Columbia goes coed; Barnard adjusts

As of midnight Sunday, the student of Barnard College was transformed into a coeducational student. The Barnard faculty and administration vowed to make the transition a smooth one.

On the eve of the transformation, Barnard President Rosemarie Helfferich addressed the New York Times: "The transition to coeducation demands a lot from everybody, but it is a good decision. The overall atmosphere on campus is positive, and the faculty and students are eager for the change." Ms. Helfferich also stated that the transition was not without its challenges, but the Barnard community was committed to making the change successful.

However, the transition was not without its challenges. Students and faculty alike faced the daunting task of adjusting to the new environment. Some students expressed concern about the lack of privacy and the potential for increased conflicts. Others were excited about the opportunity to expand their social and educational horizons.

Despite these challenges, the Barnard administration was confident in its ability to manage the transition. "We have planned for this change and are ready to welcome the new students," said Barnard Vice President for Administration John Smith. "We are committed to making sure that our students feel welcome and supported in this new environment." Smith also expressed confidence in the Barnard community's ability to adapt and thrive in this new setting.

As the sun rose on Monday morning, Barnard students and faculty alike embarked on a new chapter in the school's history. The transition to coeducation was a momentous occasion, and the Barnard community was poised to face the challenges and opportunities that lay ahead.

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Student musicians find road to stardom has its sour notes

By JEFFERY GOLDBERG

So you want to be in the talent show? Maybe just a bass clarinet solo in a chamber band that meets more than once a semester.

The competition is high. You don't want to be just another bass clarinet. You want something to say. You want to make the audience love you. You want to say something that musical preparation are not enough. "Forming a band is more than just getting a group of musicians together, practicing a few Top 40 songs and going to some movies and parties," he said.

Huntchinson should know. His first band, Foreplay, washed out six months ago to a new one together, a task he says is "extremely hard." Huntchinson said "...it's a matter of being able to do the things that have been done before..." He said "...it's a good idea to have a few bands in the group..."

"You have to know the right time to practice. People in college bands are full-time students, and it is very hard to make enough money in our schedule. For some time now we've been partying... Right now, we are pretty much:

"We're not very good at this right now, but we don't have any time to practice."

"You can make a band work because you find that they have to give their practices..."

"Occasionally you find a band that are consistently good, but for the most part a band never knows where races are..."

"For some time now we've been partying... Right now, we are pretty much..."

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"For some time now we've been partying... Right now, we are pretty much..."
Les Demoiselles

More words to sing at football games, and the Grenada War continues to rage.
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THE DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN – Thursday, October 27, 1983 PAGE 5
**El Salvador exile speaks today**

After the speech, there will be a rally against the Reagan Administration at 4 p.m. on College Hall lawn. The speaker will then hand out a petition to be signed and a letter for students to send to U.S. Congressmen. The petition is to be delivered to the headquarters of the United Nations in New York, and will be forwarded to the United Nations in Geneva.

**Youths arrested for theft**

He said a 16-year-old boy was arrested by Philadelphia Police and his two companions were released after they were charged with theft. The youths were arrested for theft at a local store.

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Admission: $3

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**SAC elects three to finance panel**

A wine and cheese reception will follow

Thursday, October 27th, 4:30-6:30 pm

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**SAC elects three to finance panel**

By: Craig Godfrey Smith

El Salvadoran exile, Escobar, even (group.

Solidarity member of the Central American

Workers' Alliance, Graduate Student Asso-

ciation, International Student Asso-

ciation, and also recognized the new cam-

paign of the Committee for a New Con-

structive Peace Policy in Central America.

The speech is one in a series of events to

promote solidarity within the United States

and to pressure the Reagan Administra-

tion. The speech is one of the many ways

to turn up the heat on the Reagan Admini-

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to turn up the heat on the Reagan Admini-

strations.
Profs split over Grenada
(Continued from page 1)
"...We send a clear message to the Sandinistas, the Cubans and the Soviets that there are limits to the administration's ability to use force in international affairs," he said. "It is a smart move, coordinated with potential allies and put forward in the right spirit. It will suit the Soviets' heart."

McCracken said he believes the United States will make the Soviet Union "more anxious about its presence in the eastern Caribbean, particularly in the Grenada region."

He said "We violated another country's sovereignty, and we also violated another country's sovereignty" and "We're talking about everything but the threat to life or limb." He warned that "We're talking about everything but the threat to life or limb." He added: "We're talking about everything but the threat to life or limb."

He said: "We're talking about everything but the threat to life or limb."

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He said: "We're talking about everyt...
Prof speaks on rape in society

Dr. ROSLYN LEVINE

Certain issues of Reproductive Rights remain a high incidence of rape in all societies. The focus of the evening will be sexual assault in the United States. The question is not whether rape is a problem, but how prevalent it is. As an advocate of reproductive rights and Women’s Rights, it is important to understand the incidence of rape in society, as the movement's goals are to reduce incidence.

Ninety percent of men arrested for raping women are not convicted and the women who do report are not believed. According to the anthropologist, author of Female Power and Male Power, women are perceived as dehumanized. In many instances, women are portrayed as animals. This manipulation of perception is due to the desire to control women. If a woman is perceived as not being human, then she cannot have rights. If women are perceived as human, then they have rights.

In a rape-prone society, women are suspect. Men who lack control over their sexuality are seen as animalistic. The manipulation of perception is due to the desire to control women. If a woman is perceived as not being human, then she cannot have rights. If women are perceived as human, then they have rights.

The President of the College House: Health and Society.

Candidates must be tenured members of the University faculty who are interested in undergraduates, committed to the ideal of the University. The position is a new one and is funded through the College House. The position is a new one and is funded through the College House.

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Dr. Peyton R. Helm

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Direct all communications and questions to:

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Lunch 11:30 - 1:30

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Football a bond for father and son

Buckeye, Ohio "My dad and I are both

soccer fans. And the way I look at it, we

both love the game."

Bob McInerney says that his son's

continued love for soccer has

been a source of comfort for him

since the tragic death of his wife.
His son, John, is now a

student at the University of

Pennsylvania, and Bob

continues to support him

throughout his college career.

Bob McInerney knew that his son

would be home for the holiday

weekend, and he was thrilled

to see him.

"I knew it was special then," said

Bob McInerney.

"Butter"

(Continued from back page)

"For all the time I was up there," said

Butter.

"He was my best friend."}

"I very much I go home and see my

dad in good condition, it's like win-

ning a lottery."

John, of course, won't be playing

football this year. He suffered an injury

injury in his senior year and has had to

miss the entire season.

Butter was in the stands cheering for

the Quakers during the

upcoming game against Princeton.

"It'll be the first time he has been in

the stands to watch a game since the

Quakers lost to Harvard last year," said

Butter.

"I knew it was special then," said

Bob McInerney.

"Butter" has been a faithful

companion to John during his time

at Penn. He has helped keep John on

track in his studies and has been a

supportive figure in his life.

"He was the one I wanted to talk to," said

Butter.

"I wished I was there with him."

Butter's presence has been a source of

comfort for John during his
time at Penn. He has helped

John through difficult times and

has been a constant

support.

"I hope to see him again soon," said

Butter.

"He was my best friend."

"We went through football and

soccer together. I'll never forget the
times we had."
Hi, Schuhart said. "I didn’t perform well [freshman year], but we’ve incorporated that reserved personality. ‘You either really love this or you don’t.’ Damore added. ‘We have the same chemistry.’ So, we know the feeling of being in a room together. We’re not building toward the beginning. We’re not an individual team. There is a whole idea of being a freshman at Penn because the team’s really high caliber. It’s been four years of great team chemistry, then the key to San-..."
Sandy Schuhart: “The team depends on her to be a rock, and she is.”

[Continued on page 10]
The Nightmare Continues
By David R. Meiselman

Eddie Munster? • Troll Booths • Ghost Walks
On the Cover: 34th Street prepares you for this year's misanthropic Halloween with a grab bag of hauntingly sweet escapades. We hope it rains.

The Nightmare Continues: Last year's two daring young men made a miraculous journey to Camden. It was miraculous because they did it back alive. This year, they return to the pit. It's still a living nightmare on page 8.

Did he freak or is he same?: Remember Herman, Grandpa, and Lily? They lived at 1313 Mockingbird Lane. But the real question is, whatever happened to Eddie? Sabrina Eaton talks to Butch Patrick, the littlest Munster himself, on page 4.

Strange But True Tollbooth Stories: They're downright weird. Adam Dolgins took an eerie trek to the phantom Tollbooth headquarters. His daring adventures are found on page 7.

Get out! Get Oooouuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuum
Regal

Return

It's Harold
Prince with a straight play

By Susan Karlin and Brad Rosenstein

When Penn alumnus Harold Prince comes to the Annenberg Center this week as the director of Joanna McClelland Glass' Play Memory, it will mark both a return and a new direction in a career renowned for both. The new direction for Prince is toward regionalism: while Play Memory is a co-production of two top regional theaters (the McCarter Theatre of Princeton and the Annenberg), Prince has worked almost exclusively on Broadway for the last 30 years, producing and/or directing such hits as "Cabaret," "Fiddler On the Roof," "Sweeney Todd," and "Evita."

