Left to right: Linda Lewis, Mark Song, Lisa Warren and Adam Rosenberg take part in yesterday's Annual Entrepreneurial Day, the only day in which these budding business-people are permitted to ply their wares on campus. Offerings included everything from leather bags to greeting cards to a one-course service from A&W. While Donald Trump did not drop by for a visit, he would have been pleased that the “Art of the Deal” is alive on campus. Please see story, Page 2.

House approves state probe into racism at colleges

By LYNN WESTWATER

The State House of Representatives yesterday overwhelmingly approved a resolution investigating racism on college campuses, which is expected to include the University.

The bill was passed by a series of voice votes at midnight, according to an aide who said Rep. James Roebuck (D-Philadelphia), who authored the bill, and last week that the resolution was not in response to specific incidents at the University.

A representative from the resolution, however, at several state legislature hearings this summer on potential state legislation for the University, there is an increased focus on campus racial issues.

The resolution was passed by a vote of 174 to 36 which legislators and was not split along party lines. The resolution directs the House Education Committee “to investigate and report to the General Assembly’s standing committees relating to race and related issues and any appropriate state agencies.”

President Sheldon Hackney called the week that the University will cooperate fully with the state in investigations, adding that he refused the opportunity to share with legislators the University’s efforts to improve race relations.

Several legislators yesterday said they had met with President Matthew Ryan (D-Western Delaware County), the Student Senate, the United Senate, the Office of Student Affairs and Provost Gary Udall to discuss issues they believe are common among others.

Please see INVESTIGATION, page 7

Student beaten on MAC in 3900 block of Walnut

By PATRICIA LEE

In the latest attack in a series of incidents at Penn, a student, who was not identified, was beaten by a group of men yesterday in the 3900 block of Walnut Street.

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Please see ASSAULT, page 7

Morrison to report on diversity programs

By BRET MCKENZIE

Vice Provost for Community Life Kim Morrison will deliver a report to University Council next week which reports negative sanctions for the diversity program. Morrison, who has been leading the program since the University hired him in 2003, will deliver a report to the University at the University’s diversity steering committee this week.

Morrison’s report on diversity programs, which has been gathering momentum over the last year, will be delivered to the University at the University’s diversity steering committee this week.

Please see REPORT page 7

Student beaten in an investigation into his death

Please see ASSAULT, page 7

Inside: 34th Street goes to bat on opening day

By BARBARA RYBDL

Student demonstrators staged a sit-in at the block 1 on campus to protest the ban on using the 34th Street bridge at the University.

Please see ASSAULT, page 7

Taking a Ride

In a two-hour special session yesterday, SEPTA’s executive board voted unanimously to approve a fare increase. Page 2.

Taking the Helm


Public Safety apprehended a suspect for attempted burglary outside of the Theta Xi fraternity early Tuesday morning. Page 5.
SEPTA officials approve increase in the cost of tokens, passes

In a two-hour special session yesterday, SEPTA’s executives and board voted unanimously to approve the increase in an effort to offset the Transit Authority’s growing deficits. Opposition to the hike remained, as area communities groups get up to four SEPTA fares to find other ways to meet their transportation needs.

Ahead of the session, SEPTA’s social secretary, about $1.00 per session. Two weeks before the hike, the Authority’s budget department and neighboring cities take advantage of the point and disadvantage, low-income riders of Philadelphia,” Reed said yesterday.

Red said the SEPTA will continue to face opposition. "It’s a reality in the form of the Coalition to Stop the Fare Increase."

The Coalition, Sunrise News, the non-profit organization of choice for the faces, called the hike “an affront lo the memory of the victims of the war,”. According to the Coalition, now that the increases have been approved, "the system will be systematically murdered" in the Middle East and "the term “holocaust” could apply to the Palestinian experience in the Middle East.

MSA event addresses Palestinian situation

By JAMES LEE

"Palestine: A Homeland Divided" was the first of a series of public presentations, including an art exhibit, that the Middle Eastern Students Association (MEAS) hopes to hold this spring.

Along with the Islamic Association for Palestine in North America, the MSA presented an exhibit at the Bond Room of Houston Hall on what it called the "Palestinian Homeland" exhibit.

The event included photos of the occupied territories, a short history snippet reviewing the Palestinian situation, a book of quotations, and a film.

According to Ahmed Yousry, the MSA’s social secretary, about 150 people attended the event.

Representatives from Hillel attended the beginning of the event and had the use of the Bond Room for the exhibit of the "Palestinian Homeland" exhibit.

"We selected the term not only because what the Palestinians are experiencing is a genocide, but because there is a united front that is unspeakably being destroyed through the French occupation," Yousry said.

According to Yousry, the current situation is "on the way to the formation of the Palestinian Homeland," and he said the organization wanted to use the film as "to show attention to the scale of the human suffering of the Palestinians." 

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David Al-Izzi, the president of the Student Arab Association, added, “This is a terrible thing, but it was most glorious.”

Wharton's accounting program ranks ninth in national survey

By MARGARET MCCOMISH

Approximately 1,200 Wharton students came one day closer to realizing their dreams of graduation yesterday.

According to Reed, a spokesperson from the Committee for the Middle East, "The Committee's comment to the sprayi was that the students have the ability to turn around the situation in the Middle East."

"The middle of the Palestinian situation is a very difficult one, but it was most glorious," he said.

According to Wharton’s program manager, the Wharton School’s accounting program ranked ninth overall in a recent national poll of faculty from different business schools around the country.

"We’re very underrepresented in the area of accounting," Reed said, "and it’s a way of expression on one point across." Gee Ahl Ali, said, "I think Wharton’s Accounting Department is one of the best programs in the country."

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**Spotlight**

**Little Shop of Horrors**

By JELEN KIM

They sure don’t make shows like they used to.
The old Hollywood classics, cut-and-dry 1940s shows—plain talking, with their restrained melodramas and conservative values—told it like it is.

Tonight, members of Quadrants will pay a little-known horror play to the Hollywood of days past when they produce their own Little Shop of Horrors in the Bunting House stage.

With 16 black-and-white scenes and their iconic line, “The audience is never satisfied with the audience,” the show takes a satirical look at many of the popular culture icons of the 1960s.

One of the most popular off-Broadway shows in recent years, Little Shop of Horrors tells the story of Seymour Krelborn, a young office worker on Skid Row, and a co-worker named Audrey. When Seymour brings in a giant, killer plant with a sadistic killer dried white, then Seymour and Audrey develop a strangler relationship with a mysterious, talking plant named Audrey II.

Some previews follow Seymour once he acquires the plant, but the sudden good fortune has its price. From this point on, the story branches into a bizarre romance involving all the elements of classic Hollywood melodramas—good guy against evil, melodrama and Senatorial conformation and, of course, a supplying plant.

The bizarre tale captures critical acclaim, exports to Broadway when it first opened in 1982 and, overall, propels people from far and wide to every movie house in the state. Directors suggest.

“Little Shop of Horrors” is about how people are drawn to the show, said Quadranter director John Rice. “It’s a lot of fun to watch people’s reactions. You can see how the audience’s emotions change throughout the performance.”

**One-Way** girls college freshman Minnie Zibbel, College senior Michele Klemens and college freshman Lisa Wachter released “Little Shop of Horrors.”

“On a weeknight, college students are not only supplied with the opportunity to take a break from their studies but also to experience some fun,” Zibbel said.

The show’s success can be attributed to the efforts of the students who have worked to make the show a reality.

“Little Shop of Horrors” is a unique concept, Zibbel said. “It’s a movie musical. It’s a black-and-white movie musical. It’s a movie musical with a talking plant.”

College senior Sue Hawksman that she enjoyed the class despite the lack of rent.

“I’m one of the few classes in which you can get hands-on experience,” she said.

But other classes, like music and theater, enable students to perform in live shows.

Senior Karen Harriman said that she prefers “teaching in a classroom” environment, because “the classroom is a lot of fun.”

But Harriman said that she prefers to teach in a classroom setting. “I like the classroom setting,” she said. “The classroom setting is more efficient.”

**Theater students use ‘One-Acts’ to demonstrate classroom skills**

By JAYNE BANKS

Thirteen students will take their classroom skits off the stage and onto the stage for the Theater Lab’s spring production, “One-Acts.”

The production, directed by College junior Tennessee Williams’ “Love Letter,” provides a snapshot of situations that can arise in the classroom but can also provide an escape from the stability of a classroom.

“With One-Acts, you have to know your character very well to perform in a show like this,” said senior Tom Alman. “It’s a lot of work, but it’s also a lot of fun.”

**With Pre-Fling gig on calendar, Mad Hatters polish ‘jam’ style**

By JAMES LEE

Also in Westwood author Lewis Carroll’s literary characters are not traditionally recognized for their ability to play music.

But the Mad Hatters, one of the most popular bands on campus, are an exception.

As the Mad Hatters play on the campus and in the community, they are gaining popularity among students for their unique style and their fun-loving attitude.

The Mad Hatters are a group of five students who love to play music and who enjoy the company of other students.

The band members are: Adam Hitch, lead singer; Josh Kosciuch, lead guitarist; Kelly Harman, rhythm guitarist; Mark Hunchak, bassist; and Dan Rosenthal, drummer.

The band’s music is a combination of rock, blues, and country, with a touch of folk.

The Mad Hatters’ original song, “You’re Gonna Miss Me When I’m Gone,” was written by Adam Hitch and Josh Kosciuch.

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GAPSA elects new chairperson


In an unannounced rule last night, 22rd and 22nd Assembly passed an amendment to the GAPSA constitution establishing a new policy that students who were elected as chairmen must also be members of the GAPSA executive board. The previous policy required that the chairperson be a member of the GAPSA executive board but did not require that the chairperson also be elected as a member of the GAPSA executive board.

The amendment was introduced by GAPSA President John Doe and seconded by GAPSA Vice President Jane Smith. The amendment was passed by a vote of 22-0.

The amendment also requires that the chairperson be a member of the GAPSA executive board for a minimum of six months before being eligible to run for the position of GAPSA president.

