

HOW TO MAKE A MILLION ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE
GLEN DUFFY ON THE PUNK SCENE ■ COMPLETE POCONO SKI GUIDE

Philadelphia

DECEMBER 1983 \$1.95

GETTING IN: HOW TO CRASH THE BEST PARTIES IN TOWN

■ The New Philadelphia
400: Who's Who on
the Guest Lists

■ Sweet Charity:
Some People's Social
Life Is Tax Deductible

■ The Best Bashes:
Where They Are, Who
Goes, How to Get In

PLUS

PHILADELPHIA MAGAZINE'S
CHRISTMAS FANTASY—YOU'LL NEVER
BELIEVE WHAT WE WANT FROM SANTA!



CONTENTS



ON THE COVER: Someone—probably us—once said that a press card was really a license to ask questions. And to poke your nose into all the most interesting places—in the line of duty, of course. This month we prowled Philadelphia's party circuit to bring you a telltale report on who goes where and does what in Philadelphia, which has been rightly labeled "the private city." We talked to swells and swingers, climbers and crashers, to produce this very gabby going-out guide. So grab a lampshade and come along, the party begins on page 168.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOE BOWMAN.
FORMAL WEAR BY AFTER SIX.
GOWN FROM JOHN WANAMAKER.
HAIR AND MAKEUP BY MINDY
TAMACCIO OF ESTETICA.

Philadelphia Magazine (USPS 430-060) is published monthly at 1500 Walnut St., Phila., Pa. 19102, 545-3500; subscription service, 545-0688. All contents of this issue are copyrighted 1983 by Philadelphia Magazine, Inc., a subsidiary of MetroCorpTM. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscription price \$15 per year; foreign subscriptions \$17 per year. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa. and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTERS: SEND FORM 3579 TO PHILADELPHIA MAGAZINE, 1500 WALNUT STREET, PHILA., PA. 19102.

FEATURES

December 1983 Vol 74 No. 12

- THE PUNK** By Glen Duffy **163**
You may have seen him or someone like him on the streets of Philadelphia. You may have wondered what it is that drives a kid to put a safety pin in his nose or dye his hair purple. Well, meet John K. Brubaker III. He'll tell you all about it.
- THE PARTY IMPERATIVE** By Lillian Bregman **168**
Grab your coat and get your hat. Leave your worries on the doorstep—and follow us as we go social climbing with some of Philly's great hosts and hostesses.
- PHILADELPHIA MAGAZINE'S CHRISTMAS FANTASY** **175**
We imagine and then create the perfect holiday—the ultimate tree, card, gifts, Christmas dinner and place to spend Christmas Eve. Bring money.
- WHO KILLED STEVE BOORAS?** By John Guinther **184**
A mob-style murder in a restaurant. A small-time bad guy found guilty. Case closed, right? Wrong. And the wrong man could be facing death in the electric chair.
- THEY'RE IN THE MONEY** By Loren Feldman **188**
Last year, 25-year-old Jeff Yass made a million dollars at the Philadelphia Stock Exchange. So did half a dozen others. Suddenly, the town's once-sleepy exchange is red hot.
- THE LITTLE BROTHER** By John Katzenbach **193**
When you're 8 years old and your brother is murdered by a madman, you might just give up. Or you might start learning to live again, one step at a time.

