**We Lost** Protest for Gregorian Sparks Response from Students

By SCoTT HELLER

Senior students mounted the prevailing activism at Temple's College of Arts and Sciences, which was attended by a student-led rally in support of students, and the faculty. Independent on the Council of Students, the protest was organized by a coalition of the Temple Student Union (TSU) and the Student Assembly (SA) in solidarity with faculty who have been increasingly marginalized in university governance.

**Emotional U. Council Commends Gregorian**

By THOMAS MASON

In response to the students' protest, the University Council (UC) has issued a statement commending President Gregorian for his leadership and vision. The council praised Gregorian for his efforts in promoting student engagement, faculty collaboration, and academic excellence.

**Cotrell and Leonard Co. To Shut Down Operations**

By ANDREW KREFFMAN

Cotrell and Leonard, the civil and gospel musicians who were the subject of an investigative report, have announced that they will be shutting down operations "as soon as possible." The decision was made by the company's management in response to a series of allegations of sexual harassment and unequal pay.

**Williams Fights to Gain Name on Ballot**

By B. THOMASON

The late rapper, who was a candidate for the 2020 presidential election, has been denied his right to appear on the ballot in several states due to technicalities. Williams has called for a recount in several states, arguing that his campaign has been victimized by a "rigged" electoral process.

**Hackney Views Presidency as ‘Scholarly’ Position**

President-elect Michael Hackney has expressed his view that the presidency should be viewed as a "scholarly" position. Hackney has emphasized the importance of academic freedom and the role of the president in advancing the university's mission.

**INSIDE**

- **3rd floor hit this road to look at the Philadelphia Police Station**
- **A column looks at college football coach Barry Gamble, and how the issue of the year’s graduation**

**Campaign ‘80**

"The campaign in 1980 was centered around the presidential election. It was a time of great political change, with the election of Ronald Reagan and the rise of the conservative movement." - Harry Williams
NEWS IN BRIEF

Coleman Glass Update, "Art of the Ceramic" Issue.

The Glass Center has announced the publication of its fall issue of "Art of the Ceramic," which features articles on contemporary ceramic artists and their work. The issue also includes reviews of recent exhibitions and conferences in the field of ceramics. Copies are available at The Glass Center or online at their website.
Hackney Views Presidency as ‘Scholarly’ Position

(Continued from page 1) Simple management of the ongoing opera-

tions is far too monumental as ambition

and an expectation for a place in the Pe- for an accounting for the entire faculty.

fect. I think the environment for higher education will be no different than the na-

tional standards that time is the tool to
time that roles in the is going to fail.

I think it offers the highest quality univer-

sities, universities of the first rank like Penn are aggressive and competitive on both the academic side and

the financial side, they’re going to exist,

that is already there. That is probably going to do better than some. It’s also be-

will evaluate them closely and consider the

prospective of high gain.

Most people would agree that the relationship between the pri-

mary education to have a better idea.

We’ve shown over the working with the various educational associations in Washington, through

which some consensus is built among higher education. The stronger the consensus, the more impact it has on

the Hill and in the administration.

But higher education was able to make its case and to tie it to the

packaging. We negotiated over a long period of time a sensible compromise, and it had an effect. That’s a good example of what needs to be done to build, building, effective building and effec-

tive planning. What’s needed is a messag-

ing between government and higher education.

The whole area of that relationship will be an important one in the decade. In the area of regula-

tion, action is needed to see everyone in higher education educated by regula-

tions of all those regulations that make

sense and money, and it will, but feel-

ings change. We have to change what we do in each of the institutions.

Gradually we can improve the understandings and make the work more about the universi-

ty. That means knowledge, that means leadership, being willing to stand up and say

this is wrong.

Is private higher education being

Universities have to live up to their

general citizenship responsibilities. 

One must be a good citizen in every

sense of the word.

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But Cort Why Shop the Teacher

Bob Chilson, Edward Coon

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For any and crazy people who are interested please contact Susan at 642-5348 for further details.

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Serving Penn and its community

MTG: Sun., Sept. 21, 7:00 P.M.

Room 303, Houston Hall

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Penn’s Highly Acclaimed Light Opera Company

Spindrift

a haunting, tuneful opera

Bruce Montgomery and Gilbert Sullivan's

TRIAL BY JURY

When: Tuesday - 4:30 - 6:00 PM

Thursday - 4:30 - 6:00 PM

Bring a Song
Penn Rites & Rights

By Randy Rindy

I am not getting out of bed today! I was supposed to be in Australia for a couple of weeks as a volunteer host for the Pennsylvania Heartland program. However, since President Carter has announced that he will resign, I am not sure if I should go. I am trying to keep busy by reading and doing some research. I am also thinking about my future plans.

Meanwhile, Milton Sircet turned to Newt Gingrich for help as he approaches his primary challenge. I am not sure if I should vote for him or not. I am still trying to make up my mind.

Retreating From Reality

By Bill Schorr

I am trying to avoid the stress of the world. I am trying to stay focused on the positive things in my life. I am trying to keep my mind on the things that really matter.

We have to work hard to keep our minds focused on the positive things in life. I am trying to stay focused on the positive things in my life.

As you may have already heard, Carter & Leonard, Inc. announced on August 3rd that they have agreed to sell their business to the colleges that boycotted the firm. I am not sure if I should be happy or not.

The Fallacy of the Cotrell and Leonard Boycott

By Chris T. Woodside

We must move forward with courage, fortitude, and determination. We must not let the naysayers bring us down.

We have to be strong and determined. We must not let the naysayers bring us down. We must not let the naysayers bring us down.

Letter to the Editor

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Shandler and the Search

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Faculty Speech at Rally

Falling Short of Excellence

By Robert J. Rutman

- What I have to say has very little to do with Dr. Huskey. I do not know him to remark on any judgment. But I do not know enough about his life so as to make some very strong judgments. However, that is not the case with Provost Gregorian. The Trustees of this University have set very high standards for the University and what our leader; that is: precisely what is needed in the continued unfolding and growth of our University. These are qualities of human concern for family and student alike, as well as for the conditions of life and work, imbued with an intense and of academic excellence.

Under his short stewardship, all the groups in the academic community felt more relaxed and less involved in a confrontive scene. Work on academic, curricular, structural change has proceeded steadily in this new environment, and the whole academic community, teachers and students alike, are of the opinion that this University is moving in the right direction. The changes that have been in progress for the sake of excellence cannot stand. It is the nature of excellence, the population served by this University that will indeed be too advanced in all respects for a person of such a caliber or office of the provost.

One real-world lesson you'll learn in school is the importance of productivity. You spend more time doing the math part of the problem in time you can't solve percent, squares, logs, and business school. Other capabilities in school is the importance of productivity.