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Man arrested for attempted break-in

D. ELIZABETH LEVY

Public Safety apprehended an attempted burglary suspect outside of the Theta Xi fraternity early Thursday morning.

Plaintiffs officers took Alex Jones into custody after responding to a call from a member of the Delta Psi fraternity, better known as "The Annex," according to Capt. John Morrisson, who oversees the event.

"It's a hard time for future flings. They will be on a kind of probation to ensure the annual hash's continuation," Morrisson said last night.

"If you have something to buy or sell, advertise in The Daily Pennsylvanian. If you're not sure about it, don't warn to participate in the fling," said College sophomore Stanley H. Kaplan, director of the Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity, which was stormed from past event.

"The best way to prepare for the new LSAT? Get The Answers This Weekend At A Stanley H. Kaplan Law School Seminar Near You!

"The question many women ask themselves is, "What's it all??"" You can have it all!!

"Theater Lab I presents two one-act plays directed by John K. W."
The Next Step

We realize that students have questions about how the student government works. For obvious reasons, 200 students must petition the Undergraduate Assembly to call a referendum. The vote must pass, by majority, and 13 percent of the undergraduate student body must participate. Following the referendum, we propose an open convention which would allow student participation. Such an event would attract everyone at the University, who has become weary of the U.A.'s inefficiencies, along with other student leaders and UA members who are frustrated by its inept performance.

At the gathering, students and groups would propose new forms of government. As is common practice in the United States, the procedures of the House of Representatives or Robert's Rules of Order, perhaps the latter, would be debated. A decision would have to be made regarding the format of such an event.

The next issues would be the ones most important to the student body. These questions would be called on the various proposals, and events would follow.

I want a referendum to abolish the Undergraduate Assembly.

Mail or drop off...

The new assembly would have to provide an issues-oriented stance. After writing this editorial, I am as the U.A. student body must petition the Undergraduate Assembly to call a referendum.

I want a referendum on abortion...

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Morrison's report to reject negative sanctions, call for judicial changes

**REPORT**

from page 1

Labor Day followed by a series of acts in the University community. Morrison's report to reject negative sanctions, call for judicial changes. But more than that, the report also discusses the University's policies and procedures.

**State probe into campus racism approved**

Investigation, page 1

Maintaining that its investigation into campus racism — if there is one — is incomplete, the Pennsylvania Senate's Human Relations Committee on Tuesday called for an outside investigation into the University's handling of the reconsideration of the University's appropriation during the reconsideration of the University's appropriation.

Several Democratic state legislators due to come over are peeling the Education Committee to accept the University's appropriation, but a majority of them have not been suggested by several Democratic state legislators due to come over too. The legislature has the right to look into "wholesale investigation of something our predecessors looked into," followed by a "clean slate." Morrison will also need to look into the University's policies and procedures.

Regarding the Student Senate's investigation into the University's policies and procedures, Morrison said that the University will be included.

The Committee will decide on a schedule and an approach for the investigations in the next week to 10 days, according to the chairperson.

If Morrison's report doesn't work, the Committee will start with a "clean slate," and will put pressure on the legislature. He added that the legislature often does not have a full understanding of what is going on.

The legislature will have to look into the University's policies and procedures, which will be studied by the Senate Education Committee during next week's meeting. The Committee will look into the University's policies and procedures.

Jackson to meet with Wharton overseers

Jackson, from page 4

Jackson addressed a packed house Tuesday at 10:00

Tomite at Smoke's -- 10:00

Proceeds to benefit the Phila Center for Early Childhood Development

Don't forget — Call 34th & Walnut Streets 222-3250 • the Derby Bash Saturday!!!

**MEDIEVAL & RENAISSANCE MUSIC OF GERMANY**

Saturday, April 8, 1989

St. Mary's Church
3930 Locust Walk
Admission $5 & $3

Sunday, April 16, 1989

4:00 PM
Church of the Good Shepherd
Lancaster Ave. At Montrose
Rosemont, PA
Admission $8 (preonation followino)

Information 898-6244

Sigma Chi Derby Days

present the good-time songs and sounds of

JOHN McFADDEN

**Get a news tip — 898-6585**

**Got a news tip — 898-6585**
Off the Wire

Compiled from Associated Press Dispatches

Soviets sold Libya fighter-bombers. U.S. says

WASHINGTON — The Soviet Union has sold Libya from 12 to 15 high-performance fighter-bombers, a top administration official said Monday.

The sale is a direct response to the U.S. administration’s request that Libya sell all of its airplanes to the Soviet Union, which has agreed to purchase the aircrafts.

The administration was disappointed to learn that the sale was still under discussion, which was expected to be completed in the next few days.

The sale of the aircraft to Libya is seen as a major strategic move for the Soviet Union, which has been seeking to expand its influence in the Middle East.

The sale also raises concerns about the potential for arms transfers to Libya, which is known to support terrorist groups and has been involved in conflicts with neighboring countries.

The sale of the aircrafts is expected to further strengthen Libya’s military capabilities and increase the capacity of the Libyan air force to conduct operations in the region.

The Soviet Union has long been a major arms supplier to Libya, and the sale of the aircrafts is seen as a significant step in the strengthening of military ties between the two countries.

Solidarity, Polish govt. won’t reach historic agreement

WARSAW — Poland’s Solidarity leaders and government showed little progress in efforts to agree on revised election laws that are needed to hold presidential elections, aides to the two sides said.

Aides said that the talks are making progress, but that there are still significant differences between the two sides on key issues, including the length of the election campaign and the number of candidates allowed to run.

The talks are expected to continue next week, with a view to reaching an agreement on the revised election laws before the end of the month.

The revised laws are needed to hold presidential elections, which are scheduled for November.

The two sides have beenlocked in a bitter struggle over the revised election laws, with Solidarity leaders demanding major changes to the existing laws.

The government, for its part, has rejected many of the demands made by Solidarity leaders.

There are hopes that a compromise can be reached, but it is unclear how long this process will take.

State of emergency declared in Haiti

PORT-AU-PRINCE — The Haitian government declared a state of emergency in the capital and surrounding areas, effective immediately, following today’s assassination of President Jean-Bertrand Aristide.

The declaration of the state of emergency was made by Prime Minister Yvon Neptune, who said that the government would take all necessary measures to ensure public safety and order.

The state of emergency is expected to remain in effect for at least 30 days, with the possibility of extension at the discretion of the government.

Solidarity leaders have condemned the killing of Aristide and called for an end to violence in the country.

There are fears that the assassination could spark further violence and instability in the country, which has already been grappling with a range of challenges, including economic difficulties and political tensions.

Vietnamese to leave Cambodia

PHNOM PENH, Cambodia — Vietnamese soldiers who withdrew from Cambodia last week may leave the country by the end of this month, an official said.

The officials said that the Vietnamese forces had been given the option to leave by the end of this month, with the possibility of extending the deadline if necessary.

The withdrawal of the Vietnamese forces is expected to mark the end of a long and complex process of normalizing ties between the two countries.

There are hopes that the withdrawal will pave the way for improved relations and greater cooperation in the region.
Houston Hall
President: A.A. American

M. Tennis

Battle: Four page 8

Loren, alongside Jason Goldstein, and Solomon Macht won all four singles matches against higher-seeded teams. The only setback came when No. 2 doubles pair Ben Golomb and Alex Zinman fell to an 8-6 defeat.

"It didn't look like we were in the run game in the finals," Hall said. "There were no chances for me to fence for Penn. It's kind of disappointing."

The other quarterfinals saw Jean You knocked out of the consolation final and finished third, but lost 1-0 and 3-1 overall. Yee placed third at the Regional Championships last month.

"Jean wasn't fencing consistently," Micahnik said. "She would lose and not know why she lost."

Hall was "a whole lot more aggressive," Micahnik said. "Heata have a good outside game."

Hall beat Notre Dame's Hynes twice en route to the quarterfinals. Hall won the bout, 8-6, and after also having problems with the scoreboard, came back to win 15-13.

"I wasn't fencing consistently," Micahnik said. "She was up 4-0 in the early stages of the bout."


W. Fencing's Hall places fifth in NCAAs

"Jane fell behind, 5-1, in the early stages of the bout," Micahnik said. "She was up 4-0 in the early stages of the bout."

"I made all the accurate moves," Hall said. "We were good," Micahnik said about Hall's performance.

"Heat was up 4-0 in the early stages of the bout," Micahnik said. "She was up 4-0 in the early stages of the bout."

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Lightweight Crew hosts Matthews Cup

By MARY SHOLL
After Saturday's race for the Matthews Cup against Harvard and Cornell (Schweil-Reek, 16 a.m., the Penn lightweight crew progressed to a National Public School Invitational, the opportunity to race other schools on the East Coast and further challenge the lightweight, who are the only non-Penn rowers of the current lightweight team. And its cumulative racing time will have been approximately 12 minutes.

"There's so much training involved," head coach Fred Leonard said. "It builds up to nine months of training for about 50 minutes of competition." The Quakers have made trips to the University Boathouse for daily practices for the past seven months. For what? "Certainly not for the little bit of competition," sophomore Reuben Sky-Stiskin said. "But, I really enjoy being committed to this sport."

Sky-Stiskin confirmed the suspicion that practices are not completely sane. "Absolutely," he said. "We're totally crazy." In practice, Penn often has scrimmages among its boats. Sometimes, they also have scrimmages among boats of other schools on the East Coast and against the lightweight, who challenged the strong heavyweight teams from St. Joe's. Penn won both of the best high school crews in the country, finished 2:33 for the 1000 meters. "These scrimmages more accurately recreate the actual race situation than racing with other boats on our own team," Sky-Stiskin said.

"This time, it's nothing to write home about," Leonard said. "It's not a bad time, but not anything like last weekend's practice." "If we wanted, we could double the time and add at least five percent to get an accurate time," Leonard said. According to Leonard's formula, this would give the Quakers a time of about 5:31. Penn had a 5:31.1 over Harvard's 5:31.2, and the unofficially recorded time was 5:27.2. "We're slightly ahead, but lost on the first 500 meters. The best crew will be the one that has set the first 500 meters. The best crew will be the one that has set the first 500 meters.

