

U.S. Open works, even in Flushing

By TOM KISSANE

A grand slam tennis tournament is rather different than the average sporting event. An unknowing fan who stumbled out of Shea and across the street to view the U.S. Open might feel as though he had somehow found the Metropolitan Opera House instead. But the well-heeled crowd is not all that might set our friend from Flushing back.

The Kahn's franks at Shea, which now go for about \$1.25 a pop, don't seem too outrageous compared to the Open offerings. Try a chicken salad sandwich for \$6.50, or Tuna for \$6.25. But hey, anyone who can't afford it doesn't belong at the Open anyway. After all, tennis is a country club sport. Let the common man stay at Shea.

All pretension aside, competitive tennis is a fascinating spectator sport. The lone match I was able to catch, between early morning sectioning and late afternoon showers, was the Navratilova-Shriver duel. Martina Navratilova, a Czechoslovakian emigre and the number one womens' seed, was paired against her doubles part-

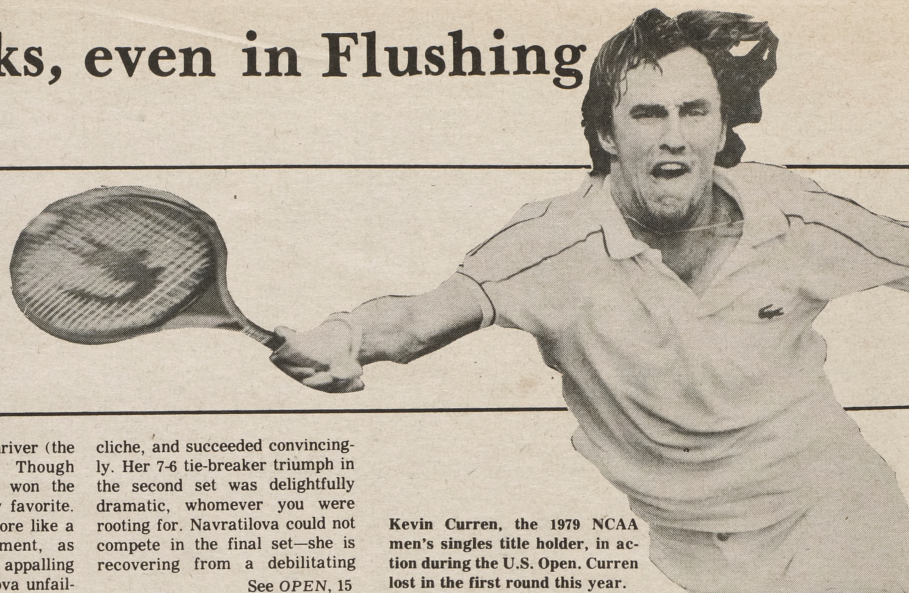
ner, 20 year old Pam Shriver (the number seven seed). Though Navratilova has never won the Open, she was a heavy favorite. The first set seemed more like a clinic than a tournament, as Shriver displayed an appalling backhand and Navratilova unflinchingly capitalized to record a 6-1 victory.

But as the gentleman in front of me so astutely noted, Yogi Berra once said "it ain't over till it's over."

Shriver set about reinforcing the

cliche, and succeeded convincingly. Her 7-6 tie-breaker triumph in the second set was delightfully dramatic, whomever you were rooting for. Navratilova could not compete in the final set—she is recovering from a debilitating

See OPEN, 15



Kevin Curren, the 1979 NCAA men's singles title holder, in action during the U.S. Open. Curren lost in the first round this year.

Sports

SEPTEMBER 8, 1982

Lehigh tops Lions in scrimmage

By RONALD BLUM

On the plus side, there was the passing of John Witkowski and the receiving of Don Lewis, Bill Reggio and Tom Norton. On the minus side, there were a few gaps in the running game and in the defense. But overall, Columbia coach Bob Naso was pleased with the performance of his Lions in a three-half scrimmage against Lehigh at Baker Field Saturday.

The Lions had practiced just nine days—four in pads—prior to facing the Engineers, who open their season this Saturday. So it was hard to judge how far the Light Blue have come towards improving upon last year's faults.

Lehigh scored three touchdowns in the three quarters the starters played, holding Columbia to a 32-yard Miro Lovric field goal. But despite the lack of scoring, Columbia's offense did show some bright spots, especially in the air.

John Witkowski, who broke virtually every Columbia sophomore passing record last year, completed 16 of 26 passes for 149 yards and no interceptions in three quarters. He was especially sharp,

considering that he and his principal receivers, Don Lewis and Bill Reggio, had been working together for just over a week. Still, Witkowski felt there was work to be done.

"I'm not happy at all," he said. "Too many mental mistakes, things I should have cleared up long ago. But we're gonna be all right. We have two weeks to get set for Harvard. We're gonna be a good football team. We're going to surprise people."