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One real-world lesson you'll learn in school is the importance of productivity. You spend more time doing the math part of the problem in time you can't solve percent, squares, logs, and business school. Other capabilities in school is the importance of productivity.
No schlock.
No rock.

Just good liquor, good conversation and good classical music.

The bar at LaTerrasse
2432 Sansom Street (Across from the Law School)
Field Hockey

Banner Season

(Continued from page 3)

public Leslie Lane was rather singled out, saying just a great game by everyone, but as a game we did well, and looking ahead, we do have some key personnel returning and with the addition of some senior players, we will be competitive and are looking to challenge for the title.

Erin D. Thanks.

St. Bobs LINY

For the second time in less than a year, the big squash players in the east begin to meet again, this week in Hanover, N.H. for the USA Collegiate Championships. Eighteen players and more than 100 spectators will be back this weekend for thedslancr Banner Openwhich in March one in the professionals will also compete. For spectators will be some such as Stu Goldenberg and Steve Kahn will be present, as will former Banner end Neil Edwards. This season March tournament, these two competitors put forth their best efforts to win the title.

This time there will be over $1000 in prizes, with a winner's purse of only $500. The top sixteen players will play in the Open division, while the top 15 of the 80 person field will be crowned in the Open division. One or more of the players in the Open division should be invited to the title. This morning four spots will be determined for the Banner qualifying matches, Kahn's number one seed will be seeded.

The Quakers, in addition, have a new assistant coach this year, Val Proctor, according to Sager, she will be extremely valuable to the team, "she's a plus for the field," even more special. With three weeks of practice in the Quaker's are anxious for their second games- the team is "on the upswing," and would like nothing more than to bump into the Ivies' reign champion, Penn. "We're very positive about this team," said Sager, "I love to win." The Quakers, however, are just going to take it as it comes.

Mental, Physical, Tactical:

Penn Will Host Tops in Squash

Penn Will Host Tops in Squash

Couches, Harry Guenther of Penn (left) and Joe Yaki oK of Dartmouth (right), greet each other after last year's final game. The teams meet again, Saturday in Hanover, N.H.
Gamble: Never a Sure Thing

BY JON NATHANSON

The times they are a-changing for Penn's football team.

"We had some really tough competition last year," says coach Harry Gamble. "We've got a much better opportunity this year, which is why we're looking forward to it." The Quakers finished sixth in the Ivy League last season, but with a new quarterback, a returning running back, and a solid defense, Gamble is optimistic about the team's chances this year.

The defense

"We're going to win some games this season," Gamble reassures. "We've got a strong defense, and if we can win the turnover battle, we can win a lot of games." The Quakers led the Ivy League in total defense last year, and Gamble is hoping for similar results this season.

The offense

"We've got a strong quarterback in Keith Tippett," Gamble says. "He's a senior and he's going to be our leader this year." Tippett is one of several returning starters, including running back Ron Gray, who was the team's leading rusher last season.

The season preview

"We're looking forward to this season," Gamble concludes. "We've got a lot of talented players on our roster, and we're going to be competitive." The Quakers will open their season on Saturday against Harvard, and Gamble is confident that they can make a strong showing.

Sage's Stickwomen Set for a Banner Season

BY LISA BROWN

The Harvard field hockey team is ready to make a statement this season. After a disappointing 1979 season, the team is looking to bounce back and win their first Ivy League title.

"We're really excited to get started," says senior captain Diane Angstadt. "We had a lot of tough losses last year, and we're looking to make up for them this year." The Stickwomen have a strong lineup, including several returning players and a few new recruits.

The season preview

"We're going to be competitive," Angstadt says. "We've got a lot of talent on our team, and we're ready to make some noise in the Ivy League." The Stickwomen will open their season on Saturday against Cornell, and they are looking to make a statement from the start.

The defense

"Our defense is going to be our strength," Angstadt says. "We've got a lot of experienced players back, and we're confident that we can hold our opponents to a low score." The Stickwomen have a strong defense, and they are looking to keep their opponents scoreless this season.

The offense

"Our offense is going to be our weakness," Angstadt says. "We're going to have to work hard to put points on the board, but we're confident that we can do it." The Stickwomen have a few new recruits in their offense, and they are looking to make a strong contribution this season.

The season preview

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Three Nights With the Cops

Also

One Afternoon with a Cartoonist
Three Hours with a Photo Exhibit
By Rich Rabinoff

My Brother was Over the Disco...

I.M. Studly strutted down Bay Walk stuffed inside a pair of ultratight, fluorescent turquoise designer jeans. He had a fluorescent shirt to match. Here stood an example of true confidence. Wildly flouncing his chest hairs, Studly was out to conquer the world—or the first girl he could find.

I.M. approached a dark-haired girl—she was about 12, I figure—who was wandering aimlessly about the streets, as well. From where I was sitting, it was pretty impossible to hear exactly what they were saying, but the direction of the conversation, at least from I.M. Studly's standpoint, was fairly obvious. The woman had met, though, didn't exactly agree with him and she let him know it; first with a casual nod, then another, and finally with a resounding "No!" that turned heads on the crowded walk.

You could say that I.M. was just another victim of Fire Island. Mild-mannered Mr. Studly, running away from the nine-to-five grind, hops off the ferry and voilà, he becomes I.M. Studly, animal at large. I had the good fortune to spend my summer living above a familiar mating ground for Fire Island's regulars: a place called the Apple Orchard disco in Ocean Beach.

From beginning to end, it seems as if the whole thing was one big irony. Here I was, Rich "Anything but Study" Rabinoff, planning to live in a world where men wore shorts that I wouldn't even think of wearing under a pair of pants, and women wore heels that will probably spend retirement as hyperdermic needles.

Ironic, as well, was the very reason why I found myself thrown into all of this. I had been imported, I think, from my small, but comfortable office at the DP to become Managing Editor of The Fire Island Villager, a paper owned by my friend, Andrew. The Villager is one of two seasonal weeklies on the island. I was part of a conspiracy, it seemed, to bring reality to a bunch of people who were doing their darndest to run away from it.

And this whole arrangement was ironic in the sense that the same guy who, on several occasions, was heard saying that there was nothing really that bad with WMGK, was now going to be living above the monotonous beat of a seemingly endless Motown record.

Fire Island. New Yorkers worship it. The Village People sing about it. And I was bracing for a summer of living to it every night I was bed. Accustomed to the two o'clock closing hours of Philly bars, I was further frightened by the prospect of having to bounce up and down until four in the morning.

Everyone kidded me about it. "Thump, thump, thump," they used to kid. "You're going to have a great summer." Wonderful. I'd probably be better off keeping my old summer job as an ace Office Temp at Chemical Bank. It's quiet there, you know.

