Hackney Names Jordan To Executive VP Office

By MARK BRAGMAN

As expected, President Sheldon Hackney nominated current associate dean of the Law School, Dennis Eugene Jordan, to be the University's new executive vice president.

Jordan will assume the position of executive vice president on October 1 and succeed Walter B. Hazen, who will retire on December 31. Jordan was called the "right person" by Hackney yesterday, and he is expected to be confirmed by the Trustee Executive Board.

Calling the former Cornell University provost "a very capable person," Hackney said that Jordan will "be not only our success, but our success story." He went on to say that Jordan will bring "a wealth of management and administrative experience" to the University.

"I am confident that Jordan will join the top tier of University leaders," said Hackney. "He has a strong commitment to the Afro-American experience for students, as well as an enriching, extremely exciting prospect of what we can do in the future." Hackney added that Jordan will be "very effective in dealing with the needs of students, especially in the Law School and in the Law School's administrative service both to the University and to other campuses."

"Jordan is a leader," said the University president. "He is a thinker, a planner, and a doer." He went on to say that Jordan will bring "a wealth of management and administrative experience" to the University.

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Campus Events

U.S. Bar's Cuban Diplomats

Washington - The United Bar of Connecticut, the U.S. bar association, has announced it will be sending a delegation to Cuba next week. The delegation will consist of 10 attorneys from different states who have been selected to participate in a series of meetings with Cuban officials. The purpose of the visit is to promote legal cooperation between the two countries.

The delegation will arrive in Havana on Monday and will meet with officials from the Ministry of Justice, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and the Cuban Bar Association. They will also participate in a panel discussion on the role of the legal profession in promoting peace and stability.

The delegation is led by John Smith, a member of the Connecticut State Bar and a former ambassador to Cuba. He said the purpose of the visit is to foster understanding and cooperation between the two countries.

The delegation will return to the United States on Friday, and the results of their visit will be shared with the Cuban Bar Association and the Ministry of Justice.
DuBois Carries On Despite Loss of Smith

(Continued from page 3)

trusting the Law School Faculty's decision to deny Smith tenure, Hackney is going to deal with affirmative action issues or not going to improve, they're going to get worse," she said. "It takes more than naming a new affirmative action director.

"It takes more than renovations. It takes a commitment and a willingness to help students" Smith has been a member of the University's tenure committee since 1975, Hahn said. "It takes more than renovations, it takes a willingness to help students."

Both Maichinan and Miller said they were frustrated that the tenure decision was made over the summer when few students were around. "I have a lot of problems with the way the decision was made," Maichinan said. "The faculty and administration made a decision on the whole of DuBois the housemaster last year and also during this process."

"He's always been helpful and a source of encouragement to us," she said. "He was a positive role model more than anything."

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A Slip into Mediocrity

By Paul DiDonato

In an effort not to disappoint University officials, who in the words of Ralph Smith, are exercising "unsatisfactory negative feedback" over the Ralph Smith affair, I write this article on some thoughts of the back yard. Unfortunately, the University's press statements have been positively mean-spirited. Nevertheless, Robert Gorman decided not to recommend tenure to University officials who, in the north case, had a different judgment from mine. As the news of the Ralph Smith affair was voiced in the hall of Hackney's office. he said at the outset that he had not been swayed by the faculty in any way. He then explained, it not apologizing, to the reporter, "I am not sure I was the only cause of the position. The curators, the faculty, the students, the campus community, and the Republic Daily, all have a role in this." He added, "I am not the only one who disagrees with the faculty on this matter."

Describing his feelings on this issue, the university president explained, "I am a layman, and while I have considered the issues briefly, I have not devoted as much time, or effort, to the issues of governance."

The decision by Robert Gorman to recommend tenure for Ralph Smith has been met with opposition from University faculty and students. The faculty has been critical of the decision, saying it does not reflect the university's commitment to diversity. The students have also expressed concern, saying it is a setback to their efforts to create a more inclusive environment. The university president, however, maintains that the decision was made after careful consideration.

In defending his position, the president cited the precedent of previous administrations, which have followed similar policies in similar situations. He also noted that the decision was made in consultation with University faculty, who were given the opportunity to express their views. The president emphasized the importance of maintaining a balanced approach to governance, balancing the needs of the university community with the rights of individuals to pursue their careers.

However, some members of the university community have called for a more open and transparent process in making tenure decisions. They argue that the university should provide more information about the criteria used in making tenure decisions and the role of faculty in the decision-making process.

The university community is divided on the issue, with some expressing frustration and disappointment with the decision, while others support the president's actions. The university president has indicated a willingness to engage with the community to understand their concerns and address any issues that may have contributed to the decision.

CURRENTS/Andrew Kirtzman

Compounding the Smith Mistake

As the news of the Ralph Smith affair has spread throughout the campus, it is becoming increasingly evident that the administration of President Ralph Smith is having a profound impact on the university community. The decision to recommend tenure for Ralph Smith has been met with loud criticism from the faculty and students, who feel that the university is not acting in their best interest.

At this point, I am not sure what Ralph Smith thinks of the decision. The president has not made a public statement on the matter, and it is unclear what his personal feelings are. The result is that the administration is being seen as lacking in transparency and accountability.

The impact of the decision is likely to have long-lasting effects on the university's reputation. The faculty and students have expressed concern that the university is losing credibility and trust among its constituents.

It is clear that the university community is divided on the issue, with some expressing frustration and disappointment with the decision, while others support the president's actions. The university president has indicated a willingness to engage with the community to understand their concerns and address any issues that may have contributed to the decision.
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We'll show you all you need to know, on the job. Unlike other college newspapers, we don't believe in special training programs for new staff members. We need news, sports and feature writers, columnists and cartoonists.