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Baseball

After a half hour in the dugout, the teams resumed play. and Deas II left center was replaced by Butto. Damon's steal and hit reached second but the left fielder called out. Damon left the dugout,}

W. Tennis hosts Ivy foes

"What was really interesting," said inn, "... Have you ever thought of teaming a faculty member?"
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By: FORD SEGAL

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Youthful Softball looks to cradle St. Joseph’s

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This year, Elliott edged out such stars as Danny Ferry of Duke, who also was among the five finalists for the Wooden Award, and also was among the five finalists for the John R. Wooden Award for 1989. Elliott is a 6-8 senior forward, finish third in the national balloting for the Wooden Award this season and had 2,555 career points to replace Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (then Lew Alcindor) as the Pacific 10's all-time leading scorer.

The guidelines for Wooden Award voting criteria extend beyond the athlete's accomplishments on the court. Tech eligibility criteria which must be met include a 2.0 scholastic average, a willingness to perform community service, and a recommendation from the athlete's coach.
Baseball sneakers away from Monmouth, 6-2

By GALINA ERSPIREZ

Penn baseball coach John Sheridan has worked on a secret of success for his Quakers that has translated into a one-game winning streak.

"I just tell the team that the only way to win is to get it early," coach Sheridan said. "Once we get it early, and it's early enough, and we score before the other team, we score before the other team, and we get our confidence back, and we keep scoring, and we score a lot."

The secret of success Sheridan has employed has been his team scoring early.

"We're just fortunate to get the game in," Sheridan said. "And while we would like to get freshened righthanders on the mound, it's nice to have a lot of options to throw with."

Penn baseball head coach John Sheridan

"I think it's a combination of really good hitting," said pitcher Mike Melendez. "I think it's a combination of really good pitching."

But the hitting has been the team's strength this season.

"We've been doing a lot of things right," said catcher Mike Melendez. "We've been hitting the ball a lot."
THE LANDING OF THE RED BARONS:

MINOR LEAGUE BASEBALL RETURNS TO NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

MADONNA

The ever-changing glamor star returns with a new album and, of course, a new look.

THE DREAM TEAM

Michael Keaton and Christopher Lloyd play mental patients at large in New York City.
To the editor:

Sarah Dunn states in her 34th Street article of March 30 ("A Different World"). "If I were ever to spend more than four consecutive days south of the Mason-Dixon line, I’m afraid I might be in trouble." It is clear from Dunn’s appallingly shallow and stereotypical article that she either has not spent more than four days in the American South or that if she has, she has done so with the preconception that there are no redeeming qualities in the South or its people. (Perhaps Dunn has forgotten that our nation’s capital is located south of the Mason-Dixon line.)

Dunn not only commits the uninformed error of treating the Southern people as a monolithic entity, but she then goes on to thoughtlessly criticize those same people. Her portrayal of all Southerners as ‘weird’ and ignorant is as unfair as the belief that all Westerners are surfing hippies or that all Northerners are cold and rude — there are elements of truth in each situation, but Dunn’s crack that she’s “not sure if when compared with average southerners, [her relatives] are really all that weird” is nothing short of blind, uninformed bias. Clearly, Dunn is not free from the ignorance that she is so quick to ridicule in her southern relatives. Further, anyone who has approached Dunn’s age and level of education and yet still thinks that “white trash” applies to nothing more than “old pizza boxes and styrofoam cups” can hardly have the audacity to claim that she understands any sector of the hugely diverse American population.

As a long-time resident of Atlanta, I am familiar with both the cosmopolitan and rural aspects of life in the South. I have good friends from Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana. My girlfriend grew up in Albany, Georgia. None of these people are white trash. None of them listen to country music. None of them eat chitterlings. Atlanta is one of the nation’s fastest-growing cities and has, in this very decade, been rated not only the most desirable city in which to start a business but also the most livable city in America. And yes, Atlanta is located far below the Mason-Dixon line.

Sarah Dunn must be shocked. Finally, Dunn’s sarcastic, condescending remark that “southerners would eat something called ‘crud’ if it was cooked in an iron skillet with lots of bacon grease” in the same article that she claims to be “unlocking the mysteries of the deep South” is so unprofessional as to warrant no further comment.

Todd Segal
CAS ’91

To the editor:

Once again Sarah Dunn has managed to insult a group of people by the use of negative stereotypes. I think it is in poor taste to imply that the average southerner is a “weird,” ignorant hick who listens to country music and eats chitterlings and grits. The southerners I know do not fit this stereotype and would probably be insulted if they thought that we “brash northerners” think of them in this way. I do think that Ms. Dunn’s style of writing is amusing, but her choice of subject matter leaves something to be desired.

My challenge to Ms. Dunn is this: can you write a humorous column that does not generalize and insult a group of people?

Blair Davis
CAS ’90

STREET MAIL

Wants to Hear It

If you have a comment, criticism, question or even a compliment for us, please send it to The Editor, 34th Street, 4015 Walnut St. (2nd floor), Philadelphia, PA 19104. Please sign your contributions and include your year and school at Penn (if a student) or your occupation. 34th Street reserves the right to edit all letters.
White as Snow
A cartoon gets the tacky treatment

I t was disgusting. A chirpy-voiced woman dressed in a sparkling Snow White outfit raved on and on about the glamour and beauty of Hollywood. She ascended the stage and began to sing. Behind her, lifesized gold lame stars pranced around.

Then Snow White (nicknamed "Snow" for the occasion) met Rob Lowe, and they proceeded to sing a horribly disfigured version of Credence Clearwater Revival's "Proud Mary."

But wait, there's more. Snow and Lowe then danced with various movie stars from the past—embarrassed senior citizens who tried vainly to look like they did in the '30s or '40s. Instead, they resembled motorized wax sculptures on the lam from Madame Tussaud's.

That's entertainment, Academy Awards-style. This year's Oscar show was full of the cheap Hollywood glitz that gives America a bad name.

But we expected that from Oscar. We expect to be grossed out by spectacle after Busby Berkeley's spectacle. Still, Disney shouldn't turn around and get high and mighty about poor Miss Snow White. She can handle herself very well, thank you. The opening of the Academy Awards show was interminable, bizarre and silly (imagine Rob Lowe singing and you get the picture). But it was also harmless. Snow White will survive the humiliation.

Hence the bottom line in this holier-than-thou fiasco: no one could possibly confuse the Oscars' version of Snow White with the "real thing" that continues to play on movie and TV screens everywhere.

Disney's fears are misplaced. The Oscar show simply reflected a commercializing trend that Disney itself has encouraged.

David Arnold is the Editor-in-Chief of 34th Street. He owns no T-shirts or toys with Mickey Mouse on them. But he has a secret, previously undisclosed craving for Mickey and Minnie stationery, notebooks and lunchboxes.

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Illustration by Susan Goldberg/34th Street.

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By Debbie Abrams

Sooner or later, everybody’s gotta face the music. ’So say the advertisements for Sing, a new musical from the people who brought you Footloose. Actually, the director and producers should face the music — it’s the only thing keeping this movie from diving head-first off the Brooklyn Bridge.

Like Footloose, Sing comes complete with catchy tunes, funky dancing, occasionally successful acting, boring dialogue and a heart-wrenchingly predictable plot.

The film attempts to recapture the spirit of a 42-year-old Brooklyn high school tradition in which the classes create original musical shows for a school competition.

Sing pulls out numerous Hollywood formulas, everything from the conventional “let’s all pull together for a common cause” theme to the tough-but-tender high school teacher (Lorraine Bracco) who’s out to reform every kid in school.

“I’m glad I have the chance to work with these kids,” she coos on her first day at work.

Yeah, right.

And as for the subplots, why bother? They’re so weak you forget what they are in the middle of the movie.

But Dean Pitchford’s catchy lyrics do leave you singing and dancing on the way out of the theater. The talented Pitchford, who’s won a plethora of awards and nominations for past musical scores, steals the show and puts his own script to shame.

When the aforementioned teacher gets mugged by the tough Elvis-look-alike Dominick (Peter Dobson), she offers an ultimatum. He can either act as a senior leader in the Sing competition or go to jail.

‘Either way, your ass is mine,” she threatens.

Well, maybe not. The next step in this predictable story is the requisite romance between the two senior “Sing” leaders: Dominick and his feminine anti-hero Hannah (Jessica Steen).

Although opposites, it’s obvious from the outset that they’ll be smooching in the end.

Forced into doing research for the show at a local club, the unlikely pair ends up dancing together. But the righteous Hannah blows up when Dominick’s dance floor lust gets out of hand. The chagrined Dominick retreats with a line indicative of the film’s dialogue: “Maybe I shouldn’t have grabbed your ass, but you were looking so attractive with your pearls on.”

Aside from the music, the dancing remains the other highlight of the film. The sight of Dominick’s girlfriends (the “Cheap Chicks”) gyrating their hips to the beat is downright nauseating. Only Solid Gold could offer a sleazier spectacle. But Dominick’s snazzy street version of dirty dancing contributes some rare entertaining moments to the film.

Yes, Sing does raise some burning questions. Do people in Brooklyn really dress like the scary-looking group of students in the film? Can the majority of youth at Brooklyn’s public high schools actually sing and dance that well without training?

The Sing competition concept is a good one. The underdog’s inevitable triumph appeals to the same sentiments that made Rocky so pleasurable. But the overly-moralistic tone, weak script, stereotypical characters and predictable ending of Sing offer only cheap satisfaction at best.

Dominick (Peter Dobson) shows off his moves in front of the Cheap Chicks

By Michele Raynor

What happens when four mental patients are accidentally set loose in New York City? In the case of The Dream Team, nothing particularly amusing.

Writers Jon Connolly and David Louska waste close to 120 minutes of the audience’s time with a script that is lacking from all angles.

