Committee Tables Army-Browder Rivalry

Committee Steering Delays Discrimination Debate

By BONNIE FAUL

The University Council Steering Committee discussed how to take action on a proposal addressing discrimination against homosexuals. Steering Committee Chairman Mark Gerstenhaber said the move is on the agenda for the committee's next meeting on November 26. The earliest that the University Council could act would be at its first meeting of December.

The proposal, introduced by Anthropology Associate Professor Gary Gross, calls for the development of a University policy against discrimination. This is in response to the recent events involving Professor Jay Srouji.

Srouji was referred to the revolving committee on a proposal addressing discrimination against homosexuals. Professor Srouji's action was referred to the steering committee after he brought up the issue of a discrimination against homosexuals at a University Council meeting. The proposal is intended to protect the rights of homosexuals in the University community.

The proposal is intended to prevent discrimination against homosexuals in the University community. The proposal is being debated by the steering committee and will be presented to the University Council for consideration. The steering committee is expected to make a decision on the proposal soon.

SEAS To Add 30 to Faculty In Five-Year Plan

By AMY ALEXANDER

The Engineering School will add 30 members to its faculty over the next five years, to meet the University guidelines for university-wide research and academic instruction. A Senate committee had approved the plan by the Board of Trustees.

The senate will undertake a $20 million development drive to fund the plan, which was described at an official report by the Senate committee on open expression.

The proposal arose out of the Senate committee's recent investigations on the topic of open expression. The committee's report is expected to be published later this year.

The proposal was introduced by the Senate chairman, Ralph Landau. The senate will discuss the proposal and report it to the University Council at its next meeting.

Police: Grad Student Committed Suicide

By ERIC J. VASSEY

Philadelphia Police yesterday announced that University graduate student William Pascual killed himself on Friday night. He said the police had originally classified the case as a suicide but are now investigating it as a homicide.

The police announced that they will not release any further information on the case but are investigating it as a homicide. They said they will release a more detailed report later this week.

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Srouji Rejects Offer For Case Settlement

By BINA IUS

Podiatry Alumna Maria Srouji declined a proposed settlement of the long-standing case against the University.

The settlement was offered by the University in the past week to avert a trial against the University.

Srouji was previously a University student and filed a lawsuit against the University in 1981. The lawsuit was settled in 1982, but Srouji rejected the settlement.

The University had offered Srouji a settlement to avoid going to trial, but Srouji rejected the offer.

Movie Teacher Samuels Cultivates Film Book

By RICHARD J. MILLER

In 1980, the University’s film studies program was one of the most popular on campus — even though 800 students had registered for five courses. The program was published as a book.

The book, "Cultivating Cult Films," was written by Professor Stuart Samuels. The book is a collection of essays on the history of cult films and their impact on popular culture.

Where Are They Now?

In its first five-part series, "Where Are They Now?" reunites some of the most memorable characters from "Seinfeld." The show has become a popular destination for fans of the popular sitcom.

Former "Seinfeld" cast members, including Jason Alexander and Julia Louis-Dreyfus, have been interviewed by the show's host, Jerry Seinfeld, about their lives and careers since the show ended in 1998.

Director of the series is Jon Gluckman, who has directed many episodes of the show. The series has been praised for its ability to bring the characters back together.

The show has been criticized for being too long and not showing enough of the characters. The show has also been criticized for being repetitive and not showing enough new material.

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Movie Teacher Samuels Cultivates Film Book
Three Die in IRA Bombing

BELFAST, Northern Ireland—A roadside bomb was followed by a second one in quick succession, said to be by the same group, on the Falls Road in west Belfast, the British capital.

The explosion shocked the city and left three people dead, including two police officers and a man who had been shot in the head.

The incident began when a car, which had been set on fire, exploded near a police station. The second explosion occurred when a second car, believed to be carrying the same group, drove up to the scene.

The group, which has been involved in similar attacks in the past, has been linked to the Provisional IRA, a splinter group of the Republican Sinn Fein.

The explosion came just weeks after the signing of the Good Friday Agreement, which ended the 30-year conflict in Northern Ireland.

The conflict has claimed the lives of thousands of people and has left the region in a state of violence and instability.

---

The news is grim, but we must not lose hope. The world is watching, and the eyes of the world are on Northern Ireland. We must stand together, and we must fight for peace.
Thursday/On the Record

Murray Gerstenhaber: Keeping Open Expression Open

‘The main purpose of the University is to promote the exchange of ideas and anything which may interfere with the free exchange of ideas...is dangerous to the basic purpose of the institution.’

DP: If the Senate, or the faculty collectively, ceases to be apathetic very rapidly when they feel that something significant to the faculty is in jeopardy.

‘But it seems that the Senate, or the faculty collectively, ceases to be apathetic very rapidly when they feel that something significant to the faculty is in jeopardy.’

Ve want your blood!

And, so do our kids.

Be a blood donor today at: The Children's Hospital of Philadelphia Blood Donor Center - Fifth Floor, 34th Street and Civic Center Blvd. 954-4868.

Mon.-Fri. 9:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m. This week we will be open Thursday evening until 8 p.m.

We will have Special Halloween treats for all donors on Thursday and Friday.

Halloween at The Book Store Sales So Good It's Scary

20% Off FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29
All Science Fiction, Fantasy and Mystery Titles
Plus selected other titles

All Halloween Merchandise (previously marked-down items excepted)

Fantastic Staff Costume Contest
Our staff lets loose. Vote for the wildest, zaniest, weirdest of them all!
Quotation of the Day

"To use a contemporary metaphor, open expression could be likened to a television station. Red's and blue's and all the other colors of the political rainbow may be represented; but only if they can subscribe. open expression Committee member Herbert Schupf"

Bullish on Penn

By Eric J. Saltz

To the Editor:

If the University wants to sell tickets to the Duke basketball game, it should not be allowed to use the name "Penn" in its ad campaign. To be sure, there are no "tilter takers" in the Ivy League but in order to appeal to the Duke fan base, the University should use the misspelling "Ducks". Also, it could be argued that such an ad campaign is in violation of "zero tolerance". Penn Athletics is not denying the charges, but it is being quite studied.

Actually, the idea is one of the most original the University has devised to combat rising tuition and decreasing funding. It's surprising the Pennsylvania - Princeton basketball game is the only one in which鸭for "Penn" is used. It would be hilarious to see the "Penn" logo on the "Penn" textbook. "Penn" bookstores are certainly among the ten busiest on campus.

For those who are not familiar with the Duke basketball game, here is the setup. While just about to jump twenty, the University would have been selling ten-year tickets for six of their home games. These tickets would be both first-rate and foreign students. The University would be able to maintain the "Penn" image and keep its budget in the black.

You may have guessed that the University would have been losing money. It is not clear whether this strategy would be acceptable.

So the University would have been making some money off of its basketball program. It would have been a great help to Penn Athletics. With the money, Penn Athletics could have bought better players. It could have bought better textbooks, too.

The University would have been able to provide better educational opportunities for its students. For example, the University could have provided more financial aid. It could have provided better housing. It could have provided a more comfortable environment for its students.

