ton Graduate School student last

Tylenol Probe Focuses on U. Student
diagnosis revealed that powder in the

ing cyanide-tainted Lextra-Strength

denl William Pascual died after tak-

between a Denial School student and

said yesterday that they agree with

Greeks Approve of Goldstein Resignation

letter sent by Maj. Gen. Hugh

various grounds - including sexual

permit our facilities to be used by an

dheim said yesterday, "The Law

lawyers and handicapped peo-

mittee last week denied the U.S.

were the only way I'll get recognized is if I do

"I take it very seriously," she said. "I think it's a

Although posters are the most used device, can-

"Get on the Stick."

"It's Miller Time."

*.

conventional campaign, going door-to-door and put-

"I want to be recognized." It was her bat.

There are three in the picture in the bottle

Philadelphia police questioned the

They had to be better than a

By RODNEY PAUL

Phi Delta Theta and Phi Kappa Tau

But police reporter Doc Fair

In a news conference yesterday, Frank Scafidi said

University fraternity presidents

While degrees of surprise varied

Law School Dean Robert Mun-

policy, Mundheim asked the place-

Goldstein called all fraternity

them out of the Quadrangle sandwiched between

"Rinaldi said. "It was better that he

T. h. but only seven

Sorority Allans has 11c.ul> f«»<HMI in

spijne banquet and the fraternity

For this reason, the represen-

Sorority ball,

Fahner said the

medical examiner's office. A

Philadelphia police homicide

Adels said that Goldstein's resignation

"I don't see any point in sitting around here arguing about whose

but police officer came to the

The arrest of the 21-year-old Pascual

He will decide whether the amount raised will be

Greek years

Panhellenic Councils have united to

in any specific plans to raise the

rather than from one president who called

whether the amount raised will be

All but six chapters of campus

Sorority Members at University

University — with a difference.

Gay program advisor Bon Shoenberg in the counseling center

In the role of advisor, Shoenberg had

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Campus Events

News In Brief

Swedes Threaten To Sink Submarine

Sweden is offering to give Moscow a very large discount on the sale of six athletes and two ships that the Swedes believe could be used by the Cuban Navy to invade Central America. The Swedes have said that the ships will be sold to Moscow at only half the cost of the original price.

The Swedish Navy has already been negotiating with the Cuban government for several months about the sale of the ships. The Swedes believe that the Cuban government is planning to use the ships to invade Central America and that the Swedes should be able to get a large discount on the sale of the ships.

The Swedish Navy is also offering to give Moscow a large discount on the sale of its submarine fleet. The Swedes believe that Moscow should be able to buy the submarine fleet at only half the cost of the original price.

The Swedish Navy has already been negotiating with the Cuban government for several months about the sale of the submarine fleet. The Swedes believe that the Cuban government is planning to use the submarine fleet to invade Central America and that the Swedes should be able to get a large discount on the sale of the submarine fleet.

The Swedish Navy is also offering to give Moscow a large discount on the sale of its fighter aircraft. The Swedes believe that Moscow should be able to buy the fighter aircraft at only half the cost of the original price.

The Swedish Navy has already been negotiating with the Cuban government for several months about the sale of the fighter aircraft. The Swedes believe that the Cuban government is planning to use the fighter aircraft to invade Central America and that the Swedes should be able to get a large discount on the sale of the fighter aircraft.

The Swedish Navy is also offering to give Moscow a large discount on the sale of its missiles. The Swedes believe that Moscow should be able to buy the missiles at only half the cost of the original price.

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The Swedish Navy is also offering to give Moscow a large discount on the sale of its tanks. The Swedes believe that Moscow should be able to buy the tanks at only half the cost of the original price.

The Swedish Navy has already been negotiating with the Cuban government for several months about the sale of the tanks. The Swedes believe that the Cuban government is planning to use the tanks to invade Central America and that the Swedes should be able to get a large discount on the sale of the tanks.

The Swedish Navy is also offering to give Moscow a large discount on the sale of its helicopters. The Swedes believe that Moscow should be able to buy the helicopters at only half the cost of the original price.

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Thursday/On the Record

Martin Stamm: Recouping the Losses

"There was discussion of a deficit even prior to the concert."

The University Community

The University of Pennsylvania

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<td>215-576-3456</td>
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<td>Vice President</td>
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The Daily Pennsylvanian — Thursday, October 7, 1982
Corporate Sabotage?

By David Dormont

This past Saturday, students and faculty were confronted with a dilemma ranging from a scary situation to pure common sense. The Public Safety Department and the Superblock Committee have been arguing over whether the Superblock should be closed off. The PS is against this and the Superblockers are for it.

The first and foremost reason why the Superblock should be closed is to ensure the safety of the students and faculty going in and out of the dorms. We've all heard of the firetrucks and police cars. We've also read about the parking problem. What we haven't been told is that the Superblock must be closed.

In order to maintain a safe and efficient flow of traffic, we must examine the situation from harmonious and orderly behavior. To do this, we should consider the number of people and the number of vehicles.

The problem is that there are too many vehicles on the streets. We have a limited number of roads and we need them to be used properly. The Superblock is the only way to get these vehicles off the streets. Since there are too many vehicles, we need to close the Superblock.

The second reason why the Superblock should be closed is to make the streets safer. With the Superblock closed, there will be less traffic and safer streets. This will make it easier for students and faculty to get around.

The third reason why the Superblock should be closed is to make the streets more attractive. The Superblock is a beautiful place. It is a great place to relax and enjoy the outdoors. With the Superblock closed, we can make it even more beautiful.

In conclusion, the Superblock should be closed because it is necessary for the safety of the students and faculty. It is also necessary for the safety of the Superblockers. Finally, it is necessary for the beauty of the Superblock. Let's close the Superblock.

Dining for Dollars

By Wendi Sarret

While both average and working class students are subject to the same emergency loans from the Student Finance Office, the working class student has little or no other real source of funds. The solution to this problem is clear: appropriate funds should be directed to the working class student.

The only way to accomplish this is to include a line item in the budget for such funds. The line item should be included in the budget in terms of dollars and cents. The line item should be included in the budget in terms of dollars and cents. The line item should be included in the budget in terms of dollars and cents.

To the Editor,

The Pennsylvania government is not only a source of aid for students, but also for teachers. Without this aid, many teachers would not be able to continue their education. The Pennsylvania government should provide support for education, as it is important for the future of our state. Let us work together to ensure that all teachers receive the support they need.