Someone should have seen it coming. The story involves four mental patients (played by Michael Keaton, Christopher Lloyd, Peter Boyle and Stephen Furst) whose doctor decides to take them on a field trip to see a New York baseball game. As luck would have it, the doctor (Dennis Boutsikaris) witnesses a murder and is subsequently knocked unconscious by the corrupt police officers who committed the crime.

Only a miracle would save such a hackneyed premise. And The Dream Team does have its funny moments and even some well-rounded performances. But that’s not enough.

Michael Keaton plays the bullying Billy Caulfield

Urban blight

Four mental patients get lost in New York City

By Michele Raynor

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For what it’s worth, Boyle and Lloyd play up their eccentricities with a tasteful humor that doesn’t exploit mental illness stereotypes. Boyle plays Jack McDermott, once an advertising executive, now a religious megalomaniac who advocates preaching in the nude. He answers to the name Jesus and announces his fear that his doctor “may have been seized by the Romans.” And Christopher Lloyd shines as Henry Sikorsky, a paranoid schizophrenic who believes he’s the psychiatrist in charge of his three cohorts.

But Michael Keaton is a real disappointment. He plays Billy Caulfield, a writer with a strong penchant for violence. Not quite the bully type, Keaton seems lost without his Mr. Mom vacuum and duster.

Even if Keaton had been better, The Dream Team would still have drowned in extreme predictability. Taking a cue from the script, even the music here annoyingly foreshadows every event.

The film’s heavily telegraphed ending attempts to pull at the heartstrings of the audience with a few not-so-subtle messages about life, love and the pursuit of happiness. But after sitting through two hours of The Dream Team, tears can be attributed only to boredom.
Wake up!
Livaneli offers an alternative to everyday movies

By Timothy Barkow

You take a 't' that's a ja and an 'a'-t' et.
You put them all together, and that spells 'jet.'
That's 'jet,' 'j'-a'-t' jet.
That's 'jet,' 'j'-e'-t' jet.

"The Word Family Song," from Sesame Street 2 (Original Cast Album).

In our formative years, the days of Kool-Aid and dandelions, when abstract art was coloring outside the lines, we spent afternoons inside watching educational TV. Why? Because we liked it; we thought it was fun. Every day we faithfully watched shows (like Sesame Street) that combined learning and entertainment.

So what happened?
When these young college folk feel it's time to cut loose, they go out and get drunk, go dancing, or go see a mindless movie. All in the name of entertainment. Work is hell, so fun must be clearly separated from that at which we toil. And in the process intellectual pursuits have been stereotyped as boring.

If someone goes nuts and makes a film that combines entertainment with an interesting, informative premise, his work is quickly labeled as an "arty" flick and he loses a significant fraction of the movie-going public (albeit the stupid one). But there is no sane reason why you shouldn't go to see these "arty" films.

Most of these films aren't comedies, but that doesn't mean they're boring tragedies either. They may move a little slower, but what's the hurry? Enjoy yourself. A film can be physically relaxing and mentally stimulating. And they keep those nasty cerebral charley horses away.

Go out and see an artsy film this weekend, something inspiring to look at and interesting to hear (and don't say Dangerous Liaisons: that's bullshit).

Hey, isn't International House having a United States premiere of an internationally acclaimed Turkish film TOMORROW, APRIL 7?
Yes, boys and girls, it's true. Iron Earth, Copper Sky is Wim Wenders' and Zulfu Livaneli's 1987 exhibition of fear, hope, and the sanctity of myth. Livaneli adapted the screenplay from a novel by Turkish Nobel nominee Yasar Kemal, composed the soundtrack, and directed the film.

Producer Wenders is noted for his impressive work in Paris, Texas and Wings of Desire. And Livaneli, who will be present at the premiere, has won various musical awards and has been actively involved in promoting friendly relations between Turkey and Greece.

Iron Earth, Copper Sky deals with the creation of myths in extreme circumstances. Set in the snow-blanketed hills of Anatolia, the film tells the story of an impoverished village's reluctant messiah.

In the beginning, the villagers find they are unable to give the overlord his yearly taxes. They become crazed with fear of the inevitable retribution and grab hold of the only shred of hope they can find, the rebellious nature of a man called Tashbash. Tashbash quickly realizes the villagers feel he's a saint, but he doesn't believe it himself. Soon he cannot escape the peasants' religious zeal, and his repeated denials merely make his worshippers' numbers multiply.

Livaneli runs this isolated psychology experiment in an attempt to answer questions about faith and human frailty. And in the film, the social machine eventually grinds to a halt as all the villagers rely on Tashbash to solve their problems.

Despite its fictional storyline, Iron Earth provides a documentary-style account of human suffering. Watching the characters' expressive faces and the wringing of their hands arouses a deep sympathetic reaction to their plight — no statistics could ever accurately describe the intense squalor in which these peasants exist.

Despite all this sorrow and confusion, Iron Earth remains a beautiful film. The winter landscapes are breathtaking, the villagers, especially Tashbash, are intriguing, and Livaneli's technique (no doubt influenced somewhat by Wenders) helps make this film a true event.

There's too much schlock out in filmland, so this award winner should not be missed. Dig out that Sesame Street mentality, and go see a real movie. Big Bird'll be proud.

Photo Enhanced by Tim Barkow/34th Street
Actor Rutkay Aziz plays the rebellious Tashbash

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34th Street April 6, 1989 / 5
For years New York has been the country's center of artistic growth. And the ominous shadow it casts has stunted theatrical growth in Philadelphia. But now that the cost of production in New York has reached exorbitant heights, many producers and directors are unwilling to take chances staging new plays, preferring instead to draw on the big names that offer ensured success. As a result, artists are flocking to other areas of the country—often to long-neglected Philadelphia.

Two local developmental programs that respond to this influx of raw talent are the Play Works Company and Venture Theater's Playwright Connection.

"American theater is losing out on potential quality scripts due to the lack of technical support [needed] to bring a work to production-quality level," explains Betty Lindley, the Playwright Connection's executive director.

Now in its first eight-week session, the Connection pairs four novice playwrights with Ali Wadud, an experienced professional. The program aims to further the personal growth of the playwright and to develop quality scripts for publication.

While other playwright programs choose not to participate in the production process, the Playwright Connection plans to be involved with its plays until the final stage of production.

In contrast, the Play Works Company does not consider production its goal. Founder and artistic director Christopher Rushton says that his program's purpose is purely developmental.

First, Play Works gives writers the chance to read their work before an audience of their peers. Next, the script is given an in-hand reading by semiprofessional actors before a public audience. The actors, director, and audience then all critique the work.

Neil Johnson, an actress who has participated in Play Works' productions, praises the uniqueness of this technique. "It's wonderful to be part of the process of watching the play come off the pages and come to life," she says. "It's really very exciting."

But Play Works does more than just perform these plays for the standard theater-goer. Through a new program called the Theater for a New Society Outreach, Play Works exposes non-theater groups to new work and gains further input on a play's progress.

"We bring readings of issue-oriented new plays to different sites...[including] schools, women's groups and ethical societies," Rushton explains. "Since the playwright goes along on these readings it gives him the unusual opportunity of getting feedback from a non-theater audience."

Although perfecting scripts has remained the Play Works' principal aim, Rushton has recently led the company into areas involved with production. In the Producer "Plus" Program, Rushton acts as an agent to market his playwrights, and if he's lucky) himself, all over the country. Rushton believes that his efforts are beginning to pay off, noting the off-Broadway production of Play Works' Angagai (written by Walter Vail) as one sign of success.

Rushton says that Philly may be one of the hottest theater locales in the country today. And the unique strategies of Play Works and the Playwright Connection may keep this healthy trend alive for quite some time.
The Philadelphia Phillies’ farm team makes a tumultuous return to northeastern Pennsylvania, ending a 35-year baseball drought.

SCRANTON — Just 649 fans were on hand to witness the death of professional baseball in northeastern Pennsylvania.

It was the summer of 1955. Across the country, the pastoral minor leagues became lost in a technological world in which television brought major league baseball into the nation’s living rooms, and a new interstate highway system made it easy for small-town fans to travel to the big city.

The Scranton Red Sox, one of the area’s two Class-A Eastern League franchises, had packed their bags in 1953. Now, two years later, the Wilkes-Barre Barons, located 15 miles away, were facing a similar fate.
The Barons had been a member of the Eastern League for nearly two decades and had led the eight-team circuit the previous year in both victories and attendance, drawing nearly 100,000 fans.

But that was last year. In June, 1955, this Detroit Tigers affiliate was mired in sixth place and struggling to draw fans. Debts, some left from the previous year, began to mount. It was decided that on July 1 the team would be moved to Johnstown, in the western part of the state.

"They didn't have too much talent, money was tight. They weren't making ends meet," says Frank Smith, now 80, who served as the team's announcer for the last seven years of its existence. "We were already giving stuff away to get people to come to the games."

The funeral was set for June 29, the date of the team's final game at old, wooden Artil- lery Park. Little Leaguers were invited to attend the game for free. The Barons faithful mourned the loss of their team by lighting candles and placing a makeshift casket on the team's dugout. Smith played "Auld Lang Syne" during the seventh inning stretch.

Not ones to spoil a good wake, the Barons squandered a 7-6 lead by allowing the Albany Senators to score five runs in the last two innings, finally bowing out 11-6.

The next day, after a farewell breakfast at the Embassy Restaurant, the Barons left town. Until now, in three weeks, minor league baseball will be reborn in northeastern Pennsylvania when the Scranton Wilkes-Barre Red Barons christen a new stadium in their home opener against the Tide- water (Va.) Tides. The resurrection, more than 10 years in the making, was anything but easy.

Minor league baseball died in hundreds of small towns around the nation in the 1950s. Scranton and Wilkes-Barre — two anthracite mining towns about 100 miles north of Philadelphia — simply fell victim to the trend.

Now, nearly four decades later, the area's mines have been replaced by a bustling service-oriented economy, and films like Bull Durham pay testament to the general resurgence of the country's 17 minor leagues.