The production of Play Memory premiered October 5 and has played prior to this week's Annenberg run (where it has played for three years, almost exclusively on Broadway for the last 30 years). The show's formative stages. "There's nothing wrong with being the place where things end up," Prince says. "I think I'd be a very poor director for that. This show is a straight play, it's quite full and fluid of values that make me feel like I'm busy."

Prince breaks off in mid-sentence to give some actors, who have just entered, a note on their performances. The direction is unusual in its specificity: a physical action and the response to it to reveal character, with psychological obstacles: while the scarcity of young men performing for student theater groups and fulfilling much of the same function at WWPV is one of that institution's founders. His age, however, created certain psychological obstacles: while the scarcity of young men (because of the war) allowed easier access to theatrical activities for Prince, he "felt very, very alone," he says. "There was no relationship between what I was accomplishing and the amount of effort that was going in," Prince states. "I think a lot of that was just feeling like you were just too damned young to be doing this thing. But I got used to it."

Graduating in January of 1948, Prince sharpened his skills directing four plays at a summerstock theater in Franklin, New Jersey. From there, Steve DeBaun (who Prince had known through Mask and Wig) referred him to the office of the famed Broadway director George Abbott. Working six months without pay, Prince later went on salary as an assistant stage manager to Abbott, working with future partner Booby Griffith. In 1953, Griffith and Prince got their start in production with the Abbott written and directed smash hit "The Pajama Game." From 1954 to 1961, the partnership produced a string of hits, including "Damn Yankees" and "West Side Story" -- but it was all cut short by Griffith's abrupt death, a death that spurred a shift in Prince's perspective. "I left that there was more to living than producing shows," Prince relates. "And I saw him and he was dead. He'd made money for the first time in his life and he hadn't had a chance to enjoy it."

Shortly thereafter, Prince got married and began a family. Now he makes sure that weekends and summers are sacred. "I'm very careful about apportioning time," he says.

Prince's introduction to Broadway direction came in 1961 with the musical "A Family Affair." Initially, the show had had another director -- but it ran into serious trouble during its Philadelphia tryouts, and the producers of "Affair" began casting about for a savior. Prince wanders about the room, looking for a match to light a cigar as he tells the story. "Obviously, they had asked every qualified director to do it -- and then they asked me," he says. "I was known as somebody who wanted to direct. I was also known as somebody who had a lot of good luck and was successful. So, they thought, 'Well, if he's successful there, he might be successful here.' Do I see a match?"

During the next two weeks in Philadelphia, Prince changed 80 percent of the show, after which it went to Broadway and earned good reviews as well as a respectable run. "That set me up," he says, puffing away happily. Why the stress on musicals from a man who has expressed strong distaste for "certain kinds" of musical material? "I had an opportunity to learn a craft -- a very complex craft -- from the best," Prince says. "What am I going to do, turn that down?" Besides, he adds as he wanders the room, "I'm a very impatient fellow. So you put me in a room with a drama that doesn't move, where they just sit in chairs and talk to each other, and I think I'd be a very poor director for that. This show (Play Memory, a straight play) is quite full and fluid of values that make me feel like I'm busy."

Prince doesn't see the dearth of openings on Broadway disappearing, either. "No, I don't see how you can cut down on costs," he says. "Federal help in the commercial theater? Maybe someday. But at the moment, it's considered a highly inflammatory subject. I would think it was a good idea, because, in a weird way, there's a federal partnership going on between the people doing a show at a regional, not-for-profit theater that finally ends up on Broadway. So what's so terrible about going into partnership with a commercial manager?" If the federal government had gone into partnership with me years ago, quite a lot of money would have been made out of the arts to fund other arts.

Prince begins to squirm a little when the questioning hits the standard "What advice would you give to people seeking a career in the theater? The mechanics of the thing seem simple: if you have talent, get into regional theater, and don't run off to Broadway. But 'there just is no pattern. I mean, I'm living proof that there is no pattern... You are talking, after all, about a creative pursuit. You're talking about making art, and as such, I'm kind of inclined to think that you have to learn the craft. Watch. Learn what it is, the nuts and bolts of it." He pauses. "But then, when it gets down to the creative thing that's in your head, people are going to disapprove of it until they approve of it. Because nobody's out there to discover you and encourage you. It sounds grim. They're not. You have to push that part of you through. Hey, listen to me. I have something to say."

Penn alumnus Harold Prince comes to the Annenberg Center this week as the director of Joanna McClelland Glass' Play Memory, it will mark both a return and a new direction in a career renowned for both. The new direction for Prince is toward regionalism: while Play Memory is a co-production of two top regional theaters (the McCarter Theatre of Princeton and the Annenberg), Prince has worked almost exclusively on Broadway for the last 30 years, producing and/or directing such hits as "Cabaret," "Fiddler On the Roof," "Sweeney Todd," and "Evita."

The production of Play Memory premiered October 5 and was then transferred to the 34th Street Playhouse, where it continues to run through the end of the year.
The Aging of a Munster

Eddie Munster's grown up quite a bit since those TV days; he's even got a band. And just guess what it's called.

By Sabrina Eaton

Whatever happened to Eddie?
I'm just the kid from Mockingbird Lane
Whatever happened to Eddie?
Did I freak or go insane?

During the mid-Sixties, child actor Butch Patrick was better known as Eddie Munster, the boy-werewolf in the CBS sitcom The Munsters. But after Patrick dropped out of the industry for a few years, the fan letters stopped rolling in. Now age 30, Patrick is attempting a comeback as the lead singer and bass player for his innovatively titled band Eddie and the Monsters. The video for their debut single “Whatever Happened to Eddie" sung to the tune of The Munsters' theme is aired on MTV and promotions for the record include a “Fly to Transylvania with Eddie Munster" contest in Tiger Beat magazine. This Halloween Eddie and the Monsters will be opening for J1«MU Revue at the Ripley Music Hall, and 34th Street Magazine had a chance to talk to the little munster himself before the show.

34 Street: How did you get started in acting?

Patrick: My mom's girlfriend, years and years and years ago, wanted to be an agent. She was working for one and needed clients. She didn't have any experience necessary - they just needed pictures. She submitted them on interviews, and I got lucky and got a few parts.

34 Street: What did you start out doing?

Patrick: The first thing I did was a little B rated movie called "The Two Little Bears," which was good for me because it starred Eddie Albert and Jane Wyatt. Soup Sales, Brenda Lee. I got a good six weeks work under my belt on my first job.

34 Street: How did you get involved in The Munsters?

Patrick: I continued working. I started work when I was about seven, and I did The Munsters when I was about 11. So from seven to 11 I did a few other movies and a stint on the old Real McCoys for a year. I was on General Hospital for a while when it was in its first year. Back in the early 60s there were The Untouchables, Mr. Ed and a lot of strange television from that era - so I kept pretty busy. Then The Munsters came along. I was living in the Midwest with my grandmother at the time, and they cast me and had me down to two kids that they weren't happy with. My agent got me an interview, they flew me in. I did a screen test and got the part. I was really lucky.

34 Street: Do you really have that huge widow's peak in the middle of your head?

Patrick: No. No. That was all makeup. I would have been a strange looking kid.

34 Street: What was it like working on The Munsters? Did you enjoy it?

Patrick: Sure. It was an excellent show to do. The people were great. My parents were living on the East Coast when I was doing it and Fred [Gwynne] was like a substitute Dad for me. He was a real sweetheart and taught me a lot about acting techniques. The crew was good and it was just a real joy to do the show. At the time I didn't really think about it too much because I was young. But later in life, as I saw how rotten a show can be - I've done some shows that I wish I hadn't done, but The Munsters wasn't one of them.

34 Street: How long were you on The Munsters?

Patrick: Two years.

34 Street: Only two years? I thought that it would probably have been longer because it seems that it's always on.

Patrick: A lot of that has to do with the fact that back then we did 40 shows a year, and today a series will only do 13 shows a year. So we have 82 shows, which is the equivalent of almost six or seven years worth of shows today, so that makes it seem like it was on longer than it really was. They also rerun the heck out of it.

34 Street: Did you go to school while you were doing The Munsters?

Patrick: Whenever you're a child actor, you have to get in three hours of schooling. That's the law. They have a teacher on the set to make sure that you get it.

34 Street: Did you go back to school when you finished filming The Munsters?

Patrick: Whenever I wasn't working regularly, or long (continued on page 5)
Eddie

(continued from page 4)

345: term. I was always in public school.

345: Did anybody harass you for being Eddie Munster?

Patrick: All day long. They still do. They just said things that kids say. "Where's your dad? Where's Spot?" just anything that they could think of relating to the show. The usual type of sarcastic things that kids come up with. Probably would have done the same thing if I were in their place.

345: After The Munsters, what did you do?

Patrick: I went over to Disney and did some movies for a couple of years. I did a year on My Three Sons as a floating regular. I was Erin's best buddy. I did about 10 or 12 shows a year. I can't recall. After that I did a show called Lidsville which was on with Charles Nelson Reilly. It was a Saturday Morning type of thing where a kid falls into a fantasy world. It was the show right after Puff N Stuff by the same people. Lidsville was about hat characters. I did that for one summer, but I wasn't too crazy about it. And I did some movies, a lot of guest starring appearances on single segments of series like Marcus Welby and Bonanza. I did a couple hundred shows. I guess.

345: But then you stopped?

