Search for SEAS dean underway

By Geoff Taubman

Provost Michael Aiken has named a search committee to find a replacement for Engineering School Dean Joseph Bordogna, who will end his nine-year tenure in June 1990.

The replacement will make Engineering the third school to receive a new dean in the next year.

Bordogna said this week he will remain on the faculty of the Engineering School, adding that he expects the SEAS search committee will only look for a new dean, but to reassess the future of the Engineering School, which numerous criteria rank among the top ten in the nation.

Bordogna became dean of the Engineering School eight years ago. During his tenure, the school has undertaken a massive program of revitalization and fundraising, attracting top scholars and top dollars to the University.

Bordogna has served as an associate, assistant, and full professor in the Engineering School, and became acting dean of the school in 1973. In 1981, Bordogna became Engineering Dean.

Bordogna said he has worked with faculty and students to improve the quality of the school, raising $100 million to meet its goals, and integrating it with the rest of the University.

"I've enjoyed in the '80s trying to enhance the future of the school," Bordogna said. "No one person does this. The faculty and the student body do. They make it happen. I just gave them the plan, and it's up to the students to implement their plans and dreams.

The dean is the servant of the faculty and of the student body. He provides support, and the student body's performance determines his position among peers, and integrating it with the rest of the University.

"I'm excited about the '90s trying to enhance the future of the school," Bordogna said. "No one person does this. The faculty and the student body do. They make it happen. I just gave them the plan, and it's up to the students to implement their plans and dreams.

As an administrator combines both aspects of his personality.

"You create by intellectual insights," Adler said. "The rest of it is management."

And perhaps it is this combination which gives Adler the ability to balance a constant influx of ideas and the energy to implement them all.

As SAS undergraduate dean, Adler oversees undergraduate advising and records, as well as all curricula and programs for the approximately 6000 College students.

Adler, who assumed the deanship in 1981, said that he accepted the job because he loves students. Adler keeps up his work in the psychology laboratories — he studies mating in rats — and his new position forces him to run across campus trying to spend time in both his laboratory and the College office. But he said the rewards are well worth the extra aggravation.

"I love kids," Adler said. "I guess part of the reason I have the job now is I have 6,000 of them. It's better than working for a living."

Adler earned his undergraduate degree from Harvard, where he had planned to be a geneticist, but he abandoned those plans because he did not have 6,000 of them. It's better than working for a living.

By Matthew Hill

The University received a $1.2 million grant from the Howard Hughes Medical Institute last week to strengthen its biology and biological basis of behavior programs.

According to School of Arts and Sciences Associate Undergraduate Dean and Psychology Professor Norman Adler, the grant will enable the University to significantly upgrade laboratories, offer a wide range of new summer courses and improve introductory BBB and biology courses. Adler and Biology Professor John Cebra will head the new programs.

"It will give us perhaps the finest laboratory in neurobiology in the country now," Adler said Tuesday. "This will make a huge difference."
What I want to say here, what I want to be understood as saying is this: We should all stop doing what we can about this environment. We should all stop worrying about poverty and war and hunger and sickness. We should forget, just forget, about ignorance and crime and drugs and doing something about ourselves. This thought came to me when I was sitting in a classroom in the Richards Building. That day, sitting there in the classroom, I had come to something new in myself. The entire history of my time at Penn has, as its focus, these rare moments when I had come to myself — become part of an undefined, greater whole.

I had recalled my long talks with environmental groups. I remembered my involvement with hunger programs, and I also thought of all the time I contributed to anti-war groups, drug detox programs and even the time I spoke to the wretches we lock up in prisons, stuffed like badgers on ice, in cells too small even to see. But I had been looking for answers then, as had many of my colleagues and friends. I had been looking for some way, any way, to put something good in the world; to make something live again or to see a smile mount on someone’s face solely because I had done something good. The conventional way of saying this would be that I was trying to effect some positive change.

It never occurred to me that I could be successful in attempting this. I had never conceived of that passion with compassion, after all. I knew we all need a dose of that, and I thought I could do, and that we all must find some way to make our contribution to each other. I was half-way across a strange and awesome world, people I had never known or seen were routinely dying every single day from hunger. I knew starvation was an ugly way to die, a horribly inconceivable way to die, just as death from a fragmentation bomb must be. And, to die in ignorance, of hatred, or loneliness, how ugly is this a way to die? Unimaginable was the thought of living in these ways.

But I was wrong. I was wrong in trying to end it all. All the energy and time and work that went for naught. I am not becoming a monster here. I am still moved by the people’s pain. I feel it in my own flesh and bones. What I have seen, what I have felt, what I have time to see another, yet another, hopeless face on the street or imprisoned in a life they deny no more control than the wind or the rain. I feel that pain when another American body returns, flag draped, in a coffin that pays homage to an anonymous ceremony, anonymous gravesyards. I feel that pain when I see children without clothes or food or a friend to play with, No, I can’t do that, I suddenly became hard in heart. The pain was still there. It was only when I realized that the pain was me that things began to change. I was the pain. Something in me caused it. I don’t know exactly when that happened. It could have been during my internship at American Poetry Review. I had been put in charge of noting submissions and one from Brockport Community College’s William Heyen, startled me to tears. Is it, Heyen spoke of the relevance of contem-

The best I can do for my fellow men and women is to become a fellow man who knows himself.
By Samuel Engel

The University's architects must think that all Philadelphia traffic flows east to west. The way the University is now designed, only visitors from Center City are welcomed.

And while students cry for "security" and "protection" from the West Philadelphia riots, the campus ground plan itself manifests a program to isolate the University from its surroundings brutally. This program only encourages crime and intimidates students by fostering hostility among local residents.

Subtly yet powerfully, the physical plan undermines any commitment the University may have to improving relations with the community.

To visitors arriving from posh Center City, campus planners have laid down a red carpet at 34th and Walnut streets. A 25-foot pylons opens a gateway of meticulously-planned landscaping: a walkway nearly paved with slate and brick, grass pristinely shorn, street lamps quaintly shaped in forest green.