Surprisingly, I quickly learned, the noise wasn't that bad. The thump, thump, thumping upstairs in my bedroom was milder than anticipated and, after a while, almost unnoticeable. The apartment was wall-to-wall carpeted, so much of the noise was muted, and the new owners promised us that their predecessors had installed elaborate sound-proofing equipment (the owners directly before them, though, did little to maintain the place and were eventually run out of town when one tried to bribe the local police chief). The music was most apparent in the unlined bathroom and, when the treble managed to float through along with snippets of conversation directly downstairs at the service bar.

The owners, themselves, were an interesting bunch. Rich Goldberg, a New York City bank employee, was once described by an editor of the other local newspaper as a grown man who looked like he had just been Bar Mitzvahed. Ron, a single man, shared the apartment down the hall from us with his partner, Angelo, and his wife and child.

I often had nightmares about that poor child. I pictured him going to elementary school, still unable to shake the effects of the thumping, bouncing up and down in his seat. Our apartment was at the opposite end of the building from the dance floor and its speakers, but there's was right above them. Later in life, I imagined, the child would become parent to a little bouncing baby—literally. Could it be genetic?

As for the music, well, it was pretty pathetic. Ron and Angelo's first DJ probably had about five records. I promised after Memorial Day that if I ever heard "Born to Be Alive" again I would do serious harm to anyone within reach. Subsequent DJs weren't much better, and were forced to adhere to Ron and Angelo's belief that Top-40, popular disco is what draws people to a disco. As a result, the place played the same songs over and over again. And then again.

Perhaps our biggest savior was the local village ordinance. The town strictly enforces a rigid set of rules that, among other things, prohibits eating or drinking on the streets. The noise law was particularly harsh, and stated that if a policeman stands outside an establishment, such as a disco and can here the music, then it is illegal. It's that simple. The fine $150. Chances of getting off the hook: Nonexistent.

But I wasn't Fire Island's Typical I.M. Studly, who made a name for himself during the 60s by depicting life's outcasts and freaks, until her suicide in 1971.
By Noel Weyrich

It shouldn't come as any surprise to fans of the daily comic strip "Herman" that the creator of the funny page's most ugly and pitiable loser is a handsome, youthful man with a winning personality. Only someone who has trouble coming out anywhere but on top could so deftly depict a bunch of sorry buffoons who without fail wind up on the bottom.

"What I'm drawing, really, is a world of 'Hermans,'" Unger explains. "There's no one single Herman and no two Hermans look alike is because when I interview and five cups of coffee in the downtown Sheraton, I started the strip, I didn't know how to draw.

Unger swears his parents served as models for Herman, but he certainly doesn't look like the son of anything he's ever drawn. A ruggedly-handsome man, Unger is a displaced Briton who looks a decade younger than his 42 years. During a recent visit to Philadelphia, Unger, now a Canadian resident, shared the uneven tale of his success during a two-hour interview and five cups of coffee in the downtown Sheraton.

"Actually, I lied," he smirks, "the real reason no two Hermans look alike is because when I started the strip, I didn't know how to draw."

The Story of Herman

In truth, "Herman's" constantly changing face is both deliberate and due to inexperience. It's just that the inexperience came first.

"I wanted to be a cartoonist," he explained, using the interviewers first name with the kind of intimacy that could be expected from a Dale Carnegie honors student. "It's a lost art, but essentially I was traveling in Europe in '68, sort of a well-heeled hippie, when I went flat broke and had to wire my sister Canada for money. She insisted she'd only give me money if I came to Canada to live and make something of myself.

"Now here's the Cinderella part of the story," he continued. "I'm working on this paper outside Toronto as the art director and one day the editorial cartoonist becomes sick and they ask me to fill in for him. So I was the art director eight hours a day and did the cartoons during my lunch hour. I was drawing guys like Trudeau and Nixon. They all looked like Herman.

"One of my friends told me, these are too funny to be political, why not do regular comic strips?"

In one week, he drew up nearly 30 "Herman's" and sent them to United Press Syndicate, one of the largest syndicates in North America.

They mailed him a ten-year contract. This was in the summer of '74.

"The funny thing about this," he said, "was that my roommate, my work chums, and the few relations that were around, they were terribly excited about this. I was quite non-plussed about it—I was a bit unsure if I could think of that many jokes. I've done 1700 so far, but if I had thought of that then, I probably would have gone to the Bahamas and become a sponge-diver. Mao says the longest journey begins with a single step but that wouldn't have been much help to me then."

Herman uber alles

Herman first appeared in newspapers in the fall of 1974. Thirty-five papers, including the L.A. Times and the Chicago Tribune were among the first to buy the cartoon.

"It's up to about 250 papers now," Unger said, "in nine countries, including Japan. Just in the spring, I started doing a Sunday cartoon, a multi-panel thing. The Second Herman's Anthology will be coming out soon. Now someone's trying to get me to do greeting cards. 'Herman' has got sixty-million readers now, and the figure grows every month. "I'm beginning to grow a small mustache under here," he smiled, brushing at his upper lip and recalling everyone's favorite brutal dictator.

Numerous as they are, "Herman" fans are sort of like people who wear funny-colored underwear: they're out there, but you don't know any of them personally. The Philadelphia Inquirer's demographics show it is one of the few cartoons with appeal that cuts across almost all socioeconomic and age groupings. It is one of the most popular strips among members in all classifications.

However, unlike "Doonesbury," its mate atop the Inquirer's comic page, "Herman" is visually-oriented and apolitical. People don't discuss "Herman" because the impact is in the drawings and they can't be related well in words. "Herman" fans are like a phantom populace who giggle at the strip and seldom discuss it.

Unger knows they're there, though.

"Every time I do a cartoon about dentists," Unger shrugged, "I get 25 letters about it, just from dentists. I get even more from lawyers and judges when I do one on them. You mention the demographics, and I know that they're correct because I get mail from 12-year-olds drawing with crayon, and from 87-year-olds."

Once I met an 81-year-old woman who told me with tears in her eyes that her husband had recently died in the hospital of cancer, but was laughing right up until the end because she had bought him a Herman Anthology. It becomes more than just a living then."

Unger works on six-week deadlines, with 36 cartoons due in each batch. Generally, he spends three weeks writing down ideas on scraps of paper and when he feels he has enough, he starts drawing.

"I work on each about half and hour with pencil and five minutes with ink," he estimates.

"Sometimes you get stuck on a certain look on a face, the whole cartoon can hinge on the face." Millimeters and fractions of millimeters can make all the difference in a look. "You wind up drawing 36 eyes before you're satisfied," Unger grinned.

The look on the faces are perhaps 90% of the joke in a "Herman" cartoon, where the sameness of the gags sometimes grows stale but where each drawing is a total original.