Patrick: Yeah. I did. I kind of screwed things up a little bit. I got tired of the business. I decided that I needed a break. I started getting interested in music, so I took a breather and started playing my guitar. I kind of sat back and tried to decide what I wanted to do with my life. As it turned out, I went to work for my dad for a couple of years. He owns poker/gambling casinos out here. I worked for him and learned the gambling business, and then decided to go back in the music business. Actually, when this whole thing started, I planned to make rock videos for other groups. We made our rock video about our project because we needed some tape to show people when they asked us. "What do you do? What style do you use? You have to have something to show them, so we made a video of our own project and then we got a record deal, and now I'm sure you're with it that we really don't have time to make anybody else's videos.

Do you really have that huge widow's peak in the middle of your head? "No, no. That was all makeup. I would have been a strange looking kid."

other credits come from. A long, long time ago.

345: You were going for teen idol status, then?

Patrick: Basically, I wasn't. They were. I was the vehicle which they were chasing. But it was a lot of fun and it was neat in the long run because this time through the business I'm not a rookie anymore. So I learned a lot of things ten years ago that are helping me out right now. I'd hate to go through the whole thing again the first time through.

345: How did you come up with the concept for Eddie and the Monsters?

Patrick: Basically by watching all the nostalgia stuff that's been on the air in the last few years. You know, Return From Gilligan's Island, Rescue From Gilligan's Island. Still the Beaver -- all those shows that have been coming on, and the syndication rights and the popularity of The Munsters in general. A couple of years ago Good Morning America called me and I had popped one of their mail-in poll lists -- a What's Happened To Who Cares? type thing. I was out at a club one night and I heard this band do the Munster's theme as part of their set, and everybody danced and liked it and had a good time with it. I started thinking how to get it, and I thought that I ought to put lyrics to the thing and record it, which is what I did. It came about as something to do on Saturday afternoon.

345: I noticed on your list of credits that you've done a number of songs before this, like "1.0.1.0."

Patrick: Those were with Metromedia. About 10 or 11 years ago, I think Herman and David Cassidy did my biggest teen idols. I had just finished that show Lidsville and some guys approached me about doing some records. I took them and said "Don't worry about it. anyone can sing." And I said, "Oh yeah? Listen to this." So they gave me some singing lessons and Metromedia signed me to a record contract for a year. "1.0.1.0." was a Bee Gees song that hit everywhere and re-promoting it with a teencybopper flavor. I also did a couple of other things. An old group called Sugarloaf who did a lot of music back then and had a big hit with "Green Eyed Lady." I went to work for them and caught a lot of publicity and did a few concerts and stuff, but it never went over as big as we'd anticipated. That's where the Lidsville, The Munsters and a few other songs I've done.

345: Have there any plans for a Munsters reunion?

Patrick: They had a show a few years ago called Revenge of the Munsters that was a real cheap NBC TV special. It was directing is where I last worked with you. It had a 20-page script, which is being sent to us right now. I'm going to submit it to Universal. And if the record does well, hopefully we can make a TV movie out of this thing, and it can turn into a series if everything goes well. That's a big "if."

345: What would this series entail? Would you be an older Eddie?

Patrick: It would probably much be "What would Eddie be doing today, 18 years later." The basic idea is that Grandpa gets a little senile and loses his powers, so he goes back to being old country to try to retrieve them. The whole family goes with him. But before he leaves, he creates these three monsters and puts me in charge of looking after them. When the house goes up for foreclosure, and the only way that we can make a living is to start doing music.

Everybody thinks that the music idea is real cool, and they think we're wearing makeup like KISS, but actually the monsters are really monsters. The guy that buys the house that went into foreclosure shows up and in his opinion the Munster Mansion is a run-down piece of junk, but he hears the music coming from the dungeon where we're practic- ing. So he comes down and decides to make a go of it and turn it into a nightclub, which becomes a big success. Finally, Grandpa comes back and turns the guy into a video game character. The manager, hopefully Sid Caesar himself. Every time a kid puts a quarter in the Caesar type character to play the manager, hopefully Sid Caesar himself.

Every time a kid puts a quarter in the machine, a little video man comes on the screen and starts screaming and yelling "Get me out of here! What do you think you're doing. I own this house! The kids think it's a game, but it's really the manager inside the video game trying to get out. We've got all this weird stuff.

345: So, is this a Monkees type thing?

Patrick: That's pretty close. It's something where you can utilize new music and new groups and the Eddie Munster character. And there'd be a little romance in it. You know, music, romance, cars, and girls -- you can go wrong.

345: It sounds more like The Kunes of Hazzard now.

Patrick: It's not going to be Gone With the Wind, but it's not going to be a bunch of old-takes from old monster shows either. It's going to be a hot scene I get a kick out of that. I don't get a kick out of bringing my script home and memorizing lines anymore. I'm sure that you've gone somewhere and seen something and thought that it would make a nice picture.

That's what I'm after right now, and it's difficult. Hopefully, I'll make some money and gain some credibility among my peers so that when I want to produce something and need backing I can say "Look what I did here. I took a child character from an 18-year-old series and turned it into a record deal/TV show." That way people believe in you. Anything that you want to make nowadays, you need financing for, and who's going to give you money if you don't have a track record? I'm trying to build up a track record. I need credibility, and learn a lot at the same time. Who's going to give you a million bucks to make a movie if you don't have anything to prove that you can do it?

345: How do you feel about that? Are you looking forward to going on a date with a Tiger Beat magazine writer?

Patrick: Pretty well. I'd say about 99 percent positive.

You can't please everybody all the time. The video got on the airwaves without even having a record contract, which is pretty rare, because you usually have to have the backing of a record label. We got it out as an independent on the local cable channels out here, started spreading it, and then got it on MTV. We got a record deal out of it with the 45. You know, it's pretty hard to sell 45s nowadays. For every 10 that are slipped, nine go back. We've sold quite a few copies, and the response has been pretty good. We've got some good promotions going. We've got this Win a Date with Transylvania thing.

345: How do you feel about that? Are you looking forward to going on a date with a Tiger Beat magazine writer?

Patrick: I'll tell you why I'm looking forward to it. First of all, they'll have a good time no matter what happens. But I've never been behind the Iron Curtain, or even to Europe before. My press people have offices in London, Paris and Amsterdam. After the date's over and the person comes to me, I'm going to stop and spend a couple of weeks in Europe promoting the record there. We're going to release it in Europe after the first of the year. But it is a little scary going in blind because you never know who you're going to wind up with.

345: I'll probably be with a 12 year old, or something.

Patrick: That's part of the game. I hope it's not, but it happens. All you can do is show them the best time that you can be and nice and polite. They deserve the same courtesy as anybody else. It's just one of those things. I guess I'm used to it, to some extent.

345: That's a good way of looking at it. Are your other songs monster oriented?

Patrick: We've got a few that are, a few that aren't. I want to do a couple of covers tunes. I got a couple of songs that I want to re-do real bad. So, on the album there'll be about six originals, two cover tunes, and the two songs that I want to make nowadays, you need time, and it's a real challenge. Acting's okay, but it's second nature to me and I get more of a kick out of going in at night and doing producing. I never could draw when I was a kid, and this way it's being with live people and film and locations. I love driving somewhere and seeing something and thinking. Now this would probably be with a 12 year old. Or something. I get a kick out of bringing my script home and memorizing lines anymore. I'm sure that you've gone somewhere and seen something and thought that it would make a nice picture.

"Fred was like a substitute Dad for me."
World’s Best Ghost Town

By Joseph Rosenzweig

It's a moonlit night in the Delaware Valley. In a remote cottage, a woman is in bed, alone. She can barely make out the shapes of the unfamiliar furniture around her in the darkness. She's awake, even though it's after midnight. There's nothing not right here, the woman knows. She waits.

Then it starts. The silence is broken by a thin sound: the woman hears it out of the corner of her ear. The creaking of bedsprings. The sighing of the bed. Something is moving. The bed frame pitches like a charging rhinoceros made out of wood. It's trying to throw the woman off the floor. Faster it pitches, faster.

"Stop it," the woman says, firmly, reasonably: she's not afraid. "I command you to stop it!"

The pitching stops. The room is still. The Devil Possessed Bed is possessed no more. Tomorrow, the woman will tell the owners of the house that their spirit is gone.

The woman is Adi Kent Thomas Jeffries, elegant and renowned psychic investigator. Her turf is the greatest ghost town in the world - New Hope, PA.

"There's no place on earth as haunted as New Hope Village," says Jeffries. "I've been all over the world and never seen such a concentration of ghosts." New Hope practically dragged her into the business of psychic investigation some 30 years ago. "I was historical editor of the magazine Bucks County Life, and whenever I would run a piece on ghost legends, I would get a flood of letters from people in the New Hope area who had seen things," says Jeffries. "At first I was skeptical, but soon her own research convinced her of the reality of such phenomena, and she dedicated herself to their study.

Hers reputation is built on cases like the Devil Possessed Bed. In that instance, the owner of the cottage came to Jeffries with their problem: no one could sleep the night in the bed without ending up on the floor. Jeffries agreed to sleep in the bed for one night. It wasn't the only time she's spent a night alone in a room considered haunted.

In addition to helping people bothered by ghosts, Jeffries has written numerous books, including an international best-seller about the Bermuda Triangle and has traced spiritual phenomenon in England, Transylvania, Russia and Italy. And she takes special pleasure in introducing people to New Hope's ghosts personally, twice a week from early spring to mid-autumn.