Should these visitors be at all unfamiliar with their new surroundings, a free standing map of the University and its surroundings offers guidance. More help is available across the street at the Funderberg Information Center.

But if 34th Street is a front and center campus facade, the back and more important commitment the University may have to improving relations with the community is largely stated.

The 40th Street entrance—hardly an entrance—can be overlooked by a poster-plastered "PRIVATE ROAD" sign. No map, no visitors center, even a well placed pylons welcomes the West Philadelphia guest. This guest must not matter.

In other ways, the University's architecture reinforces this xenophobic message. Rather than opening the street to the college community, the campus planners have made our small neighborhood while we extend ourselves into greater West Philadelphia.

Only by sending a warm invitation to surrounding residents instead of attempting to shut them out can the administration begin to ease local hostility toward the University. Only by building West Philadelphia can welcome the administration discourage the angry assaults on students.

The University Island

By Sheila Bernan

After working for five days at the An- nenberg Center's recent children's festival, I have reached a startling conclusion.

I am old.

This somewhat shocking revelation is not the result of my sore back, my aching feet and my pounding head. All this happened before the under the four-foot participants even arrived. Nor is it because The Jetsons, The Village People, Julie the Cruise Director, and knickknack makers have been replaced with Ninja Turtles, Guss n' Roses, Freddy Krueger and spandex bicycle shorts.

What makes me old is that I can no longer relate to the children. I cringed as I said things I remember hearing as a child. I kept saying thing like, "Don't yell, you might scare the smaller children," and "Stop running you might fall down and hurt yourself." And even more disturbing to myself, I think I meant them.

Of course, once I got home and soaked my feet in Epsom salts and dumped some aspirin into my bloodstream, I realized how the things I hadn't about going to the pool in the summer was that stupid rule about not running. (Geez, I think I'm old enough to know how to run without hurting myself). I've been walking for five whole years already.

It is somewhat frightening that I could be concerned with such things like unpacked lunches and dirty clothes. I'm a Professor I should know things that don't make sense.

How did the metaphors take place? How did I turn into one of them?

Somewhere between the slides in the park and my Baltimore Avenue apartment I became an adult. For a brief while, I became one of those dreadful people who tell little children that they have to be in bed by eight and that if they want to get ahead in the world they should pay attention to their school work instead of watching so much TV.

I realized that my views on the world have changed because I know more. I understand things that I didn't understand when I was younger. It means that I was able to put a face to a feeling that I had, no matter how stupid.

Knowledge is the key to how a person ages. While I was in the frame of mind of the college student, I assumed that the children were arguing over who was going to get the perishable Clorox next. I felt that arguing was futile and unorganized and not the way things should be handled. It was a rule which I thought would be a far better discipline than giving the children what they wanted.

From a different point of view the fight was truly a beneficial thing. The kids who were screaming at each other were more interested in playing "ME NEXT" than they were in anything else. They did not know about racial tension and inequality—they were more concerned with the crayons than with each other. Even though, or perhaps because of this, I thought the children would be more interested in finding their child's own little problems that could take a step back and see them as equals in their obviation.

Sheila Bernan is a College junior.
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Costs of higher education

Student seeks cash for unpaid bursar bill

By Mike Finkel

My name is Michael Watson. I am an actor and a musician. I request assistance from any members of the Penn community to obtain my diploma. I have fulfilled my academic requirements and lack only the means to complete my financial obligation. Any contributions towards my $5000 graduation goal will be appreciated.

Five-hundred copies of this black and white, hand-scrawled message appeared throughout campus during graduation week, drawing hostility, laughter and empathy.

And $65.

"It just seems wrong to me," Watson said. "The University gets so many millions of dollars during alumni weekend, I thought people would be willing to help me."

Watson said he has sought a University diploma for two years. After completing his credits in December 1987, Watson was not allowed to graduate because he owed the University $5000, he said. The University put him on a payment plan where he was scheduled to pay $200 to $300 per month, according to Watson. But after he missed the first few payments, the University demanded a lump sum for the diploma.

Watson, who has found only sporadic employment—including a stint on the Nickelodeon show 'Think Fast'—has been unable to raise the money.

In addition to handing out posters, Watson made a personal plea for money during President Sheldon Hackney's alumni day speech at College Green on May 22.

Just before the speech began, Watson waved his sign and shouted to the crowd; "please help me graduate." When Hackney praised the University and its tough admissions standards, Watson asked, "how do you get back out?"

After Hackney's speech, Watson paraded in front of the podium with his sign.

"The alumni didn't like that at all," Watson said. "I was called a communist, an anarchist, an agitator. I think I spoiled people's fun."

Watson said he is considering getting a lawyer to help fight for his diploma. But, according to Please see Tuition, page 11
Report calls for new programs

By Lynn Westwater

A report recently released by two University Council committees calls for the University to meet international students' concerns by sufficiently educating current and incoming international students on such issues as security and housing.

The report — researched by University Council's International Programs Committee and the Student Affairs Committee — also recommends that international students be given notice at least a semester prior to changes in their financial aid package to allow them time to find alternatives.

The committees' work was prompted by concern that the University was not responding to the needs of international students. The report calls on the University to distribute sufficient information to international students before they arrive, help newly-arrived students with short-term housing and emergency funds and educate students about health services available at the University.

A number of international students — backed by the Graduate and Professional Student Assembly — have recently voiced increasing concern over the security and well-being of international students on campus. Their difficulties with security and off-campus housing were brought to the forefront early last October after the death of economics graduate student Cyril Leung, a Hong Kong native, who was assaulted near his off-campus apartment in West Philadelphia.

And at a January forum which focused on international students, participants pointed to several other problems which plague international students, including discrimination and problems with financing, housing and health services. The report also called for the creation of an international student advocate position.

Several administrators said last month that the report gave a comprehensive view of international students' problems, adding that they hope to implement many of the report's recommendations by next year. They said that these students' concerns are becoming more prominent as the number of international students rises.

Graduate student leaders who contributed to the report said that the recommendations are necessary, but added that without the establishment of a specific position of an international student advocate, the recommendations may not come to fruition.

Vice Provost of University Life Kim Morrison said last month that she supports the report's recommendations and expects many of the recommendations to be implemented next fall.