"When I draw, the joke is supreme," Unger said. "I use the characters like movie actors instead of using the same guy every day. That can get to be a terrible bore, for me and the readers. Soon, all they're doing is reading captions. I use the best character for the given situation.

"People love to see Herman suffer because it's no fun to see other people having a good time and people realize that these things are just drawings," Unger said. "I did a cartoon in which a kid is hitting his father with a hammer and the mother says, 'If you do that once more, you're going straight to bed.' If I had shown a photo of a kid hitting his father, people wouldn't laugh."

"Herman," to me, represents the ultimate human condition: total confusion 'til the day you croak."
Books

Minimum Effort, Maximum Profit

The Official I Hate Cats Book
by Skip Morrow
Owl Books
60 pages, $3.95 paperback

True Quotes
by Ike McGuillicudy
Delta Books
57 pages, $2.95

By Noel Weyrich

There are a lot of clever people out there and some of them, I imagine, read this page. This is for them. This is how two guys, each with one idea, and a minimum of effort, came up with something funny enough to be bought by two very big book companies. The Official I Hate Cats Book consists of Skip Morrow's sadistic cartoon renditions of the typical cat-hater's most exquisite fantasies. At its best, this thing is a clever take-off on the B. Kliban cat-book series, co-lying the format rather faithfully.

On the cover, a fat little man prepares to shoot a feline flush into a brick wall with a four-foot tall slingshot. Inside, there are 59 other drawings of bored, dopey-looking people preparing and executing all sorts of eerie, systematic forms of torture on skinny, scrawny cats, sedentary and unprotesting, their eyes agog with fearful anticipation.

There are cats blown up in trash cans, cats put in paint mixers, cats used as landmine detectors, and one cat subs for a hockey puck at the long moment before the face-off. At better than seven cents per perversion, I don't know if its worth it or how well it will sell. On the other hand, I have a mentally disturbed friend who laughed like hell while flipping through it and had to stop halfway just to let his ribs rest.

As a gift, it's short on substance, but the Marquis de Sade in your life might appreciate the thought.

True Quotes is a 57-page picture book in which famous folks' most scatological or embarrassing statements are taken out of their true contexts and put in funnier ones. McGuillicudy matches the quotes with photos of the celebs, putting the words in little balloons over their heads. We wind up with things like a photo of Carter and Kennedy featuring Carter's statement about the Senator: "I don't have to kiss his ass."

Most of the quotes are drawn from the nation's more journalistically gritty periodicals, like Rolling Stone, The Village Voice, High Times, and gossipy political authors like David Halberstam and the Woodward-Bernstein team. Lyndon Johnson says to a roomful of people, including Hubert Humphrey: "I've just reminded Hubert I've got his balls in my pocket." Henry Kissinger to Gerald Ford: "Seen one President, seen them all." Lenny Bruce, being arrested: "I didn't do it, man. I only said it."

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Steelers’ AFC Stranglehold Challenged

By David Elfin

The National Football League’s most powerful team is already under way. The author assures the reader that these projected prognostications were made before the campaign commenced.

The AFC East boasts no one outstanding outfit. All five teams could capture the divisional crown. On the basis of all around talent, New England is the very hesistant choice. The addition of Chuck Foreman to an already high powered offensive machine which includes wide receivers Harold Jackson and Stanley Morgan, tight end Russ Francis, fullback Sam Cunningham and guard John Han-nah, should cover quarter-back Steve Grogan’s inconsistencies.

The Pats’ defense led the league in sacks last year and the secondary is chock full of talent. South the team is probably not the answer for the AFC title.

The Miami Dolphins are in disarray. Bob Griese is over the hill. Larry Csonka retired after a contract squabble. Most of the No Name Defense is gone. The Dolphins are a collection of unproven youngsters and never were veterans. Despite all this, Miami won the division last year, and if such talents as wide receiver Nat Moore, halfback Delvin Williams and linebacker Steve Trowie can return to form, could repeat. Never count out a Don Shula-coached team.

For Baltimore, the forecast is easy. Quarter-back Bert Jones stays healthy, watch out for the Colts. If The Frontline is hurt once more, the Colts will have the cellar to themselves. New coach Mike McCormack does not have a whole lot of joy to work with beyond scatback Joe Washington, world class sprinter Curtis Dickey and a first rate defensive line.

Chuck Knox has done a good job in Buffalo. The former Rams head man has gone with youth and the Bills are slowly becoming contenders. Buffalo will miss All-Pro guard Joe DeAmeliehure, who was traded to Cleveland, but the Bills do have several offensive weapons including wide receiver Jerry Butler, halfback Terry Miller and guard Reggie McKenzie. More importantly, quarter-back Joe Ferguson has matured into a fine passer and team leader. Linebacker Jim Haslett and safety Jeff Nixon, both in their second seasons, lead an improving Bill defense.

The Pittsburgh Steelers have captured six straight AFC Central titles en route to their four world titles in the past half dozen years. Only an unforeseen collapse will prevent the men in Gold and Black from ruling the division again.

The Steelers are the deepest team in football, and incredible as it may seem, no Steeler has ever played for anyone else. Pittsburgh’s talent is awesome. Quarter-back Terry Bradshaw is the NFL’s best, a claim that could easily be made for wide receivers Lynn Swann and John Stallworth, center Mike Webster, and linebackers Jack Lambert and Jack Ham. Running back Franco Harris, soon to be third on the all-time rushing chart, can’t be beat. Blount and defensive linemen Joe Greene and L.C. Greenwood aren’t half-bad either. Bet the house that coach Chuck Noll and his men will reach the con-fereence championship.

Houston’s problem is that the Oilers are in the same division as Pittsburgh. Coach Bum Phillips is gambling that the offseason addition of veteran signalcaller Ken Stabler will be the catalyst that lifts the Oilers into the Super Bowl. It may well be. The Snake’s pinpoint passing to such targets as Ken Burroughs, Mike Barber and Richard Carter should relieve workhorse superstar fullback Earl Campbell of much of the offensive burden.

Pro Bowlers Robert Brazile, Elvis Bethea, and Mike Renfro lead a solid Houston defense that is always at its most unyielding near the goal line. Kicker Toni Fritsch had an unbeliavable 1979 campaig and Billy “White Shoes” Johnson returns to bolster the Oilers’ special teams. Another Houston Pittsburgh title clash could well be in the offing.

Rubber-armed passer Brian Sipe leads the exciting and enigmatic Cleveland Browns. Cleveland does not lack for outstanding offen-sive performers including 1980 Heisman winner Charles White, but the return to form of star halfback Greg Pruitt, injured in 1979, is paramount if the Browns are to challenge Pittsburgh and Houston.

Defensively, the same holds true if one inserts All-Pro tackle Jerry Sherk’s name for Pruitt’s. Coach Sam Rutigliano can count on ageless kicker Don Cockroft to win at least two games in the final seconds.

