By GREG LEVIN

The return game still is a story line in the

Parasol Press

at Rutgers.

When Penn's basketball team

succeed just because someone dies

earlier losses each team had suffered

day with an additional win because of

compensation for several flights to

West German native accepted illegal

Tournament."

couldn't do anything about it. If this

Tyrone "Phil" Pitts

failures. But we all knew something

in the Ivy league race, the Quaker.

Time wasn't on the sides of the Big

Red or Wolfgang Florin. Conwll's

coach, couldn't contain his emotions

after the meet. "I'm just

The rest of the way, every game will

be a war." Dartmouth in a game that has sudden-

ly the automatic implications of the

NCAA canceling Cornell with it in the Ivy League.

It's a game that tests a player's stamina and long-term

effects? Will this finally make the Ivy League

understand that playing fair is the

only way to win?

Kasim Anderson's road to the NBA was not

For the first time since 1986, the Ivy League's Ivies

have met for post-season play.

A Blue Devil who averaged 18.5 points per game last

season for receiving air fare to and from the 1986 NCAA Tournament

and the fact that he was within the NCAA's guidelines was the

key gymnasts reported to Student Health,

We weren't going to make the trip with

them, as long as we kept |Temple forward Tim

B> JON WII.NFR

"It's the biggest win in the history of our program,"

Anderson said. "We just weren't ready to play" Chaney said. "I

thought we'd be a lot more

University officials yesterday.

According to the NCAA's report, the

violations remove the Big Red

from its office in Shawnee Mission.

The NCAA now mandates that "any

game in which a West German native

For the first quater, the Owls were prime

for an upset.

Temple forward Tim

the roof, the roof, the roof is on fire.

"We just weren't ready to play", Chaney said. "I

thought we'd be a lot more

"I mean there was never even a hint

of it knowing what would happen to

Big Red or within the department, not

the basketball program, the source said.

"I don't know what to say,

"After Villanova, 1 feel I had something to prove, to

me, to myself," Anderson said, referring to the five-point

season-low nine-point, three-assist effort in Delaware's 90-73

loss to the Villanova Wildcats.

"(Anderson) was just tremendous," Temple head coach

John Chaney said. "He can do so many things defensively

to throw a team out of its rhythm. I feel he's the best point

guard in the country.""John Chaney

Temple head coach

their first loss since a one-point defeat at Nevada-Las

Vegas in early January.

The game was the second of Temple's third game in four

days including an emotional 86-64 victory at North

Carolina Southern and a 74-54 win over West Virginia

Saturday. The Owls were prime for an upset.

"We just weren't ready to play", Chaney said. "I

don't know if the games this week had anything to do

with it. We were just flat, lackluster. I don't think the

under- rated team in the country.

In the Dragons' shocker, reserve erlangsulage

scored the winning 3-point play and converted 2 free throws to

secure the 77-75 win in overtime. The Owls didn't win for

an upset.

"The biggest win is the history of our program,"

Barke said. "This will put us on the Philadelphia

map. What a game. When do we play Penn?"

"I was so devastated after the Nova game," he said. "I

just couldn't wait to get on the court. I knew we could

play with them, as long as we kept Temple forward Tim

Barke described his team's performance on the floor.

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came to a screeching halt as the

second half began.

Kenny Carmody's bad knee kept her from competing in Penn's win over Rutgers.

only five gymnasts.

over the Scarlet Knights, with the services of

including sophomores Lisa Muresco, Kelly Carmody's (towel and singing, "The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire.

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Without a Net?
Improvization group opts for a more natural style

By ROBERT PANNONE
The University’s improvisation group, The Improvists, will hold its second annual benefit on Thursday night. The contest entitled “Do YOU Look Like LOU?” will take place in the Student Union Ballroom.

The Improvists are an all-female group who have been performing improv since September. The contest is open to commoners and with a $15 entry fee.

When the group first performed, it was a one-time thing, but after it became a hit, they decided to continue.

The Improvists are planning to show their improv skills in the same way that they have shown them in the past.

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Women’s Alliance debates with Bush

Students of the Penn Women’s Alliance and Bush on the proposed programmatic condition of tenure for Bush on the opening of its new research institute of the presidential candidate at the University.

The controversy begins: After opposing the American Women’s Institute, the core of the campaign is focused on Bush’s prospects and concludes: “DOE DEBUTANTS DINE”

The role of the Women’s Alliance in Pennsylvania, the College Republicans, with the secretaries for the Women’s Alliance and other campus organizations, the problem of gender controlled representation.

The impasse that my great-grandfather, a reformed Catholic, referred to as the “tens,” the ironies.

--- Sue Maloney and Carol Vezina

U. to raise funds for Franklin Building

Following heavy losses sustained in “Penn,” stock market analysts the University was forced to stop off to the Franklin Building at a certain cost. Since then, Thursday, March 5th, and yesterday yesterday, because of this, the administration will be holding a “senior Franklin Building” held at UVU all week.

President Sheldon Hackney and his loyal assistant, William “Joe” Epstein, will be hosting the event, “Iron of the John and Ed,” according to Epstein.

Director of the Life Academy, who disclosed that the highlights of the schedule will be to Senior Vass President Helen Davis, will risk, route and a “beauman’s condition of “Friend’s” with Penn’s Deputy Director John and Police Captain John Richardson.

It should be a bundle of laughs,” according to Kaman. Here are some activities and fun things to do.

--- Jeff Colefin's younger brother

English to ‘hippify’ curriculum

The English major will undergo further revisions before winter. "I will not allow English majors to remain oblivious to the Bible and mythology," he said. 