Unfortunately, the University would not have been able to provide all of these things. It would have been forced to make some sacrifices. For example, the University would not have been able to provide all of its students with financial aid. It would not have been able to provide all of its students with comfortable housing. It would not have been able to provide all of its students with a comfortable environment.

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shall not be considered discriminatory.

As an outside organization, I acknowledge
a conflict between non-discrimination policy and the army practice of
not wanting to give them money.

We will have to make do with the
reduction in nods to other groups.

We are not really satisfied with the reduced allocation.

The publicity the announcement
brought in will have to be
acknowledged.

I'd just like to thank everybody
who submitted their ideas and
who were part of the process.

Let's do this again some time.

By Stefan Siss"
I'M I 6

Halloween Costume Party
Drink Specials • Prizes,
Thursday, October 28, 1982
McNeil building, Locust Walk
5:00 10:30

1st Prize-Full Keg

WEREWOLVES AND GHOSTS JOIN US IN

TO PHILADELPHIA

The Women's Studies Program
Associate Professor of History
Eucharistic Devotion

46th & Locust — large 2 bedroom apt.
from $175.

44th & Baltimore — 1 room

Walter M. wood Jr., me.

Bald Fox
38th & Spruce St.
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The Curtis Organ
Restoration Society
presents
The Phantom of the Opera
Sun. Oct. 31
5 & 7:30 p.m.

ATTENTION STUDENTS!!!
ALL STUDENTS WHO HAVE
SUBMITTED THEIR HEALTH
INSURANCE INFORMATION TO
THE UNIVERSITY, MAY PICK UP
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AT HOUSTON HALL,
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Pascual died a suicide.

"The administration promised for-

sion before the Faculty Senate.

Bui Srouji did not accept the agree-

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Philomatheus To Host Strange Literary Caucuses

By Mark Card

The Philomatheus will host a "Convention of Literary Societies For The Introduction, Explanation, and Defense Of Ideas," this weekend, and Plan students must sign up to attend the event.

"Avoid it," said the poster, "for you are already stimulating enough."

"The Philomatheus," he continued, "is the most stimulating literary society on campus."

The program will continue this week with "A Meeting of the Philomatheus Society." This is a business meeting. Philomatheus rules: Stimulate, but don't get too stimulating. You may be asked to explain your reasoning, or be barred from the society.

"Halloween," he explained, "is the time for the Philomatheus to show its true colors."

"The Philomatheus," said the poster, "is the only literary society that has a theme."

"We are the only society," said the poster, "that has a name."

"And the only society," he said, "that has a program.

"The Philomatheus," the poster continued, "is the only society that has a purpose."

"We have a purpose," said the poster, "to stimulate."
Be the Nurse YOU want to be with the Veterans Administration Nursing Service.

We welcome applications from senior nursing students and new graduates. Our 16-week preceptorship program for new graduates offers you the opportunity to make the transition from student to practice nurse.

As a student nurse, you have probably already been exposed to job opportunities in a profession where your education and skills will be in demand where you choose to become employed. The decision on where to take a position as a new graduate is a difficult one. The right decision is important to you and your new profession.

At the VA Medical Center of Philadelphia, we offer comprehensive, caring patient care to our country’s veterans. Specialty areas are provided with a variety of medical and surgical programs. Our progressive 400-bed, university-affiliated health care system offers you the opportunity to work in a highly professional environment with sophisticated equipment, and with medical experts.

Benefits for RN’s are Excellent:
- New graduates with a BSN start at $35,917 plus
- 25% Sunday premium pay
- Paid holidays per year
- 10% shift differential

Call us now for more information about fulltime, parttime and intermittent positions. Ask about our final post opportunities.

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**Grass Roots**

Foglietta Runs Liberal Campaign

By DAVID GODFREY

Congressman Tom Foglietta is a liberal. His entire campaign seems designed to prove it, from his determinate policy-making to his union endorsements.

There are many grass roots that have traditionally voted for Democratic candidates in Philadelphia.

"He is in close contact with the people," Foglietta's campaign administrative assistant Bob Barnett said recently. "That’s his style."

Campaign '82

According to Barnett, Foglietta is a grass-roots campaigner because he's a grass-roots member. Foglietta's staff strongly directs the campaign to avoid attacks by the campaign's opponent, Representative Mike Mansfield. "Almost, his record is over 80 percent," Barnett said. "We were never 5 percent, as Mansfield has claimed." Most of the votes he received came from the third precinct, he said. "Maybe 15 percent of the voters cast their ballots for Foglietta in the third precinct," he said. "And those people are there on the day of the election, before the May primary.

Due to recent severe changes in Pennsylvania's voting districts, Foglietta was one of five congressmen in the nation to face a fellow incumbent in the primary race. His opponent in the primary was Democrat Joe Smith.

Barnett said Foglietta considered working in Philadelphia a vital part of the job. "When some of these votes [in Congress] were taken place, he was probably here writing with the people."

Foglietta's campaign headquarters is located on the second floor of the DeSales building, one of the oldest buildings in the city. In his office, Foglietta is surrounded by the people he represents. Letters are representative of Foglietta's constituency. A middle-aged man wrote that he would be glad to have Foglietta represent his interest.

"We are an affiliated health care facility offering you the opportunity to work in a highly professional environment with sophisticated equipment, and with medical experts."

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Free Delivery for Students with this coupon

New London University

Expanded menu includes:
- Stromboli
- Small/Large Pizzas
- Salads
- Gnocchi, Sticks

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**Student Special**

New London Pizza

Free Delivery for Students with this coupon

New London University

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**New London Pizza**

40th & Chestnut

[Expanded menu includes:
- Stromboli
- Small/Large Pizzas
- Salads
- Gnocchi, Sticks]

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**New London Pizza**

40th & Chestnut

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Ivy Football

(Continued from previous page)

school... which places a premium on the balance between athletics and academics.

It's amusing to hear that they've
confused the fact that the Ivy League has no official championship in football and the amount of athletic
activity is much more than an academic
season. But when reviewing the football rosters from competing prep school
seasons is a reaffirmation of the Ivy League
philosophy. One goal, four yards, one
point. One game, one season, one
season. But when reviewing the
football rosters from competing prep school
seasons is a reaffirmation of the Ivy League
philosophy. Two goals, four yards, two
points. Two games, two seasons, two
seasons. All games, every game, every
game. All seasons, every season, ever
time. "Last week we threw the ball
back, Woods has shown that he
Dad

Brent Woods

Woods Family

Woods

Woods

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HAS AN INTERNATIONAL SELECTION OF-
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And even tastes better when you don't got to travel much to get em.
Just crawl on over to corner of 38th and Spruce.

D.P. Classified Mail-In Form

Deadline 3 p.m., two business days before publication. Ad accepts will appear in the daily available issue.

Dad

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Brent Woods: The Pilot Who Flies Air Princeton

Although more than half of Princeton's ice hockey team are from the Northeast, there are only two 'locals': captain Steve Reiter and Steve Devine, both of whom grew up in New England. Devine, a freshman forward, said, "It's nice to know that in a very competitive world, there are more than our fair share of locals in Princeton, because things like family ties and being able to watch the games at home are very important."

Devine has been a point producer in all three games, including two goals and an assist against Harvard. "I think the players here are more supportive of the team than anywhere else," Devine said. "The atmosphere is very positive, and everyone is very motivated to play well."

