Students may ask state for racism probe

By LYNN WESSEY

Wayne Glade, former chairman of the Graduate and Professional Student Association, said last night that he and other minority students are seriously considering using state officials to investigate charges at the University.

Glade said that he and a group of students are tentatively planning to approach the state legislature and administration generally to pressure the University to act on charges it received.

Glade said that the group also would like to see the legislature pass laws dealing with certain issues, including the possibility of creating an ombudsperson office to handle such complaints.

University lawyers acknowledged in a letter that they would cooperate with the EEOC. A spokesman for the EEOC said that the letter was a positive step.

"We support the investigation," the spokesman said. "We believe it is important to ensure that all students have access to a fair and equitable education."
University building cited for housing and fire code violations

by BILLY SPEIGEL

The Graduate and Professional Students Association (GAPSA) has filed a complaint against the University, alleging that the Graduate and Professional Students Association (GAPSA) has filed a complaint against the University, alleging that the University Department of Licenses and Inspection has failed to make improvements to the building in question due to non-compliance with fire and safety codes.

GAPSA members claim that the University failed to improve the building after being cited for violations several times. The complaint requires the University to make necessary improvements and to pay administrative fees for the violation.

The University has denied the allegations and stated that the building is in compliance with all required codes and regulations.

University building cited for housing and fire code violations

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**Group stresses black culture, prepares for second production**

By JENNIFER FABIAN

Most young men have not gained enough recogni-

tion to wear formal uniforms, but a new Penn Bu-

dies, the Penn Black Arts League is gaining ac-

cent as it prepares to expand student activism to Afri-

can-American studies on campus. And amid controversy sur-

rounding the establishment of peace, unity and har-

mony among blacks throughout the world, the group is at tem-

ting to meet with famed filmmaker Spike Lee.

"We have to step forward and train ourselves and train other people to the influence of what we do," said Penn senior Arlan Starch. "We have to be a voice for all black people."

The Bahai Club is attempting to solve racial problems through education and awareness. In addition, only one-half of the Club's members are African-American, which the Bahai Club believes is not a problem. The Bahai Club is attempting to solve racial problems through education and awareness. In addition, only one-half of the Club's members are African-American, which the Bahai Club believes is not a problem.

The Bahai Club sponsors a number of educational activities, including a workshop on racism and prejudice, a movie about the Bahai faith and a discussion on the relationship between faith and racism.

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Zeta Beta Tau application for return due

ZBT, from page 1

Possess for University Life. The

The Student Alliance, which would

The chapter of Phi Delta Theta, a

The suspension ruling does not

The Student Alliance, said last night

The Temple student was us-

Richardson declined to specify

Richardson said last night that such a

The ruling does not specify how

Members of the administration and

Students may ask state for racism

ATTENTION, PRE-LAW JUNIORS!

2 things worth thinking about after

The June LSAT. And us.

It's spring break — time for some

But do yourself a favor while you're

As you know, June's exam will be

As you think about which...
Crystal ball theft unsolved

MUSEUM, from page 1
other places when it becomes necessary.

The thief, who is estimated to be a 50-pound crystal ball, valued at approximately $25,000, was stolen from the Rodin Museum last week. The museum has initiated a search for the whereabouts of the stolen item.

Museum officials said that the theft occurred during the night, between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m. The ball, which weighs approximately 50 pounds, was reported missing on Friday morning.

"We are very concerned about the loss," said Museum spokesperson Mel Stoddard. "It is not only a valuable piece of art, but it is also a symbol of our rich history and culture." 

The Rodin Museum, which is located at 520 Walnut St., is currently closed for restoration work. The museum is expected to reopen later this year.

"We are working with the Philadelphia Police Department and the FBI to determine the extent of the damage," said Stoddard. "We are also reminding visitors to be on the lookout for any unusual activity." 

The museum has put a $5,000 reward on the theft and has asked for anyone with information to contact them.

EEOC submits new brief

TUNG, from page 1
the party's nature, the court ruled that the move was not allowable. However, most meetings will be replaced by withdrawing because the process of "disaster" for the University's Senate was declared不公平. But the faculty cannot allow this to happen.

"This was the last meeting of Council," said Richard Harris. "It went beyond the bounds of the council's duties and responsibilities." 

The Philadelphia EEOC Public Safety spokesperson Sylvia Canada said that the department does not work in conjunction with the University Senate. A representative from the Department on the investigation.

Kinds added that the University Senate case was coupled with a theft from the Rodin Museum two weeks later. That case is also still outstanding.

Museum officials said that the thief, who was discovered sleeping in the museum, was apprehended and charged with theft.

"We have to rediscover the form of the museum," said Vincent Philpilili, the Senate's chairman. "We have to keep the city informed." 

The Philadelphia EEOC Senate may leave Council

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It’s So Simple

If you believe that graduate student Vincent Phaahla is guilty of falsifying his academic record, demand a fair judicial system which will prove that the charges are false, and perhaps even find that they were motivated because of his outspoken criticism of the apartheid regime.

However, if you think Phaahla is guilty, demand a fair judicial system which will prove that he is guilty. Right now, neither side can be satisfied with any ruling.

The administrative process has been criticized for not being legitimate or fair. Either way, the Judicial Inquiry Office has failed to treat Phaahla fairly, and fairness must be its goal.

We, as human beings, would be very uncomfortable if our children are, in fact, subjected to a judicial system that has not been shown to be fair and impartial. It is vital that the charges are true, and perhaps even find that the charges are false, and that fairness must be its goal.

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World

Likud gains in Israeli municipal elections

JERUSALEM — The right-wing Likud bloc won control of the Jerusalem municipality for the first time in 17 years, official elections results showed Tuesday.

The elections Tuesday extended the power of his Likud Mejlis chairman, the merger among religious parties and Muslims, fundamentalists.

Toby Kohl, the moderate Labor Party's best-known statesman, won with six seats in Jerusalem for the first time in the history of the council. Kohl and three other secular City Council members won.

Nations

Congress to get a &ldquo;what the law is&rdquo; report

The eight member panel wrapped up all but the final draft of a report Wednesday to Congress that will give all the states a &ldquo;what the law is&rdquo; report on the law.

The report, which will be released to Congress, was delayed because of the delay in the report. Kohl said that he made more trips between Washington and New York on the report and makes the law much more effective.

