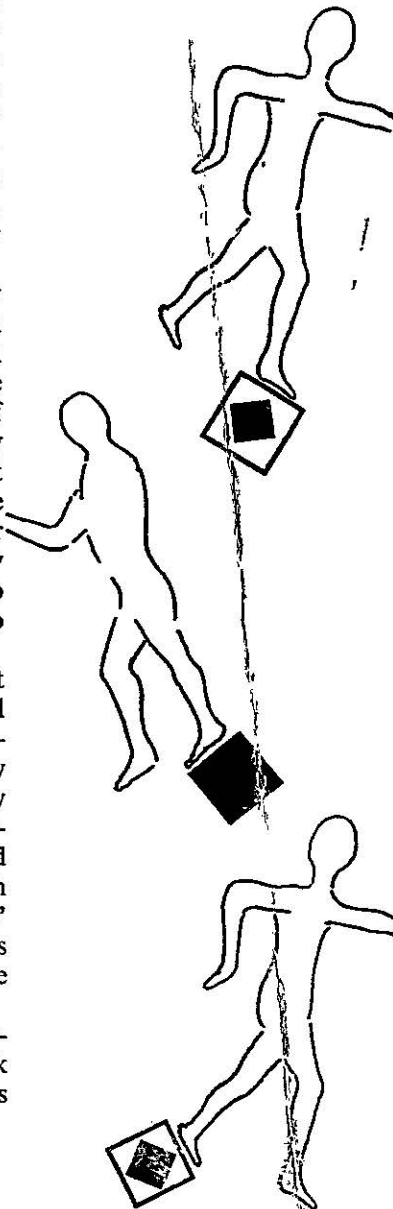
Although it's been around for quite a while, break dancing has just recently become popularized by the movie "Flashdance." Kids that have been dancing like this for years in the streets of New York and elsewhere are finding themselves in the spotlight of network television and in serious competitions like the World Breaker. I asked "Wave," 22, of the Static Boys, a five-year veteran breaker and one of the night's best, if he practiced every day. He replied, "I never stop dancing."

Rap-n-Break Night at Filly's is a "not to miss" event for November. Catch it while you can for \$2 admission.

....The winners of the NYC contest will go on tour with a possible Spectrum appearance next month.

I really commend Filly's for coordinating such a killer event, complete with two radio stations, a video company, a disc-jockey outfit, rappers, sound people, spectators and of course, those fabulous break boys.

In all sincerity, when I got home, I sat on my kitchen floor in a tuck position to take a few curious spins and wonder how the hell they do it....



TIDBITS

by DMS

FOR

COFFEY

In last month's column, I implied that no self-respecting human being would admit to listening to rock radio.

Well, I think I've uncovered a strange new disease. It seems that a number of people are tuning their radio back to the AM band and into WFIL, 'solid gold' and all that. And I must admit, that I am one of them. At first, this struck me as kind of odd, because most of these people are avid non-listeners to radio. And they're not now listening because the haze of time has covered over the valleys and the music helps them escape today; the way a number of 'IOQ listeners use that station, for instance.



What it comes down to is that WFIL is playing the best and most varied selection of music, though it happens to be old. Also, it helps that their turnaround time for repeating songs is five to 10 times longer than other stations.

These people have not abandoned what is currently going on in popular music. There are a

number of new artists they like and hordes of others they are curious about (like the Suede Crocodiles, the Vipers, Prefab Sprouts, 1000 Mexicans, The Three O'Clock and probably thousands of others I never heard of), but radio has basically abandoned them. This includes the college affiliated stations, who have fallen into their own closed-in, narrow view of the world and it seems that those who are different are ridiculed and/or ostracized for it.

I am sure that some of you feel that I can be charged with the same accusation and in some instances you would be right and I was wrong, but on the whole I would like to think not. Not being very good at self-objectivism, I offer the chance of dialogue on this matter. But, right or wrong, the situation exists and only seems to get worse.