"John Brown is reading to step in and play," Devine said. "He's a very talented player, and he's been working hard in practice."

Brent Woods is a freshman forward who has already made a mark on the team. "He's a very fast player, and he has a great shot," Devine said. "He's a pleasure to play with, and he's always looking to make a play."

"We're all very optimistic about the response to this year," Devine said. "We're looking forward to a lot of success."

Princeton's football team is off to a strong start, currently boasting a 2-0 record. The team has won their first two games, including a 52-14 victory over Pennsylvania. "We're very excited about the win," Devine said. "It was a great way to start the season, and we're looking forward to more success."

"We're all on the team to have fun," Devine said. "We're not looking to win conference titles or anything like that, but we're always looking to improve and get better."
It's the purgatory of the east. A trash heap unfit for neither man nor beast nor Princeton student. One big slab of concrete interrupted only by momentary flashes of Harlem and Beirut. A walking talking rotting mummification of a leper colony. The breeding ground of botulism. The ingrown toenail of the Delaware Valley. The largest nasal hair in the nostril of the world. The home of grey snow.

It festers. It creeps. It crawls. It reeks.
Can anything be worth the horror that is . . .

Report by David R. Meiselman
Photos by David B. Belsky

Special Halloween Attractions:

Philadelphians Choose Reagan's Costume
Page 5

Psychics Probably Know You're Reading This
Page 9

Edgar Allen Poe's House Comes Alive Page 3
Mr. Bumble's Halloween

By John S. Marshall

A few years ago, Mr. Bumble's small business at 34th and Main Street in Philadelphia was doing well. But then, in one fell swoop, it all changed. Mr. Bumble found himself faced with a crisis. He had been a successful button seller, but now he had to find a new way to make a living.

One day, while walking down Main Street, Mr. Bumble heard a sound. Turning to investigate, he saw a small, elderly man wearing a Halloween costume, walking slowly and carrying a large bag. Mr. Bumble approached the man, curious about what he was doing.

"What are you doing?" Mr. Bumble asked.

"I'm selling Buttons on Halloween," the man replied.

Mr. Bumble was intrigued. He knew that Halloween was a popular time for people to dress up and have fun, and he realized that he could take advantage of this.

He approached the man and asked if he could help him sell the buttons.

"Sure," the man said. "I need all the help I can get.

Mr. Bumble was grateful for the offer. He had always enjoyed Halloween, and he wanted to do something special this year.

He and the man set up a stand on the corner of Main and 34th, and Mr. Bumble brought his own buttons to sell. He wore a large, colorful costume, and he was happy to talk to anyone who stopped by.

At first, not many people seemed interested. But as the night went on, more and more people began to stop by. Mr. Bumble was surprised at how much fun he was having.

"This is great," he said. "I never thought I'd enjoy selling buttons on Halloween.

By the end of the night, Mr. Bumble had made a lot of money, and he realized that he had found a new career path. He had always been good at selling things, and he saw this as a way to use his skills.

From that day on, Mr. Bumble sold buttons on Halloween every year. He even started selling other things, like candy and balloons, and his business grew.

"I'm glad I decided to sell Buttons on Halloween," he said. "It's been great for my business, and it's a lot of fun to see people dressed up and having fun.

And he's right. Mr. Bumble's Buttons on Halloween has become a popular tradition in the city, and he continues to sell buttons on Halloween every year, bringing joy to people of all ages.
There's a Ghost in My Soup!

It's night, of course. A storm blows in from the northeast, as the guests approach the ancient Inn. Chilled but nonetheless determined, they enter through a huge wooden door and slowly climb to the attic.

The slanted wooden floor creaks with each footstep, and the rusty door hinges seem to verge of coming off when one of the guests ventures to open it.

From deep within a corner of the room, psychic investigator Ad-Kent Thomas Jeffrey stares at the visitors, studying them intently. Jeffrey knows the Lambertville House inside out.

She recalls telepathically—the days when it was a stagecoach house almost two centuries ago. She remembers the many tales of horror which others have tried to forget. She knows about the many ghosts which have haunted the inn throughout the year. And this night, she knows exactly what awaits her visitors.

But her guests know nothing. It is Friday night, and at the Lambertville House that means "Dinner with a Ghost."

The guests want to laugh, but an old fear—or perhaps one they have just developed—draws that desire.

A lone candle flickers on the table in the room now before them. The rest of the room is obscured by shadow.

Jeffrey rises slowly from the table and gestures silently to the many vacant chairs. The guests nervously sit down beside her, and await the meal that has been prepared especially for them.

After dinner, the guests tour the Inn, learning the details of its long and haunted history. Suddenly, a young madman deputies in nineteenth century attire approaches the group. Accompanied by an antique lute, she tells them what might be the most frightening tale of all.

It is a tale that must remain a secret.

At the conclusion of her story, the group is released onto the streets of Lambertville, New Jersey. Their memories will not be easy to forget, but that is Jeffrey's intention.

"Everyone has a secret desire to see a ghost," Jeffrey says. "We set it up, put the people in the best situation possible and hope they will be able to see something paranormal. A high number of people do.

More, perhaps, than live to tell about it."

— Alec Harris

The Rise of the House of Edgar Allan Poe

Dedicate yet all unattended, on this desert land uncharted, by this house by Horror haunted. — Edgar Allan Poe, The Raven

In the tell-tale heart of this scruffy city rests a large, black raven, its wings ominously casting their shadow on the cold brick of the old house behind it. The raven is only a statue, but it rests comfortably on its pedestal, eternally guarding the place that once housed the man who made the raven a symbol of spine-tingling horror.

This is the house of Edgar Allan Poe.

Inside, there are several women from the National Historic Sites Administration marching around, explaining to the tourists about Poe and decreeing his image as a writer of horrifying tales. Poe is represented as a struggling young author and poet in the jungle of the magazine world in Philadelphia, circa 1843. There is absolutely no mention of the drug addiction, alcoholism, and gambling that were usually thought of as the cause of Poe's financial and emotional strife.

While the house has been open since August of 1993, it is still being researched and renovated.

"We hope to drop the stereotype that Poe only wrote horror stories," says Ornitho Bloom, a tour guide. "None of Poe's houses have an air of horror."

But the basement in which the points out seems to be a blueprint description of the one in "The Black Cat," which was published during Poe's 11-month stay, along with "The Gold Bug" and "The Tell-Tale Heart."

And the stark white rooms contain only one piece of "phone furniture," a huge object which represents the rooms' assumed purpose. In one room there is a low bed frame where one can imagine Poe's young wife as she was slowly eaten away by tuberculosis.

"There is a repeating theme in Poe's work of the beautiful, young, dying woman," says Bloom.

Despite the efforts of the qualified personnel at the house to change Poe's image, they must rely on that very image to encourage visitors. This Halloween weekend, the Edgar Allan Poe House will hold candlelight tours, from 4 to 5 PM.

"... And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting."

— Elizabeth Abbe

Bring Me a Glass and Two Stroh's

A new beer-slinger has sauntered into town with six packs blazing, Stroh's, the Detroit-based brewery which last year took over Schlitz and Schaeffer, just last week began to market and distribute their Premium and Stroh's Light brands in Philadelphia.

