**U. nets new club for ping-pong fanatics**

By SCOTT ROSS

Penn's first official ping-pong club has arrived at the University.

Of course, it has always been an open secret that now it’s official with the emergence of the new Penn Penn Club.

"We’re interested in giving people the same opportunities that other schools have and not so much to play the game and get into it," said Wharton President Dameon Grandy.

Goshen and College sophomores in the newly-born club boast an impressive track record. But after a successful first semester and a history of maintaining student interest, the club is set to fulfill its promise.

"David and Henry have good techniques and really help people with firm," said an anonymous member of the team. "It’s a good environment to play in and it’s a lot of fun to be a part of."

The club is led by president Jim Saldana. Saldana hopes to continue with the momentum of the past and continue to improve the club.

But we found a list of interested people who say they have at least some support in the future.

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THURSDAY

TOURS AND AMERICAN Food

2:10 PM - 3:30 PM

Two groups of students will be shown around the university's dormitory areas. The groups will be led by residence hall directors and will include information on housing, dining, and the social scene.

FRIDAY

PARTICIPATE IN A DINNER

7:00 PM

Join the Penn Women's Center for a dinner to discuss the issues of on-campus security. The dinner will be followed by a panel discussion featuring representatives from the university, local police, and community leaders.

OFFICIAL

AMID ADVERTISING WITNESS

9:00 PM

Witness the advertising industry as it faces challenges and opportunities in the 21st century. The event will feature a panel discussion and a keynote address by an industry leader.

SUNDAY

THE UNDERGRADUATE AD

3:00 PM

Attend the undergraduate advertising competition to see the best student work in the field. The competition is open to all undergraduate students.

SATURDAY

ALCON'S AND ORTHO DRUG

10:00 AM

Learn about the latest in orthopedic and pharmaceutical treatments. The event will feature presentations by experts in the field.

FRIDAY

ALCON'S AND ORTHO DRUG

7:00 PM

Join the university community for a social event featuring music, food, and drinks. The event is open to all students, faculty, and staff.

2,180 students are registered for the event. Registration is free and open to all.

Call or stop in the Penn Women's Center, 119 Houston Hall (898-8611) for confidential reservations and information.
"Lifestyle
A weekly look at student life

By PETER MORRISON

The University has looked like a garden recently.
That's because, just like the plants they are defending, organizations supporting the legalization of marijuana have been sprouting up at an alarming rate.

Marijuana usage has always been a hot topic on the Penn campus. Recently, however, this issue has begun to dominate the headlines of the University's student newspaper. In the form of a grass-roots movement in support of legalization of this drug, the controversy is again flaring up.

Pro-pot groups are popping up on campus like weeds. The newly formed University of Pennsylvania chapter of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) is one of these groups. The organization Pot for Peace, and the University Environmental Group have all joined the rally to publicize the issue.

Leaders of all these groups believe that because of the present political climate in the country, it is an ideal time to promote legislative reforms now. "There is no time better than the present," said Michael Blaekin, Environmental Group's introductory meeting.

The drug war on drugs started in 1980, said PEG's Pot for Peace Director Bob Kalalian. In the 1980s, when the United States was in the midst of the crack epidemic, marijuana usage was at its lowest percentage. In 1985, more than 60 percent of people over 18 reported having used marijuana at least once in their lives, but by 1991 the percentage had shrunk to 46.

People are fed up with 37 years of this drug, the controversy is again flaring up. Blaekin said he sees increased dedication to the movement, which had been losing momentum.

Several campus groups are leading a drive to legalize marijuana and clean up its bad reputation.

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There is a lot of support on campus to legalize marijuana, and members of the groups who attend our meetings are committed to the movement.

The movement is growing stronger, and the groups themselves are gaining support from the people who want to legitimize hemp as a crop.

"People are fed up with 37 years of this drug, the controversy is again flaring up," said PEG's Pot for Peace Director Bob Kalalian. In the 1980s, when the United States was in the midst of the crack epidemic, marijuana usage was at its lowest percentage. In 1985, more than 60 percent of people over 18 reported having used marijuana at least once in their lives, but by 1991 the percentage had shrunk to 46.

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One of the groups is the University Environmental Group, which is working to educate students about the uses of hemp.

But critics of the movement said that the punishment for usage of marijuana on the campus is unfair and does not cause an outrageous men's health problem. In the 1930s, he said, hemp was used to make clothes, ropes, and paper, and to stop vomiting of petite of anorexics. If allowed in the world as a source of fiber for agriculture, it would help revitalize our economy. In the 1930s, he said, hemp was used to make clothes, ropes, and paper, and to stop vomiting of petite of anorexics. If allowed in the world as a source of fiber for agriculture, it would help revitalize our economy.

Hemp is one of the oldest crops in the world and has been used for thousands of years. It is a versatile plant that can be used for a variety of purposes, including as a source of fiber for the production of textiles, paper, and rope.

The movement is growing stronger, and the groups themselves are gaining support from the people who want to legitimize hemp as a crop. The University Environmental Group, which is working to educate students about the uses of hemp, is one such group.

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Trojan War puts playful spin on history

By REBECCA BLOWN

The Slapsticks hit the stage with a flurry of timing and direction. The play chronicles the events from the opening of the play she transcribed last night in the opening of the play...
The Daily Pennsylvanian:

When the news breaks, we'll fix it!

We will be accepting resumes

Saks Fifth Avenue
The Nation's Premier Specialty Store

Conciscly Invites You to Attend

An Information Session

Hosted by

Saks Fifth Avenue Executives

at The E. Craig Sweeten Alumni Center

Monday, February 22nd at 7:00 p.m.
The Provost’s task force on the just cause procedure has released its recommendations. We hope that they are discussed and implemented quickly.

It all started more than six years ago. Robert Whitlock, a Veterinary School professor, presented a paper on chronic fatigue syndrome at a conference in Dublin, Ireland. But something about his paper did not smell right. Later that year, Penn Vet School Vet Professor Allen Rosen discovered that Whitlock plagiarized a substantial portion of a paper he, Rosen believed, had written at the University professor for comment.

What followed was an investigation that would make the Keystone Kops proud. Penn Vet Dean Edwin Andrews started and stopped an investigation.

Then, a Vet School Group for Complaint was formed by the school’s faculty to investigate. Next, the Vet School Collective for Equal Freedom and Responsibility recommended that Whitlock be demoted without a pay cut or without a hearing.

Sure enough, the Trustees did just that. Whitlock quite literally had a distinction of having been plagiarized.

A Just Move

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The message is clear: the students of this University must not be silenced by the fear of being exposed as plagiarists, nor should they be discouraged from pursuing their scholarship. It would be a travesty to give disproportionate coverage to black conservatives while at the same time condemn black progressives’ one.

We turn between teasing the tides momentarily to look for a way to work through the problem.

The Academic Hammer Wheel

If there should be a call to everyone, especially parents, in turn of the TV. There are so many other things to do in this short side. And, by the way, communicating with nature is my favorite, too.

Black conservatives were cited over seven times more than black progressives, and were the subject of 26 features to black conservatives while at the same time condemning black progressives.

The Whitlock incident was the first case to undergo the whole “just cause” procedure for the discipline of a faculty member since the policy was originally written in 1989.

After the six-year ordeal was over and the facts came to light, the University’s Committee on Academic Freedom and Responsibility recommended that Whitlock be demoted without a pay cut or without a hearing.

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Go Blue

Why these things occur. Everyone who attends Penn gives up some of their peace of mind.

The campus police are not being racist. While I do regret that some don’t.

I don’t believe that teaching requires training and it better. It is not true.

Large numbers of students are looking to give disproportionate coverage to black conservatives while at the same time condemning black progressives.

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Pong-pong club bounces onto U. scene

"We'd like to hold a tournament at least once every month," said Rosenzweig. □

Rosenzweig, who is the top-ranked player, said they would like to get in touch with the USPTA and hold tournaments sanctioned by the association. He also plans to look into organizing an intercollegiate competition with schools such as Villanova University.

"I know a number of other schools," Gerhard said. "And even official, we'd like to have an official competition with the USPTA."

"We just want to promote table tennis and have fun," said Gerhard.

To keep up with campus, keep up with The Daily Pennsylvaniaian.
Leaders meet to discuss Mideast peace

CAIRO, Egypt — President Hosni Mubarak and Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin met in the Egyptian capital today to discuss Mideast peace.

The two leaders began their meeting at the presidential palace and were expected to discuss the latest developments in the Middle East peace process.

Following their meeting, the leaders are expected to hold a joint press conference to address the world on the status of the negotiations.

The meeting comes as both sides continue to work towards achieving a lasting peace agreement in the region.

The United States has been actively involved in mediating the talks, aiming to achieve a comprehensive and just solution to the conflict.

The meeting is a significant step towards reaching a peaceful resolution, with both leaders expressing their commitment to the peace process and the importance of working together to achieve a lasting peace.

The meeting will be closely watched by the international community, as it is seen as a crucial moment in the effort to bring an end to the conflict and establish lasting peace in the region.

Workers to repair tower of Pisa

PISA, Italy — Workers will begin placing a 600-ton counterweight at the north base of the Tower of Pisa next month to try to keep it from collapsing, news reports said.

The counterweight will set up the same time to temporarily stop the tower from leaning with permanent measurements.

The 180-foot tourist attraction, begun in 1173, began to tilt almost immediately after it was completed at the ground level three years ago.

Chess master beats 100 challengers

LONDON — International chess champion Gary Kasparov has successfully defended his 101-challenger title on Friday in a charity tournament and emerged unscathed in his latest battle against a group of amateurs.

Kasparov, who wins by defeating a total of seven players in 101 matches, is expected to defend his title in a tournament in London next month.

Kasparov, 26, won 101 matches against 101 amateurs, including former Prime Minister Lester Cartwright.

Officials denied links to Japanese scandal

BUDAPEST, Hungary — Parliament has passed a bill allowing former Communists in detention to stand for election to the Hungarian parliament.

The bill was adopted late Tuesday with 119 votes in support, 91 against and six abstentions, the only ones that count.

A number of forms of evidence gathered during the previous trial were thrown out because some of them were obtained illegally.

A journalist, who was also a member of the opposition, was arrested after the trial.

He was ordered to be held in custody and torture was used to force him to confess.

He was released after being held for two days.