I would like to mention one radio show that has fulfilled the aforementioned functions of radio more times than any other show I've heard, during recent times. Surprisingly enough, this is Ken Tucker's segment of *Fresh Air*, 'Hearing Secret Harmonies.' It runs ever Wednesday on WHYY, 91.1 FM, for about twenty minutes, starting between 3:30 p.m. and 3:40 p.m. I recommend this show to any others looking for something new (but not the next big thing). And I

would like to take this opportunity to add my voice to the others asking for an expansion to half-an-hour.



Continuing with radio, I would like to refute the assertion made last month, that a major reason for the failure of the "Rock of the Eighties" format at WFIL was because it was a punk rock format. First of all, "punk rock" is today only a historically valid term, referring to a particular time and situation and does not accurately describe any of today's genres or sub-genres. Secondly, when Rick Carroll (creator of the "Rock of the 80's" format) lists Devo, the B-52's and some others I've forgotten as his "core" bands, who can justifiably label them as "punk rock?" True, punk rock laid the groundwork for the exposure and

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Nasty Nasty Nolte

Vinnie Blackshadow

"The couple behind us is leaving," I whispered into Tina's ear. No response. I glanced at her face. Hmm. Her eyes were closed. I slumped in my chair and focused on the movie, *Under Fire*.

Nick Nolte is standing in some third world country, looking like a tourist with four expensive foreign cameras strapped to his body. Russell Price (Nolte) is a photojournalist, who uses his camera to keep the public in touch with current events in Chad

and Latin America,

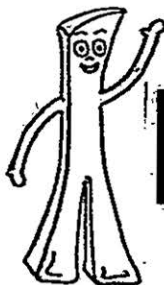
Several minutes into the film, one fact comes to light. While the movie is based on real current events, the plot is incredibly fabricated...like Mission Impossible, only sideways. Besides much of the action was unbelievable. Claire Stryder (Joanna Cassidy) is a real career woman. Unfortunately she can't seem to decide upon a career. She talks like a journalist, but acts and dresses like a boardwalk

hooker.

Regardless the movie is more annoying than entertaining. Yes, there is some witty dialouge, a bit of action, and some decent photography. However, producer Howard Teets seemed more interested in producing a half-hearted documentary than a quality film for public enjoyment. Is Teets more interested in filmmaking or politics? *Under Fire* causes the viewer to scrutinize the

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RECORDS

*Lords of the New Church
Is Nothing Sacred
IRS Records*

.....
*Wide Boy Awake
Wide Boy Awake
RCA*

A golden oldie indeed but for those unfamiliar here's a quick rundown. Just released on an American label which means extra money for an American quart of beer. Lots of fun for a party, especially if they're drunk. If you get tired of it bring it to a used record store and get another quart of beer.

On a journalistic side of things, Wide Boy are a party type of silly pop, especially on "Whooping on the Roof" and "Chicken Outlaw". After a while though, you find "Slang Teacher", a mystically synthesized piece that drifts pleasantly along for half of side one.

My only gripe with the EP is why, along with many other releases, the promo copy arrives so late. It makes not only for boring reviewing but outdated reading as well. *Coffey*

.....

Stiv Bator, that loveable scumball ex-Dead Boy vocalist; and Brian James ex-Damned, create much of material that fills *Is Nothing Sacred*? Two of the early punk rock biggies collaborating to keep the raw rock and roll revival moving. At times Lords earn a minimal rating with a few nasty bites like "Tales of Two Cities", or "Partners in Crime" but the rest of *Nothing Sacred* is nothing more than regurgitated rock beats and lyrics that have been reshuffled since the fifties. Like bubblegum chewed too many times, this vinyl loses flavor seconds after the needle cuts through a few lines. *Dance With Me* may be the weakest track on the album but honors for most original surely should go to *Johnny Too Bad*, which happens to be a cover.