DEPARTMENTS

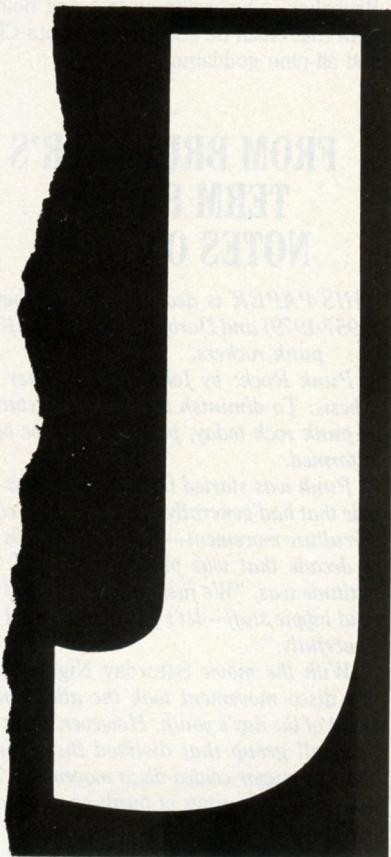
- ON THE RUN** By Ron Javers **11**
- LETTERS** **12**
- HEARSAY** Edited by Stephen Fried **27**
- STEPPING OUT** By Dorothy Cupich **35**
- TOASTS OF THE COAST** By Dorothy Cupich **39**
- WHAT'S HOT** By Dorothy Cupich **86**
- FILMS: SHORT SUBJECTS** By Richard Fuller **91**
- BOOKS: WILLIAM WHARTON TALKS!** By Bruce Beans **95**
The secretive author of Birdy, late of Southwest Philadelphia and Upper Darby, finally reveals what's on his mind. But he still won't say what his real name is.
- GALLERY** Edited by Alfred Zelcer **108**
- MAKING IT: YER OUT** By Robin Warshaw **111**
What to do when that pink slip comes.
- LOCAL HEROES: SPEEDY REDUX** By B. G. Kelley **117**
What ever happened to Speedy Morris, who was abruptly fired two years ago after compiling the best basketball coaching record in Catholic League history?
- LEISURE: TOUGH DARTS** By John Grossmann **127**
The rest of the country is discovering what Philadelphians have known for decades: since it takes only one hand to hold a beer, you may as well use the other to throw darts.
- SCENE: THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. SUZUKI** By Jill Howard **137**
Lambasted by neighbors, watched by the cops, the doctor keeps on writing prescriptions.
- STRATEGIES: GEM DANDY** By Mindy Kitei **142**
Dying for a stone but don't know where to start? Here's a short course.
- SPORTS: POCONO MOUNTAIN HIGH** By Jay Lloyd **157**
Pennsylvania's eastern ski area is better than ever. Here's how you can slip in.
- HOME: DRINKS IN THE HOUSE** By Bill Kent **223**
- FOOD & WINE REPORT**
- GIFTS OF THE SPIRITS** By Samuel Hughes **249**
- MAIL-ORDER MEAT** By Polly Hurst **251**
- TASTE OF THE TOWN** Edited by Polly Hurst **253**
- CHINATOWN, MY CHINATOWN** By Polly Hurst **255**
- HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE** **198**
- LAST WORD: THE WORDS OF CHRISTMAS** By Mark Randall **302**

THE PUNK

By Glen Duffy

You may have seen him or someone like him on the streets of Philadelphia.

You may have wondered what it is that drives a kid to put a safety pin in his nose or dye his hair purple. Well, meet John K. Brubaker III. He'll tell you all about it.



JOHN K. BRUBAKER III opens his laundry bag and looks through everything he has, everything his mother has not yet hidden or destroyed. Digging deep inside the bag, Brubaker makes the sound of a dungeon full of restless prisoners as he searches for exactly what he needs, scattering the rest across the city sidewalk.

Punks rule this seedy corner of Broad and South. There are punks with sharp spiked hair and sharp spiked bracelets and sharp spiked attitudes. Some of them just play at it—poseurs, weekend punks whom Brubaker gives no more than a passing sneer. But the hard-core punks—they're as far as you can go. They live it. That's what he'll do, Brubaker tells himself. He'll live it all day, every day. Starting today.

Brubaker is a tall 18. His head is as high as almost anything in the crowd, and everyone who passes by the Love Club must notice the only double Mohawk haircut in the city. Radical. But nobody laughs or points. Not here. Not tonight. There are just too many punks, linked together in a way that is ugly to everyone but the punks themselves. This is what he came for. This is It.

Just six, seven hours ago, Brubaker had packed up his few things, hitched a ride to the turnpike and left his Lancaster home behind him like a bad accident. Everything he needs now is in the bag that has ANARCHY lettered on the side. Tina, this cool punk chick Brubaker has just met, looks over his shoulder, interested in getting a peek at what's inside: combat boots, nose rings, REAGAN HATES ME jeans, sus-

After he hit Philly, a girl in fishnet stockings promised to let him stay the night...

penders, obscene T-shirts and, near the bottom, his pink Colgate toothbrush from home. The chaos of it all pleases him.