Hungary to try Communists

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Hungary to try Communists
Chaid (who also happens to be a
Day. He would score again before
Green was spinning behind Chaid,
Green didn't. Five minutes later,
End of drill — new opponent

My best strength is that I'm a big guy
who's a good athlete. I wouldn't say
I'm a good athlete and not so good at
beating those other guys. So, I think
I'm a better athlete than most guys my size.

Roger Reina
Penn wrestling coach

Penn's Adam Rez said he hopes to keep
working on improving Fling.

Robert Cover, Staff Writer

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M. Hockey has rough time in loss

By JAMES WHITMERE

"It's a rebuilding year," junior co-
captain Craig McCorquodale noted.
"It's a rebuilding year." Foremtealer and the rest of the
men's ice hockey team were dis-
appointed after a heartbreaking loss to
previously unvanquished Lehigh.

The Quakers were leading the
game 3-1 on freshman forward
Shane Higgin's first career goal
back. But with ten minutes left in
the third period on an onslaught of
Lehigh scoring chances, Lehigh
scored three goals in as many
minutes, winning the game 4-3.

"We suffered a complete break-
down in the offensive zone," senior
captain Scott Butler said. "We
were shutting only two lines back
and forth all day and we just kept
getting overmatched by them.
These breakdowns resulted in a
number of fast breaks for Lehigh,
which ultimately capitalized on
them, scoring three goals in as many
minutes, winning the game 4-3.

"Last year you had a chance to
knock us out of the NITs and they
did that. And this year you will
ever have a chance to knock us out
of the NCAAs. We've got to go up
there and try to stick it to them."
He's not going to be intimidated by anyone. I've seen him take on Shaquille O'Neal and Eric Montross.

Pete Gaudet
duke m. hoops assistant coach

The decision was all Crawford's. I was very excited from a basketball standpoint, but I was also concerned that he was going to be a screener and rebounder in his role on the court. With the Blue Devils' lack of playing time, I did nothing to encourage or discourage what he was going to do.

I was also concerned that he was leaving the reigning NCAA champion, coach Mike Krzyzewski's perennially successful system. With his size and strength, Palmer was basically another big body to play a physical game and take up space near the basket. As might be expected at a basketball school, or go somewhere else. Who's going to know if you get a "B" instead of an A? I don't think it's possible to find yourself putting more time into something than into anything else. Who's going to be good on that level?

I think student-athletes, when having to make a choice, have to use every avenue. On the individual level, there's no understandable choice for them if it's not available. It's not fair to them to have less chance than anyone else to be able to think about that.

"Basketball was influencing my approach at Duke to the point of interfering with other things," Palmer explained. "I's just kind of tapped my energies, and I realized that in order to be happy, I wouldn't either have to give up the basketball, or go somewhere else. I don't think it's possible to play at that level and not put everything into it."

"I think student-athletes, when having to make a choice, have to use every avenue. On the individual level, there's no understandable choice for them if it's not available. It's not fair to them to have less chance than anyone else to be able to think about that."

"I'm glad I had the experiences I did. I wouldn't want to start that up again. I'm glad I got to be part of the thing the way I did."

"I don't think it's possible to play at that level and not put everything into it."

"I think student-athletes, when having to make a choice, have to use every avenue. On the individual level, there's no understandable choice for them if it's not available. It's not fair to them to have less chance than anyone else to be able to think about that."
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# SportsWire

**Ewing and Stars lead Knicks to victory in Charlotte**

Bulls beat Jazz; S. Hall tops St. John’s in OT; OU upsets No. Kansas; ‘Nova loses

**College Basketball**

**No. 1 S. Hall tops St. John’s in final OT; OU upsets No. Kansas; ‘Nova loses**

**New York** – Terry D’Amico scored a career-high 41 points and led No. 1 S. Hall to a 108-97 victory over No. 21 St. John’s on Saturday night. D’Amico, a 6-foot-1 senior who was a transfer student from S. Carolina, became the conference’s all-time scoring leader in the first half when he made his 16th career 3-pointer. His three overtime game winner for the game and ended St. John’s surprising win over the top team in the nation. D’Amico added nine rebounds and nine assists to his 41-point effort. He scored six more points during the 14-0 run.

**New York** – Steve Fluharty added 18 points, including a three 3-pointer with 15:43 to play, for the last time with 1:10 remaining. Fluharty made a three-pointer and ended the game.

**New York** – The Pirates made three in a row during their comeback. They had only two seconds remaining, but still managed a 23-18 win.

**New York** – Evan Turner had 19 points for the Hornet and added nine rebounds. He and Turner tied the way as Charlotte took an 81-70 lead in the third quarter.

**New York** – The Hornet’s back end by hitting a free throw with less than 2.6 seconds left in the game.

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By ERRIN CAMNER

By JASON LISH

By JASON GOERG

By ADAM STEINSET

By JASON LISH

By JASON GOERG

By STEPHEN SHAPIRO

BY ERIN CAMNER

The ball is going to fall in the hand. Slam! The crowd goes wild. It’s two points.

It looks really cool. It’s an alley-oop. Was that planned?

Well, check out the Penn men’s basketball team, which showboats three of those eye-popping plays in

It’s pretty risky. It’s just like taking a three.

It’s pretty risky play. It’s just like taking a three.

If you’re going to make some, you got to be in there doing it. You can’t really get too discouraged because it’s going to work for us a lot more times than it’s not.

I am going to go with 30,000. That’s what they told me.

I had a good relationship with [Faucher] in high school and when he recruited me," the younger Palmer said. "That just kind of sparked my interest.”

After being highly recruited as a McDevitt's All-American out of Washington & Lee High School in Virginia, Palmer narrowed his college choices to Dartmouth and Duke. Flouting the Ivy League, 4-14 overall) in scoring with 2.0 rebounds while playing in the Ivy League.

For most people, winning a college basketball championship doesn’t require an interview. But for JASON LISH, it does.

For most people, winning a college basketball championship doesn’t require an interview. But for JASON LISH, it does.

"There are going to be times of a game. They must be able to read their opponents’ defenses, to

When playing for Duke, now Dartmouth center Adam Green (right) is five wins short of a Penn record.

The 6-1 sophomore center has appeared in 14 games for the Big Green. She has averaged 3.0 points per game on 32.0 percent shooting to go with 5.8 rebounds while playing in 38 games as the Blue Devils upset favored UC-Davis in the final. Palmer was named to the second team in the Ivy League.

"It's not something you can put into words everyday without sounding cliché," Palmer said. "It was a team I was glad to be a part of and.Interviews are a kind of interview. They’re a kind of interview.

"The connection between the kids and the coaching partners was developed in a way that I never thought I would have. And that’s what I think happened to them. They’ve never actually done it up all by play them and they don’t have any sheltered points on the board.

But wait, it’s too high, too horizontal. This season, Natasha Rezek has proved to be quite aproduce in both points and rebounds.

A young man with long blond hair and green eyes, Rezek was based somewhat on the fact that

"It was a team I was glad to be a part of and realized that each game is to be taken pretty seriously," Fran Dunphy said. "We play together a lot so we are able to do that pretty easily.

It looks pretty ugly. The ball is not going to fall in the hand. Slam! The crowd goes wild. It’s two points.

It’s a little added excitement. Yet, how do you...you know, I can take my man, he is pretty fun to do when completed successfully, one may think it is a season it is now over and in case you haven’t noticed, the Quakers will

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"I thought of this even before I come to Penn," Rezek said. "I kind of wanted to go ahead to another Penn point guard. But wait, it’s too high, too horizontal."

"Ii's just like taking a three.”

"It’s not something you can put into words everyday without sounding cliché," Palmer said. "It was a team I was glad to be a part of and realized that each game is to be taken pretty seriously," Fran Dunphy said. "We play together a lot so we are able to do that pretty easily.

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Street

February 18, 1993

OUTING FOR JUSTICE
Leonard Clemente speaks out
"HOT WATER AND LEMON, PLEASE." THE CAFE freezes, mugs chink, the waitress cocks her brow and for a nanosecond I think I’m dating my grandmother who, after ordering, would produce her personal decaffeinated teabag from a bottomless graney-bag. My nineteen-year-old, none-ringed nymph, Nancy, couldn’t possibly pull this time embarrassing move. Could she?

No. I know what she carries in her knapsack — not teabags and wetwaps, but Trojans and Camels. Then why the odd requests? I can’t understand, so I keep quiet. "Just hot water and lemon?" our waitress inquires. Flustered, I go red.

"Yes, please."

"You want coffee or tea, sir?" I can hardly concentrate. My mind entertains more important considerations. "Sir?" Vines throb and bulge in my forehead.

"Coffee."

"Cream and Sugar?"

"Yes... no, I mean, just black. Thanks." The waitress leaves. I watch the woman whom I’ve loved for months, half-expecting her to pull a tea bag from her cleavage. But she strolls into the cafe.

I keep mum as crazed conflicting machinations compete in my mind. Grandma Felinda likes her teabag and she drinks it everyday like she’s been doing for a half of a century; she considers herself liberal, but never wants change. Is Nancy just Granny in disguise? Am I reincarnating Granny in my girlfriend? Can the Oedipal cycle skip a generation?

And suddenly, feebly, I’m doubting our short but intense relationship. My mind’s eye reviews a series of instant, memory snapshots, a slideshow of everything we have in common — namely, sex. Is there anything else? Is this only some animal physicality that neither of us are mature enough to overcome? What had I said to her the other night? "I love you unconditionally" — but that’s not the question of her choice of beverage, I now tear the moral fabric of her entire ethos. "You know it’s actually not."

"Not what?" Nancy asks.

"Not crisp and clean. There’s limescale, and chlorine, and a million other buggers to get you."

"Why do you always have to dissect everything? You’re so depressing. It tastes good. I bet you’ve never even thought to try it!" Of course, she’s right. She brilliantly reverses the argument which I often use to extract eccentric sexual favors from her. I’m trapped by my own liberal behavior, forever-dieting, reeling in the prison of our safe sex-practice, forever forever-smoke-free, drug-conscious, clear cola-consuming, overtly alert generation. By buying her a meal, I no longer exploit her femininity, but, by questioning her choice of beverage, I now tear the moral fabric of her entire ethos. "You know it’s actually not.

"Enjoying that?" I ask.

"Yeah! It’s got no sugar or caffeine."

"Or additives or preservatives. It’s water. It knows. Co-hesive and adhesive. The universal solvent. Crisp and clean."