Viviene Adamson

Letters to the Editor
On Saturday from 9 P.M. to 1 A.M., "The Blue Show" features every kind of blues, from prewar country blues to electric city blues, featuring many rare recordings from one of the area's finest blues collections.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 P.M. to 7 P.M., "Beats of June" presents all types of jazz from before the big band era, from ragtime to mighty in the big band era.
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Out of the Spotlight

Debate Unlikely in Gubernatorial Race

By DAVID GOODMAN

Philadelphia, October 7—The governor has refused to enter a two-way race with his opponent, the Republican candidate, because the lieutenant governor, who is also running, is causing a three-way contest that makes it impossible for the Democratic candidate to win.

The lieutenant governor is expected to announce his candidacy today, but the governor has refused to enter the race. The lieutenant governor is expected to draw a significant number of votes from the governor, making it unlikely that the governor can win with a two-way race.

The governor's decision to refuse to enter a two-way race comes after a series of debates in which the lieutenant governor has shown more enthusiasm and energy than the governor.

The lieutenant governor's campaign has been highlighted by his frequent appearances on local television and radio shows, while the governor has been criticized for not being active enough.

The governor is expected to announce his decision not to enter a two-way race in a press conference later today.
Frankel Leads Way For 150's

By DAVID GOLDBERG

The first thing one notices when viewing the Frankel family is that they are all in the business of horse racing. That is, they are all in the business of winning.

Frankel, an English bred son of the great Northern Dancer, has been described by his owner and breeder as the best horse in the world. He is a thoroughbred, and his performances have been nothing short of spectacular.

Frankel won his first race at Newbury Park, near London, and has since gone on to win several more. His performances in the United States have been equally impressive, with victories in the Breeders' Cup Classic and the Preakness Stakes.

Frankel is expected to continue his winning ways in the future, and his owners and trainers are confident that he will go on to become one of the greatest horses of all time. Frankel has captured the hearts of horse racing fans around the world, and his name is synonymous with success and brilliance.

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Quacker Oats

Scooter—He could probably ride those great galloping horses. The Penn women are okay, but they can't handle a综合实力的an. They lack the speed and stamina to compete. Their performances have been lackluster, and they haven't been able to hold their own against the top teams.

Huckleberry Huck—Yes, that's me. You see, the Penn Quakers are no match for the rest of the Ivy League. They lack the talent and determination to succeed.

Gridders Ranked 16th

The undefeated Penn Quakers.

Scooter, good lead, but we need a better pass game. More of a balanced attack would be ideal.

Penn Quakers

The Division I-A polls were released yesterday and the Penn Quakers are ranked 16th in the nation, with Arkansas and West Carolina tied for the number one spot. The Quakers have had an impressive start to the season, and many experts believe they have the potential to make a deep run in the conference.

The Quakers have won their first two games of the season, including a victory over the Penn State Nittany Lions in their season opener. They have scored more than 30 points in both games, and have dominated their opponents from the start.

The Penn Quakers have a tough schedule ahead, with games against the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Delaware, and the University of New Hampshire. However, the team is confident in their ability to compete, and is looking forward to a successful season.

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Braves Trying to Run Away to Victories

The converted defensive back has been a key player for the Braves, with seven assists in his last two games. He has also scored a goal in each of those games, and has been named to the All-Conference team.

What do you think of the Penn Quakers this season? Do you think they have the potential to make a deep run in the conference? Let us know in the comments below.
The Cinderella-Molotov Cocktail Quiz

By Amy Rosenberg

I have no choice but to confess. Last week, when the Daily Pennsylvania Board of Managers decided to publish city-wide in the event of a strike by the Inquirer and the Daily News, I was secretly thrilled. I tried to hide it, tried to maintain a cool exterior, tried to act like the whole thing was merely an inconvenience and a further use not to eat, or do my three papers and 400 pages of reading (a third of which was in Middle English no less), I laughed at my colleagues' excitement at having women downtown, discovered the wonders of the DP, and at their visions of glory- from Channel 10 to 60 Minutes- I pretended that I didn't really care one way or the other.

But deep down, I was tickled pink. The prospect of going city-wide struck at the heart of everything I had ever decided was fascinating about life, and made me realize how thin the line is that separates us here from the real world out there.

Basically what happened was a harrowing experience: fantasy crashed into reality.

But that's not to say it wasn't fun. And it's not the first time these two have collided in my life. I'm not an old soul, but letting my imagination dominate my reality. Every time I step on to a tennis court, for instance, within five minutes I'm making plans in my head to quit school, for instance, having a tennis court, for instance, within five minutes I'm making plans in my head to quit school.

In ten minutes, I'm thinking of catchy lines for my post-match interview, and in fifteen, I'm debating whether the crowd will love or detest me.

And when I play basketball, the whole process gets ridiculous. No sooner do I sink my first jump shot than I'm resolving to quit tennis, drop out of school, move back to Manhattan, and play coop all day long in the 4th Street playground until it's time for the 1984 Olympics. After the second 20-foot shot misses through the net, I'm already planning on be- ing the first female in the NBA.

But let me assure you, this goes beyond a mere jok com- plex. Basketball is, after all, a very profound game. It's much deeper - to a basic tenet of the human condition. To something I'll call the Cinderella-Molotov Cocktail Quiz.

The funny thing about the strike is that it didn't happen. It did come awfully close, though, and there was an 18-hour period where I could rightfully claim myself to be an editor of the largest weekly magazine in Philadelphia.

So big deal, right?

Well, the implications were extraordinary. It was the classic confrontation of reality and fantasy, of pressure and future visions, of secure boundaries and uncharted territories. For 18 hours I had to deal with that curious Cinderella feeling of being transported into a dream world, with a sense of importance, yet though I had always approached it as if I was playing for keeps in the real world, to have that vi- sion suddenly materialize through something out of whack.

It was a devastating moment of truth.

It was the moment when that balance between our actual mundane roles and the broader visions we cultivate (so as not to spend our days paralyzed by thoughts of absurdity and mean- inglessness) is upset. One would think that the conflict would not arise from the philosophical perspective but rather from the practical side. But those issues just seem irrelevant in light of a more crucial question.

Exactly how productive are ourimaginary fantasies when those visions suddenly become another aspect of the daily grind from which they used to spill you?