Washington

Police strike in Israel's municipal elections and Prime Minister

Washington, D.C. — A retired general testified at the hearing of a 40 percent chance of snow in Israel's municipal elections and Prime Minister

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Weather

No Jacket or Tie Required

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Jon Wilner: The bottom line is Schneider must go

Why can the Quakers be expected to perform well against No. 1 Maryland in the semifinals at Villanova? One reason is Maryland, which last night was ranked No. 1 in the country, didn't look like it last night. If the Quakers can keep Maryland from getting rebounds and grab a few of their own against the Terrapins, they too may be able to make another run this year. Pat Dashiell

The Quakers are still in contention for the Ivy League title, but they need to beat Pennsylvania on Sunday to have any chance at the championship. Tony Stovall

The Quakers' game against Princeton is a must-win for both teams. A win would give the Quakers a 4-1 record in the Ivy League and put them in a good position for the championship. Joe Sullivan
Johnson's coach: Ben turned to anabolic steroids in 1981

TORONTO - Ben Johnson's track coach confirmed yesterday that he turned to Canadian spin in r
in 1981 because they were "worth a meter" in competition and everyone else was doing it.  

"I think that's why a lot of people joined him," the coach said.

Johnson was later found guilty of using performance-enhancing drugs and that he first approached the Canadian spin in r
about steroids, but he says he didn't know exactly what he was getting.

The coach said that everyone at the time knew he was on steroids and that he had been using them since 1977, when the spin was 1.5.

"He and all his coaches, including Steve Ovett and Jim Ryun, were all on steroids," the coach said.

The coach said that when the Spin turned to Canadian spin r
in 1981, he didn't think he understood that his competitors were on.

Johnson, who lost his Olympic 100-meter gold metal and would have been Canadian spin in r
had he won, said that he now knew that he had used steroids to enhance his performance. France's only person super-
in the Olympics was that the spinners' case test may have been sabotaged.

Johnson said that all his friends on steroids were now on steroids.

Johnson said that even though anabolic steroids were an illegal substance.

La Salle destroys Ferris, 91-62, in MAAC playoffs

For Mike Miller, La Salle's 51st point and 12 rebounds as La Salle defeated Ferris 91-62 last night at the Palestra in the quarterfinals of the Middle Atlantic Conference Tournament.

Reed 39 points and 12 rebounds for No. 19 Ball State's win over No. 20 St. Joseph's and No. 19 Ferris.

The game marked the last time La Salle will be the home team in the Palestra.

Next season, the Explorers will play all their home games at the Palestra.

La Salle will face the winner of the semifinal game.

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Cincinnati Banks upset over No. 14 Louisville

LOUISVILLE, Ky. - Louisville's staying power was on display Saturday night.

River City Bank beat the University of Kentucky, 84-68, and the Bearcats, 84-68, and the Bearcats' victory in the Metro Conference.

Stalling key to running

Johnson's team clinched the Big Ten title with win over Wisconsin

No. 3 Indiana clinches tie for Big Ten title with win over Wisconsin

Surgical play is key to running

Surgical play is key to running

Cincinnati Banks upset over No. 14 Louisville

Cincinnati Banks upset over No. 14 Louisville

Cincinnati Banks upset over No. 14 Louisville
W. Squash 

receives national 

No. 1: Heidi Braverman, playing in 

the final college squash tournament, 

will have to play her 

best against her than last time."

The Quakers (and every other com- 

petitor) do know, however, that 

their new head coach Tom 

Schneider has planned and played 

before, since she won their first 

prize this season — that 

men's Interi 

nals, beginning, in my opinion, can 

never have gotten into it. Current 

dilemma is still 

without their best player, 6-8 center Dane 

Hollander. "I think he was upset with 

the recent situation involving guard Tyrone 

Schneider's. Contract expires at the end of 

the season before Penn basketball 


to the Student Activities Council, telling them that 

the top men's skier, Suet lancy, 

was forced to miss the 

Regional 

Regional Championships was held on Monday, and 

they had to move aggressive and go all out. Everyone in our 

skiing club, when we lose, we accept it, win, lose, men, 

women, men's teams, and women's teams. We put 

in their own competitive and calculations. Penn 

would have to finish in the top two on Tuesday. 

"The first night we were there, all of us cried into 

each other's shoulders," Schneider said. "The second night we 

cried, we were in such a bad mood."

Knowing that only those clubs qualify for nationals, the 

Quakers are determined to earn their 

rightful place in the 

top 

in the Nation's top 

determined to earn their 

rightful place in the 

top 10 nationally."

Injuries continued to plague the men's volleyball club. 

First, starting setter Josh Ballen strained his back on 

the last day of the season and was unable to play in an important 

match against Maryland. Then, senior outside hitter 

Brad Brown strained his ankle early, and Penn would 

up against Yale in free sets. (13-11, 13-12, 13-15).

Please see MIPAGES, page 8

M. Swim looks to amaze at 

wide-open Easterns

By AMANDA EKIRD

At the 1988 Eastern Regional 

Sweeping Championships held 

at Brown's Swim Center, the 

men's swimming team had such 

an overpowering performance that 

it didn't even need to finish out the 

event. The Quakers plan on 

starting at Bridgeport Pool at 

Harvard, the Quakers plan on 

starting right out of the gate. And Penn hopes that 

"If we just go as we train really 

well, we'll do well," Quaker's swim 
in coach Jim Taylor said. "I've 

been told that Head Coach Tom 

Schneider has auditioned and played 

before, since she won their first 

prize this season — that 

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Please see MIPAGES, page 8
Whatever Happened to Danny Partridge?

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

LINGERIE AT THE BANK
The hot Philly club hosts a fashion show with well-received lingerie and swimwear.

ELVIS COSTELLO
The beloved entertainer returns with a new album and an all-star supporting cast.
Dear Mr. Arnold:

I just finished reading your review of the latest Replacements album Don't Tell a Soul and I couldn't agree with you more. This album was such a disappointment to me, especially after reading the rave review in Time Magazine. I have been a Replacements fan for years, and although I think they are a band that deserves a great deal more attention, it is a real shame that they are finally getting it with an album that just doesn't merit it. Thanks for the honest review!

Sincerely,
Colleen McLaughlin

Dear Editor:

Please bring back the television listings. The listing is far more informative than the music reviews, especially for those students who do not care to listen to modern music. The TV listing provided a service.

John L. Bernhart, CAS '89

Editor’s reply: well, we can’t please everybody. One better-writer liked a music review and the other one wouldn’t mind if we ditched the whole section. In regard to the TV listings, we stopped printing them because we’re restricted to a certain number of pages per week. We decided to devote the whole magazine to feature pages and entertainment pages — all written and edited right here in University City. But we aren’t adverse to listening to (and taking into consideration) what our readers have to say about this decision.

Correction:
The review for the film The Blues (in last week’s issue) was incorrectly credited. The writer of the piece was Michele Raynor. 34th Street regrets the error and is taking steps to make sure it doesn’t happen in the future. Sorry, Michele.

STREET MAIL
wants your opinion

Do you have any questions, comments, corrections or criticisms about 34th Street? Heck, even if you have something nice to say, we’d love to hear it. Don’t hesitate to write ‘em down and mail ‘em to Editor, 34th Street Magazine, 4013 Walnut St., 19104. Or just drop ‘em off at the big white-faced Daily Pennsylvanian Office during business hours. We also accept checks, money orders and good old fashioned pubs on the back.