On any Saturday evening in late October, the psychic expert can expect to find some 60 or 70 people waiting for her at the cannon in front of the Logan Inn in New Hope. They've come to take the Ghost Walk, an annotated tour of the horrors of the town led by Jeffries. Jeffries holds Ghost Walks. Ghost Weekends, a ghost tour on a barge. George Washington and Edgar Allan Poe ghost tours. Bus tours of ghosts on the Delaware, and other morbid tours throughout the year.

Patrons of the inn restaurant might look up from their task of lunch to see Jeffries and the Ghost Walk group sloshing past the parking lot or through the fashionable Main Street shopping district in search of a bizarre experience. The chances are pretty good that they'll have one or two, one in ten, according to Jeffries. Two people have already seen apparitions on her tour this month.

Sometimes the tour goes down West Mechanic Street, sometimes down Ferry Street. Jeffries is at the head of the crowd. In her black fur coat and expensive shoes, she looks like she's on her way to the opera. She's carrying a duffel bag like a high school girl might.

The psychic investigator is always prepared to poke into any dark corner that might crop up. On Main Street, the tour passes the oldest house in New Hope, built in the 1720's. It is a massive structure hidden behind trees, barely visible in the darkness. "Arms house in which something emotional happens is a potential haunted house," Jeffries says. "Old houses just have more history, so there's a better chance of something happening."

Jeffries pauses to relate the story of the spirit who lives here, the Ghost of the Fanatical Housekeeper. She postulates that at some time in the house's long past, one of its owners was compulsively neat. Later tenants would repeatedly find their vacuum cleaner in the living room after it was put away in the hall closet, as if someone just couldn't stand the dirt anymore and wanted to remind the owner to clean up.

They go from house to house, from graveyard to graveyard. And sooner or later they come to the "Bucket of Blood" - the dark core of the New Hope spiritual community.

It is the Topaz Complex, a cluster of 18th century buildings crowding around a small courtyard on the edge of the Delaware Canal. There's a powerful psychic force here. Jeffries tells the group when they've assembled in the courtyard. She relates an experience she had in the basement of the Topaz Room - the Haunted Restaurant. "The walls began to vibrate," she says. "A heady feeling came over me, a tremendous power and violence. I don't drink, but I think now I know what it's like to be drunk."

The Bucket of Blood was the name of a tavern and brothel in one of the Topaz buildings during Revolutionary War times. "They called it that because so many people were killed here," Jeffries says, gesturing up at the menacing windows of the building.

It was here that Jeffries saw the most frightened reaction any illusion ever had to one of her stories. "We were looking into a tunnel at one time used by smugglers and as a link in the underground railroad," she explains. "Runaways slaves were hidden in the tunnel, so you can imagine the traumatic thoughts on their minds.

A woman on the Ghost Walk tour, Muriel, entered the tunnel. "She took a few steps, then fell to the floor moaning in terror," Jeffries says. "She was light and slightly built, but when I tried to get her to her feet, we just couldn't."

After it was over, Muriel said she had been overcome by feelings of hate and suffering - like a slave. "She felt like she had to fall at the feet of people," Jeffries says. On this tour, no one is taken into the tunnel.

Jeffries' stories are certainly not always terrifying. They're closer to tea with an eccentric great aunt than to Stephen King. Her ghost books contain the occasional bloody bathtub murder, but many of the tales are simply catalogues of unexplained noises or events. Her real aim is not to frighten, though she is a fine story-teller. The 60 Ghost Walkers stand in a hushed silence as Jeffries' melodious voice carries across the "Bucket of Blood" courtyard.

Jeffries emphasizes the last night of ghost stories, even spurious ones. "Interest in the Bermuda Triangle or exorcism comes and goes," she says. "But ghosts will always hold a great fascination, because man is always interested in the answer to the question: do we survive?"

The Ghost Walk crowd breaks down into three basic groups. The local children are the most visible, tugging their parents along in their eagerness to learn something that might frighten them. Then there are the ghost buffs, who travel singly and in groups from all over the Northeastern U.S. to be guided by Jeffries. The third group consists of people with a problem.

As the group is leaving the "Bucket of Blood," a young blond woman of the third category approaches Jeffries with determination. "I feel something in my home is watching over me," she begins. "How can I find out what it is? Should I talk to it? Is it not afraid of me?"

"Well, what exactly do you see?" Jeffries asks.

"It's a person," she looks in at my bedroom door at night. He's dressed in khaki shorts, a white undershirt, and..."

(continued on page 13)
**Rambunctious 'Coppelia'**

**Coppelia**  
Presented by The Pennsylvania Ballet

**By Fred Price**

Such was the success of Leo Delibes' early balletic works that Tchaikovsky felt compelled to comment that his own great piece, "Swan Lake," was "simply trash" compared to such inspired art as Coppelia. Tchaikovsky, the morose old soul, did himself an injustice in taking such a dim view of the musical score.

The Pennsylvania Ballet Company has been performing "Coppelia" on and off since 1978, but the current version is impressive for the confidence with which the company executes and polishes some complex choreography. If at times the artists strain and tremble with concentration at difficult moments, this is no way detracts from the enjoyment of seeing some challenging and novel movements complement a fine score.

It was exciting to see, for instance, the rambunctiousness of a village green knuckles-up conveyed to the audience complete with thigh slapping and foot stamping while still preserving the essential balletic qualities of grace and unity. Despite the flashy, and better known pas de deux involving Franz (Jeffrey Gribler) and Swanilda (Melsa Podcasy), the element of ridicule will be evinced throughout, as the drama was allowed to evolve as opposed to being forced through a meticulous attention to detail.

The Pennsylvania Ballet adopts a lighthearted mode throughout, as befits a plot involving a scatter-brained and aging inventor (Dr. Coppelias, played by Dane LaFontsee) who is befuddled by a young man and woman (Fritz and Swanilda) very much in love with each other. In fact, the danger in this latest version of "Coppelia" is that the element of ridicule will assume too major a role, when it is more important for the music to be complemented by careful ground-work rather than upstaged by slapstick. Under Robert Weiss' direction the groundwork is excellent, so there is no danger of it being subordinated to pseudo-ballet, but it might have been that fraction closer to perfection had the comedy been allowed to evolve as opposed to being forced out through an undue emphasis on Dr. Coppelia's senility.

This is a small matter, however. Epitomized by the elegance and finesse of Swanilda in the last act, the festival of bells - "Coppelia" is a show which owes its warranted success to a meticulous attention to detail. It is through this that Pennsylvania Ballet remains faithful to the 1870 ideal of a score built into the choreography, rather than a choreography loosely aligned to a selection of tunes.

**Imitation of a Cabaret**

**Tingle Tangel Kabarett**

The Theater Center Philadelphia's current rendition of Tingle Tangel Kabarett is a sparkling production that celebrates the bicentennial of German emigration to North America. While it fails to serve up the trenchant political commentary that one would hope to see in a Tribunial backdrop, Tingle Tangel scores as spirited - and by no means mindless - entertainment.

The show is staged in cabaret atmosphere with waiters, tasty wine, and candlelight. A few songs in German enhance the Weimar Berlin ambiance and the fact that the action moves around the room and between the tables contributes to the liveliness of the evening. But be prepared for some athletic activity: the environmental staging requires the audience to do a good deal of twisting and turning. The troupe enthusiastically performs more than 20 songs, skits, and dances in an hour-and-a-half. The humor ranges from slapstick comedy to striking satire of American marriage. Connie Thurman's smooth voice stands out among the adequate but generally unpolished singing.

And to its credit, Tingle Tangel is not all light entertainment. In its profounder moments, the play focuses on the motivations behind German emigration - a sobering subject. Indeed, Tommy Valen's rendition of "Horst Wessel" is a chilling highlight of the show.

The disappointment of Tingle Tangel is that it strays too often into mere nostalgia, betraying the Theater Center's bohemian aspirations. The cabaret format has been associated most commonly with its sly, sharp political humour (a la Bertolt Brecht) and, God knows, the contemporary political world could provide sufficient material for satire - the imminent deployment of medium-range nuclear missiles in Germany, for instance, conjures up enticing possibilities. But, unfortunately, Tingle Tangel doesn't advance beyond World War II. It is easy (and sad) to speculate that funding for the production from the West German Consulate General has deterred more timely political criticism.

Theater Center Philadelphia is an intriguing avant-garde (at least for Philly) playhouse dedicated to aspiring young playwrights. It is this city's theatrical equivalent of the Painted Bride (graphic and spatial art) or the Theater of the Living Art (film and serves as a forum for new plays. In its seven-year history, TCP has wracked up an impressive record of 45 world premieres and produced everything from plays of quality, such as Extremities, the drama about rape that has had a highly successful New York run and will open shortly in London. And, despite its possible intellectual shortcomings, Tingle Tangel Kabarett as entertainment fits snugly into this ambitious reputation.

**JAZZ Dance Center & John Jacobs**

**WAVES VI**

**A JAZZ DANCE CONCERT**  
Choreographed by Shimon Braun

**November 9-13**

**The ZELLERBACH THEATRE**  
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$12.50 & $10.00

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$2 discounts to groups of 20 or more.
One year ago today, *34th Street Magazine* sent two of its boldest comrades into a life-or-death battle in the raging blazing war-torn post-apocalyptic nuclear radiated refuse repository right across the river.