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**Here's What You Do**

Simply come to our introductory meeting on Friday September 18, at 4 p.m., at the DP offices — 4015 Walnut Street. Just follow the signs to the second floor. Or if you can't make it, call Scott Heller at 243-6585 any evening. Be a part of a tradition of excellence nearly a century long. And enjoy yourself. Join The Daily Pennsylvanian.

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Introductory Meeting, Friday at 4:00 p.m.
TWO HEAVY HITTERS TOUCH BASES ON BATS, BALLS, AND BEER.

BOOG POWELL (Former American Baseball Great): "Koichi: here's that swing giving you a new angle in baseball. It seems the game is getting a new twist.

KOICHI NUMAZAWA (Former Japanese Baseball Great): "It's the same, but it's smaller over there."

BOOG: "That's right. The field is smaller over there..."

KOICHI: "It's true. I've been watching you play, and it seems like you've started to get the hang of it."

BOOG: "Well, that's new. I've been working on my swing, trying to improve it."

KOICHI: "Yes, I've noticed. You're getting better."

BOOG: "I'm trying hard. It's not easy."

KOICHI: "No, it's not. But you're making progress."
Koop Nominated to Health Post

By The Associated Press
WASHINGTON — Dr. Edmond Koop, a vehement critic of abortion, was nominated yesterday to be surgeon general of the United States.

President Reagan first signaled his intention to give Koop the job last month to make Koop eligible to become assistant secretary for health, the surgeon general's job and lacked assistant secretary for health, since President Carter had named a new surgeon general, P. Charles B. Howe, in February, but the nomination has been made in Koop's absence.

Koop, 54, who has been a deputy assistant secretary for health since his appointment, was just over the age limit for the surgeon general's job and lacked the required experience in the U.S. Public Health Service.

Trustees Unanimously Approve Redesignation of FAS Graduates

By ANDREW KERWIN

The Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania yesterday approved the recommendation of the Search Committee for the College of Arts and Sciences for the renaming of the undergraduate division of the college.

The action followed Robert Mercer, chairman of the Search Committee, and Robert Miller, dean of the college, emerging from a meeting with the Trustees to announce that the final decision had been reached.

In a prepared statement announcing the action, the Trustees said: "The trustees are pleased to announce that the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania have approved the recommendation of the Search Committee for the College of Arts and Sciences, to rename the undergraduate division of the college.

"The trustees believe that the proposed name, the College of Arts and Sciences, is more accurate and consistent with the college's mission of providing a comprehensive education in the liberal arts and sciences. The trustees also believe that the proposed name is more consistent with the college's mission of providing a comprehensive education in the liberal arts and sciences. The trustees also believe that the proposed name is more consistent with the college's mission of providing a comprehensive education in the liberal arts and sciences."

The Trustees also approved the recommendation of the Search Committee for the College of Arts and Sciences for the redesignation of the graduates of the School of Arts and Sciences as graduates of the College of Arts and Sciences.

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See Our Introductory ad on page 5 of today's D.P.

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Introductory Meeting Friday
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Ask for Elaine Song

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Returning photographers - stop by and give us your new address and phone number.

Photography at the Daily Pennsylvanian.
Law School Freshman 'Hits the Books' at 43

By WENDY SIMON

One would hardly call Harris Savin a typical freshman.

Two weeks ago, 43-year-old Savin started his first year of the University of Pennsylvania's Law School.

"I did enjoy teaching," he said. "On the other hand, starting out in teaching is anything but easy." Savin, a personal friend of Savin's as well as one of his former students, said Harris has his one of the most interesting years he's ever met.

"I've always been interested in teaching," Savin added. "I'm very glad that I did it for a moment before responding.

"I don't want to be a Cofn in a large university psychology professor," Savin, when questioned as a newcomer to the campus, immediately after Savin raised his Master's degree in psychology at Harvard.

"So I used to be on the other side of the fence, to speak, in the same role," Savin says, "I can't say I'm a law student, but I feel like I want to learn something new, and I'm in a new place learning it," he explained.

"I think most people should make a big change somewhere in their lives," Savin added. "I'm only lucky that I haven't had to make it yet. I've had some people who have, because they wanted to get back in the mainstream of life and get involved with people."

"I don't want to be a cog in a large machine," he said, referring to his duties in a career which allows for individual freedom.

"I don't want to be a cog in a large machine," he said, referring to his duties in a career which allows for individual freedom.

"I'm not going to take myself too seriously for very many days. As I look forward to being part of a team that is rewarding and more stimulating."
FENCING
All Undergraduate Fencers With Competitive Experience Are Invited To The Organizing Meeting
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Date: Monday, Sept. 2
Time: 7:30 p.m.

Experience Are Invited To The Organizing Meeting
All Undergraduate Fencers With Competitive
Of The Women's And Men's Fencing Teams.

Bring Pencil & Class Schedule.
Time - 8 P.M.

Fraternity Drug Warning

It continued from page 15
the fraternity did not have collective responsibility for the actions, de- stated, adding that the Advisory Board
the University's Standards and Procedures for the Organizational Structure of the Fraternity and Sorority System.

One time for a penny, I kicked

in the doorway.

he would not want to make the
to address the problem by deter-

"Don't Knock Knock until you've seen it!"

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MOLSON GOLDEN
FROM

I can't believe it! I trusted you... and you drank the last Molson.
Nursing Dean Named to Health Panel

Support for maternal and child health care was highlighted yesterday at a meeting of programs to keep health delivery systems running.

"I'm concerned about many of the cuts in Medicaid and Medicare, in particular," said Secretary Richard Schweiker. "The Secretary of the Pennsylvania Department of Health and Human Services spokesman Dick Dominc, speaking for the University, said the university's facilities were currently being considered, but that no final decisions had yet been made.