Naso, though, thought the Lions did a good job against Lehigh, a team which is a bit better than most of Columbia's opponents.

"I can be happy with our players' ability to keep up and match up well against a good team like Lehigh," Naso said. "We could have scrimmaged against Fordham or New York Tech, but I wanted them (the players) to see for themselves that they can keep

Columbia's pass offense was ready to open the season. Witkowski completed five passes (for 44 yards) to Lewis, two to Reggio, and four to Tom Norton coming out of the backfield.

However, the Lions were able to gain just 87 yards in 42 carries on the ground. Norton was the leading ground-gainer, picking up 42

See LEHIGH, 15

Barnard, CU talking in secret

By RONALD BLUM

Talks between the university and Barnard on their athletic futures began last week in a cloud of secrecy.

Both sides have agreed to keep the talks confidential, several officials said. Neither side would comment on what was talked about, who was there, or anything else other than acknowledging that a meeting took place.

Columbia decided this summer to establish women's swimming and fencing teams. The teams will start competing next fall after women enter the college, with assistant coaches being hired this fall to begin

See BLUM, 15



Lion Bill Reggio vies for a toss-up with John Byrne of Lafayette.

Creeping Ivy

Joe Charboneau's personality crisis

By Evan Nisonson

When Joe Charboneau of the Cleveland Indians was sent down to the minors for dyeing his hair and adopting a Punk style (he was also hitting poorly at the time), it occurred to me that the Punk image clearly was not conducive to sports.

I adhered to that maxim until last week when I had the good fortune to see one of the forerunners of Punk rock, Johnny Thunders, former lead guitarist for the NY Dolls.

It was the first night of Orientation, Wednesday I think, and the slightly cool breeze did wonders on the warm beers which I had downed earlier.

There was some bizarre event going on in Wollman at the time, a Carnival of sorts, and the scene reminded me of nightmares of a Barnum & Bailey side show gone bad. The huddled masses of freshmen which had arrived earlier in the day made the scene more removed from reality. I

mean, c'mon, pimply faced teens, with all the accoutrements of a frosh—beanie and wrist ID—happily tossing basketballs through a tight-fitting hoop in hopes of winning the cherished, sought after "winning coupon."

Fellini would have been jealous. Some drank warm half and half (beer and foam), the others generic cola. I, of course, chose the former, and after due time went outside to preserve what little sanity remained.

While regaining consciousness three people ran up to me simultaneously. "Wow, I love your shirt, can I have it?" a cute perky girl shouted. "Hey, Evan, wanna go see Johnny Thunders?" the other two voices said.

It was a tough choice. But after some thought, I decided to turn and face those who sparked my musical interests. I was drunk and not really coherent, although I'm not really coherent

when I'm sober, and Thunders sounded good. We arrived at the Peppermint Lounge at about 1:00 in the morning, and there were enough people there to support the nomer that this was the city that never sleeps.

Rainbow lights, dazzling and sparkling, mixed with the tom-tom beat of the drums and the echoing of voices was overwhelming, claustrophobic.

"Sensory overload" was no longer just a phrase.

We pressed our way to the stage upstairs and waited. A gang of skinheads and various other punks strutted around as if they owned the place; for all I knew, they probably did. I wasn't going to ask them either. Glancing around, I spied two girls (?) who looked like they had appeared as seconds in the movie "Tron." To my left was a well-dressed man slam dancing in a rather epileptic manner. If he had been dancing on the street like

that, someone would have called an ambulance immediately. In the lounge, however, it was par for the course.

I remember I kept on murmuring the word "awesome" to myself over and over, much to the amusement of my two cohorts. With the traditional dimming of the lights, Thunders was welcomed with a roar of shouts and whistling.

I was even more stunned. Thunders looked as if he had made a deal with Death to let him live another show, and it looked like Death was going to nullify the agreement. For this I left the comforting arms of the Columbia campus? To see a man who shoots junk about as often as my grandmother takes Geritol?

Well, I was there, and there was nothing I could do, so I resolved to stand and try to enjoy.

Blasting out decibels above safe hearing standards, he began the set with "Pipeline", an amazing,

harsh instrumental mixed with ear-splitting riffs. Enough to even get the dead to begin to shake, rattle and roll. Incidentally, "Pipeline" is an oldie from the Ventures songbook. A far cry from Johnny.

After that, he immediately erupted into a frenzy of songs ranging from old Doll's tunes to his Heartbreaker days and beyond. The songs merged into one another until it became a blend of nonstop electricity.

Thunders paused occasionally to insult the females in the audience. It seemed odd at the time that he would insult his fans, but they thrived on it. Maybe Johnny was right in calling to a girl in the audience, "Hey sweet thing," he wheezed through the mike during "Great Big Kiss." "I think you can fuck, how 'bout it?" I mean if somebody said that to one of my friends, I'd clout him on the spot,

See THUNDERS, 14