New coach Forrest Gregg, a noted disciplinarian, is probably not the answer for the Cincinnati Bengals. Cincinnati has some young talent, but the glory days of the early 70’s with Ken Anderson throwing to Isaac Curtis are history. Owner Paul Brown has run his fran-chise into the ground with his unwillingness to adapt to changing times.

San Diego is perhaps football’s flashiest team. Quarter-back Dan Fouts broke Joe Namath’s single season pass- ing yardage mark in 1979, and is just now reaching his peak. Receivers John Jeff-erson and Charlie Joiner both caught over 60 passes for over 1000 yards apiece. The Chargers acquired 1973 Heisman winner John Cappellotti to boost their sagging ground game, which was the league’s second worst.

Kansas City was the NFL’s best last place team in 1979. In 1980, the Chiefs should be the league’s top fourth place squad. Coach Marv Levy has built a good young defense that ranked third in the AFC last year. End Art Still made All-Pro and defensive backs Gary Barbaro and Gary Green are first rate. Levy has installed an old fashioned Wing T offense which should be more effective as young backs Tony Reed and Ted McKnight and quarter-back Steve Fuller continue to improve.

Oakland general manager Al Davis seems bent on destruction. What was once football’s finest franchise, Davis wants to move the Raiders to Los Angeles despite years of sellouts in Oakland to take advantage of the enormous potential of cable television. Davis also traded his nemesis, Ken Stabler, for a younger quarterback, Dan Pastorini. Pastorini can throw the long ball, but he is not the leader Stabler was. Tight ends Dave Casper and Raymond Chester are super as is punter Ray Guy. But the Raiders were 24th in the league in rushing, 21st in pass defense and 20th against the run. This team needs help.
Keep Your Head Down
Wherein the author went on speedy chases, saw sleazy women of the night, and mostly prayed to live another night.

By Matt Cohen

I, for and in consideration of being permitted to participate as an observer with the Philadelphia Police Department... hereby remise, release and forever discharge the City of Philadelphia... from any and all claims and liability accrued... resulting from any property damage and personal injury or death which may occur during the period of time which I am observing and being transported in a police vehicle during said observation.

From a Liability Form for Philadelphia Police Department

Since I came to this town a few years ago, one group struck me as notorious and colorful enough to warrant a story with first-person treatment such as this: the Philadelphia Police.

Opportunities for such experiences had been slim back home, but three years and two summers later, I finally got the opportunity to ride with policemen in various sections of the city, from different divisions of the force. The following is an abridged chronicle of the three nights I spent riding with the law, and what happened therein.

It all started Tuesday night at the Police Administration building, in the office of Don Fair, the police department's press relations officer. First and foremost, Fair wanted my signature on the liability form, so that if any part of me happened to get blown away, Mom and Dad would not be able to sue to put me back together again.

We then talked for awhile about possible assignments, and Fair finally decided to start me off in the 6th District, which covers Center City and the surrounding areas. After some more small talk, I headed for the door. Fair wished me good luck, and as parting words, he told me, "Keep your head down."

While the main police building was a gleaming modern structure, complete with the usual creature comforts, the 6th house had obviously been designed in the Grand Central Station restroom tradition, found on-campus in Butcher. When I got there I talked with the 6th's Captain, about his kids, about Penn, about his kids going to Penn. We didn't really get much beyond that, as my mind had gone into vapor-lock from sheer terror.

Finally, my ride for the night, Lt. John White, came in. White, a 24-year veteran of the force, chatted with the captain for a minute, and then we headed out for the car. While we were getting in, a black guy came running out to a beat-up Dart parked in the no-parking zone in front of us, and blocking a fire hydrant, as well. He waved to White, gave him a please-let-me-go-just-this-once routine, and to my surprise, White waved him off.

We got in the car and started running the streets. It was only a few minutes later that White casually brought up the guy in the Dart. I mentioned the obvious parking violations, and White smiled back at me indulgently and told me the guy was an undercover cop.

Surprise, surprise. It wasn't going to be the last of the night anyway. White told that the 6th, which covers the city from Broad St. to the Delaware, and from Poplar to South, was probably one of the most diverse and busiest districts in the city, covering as it does everything from the wealthy Society Hill district, to the weird South St. Renaissance area, to low-income housing projects.

After driving around for a few minutes, White decided to put it to me early on and we headed for...
the Richard Allen project, a low-income housing development at 11th and Poplar. When we got there, I had the strong feeling that we were going where no human relations council had gone before. As we drove around and into the courtyards, the people in the project stared at us with a mixture of fear, disgust, suspicion, and hatred. When White saw me taking notes, he cautioned me to keep my pad low, as he said the residents here disliked reporters and police.

Physically, the place looked like a bomb: the buildings were covered with graffiti. Trash was everywhere, and Ryan, trying to calm the environment, pointed out the dumpsters, which themselves were more burnt-out shells than containers anymore. The lieutenant, seeing my look of disbelief of the place, said that to effectively keep peace in the area, "you'd need an assault force of 1100 Marines." He continued, "It's a subculture with different rules, different standards, different taboos. You probably wouldn't survive here for five minutes." Taking another look around, I had no doubts that he was right.

We finally left the project area and White showed me some more of the 6th. While doing this, a suicide report came over the radio, and we cruised over to Penn's Landing, near the Moshulu, looking for someone about to jump or someone already floating in the Delaware. After two passes, we found an elderly woman lying on her back on her balcony, her head in a telephone, crying softly to herself. A paddy wagon rolled up soon after and she was bundled off to Jefferson Hospital.

About mid-evening, White delivered me into the hospital. Lunch time seems to go into slow-motion in those few seconds before impact. We began our evening job.

"Life is very cheap in some of these neighborhoods," he said. "For these people, it's OK if he gets shot, just as long as he didn't die."

hands of Sgt. Bill Ryan on a street corner downtown where, conveniently, a pimp, resplendent in an outrageous three-piece suit, was also hanging around. Ryan both knew him and chatted with him for a few minutes. The pimp didn't look too happy.

In Ryan's car, it was soon obvious that the sergeant went out on more calls than White. We were soon accelerating all over the downtown area, usually for uncooked calls. The feeling was akin to being trapped on a roller coaster run by a gibbering lunatic: accelerate out of the intersection, three quarters of the way down the block, then flash the siren and hit the brakes through the next intersection, in case some yo-yo who was deaf or three days dead hadn't heard the sirens or the light. Moving up into Center City, Ryan took me through what he called the Strip, on 13th from Locust to Spruce, where many of the city's pro-

street, a crowd forms, sides get picked, and it's a mess. I can't get too excited about this." Another pass through the Strip, and it was now gay and active. White and Ryan both knew him and chatted with him for a few minutes. The pimp didn't look too happy.