This makes sense. It throws her back into that prison of our safe sex-practice, forever-smoke-free, drug-conscious, clear cola-consuming, overtly-alert generation. By buying her a meal, I no longer exploit her femininity, but, by questioning her choice of beverage, I now tear the moral fabric of her entire ethos. "You know it’s actually not."

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Street Society

with Chelsea

Valentine’s Day was a blast! My mom and dad got me a big chocolate thingy that tasted real good. Now I have zits. Ah, who cares when your dad’s the President. I’ve got a little scoop for all you politically minded Penn people—Sheldon Hackney’s not the one my dad and mom are after; they really want Lucy, but if Ikrhead has to come along for the ride, oh, the things you learn listening at your parents’ door. Did you know...well, let’s just say I’ve learned a lot. I’m smart, real smart. Now on to the barf and...You want to stop reading? Fine, I’ll let you get on with it. I guess you’re not as smart as I thought you were. ST. A-NESS: Adding their own names to the seemingly never-ending list of fraternal homoerotic losers, the St. A’s pledges were forced to strip naked and be photographed in front of various campus landmarks. The Ben Statue, Steinberg-Dietrich, and the Button were all rumored to be on the tour. Needless to say, photographer/A’s president Josh Gould had to use the most powerful zoom lens he could find.

DELTA WOOPS-ILON: This is noteworthy on a number of levels. First: Thetas Corinne Schaffer and Julie Bickar were gullible enough to accept the invitation of Delta Upsilon Sam Alco’hol’ff to go to the same date party. Second: Not bothered by Alcoff’s polygamy, the two accepted, in full knowledge of the other’s invitation. Third: At the relatively tame (read, ‘innocent’) party, the Thetas decided to spice things up a bit by popping balloons and acting like third grade rowdies. Fourth: Self hating neo-fascist Alex Dunne took it upon himself to escort the ladies to the door, saying, “You’ve overstayed your welcome, I’d like you to leave.” Hey Alex, leave the ladies alone; why don’t you go threaten to kill your roommate again!

TABLE SKIPPIN’: In the true spirit of gallantry, swimmers Steve Kuster and Mike McLane treated their valentines (Kerry Bolstad and Kim Bird, respectively, for you esquirting minds) to dinner at a classy downtown restaurant. Being the sophisticates that they are, the foursome opted for the Dine n’ Dash meal plan, and high-tailed it outta there before the check arrived. Pretty slick, huh? Except for the fact that not only did McLane leave his jacket behind, but the group accidentally left a photo of themselves on the table. Oops.

TABLE DANCIN’: Who says Penn isn’t a reservoir of class and style? Josh Rafolsky, Eric Rosenberg, and Steve Birndorff (guess their fraternal organization) took in some high art at Delilah’s Den. Rafolsky (who last year graced society when he pulled a Pee-Wee Herman-esque maneuver), took it upon himself to shell out a whopping fifty dollars to see a stripper perform her art on his table. Who says money can’t buy love?

NEXT WEEK !!! A Street Society Special Edition (remember the cultural elite issue?) so don’t bother doing anything stupid for a while. Face it; you wanna be in society, so don’t complain when you’re caught in the act

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34th Street is proud to announce the first ever “Penn hates Princeton Essay Contest.” We were inspired to generate such a worthwhile competition by a letter that appeared in our mailbox a few weeks ago, which is reprinted below. Come up with a response to this epistolary apocalypse, and mail it to us at:

Penn Hates Princeton
c/o 34th Street
4015 Walnut Street
Philadelphia, PA 19104

The top three responses will be sent to our favorite Princetonian.

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February 3, 1993

To the editor,

Having spent the past weekend on Penn’s campus for the basketball game, I was bemused and befuddled to learn of the Penn-Princeton “rivalry.” My question to members of the Penn community is this: exactly whom are you trying to kid? No one, repeat, no one, at Princeton considers Penn its main rival. In fact, and I’m not joking, there are a number of Princeton students who have never even heard of the University of Pennsylvania.

One of the basic elements of any great rivalry is that the schools involved be similar. Penn and Princeton are not. Princeton is a world class institution with top students, faculty, and alumni. Universities around the globe (including Penn) consistently try to model themselves after anything Princeton does. Even the most trivial events at Princeton draw national attention. Sometimes it seems that if a new junior is hired we can expect to read about it in the next day’s New York Times. Princeton has graduated scores of future Presidents, governors, and senators. Princeton lies on a lush 2600 acre campus with some of the most architecturally significant buildings and beautiful gardens to be found anywhere. Finally, our laboratories, libraries, and athletic facilities are the best to be found anywhere. Period.

Penn, on the other hand, is an entirely different story. Not only does Penn not have any worldwide recognition, half the Philadelphians don’t know it exists. Meanwhile, Penn students are all upset because they’re paying top dollar and all of their relatives are wondering why smart little Johnny went on to a state school. Face it, U.Penn is simply not a prestigious institution. But why should it be? Penn has an abysmal average SAT score and an acceptance rate to match. By the way, it is not lost on Princetonians that everyone at Penn is there because they could not get in to Princeton (or Harvard or Yale). Hey, you’re not a safety school for nothing.

I could go on. And I will. Penn is one of the most academically disjointed schools around. Wharton students will proudly say that they attend the best business school in the Ivy league and will shun the rest of the University of Pennsylvania. Hey you idiots, Wharton is the only business school in the Ivy League, and that is because Harvard, Yale, and Princeton agree that undergraduate business is a vulgar academic atrocity not fit for serious consideration. I understand that the Nursing school (come on, a nursing school) students are community college rejects looking for pre-med relatives are wondering why smart little Johnny went on to a state school. Face it, U.Penn is simply not a prestigious institution. But why should it be? Penn has an abysmal average SAT score and an acceptance rate to match. By the way, it is not lost on Princetonians that everyone at Penn is there because they could not get in to Princeton (or Harvard or Yale). Hey, you’re not a safety school for nothing.

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The point of all this is not to make you feel bad about your university. OK, maybe it is. But please don’t go around touting a rivalry which doesn’t exist. It looks rather pathetic. Besides, you’ve got Villanova and Temple. Leave the academic schools alone.

Sincerely,

Michael Cohen
Princeton Class of 1993
Untamed Heart could very easily be the worst movie made within the last year. Many bad films are released, but often even the worst have a certain appeal that provides comic relief. This is not the case with Untamed Heart, a sappy story of white trash love in the midst of Minnesota blandness.

Oh, joy.

Sullen youth Christian Slater manages to escape the eternal role of bitterly dashing, rebellious teen, instead stretching his acting ability to play an orphan busboy with a heart condition. Marisa Tomei co-stars as Caroline, the waitress who loves too much. They fall in love against all odds. Who would have guessed it?

The characters are shallow, the story trite, the pace slow and the dialogue painful. Untamed Heart is the all-too-common story of boy meets girl, boy loves girl, boy saves girl from malicious criminal attack, girl loves boy, boy gets stabbed, girl cries, boy leaves hospital refusing necessary surgery, boy and girl are happy for a while, and then, finally, catastrophe interferes with true love.

Slater’s character, Adam, is an orphan who has never experienced true love and has grown into a terribly shy man. His naiveté, however, comes across very poorly, and Adam is ridiculous and unbelievable. Tomei is stereotypical as the free-loving Caroline, a ditz who tends to poorly, and Adam is ridiculous and unbelievable. Tomei is stereotypical as the free-loving Caroline, a ditz who tends to appear more stupid than emotional. After a shockingly brief courtship, Adam and Caroline fall in love and are as happy as can be. They struggle to live off of their waitress/busboy wages, but not to worry. Each has hidden talents: Caroline is a beauty school hopeful, and Adam is really good at carving wooden birds. Other aspects of the film are just too ridiculous to be watchable. Caroline, upon learning that lovelorn Adam has been sneaking into her bedroom to watch her sleep for several weeks, is charmed rather than spooked. In one car scene, Caroline is so engrossed in conversation that she fails to watch the road as she drives.

Although the plot is predictable, the story could have worked. The pacing, however, is poor, and therefore unable to hold the audience’s interest. Director Tony Bill (My Bodyguard, Crazy People) spends too much time establishing Adam’s awkwardness and Caroline’s vulnerability while rushing through their underdeveloped romance. Also, certain images last far too long, including one five-minute closeup of Slater sleeping in the car.

Throughout the film, the characters lack any of the depth that would allow the audience to relate to them. Untamed Heart’s single asset is Rosie Perez as Caroline’s best friend and co-worker. After stellar performances in White Men Can’t Jump and Night on Earth, Perez once again assumes a dominating presence in all of her scenes. Too bad she wasn’t cast as the lead; if she had, this film might have stood a fighting chance.

Christian Slater, attempting a serious role after the failures of Kuffs and Mohsters, fails as flat as the emotionally impaired Adam. Slater is far too stiff to drum up necessary sympathy for Adam’s character that would be necessary for the film to work. Instead, Slater alienates himself from both the film’s characters and audience.

Slater and Tomei embrace between shifts. Teen love stories come and go. Like the rest of the undistinguished genre, Untamed Heart demonstrates that shiny happy teens in love are more irritating than cute. Even the word “teen” is irritating. Just about everything having to do with this film is pretty irritating. It’s a shame Untamed Heart ever came to be.

Boyle climbs the corporate ladder

Hand That Rocks The Xerox

By Ezra Greene

As a cinematic work, THE TEMP lies somewhere between a poor psychological thriller and a second-rate ripoff. The storyline revolves around Peter Derns (Timothy Hutton), a paranoid advertising executive, and his gorgeous temporary secretary Kris Bolin (Lara Flynn Boyle). The crux of the movie is that professional life has its highs and lows if you’re diagnosed paranoid. The Temp has it all: a tired idea, a horrendous screenplay, uneven direction and surprisingly mediocre performances from its actors.

Timothy Hutton, whose career has fallen from unimaginable heights since his heyday (remember Taps and The Falcon and The Snowman?), never gets a complete grip on his character. This is unfortunate, because the entire movie centers around his character’s omnipresent fears. When he is not convinced that someone is after him or his job, he is lying helplessly passed out in the rain or against his couch. Peter is nothing more than an amalgamation of the husband and wife from The Hand That Rocks The Cradle; the similarities between these two movies are obscenely blatant.