Rummaging through his bag, Brubaker finally finds what he's been looking for—a terrible chain that has been terrible places; a ring of tough links damaged by acts of man and nature. "This I found on a highway outside D.C.," he says, pulling at it hard to show its ugly strength.

"Oh, wow," says Tina.

"I find these things everywhere. It's unbelievable. I guess I'm lucky."

Brubaker wraps the chain around his willowy leg and fastens it at the ankle of his combat boot. He bangs the rust off his hands and laughs tentatively. "Killer."

The chain jangles as his leg moves to the chaotic sound coming from inside the Love Club, the sound of thunder tuning up. A hard-core punk show is about to begin. Word of the show has been spread through leaflets and fanzines—the underground press of the punk world. And now you see the straights walking by one or two at a time, trying to figure why a hundred or so punks—practically every practicing punk in Philly—have chosen this street, this night, to gather.

Brubaker joins a growing group near the door. There is a girl in fishnet stockings who has promised to let him stay the night and there is Tina and there is a bunch of cool punks Brubaker saw the last time he was in town, especially this one hard-core punk named Lafayette, who has a tall orange Mohawk that is the greatest.

"I took a safety pin and pierced my nose last night," Brubaker says proudly. "I figured it was the most radical thing you could do."

Some of the punks laugh and nod at this in a way that makes Brubaker believe he has said something exactly right. But Lafayette is too cool to acknowledge it.

"Did it hurt?" Tina asks.

"Nah, I just had to put a butter knife up my nose to give me something to push against, you know? After that it was simple. But there was blood all over the place."

"That reminds me of when I had my tonsils out," Tina says. "The first thing I did was throw up all this blood."

Brubaker laughs and closes his eyes and shakes his head. He admires Tina's way with a disgusting remark.

Minutes later they go into the Love Club's concert hall together, into what looks like the inside of a huge, corroding chemical drum. It's a classic punk club—the sort of place where punks have been slam-dancing since the scene was born in New

York back in ancient times, times when respectable club owners were afraid of the punks. But now—all these six years later—the punks have come to love this sort of club for its sense of style.

Millions of Dead Cops might be the hottest hard-core band on the scene. They are antagonistic not only toward cops, but also toward corporations and racism and war and all the rest of what passes for life in the straight world. They are in from San Francisco, and they are playing tonight for \$300.

A

S the lead singer screams into the mike in such a fast, raw rage that the words are welded together, you know he means it in a way Dylan and Jagger and Springsteen never did. The rowdiest rowdies—Lafayette among them—are already slamming into each other, into the crowd, skipping in a wide, wobbly circle while Brubaker stands with his back to the wall.

Then, suddenly, the music breaks open, takes on an edge of shattered glass. Faster, faster, hundreds of beats each minute, and the serious thrashing begins. Brubaker puts on his most horrible face of rage—all the anger he can summon—and he wades in with elbows flying all ways at once like a chicken that just realized its head is missing. There is pushing from the rear, and Brubaker slams into any punk knocked into his path. They are jumping at the mike now to seize it for just a moment and yell the lyrics with their own voices, to get the chance to hear if their anger is authentic. Some begin taking stage dives, head first, trusting in the power of the others to hold them up—punks catching other punks before they fall.

An hour later, the show is over, and you feel the heat pouring out the door with the punks. Girl friends who stood in the back of the hall are standing on the sidewalk now, watching for the wounded, cool and detached. There is a bloody nose here and a wrenched neck there, and somebody says he thinks he might have broken a rib. The sweat-soaked punks are grinning wider than they have all night.

Brubaker is laughing again, that uncertain slice of a laugh, as he scans the dissolving crowd for the girl with the fishnet

stockings, the one who promised him a place to stay on this his first night in the city. He doesn't see her. The crowd is beginning to thin. Punks are scattering, looking for ways home.

Brubaker slouches against a wall, a tinge of desperation on his face. He stands there with all his possessions in his punk-rock laundry bag, looking into the teeth of a real independent situation.

Then, almost as though it were planned, along comes Tina and these other cool punks. Tina says, "Hey, Brubaker, why not come and stay with us tonight?" Brubaker breaks into this big grin like a kid who gets adopted on Christmas Eve. "This is greaaaat," he says. "Greaaaat!" He throws his bag over his shoulder, and down the street they go—Tina, the cool punks and Brubaker, who walks so fast and bouncy with that chain he sounds like Santa Claus and all nine goddamn reindeer.