LIFE IN HELL

© 1989 by MATT GROENING.
Thou shalt not fib

Those little white lies are getting more popular

Commandment number 8

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor (i.e. Don’t lie).

I have come to the conclusion that everyone lies. They may not all be whoppers, like that they’re married to Morgan Fairchild, but everyone has told at least a little white one at one time or another.

Even Marcia Brady slipped from her divine standing when she told her date, Doug Simpson, that “something suddenly came up” so she wouldn’t have to face him with her swollen nose. (You remember the episode: Repeat “Oh, my nose!” 20 times and picture Peter and Bobby hugging her in the face with a football.)

My friends tell their boyfriends or girlfriends that they were sleeping when in fact they were tossing back a few frosty ones at Smoke’s. My younger sister tells my parents she’s going one place and knowingly ends up at another. My roommates beg each other to tell that certain someone that they’re not home.

I have found myself spouting a minor falsehood without batting an eyelash (“Cheryl, why weren’t you at the meeting last night?” “Oh, I came down with a two hour case of malaria”).

But what really gets to me is that everyone expects, and accepts, these fibs from time to time. It’s become more socially acceptable to tell a half-truth than to lay it on the line.

Maybe we should put the blame on television. In the land of the boob tube, when a guy asks a girl out on a date, I’ve seen the old, “Sorry, I have to wash my hair” trick used 1000 times (just what kind of shampoo are these girls using?)

All those sly husbands who are committing adultery on the telly call their wives to tell them that they’re working late at the office. You’d think by now they’d come up with something new. One of these days one of their wives is going to have an episode of Dallas, get smart and send her husband to the doghouse.

Speaking of canines, there’s the dog ate my homework excuse. Teachers caught on to this one due to over-exposure in the media so kids had to rethink their strategy and come up with others, among them “my house had a power outage,” “my mom wouldn’t let me use a pen,” or the ever-popular “my podiatrist told me that more than one hour of homework per week gives me planter’s warts.”

I suppose it all comes down to fact. It’s better to tell some one that you missed their party because you had to tend to an emergency than because you found something better to do and you decided to blow off the shindig.

And it’s easier to tell your friend that you really like her new haircut or his new sweater when in fact you’ve never seen anything more hideous in your entire life.

Try being brutally honest for one day. For just one day, think before you speak and make sure everything which spews forth from your lips is 100 percent truthful.

Try to look your professor in the eye and tell him you think he’s full of crap and you don’t understand a word of what he’s saying, instead of nodding and kowtowing to him and pretending he’s a prophet and you comprehend each and every syllable.

Try admitting to your friend that the reason you couldn’t go to the store with her was not because you had a fever, but because you were watching a movie with your boyfriend.

Try telling the girl in your management class that there’s no way you’d ever be seen in public with her.

Just as I suspected. Something suddenly came up.

Cheryl Family is managing editor of 34th Street. She wants to thank Paul, Dan and Helen for their divine assistance with the Commandments.

Contest

You’re going to have to get real low down and boogie for this contest, folks. First, name the rhythm and blues master in the photo. Then name 1980 movie he had a cameo in. And who’s Music Exchange did he jam in front of in the film? Next, give us the names of the film’s two main stars. Finally, tell us the names and nicknames of the two lead guitarists in the stars’ band. First one in with the right answer gets a selection from 34th Street’s music library. Call (988-9866) between 6:45 and 6:55 tonight.

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The Chocolate War
Candy sales aren't as harmless as you might think

By Tim Barkow

High school: a time of trials and tribulations, fitting in and sticking out. It was the best of times, but mostly it really sucked.

In The Chocolate War, director Keith Gordon delves into the psyche of a twisted society. In a small private high school, the personalities and primal forces that motivate the human race wage a nasty war for recognition and dominance.

Jerry's troubles begin with the school's annual chocolate-selling drive. Acting headmaster, Brother Leon (John Glover) has upped the stakes this school year, doubling the amount of chocolates that the students must sell. To insure the campaign's success, Brother Leon enlists the powerful intimidation techniques of the Vigils and their leader, Archie (Wally Ward) to guarantee that the boys make their quotas.

When the Vigils' "assign" Jerry not to sell his chocolates for ten days while the rest of the boys sell, Jerry is caught as a pawn in a desperate battle for Brother Leon's promotion, and the Vigils' control of the student body.

The Chocolate War is an adaptation of Robert Cormier's book of the same title. Director Gordon, most noted for his acting (Back to School), creates a surreal and somewhat sinister look at control-hungry personalities.

The plot is pulled together with an effective cast, a powerful score and some dramatic camera work. Gordon sensitively conveys the emotion surrounding the characters while still retaining the atmosphere of stagnation that permeates the school's ivy-covered walls.

And the deep shadows and strange camera angles here create an appropriately unsettling feeling. Jerry's deceased mother returns frequently, haunting his dreams and waking life and transforming the film into a surreal account of a young boy's identity crisis.

But while the film deals with Jerry's confusion, it also portrays the war between Brother Leon and Archie for control of St. Trinity. This psychological propaganda echoes national politics and suppression and makes the film genuinely disturbing.

The Chocolate War exposes the personalities of the power-hungry and the extent to which they will go to achieve their ends. Their methods of intimidation are revealed with all ugliness intact. At one point, Brother Leon singles out a student and humiliates him in front of the class. When the boy's classmate laughs at him instead of lending support, Leon apologizes to the boy and likens his classmates to the Nazis. In fact, the whole premise of The Chocolate War is a carefully scripted microcosm for Nazi Germany.

The Chocolate War does what your local high school teachers couldn't always do - it gets you to think.
By Alyssa Senzel

In 1967 Joe Clark (Morgan Freeman) was an idealistic Paterson, New Jersey high school teacher who became disillusioned with the bureaucratic school system. Twenty years later, the superintendent of schools (Robert Guillaume) asked him to return to Eastside High as principal in an emergency measure to save the school. Lean on Me depicts the true story of Clark's achievements without elaboration. And the result is a film that entertains and delivers a powerful message.

Lean on Me combines emotion and realism to deliver its powerful message. Typical high-school-film questions like "What should I wear today?" have been pushed aside to expose drack dealers preying on students.

The actors portraying the students exude little of the standard Hollywood glitz that often detracts from credibility.

Many of them, Lean on Me marks its film debuts. And Morgan Freeman (Street Smart) gives a powerful performance. The film contains scenes that shock and challenge, and deliver a powerful message. Typical high-school-film questions like "What should I wear today?" have been pushed aside to expose drack dealers preying on students.

Morgan Freeman (left) stands beside the real Joe Clark.

Lean on Me takes part in one of the film's lighter moments.
Baring it all at the Bank

Thump. Thump. Thump.
Heavy music pours down over the crowd. People mill about the large, dimly-lit room, dancing, talking, drinking and checking out the scene. It's Tuesday night at The Bank, one of the hotter night spots in Philadelphia.