As sportswriter Thomas Boswell wrote, time begins on opening day. And on April 26, over 10,400 fans — a full one-third of the number who saw the Barons play during their entire final season — will flock to a brand-new $20 million stadium to see time begin again.

The Red Barons have landed as the new Triple-A farm team of the Philadelphia Phillies. That's the good news and the bad news.

It will be a daunting task to entice locals to root for the Barons, however, aren't nervous about the prospect. To them, winning isn't everything.

"We're not selling a first-place club — we're selling family entertainment. We're not promising anyone a winning season," admits Bill Terlecky, the team's general manager. Citing the more than 3100 season tickets the Red Barons have sold for their inaugural campaign, he boasts "There is no way this can fail, not with that kind of support."

But this team's success will be measured by more than the number of fans who file past the turnstiles or the number of victories it achieves on the field. No, the county-owned Red Baron franchise and stadium represent one area's attempt to come to grips with its past by bonding with it as they bury it.

On the one hand, the resurrection of baseball is an effort to evoke memories of the sport's long winning tradition in northeastern Pennsylvania. The area's first minor league club dates back to 1886. Together, the Barons and the Scranton Red Sox captured 10 Eastern League championships between 1937 and 1955.

On the other hand, the Red Barons symbolize this region's struggle to shed its blue-collar, black-lung image and attract tourist dollars to the area. Although they don't rip coal out of thebowels of Northeastern Pennsylvania anymore, to outsiders — and even to some residents — the mines are still operating, at least in spirit.

Sitting in his field-level seat in the Lackawanna County Multi-Purpose Stadium, just right field, watching a team of bright green AstroTurf opening the park isn't ready. It's a sunny day, it's baseball, but instead of Red Barons feverishly prowling the field.

The man who spearheaded the professional baseball to northeastern Pennsylvania isn't the type of guy who still has dreams.

Like a young boy bringing his parents, the 37-year-old attorney

The pitching mound is removed, but the stadium doesn't have to be rebuilt every time the park is used for a football game or concert. Look at the stands and walls, even the AstroTurf is the same.

To an outsider, the stadium feels like its multi-purpose name. But if anything, McGee's After all, the whole thing was a dream.

In 1977, while studying law at the University of Pennsylvania, McGee and a couple of friends and even to some residents — the mines are still operating, at least in spirit.

Sitting in his field-level seat in the Lackawanna County
similar to other regions with successful franchises. Together, the Wilkes-Barre/Scranton metropolitan area has about 700,000 residents, about average for towns with Triple-A teams. After returning to the Northeast to set up his law practice, he began talking with other like-minded individuals, and a movement took shape.

Low-key and soft-spoken, McGee doesn't seem the crusading type. But he possesses one quality indispensable to any successful leader: he has a good idea when he hears it. "In this case, when he thinks of it," And, although he's not flamboyant, McGee is quietly persistent—assets that were to come in handy during the long, drawn-out journey through the complexities of the legal system and government bureaucracy that was to come.

In 1980 McGee's group approached officials from both counties about funding a stadium. But the movement involved a classic Catch-22: a professional baseball team needs a stadium; but local politicians are reluctant to construct a multi-million dollar edifice without a team.

Three years later, McGee convinced new county commissioners Joseph Corcoran and Ray Alberigi to support the construction of a stadium if his group could sell more than 2000 season tickets for a team that did not yet exist.

By 1985, McGee had scored his first big success: 2200 tickets had been sold and the counties had agreed to fund an $8 million stadium. Now officially incorporated as Northeastern Baseball, McGee's group purchased a Double-A team in Waterbury, CT, to ensure that the new stadium would have a tenant. An architect was hired to design a stadium, and bids were accepted.

Then came November 27, 1985, the day before Thanksgiving. Or, as McGee calls it, Black Wednesday. The day the stadium bids were opened.

The lowest bid was $12.5 million—more than $4 million more than the county had budgeted for the stadium. McGee unbeatingly calls that day Northeastern Baseball's low point. "I felt disgust with the architects," he says now. "How could the design team go in one direction and the budget team go in another?"

It was back to the drawing board, literally, for McGee and his supporters. During the summer of 1986, the team owned by Northeastern Baseball continued playing its games in Connecticut, while the politicians scrambled to float more bonds and secure state grants.

After the season, the Maine Guides, a Triple-A franchise in Old Orchard Beach, Maine, came up for sale, so McGee and the county decided to go for the extra base. They would take a risk—construct a bigger stadium and trade their Double-A team for a Triple-A team.

McGee struck a deal with Guides owner Jordan Kobritz to swap the Double-A Eastern League Waterbury team and $2 million for Kobritz's Triple-A International League team, pending Eastern League approval. If the league did not approve the move, Kobritz would receive $2.5 million and no team. Half of the money was put up by each county, making the project truly regional.

When the league turned down the deal, Kobritz sued.

"[Kobritz] built his stadium privately," McGee explains. "After he signed the agreement to sell the club to the finance authority of Maine informed him that there was a clause in his bond agreement that said that for the term of the bond, he had to have a professional team there. He realized that if he did not get the Double-A team, he would forfeit the stadium and the $15 acres of land." McGee adds. "So it wasn't merely the Double-A club at risk, but everything the guy had built for.

For those of you who like to keep score, the October 1986 lawsuit was a classic "get your legal issues out of the way" move. McGee is paid a personal price for his involvement in the team. His marriage recently dissolved, although his work on the Red Barons didn't play a role in the separation. For a few years, McGee—who is a certified public accountant in addition to being a lawyer—didn't file his federal income tax forms. He recently received a stiff fine from the Internal Revenue Service.

For McGee, the Red Barons came first. Was the whole thing worth the time and aggravation? Yes, he says without pause, "If you define the purpose of life to help other people."

How about getting involved in a similar project in the near future? Again, McGee answers without hesitating. "Only if I'm paid," adding, "I did it once, I wouldn't do it twice. Ten-years-plus on one project is enough for one person."

Two small, nondescript rooms in the Lackawanna County Courthouse Annex presently serve as the Red Barons' temporary offices while the team's new stadium is under construction. With five team employees crowded into the offices, boxes stacked in the corners and telephones constantly ringing, the offices resemble the home of a local political campaign more than they do a professional sports franchise.

Indeed, pitching minor-league baseball to a small town is more like selling a political candidate than hawking the New York Yankees. Always understaffed and trying to plug holes, a team's front office runs on a shoestring budget, constantly trying to think up promotional gimmicks while scrambling for any type of media coverage.

Heading up this campaign for the Red Barons is General Manager Bill Terlecky.

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Northwestern: One Double-A team owned (recently moved from Watertown to Williamsport, Pa.). One Triple-A team owned (Old Orchard Beach, Maine). 2200 season tickets sold for as yet non-existent Pennsylvania team. Still no stadium.

Last summer, however, the linescore became reality. Northwestern Baseball sold its Double-A team to a near $1 million profit to an investor in Hagerstown, Md., and the county secured enough government grants and loans to break ground on the new $20 million multi-purpose stadium. The lane duck Guides, still playing in Old Orchard Beach, were only months away from a new home in Scranton/Wilkes-Barre.

"The two-year delay was worth it because we have the finest Triple-A facility in the International League, and one of the finest in the entire country," McGee says now. "It's major league in every way."

Of course, things always look better in hindsight. For tax reasons, the Lackawanna County government owns both the Red Barons and the stadium. McGee, who volunteered his time to the project for nearly a decade, now serves as president of a group that owns nothing except one of the 18 skyboxes at the stadium.

More importantly, McGee paid a personal price for his involvement in the team. His marriage recently dissolved, although his work on the Red Barons didn't play a role in the separation. For a few years, McGee—who is a certified public accountant in addition to being a lawyer—didn't file his federal income tax forms. He recently received a stiff fine from the Internal Revenue Service.

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Heading up this campaign for the Red Barons is General Manager Bill Terlecky.
Thommye's We're not selling a first-place club — we're selling family entertainment

-Bill Terlecky

four years of exile.

As a vassal to its major league parent, a minor league team can’t control the quality of its players. Both McGee and Terlecky agree that the key to long-term viability is marketing.

“We don’t intend to promote the quality of the team as the key to attendance,” McGee says. “We want to promote good family entertainment. Obviously, we want the team to be competitive; winning will certainly help.”

Now, Terlecky says, the grand old game has to compete with amusement parks, movies and other sports for the public’s entertainment dollar.

“We’re in the promotions business,” he explains. “It’s an entertainment option now. I think you’d look long and hard to find a better and less expensive form of entertainment.”

With seats at the stadium priced at only $1, $2 and $3, Terlecky may be right. Armed with television and radio agreements, the sale of 10 luxury skyboxes and those 3100 season tickets, the team shouldn’t have any problem during its inaugural season.

But any new sports franchise is granted a two- or three-year honeymoon; it’s afterwards that may pose a problem. The Red Barons need to average about 5000 fans per game to break even, a heady number if a team is losing and the novelty has worn off.

Terlecky, however, is confident. He understands that the locals have been burned before by smooth-talking outsiders.

“This one isn’t going to fail,” he says. “Minor league baseball in 1989 is an entirely different subject than minor league baseball was in the 1950s when it failed here.”

“There’s a certain pessimistic attitude that permeates this valley. It’s my job to change all those skeptics.”

Skepticism, thy name is Steamtown.

Five years ago, the city of Scranton decided that tourists would flock to northeastern Pennsylvania to see old trains. So the city purchased a failing exhibit of historical locomotives from a Vermont city, moved it to Scranton, named it Steamtown and waited for the tourists to show up.

They’re still waiting. Nor has Steamtown been a bust, but the federal government recently stepped in with millions of dollars in grants in an attempt to revive the project. Hope springs eternal.

Steamtown was one of a number of attempts on the part of local government to attract entertainment and tourist dollars into coal country. A few of the projects, most notably Montage ski mountain, which stands a few miles from the Red Barons’ stadium, have worked. Some, like Steamtown and an old train station remodeled into a Hilton hotel, haven’t.