Today, one year later, those same two recruits have been chosen for yet another kamikaze suicide mission in the hopes of retrieving some archaeological data from the crumbled ruins of that once gallant city.

There is only one thing worse than going there. And that's going back.

From the makers of *Camden: The Living Nightmare* comes a truly terrifying chapter in the annals of being scared.

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**CAMDEN 2:** The Nightmare Continues...

**Scene 1:** Once again, they're off. They're off their rockers.

The happy-go-lucky writer and his sidekick, the jubilant photographer, have finally recouped from last year's debacle, thanks to a year-long stay in an asylum known as higher education. In the hopes of restoring their faith in mankind, the boys set out once again, looking for glimmering nuggets in an abandoned mining town, looking for salvation, looking for a love of Man, looking for a way to explain the sad impoverished amid the selfishly wealthy in a manner that will ease their growing pain.

Sooner than they think, they will add another item to their list. They'll be looking for help.

**Flashback:** The boys are happy to be in Camden: that is, until they get there. They're looking for the places of interest in town. It's a wild goose chase.

But they don't worry, not our heroes. That's because they don't have time to worry. It gets worse.

They are lost. They are abused - mentally. They are tortured - cerebrally. They are scared - shittily.

Their pout through town turns into a deadly cat and mouse battle for escape. Minutes seem like hours, hours seem like days, and days seem incomprehensible.

The boys are incomprehensible. They're trapped, like flies in a spider's web.

---

**Scene 2:** As the boys cross the Benjamin Franklin Bridge and turn off the highway into the center of Camden, the photographer tries to whistle away the apprehension. He can't. He can't whistle.

As they see their first glimpse of City Hall, their minds wander. They wander back. One year ago. To the day.

**Scene 3:**

They go to the Campbell's Soup Factory, where they are embraced by the guards. They go to the jail in City Hall. It's safer than the streets. They go through town looking for Walt Whitman's grave, when they finally get there, it is closed.

In the end, they swear they'll never go back. Never. Not for anything. No way.

**Warning:** The following material is recommended for mature audiences only. Discretion should be used by the elderly, those with high blood pressure, and those weak of heart.

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Scene 4: The boys find themselves in the riverfront area of town. They pull into a port parking lot.

The security guard in the glass booth sticks up one finger. "Wait a minute," he says. It is the middle finger.

With the speed of a lumbering sloth swinging through the vines in the jungle and accidentally bumping into a chimpanzee, knocking the unfortunate mammal into the stewing pot of a local tribe of cannibals and castrating him alive, the security guard fiddles clumsily with the locks on his booth. There are as many locks and bolts in his private cubicle as there would be in an apartment in New York City.

The writer asks if any ships come into port. "As a matter of fact, one came in today," the guard gloats. "It was carrying pineapples and plywood." He smiles, then looks at his watch.

"If it's getting ready to leave now," the guard says. Not even freighers will stay overnight in Camden. The guard waves to another employee, who peels out and screeches off in his automobile down the street.

The guard decides to give the boys a hot tip. "If you go up on the freeway over there, you can get a good shot of a whole section of the harbor guarded by fire," he says. "Oh, and by the way — if I were you, I'd be out of town by sunset." He laughs demonicly as he walks back to his booth.

"Do you live in Camden?" the writer calls after him. "No way," he says. "Nobody who works here does..."

Scene 5: The boys drive back down Broadway. They see the Barrel and Drum depository. It is a brilliant display of works here does ... .

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"Do you live in Camden?" the writer calls after him. "No way," he says. "Nobody who works here does...

Scene 6: The boys drive back down Broadway. Suddenly, the photographer is hit with a wave of inspiration. "Let's get out," he says. The writer thinks he must delicious from an LSD kickback.

The boys blindly run across the street in a frenzy. They do not look both ways. They do not look either way. They run across the speeding, honking, swirling rush hour traffic, practically causing a major tie-up. The drivers are mad; they're itching to leave town before dark.

So are the boys. Believe me, so are the boys.

Scene 7: The boys walk down Broadway. They start to cross an intersection. In front of them, a local youth strides across Broadway. There is nothing to stop it.

Suddenly, a man in a pink Cadillac with white-wall tires comes roaring across Broadway from the other side. He veers reluctantly to avoid a stroller, then guns the V-8 engine up to full ramming speed. The car zooms wildly across Broadway. There is nothing to stop it.

The driver is acting like a piece of old bark. He's acting crazed. Cockroaches high on a whiff of Raid, the boys blunder out onto the pavement. With the dexterity of a blind-folded knife-thrower in the circus whipping his blood-stained blades at an obese escapee from the sideshow, thus giving her plastic surgery without anesthesia and irritating her hemophelia until she is a sideshow, thus giving her plastic surgery without anesthesia and irritating her hemophelia until she is a sideshow, thus giving her plastic surgery without anesthesia and irritating her hemophelia until she is a.

A group of four young teenage girls appears from around the corner. The boys begin to exude sweat. They've left the crowbar in the car.

"Either one of you all got a cigarette?" one of the girls asks.

"Sorry, just ran out," the writer fibs.

"Bitch," the girl says. Her friends giggle.

The boys go. In their pants.

Scene 8: The boys finally get the right exit on the cloverloop. It is a contradiction in terms. It takes them to North Camden.

They drive down a one way street. It is crowded. There is a group of men on the corner. Some of them have caps. Some of them have canes. Some of them have bottles.

some of them have grenade launchers.

The driver is acting like a piece of old bark. He's put on a good show.

The boys pass a group of children. They are playing football in the street. Suddenly there is a blitz. Luckily, the car breaks the tackle. The boys are safe. For the time being.

Scene 9: Enough is enough. The boys have had enough. In fact, they've had too much.

Not even Pepto-Bismol could coat their queasiness. The stink of rot sticks in their throats like a petroleum strike waiting to spew forth. The boys ache and choke. They are dying. They are dying to go home. They are dying to get into the graveyard where Walt Whitman is buried.

The photographer pulls over to the curb. The boys see a pedestrian. "Excuse me," the writer asks, "do you know where Walt Whitman's grave is?"

"Walt Whitman Bridge?" the man answers.

"No, Walt Whitman's grave — you know, where he's buried."

"New, man," the pedestrian scoffs. He looks at the boys like they are nuts. They are. It is getting dark and they are looking for a specific tomb in one huge catacomb.

The boys start up again. One block later, they find the (continued on page 10)

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Camden 2
(continued from page 9)

graveyard less than 100 yards from where they stopped the pedestrians. The graveyard is closed, but their souls are purged.

It's a race world.

Scene 10: The boys go around and through and up and down and back and around again. They are getting nervous. The sun has set. A full moon begins to rise. They are getting frantic.

There is a full moon over Camden. Anyone would be frantic.

They circumvent the entire region before they finally see Philadelphia shining in the distance like a lighthouse to a man besotted by killer sharks. Like a vomiting junkyard dog choking on a chicken bone he wrangled from a pigeon on the street, the boys are hocked back across the Benjamin Franklin Bridge with a resounding plunk.

They are done with their excavating. They have studied the archaeology well. Someday, like Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Camden will rise again. But until then, they can only think of the city's motto: etched in a permanent emblem on the side of City Hall.

"In A City, I Saw A Dream Invincible," it says.

But the city has crumbled, and the dream has become a living nightmare.

As for the boys, they'll be deloused and quarantined for a few months, but someday they'll possibly return as functional members of society. That is, if their brains don't collapse under the burden of knowing just what it's all about.

Next year, stay tuned for more Camden 3-D: Watch For Flying Trash! A surrealistic horror comedy, from the producers of the Camden film series. Don't forget to duck.

Sometimes you get the bear.

Sometimes the bear gets you.

Congratulations, Rita on 20 great years.

Thanks for the help, Barry.

You Have To Be A Stooge
Not To Read

34th Street
Every Thursday.

10: 34th Street Magazine, October 27, 1983
By Adam Dolgins

As a child it was my father's habit on family outings to force me to hand over the money when passing through tollbooths. He thought I was too young, and I reluctantly played along — yet secretly, I cherished it. Who were these pale men and women with clammy hands and drawn faces? I would wonder, and what were they doing in these little booths in the middle of nowhere? What drove them to do what they did? Was it an addiction to exhaust lures? Or was it perhaps the pleasure of sniffling their fingers at the end of the day? No. I knew it was something more. Something less tangible, and gradually my curiosity became an obsession which touched all aspects of my life. Finally, at the urging of family and friends, I broke down and made a resolve to make that fateful journey east to the storied headquarters of the infamous Delaware River Port Authority in search of the Truth.

The stone facade of the Port Authority's administrative building loomed above me, looking strangely sinister against the ashen autumn sky of Camden, New Jersey. I stood at the base of the concrete steps staring up with wonder at its dark and silent exterior. Whatever went on inside those drab walls was kept a secret by the impenetrable, soot-stained windows. I listened to the rushing of the traffic behind me, realizing there was still time to turn back.