FROM BRUBAKER'S TERM PAPER: NOTES ON PUNK

THIS PAPER is dedicated to Sid Vicious (1957-1979) and Darby Crash (195+ -1980) . . . punk rockers.

Punk Rock: by John K. Brubaker III. Thesis: To diminish the misinterpretations of punk rock today, people should be better informed.

Punk was started in the middle of a decade that had generally no real kind of counterculture movement—the '70s. The '70s was a decade that was playing it "safe." The attitude was, "We just got over all that war and hippie stuff—let's just live normal and peacefully."

With the movie Saturday Night Fever, the disco movement took the attentions of most of the day's youth. However, there was a small group that disliked the commercialized, sugar-coated disco movement. They were the beginnings of punk as we know it today.

The Sex Pistols brought punk to the conservative American public, and they were shocked. People started forming opinions about punk, and only the underground's was positive. On the airplane that the Pistols took to the U.S., one woman said of them, "What are we flying with, a load of animals?" At the show in Atlanta, a priest yelled at the Pistols' fans, "God can forgive anyone, even murderers, but not punk rockers. They are the children of the devil."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARY D'ANELLA



When he met Tina she told him about her husband, a schizo-violent Ivy Leaguer...

So went the public's opinion of punk rock."

Brubaker was his high school's first and only hard-core punk. In Lancaster, he *was* the Scene. Somebody had to be. It was the summer of 1981. Brubaker had seen English punks on TV, in magazines. He did not know what he believed about them. He believed in nothing entirely.

He had a good brain and tried to be true to it. That was the closest thing he had to a compass. When his brain got bored, Brubaker figured he should move on. The problem was there was tedium everywhere—in his town, in his time. He often thought of his life as being a conspiracy of circumstance. "The '70s, man," Brubaker was always grumbling, "what a decade to be the first one you can remember."

When he found punk, Brubaker was a halfhearted New Waver looking for a wild way out of a dull situation. He was not sure of what he wanted to be, but he was positive he didn't want to be like everyone else. Sometimes he puzzled over who had given him those genes.

The Brubakers lived in a plain new development in Lititz, a Lancaster suburb, close enough to the country to suffer swarms of flies every spring when the season came for farmers to spread cow manure over their land. His father worked for the telephone company and was bored. His mother sewed and baked and waited for his father to come home. It was beat.

Then Brubaker found punk—it began with groups like the Sex Pistols, Dead Kennedys, Circle Jerks. But it was not easy being a punk in greater Lancaster. Brubaker gradually took what he could gather from the refuse of all that was around him, and Brubaker's family gradually became appalled. He ripped off his first chain from the dumpster behind the old folks home where he worked. He bought combat boots from the Army-Navy and a spiked wristband from the motorcycle shop. He found a record store that imported English punk albums. Since he knew he wouldn't find it in Lancaster, he tried to find his reflection in the album covers.

He had never been to London. He had never even been to New York. Philly was the biggest town he knew. He had once gone there to a punk-rock show and struck up a conversation with some militant skin-heads. Someday, he knew, he'd get to Philly.

Meanwhile, Brubaker remained Lan-

caster's least-favorite son. He wrote ANARCHY on everything that would absorb ink and did a lot of sneering outside the coffee shop where all the old farts hung out waiting to die. Meanwhile, his peers at school were collecting JOHN DEERE decals and arguing over the most effective means of delivering a calf. They beat him around some. There wasn't a day that went by that didn't bring him some kind of hassle. Brubaker just figured it came with being punk.

BRUBAKER has been living with Tina and the cool punks for three weeks now in a big, broken-down house near the Penn campus. All of the nice furniture is on the porch—a couch with no cushions and three legs, and two bucket seats from a junked Thunderbird. Brubaker likes to sit out here, just watching what circulates through the city, appreciating how many miles he has put between himself and Lancaster. He wonders if the house seems at all empty without him there. He wonders what kind of reception he'd get if he walked through his parents' door looking the way he does now; if he'd be thrown out or if he'd even be noticed. He's not ready to go home again; you can't do that. But maybe he'll visit.