The music stops, and after a pause, a new, but similar beat starts. Suddenly, heads turn on masse to watch three beautiful ladies strut down the corridor that divides the thong. Cheers of approval fly up as the models ascend the stairs to the stage and begin dancing to the throbbing rhythm. They twist and turn, showing off what's new and what's hot. Welcome to the world of high fashion.

But wait, there's a twist. The audience happens to be wearing more than the models.

No, it isn't a strip-show, far from it, in fact. But this affair isn't about past-suits or evening gowns. No way. We're talking swimwear here, with lingerie thrown in to boot. Fascinating creations indeed, ranging in style from offbeat to well, revealing.

The models soon finish their first run on stage, but barely make it down before the shrieks start up again. This time, the women in the crowd make the most noise, as a guy with a build that would put Rocky to shame begins to dance with his female counterpart. He's wearing tight shorts cut rather skimply and a loose sleeveless T-shirt, while she shows off a brightly-colored one-piece suit with French cut hips and a very plunging neckline.

A group of yuppy businessmen laugh among themselves and point, while a lady near the stage whispers excitedly in the ear of her friend. Then the music changes, the spotlight shifts and a new group takes the stage.

According to Edward Vandenberg, owner of Fahrenheit, a clothing store that specializes in fashions you probably wouldn't find at Wanamaker's, the sexy look is "in" as much now (if not more) than ever before. Vandenberg attributes the recent popularity of intimate wear to both seasonal and general fashion trends.

"The Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue and spring break tend to boost interest," he says, adding that sales at his store in the Northeast have risen appreciably in recent months. In addition, wearing intimate apparel has recently come into vogue.

According to Vandenberg, lingerie has come out of the bedroom and now appears in some new and interesting places.

"It's not unusual for a woman to wear lingerie, a bra maybe, underneath a jacket when she goes out," he says. "Sheer, satiny items have also gained popularity recently."

His store provided a number of items for the show, from $30 lace mesh bras to a $500 dollar Harley Davidson leather jacket.

A new group of models takes the stage. But this time the tamer one-piece suits have given way to two-piece creations that enthral the crowd below. The suits themselves are simple: typical colors cut like anything found on Daytona Beach. The audience, however, can't get enough. The models play to the reactions, switching between serious, sultry expressions and bouncy, fun-loving grins. Cheers arise as they shower the front rows with confetti.

After a few minutes, the lighting once again changes to a softer, warmer glow, while the beat goes on. Down the aisle come three more models wearing satin blazers. As they reach the stage, they slip them off...

The show marks the first of its kind in Philadelphia. Steve Horn, the event's producer, felt that a fashion show in a nightclub like The Bank would generate a great deal of interest.

"The Bank attracts a young, fashion-conscious crowd that would buy these types of clothes," he says.

In addition to coordinating the entire effort, Horn's agency provided the models for the show. And he defends the show against those who might label it as exploitative or sexist. To him, those present merely exercised their free will: the models chose to take the job, and the audience chose to come and watch.
"It's not like we're sending them out there nude," he says. Indeed, nothing that the models wore revealed more than a PG-13 movie. The garter straps show enough to stimulate the imagination, but not enough, however, to turn fantasy into reality.

The first lingerie items seem a bit tame. The crowd hardly stirs as the models parade in one-piece silk underwear. It's essentially the kind that you see on those really awful made-for-TV movies — not all that exciting. But then a single model struts onto stage wearing a black one-piece made of either satin or leather. It faces all the way up the front with black string: Remember Madonna in the "Open Your Heart" video? The similarities are striking. Members of the crowd show their approval by making these weird "ooi, ooi" sounds that you always hear in dance clubs.

The audience is a bizarre mix. Rittenhouse Square yuppies wearing ties and wingtips blend with the New York-like club-hoppers who wear mostly black and street-punk characters with strangely shaved heads.

Two women who appear to be in their mid-20s stand at a table sipping drinks from the open bar. Frequent club-goers, Jennifer and Jery came to the show to see what was new on the fashion scene.

"They're making suits that normal people can wear now," says Jennifer. Both women claim to have bought lingerie in the past both for themselves and for friends, and were attending the show in hopes of finding something that caught their eyes. Unfortunately, both declined to give their phone numbers.

Overall, the crowd acted with restraint. Of course, there were plenty of cheers and whistling, but even after an hour of open bar, nobody became too obnoxious. This wasn't a show that you would find on 42nd Street in New York, and it wasn't the kind of crowd that would go to one. Women made up at least half of the audience and, in fact, did most of the cheering.

About four hundred people filled the room during the show. Of those questioned, all claimed to have enjoyed the event and none seemed to be shocked, offended or embarrassed.

Jeff and Jery, two guys of the yuppie-businessman mold, concur with the general opinion about charges of sexism often brought against such shows. They agree that watching this show or others like it is a matter of personal choice and free will.

"If you don't like it," says one Jeff, "don't come."

"Fuck 'em," adds the other.

Another audience member, Tamara, says she would be offended if the show turned blatantly and obscenely sexual.

But as she pointed out, "They're not gyrating their hips up there. They're showing off the clothes, not themselves."

At some points, however, the difference between the two becomes rather grey. Quasi-see-through lace bras and panties in numerous colors. Stockings with garter belts. A tight, ultra-mini mini-skirt and matching ultra-mini bra decorated with a mass of gold sequins. And a satin piece with a mesh upper-body that reveals pretty much everything. Bare chests on the two male models, along with tight shorts with snap closures.

But after about 45 minutes, the pounding disco beat stops and the show is over. The audience cheers in approval and returns to their drinks as the models leave the stage.

The models themselves seem unconcerned about their job. They admit that the first time they modeled these types of items, they felt a bit awkward and nervous. But after a few more shows, they learned to simply "get dressed and go home."

"Right now," says one, "I'm going home to do homework."

"They see what they can and imagine the rest," says Angelica, one of the seven women on the stage.

"It wasn't just one-sided either," says Monique. "There were two guys out there."

"What makes them do it? All say that they enjoy being in the spotlight, even while wearing next to nude."

"You ignore the whistles and cheers," says Jilly, another member of the group, "and do the job."

In the end, apparently, it's as simple as that.

Jim Morgan is a College sophomore and a staff writer for 34th Street. He really enjoyed this assignment.
Danny Bonaduce, a.k.a. Danny Partridge.

When last seen, he was a loud-mouthed, red-headed troublemaker. Some things never change.

As Danny on the hit TV series *The Partridge Family*, Bonaduce played an inquisitive kid who always meddled in his siblings' affairs. Viewers groaned as they watched Danny screw up situations which would have gone well were it not for the redheaded wonder. He was comparable only to Gilligan on the Problem-Making Scale.

Today, as a DJ on Philadelphia's Eagle 106 (WEGX), Bonaduce, 29, has not lost his affinity for unconventionality.