Take, for example, the notion of the Israel. Certainly we have no in- tentions of engaging in a political discussion, and do not bring up the subject in order to advocate any one side in the conflicts. I bring up Israel as an example because I am continually struck by the chasm between the world of my Mostly Zioni and the reality of the working Zionist nation. Israel is, more than anything else, a confused nation of dreamers confronting a realized dream. If a nation's character results from the collec- tive nature of its individual citizens, what emerges is only an superficial surface: revenge, greed, possessiveness. But along with those less ad- missable qualities, one can see the human tendency to dream and to work hard to fulfill those dreams realized. And Israel is a classic model of what happens when those qualities coalesce and thus far only imaginary vi-

The results are explosive.

It's kind of scary, actually. Perhaps it's out of the childhood mixture of imagination and ac- tual possibility that life at its best arises. Tasting success alone don't it. Pure fantasy, of course, doesn't make it either (although I know many who would disagree probably). Sure, you can't be afraid to be vi-

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**Ding-Dong: “Dildoes Here!”**

When Judy Hartnett, a bookkeeper from New Jersey, bought her granddaughter a baby harness for Christmas, she was unprepared for her son and daughter-in-law’s reaction. “They thought it was some kinky sex thing that mom was selling,” she says. “They thought it was for them.”

Judy Hartnett is no ordinary grandmother. She is one of 125 women throughout the Delaware Valley who spend their evenings going to various homes as Sensual Ware Home Party Sales Representatives. Hartnett’s clientele includes feisty old women, truck drivers (“They buy the three-foot dolls”), professional women (“They never saw anything before, they really learned a few things”), housewives, Plant Rich members, and bachelorettes (Hartnett’s specialty is a group for Deep Throat).

She sells everything from erotic candles (“It’s drip-free!”) to a Red Cross First Aid Kit (“If anything gets broken, we have a solution”) to board games (“She’s after all, primarily a form of communication between two people,” to lingerie (“It’s not just whorehouse colors”) all the way to products in the categories of “Great Situations” and “Good Vibrations.”

The idea of home parties is a definite one, says Hartnett. “In a sex shop, you have to ask someone to hand things to you. The whole thing is a big turn-off.”

**Valiant Voyager Victorious vis-a-vis Vodka**

The year was 1884, the place, a wealthy section of France. Young Charles Jacquin lay in his bed dreaming of vodka, cracked, beth, and Quakers. The restless visionary was taken aback: the combination was irresistible. According to ancient legend, he sat up in bed, and shook his wife until she awoke. “Eureka! Vodka-Mait Out!!!,” he cried. “Terme la bonne, idée!” His wife replied, and ordered him gone. Jacquin packed his bags, and boldly set out for Philadelphia, determined to bestow his spirits on the good Quakers.

Young Charles Jacquin, after a successful trip to the northeast, was dreaming about vodka, cracked, beth, and Quakers. Jacquin’s will remain a Philadelphia institution,” he says proudly. Although he is no poet, O’Brien is adamant about the superiority of Jacquin’s liquors and wines. “We can only sell the best brands, the best, the very best,” he says. “But if it weren’t for the good taste of the citizens of Pennsylvania, we wouldn’t exist.”

And so today, thanks to the hard work of Jacquin and his descendants, Philadelphia can say no to the stuff from Russia. Siberian gas pipeline, ha! They’ve got the year-round party-line right in their own backyard. — Rich Pothier

**The Invasion Continues: ‘Napoleon’ Takes Philly**

When Robert Harris was up young he often thought about a revolutionary concept that would one day enable thousands of Philadelphians to see Napoleon silently traverse across the battlefield on three different movie screens. “When everyone else at 13 or 14 was dreaming about girls, I was dreaming about tripich projection,” says Harris, who is currently promoting his latest project, the restoration of Abel Gance’s masterpiece, Napoleon.

The four-hour film premiered at the Palace Theatre in April of 1927. Despite its innovative, outstanding features, Napoleon was overshadowed by the introduction of sound to the cinema. As a result Gance’s film was practically ignored in its time — and almost forgotten. In 1975, together with Kevin Bronkow, Gance, and Claude Lelouch, Harris began the project of piecing together the film. Segments of the movie were scattered all over the world, and even after Harris found the pieces there still remained the problem of reproducing the film. Since its restoration, Napoleon has toured the country coast to coast, and will be operating at the Ritz this month.

Harris says all the work put into Napoleon was for personal gratification. He and his colleagues weren’t appealing to the masses, but to a select group who understood the extra-ordinary nature of the film.

Yet the film’s box office was on the rise. Whether the tripich projection was responsible for the success of Napoleon is still up for debate. However, one thing is for sure — Napoleon won the battle.

— Judy Abel
Garland's Ghost
Overshadows 'Judy!'

By Howard Sherman

Judy's Lair
300 South Street

There's a pretty and talented young woman on the stage at Judy's Lair who is supposed to be Judy Garland. She sings Judy's trademark songs with flair, she wears costumes that Judy wore in the movies, and she talks about events in Judy's life. But not even for a second can one believe that Sharon Timmins is Judy Garland.

They are so haphazardly arranged that a scene involving Judy and her new husband Vincent Minnelli is followed by a tearful phone call to another husband, Sid Luft, who has not even been mentioned before in the show. Dramatic construction is completely disrupted by Ledoux's rickey script, which can hardly be referred to as a play.

Timmins manages to transcend the often insure material. She is at her best in scenes which are straight monologues, as opposed to the conversations with taped and poorly acted voices that Judy often uses. Musically, she is a fine performer, excelling in the second act, during which dialogue is jettisoned in favor of great songs such as "The Man That Got Away" and "Get Happy." However, anyone who has heard or seen Judy Garland will find it impossible to accept the prettier and higher voiced Timmins as that magnetic star. She remains simply a performer of Garland's material.

Technically, the show is extremely simple, with minimal lighting and sets which are obviously made of cardboard. The slide show that complements the stage action is mildly diverting, but too many of the photos are off center and poorly cropped.

Flasher production values might have helped conceal the absence of a script. Fortunately, the direction by Ledoux and Feme Dowey is fast paced and moves quickly through the title talking scenes to the pleasantly staged musical numbers.

Stripped of the vestiges of drama that Ledoux has tried to graft onto those musical numbers, Judy! would provide an excellent showcase for Timmins without Garland's ghost overshadowing the proceedings.

As it stands, the songs are divergent enough to make the evening pleasant, but unremarkable. And if it's the clone of Judy Garland you're looking for, there are many female impersonators who do a better job.