She added that she agrees that international students do need an advocate within the University system, but said that the role is already filled by other currently available resources such as the Office of International Programs and the Ombudsman.

Assistant to the Vice Provost Barbara Cassel, who heads a task force which is currently studying security for international students, said last month that the idea for an advocate position "is worth exploring" to ensure that international students' personal and social concerns are adequately addressed. She said that the OIP and other offices may not be able to handle the burden of taking on the advocate position.

Graduate student leader Vincent Phaahla, who serves on the Student Affairs Committee, said last month that the University has neglected problems of international students in the past and said that, in the absence of an advocate, will continue to do so.
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SCUE reruns booklet after physics error

By Matthew Hilk

An error in the Student Committee on Undergraduate Education’s Perspectives booklet has forced the group to reprint over 8000 copies of one of the College’s best known recruiting publications.

According to SCUE Advisor Susanne Bradford, an illustration accompanying one of the essays referred to “Newton’s Law of Thermodynamics.” Newton had been dead for over 100 years when the law was recorded.

Bradford said that after several hundred copies of the booklet were distributed to incoming freshmen, SCUE received complaints from the Physics department about the mistake.

"It’s one of those things that wasn’t obvious to anyone who would look," she said. "My physics is not great — I know I wouldn’t have caught it." But Associate Physics Dean Ralph Amado did.

"Newton has enough credit for other things," Amado said this week. "Those laws were written down 100 to 150 years after Newton worked."

Amado added that he does not expect incoming freshmen to notice the error, since the law is taught in college-level physics courses.

Bradford said that the group erased the error and sent the booklet back to the printer. SCUE officials expect the new booklet to be released within a month and said that the publication will be sent to incoming students in the spring as planned. The booklet’s cost — including the reprinting costs — are covered by the College departments involved with the project.

The Perspectives booklet, which includes essays from students, faculty and alumni about the value of a liberal arts education, is sent to acceptees for recruitment.

"Many of the people who worked on the SCUE committee joined the committee because they made their decision to come to Penn because of the Perspectives booklet," Bradford said.

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THE SUMMER PENNSYLVANIAN
June 1, 1989
But the Pseudos were not even content with the word mint. They introduced an array of adjectives to describe the varying degrees of desirable cards. “Near mint” described cards that have actually been handled. Mint cards were not meant to wear when I was a fifth grader charging out of math class. Mint means perfect, as in untouched, as in what a baseball card definitely is not after playing leasers, leases or flips. Colors were played like the card game “war.” Two players started with a stack of cards and alternated placing them in a central pile. When either the position, the team or the color of the border on the card (the choice was up to the cardholder) matched the card on the top of the pile, the person who placed that card on the central stack got to keep the whole pile.

These card games were an integral part of my youth, but today’s elementary schoolers have been sternly told by the Pseudos that a baseball card is worth nothing unless it is in mint condition.

For them, baseball cards are the sacred corner. Everyone had a favorite card that always seemed to lean. “Doubles” — a card that a baseball card should have been called — was thrown in the air to a scream of “scramble!” The dealers were too busy calculating the buy-sell margins. My favorite game was “leansies.” Two competitors would stand ten or twenty feet from a wall and attempt to hurl their baseball card in such a manner that the card would end up balanced at the corner where walls meet floor — a “leaner.” The first player to throw a leaner won all the cards thrown previously.

Proven at leasers earned one school-wide renown. Everyone had a favorite card that always seemed to lean. Mine was a 1978 Warren Brewster, an inequitable Philles pitcher whose card had perhaps the least flattering portrait of an individual that was ever rendered. But for some magical reason, the card had an affinity for the central stack.

One day, however, Brewster had a faulty flight, and he was snapped up by an excited playground pool shark. The local Brewster made me turn to “flips.” This was a simple game in which one person would toss a card on the floor and another would attempt to “match” it — throw a head if a head was thrown or a tail if a tail showed first. If the second flipper matched the card, he or she won. But the flipper who was found to be wearing Pseudos had a faulty flight, and he was snapped up by an excited playground pool shark. The local Brewster made me turn to “flips.” This was a simple game in which one person would toss a card on the floor and another would attempt to “match” it — throw a head if a head was thrown or a tail if a tail showed first. If the second flipper matched the card, he or she won.

Flips was a game that could be mastered. I got to the point where I could control whether my card was going to land heads or tails. For this, my punishment was severe: everyone in the schoolyard, well aware of my card flipping abilities, refused to play the game with me.

But recently, it was found that the chemical in plastic pages and indestructo boxes. Cards weren't meant to wear when I was a fifth grader charging out of math class. Mint means perfect, as in untouched, as in what a baseball card definitely is not after playing leasers, leases or flips. Colors were played like the card game “war.” Two players started with a stack of cards and alternated placing them in a central pile. When either the position, the team or the color of the border on the card (the choice was up to the cardholder) matched the card on the top of the pile, the person who placed that card on the central stack got to keep the whole pile.

These card games were an integral part of my youth, but today’s elementary schoolers have been sternly told by the Pseudos that a baseball card is worth nothing unless it is in mint condition.

It was years after I started collecting cards before I heard the word “mint” — a term borrowed from numismatics and applied to the baseball card hobby. Mint means perfect, as in untouched, as in what a baseball card definitely is not after playing leasers, leases or flips. Colors were played like the card game “war.” Two players started with a stack of cards and alternated placing them in a central pile. When either the position, the team or the color of the border on the card (the choice was up to the cardholder) matched the card on the top of the pile, the person who placed that card on the central stack got to keep the whole pile.

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By Rebecca Goldstein

While Hannah Senesh focuses on the grim realities of World War II, it is a celebration of Jewish heroism rather than a tragedy. The one-woman play starring Lori Wilner is energetic and uplifted, rather than maudlin or heavy-handed.

The Plays and Players Theater serves as an appropriately intimate setting for this true story of young freedom fighter Hannah Senesh whose drive and charisma inspired a nation. Through diary entries and poetry, the audience witnesses the life of the first female paratrooper in World War II in her transformation from idealistic peasant to courageous soldier.