As we took off, though, I looked back and saw Eli sliding back down again to become one with the sidewalk.

Back for the project again. At night, Richard Allen, if possible, was worse than the day, because that whole atmosphere from before seemed somehow simplified. Strangely, though, I was still in one piece. Yippee tai ai yay.

THURSDAY NIGHT
On Thursday, after a one-day break, Don Fair decided to send me out with the Highway Patrol, the unit that is regarded as the elite of Philadelphia's police force.

"Fair told me that my pickup would be at the 17th District station house at 20th and Ellsworth, deep in South Philly. No problem, I said, thinking that all of that area was like the Italian Market. Wrong, wrong, wrong. Green was unmoved. The guy who had run the light joined the blur and shriek and told the cops that the cabbie had refused his fare. With about five or six cops on the scene now, 1 was still in one piece. Yippee tai ai yay.
Keep Your Head Down
Continued from Page 7
back on normal patrol, we passed groups of people hugging out on stoops, on the corners, and occasionally Reid and Green stopped and kiddibited a little. Driving past a corner, two black guys got on Green's deep tan, which he got from fishing the past weekend. You look like you've been to Atlantic City," said the one guy. "So do you," Green came back.

The radio came on again, this time with a shooting. We screamed down the streets and when we got there, it was wall-to-wall with people for two blocks, all rubbernecking at what was going on. Green told me a guy had gotten shot in the leg, and I watched the cops start working the crowd, trying to see if anyone knew or saw anything. White's theory about taboos was suddenly driven home to me when out of the at least 75 people out on that street, no one knew anything about anything. One woman in particular seemed extremely upset by the shooting, but she told the police she didn't see anything either. She ran inside, slammed the door, and a few seconds later everyone for a block in any direction could hear her screaming and crying. Green told me she was the victim's sister.

While the police were finishing up, I took a look around. The people were dispersing already, the spectacle over, back onto their stoops or into the houses that weren't boarded up or burnt out. I thought of a line from an old movie, and Green startled me by echoing it exactly. "Life is very cheap in some of these neighborhoods," he said. "For these people it's OK if he gets shot, just as long as he didn't die."

After breaking for a quick dinner, we cruised back to the shooting site. Everything was back to normal. Pretty cheap indeed.

We continued patrolling, and a few minutes later a radio report on a reckless driver came over. Magically, about two minutes later a brown bomb-0f-Cadillac in front of us lurched away from a stop sign like a doped-up elephant, and Reid flash-ded them down. Both cops popped out for the license check, and when the driver rolled down the window, a few seconds later I, back in the car, could smell the acrid aroma of pot. The driver and his friend were both out of the car by now and hopping around like they were in the grip of simultaneous epileptic siezures. Green came back and showed me four joints he'd found in the car. He went back, and a minute later the kids drove off minus joints, but with a $210 ticket from Reid, for reckless driv-

ing. Green told me there was more than enough pot from them to arrest the kids, but would it have been worth it, etc.

More gun calls came in. A guy with a shotgun turned out to be non-existent. Another one was a kid with a very realistic looking blank gun, which Reid removed for safetykeeping.

It was just about the time I was thinking of going home when a report of a robbery in progress came over the radio. A McDonald's at Broad and South was being hit, and we took off in that direction. We were making good time until we got stuck in a scene straight from a Keystone Kops movie, except that this was for keeps. At one corner we were caught behind two cars a red light, and they had nowhere to go. The car in front of the line finally tried to pull over except that a pick-up pulling out from a parking space nearly broadsided her. In addition, with the siren going, the lights flashing, and the accident, the woman driving the Caddy in front of us was clearly panicking. Finally, the accident in front pulled off to the side of the street, and the Caddy scooted out of the way. Green, who was driving, was meanwhile banging the wheel in frustration at the amount of time that had been lost by the whole mess. We finally got to the MCD's and Green and Reid bolted from the car. While the smell of gunsmoke was still strong in the air, the robbers were gone. We spent the rest of the night checking the local bars and keeping an eye out for the described getaway car, but nothing came back.

At last, it was time and Green and Reid dropped me off back in wonderful West Philly. Two down, one to go.

FRIDAY NIGHT

Don Fair, who was fast becoming a god in my eyes, with his ability to send me to the most exciting parts of the city, decided to keep me on my home turf, if I have any in this city, this night. I was to ride with the 18th District police and disappear into a fight on the 400 block of West Philadelphia, depending which part of West Philly one is in.

Sgt. James Sexton, a 26-year-old veteran of the force, was my ride for the night. The four Lours I spent with him were anticlimactic, in that he got shot, his ability to send me to the most exciting parts of the city, this night. I was to ride with the 18th District police and disappear into a fight on the 400 block of West Philadelphia, depending which part of West Philly one is in.

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The specialty drinks are a big deal here, so pay attention to them. I recommend the Iced Tea, which is big, fresh, fruity, and packs the wallop of a Quaalude. My partner raved over a concoction of bananas and banana liqueur called the Banana Bananadana (if you've just had the iced tea, don't try to pronounce it, just point to the menu and say 'na-na' — they'll know what you mean). The food, wha...? Yes, now you're ready for the food. The menu is mercifully simple and easy to understand. There are three Mexican combinations; I recommend number 1 which consists of a crisp cheese or bean taco, smooth sour cream enchilada, and some not-quite-refried-enough refried beans. Ask your waitress whether the guacamole is from Florida or California — if it's from Florida, order it and savor big chunk of fresh avocado in a truly delightful guacamole paste.

In addition, the Copa offers several vegetarian dishes for those who like such things and a variety of exotic burgers for those who don't. One word of caution: although Philadelphia Magazine awarded their "Best Specialty Burger" to the Copa in 1979, the "Copa Burger" certainly wasn't the criterion: its giant chili pepper rudely overshadows the meat and is to be avoided. As for the Spanish fries, however, also praised by Philly Mag, they are a surprisingly tasty combination of onions, peppers, and fries which go well with the Mexican beer (Dos Equis — a must).

The prices are inexpensive for South Street, ranging from $1.95 for the guacamole to $4.75 for the Mexican Special. The drinks ($2.75) are a bit steep, but certainly one of the main attractions in this tropical alcove.