A Surrealistic Fantasy Island

The French surrealist painter Magritte is one of Crimmens' major influences. In Crimmens' paintings, M. Nef is always depicted in Magritte's bowler hat, clutching Magritte's umbrella. References to Magritte also appear in Crimmens' assemblages. Alfred Jarry, the surrealist writer (Pere Ubu) is also visible in many of the works. Jarry's face peers out from Le Communiste and Ubu's spiral symbol appears on the Reves flag.

Crimmens has this to say of his art: "The work must first delight the eye, arrest the viewer, then activate the mind, thus entering into the domain of poetry and magic." If one spends enough time in Reves the illustrations appear to be representations of reality, the machines seem functional. For example, the Navigational Instrument for the Bride of the Wind. (From Saknussems Ship) is a fascinating group of brass devices arranged on a wooden base which looks as if it actually were a sixteenth century artifact. It is hard to keep from touching and playing with it to see if it works. Of course, this tool can only work in Crimmens' fantasy worlds.

Oracle Game is another work which teases the viewer because of its claims of authenticity. Each of the twenty-odd wood, metal, and glass game pieces is individually exquisite. Together, on the chessboard, they are aesthetically overwhelming. Reversals, when playing this game, attempt to get their pieces to talk to "The Oracle." This "Oracle," the largest piece (about 12" high), is a wooden pyramid topped by a glass eye. Of course, the game cannot be played, as with the other artifacts from Reves one must remember that it is "only" a work of art.

Crimmens has also produced a series of boxed collages which contain more of the juxtaposed surrealistic images from his paintings: clocks, dice, feathers, parts of faces. At first glance, they appear to make sense. One quickly realizes that they are not functional, but only surreal collections of useless items.

Viewing Crimmens' work is a unique mental exercise. On a strictly visual level, his pieces are simple, adequate exercises in surrealism. However, he transcends other surrealists in that he describes a whole world. The fact that none of the "evidence" of its existence is physical (tools, stamps, etc.) rather than two-dimensional makes the fantasy more believable.

Everyone sometimes wishes they could change the world, or perhaps even make a new one. Some daydream, and a few write books about their brave new worlds. Crimmens has made his new world in a different way. It is tangible; it can be touched, seen, explored. Anyone can enter it, simply by dreaming. Everyone there is a poet, anything he touches is art. As such, Crimmens' work could almost be defined as visual art or poetry. It goes beyond the boundaries of either and becomes an adventure.
Dancing Around the Obstacles

Philadanco leaps into a new home and a new chance for success

By Rachael Migler

They used to do it at 62nd and Market, late at night, after everyone from the dance school had gone home. Sweaty and exhausted, they would spend hours warming up, stretching at the barre, practicing relevés, plies, leaps, and turns. The money was tight, the El was always thundering by, and no one ever had room for more than two kick-turns in a row.

They are still doing it twelve years later, but everything has changed. Now they are financially secure, with a spacious, spanking new studio all their own that borders a state more instead of the trains. People have room to sashay, jump, and strut all over, anytime they like.

Philadanco has come a long way. In 1970 its very survival was questionable, but today the 17-member, predominantly black dance troupe calls itself the premier modern/contemporary ensemble in Philadelphia—a cultural institution. General Manager Sandy Stovall claims it has grown at a regional impact and broader based support than any other group in the area. The ensemble’s success is especially impressive in light of the many problems it has faced. However, that success is threatened by the same obstacles which have plagued Philadanco since its inception.

New-found glory

This past weekend was not a time to reflect on the problems of Philadanco. It was a time to bask in its new-found glory. Company members celebrated the opening of their new home at 9 N. Preston Street (one block west of 40th and Market Sts.) by throwing a splashy gala reception and doing two shows at the Zellerbach Theater.

They have good reason to be jubilant. After spending 10 months and $376,000 on renovations, the 85-year-old building that used to house the Keystone Telephone Company and an upholstery firm is almost converted into three spacious, airy dance studios, a large theater space, and several offices.

Philadanco wants to become better known locally by extending its home performance season and offering more tuition-free classes, mini-concerts, films, and lectures. Stovall hopes the company will establish a national reputation as well, with a tour schedule that is more aggressive and competitive. For the first time, performances are slated in California and Texas.

Although discrimination was not a stated policy of the Pennsylvania Ballet, Stovall insists its presence was obvious. “All you had to do was go to a show and see [who was on] their stage,” she says. “That said it all.”

Major dance companies which included black dancers were in New York, but most of Brown’s students were too poor to commute or move there. She saw that it was time for a Philadelphia company, and started Philadanco.

Success did not come easily, and many problems have still not been resolved. Lack of community support, for example, remains one of the company’s major stumbling blocks.

“We've had a hard time,” says Brown. “Philadelphia has not been behind us, and I don't really think it's behind dance in general.” The West Philly black community has not been particularly supportive either, she says. “But I blame that on unawareness more than anything else.”

Brown says that the most frustrating obstacle in Philadanco’s path has been criticism from other black dance companies. “We have never been criticized as we should. Critics describe us as energetic and alive, but they never use the words ‘well trained’ or ‘highly skilled,’” she says. “I think this is true for all black dance companies, including Alvin Alley.”

“Don't say critics are prejudiced, but there is a vast difference between black and white dancing, in terms of approach, style, and execution, that they don’t understand. They always use the wrong standards.”

“They don't really care about what we're doing,” Brown continues. “If our dance isn't European-trained or avant garde modern, it isn't considered art. So we're frequently overlooked, slighted, or called unimportant.”

Brown’s frustration occasionally results in political dances, but sometimes the anger is too strong for audiences. “We had one piece with such a blatant political statement that we had to cut it.” she says. “It was too much.”

Possibilities and perseverance

Philadanco has flourished despite nine years of frequent turnovers in its administration. There were many different managers, and much instability, until Stovall joined in 1979. She seems dedicated enough to stay for a long time.

“I don't mind the low pay and the long hours because I believe in Philadanco,” she says. “I think it has something very important to say. If black youth are given proper guidance they can and do develop professional careers in dance or the related arts. We fill the void left by Philadelphia’s non-support of black dance.”

Much credit for Philadanco’s success can be given to Brown’s business savvy. Described by co-workers as “hard working, wise and plugged in,” she has always kept her troupe debt-free. Frugal advertising and a tiny staff of three have enabled Philadanco to allocate most of its funds to performances. Stovall feels this has been crucial to the company’s success.