In the role of Hannah's mother Catherinette, Wilner again displays sensitivity in demonstrating how Hannah became a symbol of determination and resistance for Jews and non-Jews alike. Her mother reflects aloud in her heavy hungarian accent that "some people thought she was foolish" for undertaking a dangerous mission that caused her death at the age of 23.

But Catherine understands that the suicide mission served to motivate those fighting the uphill battle for a Jewish homeland.

The bubbly and impulsive Hannah enters the story in Budapest, Hungary in 1934 as she complains about her nerdy pink party dress. "I do believe there will be a place in the world because I can't imagine war," Hannah muses with naive innocence. Wilner's chameleon-like ability to "grow up" on stage is credible and entertaining.

Martinez and Serna star in Almodovar's zany Spanish comedy about bull-fighting machismo.

By David Butterworth

Directed by Buddy Van Horn

Pink Cadillac
baby, has taken off for Reno in her husband's pink Cadillac.

To complicate matters further, the young man about his virginity talks on the phone with his police station. Now, he is being courted by a group of counterfeit money handlers including his husband — who is also apparently after the car. Just as Nowak finally catches up to McGuinn, his own car is stolen, but they have no choice but to take the conspicuous Cadillac.

Pink Cadillac

Directed by Buddy Van Horn

Matador

Angela D. Van Horn

What on earth can McGuinn be thinking of in a film about sex? His travails are epic, but not erotic.

Luke, played by the too-cutesy Brendan Fraser, looks too old and tired for her husband's pink Cadillac. While audiences usually expect more for Israel and joins a British paratroop unit in the British forces. Hannah appeals to the audience because the discovers within herself an internal drive to realize in the world what is right and just, and Wilner enhances this appeal with a polished and rousing performance. The actress delivers a personal understanding of her character which is well complemented by Playwright David Schneider's smooth style. The result reveals the motivation behind one of the inspirational figures in the second world war.

The Call of Duty: Morocco

Directed by Pedro Almodovar

Sema and the real-life Pink Cadillac instead of on the open road, is stolen, and they have no choice but to take the conspicuous Cadillac.

To complicate matters further, the young man about his virginity talks on the phone with his police station. Now, he is being courted by a group of counterfeit money handlers including his husband — who is also apparently after the car. Just as Nowak finally catches up to McGuinn, his own car is stolen, but they have no choice but to take the conspicuous Cadillac.

Pink Cadillac

Directed by Buddy Van Horn

Matador

by David Butterworth

Mercedes and his chiefted features are reminiscent of a Latin Jersey Irons. Women would kill for him, if not on account of him.

Diego hopes to mold a young trainee toreador, Angel Gimenez, played with gusto by Antonio Banderas, who reminds him of how he once was, passionate and all other features. Diegos teams the young man about his virginity and, feeling duped, Angel snotes Diego's girlfriend. After a rash of

religious guilt, Angel heads for the police station where he is not only confesses to the rape, but falsely admits to a number of recent murders.

A pretty and young defense attorney, Maria Cardenal, played by the vivacious Assumpta Serna, takes on Angel's case. However, she sees her involvement with the young prodigy as a way of getting closer to McGuinn with whom she shares a mysterious, mutual interest.

Maria, we discover, is a lot like the character in Erica Jong's Fear of Flying, who is also in search of the ultimate orgasm transcending all others. Maria has avidly followed Diego's bloody arena career and admits that, at the moment of sexual climax, she imagines him doing a silhouette-shaped balcony with her penader's lance.

Other than a videotaped recor-
ding behind one of the inspirational figures in the second world war.

The Call of Duty: Morocco

Directed by Pedro Almodovar

Sema and the real-life Pink Cadillac instead of on the open road, is stolen, and they have no choice but to take the conspicuous Cadillac.

To complicate matters further, the young man about his virginity talks on the phone with his police station. Now, he is being courted by a group of counterfeit money handlers including his husband — who is also apparently after the car. Just as Nowak finally catches up to McGuinn, his own car is stolen, but they have no choice but to take the conspicuous Cadillac.

Pink Cadillac

Directed by Buddy Van Horn

Matador

by David Butterworth

Mercedes and his chiefted features are reminiscent of a Latin Jersey Irons. Women would kill for him, if not on account of him.

Diego hopes to mold a young trainee toreador, Angel Gimenez, played with gusto by Antonio Banderas, who reminds him of how he once was, passionate and all other features. Diegos teams the young man about his virginity and, feeling duped, Angel snotes Diego's girlfriend. After a rash of

religious guilt, Angel heads for the police station where he is not only confesses to the rape, but falsely admits to a number of recent murders.

A pretty and young defense attorney, Maria Cardenal, played by the vivacious Assumpta Serna, takes on Angel's case. However, she sees her involvement with the young prodigy as a way of getting closer to McGuinn with whom she shares a mysterious, mutual interest.

Maria, we discover, is a lot like the character in Erica Jong's Fear of Flying, who is also in search of the ultimate orgasm transcending all others. Maria has avidly followed Diego's bloody arena career and admits that, at the moment of sexual climax, she imagines him doing a silhouette-shaped balcony with her penader's lance.

Other than a videotaped recor-
ding behind one of the inspirational figures in the second world war.

The Call of Duty: Morocco

Directed by Pedro Almodovar

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Indiana Jones returns for 'Last Crusade'

By Rebecca Goldstein

Indiana is back and as virile as ever.

Full of snakes, rats, impressive special effects, strong men and sexy women, Indiana Jones: The Last Crusade does not disappoint the avid Indy fan. Directed by Steven Spielberg, the third in the Indiana Jones series with its further successful collaboration with producer George Lucas. The film is slick, fast-paced and replete with exotic locations and impressive special effects. But in the quest to excite the audience, Spielberg employs excessive violence and insulting stereotypes.

This time the fearless and well-tanned Harrison Ford teams up with Sean Connery as his stubborn and bumbling father in a quest to find the Holy Grail. From Venice to Berlin to the Middle East and back again, the two men are thwarted by Nazis and others who want to get their hands on this holy relic.