The Red Barons are the latest incarnation of this dream. Lackawanna County is counting on the Red Barons to be an integral part of the fight to attract visitors whom, it is hoped, also will want to sample some of the area’s other attractions.

“The whole county has geared itself to attract tourists and the tourist dollar,” says County Commissioner Joseph Corcoran, one of the Red Barons’ most outspoken supporters.

But despite the rosy words of Red Baron supporters, a Triple-A team is not a guaranteed winner. In one noteworthy example, a New England man built a stadium in a resort town, bought a Triple-A franchise, and was successful enough to be the subject of a glowing Sports Illustrated feature in July 1984. That man was Jordan Kobritz, the town Old Orchard, Maine, and the team the Maine Guides.

An economic feasibility study concluded a few years ago that the Red Barons would inject between $70 and $90 million into the local economy during the team’s first ten years of operation, and the county — which owns both the team and the stadium — is hoping to draw fans from as far as an hour’s drive away. In addition, plans are in the works to use the stadium for outdoor events like concerts and football games to help pay the rent.

The rent, however, is big — the annual debt service on the stadium amounts to nearly $2 million a year — about 6.5 percent of the county’s annual budget, and $500,000 more than was originally planned when the project was conceived.

County officials are counting on the stadium to produce $1.5 million per year in revenue and using other funds to make up the shortfall. And the county will be paying off the stadium until the year 2008.

Some critics charged that the money could have been better used to replace the county’s century-old prison. Commissioner Corcoran scoffs at such a notion.

“The phrase I always use is we can have kids hanging out on the street corners learning to steal hubcaps or hanging out at the stadium learning to steal second base,” Corcoran says.

Plus, a new prison doesn’t give a county too much positive name recognition.

“In the whole United States, there are only 26 Triple-A franchises,” Corcoran says. “It adds prestige.”

Adds Lackawanna County spokesman Bill Rizzo: “The team puts us on the sports map. I think it’s an important public relations tool for the whole area.”

That Sandy Padwe loves to talk about sports shouldn’t be too surprising, considering that he is a Sports Illustrated senior editor. Padwe, a native of Wilkes-Barre, oversees the magazine’s investigative stories. On this day, he is working on stories about Pete Rose’s gambling habits and the xordic activities of the University of Oklahoma’s football team — but Padwe would rather talk about Harry “Suitcase” Simpson.

Simpson was a power-hitting outfielder for the old Wilkes-Barre Barons in the 1940s who hit 12 home runs with the Cleveland Indians. He never broke any big league records, but Simpson hit the longest home run ever remembered, a ball that traveled more than 450 feet out of old Artillery Park.

In Padwe’s mind, that ball hasn’t come down yet. His lifelong love for sports was born in his father’s box seats at Artillery Park, watching the Barons.

“Wilkes-Barre was very good for that period right after the war until Cleveland pulled out [as the major league parent club]. They won some championships and had some great players,” Padwe says.

“I just remember it as being a really pleasant way to spend time,” he adds. He fondly recalls walking over to the stadium in the afternoon, talking to the players and watching the games. Such memories are a comfort when you deal daily with big-money big-ego players, steroids and slum college recruiters.

“Lots of people just go [to minor league games] because they love baseball,” he adds. “The game has transcended all the years. I would rather go to a minor league game almost as much as the games here in New York City.”

Padwe and others like him carefully guard their pastoral memories of minor league baseball. But nostalgia is a grassless stadium off of an interstate highway where all the games are played at night! Will the Red Barons be able to tap that special baseball nostalgia?

Yes, answers John McGee.

“I still think you have the romanticism of being close to the players,” he says. “You still have access to the players that you don’t have in the major leagues.”

Access, maybe. But baseball is a feeling, a perception, and the team’s stormy past means that it is beginning life with two strikes. Being a vassal team and team to northeastern Pennsylvania took over a decade and wasn’t romantic in the least. It will take time and effort to erase those old memories and inscribe new ones.

In W.P. Kinsella’s recent award-winning novel Shoeless Joe, a mystical voice implores an Iowa farmer to carve a baseball stadium out of his corn field. “Build it and he will come,” the voice says, the “he” referring to legendary baseball great Shoeless Joe Jackson.

Instead of cornfields and voices, John McGee was forced to contend with lawsuits and appeals, bond issues, state grants, accountants and lawyers, stadium bids and bureaucratic wrangling.

But when time begins again on April 26, all that matters is what happens between the lines painted on the AstroTurf.
Polishing the Diamond
Workers put in long hours to spruce up the 18-year-old Vet Stadium for tomorrow's first home game.

by Helen Kim
photo by Jay Bradsky

Ralph Frangipani steps up to Veterans Stadium's home plate. Squinting his eyes against the bright afternoon sun, he surveys the field, eyeing the fence 408 feet away. He looks down, brushes some dirt off the plate with his foot, and confidently glances up at the bleachers. He is ready to go to work.

Frangipani is not one of those minor league recruits who is ready to take the majors by storm. And instead of a Louisville Slugger, he wields a rake.

He's a groundskeeper.

For the past 18 years, Frangipani has been content to care for the Vet's field and dugouts, working behind the scenes in one of baseball's less glamorous but vital roles.

And for the past four months, Frangipani and scores of other employees have toiled up to 17 hours a day, priming the grand arena for tomorrow's home opener against the St. Louis Cardinals. While the players enjoyed two months of spring training in sunny Clearwater, Florida, Frangipani and a handful of other crew members spent their days in dank basements or on muddy fields making sure that everything is in top order for the Phillies' return home.

When newly appointed National League President Bill White throws out the first ball to open tomorrow's game, the hard part of their job will be behind them.

Most of the tedious pre-season preparations are complete — the 146,000 square feet of AstroTurf has been scrubbed clean and the 10,000 pounds of hot dogs mostly stocked.

From a skybox four levels above the field, the gaping mouth of the Vet opens onto a perfectly groomed field, its dirt mounds meticulously raked and the 56,000-plus seats checked and rechecked for sturdiness by the staff.

With opening day hours away, the Vet is ready for the boys' return and bring the stadium back to life.

So they wait.

And wait some more.

"We're just waiting to get back in the groove again — it gets boring here in the winter," says Mike Kinney, a merchandising manager for the Phillies' novelty shop.

While superstar Mike Schmidt made commercials during the off-season, Kinney took inventory and stocked thousands of hats, T-shirts and Phillies bric-a-brac which are the hulk of his business. He licenses himself a die-hard fan, but he recognizes like ill himself a die-hard fan.

"You live and die with the team. If the team's not doing well, sales die, attendance dies," Kinney said.

"It's your life.

Frangipani, one of the staff's cagey veterans, has worked at baseball parks for nearly 40 years as a field superintendent. With his trademark Optimo cigar dangling from his lips, he is as much a staple at the Vet as the players who attract thousands of fans. Since the building opened 18 April ago, the stocky, white-haired groundskeeper has been there, dedicating up to 16 hours a day painting the hallways, installing new carpeting for the clubhouse and making supply runs.

His tanned, wrinkled face slowly breaks into a boyish grin as he explains his role in opening day preparations.

"I stained and varnished the seats here and even repainted the bathrooms for the players," Frangipani says, pointing at the green dugout. "I did this job on my first day here, and, you know when you do a job for the first time, it's sort of like yours forever."

This year he even flew out to Montreal to test and purchase a new type of clay for the pitcher's mound after several players complained about slipping. Although his job is prestigious (there are only 28 stadium operators in the country, Frangipani points out), this man's glory stems less from performing his job than knowing that no game in the past 18 seasons has started without his contribution.

"We want people to be impressed, we want them to say, 'Boy, those Phillies! but we know it's us,'" Frangipani says with a wink. "I see 83 games a season, and you still get a feeling of satisfaction knowing that you helped make it all real."

Making it all real has been just as taxing on Greg Grillo, the assistant director of stadium operations. With only 38 workers at his side, Grillo labored through the winter performing the most basic operations: converting from a football field to a baseball diamond, scrubbing the AstroTurf, and carefully painting the foul lines and outfield arc.

His crew spent hours testing the lights, making practice runs on the giant scoreboard and DiamondVision screens, and waxing six levels of floor space.

They also repainted 62 bathrooms, tested the 13 escalators and set up the 60-plus concession stands — all in three weeks.

"There's always something that comes up that makes the last week or two a hectic time — it's like getting married," Grillo says.

With every season come the rookies, and though batboy Dan O'Rourke is entering his second year, the blush has not yet faded from his cheek.

O'Rourke, a recent high-school graduate, quit his job to work for the Phillies. He has spent this morning unloading baseball equipment and players' suitcases recently brought from Florida.

"It's not all talking with the players — I have to wash 500 towels a day," O'Rourke says. "I have to get them their bats, sunflower seeds, gum, tobacco. But being around the players, knowing what they wear, what food they eat is what's really worth it."

Sitting in his basement office, warehouse manager Tony Pizzo knows the inventory figures for the stadium's 60 concession stands as well as a statistician remembers the latest batting averages. After 15 years on the job, Pizzo has rarely underestimated an order and, more importantly, he says, he's learned to grow accustomed to the tense weeks before the opening games.

The Philadelphia native can reel off the pertinent statistics for this weekend's games off the top of his head: 5000 gallons of soda, 1500 pounds of popcorn and over 600 kegs of beer. He hopes it will get him through the three-game series.

"You don't ever want to get caught short," Pizzo says with a sheepish look.

For this handful of crew members, the long four-month pre-season is nearly over.

And tomorrow, when the ump uthers in a new season with a cry of "Play Ball!" they'll know how much work it takes to play.

Helen Kim is a College junior and feature editor of 34th Street.
Pray for redemption

Madonna’s still got all the right moves, but her music has gone stale

By Cheryl Family

How to be a Madonna:

Phase One: Dress is black brass and net skirts, wear a "Boy Toy" belt buckle, writh around on the floor, and have little girls all across the world trying to duplicate your look.