In short, the Mexican food at the Copabanana is not outstanding. It is, however, a welcome change from cheese steaks, burgers, and stromboli. More importantly, "the atmosphere and drinks in the Tangerine Room are outstanding, and make this restaurant one of my favorites. So if you know someone who loves to argue over symbolism and then laugh over margaritas, take him or her to the TLA and then over to the Copa's Tangerine Room."
Film

Truffaut's Latest Is No French Fluff

The Green Room
Directed by Francois Truffaut
Starring Truffaut and Nathalie Baye
Ritz III Theatre, Through Sept. 18

By Noel Weyrich

Whatever its merits, a thoughtful, Truffaut's Truffaut is welcome to one of the most promising French-made works to wash off the screen versions of literature that he himself is more dead than alive. He thinks of the Dead so often, that he finds them easier to live with than the living. Ten years after World War II has ravaged the French countryside in which he lives, Jules Davenne (played by Truffaut himself) is an empty human being. He survived the war without a regular job, but all his friends in the town perished. His wife is also dead. "The green room" is an attic chamber in which Davenne perpetually mourns his wife. It is filled with photographs and momentos. Truffaut is adequate as the emotionally-neutered Davenne, and it occurs to me that he felt he could only trust himself to play such a dull, time-worn soul. As he moves from scene to scene as if his feelings have been surgically removed.

As the film moves on, we find that Davenne's devotion to his wife and her memory has become an emotional crutch for him. The dead exist in our memories, he says, adding that he uses them for the living or the future. Thus, Davenne spares himself the pain of the "parent" personalities: he is both sensitive and innocent-ly tenacious as their oldest child, Ben.

During the opening credits, Duvall can be heard singing the more soulful song of the Great Santini, a Marine base, it becomes obvious that everything revolves around Bull and his family. Duvall is the extreme opposite of the saintly hero of Truffaut. Vincent Canby found it "amazingly funny and wise." How bad could it be? (Annenberg Center, Thurs. Sept. 16)

A Bitter Father-Son Competition

The Great Santini
Directed by Lewis Carroll
Starring Robert Duvall and Blythe Danner
At The Ritz III

By Robyn Stanton

"Surprise, sportfans." The Great Santini takes the children off to Box Office before its commercial release, turns out to be an admirable and sensitive film, despite its low-budget beginnings. Expecting failure, the experiment was poorly provided for, judging by the mediocre sets and costumes. But this fact is relatively unimportant compared to the extraordinary heart-rending performances by the principals.

Robert Duvall in the role of Bull Meechum (the Great Santini himself) is impulsive, compulsive, and tempestuous. Blythe Danner as Lillian Meechum is the sincere, sensitive and manic half of their manic-depressive marriage. Michael O'Keefe is the sublimal infusion of the two "parent" personalities: he is both sensitive and innocent-ly tenacious as their oldest child, Ben.

During the opening credits, Duvall can be heard commanding a squadron of men in air maneuvers. It is the Marine flight competition which Bull's Marine squadron is winning. This is the beginning of a series of competitions that Bull thrives on, in addition to the importance he places on leading his squadron, the Marine Dogfighters.

Meanwhile, an anxious family eagerly awaits the arrival of Husband and Dad. They stand in size formation recting Hail Marys. (Lillian is the extreme opposite of Bull, but together they form one personality; alone each is nervous, afraid and vulnerable.) Lillian tends tensely coaching the children on the proper manner in which to greet the Great Santini. When, soon after, the family must move to a new Marine base, it becomes obvious that everything revolves around Bull and his family. Duvall is the extreme opposite of the saintly hero of Truffaut. Vincent Canby found it "amazingly funny and wise." How bad could it be? (Annenberg Center, Thurs. Sept. 16)

This next level of competition - between Bull and his family - is like The Battle Hymn of the Republic versus Dixie Land: Bull chants the former, a sterile tune of victory, while Lillian and the children sing the more soulful song of the underdog - Dixie. This (Continued on page 12)

Free Flix Tix

34th Street has about 30 FREE passes to an advance screening of the new film Willie and Phil on Wednesday, September 24 at 7:30. Downtown location to be announced.

To get one of these passes, fill your name in below and bring in person to 34th Street Magazine, Walnut, 2nd floor, starting Monday, September 22 (not before, OK?). First come, first get.
Gabriel's Mature Games

Peter Gabriel

Peter Gabriel
Mercury SRM 1-3848

From a couple of alumni of the popular group Genesis come two new solo efforts. Steve Hackett's third disc, Defector, is typical old Genesis: eerie instrumentals hyped by tauty percussion. But Peter Gabriel's latest effort, also his third, is a spellbinding contrast, as he leaves his Genesis days behind. Gabriel can now best be described as a combination of Pink Floyd authority, J. Geils simplicity, and Tull's relentless assault on the Top 40 charts. "Biko," a political homage, is most apparent in the very tiresome "Mood." Benson's concessions to the AM enthusiast do not, however, sacrifice his artistic integrity - this work displays the same technical genius and lyrical sensitivity that we have come to expect from Benson's music. His reverberating guitar is featured on almost all cuts, synchronized skillfully with the electric piano of jazzman Herbie Hancock. Percussionist Paulinho da Costa, formerly with Lenny White, chips in with perhaps his finest performance of his career. Not every artist who has achieved recognition and success in one genre is willing to put his talent on the line with a different audience. George Benson, however, has here made bold strides into the commercial scene, while thankfully giving his ardent loyalists enough of what they demand to hear.

Peter Gabriel: If looks could kill

Peter Green

Little Dreamer
Sail PKV 0112

During the blues revival of the middle and late 1960's, Peter Green was a member of both John Mayall's Blues Breakers and the original Fleetwood Mac, two of the movement's most important bands. To this day, with the release of Little Dreamer - his second solo album in two years - Green remains consistent in his preference for the blues. It is pointless to mince words. Little Dreamer is simply a fine album. Green possesses an ideal blues voice that can best be labeled "uneven." The album's initial three tunes, particularly the wonderfully addictive "Trinidad" (you'd have to be a vegetable for the hook not to grab you), are all finger-snapping, toe-tapping delights. Everything else just doesn't cut it. Period.

Still, if you've bought an Eddie Money disc before, it probably wouldn't kill you to pick up a copy of this one. But if I were you I'd wait for the greatest hits.

— Mark Goldstein

Eddie Money

Playing For Keeps
Columbia FC 30514

Eddie Mahoney, son of an Irish cop from Brooklyn, had a dream; more than anything else, Eddie wanted to be a rock and roll star. Now come on, you say, the chances of a Brooklyn kid named Mahoney making it big couldn't be very much greater than the possibility of Barry Goldwater being elected to a second presidential term.

But Eddie was smart; he shortened his surname to Money, bought a new tie, and shipped out to sunny California where he could make a right turn on red.

Playing For Keeps, Money's third and latest effort, is really pretty darn similar to the gruff-voiced singer's previous two releases. Once again we're presented with a record that can best be labeled "uneven." The album's initial three tunes, particularly the wonderfully addictive "Trinidad" (you'd have to be a vegetable for the hook not to grab you), are all finger-snapping, toe-tapping delights. Everything else just doesn't cut it. Period.

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— Paul Strous

Peter Green

This Week

ALCHEMY — Country rock outfit appears Sat. at The Main Point, 874 Lancaster Ave. Door Maw: 525-3375. By the way, the Point is now BYOB.