The film begins in Utah in 1912 when the young blond Indiana Jones stumbles upon thieves digging up a rare artifact to sell on the black market. "That belongs in a museum!" the young hero cries out. These flashback scenes show how Indy got his trademark whip, fedora and indignant, self-righteous attitude.

One of the opening scenes includes a chase atop a train loaded with various circus animals including cobras, alligators, rhinoceroses and a raging lion. And you can bet the roofs aren't too sturdy.

Sean Connery plays Ford's absent-minded and stubborn father who constantly creates trouble for his son. At last, the audience discovers where Indiana Jones got his terrible sense of humor. Connery is in top form as usual and really hits the mark with this comic role. The family-interest angle to the understanding of Indiana Jones' character is especially appealing. Spielberg needs the audience a big spoonful of father-son sappiness and a liberal dosage of Indiana's fierce attitude. Like its two predecessors, the film is slick for the fantasy world it creates. The bad guys always wear black and the women are always sexy. Indiana bravely goes where no man has gone before, but always squirms out of tricky situations, his minor set backs are laughable and he even gets the leggy blonde with the low-cut shirt. In short, Indy always wins.

And his adventures are nothing short of hair-raising excitement. The numerous chase scenes are satisfyingly dangerous and humorous. Horses, motorbikes, speedboats, trains and tanks are only a few of the tools Indy selects to outrun the bad guys. The breathtaking panoramic shots of Italian canals populated with gondoliers and of dusty desertscapes dotted with camels are picture-perfect. A tourism catalogue would be proud.

A mild-skinned archeology college student to the starry-eyed knobs and whip-cracking professor of the Holy Grail to the roar, Harrison Ford is in top form. He does wear a few baby lines like "I'm like a bad penny. I just keep turning up." But the humor is obviously intentional and the audience half groans, half laughs.

As usual, Harrison Ford plays Indiana Jones to a tee. Tanned and ready for action, Ford tackles tanks with grace, style and a "kowow" punch that make Bat-man and Robbi blushing. Sporting a fedora, a beat-up bomber jacket, a cocky grin and a hungry look in his eyes, Ford is the epitome of cool.

The flip side of a fantasy adventure is that the stereotypes tend to become deadly to the point of becoming offensive. The use of the Nazis as the bad guys denigrates the gravity of the Nazi atrocities during World War II. Nazis are whittled down to one-dimensional characters that march around in starched uniforms and shiny boots. In some scenes which portray Adolf Hitler in a comic role, Spielberg crosses the fine line between healthy parody and disturbing trivialization.

In addition, Allison Doody as the Doctor Elsa Schneider perpetuates the stereotype of the oversized Hollywood female lead. Less than 30 minutes into the movie, the blond German

Harrison Ford and Alison Doody comb through catacombs in their search for The Holy Grail.

The film is slick, fast-paced and replete with exotic locations and impressive special effects. But in the quest to excite the audience, Spielberg employs excessive violence and insulting stereotypes.

‘Full Moon Fever’ lacks patented Petty sound

By Stephen Severa

It's really hard not to like Tom Petty. But since 1987, when Petty stuck the Heartbreakers on the back burner and set off to explore new horizons, it's gotten tougher and tougher to love him.

Over the past 12 years he and his band the Heartbreakers have met to the forefront of mainstream rock and roll by producing some of the best music around.

Review

Full Moon Fever

Tom Petty

And last year's Travelling Wilburys project was pleasing enough but despite all the hoopla, carried none of the urgency or excitement of the new work.

Now Petty has come out with Full Moon Fever, "amplified his nitty-gritty blues," but ultimately goes nowhere. And "Love Is A Long Road" sounds strangely more like Whitesnake than anything else.

"Free Fallin'," the album opener, suffers notably in this regard. The sad story of a young man who walks away from the girl he loves without shedding a tear should have been a great song. The verse "It's a long day livin' in Reseda/there's a freeway runnin' through the yard/and I'm a bad boy, cause I don't even miss her...I'm a bad boy for breaking her heart" sums up the narrator's predilection perfectly. And Petty's singing comes through great.

But just when the music sounds destined to hit home, Lynne chimes in with a dressing, contorted harmony that robs the song of all its emotion.

Other tunes meet similar fates. "A Face In The Crowd," one of the best tracks on the album, is dropped. The fire from Petty's music and buried in an overblown production. As a result, the hard rockers fall flat and the softer compositions sound maudlin rather than heartfelt.

"Feel A Whole Lot Better" recalls Byrd's old Heartbreaker glories like "Listen To Her Heart" and "The Wailing." Of course, it breaks no new ground musically, but three days Petty fans take whatever they can get.

And hopefully those fans will be getting a lot more soon. The Heartbreakers have not disbanded (all save drummer Stan Lynch show up in varying degrees here), and they will be hitting the road this summer. As all who have seen them know, long years of playing together have made these guys a force to be reckoned with on stage.

Ultimately Tom Petty can do better, much better. And if he ever sheds the lisp, the elephantine T-shirt, and ruins of Jeff Lynne and gets back to the basics he started with, he just might do it...
The Theatrical Adventures of Baron Munchausen

Funiculars, Pythons, horses—Terry Gilliam directs the epic tale of the world's greatest liar and the universe's most waggish explorer. Sharp, witty writing combined with hyperactively funny performances from the cast.

(Ritz V. 214 Walnut, 925-7900)

Chocolate

A young girl grows up in French West Africa during the last days of colonialism in this stylish French movie.

(DOMUMAO)

President's Day: 1939-1941

When a young man visits a small town where his anti-Fascist father was assassinated 30 years earlier, he comes to realize that his father never returned from Paris because of his part in the Resistance movement.

(Ritz V. 214 Walnut, 925-7900)

American Gay Film Tour

Seven series—each of which presents a selection of gay-themed films. The three Italian films and their male homo-eroticism are Lisetta Casil's The Berlin Affair, The Occasional, and Starship.

(MAC Warehouse, 1721 Chestnut St., 882-2447)

Lawrence of Arabia

In this heartbreaking portrait of one of the world's greatest liars and the universe's hottest local bands, Terry Gilliam directs the epic tale of the universe's hottest local bands. Today.