The meeting was held to discuss the impact of recent budget cuts on health care delivery systems. Schweiker emphasized the importance of maintaining health care services, especially for vulnerable populations, and urged Congress to consider the potential consequences of further cuts. The meeting was attended by representatives from various organizations and institutions involved in the delivery of health care services.

Lilly Pledges More Funds For Continuing Education

The Lilly Endowment has granted the University of Pennsylvania $150,000 for use in a grants program for continuing education. The endowment will provide funds for grants to faculty members for summer research grants.

The Lilly-Pennsylvania program was a result of the Lilly Endowment's desire to meet the needs of faculty members for summer research grants. The endowment will provide funds for grants to faculty members for summer research grants.

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Lock, Romig Lead
Ivy, Region Chase

By JOHN DELLAPINA

There have been a lot of changes at Penn over the past few years, as the NCC and Ivy League coaches have come and gone, and the NCAA regional playoffs, which Penn won last season, have been replaced by the NCAA tournament. But the challenge remains the same: to win in every way, learn, and develop players.

The Ivy League is one of the toughest conferences in the country, and the top teams in the league are always the toughest to beat. But the Ivy League field hockey team has been one of the best in the country for the past few years, and the team has been consistent in its play and ability to score goals.

As Penn's head coach, Ivy League coach, and Ivy League Field Hockey Coach of the Year, Ivy Lock has been a key player in the team's success. She has helped the team to win four consecutive Ivy League championships, and the team has advanced to the NCAA tournament every year since 1987.

Ivy Lock is known for her ability to score goals, and she has been a key player in the team's success. She has scored 101 goals over her career, and she is one of the most prolific scorers in the history of the Ivy League.

In addition to her scoring ability, Ivy Lock is known for her leadership and work ethic. She is a team captain, and she has been named to the All-Ivy League team every year since 1988.

With Ivy Lock leading the way, the Ivy League field hockey team is one of the best in the country, and it is a team to watch in the NCAA tournament.
It was eight o'clock, and the Clash still hadn't arrived at La Guardia Airport. Ten or so photographers, a film crew, and myself had been there since 6:30. Kosmo Vinyl anxiously paced the lobby floor. He was the band's right-hand man, handling the press, accommodations, and a million other things for the Clash during their engagement at the Bond International Casino in New York City last June. Hair greased back, dressed all in black with red trim around the shoulders ("It's very Gene Vincent," he explained), he could have passed for a member of the band.

(continued on page 6)
Last Semester,
“34th Street”
Talked To:

Lisa Birnbach
Bruce Beresford
Aileen “Annie” Quinn
Little Richard
Ralph Bakshi
Bob Rafelson
Richard Nixon
Gore Vidal
Bill Lustig
Christine Jorgenson
Alan Alda
Pete Shields
The Four Tops
Joey Ramone
Blair Brown
Gov. Dick Thornburgh
Emlyn Williams
Michael Brooks
Bob Backlund
Eugene T. Maleska
G. Gordon Liddy
Chuck Franz
Gov. Jerry Brown
and The Clash

We Even Crashed The Inaugural Ball.

We Talked To Them.
Now You Talk To Us.

Editor’s Note: Welcome to the first issue of 34th Street, the weekly magazine that will be tucked into your DP every Thursday. As you oldtimers can tell, the magazine has a different look this year and we’re eager to hear your comments and criticisms. Well, not that eager. But we do want to see everyone of you up at our intro meeting tomorrow. Especially you freshmen, who we bet are just dying to write for a chic, sophisticated magazine like 34th Street.

Believe us, we’ve been around here long enough to know it’s more fun than writing term papers.
Free Movies On
Chestnut Street

By Rob Citronberg

In the late forties Leo Bittus used to stand outside department store windows and marvel at a new concept that was destined to revolutionize the communications industry. It was called television. Today Leo Bittus still perches himself outside store windows, staring in at another new concept, home video.

The American Dream has changed its course during the past thirty years. Exploring new frontiers has become too regular an occurrence for amazement to continue without a natural slackening. A child born during the space age does not recognize the marvel of sending a man to the moon, because he knows life no other way. Only one who has lived through it all - from the Wright Brothers to the Sony Walkmen - is capable of experiencing the miracle every time.

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Leo Bittus makes a daily appearance on the sidewalk outside the Video Palace. So do as many as several hundred other people, representing every imaginable walk of life. Bankers, delivery men, executives, and kids playing hookey are some of the regulars outside the video store. But no matter their social differences, they all stand and laugh together for one reason: mid-afternoon entertainment. And the best part about it is that it's free.

The Video Palace has an original approach to their business. They show full-length films on two television sets in the front window, accompanied by an outdoor speaker for complete enjoyment. And they aren't "B" movies, either. Where else can you see "Ordinary People" or the"Elephant Man" for free, without commercial interruption? Sure, it doesn't have the ambience or convenience of your living room, but an occasional passing bus doesn't bother the faithful.

One day last week the feature film at the Video Palace was "The Jerk," starring Steve Martin. A string of one-liners patched together by a rude surgeon, "The Jerk's" construction is ideal for the passerby who is only going to spend a few moments in front of the big screen: a couple of uprooted sketches, and it's time to get back from lunch hour. Though the setup outside the Video Palace is deliberately conducive to passersby, the existence of a police barricade in front of the store indicates that there are numerous customers who spend entire afternoons at the movies.

Leo Bittus is one of those customers. A man of about seventy-five, Bittus stands less than five feet, but he's still tall enough to see the screen. "I take a trolley car or a bus sometimes, and I have to go to a restaurant to eat, you know, and I go down to the shore once in a while, but I come here almost every day," Bittus said describing his daily activities. "This movie is funny. I like it."

"Hey Leo, how ya doin' today?", asks a middle-aged black woman who has strolled in front of the window, apparently as regular a viewer as Bittus.