After a guest stint on the station's morning show a few months ago, he was offered the seemingly straightforward job of reading the morning news for a week, while another DJ was on vacation. Bonaduce was ecstatic:

"I said 'Absolutely!' What, did I have plans from six to ten in the morning?" he says, in a scratchy voice which is eerily similar to the one he had when he was 11 years old. Appropriately enough, however, his Partridge personality came shining through.

I read my first story at 8 o'clock. By 8:30, I was fired, dead off, 'no more news for you.'"

Was it his inexperienced reading which led to the firing?

"Oh no," Bonaduce exclaims with something approaching pride in his voice. "I read the story just like a news guy. A woman had been attacked by a man who stabbed her repeatedly. Another man came to her aid, but the attacker turned on him and bit the man's nose off. The attacker then jumped into the Schuylkill River, obviously to commit suicide."

"Well, I read the whole story straight, except for that part. I said that he bit the guy's nose off, then ran to the river, obviously to rinse his mouth out.

"They said, 'You're fired, man, it's a serious story,' and switched me to reading the weather.'"

Little did they know with whom they were dealing.

"I was supposed to be reading a story about a killer hurricane named Gilbert. I thought that this was a very wimpy name for a killer hurricane, so I switched its name to Rocko. It was skipping all over those islands and I didn't think that anyone knew where they were."

So I moved it to Dallas, Texas. At my next break, I was fired again.

"By 9 o'clock, I'd been moved to sports. They figured that it would be safe. But my first story was on some guy named Oosk and I just couldn't help myself."

Although Bonaduce was fired again (for the third time in an hour and a half, in case you're counting), he was given another chance to succeed.

"They said, 'Well, there's a week left and we don't know what to do with you. Just sit around and if there's something to say, say it.' I said a great deal and they liked it, so they gave me a job."

The prospect of having a steady job was a welcome change for Bonaduce. For the 15 years after *The Partridge Family* went off the air, he went on a steady decline from being one of America's favorite kids to appearing on numerous *Love Boat* episodes and shopping center openings.

"That was the thing I cried about. I didn't want to go to Philadelphia. If I went to Philadelphia, then the next day I'd have to ride the train to the studio on Fox Hill, today's Las Vegas."

"You know, it's a show and..."

After Bonaduce finished his grin on his face, he added, "It's a show and..."

"You know, I'm not pleased with the life I've lived."

He has been living a life of inactivity, wanting to return as a tough-spirited kid.

People would be asking me for my autograph in restaurants when I wasn't sure I had enough money to pay the bill.
15 YEARS LATER


from his experiences in show business, and he doesn’t resent the press’ sudden interest in him again.

“If I wasn’t being written about for 15 years, that’s because I wasn’t doing anything worth the ink. That’s responsible journalism, as far as I’m concerned. I wasn’t doing anything worth writing about.”

So what was Danny Bonaduce doing for those fifteen years?

“Besides doing occasional Fantasy Island ’s and stuff like that, not much. I had a managerial job at a restaurant for five days. It was okay until somebody yelled, ‘Bonaduce, hurry the fuck up! Do you think you’re someone special or something?”

“That was it. I could not function on a regular basis.

The Partridge Family wrecked that for me.”

Bonaduce was quoted in People as saying that he is “only qualified to be a celebrity.” Doesn’t he sometimes wish that he had grown up watching The Partridge Family rather than acting in it?

“No, not at all. I have no skills. I can’t type. I can’t even spell. I can’t operate a computer. There’s nothing else I can do.

“I think that, had I learned to do something else for a dollar to pay the rent, I feel, and I fear, that I might have been good at it. So, you might be looking at one of the top computer salesmen in the country and that’s not what I want to do with myself. I have no interest in doing that.

Bonaduce’s plummet from the national spotlight led him to warn other celebrities about the fickleness of Hollywood. His warning, although not as concise as Andy Warhol’s “Everyone is famous for fifteen minutes.” is just as eloquent.

“I warned Erik Estrada. When he was doing CHiPs and he was being a jerk to people, I said, ‘Buddy, settle down. You’re holding this show together and that’s a fact. You have two Movie of the Weeks left in your career and you are done unless you straighten up.

“And, he’s already done them both. He’s done,” says Bonaduce, with a touch of sympathy in his voice.

And what about the other former child stars who have gone down the proverbial tube? Todd Bridges, who played Willis on Diff’rent Strokes, is in jail on charges of attempted murder. Amanda Jones, ‘Buffy’ from Family Affair, overdosed on drugs more than ten years ago.

Are there any family sitcom idols who have remained uncathed from Hollywood’s wrath? Will all of our fondest childhood memories become tarnished by time?

Bonaduce doesn’t provide much hope.

“I did a request for Buffy one night. I said, ‘Mrs. Beasley is a hooker.’ So I called Mrs. Beasley on the phone and she was so strung out on drugs that she didn’t even know that Buffy was dead. She got so distraught, she threw herself off the Hollywood sign, but being polyethylene, she bounced all the way to Culver City.” [For those who don’t remember, Mrs. Beasley was Buffy’s beloved doll in Family Affair].

Bonaduce has not remained close to other Family members. He reports that, when last heard of, David Cassidy (Keith) has attained musical success as a singer in Europe, Brian Forster (Chris) drives race cars, and Suzanne Crough (Tracy) married a police officer. Susan Dey (Lori) is the only “sibling” who has equaled her success on The Partridge Family. She stars on the hit series L.A. Law.

Bonaduce does not look back on his years of unemployment with anger. Instead, he reflects on them with maturity and articulation that you wouldn’t expect from “Little Danny Partridge.”

“What the articles don’t say is how tough it is. The whole time that I wasn’t doing anything, I was real famous. I got this haircut on my head that plinks me out of a crowd, so people would be asking me for my autograph in restaurants when I wasn’t sure I had enough money to pay the bills.

“It was very, very tough to be out of work and famous.”

And now?

“I smoke. I’ve been to jail and I’m Danny Partridge.”

Rachel Clarke is a College junior and an avid Partridge fan.

She’s been known to hum “Come On, Let Happy” from time to time, when she’s not singing the Brady theme.
Believe it or not, Bensalem, Pennsylvania is more than an "off-the-map" town inhabited by Mr. Green Jeans look-alikes. On a recent Saturday, Bensalem converted its local horse-racing track into a convention hall to present "Greenberg's Great Train, Dollhouse and Toy Show." People attended the show to buy, sell and display childhood relics.

The show was run by the late Bob Greenberg, who went on to build a multimillion-dollar toy empire. The show is now run by his son, who keeps the tradition alive. The show is held every year in March and attracts thousands of visitors.

The show features a wide variety of toys, including trains, dolls, and action figures. Visitors can also see rare and vintage items that were popular in the past. The atmosphere is lively and fun, with vendors selling everything from old toys to modern collectibles.