(Temple Cinematheque, 1619 Walnut St., 787-1529)

Rod Stewart

Poor Rod loves someone who loves someone else. Maybe it's Bobby Darin. Or maybe it's Babs. He wishes he'd never seen her face. Today.

(MTV Video, 364 Sansom St., 876-7077)

Cobalt Blues Band

Our favorite local blues band rocks its weekly gig. Today.

(Cheswick, 1209 South St., 546-9800)

Jonathan Caesar

Solo piano performance. Today.

(Three Women's and Cabaret, 717 S. Front St., 339-8000)

Renee Howard and Jill Balcon

Jazz-oriented singing and playing. Today.

(Closed Lounge, LaBelle Hotel, 17th and Walnut Sts., 566-9445)

The Golden Miller Orchestra

Swing era tunes with conductor Larry O'Brien. Today.

(Academy of Music, Broad and Locust streets, 586-9440)

Dominic Romano

As evening in Brazil with Dom Um Romano and all Brazilian Band featuring Jerry Gonzales. Today.

(Cheswick Cabaret, 1601 Chestnut St., 380-1081)

Duntrucks and Skyknits

Today.

(Kyokyaku Pass, 58 So. 2nd St., 448-8863)

The Dead Milkmen Hop in their bitchen' Camera at the Chestnut Cabaret Saturday & Sunday.

The Dead Milkmen Hop in their bitchen' Camera at the Chestnut Cabaret Saturday & Sunday.

The Desperados:

Upfront of MAVIS "Got to the church" with one of Philly's finest local bands. Today.

(Ambler Cabaret, 43 East Butler Pike, Ambler, 466-2177)

The Wiskerhats

A hop, skip, and a band to rival the zest at Kyokyaku Pass. James Deasy and the Yeahs are open. Friday.

(Kyokyaku Pass, 58 So. 2nd St., 448-8863)

David Linder & El Rayo Viento y El Rayo y el Beethoven

Free on Friday.

(Penn's Landing, Delaware Ave at Walnut, 833-8411)

Dynamite Groove

(20 East Cabaret, 20 East Lancaster Ave, Ardmore, 888-6040)

I而后 Bane

(Chestnut Cabaret, 38th and Chestnut Sts., 382-0201)

Lucky Bube

(Chestnut Cabaret, 38th and Chestnut Sts., 382-0201)

Reenie Howard and Jill Balcon

An evening of scatting with Reenie Howard and Jill Balcon. Today.

(Cheswick, 1209 South St., 546-9800)

The Dead Milkmen: Hop in your bitchen' camera and check out one of Philly's hottest and most interesting bands. Sunday and Saturday.

(Cheswick Cabaret, 38th and Chestnut Sts., 382-1081)

Geezee Osborne

Geezee Osborne on the "Crazy Train" with our featured local band. Today.

(Tavern, 609 S. Broad St., 559-3203)

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Charges

From page 1

reported that Francione was abusive toward Logan and engaged him in "verbal bantering" for over 10 minutes.

Francione, who resigned last month from his position in the Law School for a position at Rutgers University, could not be reached for comment.

Senior Vice President Mama Whittington, who assigned Vice President for Human Resources Barbara Butterfield to carry out the investigation into Francione's charges, said Tuesday that Public Safety usually carries out such inquiries, but could not because its director was involved. She added that Butterfield conducted a "thorough, conscientious" investigation and said that she supported her conclusions.

Butterfield's report also recommended that Vice Provost for University Life Kim Morrison makes access to hearings, witness and representative holding procedures and handling of disruption in the student judicial process. Morrison said Tuesday that she has not yet received a formal request for such an evaluation.

Tuition

From page 4

Sharon Scott, the Assistant Director of the University's Financial Aid Center, withholding a diploma until all accounts are settled is standard policy for universities.

"All things stop until the bill is satisfied," Scott said. "I don't know the numbers, but there are a few people that are in [Watson's] position."

In fact, Watson said he found himself, not the University, on the wrong side of the law.

"People told me my campaign wasn't legal, so I went to the police station," Watson said. "They said I was panhandling. The University could probably sue me or have me arrested."

According to Assistant to the President Bill Epstein, such action is extremely unlikely.

"President Hackney didn't say anything to me about the incident [on College Green]," Epstein said. "We don't want to be an administration that puts clamps on that type of demonstration. I wasn't at President Hackney's speech, but I have no negative feelings about that type of expression."

Watson, meanwhile, has ended his campaign and is waiting to see if any more money arrives — the folklore major, is currently without a steady source of income. Parents and relatives attending a graduation party for Watson's housemates offered varying reactions to his plight.

"He's thought of a unique way to solve a problem," said Matt Greenberg, the father of one of Watson's housemates. "If people give such vast sums to televangelist, I could easily see people giving him the money."

Beatis Bergeron, the grandmother of another housemate, offered a different view.

"I feel the kid has intelligence and I realize he has no one to turn to, but what he's doing is no different than the bum on the corner with his hands out," Bergeron said.

"I'm feeling a little bad about the whole thing," Watson said. "I've worked very hard for a diploma, but I'm not sure what I'm doing is right. Basically, I'm begging."
Grant

From page 1

In addition to improving the labs, the monies will also be used to establish a program introducing high school students to University-level biology and biological basis of behavior programs, and to purchase research equipment.

The new summer courses will include molecular biology, genetics and immunology.

Adler

From page 1

want to spend the rest of his life with fruit flies.

He also worked as a civil rights activist during his undergraduate and graduate years. He was in the penultimate week that Senator Robert Kennedy was shot and witnessed the scene in Atlanta's black neighborhoods after Martin Luther King was assassinated. He said that he withdrew from involvement in politics after the assassinations, in part from fear and in part as an attempt to concentrate on his family and his studies.

After earning his doctorate from the University of California at Berkeley, Adler came to the University to teach psychology and has remained ever since. In the mid-1970s he founded the Biological Basis of Behavior program, which has captured national attention for its unique mix of psychology and biology.