"Oh, fine, I guess, nice day today, isn't it?", replies the crowd's elder statesman.

Many of the people who gather outside the Video Palace do not appear to be potential customers of the shop's chic equipment. But store owner John Serubo disagrees. "Everybody who stands outside the window is a potential customer. Every single one of them. More so in the film rental business, because that's our business. We sell the machines for just about no profit."

Based on the inside appearance of the Video Palace one would have to believe that Serubo is renting a large number of films. The offices, located below the store, feature royal blue ceilings with longitudinal trapezoidal projections. The walls are papered in brushed silver, just opaque enough to prevent a mirror reflection. Disproportionately large for the store, this office resembles the interior of a luxurious airliner.

Serubo maintains that the Video Palace, which will be opening up six new stores in the next 18 months, is the frontrunner in Philadelphia video because "no one else does it like us. Each film costs a good bit of money, and we spend $8000 a month on new films. That's why we're the best."

Eric Solomon, who frequently stops by as a respite from his deliverman job, seems to have a clear understanding of why people assemble outside the Video Palace.

The Kangaroo Courier says "I pass by here so often, and I just wonder what's happening on the screen, so I stop. I think a lot of people here do the same thing."

Solomon, unlike owner Serubo, does not view most of the spectators as "serious" customers of video equipment. "I don't know if you could say a lot of the people are really potential customers, but I'm sure some do come along. They see the screen and say 'I wonder what else is inside.' But not many people own Betamaxes. They're very expensive - it takes a certain amount of money to buy them. Most of the people are just curious as to what's going on, other people just join in. They're curious, that's all."

As Solomon completes his brief rest, and continues on his way to 6th and Chestnut, Donny X. Bullock and "female companion" are attracted by the small crowd gathering in front of "The Jerk." They are mesmerized by a particularly funny scene featuring Steve Martin as a gas station attendant. Bullock lauds the Video Palace for playing first run movies, his favorite of which was "Superman."

"What do you mean you saw 'Superman' down here?", his female companion interjects. "You saw 'Superman' down here and didn't tell me? Oh, Donnee!" Apparently some of the spectators take their movies seriously.

The Video Palace stocks fifteen hundred titles ranging from Disney favorites to "That's Porno" and "Afternoon Delights." Serubo said about twenty percent of all film rentals are from the adult rack, but that he would never show one of those films through the front window.

"We're a family store. We don't show anything that would hurt someone's feelings or ideals," But Serubo did say that two X-rated films have made the top ten list this month, the first time such a feat has been achieved.

Robin Hopkins has been a sales clerk at the Video Palace for the past three months. She sees the afternoon viewers from the inside, and has developed her own ideas about the people.

Although she agrees that some potential customers are drawn into the store by the outdoor films, Hopkins thinks that many of the faithful customers are just there for free entertainment.

"Sometimes people will be strolling by and they'll come in and ask 'What do you have to do to have one of those?" So I tell them it costs about $600 and they start laughing and they leave again. But it definitely arouses their curiosity."

The 1700 Block of Chestnut Street is a standard Center City block. A bank, a Chinese restaurant, clothing stores, and of course the Video Palace line the street. Kaye Colyers, a salesperson at "Ladybug," directly across the street from the Video Palace, thinks that most of the people who watch the movies "just watch the movies. She also said that she is generally too busy with her work at Ladybug to ever catch a glance of a new film across the street, and denied carrying binoculars around her neck when arranging the front window display. People do come from all around to catch the 17th Street matinees. Fred Brosino is a Minnesota businessman in Philadelphia on a business trip. Clad in a neat three piece suit, Brosino admits he is a first-time stopper. He seems to be enjoying "The Jerk." But ten minutes quickly elapse, and Brosino must make his way to a business meeting. "I'll stop by next time in town," Brosino promises. He probably will.
By Margot Cohen

The sober eye of John Lennon silently surveys the office of Philadelphia's newest newspaper, the South Street Star. The room seems destined for quarantine by the city's health department. Paint peels off the ceiling in large black clumps, the back window is smashed, and a beige lampshade nailed to one of the exposed brick walls serves as art.

At first, the Star management resembles that of many counterculture newspapers which emerged two decades ago, high on morale and low on cash. But Executive Editor Bob Ingram and Advertising Director Ron Kaplan have little desire to recreate the past. Though both were active in Philadelphia's alternative press movement in the sixties, the Lennon poster taped to the wall is the office's only remnant of that period or the ideology it embraced. "I took a lot of knocks in the sixties," Kaplan says. "I'm looking forward to happy times in the eighties."

Veterans of papers like the Free Press, the Plain Dealer, The New Paper and The Drummer, where the two first met, Kaplan and Ingram bumped into each other on South Street last April. Tired of working for other people, the pair decided to go into business for themselves, and the first issue of their sleek, bi-weekly community paper came out on June 25th. The seventh issue hits the streets today, with 4000 papers distributed door to door from Front to Tenth Streets, and from Pine to Bainbridge. The remaining 6000 papers are delivered to South Street businesses. Unlike other free papers, commonly known as "throwaways", every copy of the Star will disappear by the end of the weekend.

"We sold the concept, we promised the advertisers a quality piece," says Kaplan, grinning confidently. "They are supporting us." Later, he adds, "By the end of the day, we need slings from patting ourselves on the back."

"Until Fridays, when the bills come in," Ingram quickly interjects. The two, together with non-active partner Arnold Dranoff, have sunk over $10,000 into the venture, and the paper is not yet in the black. Ingram works at three papers in the Kensington section of Philadelphia (all with the word Star in the masthead, coincidentally) and two sports newspapers, in order to survive financially.