Peter Derns is the nice guy who’s finishing last; Kris is the beautiful femme fatale who will lie, cheat and kill to get ahead in the company. Her character is a derivative of Rebecca DeMornay’s character from The Hand That Rocks The Cradle, both being immensely attractive women with sinister pasts. Flynn Boyle is severely limited with appallingly shallow lines like “This isn’t about sex, it’s about work.” Kris Bolin is an uncomplicated entity whose depth (or lack thereof) rivals that of Christy’s from Three’s Company. Boyle may not be a bad actress, but it’s hard to tell, since her part calls for little more than a sinister smile.

It would be nice to see what director Tom Holland would have done with a decent script. He displays a praiseworthy touch for the comedic; unfortunately, Holland does not rise above the insanity of the screenplay. He displays no innovation, nor does he capitalize on the possibilities engaged by having a paranoid as a lead character. Too often, Holland resorts to the generic camera shot when the scene cries for something more creative.

Mr. Holland also appears to be indifferent to the movie’s sexist stance. The female characters are all denigrated in the movie: Kris Bolin is evil, supporting actress Collen Flynn’s character is completely inept, the ex-Mrs. Derns is constantly asking for money or jumping to ridiculous assumptions and a surprisingly forgettable Faye Dunaway portrays an hysterical lesbian. It is fortunate that such sexism lies hidden in such a dismal movie. Unfortunately, it is too commonplace in other contemporary films.

The Temp is almost redeemed by a number of effective scenes that are suspenseful and thought-provoking. The problem, however, lies in the fact that the movie just doesn’t work at all. You laugh when you should be shocked, you are numb to the suspense, and the movie is disjointed by needless plot threads that are left unaccounted for. Just rent The Hand That Rocks The Cradle and watch an old Twin Peaks; it makes for a better night.
Rest in Peace

The Cemetery Club's stellar cast produces expert acting, but unfortunately for director Bill Duke the storyline and Jewish grandmother humor cater to a very select target audience, namely those 55 years old and older.

Olympia Dukakis, Diane Ladd and Ellen Burstyn are superb as three recently widowed women trying to start their lives over again after the deaths of their husbands. They bring humor and vibrance to their characters, yet are hindered by a lack of action. Throughout the movie, these three women explore true friendship and love in the age of Polio.

The trio each have to learn to deal with their losses without relying on each other at the same time. The vivacious Lucille (Ladd) is constantly looking for a red-hot geriatric lover, but her singles’ weekends and flirtations with men half her age never succeed in getting her the toupee-sporting man she desires. Simple Esther (Burstyn) meets Benjamin (Danny Aiello) and hesitantly begins to date him. After a week, Esther learns that at her age, marriage is not the only route to romance. Doris (Dukakis), on the other hand, refuses to leave the past and visits her husband’s grave monthly. She is the epitome of the nagging Jewish mother, and plays her part like a natural.

What could have been a depressing sob story turns out to be a warm, sensitive drama with help from the supporting cast. Selma, played by Lainie Kazan (of Married to the Mob fame), wiggles around parading her diamond rings and her newest lover, a Catholic fruit magnate. Her string of marriages for security and money stand in contrast to the romantic ideals of the three main characters. Christina Ricci, of Addams Family fame, plays Esther’s granddaughter. Were it not for Ricci’s mediocre acting and minor lines, she could have added some youthful vigor to the movie. Danny Aiello is fantastic in his role as a cab driving widower, his character’s relationship with Esther proves that the sparks of love need not be within the constraints of marriage.

The Cemetery Club succeeds in proving its message, that “the best times are still ahead,” but needs some youthful attraction to entice audiences of all ages. The characters are strong, with the right mix of snarky humor, Jewish jokes and dramatic flair, but even the talents of Dukakis, Ladd, Burstyn and Aiello cannot keep the movie afloat.

The film is based upon the play of the same name by Ivan Menchell and Arthur Laurents (The Robber Bridegroom), that the rw times are still ahead,” but fails to transcend the age barrier like its genre counterpart Cocoon.

Cemetery Club directed by Bill Duke (Touchstone)

Steve, Roxanne, and Otto

Thanks for all the help in the face of twenty pages of stress and near disaster.

Steve, Roxanne, and Otto

Thanks for all the help in the face of twenty pages of stress and near disaster.

Burstyn and Aiello do the love tango film production. Several scenes, such as the funeral ceremonies for the three husbands and the group luncheons in the Jewish deli, were wonderful in their original conceptions but fell flat in production. The Cemetery Club not only lacks the deep emotional undertone necessary for a successful story about human interaction, but fails to transcend the age barrier like its genre counterpart Cocoon.

39th & Chestnut Sts., Phila., PA 215 • 349 • 9000

FROM BURGERS TO SALAD BAR... TO SWORDFISH WE’VE GOT EM!
The Sundays ponder the price of fame

The Sundays of fame indie-pop scene with their 1989 debut, and the punk mecca of Zipperhead down to the Theater of the Living Arts. But if you're hoping to catch up with the Sundays after their show there this coming Tuesday, don't bother. The life of a celebrity, you know, leaves little time for cheese steaks and nose piercing.

Despite this ascent into the public eye, the Sundays still haven't lost the simple charm that brought them to the forefront of the alternative band now finds itself straddling that entrancing (albeit obscurel cover of the Rolling Stones' "Wild Horses," the British band now finds itself straddling that

Since the fall '92 release of their second album, the hauntingly melodic Blind, the Sundays have grown closely familiar with the pros and cons of mainstream success. Aided by massive MTV rotations of "Love," the album's first single, and the publicity generated by Blind's entrancing (albeit obscure) cover of the Rolling Stones' "Wild Horses," the British band now finds itself straddling that nebulous realm between alternative darlinghood and pop-star idolatry.

Despite this ascent into the public eye, the Sundays still haven't lost the simple charm that brought them to the forefront of the indie-pop scene with their 1989 debut, Rending, Writing and Arithmetic. A chat on the phone with songwriters Harriet Wheeler and David Gavurin is a lot like talking to a couple of long-lost friends. At one personable, witty and down-to-earth, the longtime pair doesn't seem to be fazed by fame. Though, of course, both admit that some free time every now and then would be well appreciated.

"We've hardly had a day off," Dave laments with a note of fatigue in his voice. "And that's not said as a plea for sympathy," he interjects quickly, "not at all, but... I think sometimes people get the impression that touring is a chance to sort of see the world and go out and have a great time in every city. Half the time, in most of the cities we'll go to, you turn up, do the gig, get on the bus and go on to the next place. It can be quite frustrating at times; you're thinking, 'God, this place looks really cool,' but you can't stay."

Easily recognizable by vocalist Wheeler's distinctive chirping, the Sundays' sound is a bit difficult to categorize. With an equal emphasis on both musical and lyrical clarity, the band has successfully avoided Britain's dreaded 'shoegazer' label, a word that's as nasty in the U.K. as 'grunge' is in the U.S. Characterized by waves of vacuum guitar feedback coupled with ambiguous, droning vocals, this pseudo-genre of alternative rock has become a staple formula for countless British acts (Lush, Ride, Chapterhouse, et al) over the past few years. But the Sundays' fresh, clean sound has forged them a unique identity, which comes as a pleasant surprise to these self-schooled musicians.

"Neither of us have the beginnings of an idea of what written music actually means," Wheeler discloses.

"To their credit, the duo have yet to remain content with any single compositional format. During a three-year hiatus between albums, the jangly, three-minute pop tunes of Rending slowly developed into Blind's more orchestral harmonies and 'pieces of music,' explains Gavurin. For him, this transition functioned less as a refinement of style than an experiment in structure. "I think we can see a sort of development," he says, "but it's obviously not in our minds. We're not looking to reach a sort of perfection where each new album is like one step further along the ladder... it's just that we're always looking to try certain new things for our own entertainment. Because if you're not, in a sense, you're not developing yourself, then rapidly I think you'll just lose interest in the whole process."

Yet Dave maintains that the band's musical identity is indeed flexible. "For us," he notes, "this album [Blind], while it's not been wildly different — we've never suddenly done like a grunge album or a rave album or whatever — it's obviously within our own territory, roughly, but it's maybe more developed on an arrangements level." And though the two cite a melange of musical influences, including folk, reggae and Wheeler's "West Coast-y noisy boys," Gavurin is quick to assert that the Sundays' ultimate sound is indeed their own. "If it carries over too clearly you get sued, you know, so we try to fiddle around and make up our own songs."

As for the Sundays' future musical direction, Harriet predicts that the band isn't going to "weird out" anytime soon. "I don't think that the line between the first and second album means that it's going to be a tap dripping and harp music in the background on the next album. I don't think it means we're slowly gonna go insane and wear muslim dresses around the garden," she laughingly states.

Just as crucial to the Sundays' sound are their stark, intensely emotional lyrics. Simultaneously self-affirming and defeatist, both uplifting and morose, the words combine with their accompanying melodies to create moods that can at times be elating, as in Rending's aptly-titled "Joy," and at others achingly remote, as seen in the closing line, "Hell here on my own," from Blind's "Medicine."

"Neither of us have the beginnings of an idea of what written music actually means," Wheeler discloses.

Probably the most surprising addition to Blind was the band's melancholy rendition of "Wild Horses." While the thought of Harriet sensitively crooning a song one would normally hear belted from Mick Jagger's hideously offensive lips seems comical at first, Wheeler actually manages to carry the tune with grace. But have the two heard any response from the Stones regarding their interpretation of the dinosaur rock classic?

"No, we haven't, actually," says Harriet, "which is funny 'cause we were very close..." she trails off into laughter.

"We once went to a garage in London," offers David, "where this bloke who was trying to sell us a car said he had sold Mick Jagger a car... but that's about the closest we've come."

At least the snub has kept them humble. In fact, Wheeler welcomes the attention that seems to follow the band around the States. "In Britain [people] seem to be less confident about coming up and bothering you. When I say bothering," she clarifies quickly, "when people do come up, it's always really nice. We've never had people come up and sort of punch [us] in the face or anything."