Businessmen are not exactly ready to catch the last stagecoach out of town. Stroh's, the perennial provenor of ballpark beer, is not focusing at the mouth. "They're just another competitor," says company president William T. Ellor. "The figures about what they are planning to spend on marketing are probably overestimated."

Sales response thus far has been enthusiastic, according to Fred Kline, the manager of Brewer's Outlet at 4th and Pine. Tom Laxa, owner and manager of Doc's, concurs. He plans to do some in-house advertising and may even put Stroh's on tap. Pat Ryan, manager at Smock's, is less impressed. He says there has been only a "little talk" about the product.

And what of the beer's "guise index?" The experts disagree. Schmidt's President Ellor thinks that although Stroh's is a fine beer, it pales next to his own product. "It is lighter than ours in character and taste," he says. "I'd say that it's similar to Budweiser."

Oddly enough, Kline of Brewer's Outlet compares Stroh's most closely to Christian Schmidt's Classic. "I didn't freak out over it," he says.

Stroh's executives have high hopes for this untapped market, while the other beer companies in the area would probably like to see the move snipped in the bud. If sales do turn flat, there's a good possibility that this rookie brewer might be sent back to the back of the beer league.

— Philip Rothschild
**'Halloween III:' The Witch is Out of Season**

By Joseph Rosenzweig

What do killer robots, computer chips, Halloween masks, an ancient Celtic ritual, an Irish practical joker, and a rock from Stonehenge all have in common? Absolutely nothing, as *Halloween III: Season of the Witch* conclusively demonstrates. In trying to tie all of these elements into a traditional gory horror movie, and in trying to mix in a James Bondian end of the world plot as well, *Halloween III* collapses under the weight of overwhelming implausibility and downright stupidity.

This alleged follow-up to John Carpenter’s *Halloween I* and *II* is in fact a totally unrevised movie. It uses none of the characters from the previous two films and its premise — a demonic conspiracy to destroy the children of America through network TV — bears no resemblance to the plots of its predecessors. Written and directed by the busy Tommy Lee Wallace (he also wrote *Amishville*, *Dirty Harry Meets the Divine Miss M*), the story revolves around the sinister Silver Shamrock Halloween Mask Co., run by the mysterious Mr. Coleslaw (Dan O’Herlihy). When a novelty store owner is murdered by a Silver Shamrock robot, his daughter Stella (Shay Neufeld) and his doctor (Tom Atkins) set off to investigate. They soon discover the conspiracy and spend the rest of the movie fleeing homicidal robots that are protecting the mask maker’s roll plot. O’Herlihy gives a decent, campy performance, but Atkins and Neufeld are as plastic as the neoprene cyborgs chasing them.

The screenplay lurches to its cinematic Halloween countdown, somehow connecting the rock, the Celtics, and all the rest. It seems as if Wallace made up this mess as he went along. He fares better as director, handling the suspense scenes well, and the music by ex-executive producer John Carpenter and Alan Howarth helps to heighten the tension. But the utter ridiculousness of the story destroys any impact the shock scenes could have, such as when Atkins convinces two TV stations to immediately cease broadcasting by calling them from a pay phone in a gas station.

The original *Halloween* is a fine horror movie, one that achieves realism in spite of its shoe-string budget. *Halloween III*, with a much greater budget, has abandoned realism for soundstages fall of special effects and a deliberately failing to involve its characters. The plot line that Carpenter said for *Season of the Witch* is that it has its moments. But there are more tricks that treat.

**It’s a Bird! It’s a Plane! It’s a Priest!**

*in Frank Perry’s *Monsignor*, directed by Frank Perry at Sam’s Place*

By Andrew Hargieu

Judging from his portrayal of a Catholic priest turned Vatican financier, Christopher Reeve is better off playing two-dimensional comic book heroes. In *Frank Perry’s *Monsignor*, Father John Fetherly (Reeve), jeopardizes his priestly vows by falling in love with a postulant nun, played by Genevieve Bujold. Reeve’s interpretation of the innocent cleric is unconvincing. He is neither corrupt nor honest, neither adamant nor penitent. Instead of internal conflict and struggle over the latent duality of Fetherly’s nature, we get a few tears, a sob or two, and an occasional confession.

Despite Reeve’s less-than inspired performance, the movie does have some good points. Jason Miller (*The Exorcist*) is convincing in his role as boss Don Appolino. Thomas Milian is also quite good as Brother Francisco, a devout, hard-working priest who tries to expose Fetherly’s misdeeds to the Pope and the Congregation of the Doctrine of the Faith. However, it is Anita Gillette as Bonita, an aspiring singer who persuades two TV stations to broadcast her performance of “Dirty Harry Meets the Divine Miss M” on television, that is really the highlight of last season’s Oscar telecast. She is a scrunching, pathetic woman whose hair and green dress contradicted the good, brashly humorous one we would expect.

The plot concerns Miller and a young bank of beer/cake named Willie (Ken Wahl), a dealer who has been hired by Bonita’s nasty, alcoholic husband, Harold (Chip Torn). The climax is a car chase, and Miller barely manages to beat Harold at blackjack and he is fired from the casino after casino while Harold continually beats the house. In an effort to break

(Continued on page 11)
34th Street asks Philadelphians two unbelievably important and incredibly significant questions:

What do you think Ronald Reagan should wear for Halloween?

What would you wear if you were invited to the Reagans' Halloween gala?

Interviews by Richard Pliskin
Photos by Leslie Dorfman
Scene 1: The happy-go-lucky writer and his sidekick, the indolent photographer, cruise out of the City of Brotherly Love and onto the Benjamin Franklin Bridge. With nary a care in the world, the two set out on a fact-finding mission, in search of those places of interest, those beautifully hidden delicacies and diamonds in the rough, that can only be found by taking more than just a superficial look at the city.

The sun shines briefly, then tucks its fingers into its sleeve and pulls on its hood like an executioner readying for the kill. All is gray. The Doors' "The End" blares through the fuzzy speaker of the battered blue Omega's FM converter. Their minds wander. They wander back. Only moments ago, sheet terror.

Flashback: They had prepared for the trip gleefully. They are McDonald's hamburgers, and as the wind raised the bristles on the backs of their necks, the writer and the photographer walked to the car. It was an Omen. An Omen to make Damien proud. The front right tire was flat.

So the two lost souls worked. And labored. And worked some more. And finished their McDonald's. And hurped exorizes. And headed out to confront the unknown Camden.

Scene 2: The boys enter the city. They're over the bridge. There's that Campbell's Soup factory. They pull around the close-loop of the road, and follow the dirty signs. They reach the building, and there security guards greet them. With billy clubs and black-jacks.

"Wait!" the two boys cry. "We've lost! They lie.

"You must be," answers a guard, the one with no front teeth. "This is Camden."

They all laugh, and the ice is broken into large, unclean chunks. Campbell's Soup, infamous creator of the canned broth with the goofy kid's ugly little face on the label, has closed, but the guards are helpful anyway.

"If you want something exciting," they say, "go downtown. But be careful. It's not safe. No, you'll be O.K. Just don't get out of your car."