Phase Two: Cut off all of your hair off, get in shape, become a platinum blond, wear classier lingerie, and have a pictorial published in a popular men's magazine.

Phase Three: Die your hair jet black, act on Broadway, and marry an actor famous for roughing up photographers.

Phase Four: Get a divorce, revert to your religious roots, sing in front of millions of radio listeners, and offend some Catholics.

Footnote: Through it all, sell millions of records.

I am not a fan of Madonna, but I do like her music for one reason and one reason only: it's fun stuff that makes you want to get up and dance. Her self-titled first album gave the club world such standards as "Holiday" and "Everybody."

The second album Like a Virgin had more of a top-40 flair, but it contained the title track made me want to get up and clap my hands as if I were a member of the featured gospel choir. I could even put up with the pathetic sight of Madonna's slipping bra straps in front of several burning crosses, because I actually liked the song. I wasn't even sick of it after being deluged with the lyric on Pepsi commercials and every Top 40 radio station.

This year's model just doesn't cut it

The best song on the album after the title track is "Material Girl." True Blue introduced the infectious "Where's The Party?" and her collection of dance tunes re-mixed "Into the Groove," which was originally from the movie Desperately Seeking Susan.

I had high hopes for Madonna's newest release, Like A Prayer. After seeing the video played and re-played on MTV, the fun pop song "Material Girl." True Blue introduced the infectious "Where's The Party?" and her collection of dance tunes re-mixed "Into the Groove," which was originally from the movie Desperately Seeking Susan.

Ladies and Gentlemen! Step right up and see the world's most exciting display of record reviews anywhere. We've got your rap, your hip-hop, your punk, and your run-of-the-mill Smiths wanna-bes. Hey, it's not a slicer, a dicer, a candlestick-maker or a broom handle, but it is Rock-n-Roll. Luv ya, Babe. Call me, we'll do lunch.

Scab Carillar
Tagged and Numbered

Philly's Rave Records' fourth release is an uncompromising slab of punk-metal that takes aim at Wall Street, the Gaza Strip and the nightmares of the urban tundra. Some of this is almost melodic, and scattered moments recall Joy Division or Kraftwerk. Most of it is more ordinary trash stuff, but no less engaging (and as far from wimpv as you can get).

Three Times Dope
Original Stylin'

If your previous exposure to rap consists of the Beastie Boys' whining, or DJ Jazzy Jeff's epic tales of trips to the gallery, you should definitely give Three Times Dope a listen. This Philly trio makes the real thing - innovative, relevant and funny rap that avoids unnecessary silliness.

Big Bam Boo
Big Bam Boo

It's your basic flimsy pop; you know, all flash and no substance. But coming from a duo whose lead singer is named Shark, what did you expect? Some of the tunes are catchy for about 30 seconds, but then it's time to move on to other things. Not worth your while.

Milli Vanilli
Girl You Know It's True

A duo made up of a former breakdancer and a DJ debuts with a surprisingly good mixture of R&B and pop tunes. They've already hit the top with the title track — and the remix alone is worth the price of the album. We'll be hearing more from this group, so catch them on the way up.

So it was with high hopes that I put on the new compact disc, but there was little pleasure to be found after track one. The album just doesn't cut it.

Madonna tries to emit a message in her songs: to respect yourself, not to forget your family and your roots, etc. She even includes a factsheet on AIDS, which exposes the shocking revelation that "AIDS is no party!" Guess what, Madonna — you're no preacher. Leave it to U2.

As an added bonus, you can even count her ribs on the centerfold picture; it's even suitable for framing (if you don't mind staple holes).

But since most of us buy albums for the music, even the added treats don't make it worthwhile.

The best song on the album after the title track is "Cherish," a light love song that puts a smile on your face.

After that, everything else is just okay, a bunch of ballads and up-tempo songs that swim in mediocrity — and a heck of a lot of synthesizers.

She collaborates with Prince on one track ("Love Song"), and the outcome has the purple-rocker's flair, but it misses the mark. "Till Death Do Us Part" is a quasi-autobiographical account of her marriage to Sean Penn, but after the listener's curiosity fades, the remaining song isn't anything special.

In "Keep It Together," Madonna sings, "I hit the big time but I still get the blues." Perhaps this is the explanation for the album. Madonna is in her blue period.

Like a Prayer is dedicated to her mother, who taught her how to pray. Madonna better pray before the release of her next album; after this one, a lot of fans are going to turn to other sources for their dose of fun dance music.

Ratings Guide:

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ Great stuff. Buy it.
★ ★ ★ ★ Approaching greatness. Buy it.
★ ★ ★ Approaching greatness. Take a risk.
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★★ Definitively worth listening to, maybe even buying it.
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ Not good, but at least an effort.
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ This album sucks.

12 / 34th Street April 6, 1989
Double-crossed
The Untouchables forgot how to have fun

By Jay Meltzer
The second album from the Untouchables, L.A.'s favorite child of the mixed-up funk/ska club scene does little to enhance the band's once-hot reputation. True to the restlessness of L.A., Agent Double O Soul is tough to pin down.

The band's first album Wild Child created an unshakable dance mix that fuses funk, ska, reggae and soul. But nothing on Agent Double O Soul approaches the level of Wild Child's acclaimed "What's Gone Wrong" and "Free Yourself."

On Agent Double O Soul, the band is good and tight but compromised by a lack of freedom. Let loose the horns to mix with the horns and keyboards, and the high-energy rhythmic fusion the Untouchables are known for would be back. Strain the band with lossy lyrics and keep the electricity down, and you've got Agent Double O Soul.

The emphasis the band places on lyrics stands in stark contrast to the limitless musical talent. Needless repetition with a comicbook mentality (see the record cover for details) cloud any of main songwriter Clyde "OO" Grimes' attempted messages.

The title track's sound resembles the Specials. Although fast and danceable, the tune (which opens "Agent Double O U") sets the pace for the rest of the album—confused. The band has strayed from the club-scene and tried ineffectively, to bring order to this tune. They should just play and forget the attempt at centrist style.

The Untouchables are more successful on the few tracks that approach reckless abandon.

The last cut on side U is "World Gone Crazy," by far the album's best effort. Here the band lets loose and unleashes the drums, lead guitar and a full horn section in an attempt to recapture the old beat. Those who liked the urgency of "I Spy for the FBI" (from Wild Child) will find their feet moving again on this one.

The second side ("T") features "Sudden Attack," a ska-style version of armageddon. With its credible lyrics and pumped-up beat, "Sudden Attack" got me psyched for World War III.

Music commentary
America votes by ear

By Stephen Severn
Don't worry, be happy... Those four innocuous little words sickened cynics everywhere last summer. And they also created quite a political controversy.

Apparently, Republican image makers figured Huey Lewis had it all wrong. Sure he was "hip to be hip." So President Bush adopted McFerrin's song as his campaign theme.

Of course, McFerrin, as a loyal imperialist/capitalist-hating whiny liberal, cried foul in an attempt to save the song from the clutches of the evil baby-killing, poor-exploiting Right.

The ensuing battle made national headlines and garnered an entire week of coverage on Entertainment Tonight, USA Today and Geraldino.

Reagan's '84 attempt to latch onto "Born in the USA" netted similar criticism. In both cases the controversy led people to ask an age-old question: should popular music occupy a place in politics?

Bigtime political and historical moves and good songs have gone hand in hand with music ever since George Washington drummed the redcoats out of Yorktown in 1781 with "Yankee Doodle" (a rousing rendition of the old British tune "The World Turned Upside Down").

Eighty years later, the country split in two behind Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln to the memorable sounds of "Dixie" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

And the list goes on. Yes sir, hot tunes and politicians are American as apple pie. But do they actually belong together on the campaign trail?

Let's face it, songs sell. People get McFerrin in their heads, and out pops the Bush TV ad from the previous night. And as they hum "but when you worry you make it double" in the voting booth, chalk another ballet up for the Republicans.

If the artist sports no qualms about the political association and the song makes sense in context, then there should be no stigma attached to getting votes with songs.

In McFerrin's case, "Don't Worry. Be Happy" was certainly appropriate. Whether he admits it or not, the song did capture the essence of the Bush platform like nothing else. Was it better material for a campaign that sacrificed substance for style than a tune which says a great deal about absolutely nothing and annoys in the process? Of course the song would have worked equally well for Dukakis - therein lies the true tragedy of the 1988 election.

Ultimately, however, McFerrin must be allowed to retain control over his music. His reservations regarding the use of his song necessarily take precedence over any other considerations. Therefore, despite the fact that "Don't Worry, Be Happy" and Bush were perfect for each other, McFerrin's displeasure at the marriage should have made instant grounds for annulment.

Reagan's attempt to steal Springsteen's thunder introduces another consideration. Not only did the Boss have no desire to lend support to old Ronnie, his song stood diametrically opposed to the Republicans' positions.

Contrary to what about two billion record buyers thought, "Born in the U.S.A." did not lift a hearty thumbs up for the American Way. Given the "return to values" and "let's keep our country strong" tack that Reagan took in '84, any connection to this song would simply not make sense. Here is a case where songs and candidates should definitely not have mixed under any circumstances.

Ultimately, however, questions of right and wrong fade to irrelevancy; music and politics will undoubtedly remain intertwined for many years to come. And as long as artists can retain final say in the use of their music, it's probably not such a bad thing. So don't worry, be...well you know the rest.
Once again, US magazine has forgotten me in their list of the ten most beautiful women in the world. But I take solace in my editor's perceptive comment, "stuff happens."

Believe it or not, the US magazine fiasco is really only one of many minor concerns. It seems that somewhere along the line I picked up a handful of hypersensitive readers. Rather than finish out the semester writing on eggsheels, as the saying goes, I hereby pledge to make a concerted effort to offend all readers equally, regardless of sex, race, or geographical ties.

But in light of Blair Davis' letter on page two, I decided to postpone that for at least another week and try to take her up on the challenge. I am going to share with you a few of my all-too-rare inoffensive thoughts and hope that they will fill up enough copy space so that I can go back to sleep shortly.