Ultimately, the Sundays have kept their humility intact; the two haven't drowned any public disputes just yet. "It's really not like 'Oh God, better wear our shades,'" says Harriet. "We're not sort of international mega-stars by any means."
In 1988 when Christopher Clemente entered the Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania, he had his future all planned out. He would graduate in 1992 with a degree in finance, get a job in the business world, and then go on to run his own household services company. Within 15 years after graduation, Clemente would be set — rich, successful, and surrounded by loving friends and family. It was an ideal dream.
much different to Christopher Clemente now. Rather than a
family and a business career, 22-year-old Clemente instead
looks ahead to a life sentence in the Green Haven Correctional
Facility in Stormville, New York. It is there that he will wait
until 2007 — 15 years after he should have graduated from the
University — for when he will be eligible for parole for the
first time.

He will be 36 years old.

"I know one thing about my future: [14] years from now,
I'm not going to be here. I'll tell you that much. I will not be
here... I'll be a success, somewhere, in another field," he
insists.

Clemente's shift from student to convict
began on the night of January 9, 1990, when he
and co-defendant Leah Bundy were arrested
inside a Harlem apartment containing 214 vials
and several large chunks of crack, $11,000 in cash
and a loaded MAC-11 machine pistol. In addition,
the couple was accused of throwing over 2,000
vials of crack, a 9mm pistol and a scale out of the
apartment window when they heard the police
approaching.

Both were charged with nine felony drug
and weapons counts.

In the seven-day trial, New York Assistant
District Attorney Maxwell Wiley argued
effectively that Clemente and Bundy were a part of a larger
drug ring operating out of the apartment and were therefore
not innocent bystanders in the activities that went on.

Clemente's famed civil liberties lawyer William Kunstler,
however, argued that the couple were victims of bad timing
who went to the apartment to have sex, but had nothing to do
with the drugs. Throughout the case, he maintained that
Clemente was guilty of stupidity, perhaps, but not of a drug
or weapons felony.

After a five-hour deliberation on January 16, 1991, the jury
convicted Clemente and Bundy on all nine counts. On
February 26, 1991, a New York Supreme Court judge
sentenced both to life imprisonment. As it stands, Clemente is
eligible for parole 16 years after he began serving that
sentence.

In the year between Clemente's arrest and his subsequent
conviction, the University became a hotbed of activity
surrounding the case. A month after Clemente was
incarcerated, Vice Provost for University Life Kim Morrison
sent him a suspension notice, saying that the then Wharton
student's presence on campus would threaten order at the
University.

"The University was terrible in the beginning, just violating
his presumption of innocence," Kunstler claims. "He hadn't
been convicted. They panicked."

Kunstler and several faculty members and students accused
the University of convicting Clemente before he had even had a
trial. Many also called the officials racists, claiming their
dracastic reaction stemmed from Clemente being a black man
arrested for a drug-related crime.

In the beginning of March 1991, Clemente's suspension was
changed to a "voluntary leave of absence," and the student
was allowed to return to campus in the fall.

Amidst protests and accusations of racism, Morrison later revealed
a photograph of Clemente that had greatly contributed to her
unpopular decision. In the picture, a young Clemente poses with six
guns, proudly displaying them and pointing to the ceiling with
weapons in each hand. His threatening pose seemed to validate the University's fears.

In prison, Clemente explains the
puzzling photograph. "That was a poster I had on my wall. I was
posing with the guns and I took some pictures. When I first got to
Penny, there were so many racial incidents, I got, like, a Malcolm X
mentality: by any means necessary," he says.

Meanwhile, as some were
protesting the University's
decision, Clemente languished in
jail, waiting for someone to post his
$75,000 bail. Black activists on
campus formed Students Organized
for Christopher Clemente to raise the
money, and several students
implied the University to pay for
Clemente's release. The
administration refused on the
grounds that it would set a
dangerous precedent.

Around this time, Clemente was stabbed by another
prisoner at Riker's Island, and his bail was lowered to $25,000.
Tensions came to a high point at the end of March with a late-
night protest led by Stokely Carmichael on the president's
front lawn. Afterwards, President Sheldon Hackney
independently donated an unknown amount of money to the
fund, which eventually collected nearly $19,000 towards
Clemente's release.
Throughout the ordeal, Kunstler and his co-counsel Ronald Kuby hurled insults at the University, calling administrators' treatment of Clemente "an absolute outrage" and "disrespectful." In jail, Clemente was not surprised. "I was upset that they tried to expel me, because there was no reason for that," the inmate said Tuesday. "I wasn't surprised, though. I mean, from day one when I arrived at the University it was like one racial incident here, one racial incident there... I wasn't expecting anything, not [bail]. When I heard that, I was like, 'Why are they beating a dead horse? That ain't ever going to happen.'" Clemente is currently awaiting his appeal, although neither he nor Kunstler seems to have any idea when it may happen. At the end of the original trial two years ago, Kunstler promised that he would appeal right away, allowing for a rapid hearing, but he has yet to file a brief on the issue. He rarely speaks to him anymore, and although Clemente wrote to his lawyer a couple of weeks ago, he has yet to receive a response.

Christopher Clemente wears a pale green shirt and a comfortable smile as he sits down in the drab visitation room to talk about his new life as an inmate of a maximum-security prison. A handsome, stocky man, Clemente takes off his gold-rimmed glasses, places his hands together, and chuckles as he thinks of the course of his days at Green Haven. "It's total monotony here," the 22-year-old inmate said. "I mean monotony.

The former student says he spends much of his time on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the jail's law library, researching details for his own case and helping other prisoners with theirs. While awaiting trial in the upstate New York prison, Clemente worked continuously in the library, clerking and helping inmates locate and process information. In the process, he taught himself New York criminal law so that he could understand the ins and outs of his case. At Green Haven, Clemente is a patron of the library, using it to help his friends and himself when he can.

"You know, I can do some things like that [snaps his fingers] myself, but for other people, it's not so easy," he explains.

In the afternoon, Clemente attends metals classes - similar to high school shop class - in which he said he does "basically nothing," despite his good intentions to learn a skill. This workshop is the only event a prisoner is required to attend. Clemente also attends a "severely deficient" legal research class on Monday evenings, unofficial Arabic tutoring on Tuesday nights and church on Friday nights. He spends the rest of his time at the gym, writing letters, meeting with visitors, watching movies, or other such "jail stuff."

In his time at Green Haven, Clemente has also given extensive thought to his future. After working in the law library, the prisoner decided for a while that he wanted to be a lawyer, in order to keep innocent defendants from being shafted by the system.

"I've seen so many lawyers help the court system railroad people," he says. "I can't do that. I understand their situation, so I could help them."

But Clemente's passion for law soon turned towards writing. He says he had started - and subsequently lost - a book about his life and has written a short story and some poetry. And soon he wants to try his hand at screenwriting.

"Who knows, in 16 years you might see me in lights," he says enthusiastically. "It's true, because I actually have a few movies in mind. One major movie I could write right now. It's about drugs and the people who use drugs. It's a drama; there's no comedy about it. It's kind of like, did you ever see Drugstore Cowboy? Only more realistic."

Clemente continued
Clemente is anxious to leave his prison cell behind, and believes he will not serve more than a fraction of his sentence. The optimistic inmate insists that justice in the "unfair" American legal system will eventually prevail and release him from the bonds of Green Haven. He is as adamant about proving his innocence now as he was two years ago, when he says he was offered a deal to avoid a trial. The compromise was a one-year sentence, with the possibility of parole after six months. Clemente declined the deal, preferring to uphold his innocence rather than admit to even partial guilt.

"I wasn't going to set down and lay low, because I was innocent," he explains.

The former University student is most serious when talking about the injustices of the American legal system and the lamentable results of a structure that forces black and Hispanic men into undeserved prisons. He tells story after story of prisoners who did not receive fair trials at the hands of either their lawyer, the jury or the judge and who — like him, he says — are truly innocent.

The fundamental question in the legal arena should be, "Is it fair?" And it's not...it's not fair in any respect. Racially-wise, there's a disproportionate amount of blacks and Hispanics being arrested," he says. "I've seen people getting railroaded, I've seen people not getting fair trials. I knew I wasn't going to get a fair shake from the get-go."

Kunstler, Clemente's lawyer, agrees with his client, and became involved in the case for those same reasons. Throughout Clemente's ordeal, Kunstler spoke out against the New York drug laws, which impose harsh penalties for minor drug felonies, and against what he considers the racism of New York justice.

"There are two systems of justice in the courts of America: one for blacks and one for whites," Kunstler says, adding that he has learned this through vast experience. "How can anyone live in America and think blacks are treated fairly? They're not."

It was this double standard in Clemente's situation that induced Kunstler to take on the case pro bono, and this same standard he later attributed to his client's conviction and harsh sentencing. He considers the case "a terrible tragedy," and says the mostly white jury never really gave his minority client a chance. And Kunstler maintains, as he did at the trial, that Clemente was simply "in the wrong place at the wrong time."

From the outside, the Green Haven Correctional Facility is visible only as a daunting concrete wall, spanning the space of more than two city blocks on a hillside in rural New York. It is stark and heavy, and on a snowy February morning, it looks as gray as the ominous sky.

Tall guard towers stand peering over both the outside and inside, imposing in a real sense, for they are the emblems of a maximum-security prison.

It is a far cry from the Ivy League campus on which Clemente also spent two years of his life.

Clemente's space in the great drab prison complex is in Cell Block G at the back of the prison. It is a cell that Clemente describes as slightly longer than a twin bed, and approximately eight feet in width. He fills it with books, clothes, non-potable food and audio tapes. He does not choose to decorate, however.

"I'm not into that jail thing. Anything that's like jail, I try to stay clear of. I'm not trying to get into a jail mentality at all, and I don't call this home," he insists. "This is a cell, I don't live here. They put me here; I don't want to be here and I'm not going to act like I want to be here.

The young prisoner looks determined, as if refusing to acknowledge the possibility of a life in prison. He is still close to people on the other side of the big wall, he says, although he deals with few people inside because "you never know what people actually want from you."

He speaks fondly about his mother, whom he hasn't seen in months but still telephones weekly. And he often acknowledges that he is blessed because he has people who care for him, who visit him and send him packages, while many other inmates have nobody.

In looking back on the events that have brought him to his place in prison, Clemente seems to regret very little in his life. He says he wishes he had learned earlier to be "where I'm supposed to be when I'm supposed to be there," because then he would have been on campus instead of in New York on the night he was arrested. But even though he says he was caught in his friend's apartment with his friend's drugs and guns, Clemente says he would never give up the people he likes to spend time with — no matter what they do and what kind of trouble it brings him.