Brubaker runs his hand over his fine smooth scalp and appreciates the results of a 30-minute gig with the electric razor. His double Mohawk stands up like wrought iron thanks to his beauty secret—a package of fruit pectin mix he ripped from the pigs at the Wawa. Just mix, apply and allow to dry. It's the home permanent of the underground. Then he ripped off some hair bleach and stuff; look at it now. Wrought iron in peroxide blond. It's killer.

The sound of musical violence rises through the floorboards. Lafayette is jamming in the basement with this band he's trying to get together. The neighbors are too straight to appreciate Lafayette's screaming style. They give the house funny stares when they pass by, all concerned about the punks when they should be worried about the genuine freaks in their midst.

There's this one—a full-grown, adult genetic experiment—who walks the neighborhood streets carrying a teddy bear. The freak's name is Hector, and he comes by Tina's regularly to ask the cool punks

to play a certain Led Zeppelin record for him. He thinks the lyrics say, "My sweet Satan," when you play the record backward. Pathetic. He left his teddy bear here last time, and the punks disfigured it. When Hector comes back for it, he'll go crazy.

Tina is 25. She's from some rich-ass family in Washington. Her old man is something big with the CIA, and her family lives across the street from the retired secretary of the navy. But Tina married into insanity—some schizo-violent Ivy Leaguer who really turned into trouble. Tina left before she ended up in the hospital, and she came to Philly to wait out the divorce. Now she and Brubaker have an arrangement: she gives him one meal and a pack of cigarettes a day and lets him sleep in her room. In return Brubaker acts as her bodyguard—in case Mr. All-American Ivy Leaguer heads north looking for trouble.

"No problem," Brubaker says. "I'll use my chain on him if he comes around." He laughs that slice of a laugh.

Now Brubaker lights up one of Tina's cigarettes, leans back and looks cool. He looks at Tina, but she is trying to look cool, too. Sometimes he thinks they might be courting.

"My problem when I got married," Tina says, "was that I was sheltered, but my husband, he'd seen a lot. He was in the Navy, right? And he was a frogman, right? He even *killed* people."

"Hey, I didn't know that about him!"

"Yeah, he even had to register his body with the government because it's a deadly weapon. He could kill anyone—there's lots of ways. He has this one way—he comes up behind a person and wraps a wire around their neck. . . ."

"Oh, shit!"

"Wait a minute. You're not scared, are you?"

"No. You just should have told me so I'd be ready."

"You ought to smoke pot, Brubaker. It would mellow you out."

"Yeah, *right*," says Brubaker, who touches nothing harder than Camels.

The music has stopped. Lafayette emerges angry from the basement. A problem with his drummer. He and two of the cool punks stomp off. Lafayette has this great sense of anger, and the band will probably be a hit if they can ever find a drummer.

"Maybe I'll latch on with a band," Brubaker says after a while. His voice sounds far away. "I could travel with them. It could

continued on page 242



THE PUNK

continued from page 166
happen. . . . I'm lucky. . . .

"Hey, is his body *really* registered with the government?"

"Yeah," she says, "but it's no big deal." She looks at his face. "Well don't get all paranoid about it. If he comes and you're scared you can always call the cops."

"Fuck no. I'm not callin' the pigs."

He flicks an ash into this big plant Tina has an unnatural affection for.

"Don't!" she says.

"It's good for it," Brubaker says. "It's health food."

"Get out of here, Brubaker!"

"You know I belong here," Brubaker says.

And they sit there, quiet, without Tina saying another word.

FROM BRUBAKER'S TERM PAPER

THE MEANING of the movement can be found by looking at the punk rocker's over-all attitude. The early punks felt this way: "I had nothing to do with making the world what it is today; therefore, I am not going to do anything to help it." This attitude has changed, extremely, with the forming of today's hard-core punk. Along with the fading of the original punk bands and the transition to the '80s, punk took on a "we're-concerned-with-the-world" attitude and shed its original apathetic viewpoints through hard-core.

Hard-core started in California around the years 1977-1978 with the forming of bands like Black Flag, Circle Jerks, Dead Kennedys and The Germs. These bands played quick (anywhere from 59 seconds to two minutes), loud anti-apathy songs. They spurned a new breed of arrogant "I'm - not-gonna - just - sit - back - and - watch - the-world - disintegrate" attitudes. These punks were also concerned about what the country's youth were being taught about life, realizing that youth is the future. They hated the way Americans were so self-centered and uncaring of the world. These punks viewed society for what it is, a scandalous, crime-ridden, war-hungry urban waste, and proposed to do something about it.