The two dusty warriors re-embark. It is decided. The next stop will be Walt Whitman's tomb, the safest place in Camden on Halloween, or Saturday night. They're brave, yes they are. And stupid.

Scene 3: The road is long and dusty, littered with boarded-up stores and homes. The two boys in their battled-out war machine are driving down the long stretch, heading for their destination, hoping not to get caught at any of the lights.

As the boys go deeper and deeper into Camden, they start to realize: They have left the crowd on the truck.

It is said that he who hesitates is lost. They are lost. In Camden. The situation worsens. There is a sign-post up ahead. It shines like a glittering beacon in the distance. The relief doesn't last long. The sign says "High Occident Area.

The boys turn the car around. People stare, but they are friendly. See? One is waving a stick. The boys are evened up, so they will claw and grab at anything that doesn't last long, the sign says "High Occident Area."

Scene 4: There is one real building in Camden. It stands near City Hall. It's the only restaurant in town. It's called McDonald's.

McDonald's: a landmark whose clientele looks like a mixture of circus rejects and mutations. The greatest assemblage of living pimple ever to grace on the pimple that is Camden. But the boys don't care. No, they're care-free, happy-go-lucky kinda guys. And there isn't no way they're going into that McDonald's.

So the boys park on the street, near the Probation Department. The car is safe there; the man in the car behind them is running his engine and waiting for his friend to come out of the liquor store. He'll keep an eye on it.

As the boys head toward City Hall, a strange chirping breaks the FBI monotony of the grey street. The boys look around for pigeons, but there are none. The noise persists.

Then they see it. A living sickness. Poor, destitute wino with grey stubble is sitting on the scum-laced curb across the street, wheezing shrilly as if he were a bird. He gets up, and starts to walk across the street, still flapping his atrophying wings and missing his patched, chipped lips. The boys forgot the crowd again, so they turn and walk into City Hall.

A policeman greets them. He's a cool guy on the side of the law. The boys say they want to see the prison upstairs. The cop takes them up.

There is a barred, steel door at the entrance to the cell-block, but the boys are not allowed to go any further. "These people there are animals," says the cop, smiling. He says they will claw and grab at anything that comes near them. The boys are excited.

"But," says the cop, "it's safer in there than it is out on the street." He laughs heartily.

Scene 5: The boys are ready to leave City Hall, so the policeman answers some questions.

"South Camden is bad," he warns. "Be careful. Don't get out of your car, and if you do, be careful."

"What about north Camden?"

"North Camden is worse," he says.

The boys leave City Hall. Right across the street there is a bus station. The boys go to the station. It's the closest...
thing Camden has to a zoo, they think.

But the bus station is boring, so they start to leave. On the way out, there is a Thing, an obese, bloated Thing that looks like it's spent the last month drowning and dead in the Schuykill. And this grimy embodiment of Jack Spratt's wife is occupying a bench and swigging from a bottle in a brown paper bag. Naturally, the boys glance at this national monument to Camden, and what does she do? She gets wise.

The wretch roars at the boys like Chewbacca and tries to spit liquidy mucus from the rear of her tonsils at them, but it's too late. The bus is too late to run over the slob. The boys ride the crest of her odorous wave back to the car.

Scene 6: The boys head to the shore. They glance across the Delaware River at home. Philadelphia, freedom. The year is 1982. Camden has become the nation's maximum security prison. There is no Escape from Camden. It's sunny in Philly. The clouds hang over Camden in mushroom-like formations.

The boys leave. This time they really do go to Walt Whitman's grave. As they drive, they see three poor people stranded on a fork in the road at the "High Accident Area." The people look frightened, but the two heroes don't stop because they see a carload of gentlemen approaching to help, and the people have crowbars and can-openers with knives on them. One of the men scowls menacingly at the boys. He is not a nice guy.

Finally, they reach the graveyard. A guard across the street tells the boys that it is closed — probably to protect the ghosts.

"Be careful, boys," the elderly gentleman says, "Don't go too far down.

"Which way?" the boys ask.

"Either way," he says as he points. "Be careful! It isn't safe, and it's getting dark." The guard picks up his M-16 and leaves.

It is evident that there are even Wharton students in Camden. The graveyard is right next to a hospital.

The photographer photographs. The writer writes. Walt talks in the light. The graveyard is serene; the gate and fence around it keep the cage that is outside closed.

The boys sense the impending darkness raging full-out down like a herd of buffalo being stampeded off the cliff into the waiting arms of the Indians' wives. There's nowhere to hide.

Scene 7: The boys hop into their cruise-mobile and head back to the city. They take on a different light. It's right at home in the dark; the dirt is hidden. The boys decide that it's time to check out downtown. Broadway, it is called by the townies.

Broadway, it ain't no theater district, it's a washed-up and discarded disintegrating urban ghost town. What was vacant during the day is now teeming with maggots, writhing up and down the strip of chafing sidewalk known to them as home.

Coney Island Joe's Tattoo Parlor competes with Sailor Eddie's in a battle more fierce than a toothpaste war. After a lengthy discussion, the boys decide not to go inside. They don't want to scare away any customers.

Further down the road, the boys pause for a photograph. The artist steps out from behind the wheel, but leaves the engine running for a quick get-away. As he gets back into the car, an alarm sounds. The boys are startled.

Four ragged waifs wearing designer jeans scuffle down the street whooping like banshees. The teenagers scurry away from the light area and go down a back alley with their loot.

The curious boys start to follow. They see the alley. It is dark, but chains and switchblades still gleam in the distance. They leave the delinquents on their own. Maybe they'll grow up to be doctors, they think. The boys don't want to ruin any careers.

Scene 8: The photographer feels shackled behind the wheel, so the boys switch, and the neurotic writer takes over. The photographer senses an aura around some of the more illuminated scenes of Camden's night life, so they head back down the strip to finish the job.

Although the street lights shine dimly, it is darker than the inside of a crypt, but not quite as pleasant when the boys stop. The photographer steps out after removing the...
We Can’t Pay! Nobody Should

We Can’t Pay? We Won’t Pay!
Society Hill Playhouse
507 South 6th Street

By Cindy Brach

The Society Hill Playhouse is a small community theater whose actors and technicians make their livings outside the theater. And that’s a good thing, too. The current production of Dario Fo’s We Can’t Pay? Who Won’t Pay? is one of their all-time worst.

The female lead, Antonia (Deen Kogan), gets away with putting some of the food under her coat — making her look pregnant. The rest of the cast consists of tall (Herman Osterneck), putting bundles of food during a supermarket riot. Antonia’s best friend Margherita (Lisa Poulton), attempts to hide the stolen merchandise from Antonia’s husband Giovanni (Herman Osterneck), pulling her in doing the same.

However, the basic ideas are intriguing: How are the workers to survive when they are not paid in their work outside the theater? They make their livings outside the theater. And actors and technicians make their livings outside the theater. And that’s a good thing, too. The current production of Dario Fo’s We Can’t Pay? Who Won’t Pay? is one of their all-time worst.

The best of the leads is Deen Kogan, who is more consistent and interesting than the others. However, she too has some flat stretches. The script is too focused on the rest of the cast. The performances are not convincing. Jay Kogan’s direction is erratic, dull direction. His direction is only an annoyance device.