Of course any one of these tracks could become a smash teenybop hit like fellow (pick one) pop/ punk/ rock/ video star, Billy Idol, but where does it leave the poor sod who shelled out a few bucks the album? Where Johnny Rotten escaped into another dimension of music called PIL, Bator and James have become the dishwashers and busboys of rock and roll; they clean the feasts of other acts.

Coffey

.....
*Hunters & Collectors
Hunters & Collectors
A & M Records*

Artsy and Australian with a sound that grows with each listen. Like a mild Bauhaus from the land down under. The band avoids the current synthesizer trend and relies heavily on a heavy, deep bass and percussion sound with the vocals being a slight croon or whine. Hunters is a full EP, no weak cuts or pop potentials. Not quite the material that most people at an average party might enjoy but then aren't all great records!

Special cuts include "Talking to a Stranger", "Towtruck", and "Lumps of Lead". *Coffey*

.....

TIDBITS

HERE



acceptance of such bands, but that does not a rose make.

What I see as the cause for failure were two things. One, all the "Rock of the 80's" format is the modified top 40 format of AOR with a different play-list plugged in. The same boring presentation, rigidity and repetitiveness was present, along



with a pretty distinctly (AOR) white outlook, with only the songs (not necessarily better songs, just generally ones with synths and strict 4/4 beats and the odd novelty) changed to protect the guilty.

The second and, most important reason for failure, and possibly the only real one, was money. In hindsight it seems that GCC (or whatever their corporate name was) had already decided to sell WIFI before they had changed formats in March. Thus the station took on lame duck status and of course why invest money in something from which you'll receive no extra profits from. In the radio business, like a number of other industries, the old adage "it takes money to make money" is the golden rule.

To be competitive in today's marketplace very elaborate and expensive advertising and promotional campaigns are needed, regardless of the air product. (I still say that was the only thing Jeff Pollack, a former PD, did

worth shit during his tenure at WMMR, but in this business it was more than enough; he parlayed that into his own consultancy.) What surprises me the most about the situation at WIFI is that the former owners spent the extra money for a consultant, when they could have done the same thing a lot cheaper by letting Roy Laurence (and his fair-sized salary) go and making one of their new employees, who they probably paid a lot less, program director, like Mr. Paris for instance.

Speaking of which, the aforementioned person accosted me the other day, working himself into a bit of a state over a comment made about him in our debut issue, which I guess his cynical mind could only see the negative aspects. He started with attempts at physical abuse and then deteriorated down to mud slinging. For someone who supposedly has a post-graduate degree from Penn, he is a pretty inarticulate person.

Can you say "altruism?"



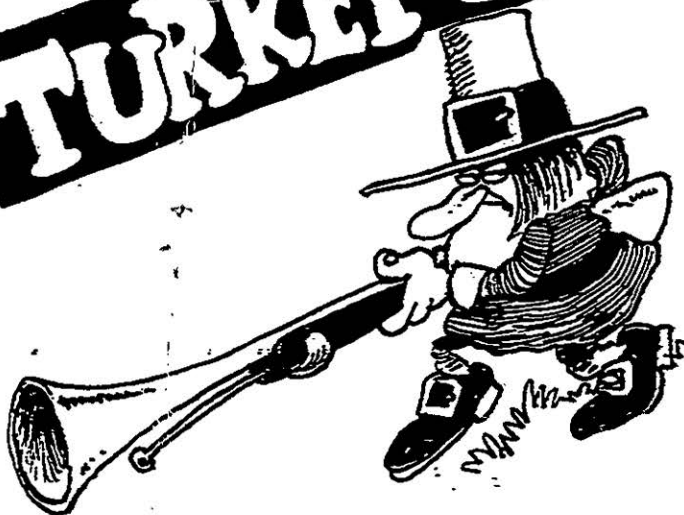
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war in Nicaragua, not the acting of Nick Nolte and Gene Hackman. Worse yet, we are expected to sympathize with young rebels who speak of "Rafeal," a leader created for the film to personify the spirit of the opposition.

No thank you. This film did not seem to generate much interest among the theater viewers. I would not recommend seeing the picture. There are too many pictures that take a solid stand on a particular issue. I am not satisfied to straddle the fence.