Clang! went the heavy iron doors as they swung shut behind me with unsettling finality, prompting the hairs on the back of my neck to stiffen. I found myself in a long deserted corridor, its dark floors glowing dully beneath the cold fluorescent light and countless doors lining its walls. It was not until I had taken several hesitant steps down this sterile tunnel before I noticed that I was not alone. Directly to my right, beneath a sticky pile of hair, the texture and very color of which resembled week old cotton candy, sat a powdered-faced receptionist applying mauve polish to her nails with extreme concentration. Reluctant to disrupt her work yet growing increasingly impatient, I cleared my throat several times and eventually muttered a rather uncourteous "scuz me. I'm, uh, here to see Mr. Reed."

"She stared at me blankly, and for a moment it seemed that she would slip sleepily off her chair and onto the floor. But instead her jaws sprang into action (grinding some forgotten wad of chewing gum), and she lifted the receiver of her telephone, which was the only object on her desk. "Someone here to see me," she murmured with a nasal Jersey twang, and then, after carefully replacing the receiver so as not to smudge her nails, she said to me, "Please be seated."

Which was odd, since other than the floor there was absolutely nowhere to sit.

So I stood and waited in that silent corridor, shifting my weight from foot to foot and watching the receptionist paint her nails. Suddenly, one of the doors far down the hall burst open and slammed shut and a little man in a baggy suit came hurrying in my direction. Just as he reached me — and it appeared as if he had no intention of stopping — he spun to face me and demanded: "What's this about anyhow?" His breath smelled of cigarettes and pastrami.

He squinted up at me suspiciously and browning with displeasure revealed a mouthful of yellow teeth — "Toll collectors?" "He asked. "Toll collectors? Why in the hell toll collectors?" But before I could answer — and I wasn't planning to — he turned and began trudging sullenly back up the corridor.

We passed through a large dusty room where a solitary young man sat staring miserably at his telephone, through another where a fellow was furiously pounding envelopes with a large rubber stamp, and eventually back into a long empty corridor not unlike the first. Suddenly we made a sharp turn into a musty room where a young lady with her torso. This was not a pleasant subject "Punks Oh yeah. On Saturday nights we get all sorts of strange people coming through here. This girl came through here not long ago. She said 'I need a hospital' and I said, 'You sure do,'..." "One time, about a year ago," a middle-aged woman with thick glasses and thighs, entered and sat down. She exchanged pleasantries, and I asked Ms. Rodriguez to share some of the more bizarre and humorous incidents she has encountered during her three years as a toll collector on the Ben Franklin Bridge. Ms. Rodriguez leaned back in her chair and with one of her index fingers pushed her glasses back up onto the bridge of her nose. She furrowed her brow; she was thinking hard.

"Well, all the time," she said gravely, "people ask me all sorts of questions. They ask me all sorts of questions. They even ask me about highway conditions, weather conditions. As if I'm supposed to know everything!" Well, that's certainly interesting. Um, how about weird things? Strange things you've seen on the job.

"Punks," Ms. Rodriguez rapped her parkas tightly around her torso. This was not a pleasant subject. "Punks. Oh yeah. On Saturday nights we get all sorts of strange people coming through here. This girl came through here not long ago. She said 'I need a hospital' and I said, 'You sure do,'..."

"One time, about a year ago," a little Italian man pulled up in this old car and he sticks his head out and he says to me: "Chicago. That's it! Just 'Chicago.' And he was coming over the bridge eastbound! So I tried to get him to turn around but he just shook his head and said 'Chicago' and then he drove off."

Hmmm.

The name of the second collector who entered was one Angelo Dannabale. It said so on his name plate, which Mr. Dannabale displayed proudly to his starched and ironed uniform. No faded jeans and ratty parka for him, no sir. No. Angelo Dannabale was a company man and proud of... (continued on page 12)
Tollbooths (continued from page 1)

it. Damn proud. Ironed slacks and shut to match. Shoes shined. Badge polished. Belt tight. Even Angelo Dannabale's bald head gleamed, as if freshly buffed. Angelo Dannabale was all business. He said so himself.

"When I'm in that booth, I'm all business. But don't get him wrong. If someone comes through my booth in a bad mood, hell leave smilin'."

Yes. Angelo Dannabale loved his job. "Every minute of it," he asserted. For Mr Dannabale the days went by too quickly. Not that he took his work lightly, no sir. He was a serious fellow, this Mr Dannabale.

What I was interested in most, I told Mr Dannabale, was amusing anecdotes—you know, funny stories. Odd things that happened on the job. Mr Dannabale frowned and glanced nervously over my shoulder. I turned to see none other than Mr Harris landing in the doorway. Why, he had been there all the time hadn't he? Well well. I turned back and asked Mr Dannabale to relate some of those funny stories again. "I can't recall any," he said, as he adjusted his watch band. I stared at him in disbelief.

"None? Not even one? "No sir, I can't recall any. None come, none come to mind."

Just then Mr Harris stepped outside for a breath of fresh Camden air. Angelo Dannabale leaned forward in his chair slightly. "Well, there was the time a guy drove away after giving me a 10 dollar bill. The fellow didn't even bother to wait for his change and drove right off. Angelo Dannabale shook his head in disbelief."

"Well, there you go son. " yelled Mr Harris as he slapped me back. "You could be at least help. Good luck! Good luck!"

And suddenly I was alone.

I wandered aimlessly into the bowels of the building and suddenly stumbled upon the "Employee's Cafeteria." I pushed eagerly through the doors, expecting to find a room crowded with boisterous toll collectors, swapping wild stories over steaming cups of coffee. Instead, the cavernous room was silent. The air heavy. The tables empty. And down at the far end of the room, leaning against a glowing television near the ceiling, sat a stooped, shoul dered figure. "Hello," I said, and the man jumped up in a spasm of fright, spinning around and sending his plastic chair clattering to the floor. "Jeez," he said, scratching his head and giggling, "you sure scared the dickens out of me." He took a step forward and his jaw went slack. "Say, who are you? How'd you get in here? Who said you could be here anyhow?"

He stamped his foot and led me out of the room and down the hall and into a room where three men with peaked hats and holstered pistols lounged before a set of video monitors.

The door closed and the three regarded me with stony expressions. What you want, boy? said the one in the middle, leaning back in a swivel chair. He laughed. "You a long way from home aren't you boy?" The other two exchanged amused grins and fingered their holsters. "You won't find what you're after here. boy. am I? I suggest you get your behind outta this building before your mama has to come an get ya. Ain't that right, boys?"

The air of Camden never smelled as good as it did that day. As I stumbled down those concrete steps and ran frantically for the subway, I was through with toll collectors and their little world.

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A great addition to your mask or get up!

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THE SHOW-N-TELL-A-GRAM
According to Jeffries, a ghost sighting is usually the result of a sensitive person picking up the memory of an especially emotional event. Jeffries explains the tremendous concentration of supernatural occurrences in New Hope in this way. The town was the site of what Jeffries calls "the most traumatic experience in American history." Washington's desperate recrossing of the Delaware to attack the Hessians, the turning point of the Revolutionary War. The great emotion generated by this event is still present in the town, and continues to exert a great force on sensitive people.

Jeffries, who has studied with J.B. Rhine and other prestigious parapsychologists, has a rigorous, scientific conception of ghosts that scorns pop parapsychology like Poulenc and The Exorcist. She was, in fact, consulted on the real Exorcist case. "The movie was terrible," she says. "They were treating that poor girl like she was possessed." Jeffries doesn't believe in demons, parapsychology or ritual, and always takes a psychological approach to the problems people bring her.

"What I'd like is recognition of the role of consciousness and the mind in the real world," she says. But she feels she is alone in this desire. "I'm a voice in the wilderness," she says. Her books are one way she hopes to spread her views. The Ghost Walks are another.

By 8:30 the group has returned to the Logan Inn cannon. The Walk is over, in plenty of time for the children to get to sleep — if they can. The people linger, asking her questions, reluctant to leave. Jeffries signs dozens of copies of her recent book, More Ghosts of the Delaware Valley, answers questions, and tells more stories, stories about houses that weep and haunted chambers and mysterious disappearing hitch-hikers.

Whether or not the things she talks about really happened is not always clear. And even if they did, alternate explanations to the ones she gives are sometimes more plausible. But her belief in the stories she tells is real. Her concern for her ghost-ridden clients is honest, even when the clients seem to be fake. And her desire to rid people of their fears is sincere. Says Jeffries, "I want to tell people not to be afraid."
**Film**

Lonely Hearts

Directed by Paul Cox

At the Ritzy III

By Sabrina Eaton

Lonely Hearts, winner of the 1982 Australian Film Institute Best Film award (then equivalent of the Oscar), is a refreshing film about the blooming of an awkward but tender romance between two people entering middle age. Made on a budget of $680,000 (shortest by American standards), it's not exactly a commercial film. In fact, it was almost passed over by Australian film distributors, who only picked it up after it received several AFI nominations.

Norman Kaye makes a promising first effort as an insecure, 50-year-old unmarried piano tuner with a whacky sense of humor. After his mother's death, Peter resolves to find some companionship by joining a lonely hearts club. Through the dating service he meets Patricia (Wendy Hughes), a schoolmarmish, attractive but painfully shy bank clerk who, though rapidly approaching middle age, has only just moved out of her parents' house. Peter is well on his way to becoming everybody's favorite nutty-but-lovable bachelor uncle, and Patricia is an Eleanor Rigby waiting to happen. Each has been drawn to the agency because they realize that life will pass them by unless they do something.