But Brown and Stovall aren’t the only ones happy about Philadanco’s new residence. George A. Brown, Executive Director of the West Philadelphia Corporation, a coalition of civic, social, and political groups, says Philadanco will have a tremendous impact on the community. “It may very well enhance tourism and attract new business,” he says. “Philadanco’s new home documents that this is a good place to work and live, and it’s going to help us in the selling of West Philadelphia.”

The company’s move twenty blocks down Market Street means much more than a switch from the El to a state store. It says a lot about possibilities, the black community, determination, and perseverance. Philadanco’s success also says a lot about Philadelphia’s cultural potential and the dance world. It proves that a dance troupe doesn’t need a lot of money or support to flourish.”
THIRTY-FOURTH STREET MAGAZINE

I guess most would call it insanity.
— Bede Jarrell

The heart of the operation is not located inside a mammoth suburban stadium or in a fancy office building in the middle of a city. Yes, this is the headquarters of a football team, but there are no smiling secretaries, busy bookkeepers, or aggravated assistant coaches pacing rapidly through a maze of offices, all trying to look important.

There is only the desk of a steel salesman named Joe Hickey. And inside his desk beats the heart of the operation — the Frankford Yellow Jackets.

Instead of business cards, there are pocket schedules of the 15-team Delaware Valley Semi-Pro Football Conference. On the backs of note pads where sales plans and figures are recorded, Joe Hickey has scribbled offensive and defensive formations, and arrows to indicate which individuals should move where in a given play. The weekly planner consists of a copy of the league standings and upcoming games.

"I've gotten caught many times in here by the President of the company," says Hickey, who has been associated with the DVFC since 1972. "If there is a game Friday night [when the Yellow Jackets play at home], I'm a waste. I'll just be setting up plays. On a game day if I get 25 calls in here, 10 or 15 of them will be from ballplayers." It may seem that Hickey, who is 30 years old and married with children, does not derive pleasure or satisfaction from his job. It may also seem that he loves football. And it may even seem that he is chasing a childhood dream.

Joe Hickey would be the first to admit that it is all true. To him, coaching the Frankford Yellow Jackets is much more than recreation.

"It is probably the only thing I do that I feel confident that I do well," he says. "You hear people say, 'I'm lucky I do something I enjoy.' I don't have that advantage yet. "This is all I got. It's the only thing I do reasonably well."

What he's got is a team composed of football players who each pay a $35 entry fee for the right to play. A team that is required to supply its own helmets, pads and practice gear and still refer to itself as semi-pro. A team of many different types of men who share the singular passion of playing competitive football.

"That's what amazes me," Hickey says. "We've got a guy who's a security guard at Temple, a lot of other types, carpenters, and a couple of steel erectors. Then, on the other end, we have some business people who take their suits and ties off at night and go to practice."
For highly-skilled players like Herb Mills, the Yellow Jackets' 6'2," 215-lb. fullback, the league has given old dreams new possibilities. Six years ago, Mills was a starter for West Chester State College and an NFL prospect. Today, he drives a truck out of Pennsauken, N.J. and plays football in a league that he says is simply a "letdown" for him. "I won't say I don't enjoy it," Mills explains, "I do have fun and I like the people I play with. We have a good time. But it was a big adjustment when I first came out - I was expecting a lot more. It's more organized in college, and the guys are in much better condition."

So why is he with Frankford?

"Well, I don't like to talk about it," Mills says. "But when I was in high school I was looked at by scouts from different teams, got a lot of letters and all this kind of stuff. I got a big head and then personal problems got in the way. I sort of went down the drain for me - I had my chance and I blew it."

"Right now, I'm just waiting for a phone call [from the USFL's Philadelphia franchise]. I don't want to get my hopes up. If I don't get the call, I'll be hurt. But if I do get it, I'll be sky high. If I get that call, you might hear me scream from wherever I'm at."

"If he gets a fair shot," says Joe Hickey, "he's got a good chance. Herb Mills has a shot."

Hickey does not place the Yellow Jackets' other starting running back, the 5'7," 175-lb. Nicky Cervellero, in the same class as Mills. "Everything he has," says the coach, referring to his player's natural abilities, "is the exact opposite of what a football player should have."

Cervellero, an electrician and a graduate of Frankford High School, is 22 years old. Like Herb Mills, he is waiting for a phone call. But people tell him that he is too small for both the NFL and USFL, and that he lacks the one quality that can compensate for diminutive stature - speed.

What Nicky Cervellero has is a pair of eyes that speak of his hunger and a heart that tells him to keep running, even when a past leg injury pleads with him to stop. He does not yet believe that a professional contract is a "letdown." "I think about it an awful lot. It's there, it's in the mind. If I had the time and the money - as far as not having to work - I think I could give it a shot. It ain't easy working 40 hours and then coming out here, that's for sure."

"But for now, I'll stick with this team. We got personnel and every year we're getting, getting better and better."

As his coach, but more importantly as his friend, Joe Hickey hopes that Nicky Cervellero remains with his club forever.

"He is the Frankford Yellow Jackets."

"Enjoy your own life without comparing it with that of another." - Marquis de Condorcet

"The love of the game, that's why we're here."

- Mike Yaeger, wide receiver.

The Frankford Yellow Jackets always know when practice is over because at 10 p.m., the lights are turned off on the field at Torrsdale and Robbins. Darkness descends on the faces of the halfbackers, and to find their cars on the street, they must rely on the illumination from the surrounding rowhouses and the nearby gas station and drug store.

Joe Hickey always talks to his players at the end of practice, dividing his speech evenly between two subjects - the next opponent and the sales of beef-and-beer tickets. In the dim light that remains during his talk, it is possible to distinguish the gray hair of Mike Yaeger, because it is shining.

Yaeger is a wide receiver for the Yellow Jackets, and his hair really shouldn't be gray because he is only 30. He is one of the oldest players on the team, but also one of the best. In recent years he has been named Frankford's Most Valuable Player, and a member of the DVFC all-star team.

Unlike Hickey, Mills, and Cervellero, Yaeger rarely thinks about being associated with a team other than the Frankford Yellow Jackets.

"I have no desire to go and play professional football," says Yaeger, who is a fireman. "Don't get me wrong - if something came up, I would certainly try it. But that's not my goal."

"I have a wife and kids. If I had to quit either my job or this, I would quit this. When I was 22, maybe it would have been different. But it doesn't mean more to me than my job - I'm not going to tell you that."

"But it's fun. That's why I'm here - I love it. I love hitting, I love getting hit - it's all part of the game. You just try to go out there and do more good than bad."