The House set designed by Igor and housing? What does society owe its lowest paid workers? Fo answers these questions by advocating anarchy. He tries to support this view with intellectual analysis, but a sophisticated discussion between two factory workers on subjugation and exploitation is not convincing. Since the working class is his mouthpiece, Fo should have stuck to a working class perspective. In- stead he endows characters who are worthless in a film that relies on corporeal funny and unpleasant poor Is.

The best of the leads is Deen Kogan, who is more constant and interesting than the others. The film is too focused on the rest of the cast. The performances are not convincing. Jay Kogan’s direction is erratic, dull direction. His direction is only an annoyance device. Fo answers these questions by advocating anarchy. He tries to support this view with intellectual analysis, but a sophisticated discussion between two factory workers on subjugation and exploitation is not convincing. Since the working class is his mouthpiece, Fo should have stuck to a working class perspective. Instead he endows characters who wouldn’t know anything about Mars with a Marxist understanding of the forces of history. Jay Kogan’s direction is awkward, but it is better than he bargained for: she enlists his aid in a scheme to get into a scheme to bump off her sadistic spouse. Mülter’s script is hardly a thriller, but he is a generous writer. The performances are not convincing. Jay Kogan’s direction is erratic, dull direction. His direction is only an annoyance device.

We Can’t Pay! Nobody Should

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For Lunch: This week: chicken dressings
50¢ off your next salad
1 or soup and salad combination of Sandwiches
This offer is good only on 11-30-82 and up to 4 PM. One coupon per person.
Open November 30, 1982

The Curtis Organ Restoration Society presents

The Phantom of the Opera
Sun, Oct. 31, 5:45, 7:40, 9:40
Irvine Theatre

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We Can’t Pay! Nobody Should
The erstwhile ones are everywhere and nowhere. On almost every street, in every neighborhood, they are only visible to those who know where to look. When darkness falls, their strange talloman glows in the dim shadows and dim alleyways with an eerie neon only visible to those who know where to look. When Sister Rita, on 11th and Walnut, doesn't need the room 40th Street and has Caspei the Friendly Ghost win puzzling silence. Miss White's palmistry shop is located in the City, (enter Street, in lownhouses and storefronts in wise theii mystical an in galleries and lofts on South Street. The healers, advisors, and prayerful reverends, they practice their mystical art in galleries and lofts on South Street, in townhouses and storefronts in Center City, and in tenements and refurbished furniture stores in West Philadelphia.

Most psychics prefer not to reveal too much about themselves. They shroud their mystical acumen in a puzzling silence. Mrs. White's palmistry shop is located on 40th Street and has Caspei the Friendly Ghost window decorations. She has no time to discuss her work, Sizer Rita, on 11th and Walnut, doesn't need the publicity, as she is "nationally known." Mrs. Miller, with her extensive advertising campaign and fashionable brick townhouse in Society Hill, may well be the Cadillac of psychic readers. But although she promises in her posters on the #2 Bus that "whatever you want to know, she can tell you," Mrs. Miller does not even tell her first name when reached on the telephone.

When, then, are the members of this spiritual society, the purveyors of this strange trade, with its vaguely Roman Catholic overtones? Are they as transcending as their forbidding habitats suggest? And why, exactly, are they drawn to a profession where they spend most of their time staring out of windows like homeless puppies? There are mystics who are willing to dance in the beaded curtains that inevitably adorn their parlors and speak openly about themselves and their psychic abilities. Perhaps it is only through them that one can hope to catch a glimpse of the secret lives of psychic readers.

Lady Madam Trying to Make Ends Meet

"Madonna" is a busy person. Between doing the laundry, buying groceries, and picking up after her pre-school aged children, she must reserve time for her demanding work. She is the proprietor of "Readings by Madonna," a fortune-telling establishment on 3rd Street just below South. Her second-story apartment, strewn over a Tinker's emporium, doubles as her reading parlor. The parlor is set off from the main room by a bamboo curtain; the client and reader sit in the same wicker chairs. The arrangement poses difficulties, such as when the kids decide to play with the tarot cards, scattering them all over the floor. But Madonna tries to make the best of it. "Business is going well now," she says, "I don't want to mess it up."

A dark woman with a slight accent, Madonna seems like any other merchant. She and her children dress casually, blending in with the South Street scene. But she is the first to admit that her profession is out of the ordinary. "It's not like a bagel store," she says. Madonna knows that people feel a little reluctant to seek her out. "People think it's scary, they're afraid to come up here," she says. She finds it difficult to explain psychic reading, and thinks that this may discourage people.

According to Madonna, about 75% of the people who come to see her are skeptical. "They come here, laugh at what I say," she says. This attitude doesn't affect Madonna's willingness to tell their fortunes, but she says that people should come for a different reason. "I hope people will get more confidence from me," she says. "I try to give a direction to their life." She is motivated by a strong belief in God. Madonna charges $7 for a standard reading. Her rates range from $3 to $25 for other readings depend- ing on the depth of the meditation. Her method varies with each client; with some she uses "Hindu techniques" 10 develop her se- cretive psychic spiritual, besides serving as a reading room, Diane's shop is a gallery, dominated by an enormous canvas of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Diane's paintings, tarot cards, and neighbors walk in and out of the tastefully furnish- ed studio. She says that her store's appearance attracts people, and that her business is helped by the crowds that gather in front of Ripley's Magic Hall across the street. Diane says that this business may fade in the future, but isn't all that worried. "You can take the jewelry business anywhere," she says. "It's the same thing with astrology.

Astrological Gallery offers one of the best bargains in the parapsychological universe, providing a basic horoscope reading for $3.50. At a similar price for a reading at her store, the client gets a more personal interpretation. Tarot cards are used in a standard psychic reading, however. For clients who want long range presence, $20 will buy a full hour reading. This takes a day for Diane to prepare, primarily because she must use "mathematical logarithms." She refuses to use an elec- tronic calculator. "I prefer to use the old-fashioned way and pen and pen- cil," she says. "I'm accustomed to it."

Diane discovered she was psychic when she began to have premonitions dreams at age eleven. Since then she has used "Hindu techniques" to develop her se- cond sight, which she believes is latent in everyone. "When I'm doing a reading, I see a little movie running behind my mind," she says. "It's like a phrase reading stems from her religious beliefs. "People are the masters of their own fates," she says. "The honest psychic reader can help a person to know himself and how he can meet his future." And what about the frauds? "Well, there are frauds in computer science, too."

In the end . . .

The hearts of investigators may cause confusion in the uranium. "If you just stop at a place with a palm in the highway, you're liable to be disappointed," says Elliot Alexander of Psychic Sciences, Inc., a profes- sional organization of psychic readers and astrologers based in Philadelphia. "There's no way a person can be in the business anywhere."

"Psychic reading is at a plateau," he continues, "I see no serious interest in the psychic business. Many people understand more about what triggers the ability in psychics."

Thus stands the world of the spirits, in this transient moment, this corner of the space-time continuum. Philadelphia, Halloween, 1982. The unknown future stretches ahead like a road that no one has ever walked in the reader's window. And the past trails behind, leaving a dark residue of dried-up tea leaves and shattered crystal balls.
There are No British Rock and Roll Bands

By Jimmy Guterman

There's no such thing as a British rock and roll band. Bits may perform rock and roll, but rock ain't British. It can't be. Even though a majority of the rock audience suffers from terminal Anglosclerosis, this painful fact must be recognized and talked to an American music; it forces us, creators, and R&B in some inexplicable way. For twenty years, British bands have flown over the Atlantic to invade American concert halls and airwaves, and it's about time we fought back.