Even the way the punks dressed served the cause. People were repulsed by the sight of the punks. This was another form of drawing attention to the punks' ideas. People would see the punks walking around with Mohawks and obscene T-shirts, and they would question the punks' motives. By doing this each punk had an open chance to express his views—tricking society again.

Brubaker pierced his left ear in six different places with hot safety pins. He did it all at once, and when he was done he left the pins in there, waiting for the ear to

heal, which did not happen for quite some time. Instead, it turned blue. Brubaker's mother spent many days telling Brubaker she told him so. While Brubaker was finding punk, his mother was finding Jesus. They were both born again, but into different families. She desperately tried to convert him to averageness—change him back to the way he was in all of those old school pictures. She contacted a California woman who had started something called Parents of Punks. Brubaker's mother asked advice and said please couldn't they start a chapter in Lancaster or send a kit or something.

The woman was nice, but she said she just didn't have the money to start another chapter all the way out there, and just how many punks were in Lancaster anyway? Brubaker's mother was left to deal with

*He chose a lyric he
liked a lot, one that
ended, "Who needs love
when you've got a gun?"
He looked at it and
figured it was good
enough to be a
suicide note.*

her son as best she could. She confiscated Brubaker's punk albums and punk clothes, and she stored them in his grandparents' house, where he wouldn't dare to venture looking like he did.

Only Brubaker's 15-year-old brother, Mark, seemed to understand the beauty of what he was doing. Mark couldn't wait to get old enough to buy a Harley and get his arms covered with tattoos. His parents didn't mind Mark because Brubaker's old man always wanted to be a greaser, but his old man wouldn't let him. They did mind punk. They minded it a lot.

Brubaker stayed away from home days at a time so he could wear his contraband punk clothes and hang around town and agitate the old farts. One night, when he arrived home after one of these missions, Brubaker's mother got so upset she took his rarest Sid Vicious poster and tore it into neat little squares right before his eyes. Brubaker fought to save it, but his mother took on superhuman strength and kept tearing it—quarters, eighths, 16ths. . . . So damn neat. There was a whole lot of yelling. Mark locked himself in his room, the way he usually did when things got like this. Brubaker's mother yelled and Brubaker yelled and Brubaker's father yelled and Muffin—the family dog—barked and barked and barked. "John," Brubak-

er's mother finally said, "You've been nothing but a disgrace to this family—to your grandparents, to everyone."

It was then that Brubaker stomped off to his room and slammed the door. He changed into his favorite Sid Vicious shirt—the one with Sid in this really snotty pose. He took out a memo pad and thought over what he should write. He chose a lyric he liked a lot, one that ended, "Who needs love when you've got a gun?" He looked at it and figured it was good enough to be a suicide note.

Razors were bogus. The penknife would make it more bloody. That would be their last picture of him—lying dead on the bed in his Sid Vicious shirt. Killer.

Brubaker wondered what kind of eulogy he'd get. He hoped it wasn't in a church. He wondered whether they'd say anything about Sid Vicious and the shirt. He thought about it for a long time—how he'd be found, what they'd say over his corpse. He thought about it too long.

When Brubaker's mother came barging into his room to make another point about why men shouldn't wear earrings she saw the note right away.

"John, if you're trying to make us feel sorry for you it won't work," she said, tearing the note into neat squares—quarters, eighths, 16ths. . . . "You're just trying to cause more trouble, that's all you're doing."

"Shit!" Brubaker said. "You've got to ruin everything, don't you?"

That night Brubaker told his brother he would leave home as soon as he got out of school. Three days after graduation Brubaker was true to his word. He packed his laundry bag and hitchhiked to Philadelphia—forever.

BRUBAKER'S COMPLAINT: "NOBODY'S SHOCKED ANYMORE."

ANOTHER TOUR of another world tonight at the Love Club. The scene seems to be growing every weekend now, and this show will bring out punks that Brubaker has never seen—punks from Boston and New York and D.C. Tonight Brubaker's hair is dyed the same shade of blue K Mart uses for its baby pajamas. Brubaker plans to head home this week to recover all the punk things his mother hid. He can't wait to see her reaction. The dye job was easy to do. This punk chick got him some Crazy Color at Zipperhead, the punk store. The punk chick is one of a tribe of young groupies who have adopted

OLD?