"I don't think I would change the people I deal with, the things I do," he says. "If I get out of here today or tomorrow, it would be the same thing because I won't let anybody tell me who I can be with, who I can't be with and where I can be at."

Through all the talk of prisons and struggles, the self-described "jovial" prisoner is cheerful. He rarely seems bitter about the unexpected turn his life has taken, and he claims that his experiences have brought his good qualities to the forefront of his person.

"I am happy, in a sense," Clemente explains, as he has done for friends over and over again. "Now don't get me wrong, I'm not happy about being here, but I'm happy because I have nothing to be down about."

"I learned long ago that you can use everything as a learning experience. Nothing is all bad; you can learn from anything."
Dear Penn,

Chris Clemente Writes an Open Letter to His Former School

It is now the two year anniversary of the day that I was sentenced. I, myself, take exception to the term 'anniversary' because it implies something celebrated. A much better term would be 'memorial' because that day was not marked by life or a new beginning, but by death.

Recently the Editor-in-Chief of 34th Street Magazine informed me that they were going to do a feature story on me and asked if I would grant them an interview. I figured that an interview would be fine, but I decided to submit a statement, a makeshift manifesto of sorts, to fully explain my thoughts and opinions on a variety of issues.

As with most students, my days at Penn were some of the happiest and fun-filled days of my life. However, as a black man attending Penn, this was a time of struggle and a rude awakening to the fact that regardless of how far you have come, while America is only going to accept you on its own terms. Penn purports to be a microcosm of the country, but of the world. In my freshman year, I encountered more accounts of racism than I had ever experienced previously in that capacity and guise. The Black Student League was transformed from a pro-active group into a reactive one; every time I turned around it seemed I was at some special meeting or march, discussing a racial incident plastered on the front page of The Daily Pennsylvanian. I don't want to sound too cynical, like every day at Penn was a horror, because it wasn't. I met a lot of new people and formed lasting friendships.

From my previous experience at Penn, the administration's position concerning my arrest was no surprise to me. I never expected them to back me up or even support me, but I was upset when the school tried to presumptuously expel me. I was never accused of anything at Penn, so what was their reasoning?

Since my incarceration, I still remain in contact with many of my Penn friends. Whenever I need to talk to someone or just need to have that contact, I can always call on them. I guess that's what true friendship is, and Penn gave me that, so I can't fault it in that area. In retrospect, with their marches and rallies, the students helped me out much more than the administration. An old saying comes to mind: "Rome burned while Nero twiddled his thumbs." But in all fairness, President Hackney did contribute to my bail fund.

I know that all of the people reading this article only wanted to know how prison is. Is it just like the movies? Do people get raped in the showers? The answer is that you all have been watching too much TV! Prison life has been the most complex and thought-provoking struggle that I have ever experienced in my life.

A prisoner has several different confrontations to handle simultaneously. He has to deal with the judicial system, the prison itself, the prison population, his family, and most importantly, himself. Each battle consumes time, energy and spirit, and if you let one dictate and dominate you, then the others might fall like dominoes and crush you.

I could sit here for days and write what prison does to a person. But one word that accurately describes the prison experience is "slavery." It is a mental, physical and spiritual slavery because slavery is bondage and total conformity.

The mental part of prison life can also be summed up in one word: waiting. In prison you have to wait for everything — to eat, to sleep, to use the bathroom, to do anything.

The physical part is the actual physical abuse a prisoner is subject to. The beatings are very real. You might think that this sounds fictitious, but I saw a person get his teeth knocked out just because he didn't turn his bed around quickly enough. I also saw eight Correction Officers (C.O.'s) viciously beat a detainee because he didn't want to move from one cell to another. But what hurt me most was seeing a prisoner after he was beaten up only because a lady officer didn't like him. There are a lot of other incidents that I witnessed, but I choose not to mention them here because some people just might not believe them.

The situation of prisoner against prisoner is almost manic. And most amazing, it is almost always Blacks against Hispanics, the two most oppressed racial groups in this country. If you could see the pettiness that stabbings occur from, you would be dumbfounded; the TV, seats for the TV and, most of all, the phone are constant areas of conflict. This is a result of ignorance and oppression that stupid people just fail to realize.

The last front that a prisoner has to battle on is the battle within himself. He has got to decide if prison is going to destroy him or if he is going to use his term as a learning experience. He has to choose between life and death. He has got to decide whether he will leave prison better or worse than when he came in. These are some of the things that a person has got to figure out, and it takes a strong mind and a strong will to make the right choices. But imagine if you were wrongly convicted of a crime, constantly beaten by C.O.'s, deserted by your family, and recently involved in a dispute. How the hell would you feel?

I presume that most of you saw the film Malcolm X. (I didn't see it, but I read the book four and a half years ago.) Well, remember the enlightened transformation that Malcolm went through? I have gone through the same refining process myself; just in a different way. I am not a Muslim (I am a Christian, tried and true), but now I see my life, in general, much more clearly than I ever saw it before. My awakening is something similar to the protagonist's in The Scarlet Letter, and I also equate myself with John Proctor from The Crucible. Now I see injustice manifested in its severest form. I have become much more analytical, and sometimes, too cynical. I have discovered talents that I never fully understood existed in me, and I use them to better express myself and the trials and tribulations that I am going through. But one thing that I want you to understand is that I am not bitter; I am the happiest and most cheerful person that you could meet, because I see the light at the end of the tunnel, and I refuse to let the societal leviathan crush and annihilate my mind, body and spirit. No, no, no! I will never give up the light for freedom, nor will I ever lay down and die.
Where's He Been?

FOR A MAN WHO CLAIMS TO have watched "All My Children" from the time he was twelve years old, J Mascis is awfully deep. But sometimes his reputation for being aloof and obnoxious makes it difficult for anyone unfamiliar with Mascis to recognize his genius. Hailing from Amherst, Massachusetts, he launched his musical career as a drummer. With the foundation of Dinosaur Jr. in 1985, the flexible Mascis switched to guitar. To compensate for the decrease in power and volume of his new instrument, Mascis plays his guitar with the intensity of a drummer-fierce and loud.

Dinosaur Jr. is Mascis’ brainchild; he is the band’s writer, producer, lead singer and guitarist. In Dinosaur Jr., one can trace the punk and metal influences characteristic of grunge bands long before the Seattle scene exploded. Although he acknowledges the influence of classic rock greats, Mascis is very much a pioneer in his own right, having made distortion, feedback and sheer volume the distinctive trademarks of his band. He also possesses a voice so whiny and strained that he deserves to be recognized as the king of constipated crooning.

Where You Been? is Dinosaur Jr.’s second major-label effort, following 1991’s Green Mind. Compared to earlier works and live performances, Green Mind and Where You Been? are somewhat mellower and more accessible to most listeners. This is not to say that Where You Been? lacks energy or pizzazz—it just reflects a wider range of emotion and creativity than did Dinosaur Jr.’s efforts of the past. It also contains unexpected experimentation with strings, keyboards, tambourine and tympani.

The emotional content of Where You Been? is surprising for a band whose frontman exhibits such apathy. Mascis never gives himself away lyrically or vocally; he maintains a casual and ambiguous tone throughout the album. For instance, on the opening song “Out There,” he mutters: “I know you’re out there/I know you’re gone/You can’t say that there’s fair/I feel OK/Sure I know that’s not what people say/Maybe they’re wrong.”

While he shows little emotion vocally, Mascis bares his soul through his guitar playing; his riffs wall alternately sweetly, sadly and angrily. On Where You Been?, the guitar embellishes the most incoherent lyrics and energizes the most listless voice. “Out There,” “On The Way” and “Hide” are some of the more compelling tunes, due to an instrumental force that defies confused statements like “I’d like to come and see you/But what’s it worth to me/Gone Away/On The Way/I want to let you go.”

While fury has always been a quality of Dinosaur Jr.’s work (especially in live performances), tranquility has been less of a defining characteristic. “Not The Same” is an effort to replicate the haunting melodies that Mascis successfully created on the Gas, Food, Lodging soundtrack. This song is unique in that Mascis, for once, sounds vulnerable and fragile. Unfortunately, it is hard to take him seriously. Because his voice is so off-key, his intended tenderness becomes as laughable as the Beastie Boys’ Mike D singing “Nasty’s Girl.”

On the whole, Where You Been? is an excellent experiment from a band that proves it can whisper or scream, hold back or plunge forward. Although most would agree that Dinosaur Jr. sounds best when loud and furious, there is something to be said for Mascis’ flexibility. Whatever role he assumes, be it bad boy or sentimental fool, he acts as he pleases without worrying about image or reputation. On Where You Been?, it becomes obvious that Mascis’ outlet is his music; he treats his guitar as if it were an extension of himself, an expression of his soul. This is art, simple and sweet.

Old farts with new albums

Paint It Gray

IN THE LATE ’60S, when The Beatles began breaking up, a rumor spread among Beatlemaniacs that Paul McCartney was dead. In the late ’70s, as the Rolling Stones’ albums began bombing, Stones fans began to wish that Mick Jagger was dead so that they wouldn’t have to endure such aptly titled “classics” as Sucking in the Seventies. Well, like it or not, they’re both alive, and both have new albums out, begging the question of what relevance a couple of 50-year-olds can have to the rock music world.

As it turns out, these new albums illustrate how much—or how little—they can still have. Jagger’s Wandering Spirit is as strong and vital as anything he’s ever done before, while McCartney’s The Pipes of Paradise proves that Paul may have aged gracefully, his music hasn’t.

Paul was always the most innocuous Beatle; rather than pushing the musical envelope, he wrote songs designed for maximum audience appeal. On Off the Ground he’s still playing it safe. The problem is that rock music has changed a lot since “Yesterday,” and Paul has never bothered to change with it. He’s still relying on the tried and true tricks and silly melody hooks that he’s always used.

Every once in a while, Paul’s formula hits the mark, but for the most part Off the Ground creates an uncomfortable feeling of déjà vu. The title track, for example, steals handclaps from “Birthday” and the chorus from “Good Day Sunshine.” Several songs sound like overworked versions of old Beatles tunes. “Peace in the Neighbourhood” and “Golden Girl” both sound as if they were written in the same Flower Power fashion of “Here Comes the Sun,” while “Biker Like an Icon” is a story of loneliness pulled out of “Eleanor Rigby.”