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TURKEY TIME!



Fiasco

by Jimbo Stark

Benefit

Glad to be the one to bring the good news to our anxious readers in announcing the first *Beat Fete Fiasco/Benefit*. Plans are just about signed, sealed, and delivered for the celebration to happen November 30 at the Kennel Club. The highlight of the evening will be the World Premier of, as of yet still untitled, a compilation of Philadelphia underground music/news/art makers.

Most of the live music footage took place at the East Side Club last July during the event for the Philly compilation. In the works will be selections by *Bunnydrums*, *Book of Love*, *Sensory Fix*, *Stickmen*, *The Vels*, *Y-DI*, *Hose*, *Pretty Poison*, and anything else we can get our hands on. Special appearances include a rare and exclusive video of a graffiti mural being done, several interviews with anyone who's anyone, an exclusive announcement by John Lydon on what radio station he listens to while vacationing in Philadelphia.

Fiasco

All are urged to participate in the event which takes place as this is an opportunity to not only contribute any thoughts or slurs to the staff, but more importantly to help support an alternative music f-zine for the Delaware Valley. The entire gala will be a fun and rewarding night and is not one to be missed. Take care!

Ed. Note: The Staff is still in search for events, groups, ect. to tape for show. Those interested should write to Beat Fete 1912 Girard Ave Phila. Pa. 19130.

LPS

Gravity Talks by Green On Red (Slash)

by DMS

'...and a time to dance' by Los Lobos (Slash)

Green On Red hail from L.A. and are part of the web of bands (Bangles, Dream Syndicate, Three O'Clock, Rain Parade, etc.) that are being labeled as neo-psychedelic, garage bands. From what little information that has come in from the Coast, I can see why it is so easy to throw them all together. They seem to have developed a community outlook; they're not above helping each other out, but while they use similar antecedents, they do not sound alike. Actually, on first listening I heard traces of the Violent Femmes, Human Switchboard (why hasn't Slash signed them, too), of course Uncle Lou, and the *Nuggets* era bands.

This is one of those records that you recognize something new each time you listen to it. The initial impact is one of atmospherics, which, depending upon your inclinations, you'll either ignore the record's existence thereafter or your interest will be piqued, like mine. By the third play you start uncovering the unusual, bits of pedal steel

here, some backward tracking went to Viet Nam, but we've seen there, an assorted array of the eyes that did/The carcasses keyboard (not synths) sounds and line the streets in our homeland, the originally oblique lyrics reveal what a quiz/For the fourth grade themselves to generally be pupils that are being told, 'you're recollections of various incidents not as smart as you once (real or imagined?). By the sixth were/And all we know is what spin an individual identity has you should be, come on be so been forged, all those reference pure...') points are melded together as

Green On Red.

It is the song topics that are the last hook; atypical in a commercial rock world: 'Old Chief' is a soliloquy on street people, a multidimensional view of handguns is loaded into '5 Easy Pieces', while 'Narcolespy' is nominally about the title and dreams, where Clint Eastwood rears his head (or at least Shirley MacLains' dress), but seems to be a play on the Electric Prunes' 'I Had Too Much Too Dream (Last Night)' (found on *Nuggets*) with quotes of that bumble bee guitar sound appearing all over, and in 'Brave Generation' the singer expresses a world view of today from someone who came of age in the 70's, like me ('...we're not beat, we're not hip...we never

'...and a time to dance' is actually one of those mini-lp things, though it has seven cuts, a bit above average for this format. One of the initial points that confront you when you hear or read about Los Lobos is that all the members are Chicanos and having become fed up with the usual rock games, returned to their roots and began work on synthesizing their Mexican musical heritage into the tapestry of rock. All fine and well but how is the music, especially for someone like me who has never been west of Gettysburg or south of D.C.?