Take The Beatles. Sure, they had tremendous harmonic and compositional ability, but let's look at their first British album, Please Mr. Moon. There are seven curtain tracks written by Americans. In 1964 Lennon was asked his favorite music and he named Allen and Phil Spector artists, quintessential Americans. The whole British Invasion just refined The Beatles Formula, integrating American sounds like Bobby Fuller's and Eddie Cochran into their "original" music. Things aren't any better now, either. Elvis Costello, for instance, is a superior talent, but for all intents and purposes, he is American. His own name recalls two famous Americans, and his most recent albums have been tributes to B. B. King, Gran Passuns, and Cale Porter, American all.

In the late 70's, something entirely British happened to rock and roll (thank God). The political events that wrought the advent of punk could not have occurred here in The New World. Punk was a direct challenge to the complacency of the music world, both here and on that island. Only two bands from that enormous scene, The Sex Pistols and The Clash, broke through the stiff upper lip to produce a truly revolutionary sound. Let's see what happened to those two bands, shall we?

The Police came to America and broke up while The Clash came over and absorbed our sounds. No, not bored with the U.S.A., anymore, are you, fellow? If I hear Joe Strummer try to be Kurt, I'm one more time I'll gonna steal his beloved (fake mohawk) and trash him too.

So what's going on? There's a synthesizer epidemic in the Land of King George III. The Human League's voices are as machinelike as the synthesizer banks they whine over, and The Jam is following. The Clash into new territory because Paul Weller has run out of ideas. Their new single, "The Bernsteiner Pill," is wonderfully overblown pop, but it's got the originality of Crystal Ship.

It's at the point where two bands of equal merit, one American and one British, will vie for a club date or a record contract and the later will get it JUST BECAUSE THEY'RE BRITISH.

The solution? British bands must be outlawed. If someone from the other side of the pond wants to be a rock and roll star, he's going to have to prove over here. We're probably going to have to make a couple of laws to make sure they're under control, but it's worth the effort and expense. Perhaps we can locate them above the MN Clinic, or I don't really care in some place called Love Canal is very cheap.

And you thought we won the war.

Music

Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five

The Message

Sugarhill

Great rap music comes natural- ly to us. In Grandmaster Flash and The Furious Five. In the last two years they have helped raise the genre to a level where "Grandmaster Flash and The Furious Five's "Fight the Power," "Freedom," "Birthday Party," and "Flash and the Furious Five" begin to sound like a narcissistic and reasonable perspective. At least the British and the German guy were honest about their blues for a while.

Then there's The Who, who are finally packing it in. Yeah, Pete's a genius, but the guy's an American. Anyone who plays Marvin Gaye and James Brown songs live while taking more than ten minutes to talk his lead vocalist out of singing with an American accent, has clearly declared his allegiance.

The whole British Invasion just refined The Beatles Formula, integrating American sounds like Bobby Fuller's and Eddie Cochran into their "original" music. Things aren't any better now, either. Elvis Costello, for instance, is a superior talent, but for all intents and purposes, he is American. His own name recalls two famous Americans, and his most recent albums have been tributes to B. B. King, Gran Passuns, and Cale Porter, American all.

In the late 70's, something entirely British happened to rock and roll (thank God). The political events that wrought the advent of punk could not have occurred here in The New World. Punk was a direct challenge to the complacency of the music world, both here and on that island. Only two bands from that enormous scene, The Sex Pistols and The Clash, broke through the stiff upper lip to produce a truly revolutionary sound. Let's see what happened to those two bands, shall we?

The Police came to America and broke up while The Clash came over and absorbed our sounds. No, not bored with the U.S.A., anymore, are you, fellow? If I hear Joe Strummer try to be Kurt, I'm one more time I'll gonna steal his beloved (fake mohawk) and trash him too.

So what's going on? There's a synthesizer epidemic in the Land of King George III. The Human League's voices are as machinelike as the synthesizer banks they whine over, and The Jam is following. The Clash into new territory because Paul Weller has run out of ideas. Their new single, "The Bernsteiner Pill," is wonderfully overblown pop, but it's got the originality of Crystal Ship.

It's at the point where two bands of equal merit, one American and one British, will vie for a club date or a record contract and the later will get it JUST BECAUSE THEY'RE BRITISH.

The solution? British bands must be outlawed. If someone from the other side of the pond wants to be a rock and roll star, he's going to have to prove over here. We're probably going to have to make a couple of laws to make sure they're under control, but it's worth the effort and expense. Perhaps we can locate them above the MN Clinic, or I don't really care in some place called Love Canal is very cheap.

And you thought we won the war.

Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five

The Message

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And you thought we won the war.
Blasters: Just Revivalists?

The Blasters

Over There - Live at the venue, London

Spike Woen

The Blasters' 1981 Slash LP and supporting tour established them as one of America's premier rock 'n' roll bands. Their commitment to reverence of rock's roots, especially blues and rockabilly, recalls Creedence Clearwater Revival. But what sets them apart from the classics is their desire to evolve. The Stray Cats are lead guitarists Dave Alvin's songs. His driving, hook-laden compositions hyper evoke classic early rock and roll, from Elvis to Eddie Cochran, but eschew nostalgia. As the band's feature lies in Alvin's songwriting, Over There, mostly consisting of covers, is a misstep.

This six-song EP, recorded on the last night of The Blasters' British tour, probably looked like a good idea on paper. Following the band's signing a distribution agreement with Warners Brothers, they began to garner commercial notice, but didn't intend to go into the studio until next month to begin work on the follow-up. A live disc keeping The Blasters in the news, and the price ($4-5) won't hurt sales.

The band's choice of outside material for the EP is impeccable. They play everything from Jerry Lee Lewis' "High School" on Elvis Presley's "I Don't Want You Anymore" to Little Richard's "Keep a' Knockin'," but covers aren't what this band is about. By including only one original track, the three-year-old "I Don't Want To," The Blasters come off as no more than a good revival band. And they're much more than that.

--- Jimmy Cavanagh

White and Blacks Fade To Grey

James White and The Blacks

Sex Martyr: Animal

In the late 70's, when he was known as James Chance, James White received critical acclaim as the leader of the Contortions, a discordant, avant-garde outfit which was an integral part of New York's "no-wave" movement. While the foundational "Contortions" sound was a thundering rhythm section and discordant guitars and keyboards, White's primal screams and Captain Beefheart-like, off-key saxophone drew most of the attention live and on vinyl. Since moving on to James White and the Blacks, the focus has shifted from the Contortions' hard-edged assault to a more structured, dance-oriented style often called "punk jazz." As his recordings have tamed, White's limitations have become increasingly apparent, causing him to fall back on riff repetition and cliched lyrics. His latest release, Sex Martyr, features not a single musical step that White hasn't already taken. The few exciting moments are largely due to Defunkt trombonist Joseph Bowie and saxophonist Luther Thomas.