Standing next to Yaeger and nodding his head in agreement is a man named Joe Gibson, the only player on the Yellow Jackets to ever play professionally. The year was 1979, the place was North Carolina, and the team was the Charlotte Hornets, of the World Football League. For a brief time, Joe Gibson was paid to run back punts and kick returns. But his fantasy ended when the league folded after his rookie season.

He is 32 now, 5'7" and 165 pounds "drippin' wet." Last month he suffered his first injury in organized football, when he bruised his thigh bone in an intra-squad scrimmage. Before the arthroscopic surgery, Joe Gibson could still run 40 yards in 4.6 seconds.

The injury, indicated by the bandage that is tightly wrapped around his right knee, has raised his appreciation of football to a new level. Even with the pain, he attends practice religiously, leading the team in exercises when physically possible. He is easily the Yellow Jackets' most enthusiastic player, a miniature dynamo who is constantly moving and shouting encouragement to his teammates.

"It's like in the World Football League," says Gibson of his injury. "One week you're there playing, and the next week you're not. You just enjoy while you're there."

"I'm just glad to be out here," Gibson continues. "Some guys give it up after so many years because they think they're washed up. I just love to play. And this is a great bunch of guys to play with - I wouldn't want to play anywhere else."

"For me, it wasn't a big letdown to come to this league. We ran basically the same formations and everything in
**The Chosen Chews The Chosen**

*Burlington Free Press, Jan 11*

By David R. Meiselman

Throughout the ages, many heroes have pulled through in the clutch for the Jews — Moses, Billy Glass and Woody Allen. [Luciano] Pavarotti is one of these illustrious Jewish characters. As he proves in his latest film, *Pavarotti's Performance Makes Yes, Giorgio*, the tenor is a natural with the audience who has trouble one-on-one.

Danny nearly takes Reuven's eye out in a moving baseball game between Chassidic Jews and street kids. The audience is expected to believe that given the shackles placed on them by society, the two are still able to develop a meaningful relationship. As the audience swallows this pill, they are also forced to inhale Danny's uncanny ultra-photographic memory which gives him total recall of everything he reads.

In any case, Benson has about as much business playing a Chassidic Jew as Richard Simons does playing a football player (or any mate, for that matter). With all the flexibility of a Q-tip, Benson parades around in what looks like a mixture of Santa Claus and Darth Vader. As he grows older, Benson's character makes the auditors do some rubbing and frowning (look, and even grows a beard which looks more like a pealed Q-tip taped to his cheek). Oh, he can't help it; he does as fine a job as possible. It is only the casting of Benson that suspends all belief.

Then again, it could have been worse. It could have been Richard Simmons. But even after the bumps of the first fewsequels, the film becomes worthwhile again.

All in all, there are some excellent performances in *The Chosen*. Accomplished screen veteran Rod Steiger, appearing as what looks like a mixture of Santa Claus and the Ayatollah Khomeni, brilliantly plays the part of Danny's father, a rabbi. Each time Steiger appears, he grabs the audience's attention by the throat as if he were admonishing them instead of his son. This could be Steiger's most moving perfor-

...The Chosen...succeeds. However, certain implausibilities detract from the effort.

**Pavarotti's Performance Makes Yes, Giorgio**

*By Lorrie Sheppard*

Yes, Giorgio

Starring Luciano Pavarotti

Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner

The good news is that Luciano Pavarotti can act. The bad news is that he is rarely displaced unless he's singing. Yes, Giorgio makes his film debut, and he portrays — what else? — an Italian opera star, the world's greatest tenor. This hasn't necessarily introduced us to his world and his psyche.

Although opera is alien territory to most, the film's skilful use of imaginative handling of it conveys universal drama and emotion. Though not an attempt to make opera more palatable to a mass audience, the film successfully uses the art form as the backdrop of a love story.

Giorgio Fori (Pavarotti) is a charming tenor, a natural with an audience who has trouble one-on-one. His love interest, Dr. Pamela Taylor, is an 80's American who challenges his arrogant, old-fashioned, Italian male ego. As Taylor, Kathryn Harrold is consistently high-powered.

Danny Green (Benson) is a natural with the audience who has trouble one-on-one.

*Favop Year*

*By Howard Gentler*

Quirk. If the show's name doesn't ring a bell, it may not since the sitcom about an intergalactic garage-band awash about a month, in star's name certainly should. He's Richard Benjamin, star of one-season series, [Quark]. The early years of television. The film stars Peter O'Toole and is based on the highly successful series, *Quark*. The TV show was shot from September to December of 1981 and it came in on budget, a relatively low $7.9 million. On the shooting schedule were eight days of location filming in New York, so Benjamin wanted to get as much out of the city as he could. One street scene used early in the film to set the tone required that traffic be closed off and a few vintage automobiles be found. "I felt the city looked great," says Ben-

**Oh, Benjamin!**

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He is Not Herman

Cartoonist Jim Unger is a Warren Beatty look-alike with a big nose, but the resemblance to his characters ends with his nose.

By Stefan Fatsis

"If I wasn't a cartoonist, I'd be an international terrorist -- I don't really like the system. Somewhere in the past five, six, seven thousand years, somebody screwed up real bad. It settled... an international terrorist... you have to go through all this... don't really like the system. I'd be the guy that's always vacuuming. But that's not Herman, and he's not me.

"Herman's just a vehicle. There's no character Herman. He's just lines on white paper. He's the conduit between my mind and the reader's mind. Picasso used canvass, Hemingway used a typewriter, and a post card, I use Herman."

How Unger got the chance to use Herman to communicate with the world is material for a cartoon. He grew up in London during World War II and served in the army for two years. He has been a policeman, a car repairman, a cab driver, a graphic designer, and ultimately and unexpectedly, a cartoonist.

"I've had a rough life," Unger says whimsically. "You wouldn't believe it. I could draw better if I stopped shaking hands."

Unger moved from London to Canada in 1968, securing a $25 a week job as a layout artist at The Mississauga Times, a small weekly outside Toronto. "When I went for the job, I told them I worked for The Daily Mirror in London," Unger says with a grin. "They said I was overqualified. I never worked for The Daily Mirror."

Unger's real world doesn't coincide with the world of Herman, the Third Treasury. "The sad thing about humans is they're always posturing. They react, they don't act.

"If 'they're' in this hotel lobby having a party, I'd put on a three-piece suit and say 'How are you?' he continues, adding a nasal inflection. "But it's the same guy that sits on the can and reads Playboy. That's where we're all funny -- when we're acting. You take that same guy, he goes to a party in the three-piece suit and acts like a smart ass. But you get him in a hospital room in a gown and his bare feet.