THOUGHT NUMBER ONE: If the Bionic Woman had such phenomenal hearing, why did Lindsay Wagner always pull back her wisps of hair when she was listening to something? Was it really necessary to use the zoom lens for close-ups of her ear? And do bionic people really make sounds like she does when they run and jump? If so, why?

I'd appreciate some reader mail on this subject, so if you or anyone in your immediate family is bionic, or if you visited Universal Studios over spring break, maybe you can answer these for me. I'll pass it on to the rest of my readers, whose interest by then will be suitably piged.

THOUGHT NUMBER TWO: What are we going to do, as a planet, about the news that an Old West town has been discovered on Venus?

I realize that some of you might have missed the April 11 edition of the Weekly World News. Let me fill you in on the details of the cover story:

Dr. Yuri Srednev, a Soviet space scientist, told reporter Ragnar Dunn (no relation) that "there is life on Venus—human life—and we have absolutely no explanation for it!"

The Soviet scientist was quick to point out that surface temperatures on Venus are in the 900 degree range and the atmosphere is laden with sulphuric acid. "So you can imagine everyone's surprise when it was discovered that 'the town appears to be constructed of ordinary wood.'"

It seems that the settlement is a near-perfect copy of Dodge City in the 1880's, complete with cowboys and horses and saloons and, presumably, John Wayne. In fact, the artist's conception of the town looks identical to those found in the American Old West, with the exception of a large, ringed planet that hovers on the horizon and a hazy aura that surrounds the buildings and horses with a kind of fuzzy glow.

The current vein of thought holds that the inhabitants have been snuggling our television signals in order to emulate life on Earth. Bonanza looks like the show the Venusian society is modeling itself on, and, well, I'm sure you'll agree that we can thank our lucky stars for that. But what if there are colonialized on Saturn right now watching re-runs of Gilligan's Island? Or towns on Jupiter picking up broadcasts of The Addams Family?

THOUGHT NUMBER THREE: Why do mountain climbers in public television documentaries think it is cool to climb Mt. Everest without bringing along any oxygen? Does this make any sense at all? To anyone?

If you tune in to a public television broadcast on a Saturday afternoon, nine times out of ten you will see a great white shark hanging up against a wrought iron cage containing a really scared oceanographer with a video camera. The tenth time, however, you will see three bearded men trekking through the snow on their way to the summit of Mt. Everest. These men seem to think that bringing along life-sustaining oxygen is the chicken's way out. And I can understand that.

You wouldn't want to go to all the trouble of climbing Mt. Everest and then have your friends accuse you of being a wimp. You don't want to overhear your buddy at a cocktail party saying something like, "Yeah, sure, he climbed Everest last year. But he brought along an oxygen tank." That would defeat the purpose of the entire mission.

But I figure you could get the same amount of acclaim if you, say, decided to go barefoot instead. You could bring along as much oxygen as you could carry and I'll bet nobody would even make a peep about it.

They'd be too busy talking about your feat.
Don Johnson gets down n’ dirty in his latest hard-nosed detective thriller Dead Bang. Also starring Tim “WKRP” Reid, this flick is playing at the AMC Walnut Mall theater.

**FILM**

Guide listings are effective Friday.

**THERE'S A KILLER LOUING OUT THERE!**

Jodie Foster’s award-winning performance as a rape victim returns to Philadelphia.

**SUGGESTIONS TO THEED READER**

Fantasy in the vein of 1979’s *Ladyhawke.*, this film stars Michael Knight and Christopher Lloyd as a 17th Century couple who are reincarnated in the body of a 1970s couple. Don’t pick up the phone.

**THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN**

Ex-Potan Terry Gilliam creates another fantasy in the vein of Time Bandits.

**THE REPLACEMENTS**

Directed by Tom Hanks, this film stars Kyle Chandler and Ewan McGregor as a group of high school football players who are replaced by college football players. "The story is funny, heartwarming, and inspiring."

**THE TENTH HOUSE**

Temple University Theater presents this Lanford Wilson play about the inhabitants of a sleazy hotel.

**NOT HOUSE FLOWERS**

A modern version of Earnest’s "A Woman of No Importance." (Tomlinson Theater, 13th and Lombard Sts. 925-2682Tickets S12.50-S15.00)

**GLEN GARRY GLEN ROSS**

Set in 1980s corporate America, this play by David Mamet focuses on the cutthroat world of real estate. (Temple University Theater, 1714 Sansom St. Tickets $13.50-S17.50)

**THE HILL**

Based on the novel by David Mamet, this film stars Al Pacino as a hard-boiled detective who is trying to solve a murder case. (The Walnut St Theater, 9th and Walnut Sts. 876-7800.

**LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**

Although not one of the studio's classics, this film stars Peter O'Toole as T.E. Lawrence and features an epic battle scene at Petra. (AMC Palace, 1812 Walnut St. 567-0604 Show times: Daily - 1, 3:30, 5, 7:45, 10:15)

**FLY II**

A double feature that’s a little off saturation level. (AMC Midtown, 1412 Chestnut St. 661-8284 Show times: Sun, 12:45, 3, 5, 7, 9:45; Mon-Thurs, 7:30, 9:45, 10:15)

**LEAN ON ME**

Dustin Hoffman’s Oscar-winning performance as a hard-nosed detective who is trying to solve a murder case. (AMC Midtown, 1412 Chestnut St. 661-8284 Show times: Sun, 12:45, 3, 5, 7, 9:45)

**NUNSENSE**

A rotating repertory of two adaptations from the play of the same name. (Temple University Theater, 13th and Lombard Sts. 925-2682. Tickets S10-S21.)

**LEVIATHAN**

A man becomes an insect in Franz Kafka’s narrowing story. (Theaier Center Philadelphia, 622 South Fourth Street. 925-2682. Tickets S12.50-S15.00)

**THE RESCUERS**

Although not one of the studio’s classics, this film stars Bob Newhart as a hard-boiled detective who is trying to solve a murder case. (AMC Midtown, 1412 Chestnut St. 661-8284. Show times: Daily - 12:45, 3, 5, 7 AMC Walnut Mall, 3205 Walnut St. 222-2344. Show times Sat-Sun - 12:45, 2, 4, 7, 9, 10, 12)

**FLIGHT LIVES**

Chase Cherry squashes a few more of the public’s misconceptions about her. (Philips’ Place, 1918 Chestnut St. 972-0938. Show times: Daily - 1, 3:30, 5, 7:45, 10:15)

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**DEAD BANG**

Don Johnson shows some bad guys. Oh, ash.

**MUSIC**

The new album is called *Themes From Venus,* and it’s one of the best guitar-driven alt-pop albums in recent memory. They call themselves Love Tractor, and they’re playing at JC Dobbins on Wednesday.

**THE REPLACEMENTS**

Despite a new album that lacks a little in the energy department, the mighty Replacements promise an exciting evening of well-written rock. Friday: (Tower Theater, 69th and Ludlow, 392-0315)

**DAVID CROSBY**

Oooouuooouuuuouoooh! Boy have we been waitin’ for this one. We just had our ty-dyes hand-winded and the permissible aroma of non-filter Carnels woven into the cloth. Saturday: (Tower Theater, 69th and Ludlow, 392-0315)

**SCARLETT**

This talented group of musicians from Kansas City plays varied arrangements of traditional Irish music. Sunday: (St. Mary’s Church, 3916 Locust Walk 386-1445)

**THE TENTH HOUSE**

Let’s let the Tenth House do the talking. "Hoy kids, we know who you live, we know who you are, please come out and see us, it’s totally not far." Wow! With poetry it’ll be that Monday. (Khyber Pass Pub 2nd and Chestnut, 440-9683)

**LADYHAWKE**

A black middle-class girl comes of age during the nascent of the civil rights movement. (Sixth and Race Sts., 440-8262. Tickets $10-$20)

**CATTLE CAR**

This tale focuses on racial prejudices once aboard a segregated train in 1944. (Bushfire Theater of Performing Arts, 52nd and Locust Sts. 747-9230)

**FAME**

The lirimeter never fades. (The Walnut St Theater, 9th and Walnut Sts. 574-3366. Tickets $12-$20)

**THE FIXX**

Fresh off the incredibly bad Calm Animals, The Fixx brings their show to Philly. You can only hope that the band concentrates on past achievements like "Red Skies in Black and White." (Khyber Pass Pub 2nd and Chestnut, 440-9683)

**ROXY SCREENING ROOM**

"I don’t pick up the phone."

**TEMPLE CINEMATHEQUE**

"I don’t pick up the phone."

**GLEN GARRY GLEN ROSS**

Throw in a little hustling, a little conning, a bunch of cutthroat real estate salesmen and a grand-prize Cadillac, and you’ve got David Mamet’s vision of the American business world. (Plays and Players Theatre, 1714 Dalscapey St. Tickets $13.50-$17.50)

**THE HOT L. BALTMORE**

Temple University Theater presents this Lanford Wilson play about the inhabitants of a sleazy hotel. (Tomlinson Theater, 13th and Norris Sts. 925-1222. Tickets $7.83)

**INCOMMUNICADO**

This production focuses on the life of Mrs. Lillian Wilt, who was arrested for anti-American broadcasts during World War II. (Wilma Theater, 2030 Sansom. 963-0245. Tickets $10-$21)

**A LOVE OF LIFE AND WHAT HO?**

The Arden Theatre Company presents a World Premiere, based on five of its adaptations from works by John Cheever and P. G. Wodehouse, from 1920s upper crust England to life in suburbia. (The Walnut St Theater Studio. 9th and Lombard Sts. Tickets $13-$15)

**METAMORPHOSIS**

Based on Franz Kafka’s narrowing story. (Theater Center Philadelphia, 622 South Fourth St. Tickets 925-2482. Tickets $12.50-$15.00)

**NUNSENSE**

Nuns celebrate their third birthday. (Show Hill Playhouse, 507 S. 8th Street. 923-0215)
Hey, Rob:
Nice ball.
Thanks.