The show is not just for children, as adults can also enjoy the variety of toys and memorabilia on display. Many vendors specialize in a particular type of toy, allowing visitors to browse through a wide range of options.

In conclusion, the Bensalem Toy Show is a must-see for anyone interested in toys and memorabilia. It offers a unique opportunity to see a wide range of items, from rare and vintage pieces to modern collectibles. Whether you're a toy collector or just interested in seeing a variety of items, the show is sure to be an enjoyable experience.
Child's play
Adaptation of Rumpelstiltskin enters

By Jennifer Fife

Do you remember what it was like to be a kid when Mom wanted you to get cultured? Ballroom dance lessons at 3:00 on Mondays (it's not just for college students anymore), piano lessons at 4:30 on Tuesdays, and if your parents were enlightened, art lessons at the museum on Saturday mornings.

Like most kids you probably acted like a real stickler: you either ate the paste, never practiced your piano, or both. Rumpelstiltskin at the Cheltenham Playhouse in northwest Philadelphia initially comes off as one of those dreaded children's "cultural" events — yuppie parents in Volvos bringing Courtney and Josh to see "theater." A hundred children running around in their best clothesaching to get them all messed up. The promise that there will be a moral to the story. Pretty scary, huh?

Fortunately for the more mature/overgrown, Rumpelstiltskin sheds its cultural image so that kids of all ages can have a good time. This musical gets down and dirty — or as dirty as a children's musical can get. There's greed, there's violence, there's sexual tension, there's even political satire.

To refresh the memories of those who have forgotten the table, the miller (Steve O'Bryan) offers his daughter's hand in marriage to the greedy King Avarice (Robert Stewart). The king is less than eager until the miller informs him that daughter Rowena (Amy Beth Bloom) can spin straw into gold. Of course, the magician Rumpelstiltskin is the only person (in a manner of speaking) who can help her do her stuff.

The musical starts slowly. Whetler director Patricia Goldberg thinks that children are unsophisticated or feels that she must pursue every sight gag is unclear. But storytellers Sharon Rowley and Maria Ilozen jump around the stage and smile too much until you wonder whether you're lost in Romper Room. Perhaps this appeals to very young children, but even they looked annoyed after the first number.

After that hurdle is passed, the actors settle down for some serious fun. Rowena almost enganges in dirty dancing with the King as she urges him to "forget about the gold/let's get rock & rolled." Rumpelstiltskin scares everybody. And in the high point of the musical, Rowena speaks of a "kindred, gentler place." There's even a moral couched within all this: the truth isn't always what it seems.

Drawing on children's active imaginations, Goldberg opts for a simple but fitting set. The throne and spinning wheel are the only furniture, and the lighting creatively evokes the feeling of a castle and a forest. Kudos to Andy Kinosh, who plays a truly delightful Rumpelstiltskin. While he incorporates Wicked-Witch-of-the-West nastiness into his performance, he still gains sympathy for his plight.

Likewise, the music by Steve Liebman and lyrics by Don Liebman are superb. For a children's show in the 'Burbs, the level of sophistication here is amazing, especially when the characters are singing three different things at once. And while some of these people overact, they do know how to sing. Most of the cast's performances are adequate. And despite the storytellers' annoying interjections, the chemistry among the players makes the plot palatable.

Although there isn't as much interaction with the audience as in many other children's productions, the kids do get into it. And the actors' hearts welcome to birthday parties and the enthusiasm of these fortunate tots make up for any lack of participation.

While Rumpelstiltskin is not that dream date, don't forget it. Maybe you know a special someone from the Barbie doll/ Lego set who would enjoy this fairy tale.
Team player

Elvis Costello keeps some impressive company

By Michael Handler

S
omewhere along the line, Elvis Costello became a respected figure. This certainty wasn't the case back in 1977, when the spectacular two-pack burst onto the American music scene with an album that boldly declared "Elvis is King" just months after the death of another famous Elvis.

But witness the company he keeps in 1989: Paul McCartney, Ian Kilmister, Chrissie Hynde and Roger McGuinn - to name a few.

It's no surprise, then, that Costello's new album Spike is a rich and varied piece of work with arrangements and influences that Talking Heads would envy.

Spike's first set of new material in three years finds him without his long-time backer, the Attractions. Instead, Spike features such diverse instruments as the Bouzouki, Magic Table and even an Olds Hubcap to flesh out some strong melodies.

With the release of King Of America three years ago, Elvis re-dubbed himself Declan MacManus, his given name. In an interview he touted at his last ever Pogue Cait O'Riordian, the customary Elvis bible reigns on "This Town." While McCartney, McCartney and Costello lay down a psychedelic backdrop, Elvis sends up what passes for entertainment these days, concluding that "You're nobody if everybody in this town thinks you're a bastard."

But "This Town" is nothing compared to "Tramp The Dirt Down," in which Elvis sticks it to Margaret Thatcher while U-boat, Irish fiddle and acoustic guitar bathe his tortured vocals. The song's title reflects what the narrator hopes to do on the day they bury the British Prime Minister (in case anyone was wondering). Morrissey has been trying to write this song for the past six years.

On some songs, Elvis waxes down-right soulful. "Deep Dark Truthful Mirror" sounds like something Van Morrison could have recorded when he was working with his horn sections. The Dirty Dozen Brass are prominently featured here and on their own jazzy instrumental "Stalin Malone." And "Baby Plays Around," co-written by Elvis and his wife, is a straight-faced song of love and regret that wouldn't have sounded out of place on his country album.

Well, we got some complaints that Gilberts were being too lenient. That's a problem on this, our third set of scholarly observations. No, we almost look hard-nosed here, but we didn't really plan it that way. This time out, our anonymous team of auditors isn't quite so enthralled with the pop-scene. But since someone really liked Marcus Roberts' new jazz album, we don't look too much like a bunch of overly-critical cynics.

The 1989 model looks shaggy but still delivers
**Cannibals’ house**

FYC’s cook, Easterhouse dies, Love Tractor dazzles

**EASTERHOUSE**

*Waiting for the Redbird*

On LP, CD, Cassette

**LOVE TRACTOR**

*Themes from Venus*

On LP, CD, Cassette

Being a fan is a precarious occupation. Bands constantly change, and only a few live up to the promise of their early work. Back in late ’86, I called Easterhouse “one of England’s most promising independent bands” and its debut album *Contenders* a “vital, challenging record.” And the album’s combination of barbed political lyrics and a joyously nervous guitar sound still packs quite a punch after the thrill of discovery wears off.

But now, how times have changed. Reduced to one original member and a set of session players (including the guitarist for the metal group Slave Raider), this year’s Easterhouse isn’t even a shadow of its former self.

To make his political views more palatable to the record-buying public, founder and lead singer Andy Perry resorts to more sloganizing (“Say Yes,” “Hope and Glory” — the titles literally say it all). And the music on the new album *Waiting for the Redbird* has about as much personality as Wonderbread.