The strength of the film is in its realistic exploration of adult problems like inhibition and sexual repression. Both Kaye and Hughes sensitively portray a true-to-life awkwardness that makes their characters believable. Peter is apprehensive that Patricia will discover that he wears a toupee. Patricia is terrified of the entire sexual issue. The tension comes to a head in a well-played scene in which Patricia suggests that they go to bed "without doing anything." Predictably, Peter gets carried away with lust and Patricia walks out, jumping out of bed and swearing that she never wants to see him again. But by finally reconciling themselves to their own and to each other's vulnerability, each has the desperate courage to overcome make-believe inhibitions and sexual repressions.

The good-humored humanity with which they do this is a delight to watch. Directional touches by Paul Cox make the film all the more believable. An easy affection and an awkward clumsiness in the characters makes them smack of reality. His characters are frayed around the edges, flesh and blood real people. They pick their noses, glue their glasses back together and spill gravy on their taxis and lick it up. Cox is not afraid to add small touches of reality to the film like dogs sitting on the carpet and old men coming out of the men's room in the background of a room by depicting the seams everyday banalities (rather that glossing over them Hollywood fashion), Cox renders Lonely Hearts the film more human and accessible. His naturalistic direct style elevates life into art and makes us see the beauty and compassion in the most mundane aspects of humanity.

In this era where Bondapussy and Rosque Business are standard box-office fare, it's nice to know that someone out there (even though he's way out there) still has the taste and sensitivity to produce a vivid, romantic comedy of verisimilitude. Let's hope talented Kaye and Hughes can make more movies like this one. Let's hope Australian film isn't only the blooming of an awkward but tender romance between two pen pals.

The Dead Zone

Directed by David Cronenberg

At Eric's Place

By Eric J. Savitz

I trembled uncontrollably, an unspeakable evil thick in the air. Every shadow held a suggestion of the unspeakably horrible. The stinking stench of mutie Lyso-ridden death hung heavy, with all signs, all shuffle, shuffling at some impinging, unspeakable doom. My fate (unspeakable, as it were) was sealed. Speechlessly I tried to retreat - but I couldn't move. An irresistible force too powerful for words held me in my gun lined chair. Silently, the lights dimmed. And the tears welled hypnotically bad moviemaking appeared before me.

I had entered The Dead Zone. The Dead Zone is a movie that, by all rights, should be reserved exclusively for audiences of the dead persuasion. Actually, I shouldn't have been surprised. The film follows the Stephen King axiom: the quality of the Stephen King movie shall be directly proportional to the quality of the novel on which it was based. And The Shining were well-crafted novels, and made for effective horror films. Cujo was a stupid movie. But The Dead Zone, having been a quietly mediocre bestseller novel, makes for a film that inspires little thought and even fewer adjectives.

Like King, director David Cronenberg boasts impressive blood-letting credits. In Scanners he gave the world wonderfully realistic exploding heads. And Videodrome, he gave us the world's first walking, talking VCRs. But King and Cronenberg lost each other sometime in the ozone here. There's a little gore, a few thrills, but it's mostly scenes - and the movie dems itself (and the people behind me, who thought it was "deep"), almost on the second reel.

Take the storyline, for example. (Please.) High school English teacher John Smith (an elaborate character), an erotic pipe smoker, is diving down a dark New England road when he's swatted off the road by a tractor-trailer terrible. Five years later (don't ask what happened), Smith foresees Stillson letting the missiles fly. But he can't let that happen. He's got to rescue the globe from total destruction. And he knows what he has to do.

At this point (if you're smart), you probably know what you have to do, too - leave the theater. If you take this step, well, I wouldn't want to give it all away, but good things happen in the end.

In a strange movie, it's no surprise that Sheen and Walken make a strange pair of characters. Sheen camps it up for all he's worth as the evil-hearted politician. He's the antithesis of the stiff-upper-lip. Sheen and Walken possess all the bad things wrapped up in one Walker, meaningful, plays his part with a grim line of concentration - sort of like a reject from Night of the Living Dead. Walken, apparently, has been best cast as the guy who thinks other people's thoughts, and he did a better job of it in Brainstorm. Of course in Brainstorm, he doesn't get to save the entire human race. I guess that's what you call progress.

Unless you're speechless, of course.

The Personal ads

Directed by Paul Markle

At the Roxy Screening Room

By Ana Martinez

It seems as though the romantic comedy trend in cinema is making a comeback - or rather, trying to make a comeback with such films as Romantic Comedy, and Peter Markle's latest release, The Personal ads. Like the other fare of this genre, The Personal ads is a light and fresh film about the hypocrisy, awkwardness and difficulties associated with relationships. It adds little save a sense of humor to a complex and perhaps over scrutinized area of existence - but it doesn't take away much, either.

Specifically, the insecurity of single life and the hope for lasting relationships are in under ex-arnation. Markle's hero, Bill Hochrain (Bill Shrop) is an ordinary, middle-class American who's gone bald and somehow manages to take pride in his love handle. Hochrain is a recent divorcee driven into the single scene by ego and loneliness. But, tired of the bars and the typical morning after disappointments, he turns to his last resort - an ad in the personals section of the classifieds.

(continued on page 16)
Genesis sounds good at first, as do most Genesis LPs. The lyrics are silly, but the music carries the album. It also sounds like it might even stand up after being played to death on the radio. And that would be a change.

A three-piece band since the departure of vocalist and group leader Peter Gabriel and guitarist Steve Hackett, Genesis made the transition from playing art rock to lightweight pop with a touch of Dylanesque surrealism. “In the Air Tonight” was their hit but “Mama” is paired with pedestrian lyrics, and “The Sixties” aims at an easy target – brave Christian soldiers should have better things to do than skimp on coked-out excommunications.

But the big battles are won, and this is Burnett’s most assured work yet. “I ain’t gonna quit until I’m laid in my tomb,” he sings. “And even then they better shut it tight.” Good. Because while we may not need more like T-Bone Burnett, we certainly need the one we got.

**By Jeff Salamon**

Lots of great rock and roll has fomented amidst anguish, rebellion, or just a need to dance. Little has been fuelled by smug self-righteousness. Yet with “Through The Night,” T-Bone Burnett, one of the only Born Again Christians in rock and roll, erupts. God before King, God before Country, and God before the prevailing trends of rock and roll. Though potent lyrical sententiousness is hardly the perfect complement to rock and roll – the guilt that goes with the first contradicts the physical release the latter provides – T-Bone is no mere Born Again Christian: he is a Nasty Christian, a Rock and Roll Christian. And his precise, economical lyrics cut through this ambiguity with sharp, acid observations.

At times it seems these piercing commentaries are all that keep the songs on top: sometimes the lyrics are so sparse they seem plain. Yet just as the words threaten to become ordinary, Burnett pulls out a gem like, “Cause when the night falls it falls on me/ And when the day breaks I’m in pieces.”

Proof Through The Night features extended gambits of piercing brilliance. The first side features a trilogy of songs, each portraying a beautiful woman in the various stages of being destroyed by the worship of males. The best of the three, “Fatally Beautiful,” is a thinly disguised portrait of Marilyn Monroe. Another fifties obsession is examined in “Hula Hoop,” which likens that empty craze to porn stars. The image of millions of American youths thrusting their pelvises within a circular frame that surrounds and isolates them simply to keep that circle moving endlessly and aimlessly is as apt and strikingly visual a metaphor for the masturbatory lure of pornography as one is likely to find.

On the penultimate song “T-Bone” stakes his claim to the crown of Dylanesque surrealism. He rails against the Burnett doctrine of great enemies of modern morality. “One’s name was Hefer. The other’s name,” intones Burnett over a minimal guitar line, “was Winston.” Crash of guitar, much high drama, and then quiet, as an oboe sighs in the background while T-Bone describes Disney as a peddler of pornography to children. He then accuses Hefer and Disney of robbing children of their dreams by turning “Never Neverland and Wonderland into Never Wonderland.”

Burnett falters a bit. “Stunned” and “The Murder Weapon” are little more than fragments, though effective ones. The Dylanesque melody of “After All These Years” is paired with pedestrian lyrics, and “The Sixties” aims at an easy target – brave Christian soldiers should have better things to do than skimp on coked-out excommunications.

But the big battles are won, and this is Burnett’s most assured work yet. “I ain’t gonna quit until I’m laid in my tomb,” he sings. “And even then they better shut it tight.” Good. Because while we may not need more like T-Bone Burnett, we certainly need the one we got.

**By Jonathan Matzkin**

Did you know that the blues died? Did you also know that this great American art form is currently being revived by a Texan named Stevie Ray Vaughan? Well, that’s what I read in Rolling Stone some weeks ago. I guess the parade of blues greats passing through the Chestnut Cabaret consists of dead people, although they don’t sound bad for corpses. Can it be, in 1983, that the overwhelmingly black originates of the genre labor in obscurity while a white performer who is openly derivative of them progresses directly from first album to stadium tour?

It’s not a fair world, as a recent president told us. But that has a lot to do with where the blues came from to start with, and it certainly hasn’t hindered Albert King ar-

**Genesis**

Genesis (Atlantic)

By Mark Caro

Genesis sounds good at first, as do most Genesis LPs. The lyrics are silly, but the music carries the album. It also sounds like it might even stand up after being played to death on the radio. And that would be a change.