Even the songs that aren’t complete rip-offs sound forced. “Hope of Deliverance” is apparently an homage to Roy Orbison, but McCartney doesn’t have the vocal range to pull it off. The one standout is “Get Out of My Way,” the album’s only rocker, but even that sounds pedestrian in comparison to both today’s music, not to mention some of the Beatles’ songs.

With Wandering Spirit, Mick Jagger proves that acknowledging your musical heritage isn’t all that bad. Some of the album’s best tracks, like the hard rocking “Wired All Night” and the bluesy title tune, wouldn’t sound out of place on a Stones album, but don’t sound like blatant copies.

On the other hand, the album’s two weakest songs do sound like tired rehashes of old. “Sweet Thing” borrows liberally from “Miss You,” right down to the falsetto, while “Angel In My Heart” is a slow, pensive ballad à la “Play with Fire.”

Still, the most exciting songs on the album don’t sound like anything Jagger has done before. “Out of Focus,” a rousing gospel number, and “Don’t Tear Me Up” stand as two of Jagger’s finest achievements. The latter, a fervent plea to a lover delivered in a low growl, proves what Stones fans suspected all along: it was Jagger’s voice and not Keith Richard’s guitar that was the group’s greatest instrument.

Other highlights include “Evening Gown,” a country tune in which Jagger almost succeeds in pulling off a drawl, and “I’ve Been Lonely for So Long,” with a terrific guest bass by Flea of the Red Hot Chili Peppers.

In the end, Jagger succeeds because his past music is more relevant than McCartney’s. In today’s modern music scene, where grunge, thrash and hardcore rap are king, the man who once snarled “Paint it Black” and “Sympathy for the Devil” fits in a lot better than the man who delicately crooned “Hey Jude.”
SLAMMIN’ BASS LINE LIKE A wrecking ball. Addictive horn samples like heroin. Brand Nubian’s newest single is spun. The song slides to the chord and the group demonstrates that it has a new flavor to go with its altered membership: “I give nothing but abuse/Punks jump up to get beat down."

This time, Sadat X and Lord Jamaar are rhyming without Grand Puba to bass-heavy, hardcore beats. The more lively sound of their first effort has given way to a relentless rhythm that pulses through every song on their newest effort. In God We Trust.

Lyrically, Brand Nubian has also changed. On the group’s new album, choruses like “I’m gonna fight back/ain’t rolling over on my motherfucking back” have replaced the contemplative rhymes present on the previous effort, One For All. However, Brand Nubian continues its outspoken advocacy of the 5% Nation, a Muslim sect which believes that God is found within each man, and thus each individual is almost a demi-god, capable of becoming a great teacher. In fact, several songs on In God We Trust are entirely about religion and ideology. “The Meaning of the 5%,” in particular, is a musically accompanied sermon. Each song about religion includes mystical-sounding synthesizer samples as well as the album’s trademark thunder of bass beats.

In God We Trust truly does have a unified sound, giving the album a more hardcore feel than One For All. Where they previously experimented with many vocal styles and rhyming methods, the Nubians now stick to a swift, overpowering, industrial beat. The pervasive gravity suggests that the album has a single, unified direction.

Upon closer examination, it is clear that In God We Trust is a narrative of sorts. Following the album’s rhythmic pulse is a description of the Brand Nubians’ lives and their feelings about social issues. At the album’s beginning are three songs discussing their radical religious beliefs. These songs are followed by a militant call for justice, “Pass the Gat.”

Following this plea for social upheaval is a history lesson called “Black Star Line.” Accompanied by Dancehall Reggae singer Red Foxx, the Nubians kick this series of reflections on the state of African-Americans today in the context of Marcus Garvey’s bold but ill-fated Black Star line of cruise ships. “It’s the Black Star Line/Everybody come aboard and free your mind/Marcus Garvey had the idea/Back in the day/Doing for self/Keeping the wealth.” Brand Nubian then returns to the metaphysical with “Allah and Justice” and “The Gods.”

After this ponderous beginning, Brand Nubian switches to the secular side of life. With a catchy high-end synthesizer riff and an infectious rhythm, “The Travel Jam” is perhaps the best song on In God We Trust. The Nubians describe their life on the road using some of the smoothest lyrics around, like “The airport staff at La Guardia knows/That Brand Nubian do daily shows.”

The band recounts a show on “Brand Nubian Rock the Set,” discusses a relationship on “Love me or Leave Me Alone” and lashes out against bootleggers on “Steady Bootleggin’.” Following these dope cuts, Brand Nubian returns to the personal side of life with “Black and Blue.” Complete with sirens and police radio broadcasts, the Nubians rhyme about a neighborhood punk who sells out and becomes an abusive cop. Brand Nubian gives the lucky listener a rhythmic tour of the Nubians’ world and a response to any punk who thought they fell off. It is an effective technique; the strength of the album guarantees that they will be making music for a long time.

Revitalized Nubians get tough

• by Mike Parker

In God We Trust

Brand Nubian

(Elektra)

Brand Nubian

(God We Trust)

by Mike Parker

Beatin’ punks down abusive cop.

Brand Nubian gives the lucky listener a rhythmic tour of the Nubians’ world and a response to any punk who thought they fell off. It is an effective technique; the strength of the album guarantees that they will be making music for a long time.

Today Rolling Stone

Tomorrow the world!

Congratulations to our very own Sabrina Rubin, who recently was named Rolling Stone College Journalist of the Year.

She can’t be stopped.

GILBERTS

Mardi Gras! ... and nobody knows how to indulge in unbridled revelry like those guardians of musical good taste, the Gilberts (except for maybe those Zetas pledges)! The Big Easy is a long drive from West Philly, so you know that the tunes are awfully important for the trip down. If 5 little buggers pick a disc, it’s hotter then Paul Prudhomme’s gumbo! If only 1 dweeb giving his blessing, you can always use the disc as a coaster for your Hurricane. In between, you gotta watch where you step, just like you do in Bourbon Street.

Various Artists

For Our Children: The Concert

If you ever wanted to know what your favorite children’s songs would sound like if they were done by a bunch of minor stars and has-beens, do we have a treat for you. Michael Bolton massacres another “soul”-ful classic (“You’re My Sunshine”) and Paula Abdul wreaks havoc on “Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Da.” Some of its actually funny and clever, but mostly not.

Digable Planets

Reachin’

Digable’s debut exhibits tight, primal beats geared for the true hip-hop enthusiasts, especially for fans of the “natural tongue.” Yet the syncopated lyrics have such a jazzy feel that even your mom could bug out to them. The album stumbles a little in the diversity department; nearly every jam centers around blunts and outer space.

Quicksand

Slip

Crunch, crunch, crunch. This New York hardcore band explodes out of the gate with a furious major label debut that features more explosions than the construction outside of Lower Quaid. Fugazi meets Helmet, with an attitude to spare.

Quick-Stop

Bottles & Barrels

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Drop In

EQMF

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OPEN ALL NIGHT

The late night munchie solution –
Street's guide to Philly diners.

Everything about the Broad Street Diner on Broad and Ellsworth is utterly typical. Adorning the diner, just a few blocks south of South Street, is a typically diner-esque large neon sign. Inside, the neon motif continues on large mirrors against the back wall. The requisite glass cases are there, displaying the desserts and the usual diner fare (burgers, sandwiches, a touch of pasta). Absent, however, are the personal juke boxes found in each booth in every typical Jersey joint. The clientele here is of an older crowd, average age in the sixties, many of whom are regulars. Families are also common here, as evidenced by the paper placemats decorated with word scramblers and mazes.

While not completely unsavory, the food served at Broad Street Diner is not very memorable either. The ubiquitous diner pickles interspersed among the ten or so potato chips given to diners are not worth eating. And the service is horridous; the waitresses succeed in being as rude and patronizing as possible, neglecting to remember who ordered what, or even that you ordered in the first place. Sure, it’s a cheap meal, but considering the service and the lengthy walk required to get there, one is better off at McDonald’s, where smiles are free.

From the moment that one steps inside the authentic 1940s dining car, one is transported back in time. From the authentic jukebox to the shiny aluminum walls, the American Diner at 4201 Chestnut is the place for retro atmosphere as well as great food. Serving breakfast from 7 a.m. and dinner until 12 p.m., the diner has everything from typical American staples (you know, the meat 'n' potatoes deal) to international fare such as quesadillas and black beans with rice. Weekly specials like Meat Loaf Monday, Turkey Platter Tuesday and Vegetarian Plate Wednesday offer great food for great prices, about five dollars across the board. The standards are also filling and tasty. Two sure bets are the eggplant sandwich topped with mozzarella and pesto, and the Black Russian, a vegetarian’s dream of avocado, tomatoes, sprouts and cheese.

The extensive selection of homemade pies and cakes, at two bucks for a huge wedge, are a definite must to complete any meal. American Diner also boasts a full service soda fountain with such old time specialties as egg creams and lime rickeys. The friendly waitresses and cozy vinyl booths contribute to the homely atmosphere. More inviting than the institutionalized Food Court and cheaper than Le Bus, the American Diner is a great alternative to commonly frequented campus eateries.

Spruce Streets doesn’t quite measure up to the time-honored image. Its brightly-lit red and white neon interior looks more like an ice cream shop from a teen sitcom than a diner. However, the gum-cracking waitresses in hair nets and polyester uniforms do lend a touch of reality to Diner on the Square. The food is also authentic diner fare, from a cup of java to a cow patty on a bun. The fries arrive quickly, hot and oozing with grease, and wash down perfectly with a cold, frothy chocolate shake.

Naturally, no Philly eatery would be complete without the standard cheesesteak offerings, and this diner offers several different kinds. The menu includes everything from mozzarella sticks and roast beef sandwiches to grilled cheese and ice cream sundaes; prices range from $2.50 for a plate of fries to chicken primavera at $6.95. For a real treat, try the fountain-made Cherry Coke. If you’re willing to look past the somewhat sterile and unwelcoming environment, you will find good food until the wee hours of the morning at Diner on the Square.

The South Street Diner boldly proclaims itself “the second best diner in Philly.” The person who bestowed that illustrious award upon this rather pedestrian diner must have been immune to the nauseating effects of grease that come with all the food, whether it’s fried or not.

Not only does this diner lack a shiny chrome exterior (an important factor in the diner experience), but its portions are unjustifiably small for its inflated prices. One mediocre gyro from South Street Diner costs more than two of Sophie’s mouth-watering creations.