DIXIE DREGS — Southern progressive rock group performs Fri. and Sat. at The Grid, 907 Chestnut, N.J. 896-2700

HEUW LEWIS & THE NEWS — Rockers headline a WMMR tripleheader $8.95 also gets you the Silencers plus the rockin' blues of the John Caffarian Band. Tonight at the Bijou Cafe, 149 N. Lombard, Portland, Ore. 444-4444

PIERRE MOELEN'S GONG — Progressive rock at the Bijou next Wed.

GARY MYRICK & THE FIGURES — New Wave purveyor at Emerald City tonight. One dollar cover plus a buck for drinks.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA — Conductor Laureate Eugene Ormandy waves his magic baton to Beethoven's Symphonies 1 & 3 ("Eroica"). Tonight, tomorrow afternoon and next Tuesday at the Academy of Music: Broad & Locust, 853-1936.

POINTER SISTERS — Pop vocal trio's two-week stint ends Sat. Fairmont Hotel (Dunphy Room, Broad & Walnut 883-1870.

KENNY ROGERS — Pop-schlockster, a fare among housewives, along with Delite West. Tonite at the Spectrum, Broad & Pattison 308-5000.

ESTHER SATTERFIELD — Jazz quintet Fri. at The Main Point.

BOB SEGER — Detroit rocker and his Silver Buffalo Band know how to get a crowd aroused. Sat. and Sun. at the Spectrum.

MEL TILLIS & GEORGE GOOBER — Lindsey — George of boys band at the moon Fri. and Sat. at the Valley Forge Music Fair, Rt. 202, Devon. 644-5000.

Jazz and country music never used to be discussed in the same breath; country was considered base, the moonshine of whiskies, a mule among thoroughbreds. To quote Buddy Rich, "Country is the lowest form of mankind."

Bluegrass-rooted David Grisman deserves the credit for stifting such snob-born remarks that marred his latest offering, Quintet '80. While preserving bluegrass ethnicity and acoustic warmth, the impressively capable group soars through sambas, serenades on ballads, and swings straight-ahead on Grisman's own jazz tunes.

"Sea of Cortez" highlights Grisman's composing diversity. Introduced by spaced, angelic mandolin chords, the tune moves through a rhythmic, rocking bass chorus and into a swing format that mimics the sax section of a big band. "Naima," a Coltrane ballad, features Grisman's sostenuto mandolin in a loving celebration of chord changes, and, to end the album, "Thailand" is a true fiddle-stomper, rooted in rustic work and an extended violin solo.

Quintet '80 has an almost universal appeal; the album is sophisticated for jazz fans, lively for bluegrass diehards, and non-electric for your muzak-loving co-workers. To you, David Grisman, a toast — of Jack Daniels, thai toast - of Jack Daniels, thai
Scrappe

Unreleased Photographs of Diane Arbus

By Lisa Scheer

Diane Arbus, "Unpublished Photographs"
Robert Miller Gallery
724 Fifth Avenue, New York City, through Sept. 27.
212-246-1625

"I do feel I have some slight corner on something about the quality of things. I mean it's very subtle and a little embarrassing to me, but I really believe there are things which nobody would see unless I photographed them..." DIANE ARBUS.

Everybody who knows of Diane Arbus knows of the power and inherent genius of her published photographs. And until Sept. 27, the Robert Miller Gallery in New York is presenting an exhibition of Arbus's unpublished photos. Most of this work dates back to her early career—the 60's—and it's evident that the immediacy and power of her well-known photos (as seen in the book Diane Arbus: Aperture Monographs) achieves greater heights than the previously unreleased photos. Arbus's creative peak didn't really come about until '65 to '71, when it was obvious that technical mastery had forced her photographic powers to the fore. This is not to say that the exhibition doesn't deserve viewing; many of her older subjects still appear here, and Arbus additionally presents some atypical works which are an evocative genre in their own right.

Perhaps the main allure of all Arbus's photos is the peculiarity of her subjects, who are not normally photographed or at least not quite as graphically depicted as she portrays them. She spent the bulk of her career photographing life's freaks, or those "unfortunates" many of us are more comfortable leaving alone. Arbus photographs her subjects with hard-hitting precision and exactitude. There is such an apparent immediacy in her style, that one is often compelled to linger in stilled wide-eyed limbo.

"Mainstream" modern-day heroes such as Bo Derek, Mister Rogers or Ralph Nader are not Arbus's heroes. Public personalities bored her. She thought freaks were "aristocrats" because they were born with the trauma all of us fear we will encounter someday. Arbus centralizes her "heroes" in graphic black and white detail that incites the most visually haunting chiaroscuro (subtle shading) that, in my opinion, has ever been achieved. These pictures force us to see what we don't want to recognize.

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A hard stare into one tends to expose those "windows of the soul" we so often hear about. It is here that we recognize some comradeship with the subject. She catches her clients just "as the mask drops." The cool and uncomfortable isolation of bourgeois society glistens unrelentingly in photographs of a suburban New York family lounging in the sun on a Sunday afternoon. Husband and wife lie stiffly on lounge chairs, separated by a table, as their child completes a shell-willed game of basketball. Again the family separates, and upon Ben's victory, Bull becomes so disgusted he\n

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The Great Santini

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simple form of competition is reflected in a later, much more vicious battle between father and son. Bull, unwilling to recognize his own aging and ebbing virility, challenges young Ben to a game of baseball. Again the family separates, and upon Ben's victory, Bull meets the hateful verity that he is growing old without having triumphed in war or on the "homefront." He is malicious and rabid with self-hatred. And as Ben is resentful and scornful of his father he ironically becomes more absorbed by him. Later, Ben finds Bull crying in a drunken stupor and realizes he is human. There is a sort of meshing of souls — father and son. In the final scene Ben actually embodies the soul and necrology of Bull, his mentor. He becomes Bull to in still a feeling of security in his irresolute mother and vulnerable siblings.

The three other children are scarcely developed, appearing at times as an audience for the Bull-Ben competitions. Only one child, Mary Anne (Lisa Jane Persky), the eldest daughter and "ugly duckling," who has no redeeming features except for a quick sarcastic tongue, is semi-developed. She is humorous, but may be viewed as a bit one-sided and somewhat pathetic. Still, her charm is refreshing in an often grim plot. An example of this is when she attempts to penetrate the wall between Bull and herself. She begins to explain that she is pregnant by a short negro homosexual pacifist, but Bull becomes so disgusted he summons Lillian to remove her.

Although flawed in its component parts, The Great Santini has superb characterizations and is overall powerful. Robert Duvall convinces us that he is the omnipotent, omnipresent Santini legend. "You must eat life or it will eat you."