Yup, this is assembly-line rock that’ll fit in nicely alongside Rocky movie themes and dull VH1 ballads. It’s hard not to laugh when you read the lyrics: “I’m gonna come out fighting/I’m gonna step out fighting/I’m in a head spin waiting for that bell to ring/I’m gonna step out fighting.” Doesn’t Survivior normally handle this kind of schlock?

Most of the music and lyrics here are shallow and formulaic enough to land on a Rick Astley album. Except for the melodic ballad “Stay with Me (Death on the Dole),” *Waiting for the Redbird* is a painfully ordinary disgrace that shouldn’t bear the name of the band that did *Contenders*.

Thankfully, some promising bands refuse to succumb to such atrocity formulas. Love Tractor started out as a weird all-instrumental outfit in the early 80s, and the group’s intriguing music still cheerfully defies categorization.

I first heard Love Tractor in ’83, when they bashfully sang vocals on a pleasant country-rock ballad called “Spin Your Part.” And the new album *Themes from Venus* makes it clear that the band’s music has grown into a formidable combination of art-rock trickery, tuneful vocals, and raucous, off-the-wall instrumentation. And with the help of prolific producer Mitch Easter (early REM, Game Theory, the Connells, Velvet Elvis), the LP retains an untable guitar-band accessibility.

With the charm of Psychedelic Furs, Richard Butler, lead vocalist Mike Redmond sends his way through additive vocal melodies that provide just one of the many catchy ingredients in Love Tractor’s weird assault. You can’t figure out most of the words, but that doesn’t matter.

Individual songs on *Themes from Venus* are almost impossible to describe. Suffice it to say that the band leaps from straight-ahead garage rock to a mixture of Madness and mid-70s ELO — with sci-fi keyboards and neon Joe Walsh rhythm guitar thrown in for good measure.

*Themes from Venus* is complex, playfully murky pop that grows on you until you force it on unsuspecting roommates. Heck, it’s even danceable.

For once, a record company press release hits the mark: “Whip that sucker on your turntable, crank it up, and tell the whole world about it!” — David Arnold

**FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS**

*The Raw & The Cooked*

MCA

On LP, CD, Cassette

Separate their ingredients and the Fine Young Cannibals have nothing you haven’t heard before. Put it all together — rock and roll, soul, funk, reggae, jazz — and you have something special.

The influences are many, ranging from the English Beat (the former band of FYC mem-

bers David Steele and Andy Cox) to Elvis. And the Cannibals’ new release follows up their acclaimed self-titled debut with more of what they had left critics and fans begging for years.

Discovered by Cox and Steele, lead singer Roland Gift had been singing in a London pub before he joined FYC. To everyone’s surprise, he turned out to be exactly what his name suggests: one of the most distinctive vocal talents to hit the “new” music scene since Morrissey. Although sometimes he may sound like he has cotton in his mouth, eliminate him and the Cannibals are dead meat.

The Raw & The Cooked is a pleasing mixture of upbeat, danceable tracks and tunes reminiscent of that old Happy Days style. “I’m Not the Man I Used To Be” is a drive-to-work tune that could caress the girl who realizes the Fonz is just 5’6” Henry Winkler, while “As Hard As It Feels” could provide the background for Richie’s first slow dance at AF’s dinner.

But if you hear the time-machine effect, don’t worry: Gift’s vocals alone will keep you interested until FYC slams home some hip, danceable modern-style stuff. Their rendition of the Buzzcocks’ “Ever Fallen in Love” from the Something Wild soundtrack), the lively “I’m Not Satisfied” and the funky “It’s OK (It’s Alright)” provide a playful edge that perfectly complements the LP’s sometimes-subsided charm.

The album also includes three songs from the Tin Men film soundtrack, so it may seem less-than-new to a lot of fans. But despite this drawback, The Raw & The Cooked is every bit as solid as FYC’s stellar first album.

While Gift gets into acting (Sunny and Rosie Get Laid) and Cox and Steele continue their outside work (part of the Planes, Trains, and Automobiles soundtrack), fans of the Fine Young Cannibals will find that the band sacrifices nothing in its latest endeavor.

— David Tomizaka
By Sarah Dunn

I am going to Florida for spring break, and to tell you the truth, I'm not too excited about it. When I think of Florida the first thing that comes to my mind is humidity. The second thing is alligators. I put these two images together and end up with a creepy recurring nightmare that goes something like this.

Dread sequence (this is where the television screen looks like it's on Quaaludes): I am lying on a beach in Florida, surrounded by obnoxious drunk kids from school like Arkansas State. It is disgustingly humid, and everyone is sweating profusely. I close my eyes and try to envision the tranquil beauty of an idyllic California beach.

When I open my eyes, everyone has disappeared. I look down the beach and see a sweaty alligator walking toward me on his hind legs. He is wearing a Miller beer T-shirt, and he clutches a baseball bat in his paw. Panic, then think to myself, 'Do alligators have paws? Do they sweat? And how do I know he is an alligator, not a crocodile?'

Worrisome screen again.

I think my fear of alligators is related to a tragedy that I witnessed one Sunday when I was seven years old. I was visiting the zoo with my Nana, and the two of us were watching the alligators because it was almost time for the zoo-keepers to feed them. Feeding time at the alligator swamp is always fun because the usually lethargic alligators get a bit spunky when the alligator food— which consists of things like live chickens and freshly amputated limbs—is tossed in.

Nana and I watched as a couple of teenage boys began to good around near us on the elevated, open-air viewing station. They were only pretend ing to push each other around, but one of them accidentally fell into the swamp. Before anyone could do anything about it, he was eaten alive by three alligators.

I guess it would be wrong for me to say that my irrational fear of alligators is related to that anecdote, because I'm being honest here— I just now made it up. But it could have happened, and you know it because as you were reading that paragraph you thought, 'Gee, that is awful. No wonder Sarah is afraid of alligators, after witnessing such a traumatic event as a child. Maybe this also explains why she is so weird.'

But irresponsible, blatant lies aside, I'm still not too excited about Florida. To be fair, I've never actually been to Florida before. But I'm a Californian, and as a rule Californians regard Floridians with the kind of contempt that New Yorkers have for every one else.

In California we are civilized, and we pride ourselves on up-holding certain basic tenets of etiquette— like not parking our automobiles on the beach. Floridians, or so I hear, have no such scruples. They drive around on the beach, presumambly running over sunbathers who blend in too well with the sand.

I can hear the UTV anchorwoman now—'34th Street column just told a hit-and-run accident while getting a particularly vicious sunburn. Film at eleven.' But I figure if I buy one of those trendy fluorescent bathing suits it could signal the cars, and I should be reasonably safe. From the incoming traffic, that is, not the alligators.

I have decided that, no matter where you go for spring break, there are going to be some drawbacks. Take, for instance, my spring break trip to Rio de Janeiro two years ago. It was quite enjoyable until someone told me where those crazy Brazilians dispose of their sewage. Copacabana was never the same.