According to former Provost Eliot Stellar, Adler began gradually forming the program as soon as he came to the University, first advising students on an individual basis.

"He intrigued everybody and ran the program on food and good ideas," Stellar said.

Showing his intellectual side, Adler said he is disturbed by the "fall in intellectualism" that he has seen over the past several years. He said that he believes in intellectual elitism, saying that the University should demand only the best students and ignore other qualifications.

Nightmare

From page 16

"Funny things happen with rain delay," LeMoyne head coach Dick Rockwell said. "Sometimes a different team comes out.

"I told my players that we should try to hit the ball hard and save some face. When we made it 11-6, I would have been extremely proud if it had ended there."

But it didn't.

Cichocki walked the next batter and gave up a three-run home run to designated hitter Len Rasch before Quakers' sophomore Chad Smith relieved him.

"I threw only five pitches the day before, and we thought we'd save an arm for the next game."

"But I could have pitched. And I was wishing, 'I wish I had got back in the game now,' "

With Damon unavailable because of an arm injury, and LeMoyne's head coach Dick Rockwell unavailable because of a 14-run lead, the Quakers scored three runs in the seventh, four in the eighth, and six in the ninth.

"What happened is our pitching collapsed. Cichocki couldn't hold the lead down, and in the eighth, after loading the bases, Keon struck out Penn rightfielder Jason Psirogrames with one out and induced Meyers to get out. And with one out in the tenth, Keon intentionally walked Anthony Feld, who already had two hits off him — to face Dell'Carri with the bases loaded.

"But then our bats stopped, and we couldn't score any more runs. We gave up the lead."

"Sometimes a different team comes out," Damon said.

"But I could have pitched. And I was wishing, 'I wish I had got back in the game now,' "

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Penn scored its first two runs on RBIs delivered by DeMarco in the fourth and fifth innings. Second baseman Ray Rose singled in the last of the Quakers’ three runs in the sixth, and catcher Phil Hayeve capped a two-run seventh-inning rally with a perfect squeeze bunt to score Parogianes.

The Quakers’ victory proved to all doubters that Penn belonged with the more high-profile programs.

“We expected nothing from them,” Illinois leftfielder Don Cuchran said. “Our coach said not to underestimate them but we came out kind of flat. We had our minds set on playing Arizona St. in the next round.”

Instead, that honor went to the Quakers, but the Penn express stalled against the Sun Devils.

With the score tied, 1-1, in the second inning, Quakers’ starter Mike Ravo (7-3) suddenly couldn’t find the plate. The junior righthander walked three batters and hit two others before junior lefty Doug Smith relieved him with one out, down, 4-1. Smith allowed the only hit of the inning, an RBI single by Dan Rumsey, to make the score 5-1.

Please see Baseball, page 15

Arizona State 15, PENN 4

Penn scored its first two runs off Smith delivered by DeMarco in the fourth and fifth innings. Second baseman Ray Rose singled in the last of the Quakers’ three runs in the sixth, and catcher Phil Hayeve capped a two-run seventh-inning rally with a perfect squeeze bunt to score Parogianes.

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For Rent

APARTMENTS FOR RENT: 2220 South St., 1 bedroom, $800, studio with deck, $300. Call Lisa, 548-6145.

APARTMENTS ON CAMPUS 41st and Powelton: Studio, one, two and three beds, near 41st and 51st. Call Ted for details, 380-3177.

41st and BALTIMORE: Newly renovated All-conditioned garden apartment, 3 large rooms plus bath plus private laundry, dishwasher, parking. $620 plus utilities. 729-6900.

6 BEDROOM HOUSE: at 45th and Locust, available Sept. 900. 800-6900.

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AVAILABLE SEPT 1ST: Four bedroom house on Manresa, near 40th and Locustwood. Safe block. Fireplace, washer, dishwasher, screened front yard. $725. 800-6477. 305-6235.

AVAIL SEPT 1ST: Furnished 3 bedroom apartment available July 15th. 46th and Spruce. 1 1/2 baths, hd, dishwasher, patio, garage. $910/month. Leave message for Pam. 471-6636.

AVAIL SEPT 1ST: Furnished 3 bedroom apartment available September 1st. 46th and Spruce. 1 1/2 baths, hd, dishwasher, patio, garage. $910/month. Leave message for Pam. 471-6636.

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SPORTS BRIEFS

Softball scores 3 for All-Ivy

The Blue Jays held their lead until the fourth quarter. Led by Rodney Dumpsion's two goals, the Orangemen fought back with four goals in final 12:30 of play. Dumpsion's second goal with 4:47 remaining in the game proved to be the game winner.

A crowd of 23,893 attended the championship game breaking the prior attendance record (20,148) set in 1988 at Syracuse.

J. Hopkins 4 5 1-12
Syracuse 5 1 3-14

Dumpsion (2), Clarke, Daupr, Kelly, Lukac. Dumpsion 13 (5), Clarke, Dumpsion 2, Gait, Zulberti 2. 4创业, Q Gait, Zulberti 2, 2

SHOTS: Johns Hopkins 48; Syracuse 39.

Syracuse: Johns Hopkins 12 (20); Johns Hopkins 12 (20)

FACEOFFS: Johns Hopkins 19; Syracuse 15.

GROUNDBALL: Johns Hopkins 52; Syracuse 28.

PENALTIES: Johns Hopkins 2 for 3:30; Syracuse 3 for 18:47.

SAVES: Johns Hopkins 17 (Kessemch 9); Syracuse 9 (Bunse 4, P. Gait 2, Zulberti 2, Schaad 2)

MAN-UP OPPORTUNITIES: Johns Hopkins 4 of 26, Syracuse 3 of 4.

Syracuse retains lax title

In the battle for the national lacrosse championship, the top-seeded Syracuse Orangemen successfully defended their title with a 13-12 victory over number two Johns Hopkins Monday in College Park, Md. Thus, the Orangemen (14-1) avenged their only loss which came against the Blue Jays in their season opener, 14-13.