The awkward characters of Herman bear no resemblance to their creator. Unger is a Warren Beatty look-alike with a big nose, but the superior image does not befit him. Despite his success he remains humble in attitude and speech, remnants of his working-class youth. You won't learn anything about Jim Unger by reading Herman -- at least that's what Unger claims.

"It's get nothing to do with me as all," he says. "It's just a way to make a living. I know, if I was in The Odd Couple, I'd be the guy that's always vacuuming. But that's not Herman, and he's not me.

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Unger drew his first cartoons as a favor to the editor. "The other cartoonists were always sick," he says. "So he was cartooning regularly for the editorial page, and in 1971 he received a prize for his work; a prize he won the next two years. In fact a friend told him to send samples of his cartoons to a syndicate. 'I didn't know what a syndicate was,' says Unger. 'I thought it was the Mafia.'"

But he mailed a batch of cartoons to the Universal Press Syndicate early that year anyway. In August, Universal gave Unger a 10-year contract to pen his thoughts. "They said, 'Do one more year and well make you rich.'"

Herman made its debut on November 4, 1974, in about 50 papers in North America. Unger says the cartoon didn't attain the popularity it now has until two or three years after, after the publication of the first two Herman collections. Today, Herman appears in over 500 newspapers around the world -- so many that Unger says he has lost count. Herman is translated for the people of El Salvador, Japan, Venezuela, Finland, to name just a few of the countries. "In Germany, Herman's got two kids, says Unger."

After eight years, Unger says he isn't attached to Herman, and could drop the cartoons without any remorse. "It wouldn't bother me if I stopped tomorrow. I'm not really clinging to it with my fingernails. That's why I've had so many jobs."

"If he did abandon the cartoon, Unger would probably launch a crusade to change the world. International politics, big government, and violence are three things which Unger loves to preach against. Especially violence. Unger says he simply can't understand why people kill one another, why violence dominates television and condemns the minds of the children who watch it.

"You know, the tragedy of the human race is people say 'Killing is horrible, but.' And it's going to be one day on this cursed planet when people are going to say there's got to be a better way than killing other people. There's got to come a time when people use their brains instead of brawn.

"I'd like to see schoolchildren painting pictures and playing games and having a good time," he adds. "Now they grow up ac- cepting violence like it was Pac Man."

"There's really only one rule. Only one rule in the universe: You don't hurt anyone else. If you want to jump off the Em- pire State Building, it's all right as long as you don't hurt anyone else."

Yet Unger maintains that he isn't naturally funny. "I'm funny by default. I think I'm funny because I see things differently than many other people see them. I just literally try every se- cond of the day to see things dif- ferently."

Despite Herman's huge follow- ing of over 100 million, Unger insists he can't draw very well. "Can you imagine, I can sit down at a drawing board and draw six or seven lines on a piece of paper and someone in Japan can laugh," he says. "It doesn't make much sense, does it?"
Thoughts on Theater: From Flops to '42nd Street'

By Howard Sherman

Save the failures

There is a phenomenon in theater that has always distinguished it from film or literature: the opening night flop. Unlike unpopular books or movies, which can be relegated to bargain bins, Broadway flops disappear, leaving only reviews and a script. There is never a corpse.

Since new video technology is widely available, it would behoove producers to tape either the final rehearsal or the opening night of their shows, both for posterity and to recoup some of their losses if the show fails. Theater buffs would probably pay for the chance to see shows that closed before most of the public is able to see them.

Classic clunkers such as Meatloaf in Gower Champion's Rock Hudson Hitler could then serve as a warning to those who would cross Shakespeare with rock and roll and underestimand works such as Rocky Horror would survive in their original incarnations. More important, artistic but non-commercial successes such as Pacific Overtures would always be available, rather than becoming a mourned victim of producers' whims.

In this day and age, when Broadway productions are budgeted in the millions of dollars, it is sad to note that no record is kept of every show. A Don't Do This, the season's first musical and first bomb, opened and closed after four performances. Including previews, perhaps 20,000 people saw the show in Broadway run, and $4 million went down the tubes. It is possible that there was something worth seeing in the show, if only to learn how not to mount a play. If there must be failures, at least video could help to cushion the blow and preserve the remains for future generations.

Milo and Liv and Andy and Mickey and John

Many of Broadway's shows died in Philadelphia in pre-Broadway tryouts, but recently, it is theater in Philadelphia that has died, as the largest theaters have lain dormant for a good part of the year. But the famine is over, in fact, it's time to get ready for the deluge.

During the final week of October, three major Broadway tours will descend on Philadelphia, bringing two international stars and one international idol. The stars are Mike O'Shea, who will reprise his Tony nominated role in Miss Appeal at the Walnut, and Liv Ullman, continuing her national tour of Ibsen's Ghosts on the Shubert stage. And the inventive Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat will no doubt fill the Forrest with teenagers screaming for a look at (reel) Andy Gibb.

This triumvirate is not a fluke, for these shows will move out to make room for Mickey Rooney in Sugar Babies and John Wood in Amadeus; it's enough to make a theater editor smile.

A novel idea

Money, as we all know, is the root of all evil. But it may also be the root of dwindling American theater.

Although it is impossible to say why American playwrights are not producing quality works of original drama, there is an explanation for the lack of plays from other sources: the movies got them. Film producers, always anxious to find a good property, snap up every promising literary work by waving money (which Hollywood has lots of) under the nose of whichever owns the rights.

As a result, Broadway has not had a good adapted hit (or any particularly notable American play) in a long time, such as One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest or, going farther back, Of Mice And Men. Recent books such as Gary and Ramos never even get the chance to be done on stage; they are put on celluloid as fast as possible. Perhaps in a few years, after the memories of their film versions fade, they will be adapted for theater. After all, it worked for 42nd Street.

FOOTBALL

(Continued from page 7)

the World Football League. There's really nothing new to me. I just had to come and get adjusted to getting hit again. But I really enjoy it.

Despite his injury, Gibson thinks that the USFL might "give me a look." He is not, however, obsessed with the idea of playing again professionally. There is a firehouse in Conshohocken where people all when they need the assistance of a trained medical specialist like Joe Galen. The dream has diminished; now there are lives to save.

But for all the members of the Frankford Yellow Jackets, and their coach Joe Hickey, the dream can never completely disappear. There is no more talking about the future, but it there is there each time Hickey steps against major-league players.

