

Punk Rock Mom and the Higher Calling

The late 70's....hmm? was it that long ago? I was about 23 years old, wearing a kilt with combat boots, working in a recording studio called Westwind which was in the basement of our home. Then we moved it into the SureShot complex. I can remember seeing many different musicians come and go...Ron Ashton, Ted Lucas, Don Was, Wayne Kramer, Johnny Thunders, Dangerous Diane, The Mutants, The 27, The Seatbelts, The Cadillac Kidz, A-Mom's The Shake, etc. Yep, I spent many hours in that place.

There was always someone wanting ooohs or ahhs and sometimes handclaps, added to their tracks...and being right there in the trenches gave me many kewel opportunities. Nikki Corvette had a band that was getting ready to hit the road, and needed a back up singer.. so, I packed my bags threw them in the back of my mustang and off I went. We had a riot!! She knows how to have fun! Nikki lives and breathes rock n roll. After we got back to Detroit, she split to California. She is now back here in Detroit. I just sang with her for the 30 year Bookies Anniversary, and I have to say, Nikki looks and sings great!.



Back to what I was saying...I ended up eventually putting my own band together with a bunch of teenage girls. We called ourselves The Roomates. Slowly but surely we replaced different members with male musicians (they were easier to find). But Steve Sortor (I miss you Steve, God rest his soul), Paula Messner, Cindy Solnikowski and I remained as the base of the band. Eventually John Fonti joined at one point as well as Mikey Mohawk. We had some good times in Detroit!

Some said we were punk but I never thought of us as anything but a bunch of wild crazy kids, kicking out the jams! Most my friends were of course punk musicians being that I spent a lot of time in the punk scene. I also booked a punk band called The Grievance Committee. They seemed to embrace that raw attitude that most viewed as punk. They were a handful, but lived what they played, and that seemed to be the heart of punk. Never a dull moment with them, especially in the studio. *whew*....



In 1982 I was given the Detroit Metro Times Music Award for "Best Female New Wave/Punk Vocalist of the year". Go figure. It made me kind of wonder why I got it when all I did was write and sing crappy tunes with a bunch of girls that could care less what others thought. We really had no genre. We just had a blast. Of course back in the late 70's and early 80's there were only a small handful of female musicians around here who dressed edgy and let their hair run amuck.. so walking into your

local grocery did make people take notice and snicker behind your back. I guess purple hair and blue black lipstick would grab attention back then, but now days it's common. I

could care less what they thought, I was doing what I wanted and it wasn't hurting anyone. By the time I turned 33, I had been in a few kewel bands - "The Roomates", "The Phd's", "Boyhood", "Beaux and The Bondy's", "Raggamuffin", "Skanking Voo-Dolls". I also sang back-ups for too many bands to list. I have booked, managed ,and produced bands in the punk scene. I finally got a tap on the shoulder by God Himself, and was told to put my guitar down and listen up. The next few years were spent getting to know my maker. It seems I got so caught up in doing things my way that I forgot the very one that gave me the gift of music,. "Jesus the Christ". It was time for me to stop sitting on that fence and take a stand.

Finally a few years back, God gave me the nod to pick up my guitar again. But this time I am using my gifts to write for Him. But this is where it gets sort of tricky. I don't dig the way most so called Christian bands sound. Not enough edge or creative sounds going on there. The band I now play with "Bloodscrubbed" is writing groovy music with edge and color and with the help of the Holy Spirit. So if you have a problem with it..."THEN TAKE IT UP WITH GOD" The band I am with is called Bloodscrubbed for a very good reason..."It was the Blood of Christ that was shed for my selfish sins". I know I don't fit in with most churches when it comes to the way I dress or the way our band sounds... soooo? Where does that leave me? hmm? Back to being the outcast. I could care less if someone sneers at the way I sound, look, or act. As long as I am not stifling Christ then I'm okay. And I stand my ground now, as I did back in my so called punk days. I am who I want to be, and if someone has a problem with it..."Oh Well". Some Christians give me the business when they find out I still keep contact with my old musician friends. They fear I have turned from Christ. But someone's gotta shine the light in the darkness, don't cha think? All I know is this...to be punk means nothing to me unless you are who you want to be, no matter whose toes you step on. George Sand has a quote that sticks in my mind and is carved into my heart, it goes something like this:

"You can bind my body, tie my hands, govern my actions: you are the strongest, and society adds to your power; but with my will, sir, you can do nothing!".

With that being said, I am beaux Mitchell...I'm James Minetola's Mom, Peter Minetola's wife of 19 years, Norma Jean and Diamond's daughter, and Sissy to my siblings. I am a child of God. I am Bloodscrubbed with the Blood of Christ and I am Saved.

Being a Mom who has the jaded past of one who was a runaway at 15, living on my own, doing drugs, getting in trouble, how can I ever point the finger at my own son or anyone else when they mess up? I have so much more compassion now, and lots of patience. I am still a sinner. I mess up every day, but I have been forgiven, So I pick myself up and carry on. I have been told by my husband, that I am in fact a True Enigma, but I think what I really am is just me.....beaux.



Beaux and her son James