I found it quite good. It is a clean recording; the notes and voices are articulated well and the SFX and overdubs seem to be at a

bare minimum, if any exist at all. That is not to say that it is a sterile record, the songs are full of warmth, humor and good times. Three of them are covers, two of which are in spanish and I assume are traditional Mexican songs. The other cover is of Richie Valens' 'Come On Let's Go' (which you more likely know from the soundtrack to *Rock 'N' Roll High School*, as done by the Paley Bros. backed by The Ramones).

But the best ones are the originals; they are all worked in an early R 'n' B vein. A major departure from your basic R 'n' B based rock band (Rolling Stones, Blasters, Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes, etc.) is the prominent use of the accordian. On 'Let Say Good-night' (first song, first side) it seems to be used as a substitute for a harmonica, both being reed instruments, but on the rest it lends an original touch, adding a Bob Wills' swing feel to the songs. They do trade on the major topic of all R 'n' B songs, women, but little lyrical twists are added, lending a wry touch.

One of the most enjoyable things about Green On Red and Los Lobos is that they both acknowledge the existence of the past (unlike many new young guns), yet they take care to exist in today, unlike, for instance, the self-parodic, revisionist level of the Stray Cats.

*Skafish
Conversation
IRS*

Let's get it right the first time so repeat after me, Skayfish not skafish. Just like Beat Fate not Beat Fet. Well at least thats what I'm told, so we'll both correct an old, bad habit.

If memory serves me correctly, Skafish debuted with an album in 1980 and the front cover depicted a dark haired dude, shirtless, with a long nose, somewhat tribal looking. So much for informative biographies.

Conversation is a clever album built on the slick ditties written and sung by Jim Skafish with a complementry backing by Barbie Goodrich and the sensual Violanda Skafish on soprano vocals. Throughout the album, visions of the gone but not forgotten Be-Bop Deluxe surface, while at spots you feel your at the theater watching a musical. The mood is somewhat serious and easy, one that might scare alot away, but after a few listens it's not as wimpy as the first impression might imply.

Coffey

THIS ONE'S FOR YOU

By Chris Holden

"From the Land of Pleasant Living come the Orioles" (pronounced oh-ree-ohs), I sputtered as I guzzled down a shot of Seagrens Seven. "Let's go down and gloat", my roommate suggested.

"Yah let's go down and watch some pinheads root for the Phillies", I agreed. It's tough being Oriole fans in Philly, I thought as we stumbled down the steps into the cool black evening.

The first bar we hit in our walking tour of Fairmont, known to the trendy as the Art Museum area, was chock full of locals. Good joint: mumbling drunks with heads bobbing off their chests, drooling off an occasional "Let's go Phillies".

"God they blow", my roommate blurted, trying to engage a blubbery pig on the corner stool in conversation. His eyes opened briefly, noticing that someone had intruded into the black sludge of his mind.

"Yah but they're gonna win", he drooled.

"You think so?", my roommate shot back, "They're losing this one and that means the series, buddy boy".

"Yah they blow", he muttered before his head rejoined his chest.

By the time we finished the evening we looked like two Wild Bill Hageys spelling the Orioles on our stumble home. It would have been an easier walk if the

sidewalk didn't buckle below our feet.

Well Philly, you know why two Baltimoreans had to gloat? It's you, the fans, and your warped desire to win. You think by hiring a few geriatric superstars you can buy yourself a team. Reggie Jackson once played for the Orioles and do you know what he got? I think there was a rise in attendance due to people wanting to throw shit at him. Six figure wimps that play the game for salary alone don't go well in Baltimore.

You fans are world renowned for being first class losers.

George Allen, when he was the Redskin coach, said he'd rather play in Philly than in Washington. He said that all his team had to do was go a few of points up and the fans would boo the home team. How do you like that...Philadelphia is the only city without a home team advantage.

Well now that I've spit my spunk, I want you to know that it's probably going to be a couple of years before your team is rebuilt. Maybe this time you will get a couple of team players instead of bringing in hired guns.

Happy trails.