"The handwriting will be clearly on the wall by the middle of October," he says. Until then, the paper will operate without heat, plumbing, or electric typewriters - its existence is precarious. "When it gets cold, I don't know what the hell we're going to do," Ingram says, looking nervously around him. Kaplan, who owns the building, operates with people from day to day... You bounce back on you," Ingram says. "Mere, we could write anything and it wouldn't seem so near..."

Despite decrepit surroundings, optimism prevails at the Star. "It looks very promising, but right now we're sleeping with our fingers crossed," Kaplan says. But the Star is not just a labor of love - both editors expect to attain financial success. "I'll be straight with you," Ingram says. "We're going to wheel and deal."

The idealistic young men of the sixties have grown up into tough realists of the eighties. However, neither of them are willing to sacrifice editorial quality for advertising dollars, and criticize other community papers like Electric City for being little more than ad sheets.

The nature of the Star is reflected in the street it serves, which has undoubtedly grown less bohemian and more commercial since the beginning of the so-called South Street renaissance. In fact, both Ingram and Kaplan freely concede that the Star does not try to be counterculture. "We don't have a hard-on for the establishment," Kaplan says. For example, reports of unruly gangs harassing tourists have prompted several stories in the Star. "Ten years ago, if the police pinched those kids we would be yelling 'pigs'!" says Ingram. "Now we say, 'why weren't you here sooner'?"

But the two men maintain that this ideological shift is natural. Kaplan, whose former roommate once led the Philadelphia Weather Underground, rationalizes "we all grew up in the sixties and then assimilated into the system." The contributors range from the editors' former co-workers to inexperienced 17-year olds, and respect for the management is universal. "They seem to have a lot of integrity," says staff writer Clio Taub. "They don't play games. Once I worked on a paper where the editors lied a lot."

I was so proud when I saw the first issue," says Kris Osbakken, also a contributor, "I think the paper's impact is growing.

Some advertisers believe the Star only covers the South Street area, while the Drummer covered the whole city. "At the Drummer, you could write anything and it wouldn't bounce back on you," Ingram says. "Here, we have to deal with people from day to day... You can't shit where you eat."

On the whole, they are pleased with the Star's editorial content, even though one issue overemphasized music. The paper looks like a fledgling version of the Soho Weekly News, with the first few pages devoted to short news-pieces on everything from urban renewal to the politics of parking. Inside, longer stories have featured local artists and musicians, and cable TV's slow move to South Street. The paper also runs reviews, listings, poetry, and a variety of cartoons which are always bizarre, and sometimes funny.

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The Clash has long resented the control which the recording industry exerts over artists to produce maximum commercial appeal. The band’s relations with CBS have been stormy at best, and one need only listen to the song “Complete Control” for some of the reasons why. Last June, rumor had it that the Clash had tried to beat its contractual obligation to CBS by releasing three records at once, but that the company had counted Sandinista! as one album, requiring the band to record at least one more. "Was Sandinista! supposed to be a three record set from the beginning?" "No," said Mick, "it was supposed to be a single. It was a 45 that just grew and grew and grew.

“Well, I read in the paper that you recorded three disks to get out of your contract with CBS,” "No, we knew it was one when we started," he replied. Then his eyes locked into mine and his smile vanished. “How many albums do you see it as?”

“Three.”

“No, it’s one. It’s three records, but it’s one album. Now, how many albums do you see London Calling as?”

“One.”

“No, it’s two," he said, fascinated. "Well, it’s one work." "It’s one work, but it’s two albums. Do you see it as one?" His eyes drifted off into space. “I see it as two.”

“What’s your favorite song on Sandinista?" "Career Opportunities" he said, smiling perversely. "Oh, with the little kids singing. Oops, I see you’re filming a movie. Will it be a full-length film or a rock video?"

"Yeah," said Mick. The only interview the Clash would give at the airport, was over.

This scene, a far cry from the crowded Beatles’ press conferences, finally put to rest any hopes for a Second British Invasion. The first, led by the Fab Four in 1964, paved the way for the Stones, the Animals, and a whole slew of other British bands who made their fortunes here in the 60s. When the punk movement began taking shape in England around 1976, rock critics wondered if a similar invasion might occur, pumping life into a tired American scene. But after the infamous Sex Pistols toured America the Beautiful in 1977, followed by the Clash and other punk rock groups, it became clear that this country was not ready to embrace such a radical force in music and society. Punk, and then New Wave in general, became another label in record ships, but did not bring about sweeping change in America’s thinking. The U.S. would not love the punks as they had loved the Fab Four.

And the Clash hated the Beatles. It was, and still is, their contention that rock and roll progressed only while in the hands of such early greats as Elvis Presley, Chuck Berry, and Little Richard, but that the Beatles appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show made rock music acceptable to the older generation. They sold out. Consequently, the Clash have never desired to be the next Beatles or Stones, for they want to restore rock’s rebellious spirit which these groups helped to diminish. And to make their message more accessible, the Clash demands that their albums are sold at the lowest possible prices, and, when economically feasible, performs at dance halls such as Bond’s rather than cavernous arenas.

Feeling as tired as the band, I followed them outside where they hailed a taxi to take them to their hotel.

“It’s got to be Checkereds,” said Kosmo. “They’re the best ride, and the quickest. Joe wants to buy one. His car got wrecked in England, and he’s seeing how much it costs to ship one back.”

Minutes later, during the return trip, I noticed a broken-down cab by the side of the highway, with none other than Paul and Topper leaning against its hood. It was not a good omen.

Neither was something Joe had said just before he climbed into his beloved cab. As he held up a New York Post photo showing the arrest of a skyscraper climber in a Spiderman suit, he shouted, “Is this how America treats its heroes?”
In less than a week, if your heroes were the Clash, you could say the same thing. They were powerless to prevent their only American engagement from becoming a fiasco, thanks to Bonds. But these punks were used to controversy.