The atmosphere brings new meaning to the word tacky, as half-hearted attempts at Valentine’s Day decorations violently clash with the rather outdated Christmas lights. Worst of all is the lack of a counter for the lone customer, normally a diner staple.

The South Street Diner does attempt to cater to the intellectual by providing both historical and geographical lessons about Greece on their place mats. Unfortunately, a little misplaced ketchup can quickly ruin this culturally enriching experience. The diner’s redeeming qualities are its 24-hour schedule and convenient location at 140 South Street, which make it a hot spot for post-Tijuana Yacht Club chowing.

by Stephanie Falkenstein, Shannon Armstrong, Dan Schwab, Alan Sepinwall, David Magid
The dark room is deathly quiet. The only sound to be heard is a haunting, resonating hum. People dressed as clowns stand at different points on the floor and chant eerie, abstract phrases. In the center of it all is a soldier, his deformed legs bound in bandages and a large pair of strange glasses covering his eyes. In bandages and a large pair of strange glasses covering his eyes.

The scene is set of Wolfgang Borchert's Outside the Door, a German expressionist play. The drama centers around Sergeant Beckmann, who comes back from the war after a three-year Siberian imprisonment to find himself homeless in the midst of a German play. The drama centers around Sergeant Beckmann, who comes back from the war after a three-year Siberian imprisonment to find himself homeless in the midst of a German play. The drama centers around Sergeant Beckmann, who comes back from the war after a three-year Siberian imprisonment to find himself homeless in the midst of a German play. The drama centers around Sergeant Beckmann, who comes back from the war after a three-year Siberian imprisonment to find himself homeless in the midst of a German play. The drama centers around Sergeant Beckmann, who comes back from the war after a three-year Siberian imprisonment to find himself homeless in the midst of a German play.

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ASTRAL PLANE
(1708 Lombard St, 215-423-6230)
Excellent nouvelle cuisine in an eclectic cozy setting. Soft jazz and candlelight add to the Bohemian atmosphere. Try the duck with fresh fruit.

BORGIA CAFE
(1045 2nd St, 215-444-4651)
Live jazz nightly and a small but varied menu with wonderful food. Good for dinner, or just drinks, in an intimate, comfortable setting.

CALLOWHILL STREET RESTAURANT
(1630 Callowhill St, 215-625-4952)
Upscale contemporary atmosphere for a relatively new establishment in the Philly market. Serves prix fixe menu along with such selections as paella, soups, and exotic ravioli.

CUTTER'S GRAND CAFE
(200 Market St, 215-625-3201)
With a huge bar, varied menu, and reputedly the best salmon in Philly, Cutter's makes a great getaway with friends or a date.

DOCK STREET BREWHOUSE
(1001 S Broad St, 215-444-4651)
Six freshly brewed beers, a game room, a menu of international fare, and live performances.

KHYBER PASS PUB
(545 2nd St, 215-762-9650)
A fun bar and pub for hanging out and listening to cool live music and meeting new and interesting people from all over the galaxy.

KOCH'S DELICATESSEN
(1009 Locust St, 215-444-6662)
Famous for its slow service, great conversation, and free samples while you wait. This is one of the best delis around.

THE ROSE TATTOO CAFE
(200 Callowhill St, 215-625-4952)
Delightful American cuisine including some Cajun and Italian dishes.

SMART ALEX
(35th and Chestnut St, 215-662-9800)
Casual steaks, burgers, chicken at the Sheraton.

THE WALDOF CAFE
(20th and Lombard St, 215-576-4202)
Predominantly American fare at this homestyle restaurant in Center City. Hearty portions and a helpful staff are other pluses.

WHITE DOG CAFE
(200 Callowhill St, 215-625-4952)
Considered one of the best in Philly. American cuisine in a casual setting offers grilled stuffed chicken breast, steak, and halibut, baked salmon, parmesan-topped boxelder, and grilled veggies. Plus a notable wine list and desserts.

One of Holland's best known independent choreographers.

Black Blossom...a compelling dance performance contrasting violence and tenderness, admiration and exploitation, combat and seduction.

FEB, 24, 26 & 27
$20 students $10
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Stuffed Puppet • April 21-24

Penn Prices!
STUDENTS $10 EMPLOYEES $15
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ALADDIN

"* forgiveness him (or almost)"

GROUNDHOG DAY

CEMETARY CLUB

As the Ugling Lieutenant, ouribalism

ALIVE

"a movie that challenges and reveals our shaky foundations. As the Ugling Lieutenant, Harvey Keitel is impossible to dislike." (Rex V)

AlADDIN

"A grand descendant in the fine tradition of Airplane and The Naked Gun." (Eric's Cannes, UA Rittenhouse, Rittenhouse)

ALIVE

"a film that is a true masterpiece." (Rex V)

BAD LIUTENANT

"Almost makes you want to watch Guncrazy." (Rex V)

BILL MURRAY has a stove.

HAIR

"Can make you cry."

SOMMERSBY

"Jodie Foster's not sure if Richard Gere is really her husband. Maybe she should check for germs." (Rex V)

SHAKY FOUNDATIONS

SNIPER

"With young and attractive casts, this movie will appeal to many audiences." (Rex V)

THE LOVER

"The love scenes are fascinating because they make you feel an erotic yet forbidden fantasy." (Rex V)

THE TEMP

"A cool, smart, witty film that is not afraid to tackle difficult issues." (Rex V)

TV MURDER

"This is the perfect movie for a rainy day." (Rex V)

UNFORGIVEN

"A film that challenges and reveals our shaky foundations. As the Ugling Lieutenant, Harvey Keitel is impossible to dislike." (Rex V)

"A proud descendant in the fine tradition of Airplane and The Naked Gun." (Eric's Cannes, UA Rittenhouse, Rittenhouse)

LORENZO'S OIL

"A film that speaks to the soul." (Rex V)

LOVE HILL

"This movie will make you laugh and cry." (Rex V)

"Jeri Ryan is wonderful and Jennifer Grey is amazing." (Rex V)

"This is a film that challenges and reveals our shaky foundations. As the Ugling Lieutenant, Harvey Keitel is impossible to dislike." (Rex V)

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"A film that challenges and reveals our shaky foundations. As the Ugling Lieutenant, Harvey Keitel is impossible to dislike." (Rex V)
The perfect fusion of sights and sounds... exotic and dramatic film images with an imaginative musical score performed live during the film.

First there was Koyaanisqatsi, now you can see the film/concert screening of

POWAQQATS1/LIVE

Music PHILIP GLASS
Director GODFREY REGGIO
Performed by PHILIP GLASS and the PHILIP GLASS ENSEMBLE

Thursday, Feb. 18 - 8:00 pm
Friday, Feb. 19 - 8:00 pm
Saturday, Feb. 20 - 7:00 & 9:30 pm
Tickets: $5.00 on Locust Walk or at the door.

SAC FUNDED

place nightly, drinking twelve ounce Rolling Rock draft specials. Even with a few pitchers and a couple of shots, you'd be hard-pressed to spend ten bucks. McGlinchey's has a good jukebox and maybe the only one in the world that boasts both the Sex Pistols and Patsy Cline (material gotta go somewhere).

MURPHY'S TAVERN
4260 South Street
What time do you need to know? Every Penn student with a bad ID, a stupid friend and a slide tries to cram here or himself in all night every night. And the next day, you'll be served; you know who you know where.

NORTH STAR
1209 North Thirty-fifth
Not an obvious choice and a little off the beaten path, the North Star Bar offers a break from the dark, dingy bars that surround campus.

O'NEAL'S
113 South Thirty-Fourth
O'Neals is a bar that — with a big counter on every floor, a few small tables, minimal floor space and a couple of jukebox playing standard musical fare. It attracts a city-wide crowd, as well as a few young'uns. Go on a Saturday night and you might run into a few chardole-playing O'Neal's regulars. These weekenders will inevitably suck you into their game, and make you have fun at it before you can stop yourself.

ROOSEVELT PUB
220 Walnut, 311-9722
Through offering an average selection at average prices, Roosevelt's is big enough to serve large groups. If you're only looking for an average drink and don't feel like going past 25th street, spend an evening here. You won't be disappointed.
GANGSTER PUMP PLUMBING w/ FINAL PRAYER
Knock, knock... who's at the plumber? I can't find the fixer.
(Klyber Too Pub, 56 South 2nd, 480-490)

LIQUID GANG w/ SPY VIOLET
More local grunge and rock. Liquid Gang are young and promising, and hey, they're local.
(Loft Undergroud, 480 & Spruce, 480-545)

LITTLE ED & THE BLUES IMPERIALS w/ BLUE GENE BLUE
Blues, Blues, Blues! Why do so many people have the blues this time of year? Because it's so gloomy.
(Studio Theatre, 800 Arch St., 423-323)

LUKA BLOOM w/ CHRIS HARFORD
This Irish songwriter is nothing but a glorified subway busker, and that's meant only as a compliment. A night of good, honest
songwriting.
(Loft Undergroud, 480 & Spruce, 480-545)

THE LOW ROAD w/ NATIONAL WRECKING CO.
No, they haven't broken up! Philly's favorite cow-punks continue to tear it up with their fusion of just about every type of music all rolled up in a neat little package. A show that will put hairs on your chest! Be there or be square.
(Klyber Too Pub, 56 South 2nd, 480-490)

SUNDAY
THE SUNDAYS w/ LUNA
The Sundays aren't blind, but their new album is. A day to be reckoned with, the Sundays are the world's cutest band. You just can't get any nicer than that. Swirling guitars, distortion and loss of equilibrium. The show is sold out, so why don't you just read about in this issue. I love you.
(Hunter's Marry Me? 777 Sarge Rd. 569-490)

WEDNESDAY
ASIA featuring STEVE HOWE
No, they haven't had a hit in years! But they still have that same old sound. Tired, worn out, and filled with the spirit of the 60s.
(Studio Theatre, 800 Arch St., 423-323)

SATURDAY
BIM SKALA BIM
If you like ska and reggae, then this is your thing. Fatties are optional.
(Ambler Cabaret, 2S E. Butter Pike, 569-567)

**THE TROJAN WAR WILL NOT TAKE PLACE**
a play by
Jean Giraudoux
February 17-20, 1993
at the Studio Theatre
8:00 p.m.
Tickets available on Locust Walk or the Annenberg Box Office