"Back-to-back championships are hard to come by," Syracuse coach Roy Simmons, Jr., said. "We did what we had to do. It's great for the game of lacrosse to have the two best teams playing."}

The Blue Jays attacker Matt Panetta scored four goals in the first half as Hopkins (11-2) took an 8-4 lead to the locker-room. Paul Gait scored four in the half to pace the Orangemen.

Chris Senopoulos
First team All-Ivy

Natalie Gardiner
Second team All-Ivy

Mark Kai
Second team All-Ivy

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SOPHOMORES CH. SENSOPOLOS, who caught all 13 games during the 1989 season, earned first-team honors for the second time in her career. Seniors Natalie Gardiner (third base) and Mari Kai (second base) were named to the second team.

"The three were contributors to the team in a positive way, even if the team had a bad day," Penn head coach Linda Carothers said.

Senopoulos, a Philadelphia Association for Inter-collegiate Women all-star as well, provided the offensive power for the Quakers (4-4, 1-7 Ivy League) this season. In Ivy games, Senopoulos batted .440 to finish third in the league.

"Chris was one of our most consistent players," Carothers said. "She was an asset both offensively and defensively."

Gardiner and Kai, while being threats at the plate, provided flexibility for the Penn in both has played second third and shortstop.

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Abe Lincoln walked ten miles to school.

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CAMPUS APARTMENTS

Page 1
By John Di Paolo
Rolling, rolling, rolling.
This is what a Penn men’s heavyweight crew team did in its races against Cornell last Sunday. The Quakers dominated the Big Red, capturing five of the seven races, to claim the James Wray Memorial Trophy as the overall winner.
Penn’s varsity eight led the way on Cayuga Lake, as they beat the Memorial Trophy as the overall heavyweight crew team did in its 6:44.48. The victory gave the sixth, the last three on a Tommy Adams home run to center field.

Baseball
From page 13
Said it gave up two runs in the fourth inning and four in the sixth, the last three on a Tommy Adams home run to center field. Meanwhile, Penn had got a run in the third and one more in the sixth when Meyers took over after two field errors. The varsity eight Oscar Rivas (8-4) allowed only three hits in his seven innings of work, and left the varsity eight with Arizona State, leading, 11-2.

Monday, June 5
Game 5 8:10p.m. Game 5 loser vs. Game 6 5:10p.m. Game 6 winner vs. 3. Cornell, 6:56.57.

First Freshman Eight—1. Cornell, 6:56.57. 2. Cornell, 6:45.64. 3. THOMAS A. DAVIS, 7:15.96.

SATURDAY June 4
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Penn drowns in Waterbury

Baseball blows 14-0 lead, ousted by Le Moyne, 18-16

By Alan Schwarz

WATERBURY, Conn. — One would think that in a game that was seemingly academic, the Ivy League team would win. But don't tell LeMoyne that.

The Dolphins ended Penn's season Sunday by experiencing the greatest resurrection in the history of the NCAA Baseball Tournament. LeMoyne came back from a 14-0, fifth-inning deficit to defeat Penn in 12 innings, 18-16, and to eliminate the Quakers from the Northeast Regional in Waterbury, Conn.

Arkansas (50-14) defeated the Dolphins on Monday, 6-1, to advance to the College World Series in Omaha, Neb. Penn had reached the third round of the double-elimination tournament by beating Illinois (42-16), 7-1, before losing to Arizona St. (43-19), 15-4.

But the game against LeMoyne, which spectators considered to be one of the most bizarre contests they had ever seen, is what will stand out in the Quakers' memories of what otherwise a brilliant season.

"It really stinks to end the year like that," said junior pitcher Jud Damon, who started the game against the Dolphins. "We had a million chances to win that game. We had so many opportunities — so many would have's, could have's and should have's. But we didn't do any of them."

The game actually began Saturday morning with Penn exploding for seven runs in the first, before rain suspended play with two out. Meanwhile, Damon had held the Dolphins hitless.

When play resumed Sunday with the game seemingly in hand, Penn head coach Bob Seddon decided to save Damon for the ninth to tie the score, 15-15. "I sat there and said, 'This can't be happening.' " said Damon, the Quakers' starting pitcher.

Damon had held the Dolphins hitless, at least for the first few innings. But the Quakers forgot how to pitch. It kept them from hitting. And it haunted them in the field.

When the four-hour marathon ended, the Dolphins had executed the largest comeback in the history of the NCAA Tournament, eliminating Penn, 18-16, in 12 innings. And Damon, who a day earlier had been looking at making history, had to watch from the dugout as Penn (23-11) collapsed.

"It was like we were playing against fate," said Damon, who saw LeMoyne (27-7) score three runs in the sixth inning, seven in the eighth and five more in the ninth to tie the score, 15-15. "I couldn't believe we were letting it get away. I sat there and said, 'This can't be happening.' "

After giving up that first hit, Cicchocchi allowed three seemingly-harmless runs in the sixth and held LeMoyne scoreless in the seventh. Then came the onslaught.

The Dolphins batted around in both the eighth and ninth innings, which featured 12 LeMoyne hits, two hit batters and four Quakers' errors, including three by shortstop Joe DellCarri.

"Dolphins catcher Kevin Collins opened the eighth with a single and moved to second on a fielder's choice. Mike Bayrisky singled in Collins, and LeMoyne first baseman Randy Marshall's double put runners on second and third.

Chris Zimmermann, the Dolphins' rightfielder, then hit a ground ball to DellCarri. With the runners breaking, DellCarri attempted to throw out Marshall at first, but the throw sailed past.

"It was like we were playing against fate. I couldn't believe we were letting it get away. I sat there and said, 'This can't be happening.' " — Jud Damon

Quakers starting pitcher

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After rain, Damon gem turns into Penn fiasco

By Alan Schwarz

WATERBURY, Conn. — For 24 hours, Jud Damon had one of the most fished no-hitters in baseball history.

Damon, the Quakers' starting pitcher against LeMoyne Saturday in the third round of the NCAA Northeast Regional in Waterbury, Conn., had not allowed a hit through five innings.

Meanwhile, Penn had breezed to a 12-0 lead in the third round of the double-elimination tournament by beating Illinois (42-16), 7-1, before losing to Arizona St. (43-19), 15-4.

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