If nothing else, the Clash are survivors. While the Sex Pistols achieved notoriety for their disorderly, three-chord sound blast, revealing a penchant for revolution and anarchy, not to mention violence imminent on stage, the Clash built a reputation as rockers with more than destruction on their minds. Their music was also harsh and aggressive, consisting of simple chord patterns slapped on top of music; bass lines and kamikaze drum beats, guitars exploding with feedback, creating a sound which pounded its way into your head and dared you to turn down the volume. They demanded relief from "Hate & War," the shortage of "Career Opportunities," and the alarming similarities between "Police & Thieves." "I want a bit of me own," they sang in "White Riot," but their anger was rooted in hope, not despair. Violence was necessary to survive, but not as ends unto itself.

The Clash soon established themselves as Britain's Number One Group. But although their first two albums, The Clash and Give 'Em Enough Rope both received excellent reviews in America, as did their two promotional tours, the band appealed to a minority of record buyers. The U.S. wasn't ready for iconoclasm, not a heat you could dance to.

After the Sex Pistols broke up in 1978, the punk movement began to crumble, the victim of its own nihilism. Very few of the original punk bands overcame the limitations of the genre, and on both sides of the Atlantic most of them died as quickly as they had been born. Refusing to become another rock and roll statistic, the Clash turned down the feedback a little, experimented with more advanced song structures, and examined the rest of the world in their lyrics. Yet they retained the trademark Clash cutting edge, not softening their sound but expanding it. "We were tired of hitting the same people over and over again," explained Joe at the time of their third record release, in 1980.

The double album London Calling won universal critical acclaim and attracted a larger American audience for the Clash as well. Containing a rich mixture of rock, reggae, and raw, bluesy jazz, spiced with newly added horns and keyboards, the LP was a call to arms for the oppressed people of the world. But if the music was more sophisticated, the messages were not. The Clash's working-class sentiments were simply channeled in different directions, songs peopled with an assortment of characters fighting for survival or integrity--card sharks, dope dealers, suburban kids, Western gunfighters, even the Clash themselves. They described battles throughout history, from the Spanish Civil War to the riots of modern day Brixton, and while the battles weren't always successful, they were always worth fighting. The music, like the lyrics, avoided both punk and heavy metal cliches, achieving a rare balance between primitive emotions and intelligence, often political thought. It was the sound of aggression with a purpose. "Let fury have the hour, anger can be power," you know that you can use it," they sang in "Clampdown."

The album and subsequent tour attracted the attention of the national press, and Rolling Stone put Joe and Mick on the cover. But the Clash had no time to rest on their laurels. They released Rude Boy, a film short on plot but chock full of first-rate Clash performances. The story concerned a "rude boy" (a leather-jacketed slob, sort of like Marlon Brando in The Wild One without the sex appeal) who goes to work for the Clash's road crew. It was three hours long and a commercial flop.

Undaunted, the Clash forged ahead, releasing a No-Disk record for CBS. (No-Disks are smaller and less expensive than LP's, generally containing four songs.) Black Market Clash featured nine, including their finest reggae number to date, "Armagideon Time," of which a live version recently appeared on the Concerts for the People of Kampuchea album. Critics and fans alike eagerly awaited the next album, but this year's Sandinista! drew mixed reactions. The triple set showcased thirty-six songs, featuring, in addition to rock and reggae, scat jazz, rockabilly, electric bluegrass, gospel rock, and rap music, as well as a wicked and an eerie montage reminiscent of the Beatles' "Revolution Number 9." Depending on the critic, it was either the greatest Clash album ever and the best triple set since George Harrison's All Things Must Pass (1971), or a self-indulgent, overblown, pompous, sell-out. To be sure, some of the songs could have been cut, others are too long, and the reggae is mostly dreadful. But if the work as a whole fails to live up to its high ambitions--like Sweeney Todd or Apocalypse Now--it is a grand failure, with more than a smattering of genius to it.

The limitations of this space preclude all but a cursory glance at some of the album's highlights. First, the rap music is the best any band has produced. Blondie's "Rapture" falls flat next to "The Magnificent Seven," a workingman's lament set to the relentless beat of the city streets. (A 12" inch disco version called "The Magnificent Dance" has sold well, particularly among blacks. "It's not as good as Grand Master Flash," said Kosmo. "But we try.")

The Clash's politics are more explicit here than ever before. "It's up to you not to heed the call-up," sings Joe in "The Call-Up," a funky anti-draft song. "Washington Bullets" establishes the Clash's support of the recent Afghan rebellion and the Nicaraguan revolution. A map of South America is provided on the lyric sheet to heighten understanding of the song. However, despite the strength of the lyrics, many of the tunes aren't that catchy. And so, despite its ten dollar price tag, Sandinista! has failed to reach the Top Twenty status enjoyed by its predecessor. The Clash took a reduction in royalties to keep the price down, but sales have been down as well.

The album's problems were nowhere near as great as those posed by Bonds. Unwittingly, the Clash found itself in the midst of another battle. What went wrong? Bonds had sold roughly 4,000 tickets for each show, for a hall which could legally hold only 1,700 people. Someone told the N.Y. Fire Department, and on opening night firemen made sure that the limit was not exceeded. Bonds's turned away approximately half the ticket holders, and told the rest to sit tight. On the second night the fire department issued a vacate order, and the third show, a Saturday matinee, was postponed until the fire marshal could inspect the club. If Bonds's had announced the cancellation in advance, perhaps they could have avoided trouble. But they didn't notify the fans until two minutes before showtime.

"We want the Clash! We want the Clash!" A few thousand angry fans marched across Times Square and railed abuses at the club which had screwed them. "Fuck Bond's! Fuck Bond's!" they roared, while the cops in front of the doors began to reach for their chilly clubs. "Joe, you go south, Bill, take your men over there," ordered a man in blue, and twenty-five of New York's finest rushed across the street, forcing the mob back against the glass storefronts.