DOWN AND DIRTY

by Doc



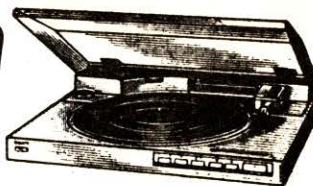
Bunnydrums PKD (Rev) 9 song lp. The Funk Dungeon Mob have taken 3 years to release this and it was worth the wait. It's a sound that doesn't always get you at first but gets to you with a growing intensity. Voices and instruments fade & out swirling in a hypnotic danceable. Some songs have been pre-released on singles and the EP. Check out the new mix on "Little Room"; Wild! The cut that seems likely to be their airplay leader is "Smithson" a sure dance club hit.

Madonna: Pick of the month. Just what we need; another New York Junkie on Funk, right? Wrong, this lady and her studio band are making dance music (that's disco you numbnut) for people who don't like that stuff.

They got all the right hooks and cliches and she aint gonna win the heavy lyrics award either. But this stuff really gets my feet movin and thats what really counts. Girl I think I love you...

Rantings: *Ardmores Little Gentlemen* are going into the studio with *Ruin* drummer Boy Rench...Bye *Punk Island* you won't be missed...Checkout WKDU nights at the Kennel Club on Thursdays; cheap booze...Neurotic of the year; Bob Dickie (you earned it pal)...East Side's Wayne has been named asshole bouncer of the year...Don't invite WKDU's Master K or Stuart Levy to the same rap-a-thon...enough bullshit for now, see you at the Beat Fete celebration November 30 at the Kennel Club.

mel's poop jar



'PLAY THAT BEAT MR. D.J.'

by Mel Taylor

Ahhh yes, another edition of Mel's Poopjar coming at you all the way live. Well, almost live, just like MTV. Music television, they call it. . . what do you mean? No hardcore, no jazz, no funk? I thought you said Music TV? Maybe a better name for it would be Rock TV. But as of late, ar-

In a survey among local area clubs, the DJ's wre just people who put the music on. You don't know who they were, nor did you care. It would be difficult to distinguish them from a prerecorded tape. A major factor concerning the low quality DJ's in Philly is that there is basically little or no competition. So they figure, "why should I try harder?"

So in conclusion, next time you go to a club, check out the man behind the wheels of steel and see if your getting your moneys worth. Later. *Mel Taylor at the Black Banana 3rd and Race Thursdays and Fridays.*

tists such as Madonna, Herbie Hancock (maximum rotation) and Michael Jackson have been successfully infiltrating the cable channels narrow playlists. MTV's monopoly on music video can only last so long before someone does it one better. "CUT IT UP, MR. DJ"

Are you tired of lazy disk jockeys who just play song after song and thats it? Any half bodied moron can turn the turntable on. Any nit-wit can study the music charts and obtain the popular hits. But why must the DJ's be like this? Can't they show some artistry in their skill?



Such styles as scrachin, mixing, phasing, beat boxes, sound effects, and microphone usage to name a few make the dj and entertainer and a performer. The club dj is a vital part of a successful dance club, he creates the atmosphere, interacts with the audiences and proves that he is a professional.

'TOXIC 10'

Duran Duran	Union of the Snake
Freeze	Pop Goes My Love
PIL	This is not a Love Song
Monyaka	Go Deh Yaka
UB40	Red Red Wine
Herbie Hancock	Autodrive
Nena	99 luftballoons
Culture Club	Kharma
Peter Schilling	Chameleon
Grandmaster &	Major Tom
Melle Mel	White Lines

Beat Fête

fiasco!! - a benefit!

PHILLY GRAFFITI
EXCLUSIVE PHILLY BAND VIDEO'S
LOCAL CELEBRITY INTERVIEWS
PRIZES, ALBUMS, CONCERT TICKETS



SPECIAL BEAT FÊTE VIDEO APPEARANCES BY

JOHN LYDON of PIL

FAB 5 FREDDY

Futura 2000

DJ'z

Melvaneous T.

C.C. Cummings