"It enters your mind," Mike Yaeger admits. "The dream will always be there, even if you're 50 years old. If it ain't, well, that's who people just die from natural causes, because they don't have a dream. Everybody has a dream. You know, it's not going to come true, but you keep it anyway. It's as simple as that."
**Krieger in Trouble**

There's an L.A. choreographer who tends to do all kinds of interesting things. She listens to her David Evers records, thinks about her days as a cheerleader, and goes shopping whenever she gets the itch. Although she makes her living in dance, she's been singing with a few all girl bands and people tell her she's pretty good. So what the hell, she thinks, I'll make a record. So she grabs the best musicians she can find and takes over the studio. Soon the word of mouth is out that "Word of Mouth" is out.

And it ain't bad.

Toni Baily is a spy, inventive vocalist with universal talents. What keeps her from sounding like another Pat Benatar are two important distinctions: she's got a sense of humor and a wild and wacky set of back-up musicians. Plus a real feeling for what works on a dance floor -- and what should work on the radio.

At its best, "Word of Mouth" is engaging, lively pop music. The single, "Mickey," with its football cheer and hysterical organ fills, is being hyped as the successor to "Valley Girl," but this mess makes no sense. Its simple lyrics and infectious hook make it more of a success to Manfred Mann's "Doo Wah Diddy Diddy," but who the hell in their right mind is a successor to a hit? -- it's a great song. Guaranteed smash.

But the standout cut, "Shop-pony! A is 2" (maybe the successor to "Mickey") is a poppy dance tune about the joys of shopping. This no condescending metaphor for life; she is not "Lost in the Supermarket." Baily is celebrating the mundane with more energy than most rock singers celebrate the fantasy. The 26-part call and response chorus which matches grocery items with lemons is not particularly inspired, but it's great fun to shout at parties: Al! Applé!"
**TV**

**E.T.: THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL**

Steve and E.T. come up with another big idea.
(Rodeo City, 2nd and Sansom, 567-8637)

**FAME**

Veggie heroes, ratty teachers, and shores of excitement. Bring tiny of popcorn.
(Sam’s Place, 19th & Chestnut, 972-0538)

**THE CHosen**

Based on Chaim Potok’s novel. Drink Robrook reviews appear inside.
(Sam’s Place, 19th & Chestnut, 972-0538)

**AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN**

A full-erger romance that boasts an incredible performance by Louis Gossett. Jr.
(Rittenhouse, 19th and Walnut, 567-1010)

**YES, GODRIc!**

Lucky Luciano stars as an opera singer who loses his voice. Review inside.
(Mark I, 18th & Market, 564-6237)

**THE TEMPEST**

Paul Marwood reviews.
(Old City, 2nd and Sansom, 567-0995)

**MY FAVORITE YEAR**

Peter O'Toole stars in this comedy directed by Richard Benigni. A chat with Benigni appears inside. Review next week.
(Sam’s Place, 19th & Chestnut, 972-0538)

**NOH PARTY**

Australian comedy directed by Bruce Beresford. Maybe review next week.
(The Ritzy, 2nd and Walnut, 925-7000)

**LA VIE CONTINUE**

Continues. Maybe review next week.
(The Ritzy, 2nd and Walnut, 925-7000)

**FOR FOUR EYES**

A mystery James Bond? Will the world’s supply of contact lenses be wiped out? (For that matter, how?) Steve Forbert stars as the villain in Parabasband.
(Howe’s Place, Beach & Lomb, On the Hook)

**STARS TOMORROW**

Napoleon Bonaparte’s 550-year-ago visit. The Ritzy, 2nd and Walnut, 925-7000

**CONTEST!!**

What is the title of The Road Warrior in Europe? Be one of the first 25 people to call 222-2345 Friday between 6:30 and 7:00 with the correct answer and win two free tickets to Walnut Mall film; good any time except Saturday night.

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**FILM**

**LOOKING TO GET OUT**

Looking to get screening tickets or a chance to do a little hate-talk? Here’s the deal.
(Shubert Theater, Broad and Locust Sts)

**SCHICKLOCK FESTIVAL**

RECREATE PRIOR LIVE ON THE SUNSET STRIP

*WATTSTAX*

(Old City, 16th Chestnut St, 564-0987)

**AMITYVILLE II: THE POSSESSION**

Running now.
(Midtown, Chestnut & Broad, 567-7021)

**EMMANUELLE’S DAUGHTER**

Review next week.
(Burgundy Theater, Bellevue Stratford Mall, 222-2345)

**THE DEVIL’S PLAYGROUND**

Fred Schepisi (B Ferretti) directed this charming Western set in an Australian settlement. First class performance, thrive thru.
(Gimme Shelter, 214 South St, 922-1010)

**MECHANICAL PRINCIPLES IN PHILLIPS-RECORD W GRANTON TRAWLER W SKIP IN DANGER W NIGHT MAH!**

Monday night October 13.
(Exploratory Cinema, Annenberg Center, 360 Walnut St.)

**THEATER**

**HUNGERGAST**

Kathy’s short stories transferred to the stage in a new adaptation.
(Theater Center, Philadelphia, 622 S. 4th St, 260-2857)

**JUDY!**

Garlandmania. It’s not even a very good simulation, but there are worse ways to spend an evening. See review inside.
(Frederick’s Last 500 South St, 925-5559)

**SHEAR MADNESS**

Comedy murder mystery set in a bakery shop. May run til the end of time.
(Grunlington, Theater, Bettlewee Stratford Hotel, Broad & Walnut Sts, 735-8905)

**TALKING WITH...**

One on one with eleven unique women in Jane Martin’s brilliant one-acts.
(Phillips Light and Theater, Rite, 401, Malvern, 647-1900)

**MUSIC**

Steve Forbert

Steve’s Gon. Down to Laurel to sing Romero’s Tune with some Complications at The Ritz, 8:00 and 11:00 PM, 10/23.

Iron City Houseokers/ couchroom, Sure. It’s a ship up to the shores, but there are wins from Eppington play hard and with heart. Request “Junior’s Bar" at Big Man’s West, 10:00 PM, 10/23.

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**THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1982**

**Saladalley**

The fresh alternative
Saladalley, the freshest, most innovative sandwich you’ll find, a repertory of over 100 hearty and exotic soups, a special Weekend Seagull Food Buffet with all the trimmings, you can enjoy a delightful and bountiful Sunday Brunch. Saladalley is the fresh alternative. And we’re coming soon to Willow Grove Park.