Stay young with

Phase I - New Skin

Mild non-abrasive cleanser used to help rid skin of dead, dried particles. Excellent for blemishes. Will cause the skin to peel slightly. Whiteheads and blackheads will disappear in three days. To be used in place of soap because of its anti-bacterial properties.

Camphor Masque

If enlarged pores are your problem, this is your solution. A unique product designed to diminish enlarged pores on the face. Amazing results will be seen. Do not abandon other treatment line. A tighter, smoother skin will be yours if used faithfully.

Beauty Veil

Ours alone. Made from collagen and other rare ingredients, will restore elasticity to skin, increase blood circulation and improve clarity. Use before make-up. No other cosmetic like it in the world. A facial cocktail, revitalizes tired, sagging complexion in the morning or before an evening out.

Creme Renaissance - Moisturizer

Formulated to renew and nourish the complexion of women. To give a youthful bloom, radiance and freshness to the skin. Can be worn alone or under powder base. An effective blandishment against wrinkles. Does not contain hormone.

Formula R

A unique formula re-inforced with the wonder-working VitaCos, also contains Vitamins A and E. Superpenetration. Does not remain on the skin surface, but penetrates to the fourth skin layer. Proved most helpful to dry or troubled skin. Helps correct minor and major skin deficiencies through the penetration of the four skin layers with the resulting acceleration of the circulation of the blood. Pat into face and neck before retiring.

Promel

COSMETIC, INC.

For your individual skin problems visit one of our stores or call 828-8787

- JENKINTOWN • PHILADELPHIA
- LAFAYETTE HILL • WYNNEWOOD
- NARBERTH

THE PUNK

Brubaker as their ultimate hard-core guru. The cool punks at Tina's house call Brubaker's followers the Mohawk Nation. And now, here at the Love Club, just a month and a half after hitting town, Brubaker is standing with them, beaming, having become the center of a Scene within the Scene.

For Brubaker, it has already been a big night. First he found a killer chain lying right out in the middle of South Street like nobody wanted it. Luck! Then he sold eight of the punk patches he's been printing up—enough for four packs of Camels. But the best part of the night came when this fat, pink tourist came up to Brubaker and wanted to take his picture to get a few yo-ho-hos during the old slide show back home.

"Just hold still for a minute," he said.

"Yeah sure," said Brubaker. "Give me a dollar."

"Oh, come on," the man said, aiming his camera like he was at Lion Country Safari. Brubaker gave his best practiced snarl. "If I see you take my picture I'll have to rip up the film," Brubaker told him, "and I might have to break your camera to get it out. Now give me a dollar!" The old bastard finally handed over a quarter and never did have the guts to take Brubaker's picture. Now Brubaker is sure people in the city are afraid of punks.

Tonight the Love Club is crowded with everyone, from the skatepunks—who continue to impress Brubaker—to the skinheads. The fanzines—mags with names like Savage Pink and Die Young and Anti-Anti—are being passed around, and the punks are reading up on all the latest outrages.

"It used to be," Brubaker is lecturing the Mohawk Nation, "a kid would just throw on some weird clothes and go out and say fuck the world, you know? But nobody's shocked like they used to be. . . ."

The other punks are standing nearby, making a point of being cool. Lafayette turned 25 today, and his orange Mohawk is all tied up in some kind of alien life form arrangement. As usual, all of his clothes are Salvation Army rejects, right down to his favorite hard-core jacket—a truly hideous fake snakeskin number that has the word PLASTIC emblazoned on its back. But Lafayette is more subdued than usual and certainly more subdued than is his habit on special days like birthdays or Halloween—when he dressed up as a preppie and stayed drunk for three days, being sick on public transportation, outraging the straights. He hurt his neck slam-dancing earlier tonight, and he's in a strange mood. "I'm all for bringing down the system," he is telling this other punk. "But what do you do in its place? My problem is I think too much. You can talk about anarchy all

you want. But I've seen the South, and I know the people on the other side are good with guns."

Listening, Brubaker is vaguely disappointed by the dullness of it all.