"How do you expect me to loosen up? I've got handcuffs on," snarled an officer, which ignores a cop who took her blubbery arm shoving her into a police car. "I've been waiting for five hours to see this show!" bellowed a young boy to another policeman. "The show is cancelled!" shouted the cop. "What do you want me to do?" The crowd finally dispersed, but the problem still remained.

The Clash saw only one solution. They doubled the number of remaining shows, so that all who had paid to see them would have the chance. They lost some money, and no doubt some out-of-state fans who couldn't afford to come back in a week or two. But it was the best they could do.

"Everybody's got to be entertained," said Mick at the second press conference. "We don't mind," added Paul. "We like it here."

Continued on page 12
LENNY LIVES

By Marsha Pik

Lenny Bruce was one of a kind. His unyielding brashness, outright crudeness, and prescient wit accounted for his greatness. Bruce's career stretched from approximately 1960 to 1966, until he was arrested for the obscenity in a Greenwich Village nightclub act. Later that same year, after a period of economic distress, Bruce committed suicide. Lenny, which opened this week at the Walnut Street Theater Five, examines the life and work of the late artist. The play is commendable on two fronts. First, it presents a wide range of Bruce's routines, ranging from verbal assaults on politics, religion and ethnic groups to unabashed demonstrations of sexuality. The portrayals of Bruce's nightclub acts are often brutally shocking, but the embarrassment is half the hilarity. Particularly outstanding is an act which plays on the ethnic composition of a hypothetical audience which eventually gives an anesthetic effect to the most outright racial slurs. Another routine deals with the issue of older politicians, and Bruce asks his audience, "would you want to take a chance on a man over 55 when Mutual of Omaha won't?"

Through various nightclub acts the story of Bruce unfolds. The material for these segments of the play is also handled well, reflecting the tragicomic nature of Bruce's life by expertly balancing humor (his erratic homelife), and pathos (his affair with a drug-addicted stripper), thereby shedding light on the serious underside to his seemingly frivolous sexual commentary. This biting material becomes frighteningly poignant during the play's second half when Bruce's repeated run-ins with the law are examined. It becomes painfully obvious that Bruce's objective was not to be vulgar for the sake of vulgarity, but to point to what is wrong in society, and to show these ills as society's real obscenities. There is, therefore, something more immoral in the condemnations of Bruce than in any of his material.

What Lenny has in its powerful script, it is, however, lacking in production. The performance of Sam Gunder as Bruce is often convincing, but his tendency to overact in many scenes has an adverse effect on the script's humor. Lines that would be funny on their own merits lose some of their humor when accompanied by excess screaming and physical activity.

Despite the shortcomings in the production, however, Lenny is definitely worth the trip downtown, either to familiarize oneself with this amazing personality, or to enjoy some of his very best material in a small heater which, with a little imagination, can approximate the nightclub-like atmosphere in which Bruce excelled.

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Message for Members
By Peter Canellos

Lili Marleen, the World War II-era melodrama of a Berlin cabaret singer and her Jewish lover in Switzerland, combines the best of European cinema—a hotshot young director (Rainer Werner Fassbinder), and two of the continent’s most acclaimed new stars, Giancarlo Giannini and Hanna Schygulla. Why, then, is Lili Marleen such a drag?

We first meet Robert (Giannini) and Willie (Schygulla) after a somewhat lethargic evening of love-making. Willie is a Zurich beer hall singer with a nasty penchant for falling into debt. Robert is a frustrated musician working with his father, a wealthy aristocrat, to help Jews escape Nazi Germany.

When Willie is deported from Switzerland as a bad risk, she finds fame in Berlin with the help of an acquaintance in the Nazi cultural affairs bureau by singing (rather badly, I’m afraid) an uninteresting sailor’s ditty, “Lili Marleen.” The song becomes a favorite of the men in the trenches and of the fuhrer himself, who embraces Willie and her accompanist, Taschner, in all the opulence and grandeur of the Third Reich.

Giannini acquits himself well as the enigmatic Robert—his face lined with pain at his loss of Willie, his large eyes reflecting his inner turmoil with startling lucidity. Schygulla, however, manages to underplay the role of Willie, which would have been a tour-de-force for a stronger actress. She presents a Willie who sleep-walks up the ladder of stardom and down again with little emotional involvement or retrospection. It is a performance that leaves the audience bewildered without explanation for Robert’s fanatical devotion, for behind the sweetly non-plussed expression she wears throughout the film, Schygulla has all the sex appeal of Barbara Bush.

It is little consolation to say that Fassbinder’s camera expresses more than Schygulla’s distinctly unmemorable face, but the pastel photography is one of the smarter features of Lili Marleen.

There are some bright spots, as well, in the supporting cast. Mel Ferrer steps off the Dallas set long enough to impress as Robert’s tyrannical pa, and German newcomer Hark Bohm breathes life into the role of the mousy Taschner. Neither, however, can escape the ennui of dialogue that ranges from the blandly utilitarian to the ridiculously banal. Whenever, for example, Schygulla lapses into deep guttural sobs, someone is obligated to announce “You’re crying.” Fassbinder may deserve (he accolades he has won for his past films, including the fascinating Marriage of Maria Braun, but his ironic sense of humor is rendered impotent when dealing with the horrors of World War II. On the other hand, there isn’t enough humor to qualify Lili Marleen as a legitimate black comedy.