Untreated waste products aside, beaches in Rio are noteworthy because of the women's bathing suits (or lack thereof) I was wearing when I considered to be a fairly minimale tropical-print strapless bikini, but next to the Brazilians I looked like a vacationing nun. Of course, mine are highly respected in Brazil, so this worked to my advantage.

If you happen to be visiting Rio this spring break, take my advice: wear sunscreen, buy jewelry (it's cheap) and watch out for the kind of insects that Americans see only on public television.

If, on the other hand, you are only going to Florida, watch out for alligators and don't forget to sew reflectors onto your swimsuit.

Illustration by Susan Goldberg/34th Street
Florida’s Flicks

Three movies on video offer a chance to get a head start on the perfect spring break

Now that you’ve heard what our StreetTalker has to say about spring break in Florida, we thought you’d like to know what three movies have to say on the subject. After all, there are two kinds of people in Florida or acoustic spring break, and those who go to New Jersey or Missouri — and for the latter group, this is about as close to the sun as you’re gonna get.

**REVENGE OF THE NERDS II**

*Directed by Joe Ross*

92 minutes

Watching this movie reminds you of the morning after it’s long, it’s amusing and you can’t wait until it’s over.

Like so many sequels, Revenge of the Nerds II fails to do justice to its predecessor and has very little to offer any one in a lucid state of mind.

Let’s face it, Revenge of the Nerds didn’t set any cinematic milestones either. But we all cheered as Robert Costanzo bagged the girl and we had a good laugh when the nerds got (ahem) an inside view of sorority row.

This time around, those loveable Trit-Lambdas have found themselves in sunny Fort Lauderdale, representing Adelphi College at the United Fraternity Council’s annual meeting. In a manner befitting the serious nature of the conference, its stated objectives constitute setting fraternity guidelines, promoting brotherhood and getting laid.

But all isn’t meant to be fun and danger awaits the nerds. At one point every corner holds an Alpha Beta, determined to average the humiliation they suffered in the first film.

So of course, our heroes struggle through ridiculous escapades in their quest for acceptance by the “in” crowd. Armed with pocket protectors and stylish bell-bottom action wear, they conquer the beaches of Lauderdale. There’s nothing like the smell of suntan lotion on polyester to get those fantabulous babies.

The action builds to a thrill-packed ending in which the nerds blast their way into a final showdown with the Alphas. Do they win? Do we have to tell you? You can’t figure this one out, then why are you at Ponce? (Harvard would be more appropriate).

Actually, the plot is not all that terrible. As the nerds go, there have been much worse. But Nerds II ultimately fails because of its total absence of action. The movie lacks the ingredients inherent in all great B comedies — sex, alcohol and mindless slapstick gags.

Director Joe Roth somehow forgot to make this film funny. Wonderfully insightful lines like “To truly lock a libecia one must not retrieve the phlegm from the throat, but from the mouth,” and “If there’s a secret to be ‘waste’ mark the only vaguely amusing parts of this borrowing beast. Please please NO Part III!!

— Sue Riley and Stephen Sorensen

**WHERE THE BOYS ARE**

*Directed by Nancy Levin*

90 minutes

“Where the boys are, someone waits for me. A handsome face, a warm embrace.”

So says the love-struck Connie Francis, summing up the essence of Where the Boys Are, a movie that took twenty-five years after its original release, the quintessential spring break flick.

Determined to escape the snowy confines of freezing middle America, four girls take off on an adventure. And like the above nerds, they head to Fort Lauderdale. They haven’t a care in the world, except the proper way to ration out the suntan oil.

But hey, this is 1964, and our heroines can’t tell their parental figures that they’re actually going to Fort Lauderdale. So they devise a sneaky plan to circumvent the watchful maternal eye that heightens the film’s compelling sense of adventure. Once they get around all the obstacles, they’ll off on a journey that will lead them to where the air is warm, where there are plenty of “neat kids,” and where the boys are.

The movie comes complete with the standard spring-cutter fan of the 1960’s. You’ve got the tall girl who’s one goal in life is to be a walking, talking baby factory.” There’s the captain of the field hockey team — her parents don’t have to worry about her. (cause she’s such a jerk.

And don’t forget the leader of the pack, the beautiful, down-trodden heroine who has been threatened with expulsion for expressing her “liberal” ideas. And finally, you have the requisite floozy flood type, whose adventure in paradise turns into a nightmare when she “goes too far.”

Where the Boys Are asks the burning question of who’s a good girl and who’s not. The boys are concerned with one thing and one thing only. So the movie film reeks with age-old stereotypes about the sexes and exposes the disasters of (gasp) premarital sex.

The film would have been better had it just stuck with our four girls romping about the beach in bikinis. Instead, Where the Boys Are aspires to be something a spring-break flick can never become — a commentary on life and responsibilities.

But if you can appreciate this film for what it is and put any insulted feminist pride aside, it can be quite enjoyable. With the tumultuous changes of the late ’60s, the innocent world of Where the Boys Are was lost forever. And with its cutsey sayings and outdated styles, the movie remains humorous to the modern-day film viewer, mainly because it’s so quaint.

— Allison Dew

**THE GIRLS OF SPRING BREAK**

*Directed by Byron Davis*

57 minutes

Most spring break movies have a scanty plot that serves only to offer as many opportunities as possible to show off skin and sex. The Girls of Spring Break is a definite improvement over this form. It doesn’t have a plot — just skin.

Like the other classics reviewed here, this clunker is set in Fort Lauderdale. But unlike most spring break flicks, The Girls of Spring Break is a bona fide documentary.

Producer Byron Davis realizes that viewers of spring break flicks are bored by plots that detract from what people pay their $2.50 to see — gorgeous women in tiny bikinis and muscular men in negligible Speedos. So the show begins with a good old fashioned wet T-shirt contest.

While cheers of drunken, howling sloppies look on, Florida’s finest bore almost everything. Sure, this isn’t exactly the kind of scene that you would expect from Bergman or Fellini, but Davis is clearly not shooting for artistic excellence here.

Next we get a by-your-standard beach panoramas filmed at tusk level — backed by a pulsating rock beat. And then there’s a close relative of the T-shirt contest — the wet-nightie contest. The scene is essentially the same, only the attire has been changed.

Rounding out this cavalcade of events is a “tweeny winnie bikini” contest. And for female viewers, the boys of spring break strut their stuff in the belly flop contest.

But The Girls of Spring Break isn’t all action. Interviews among the contest scenes are “backstage” interviews with the participants. Lott explains how her victory in the wet T-shirt contest catapulted her into a modeling career. And other women explain how they love to tease the guys during their acts.

This dialogue is as close to plot as the film gets; it’s brief enough not to interfere with the film’s preoccupation with lusty spectacle.

— Mike LiPuma

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