BRUBAKER slam-danced out his frustrations and went home sweaty and happy and sore. He had barely fallen asleep on Tina's couch, dreaming sweetly of many Mohawk maidens, when he was disturbed by a noise from downstairs.

Now he sits up and spins his head. The shouting, the banging . . . Holy shit! He springs from the couch, able to shake the sleep, but not the fear.

There is the furious sound of killer hands

*There is the furious sound
of killer hands rattling
the thin door trying
to get inside.*

rattling the thin door, trying to get inside. Brubaker looks at Tina still sleeping. He feels more alone than if he were alone. The shouting and banging continues. He checks the clock. One in the morning. The frogman has arrived!

Only Brubaker's legs are calm. He walks over to the large shapeless pile that is most of what he owns. Such disarray had pleased him back home, but now the pile seems musty, gross. He sorts through it all—the boots and belts and bracelets—and slowly he decides on a chain large enough to stun a frogman.

Brubaker searches for the anger to make him strong, but fails to find it. He doesn't know where it is kept. He hurries into the bathroom, looking for a mirror to look inside himself. The banging grows fiercer as he toys with his hair, deciding to leave it limp and ghoulish. His eyes are white and round as snake eggs. Has the frogman ever seen anything like this among the creatures of land and sea? Brubaker hopes not. He walks down the stairs like a freshly awakened corpse, sliding toward the door, out of sight until he pushes it open with his fist, the chain wrapped three times

around the knuckles.

"Play My Sweet Satan! Play My Sweet Satan!"

Hector! Hector, the neighborhood freak. It's 1 a.m., and Hector has his disfigured teddy bear in one hand and his Led Zepelin album in the other. "Play it backwards!"

"Out of my face!" Brubaker yells, grabbing the stuffed animal from Hector's hands. A terrible smile crosses Brubaker's face as he grabs Teddy by both ears and pulls.

"Teddy!"

"I'll rip his eyes out and then you know what, Hector?" Hector steps back off the porch, realizing he has done wrong. "I'll eat them!"

Hector screams and runs off awkwardly. Brubaker stands on the porch, letting the fear drip away. It is replaced by something almost sweet, almost like victory or triumph or success. Standing here alone in the night Brubaker feels as sure as he's ever been that he'll never need to go home again. But he knows he must visit.

"PARENTS ARE PEOPLE, TOO"

THE DRIVE to Lancaster is green and simple and beautiful. But Brubaker sees only trees that have been here longer than he cares to imagine. They go by in packs, similar, unable to support a new style.

Today Brubaker is on a mission of retrieval, a mission to reclaim everything punk that his mother has hidden away. A safety pin sways back and forth off his nose ring as he pilots the borrowed car into enemy territory.

Soon the car pulls through the plain new development, through the streets that are not streets, into the driveway of the rancher with red, white and blue flowers planted outside. Home. Muffin jumps and yelps and whines as Brubaker kisses the dog over and over.

"That dog doesn't recognize you, John!" Mrs. Brubaker says, shouting out the screen door, entirely sure of herself. "How would that dog ever recognize you?"

"Hi, Ma. I just came up to pick up some things."

"Well . . ." She is stiff and cautious as she opens the door for her son. Brubaker walks into the kitchen where his mother has decorated the refrigerator door with the poems "To All Our Teenagers" and "Parents Are People, Too." There are two freshly baked pies on the table.

"Mark!" she calls, "your brother is here."

The world of color television is now flat.



Suddenly, Toshiba reshapes the future of television. With the introduction of our Videologic Receiver/Monitors with F.S.T. BLACKSTRIPE® color tubes.

This remarkable new flatter screen offers a full inch (diagonally measured) of improved viewing area and virtually no missing picture at the corners.

Fortunately, you don't have to wait for the next generation of color TV. Toshiba just invented it.

In Touch with Tomorrow

TOSHIBA

Toshiba America, Inc., 82 Totowa Road, Wayne, NJ 07470



HALLMARK OF THE ROAD

We care enough to have you drive the very best.

. . . Best value

. . . Best service

. . . Best selection

Raymond P. Scott
Oldsmobile SAAB

ON THE
MAIN LINE
SINCE 1929

265 E. Lancaster Ave.
Wynnewood-Ardmore
649-4400

"We Deliver. . . Value"