What is left is an awkward melange of dated music, poor acting, and war clichés. An artist with Fassbinder’s talent can, should, and undoubtedly will do better.
The singer collaborated with guitarist Blondie Chaplin to write seven of the album's eleven songs, and the guitarist's presence is felt strongly on almost every track. Chaplin dominates most of the arrangements with deft lead work that provide a solid framework for Johansen's vocal prowess. "She Loves Strangers" opens side one with a tense guitar riff that rapidly builds off, with the first side all rockers and the second side all ballads. The results are anything but tedious. Although Chuck Berry's influence is pervasive as always, the songs are rooted more in rhythm and blues (accent on blues) than in rock and roll. Cuts such as the Muddy Waters style "Black Limousine" and "Slave," a slow, sultry blues number featuring a mean Sonny Rollins sax solo, are especially suited for extended jams, and were probably written with the upcoming tour in mind.

Although the music is traditional (but not predictable), the Stones still take a few chances, such as when Jagger risks alienating the degenerates in his audience by accurately describing one in "Hang Fire." You know, marryin' money is a full time job! don't need the aggravation, I'm a lazy slob." Side two is as soulful as side one is exhilarating, with Mick crooning mostly in his falsetto Smokey Robinson imitation. Surprisingly, in the ballads the Stones adopt a more mature attitude towards women than they have in the past. "Top" concerns a movie director's seduction of a starlet, but Jagger seems to revel not so much in describing the act as in pointing out its hypocrisy. And in "Waiting on a Friend," for the first time he sounds comfortable with the distinction between lovers and female acquaintances. "I need someone I can cry to," he sings. "I need someone to protect." All in all, Tattoo You is about nothing more earth-shattering than enjoying a good time. Whatever the hell the title means, or the photo of a furry, fashionable cloven hoof on the inside jacket, if you need to be persuaded that the Stones are still the world's greatest rock and roll band, Tattoo You makes a pretty convincing case.

—John Marshall

David Johansen
Here Comes The Night
Blue Sky FZ 3602

David Johansen's third solo album lacks the broad eclecticism of his previous records. The reggae and disco influences that In Style displayed have been nearly abandoned in favor of hard rock that constantly verges on heavy metal fury. Throughout the album, the ex-N.York-Doll flaunts his considerable skill as a rock'n'roll singer in the mold of Mick Jagger and John Fogerty. Here Comes The Night seems designed to reestablish Johansen's credentials as a rocker.
The Kinks
Give The People What They Want
Arista AL 9567

Rock music appears to be passing through a phase that must be called a tight phase. Diversity and innovation are being compromised to attain popularity and commercial success. Conservatism is strong and only the mainstay of the mainstream is receiving serious attention. The Kinks' latest effort is a deliberate attempt to exploit this trend.

These veteran British rockers are trying to fool no one. By naming the album Give The People What They Want, the Kinks make their intentions quite lucid: they're more than willing to produce below par music if it will sell records. This album will undoubtedly sell, despite the fact that it is merely a parody of what is commonly understood to be a Kinks album.

Give The People What They Want lacks the sincerity, enthusiasm and open-mindedness that were essential to the Kinks' prior greatness. The album is awash in dryness and lethargy. Ray Davies and Co. are just going through the old familiar musical motions without the old familiar musical verve. The mood of the disc is exemplified by "Predictable," where Ray Davies complains, "Predictable, All That I See, All That I Hear."

The album's faster rockers, such as "Around The Dial" and "Yo-Yo" tend to be musically excessive and lyrically redundant. The vocals scream and grate and the guitars are driven too hard. The mellower offerings are not as unpleasant. Ray Davies simply seems to be more at home as a lamenting crooner rather than as a heavy metal front man.

Encouraged by the enthusiastic response to the paper, Ingram, Kaplan, and their small part-time staff are looking towards the future. "It's important that people who started it are from the neighborhood, have grown with it," says Christine Tilley, one of the owners of the Meridian bookstore. "It's appropriate."

The Star's concentration on local events is crucial to its success. "It is important that the people who started it are from the neighborhood, have grown with it," says Christine Tilley, one of the owners of the Meridian bookstore. "It's appropriate."

You have Penn's landing, the Albott's square project - this street isn't finished growing yet.

And how is the Star seeking to grow? "Right now, we're looking for a Philadelphia gossip columnist," he says. "We want to know everything - who is hitched, matched or dispatched."

THE CLASH

The band which had once sung "I'm So Bored With the U.S.A." found a reason to be interested.

The concert I finally saw, like Sandinista!, wasn't great, but damn close. Opening with "London Calling," the band delivered a wide cross-section of material from all five albums, playing with newfound precision and authority. The rhythm section of Topper and Paul expertly handled rock, reggae, and rap patterns, while Joe and Mick provided the appropriately raucous fills and lead lines, sharing vocal duties. Joe's ragged cries from the darkness and Mick's soft-spoken style both complemented the music, adding even greater urgency to it. A slide show of current news headlines and photos made an effective backdrop. Unfortunately, the sound system reduced much of Joe's and Mick's guitar work to a drone. But the band's work, enthusiasm, and seemingly limitless energy drove the crowd wild. During the final encore, scores of them jammed the stage hiding the Clash from view entirely.

What lies ahead for the Clash? A live album is in the works, and a larger American tour seems likely. Whatever happens, the band is sure to take further risks with its sound, and consequently, its popularity. "If you don't take risks, you may as well hang it up," said Kosmo. "We've made mistakes. But we never make the same mistake twice."

Pete Townshend of the Who once remarked that he was eighteen years old he'd rather listen to the Clash than the Who, echoing a common British sentiment. But in America, the Clash's politics and music are an affront to the predictability of the current music scene with which today's record buyer seems relatively satisfied.

As long as the Clash are struggling to overcome obstacles, they're doing what they do best. If they don't gain worldwide mass acceptance in the days ahead it won't exactly be something to be ashamed of. But they're still out to change the world. As they sing in "Kingston Advice":

"In these days, the beat is militant. Must be a clash, there's no alternative."

The Clash isn't likely to surrender without a fight.

South St. Star

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