The album jacket's poorly designed graphics, a hodgepodge of bright colors and unflattering band photos, hint a (he direc- tors' music inside. White's voice is ineffective without forceful musical backing, and the bass and drums have no drive. When the band does find a solid groove on "Irrresistible Impulse" and "That Old Black Magic," the tempo is not sustained and White's vocals and sax seem almost superfluous. Lackluster production by Bande's Chris Stein doesn't help, either.

The strong East Coast following that James White has developed has led him to grow complacent and rely almost entirely on old tricks to sustain his reputation. There is enough talent on Sex Martyr to make it a success, but the artistic integrity isn't there to fulfill the potential.

--- Jamie Redenstein
(Continued from page 7)

gold chain from his neck and looking inside the false compartment.

With the speed and agility of a venomous cobra lunging for a poor Indian girl's heart and making her spill her wet handkerchief that she's carrying on her hip head into the pouch on her back that houses her infant, thus dowsing the poor child while she struggles for her life, the photographer leaps into action.

With two quick snaps of the shutter, the scene is housed in his memory box. But the moves do not go unnoticed.

As chunky grey moths flutter their fan wings, the people on the street are attracted to the light of the flash. The puppets in their eyes dilate like snake eyes on the crisp of Atlantic City dice and turn to dollar signs. The zombie moves slowly toward their mark.

The boys are wearing sneakers, though, and they're off in an instant, leaving behind a trail of smoke. They smile, and head for Admiral Wilson Boulevard.

Scene 9: Strip-joins, dives, and slamy hangouts. Admiral Wilson Boulevard — a great place for a birthday party. Feeling its after a long, oh so very long day at the ranch, the boys figure on mashing up some liquor. But after a second or two, they find themselves heading for Philly. They stop at a toll booth.

"We want to turn around," the boys say to the toll collector.

The woman is nice. She stops the highway traffic. She makes cars back up. She makes the boys back up. She makes the boys drive across eight screening lanes of traffic to try to get to a barely-visible, residential dirt road without being hit.

After driving around and through and down and up and back again, the boys hit the boulevard As they are driving, a young woman runs across the street. She is wearing spiked, ankle-length boots. The car swerves to miss her. The boys think she must have a high-paying, white-collar job.

Scene 10: Life is one struggle. A struggle is a battle. A battle is war. War is Hell. Surviving Camden is a struggle in a battle in a war in Hell.

The boys struggle like a residual blood cell clinging to life in the vortex of a corpse scur- ring for the exit which will excrete them from the city's slowly contracting bowels.

Suddenly, there is light. The eyes are greeted with fire from the depths of Camden's polluted sea over the Benjamin Franklin Bridge. Back into civilization.

Philadelphia. Home sweet home. Death was right. There's no place like home.

Then again, there's no place like Camden.

To leave Camden is to leave any barrier behind, to rid oneself of the shadow of an alienated self talked into being by one's parents in Heaven.

He never sent to Camden.

**Reproduction**

FILM

* THE EXTERMINATOR * • • •  
Shawn and E.T. come up with another 99.

(Old City, 2nd and Sansom. 627-5966)

* FANTASIA *  
For the fourth time in less than two years, Disney's classics return to fill space (Old City, 2nd and Sansom, 627-5967)

* THE CHOSEN *  
Rabbi Benson stars as a 10-year-old growing up in Brooklyn: Benson Neighborhood. (Sameness, 19th & Chestnut. 567-4413)

* AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN *  
A full Gene romance that boasts an incredible performance by Lou Gossett (Billionaires, 19th and Walnut, 567-3377)

* MY FAVORITE YEAR *  
Pater D'Onor stars in the comedy directed by Robert Renaldo.

(Goldman, 15th A Chestnut, 567-4413)

* NAPOLEON *  
Milo Ggon is 50 years old and hits the Bip. The story is about Camile Coppola family fighting, the classics have a running through a whopping four hours so you get more than your money's worth. (The, 2nd & Walnut, 925-7966)

* LOLA *  
Actor Ann Fassbender look at postwar Germany (The, 2nd & Walnut, 925-7960)

* MONGOOSE *  
Christopher Reeves stars as a priest with high-spirited Remains (Sameness, 19th & Chestnut. 564-2655)

* STARTS TOMORROW *  
NATIONAL LAMPOON'S CLASS REU  
(Sameness, 19th & Chestnut. 564-2655)

* HALLOWEEN III: SEASON OF THE WITCH *  
(Walnut Street Theater, 825 Walnut St., 925-5559)

* IN \*  
(Celebration, 3680 Walnut St. 898-6791)

* TIME RIDER *  
The worst of the season Review next

* NATIONAL LAMPOON'S CLASS REU  
(Sameness, 19th & Chestnut. 564-2655)

* TRICK OR TREAT *  
Review inside

* HALLOWEEN III: SEASON OF THE WITCH *  
(Walnut Street Theater, 825 Walnut St., 925-5559)

* IN \*  
(Celebration, 3680 Walnut St. 898-6791)

* TIME RIDER *  
(Midtown, Chestnut & Broad, 567-7201)

* SCHLOK FILM FESTIVAL *  
HALLOWEEN III: SEASON OF THE WITCH  
Trick or treat Review inside

* IN \*  
(Celebration, 3680 Walnut St. 898-6791)

* TIME RIDER *  
(Midtown, Chestnut & Broad, 567-7201)

* BROADSTREET PLAYERS *  
OZ  
Call AUDITIONS FOR MALE ACTORS  
STAGE MANGERS NEEDED  
923-1590

* CAMDEN *  
Due to gallery space, we will be limited on space.

(Continued from page 7)

**Music**

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA  
Conducted by Eugene Ormandy, featuring Emanuel Ax on piano, At The Academy, 1029-010.

* BERU REVUE *  
Rock 'n' Broadway Halloween Party, at The Chestnut Guarantor. 560 PM. 10-30

* STUPA *  
Tang Monk Day in Upper Darby. At The Tower. 7:10 PM.

* YELLOWMAN/JAHRESLAM *  
The new king of dub comes to The Chestnut Guarantor. 7:10 PM.

* MILES DAVIS *  
Last time he was in Philadelphia, he was in great demand. Go! Go! At Keystone Auditorium. 800 PM. 11-15

* RENOWD VOOD *  
And Go! have finally landed a distribution deal with a major, just like if I were to go to this place, which is at The Tower 9:00 PM, 11-17.

* JERRY GARCIA BAND *  
I'd rather not discuss it. At The Tower, 10:30 PM, 11-19.

* RED SPEEDWAGON/SURVIVOR *  
We're the Spectrum. 800 PM. 11/7

* MET AT WORK *  
We'll keep going. At The Spectrum. 800 PM. 11-12

* LONNIE BROOKS *  
I'm not sure what it is. At The Spectrum. 800 PM. 11-12

* PETE GABRIEL/ELECTRIC GUITARS *  
Back on the Spectrum. At The Spectrum. 800 PM. 11-12

* STRAY CATS *  
The pride of Manhattan. Long hair and leathers. At Keystone Auditorium. 800 PM. 11-17

* JOURNEY FEARING JOE STRUMMER *  
Where's the Spectrum. 800 PM. 11-19

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