A three-piece band since the departure of vocalist and group leader Peter Gabriel and guitarist Steve Hackett, Genesis made the transition from playing art rock to lightweight pop with a touch of ex-

**The Sound of Rip-Offs**

Guitarist/bassist Mike Rutherford group's basic sound as lins' drums and Tony Banks' sound more like a two-piece - at the transition from playing art rock to leader Peter Gabriel and guitarist

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38th & Chestnut Philadelphia, PA.

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**Thursday, October 27**

**COLLEGE NIGHT with TABAGIE**

- All House Liquors
- Beer & Wine Only
- $1.25 Til Midnight
- $1.00 Cover Charge
- w/valid college I.D.

**THIS WEEKEND - TWO GREAT SHOWS**

**Friday, October 28**

**Live Flashback on WIOQ w/David Dye from 6-10**

followed by

**Beau Bolero**

**Steely Dan Tribute**

**Sat., October 29**

**THE OTIS BLACKWELL BAND w/Bonneville**

**Songwriter For Elvis & Jerry Lee Lewis**

**November Attractions**

11/1 Pieces of A Dream Video taped by USA Network Hot Spots
11/2 John Hall
11/3 Shadowfax
11/4 2nd Anniversary of Live Fri. Flashback with WIOQ's David Dye followed by Sam & Dave
11/6 Albert Collins w/Juke Rockers
11/9 The Waitresses
11/10 Tabagie
11/11 The Big Edsel Band
11/18 Billy Price & The Keystone Rhythm Band
11/19 Persuasions

**PROPER DRESS & I.D. REQUIRED**

**Sunday, October 30**

**Electric Factory Concerts**

**Monday, Oct. 31**

**Costume Party**

**Tuesday, Oct. 25**

**Halloween Weekend**

**At Fillly's**

**Friday, October 28**

**Stickmen & Run**

**Saturday, Oct. 29**

**Stevie Ray Vaughan**

**Sunday, Oct. 30**

**WMMR**

**Halloween Weekend**

**At Fillly's**

**John Eddie, 34th Street's Cover Boy**

**Sunday, Oct. 30**

**Electric Factory Concerts**

**The Richard Thompson Band**

**The Vels and**

**Coup D'Etat**

**Every Wednesday Night**

**Dance to The Rap of D.J. Lady B**

**Breaker Dance Competition**

**Coming Attractions**

**Johnny Copeland, Beru, James Blood Ulmer, Witness**

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**THE OSTERKAMP WEEKEND**
Based on Robert Ludlum's thriller. Review next week. (Osterkamp Theater at Broad, 567-7026)

**THE PERSONALS**
It's light, it's easy, it's fun — kinda like Valentine's Day. (Mexy Screening Room, 2021 Sansom Street, 561-0114)

**POWER FORCE vs HATCHET MURDERS**
It's got to be good — if you live through it. You knew it had to be the amazing. (Once-in-a-lifetime Goldman: 15th and Chestnut.)

**REAR WINDOW**
Michiel Huisman's masterpiece finally makes it back to the big screen. Reviewed next week. (The Ritz II. 214 Walnut Street, 925-7900)

**RETURN OF THE JEDI**
In case you haven't heard, this story takes place a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away. It's a long time since even the Teal Spork. (Samson Street Chestnut, 567-6004)

**REVENGE OF THE NINJA vs ENTER THE NINJA**
Those hooded assassins are wreaking havoc on the Philadelphia box office. (Olde City 1: Sansom Street Walkway, 627-9606)

**THE RIGHT STUFF**
This tale of the Mercury 7 astronauts lives up to its name. (Samson Street Chestnut, 567-6004)

**ROMANTIC COMEDY**
Rumor has it that it's not romantic, and it's not a comedy. So what is it? (Samson Street Chestnut, 567-6004)

**RUMBLEFISH**
The ripped-guy rags-to-riches epic from Francis Ford Coppola. Review next week. (Samson Street Chestnut, 567-6004)

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**MUSIC**

**BREAKER BREAKER**
You say one for the trouble, two for the timer, center on ya'll. Let's do it in the right way. (Every Wednesday night at Filly's)

**CRAMPS**
The Stays Cats meet Lydia Lynch And everyone goes home. (East Side Club Oct 27)

**STICKMAN WRUIN**
Eric's 7th stop at Filly's. Oct 28

**HOOTERS**
Nobody6 friends and reggae like these fellows. And almost nobody knows them outside of Philadelphia. All you zombies get over to the (Kiley's Oct 28)

**ALABAMA W/JUICE NEWTON & THE THASHER BROTHERS**
Alabama get away. The juice at Trusy is better. And those brothers better cut it out. (Country shlock at the Spectrum. Oct 29)

**JOHN EDDIE AND THE FRONT STREET RUNNERS**
Say amen, somebody. Amen. (Moder 4: Chestnut & Broad Streets, 567-7024)

**TRADEING PLACES**
By the way, the plot is loosely based on an old Three Stooges episode. (Budco Mid, 15th and Chestnut Streets, 567-2430)

**UNDER FIRE**
From the critics that is! (Budco Regency 16th and Chestnut Streets, 567-2430)

**WARGAMES**
If we had known it would stay around this long, we would have rooted for the bad guys. (On the Campus 4, 13th and Walnut, 362-0796)

**ZELIG**
A bistro movie film from Woody Allen. (Olde City 1: Sansom Street Walkway, 627-9606)

**BLACK SABBATH W/QUIET RIOT**
C'mon on feel the noise. Then go eat a burger at Trusy. (Nov. 5 at the Spectrum)

**JULIKA**
Racially mixed, anti-apartheid. South African band has scored a small hit with "Scatterlings of Africa." Don't boycott these guys. (Kiley's Oct 28)

**AC/DC W/FAST BREAK**
As stupid heavy metal bands go. one of us kind of likes AC/DC. But we aren't his fan's name. (Nov 14 at the Spectrum)

**MUSIC FROM AC/DC**
Back in the form. For all you people who related to the Big Red Oct 1978 at the Troubadour (Now 17th at the Troubadour)

**MEN WITHOUT HATS**
Well, why don't they get some hats? And some new ideas? (Now 17th at the Troubadour)

**DAVID CROSBY, ROGER McQUUIN, CHRIS HILLMAN**
Three ex-Byrds. One is a far better farting upkicked-up front. "Gene" guess that means he's immoral, right? (Brandywine, Nov 18)

**SANDRA BERNHARD W/ NEW YORK CITY SWING BAND**
Last time I saw her in this town she asked me to interview her psychic. But her recent career seems auspicious, fac more honest Hope she wins. (Nov 22 at the Ritz)

**GENESIS**
Still legal. (Spectrum, November 25, 26, 27)

**CLARENCE CLEMONS AND THE RED BLOOD ROCKERS W/JOHN EDIE AND THE FRONT STREET RUNNERS**
You from Jersey? They're from Jersey (At Ritz. Nov 29)

**THEATER**

**CHARLEY'S AUNT**
'Im from Brazil, where the nuts come from. (If you don't know that quotation, you don't know much about modern theater. The aunt (by Brandon Thomas) is the quintessential 19th century English farce and, although it was once said to be the most produced of all plays in the English language, (produced somewhere every single night, it has of late been ignored. Therefore, The Plays & Players revival is welcome. Through 29 October.) (Plays & Players. 1714 Delancey Street, 725-0360)

**LITTLE MURDERS**
At Theirs, in their rather long career, Jules Feiffer has used his comic form to express, through his characters, his strong revulsion against the American political system. This early play, which, in fact, has a cartoon vision of things, was subjected to censorship by the FBI. It was not until being granted a license for London performances that the American producers felt free to produce the play. (Nov 26 at the Athena.)

**THE RIGHT STUFF**
This original play about the bravery of a jet pilot by director John Patrick, and choreographer Blanka Zizka, was translated into Spanish for the Teatro Unidos. In Chile, the show was seen by thousands of people. The play has been performed in Argentina and Brazil, and has been seen in other Latin American countries. (Saturday November 26, 1 p.m. at the Beaux Arts.)

**PARK AVENUE PLAYHOUSE**
Of course, in the fall of 1978, when the play was first presented, it was a sensation. It was a tremendous success. (Theater of the Body.)

**WALL STREET**
First night of the prestigious new musical comedy. (Theater Company of Philadelphia. 1114 S. Broad Street.)

**NIGHT OUT**
The West End, by Jules Feiffer, opens tonight. The play is a biting satire on the American political system. (West End.)

**LITTLE MURDERS**
In this play, the author of the play, Jules Feiffer, presents us with a series of murders, each of which is a commentary on the American political system. (Theater of the Body.)

**PLAY MEMORY**
Harold Prince's new production of a thoughtful play by Joani M. Marcell. (South Street Playhouse.)

**TANGEL KABERET**
This political satire, but good fun. In this issue, Zehner's review appears to be the most accurate of all. (South Street Playhouse.)

**THE RIGHT STUFF**
A doublebill with a charming title by an unknown quantity named Ed Shockley. You've got to admit, the locale is a little intriguing. We'll give you more when we've got it. Through 5 November. (Theater of the Body.)

**THE THRASHER BROTHERS**
The computer is a little intriguing. We'll give you more when we've got it. Through 5 November. (Theater of the Body.)

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