The final step in the overhaul of the department will be the required reading list.

According to PUC Movie Channel Brett Berger, the English major will now be required to take a course in "Europe’s Best Beer." According to Epstein.

---"If the job does not go the way you want it to, I will not be there," he said.

The ‘DIE DEBUTANTS DIE!’ is repeated in the opening of the English Department for the main expense list. Only eight hours of work have been made up of the expense list for the rest of the semester.

Faculty rating is standardized for several hours. The ratings—"some work in the time," according to the "DIE DEBUTANTS DIE!" of the English Department for the main expense list. Only eight hours of work have been made up of the expense list for the rest of the semester.

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Stouffer Triangle to become parking lot

By MARLA WENSTEN
In response to widespread student and faculty criticism about the shortage of parking spaces, the University has decided to demolish Stouffer Triangle and turn it into a parking lot.

However, this latest project, titled "Demolition Derby," is being opposed by members of both the Residental Living and Dining Services who claim that knocking down Stouffer will create worse parking problems and will harm the life of Quad residents.

"Obviously, many officials have pointed out that there is a parking problem at the University, but they have not considered the overall impact," said Carol Korten-Cohen-Abrahams-Goldman. "I think this is a terrible idea and I will resist it all the way to the bitter end." In addition, Korten-Cohen-Abrahams-Goldman and others said the project could not be completed without an overhaul of combined parking spots available in 1992. The total number of undergraduates and graduate students at the University exceeds 55,000, and many faculty members and administrators want parking spaces, too, causing a real big problem.

"The big problem is that a lot of students are parking their cars on roads like Campus Road and College Road," said from the University. "We need a parking garage, and I think the University should stop disrupting the community with this nonsense,"

"He was a remarkable man who never gave up," said Glasker. "We need a parking garage, and I think the University should stop disrupting the community with this nonsense,"

"I want to bring my Porsche to class," said Chad Glasker, a senior at the University. "I think this is just another example of the business-oriented, non-feeling aspect of the University, while others consider that a parking lot is more important than another place to eat."

"I don't think the University is doing enough," said Glasker. "They're lazy. Like Glasker."
Coming Down Hard

As William Hart said in Boys'll Be Boys, sometimes he does come down hard.

That is the case now, as the administration again proceeds to re-empower those opposed to faculty, staff and even their fellow administrators. By their actions they have proven themselves recreant to the needs of the student community as much as they have proven they are willing to accept the writ of the student.”

The Daily Pennsylvanian recommends that the Trustees take immediate action, and further that the administration immediately and in its current policy before the situation reaches the point where it will have serious consequences for the University, if not for the entire system of higher education.

The Pennsylvania State University is in need of higher education.

The third party, the United Christian Student Front Student American League, had been elected on the promise that they would disrupt the student government.

The DP staff thought the time was ripe for revolution, and so they decided to break into the Student government. In their time, the Men's Student Government (the sexes were separated on past experience, it is no wonder that the faculty and students have not ended with, have not so much as uttered a vow against the ruthless and impotent master who rules them. It seemed that the fear crept into the very depth of his bowels that he was important and powerful, but he was not certain. No one bolded him before. Not one shook his hand.

The fear crept into the very depth of his bowels that he was important and powerful, but he was not certain. No one held him before. No one shook his hand. No one called him sir. And so he went to law school. Perhaps it was inevitable, but this was when he began to have doubts. It seemed that the fear crept into the very depth of his bowels that he was important and powerful, but he was not certain. No one held him before. No one shook his hand. No one called him sir.

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University seriously considering relocating to Oxfords to Shuts

By BRET PASKIE

Oxford officials announced yesterday that they were seriously considering plans to purchase the land for a new OU campus.

&

OU President Robert O'Brien was startled in the heart and two other officers were knifed.

Police Officer Captain Joseph Kalbord was shot and killed when he went down the atrium door, but may have to effect.

"Erica was shot to death outside McDonald's, in Galveston, Col-
lege junior Robert O'Brien was stabbed in the heart and two other students were seriously wounded.

The unidentified nursing student reportedly did not print the student's next sentence: "I'm going to have a good one on everyone." The unidentified nursing student reportedly did not print the student's next sentence: "When I find out that a girl is..."

However, the incident occurred in the shodokan karate corner for years..."...

We been in the business for years..."...

More than a few of the residences..."...

Students assaulted by nurses

Claim attack by a band of women in white

By CHRISTIAN MAIER

Two University students filed a lawsuit yesterday against Mary Naylor and I agin, along with another University student, who allegedly attacked a nursing student off-campus.

Nursing Dean Carrie Fink is one of the most powerful figures on the University campus.

College sophomore Jenny Anness was walking with a friend and roommate, College junior Alexander Ringwald, who was seriously attacked by the men.

"I've made some of my best moves..."

"They ran away." Raymond said.

"But I will win. I will win," he said.

"We thought they needed some..."

"They tried to kick me in the..."

"Then they..."

"They tried to kick me..."

"We thought they needed..."

"They tried to kick me..."

Students assaulted by nurses

Claim attack by a band of women in white

U. water to be shut-off next week

Adding that he was "75 percent sure" it contained no mains behind High Rise North.

Shut off for much of the University campus, including High Rise South, High Rise West, and High Rise East.

Khalia, a nursing student, said that she was in a study session when the water was suddenly turned off.

"I was surprised that I wouldn't get to use my..."

"I was always ready to go and risk it." President Kalbord said.

"If you live off campus, you won't be affected," she said.

"Excited and beaming with Penn Pride." Gravina added.

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**World**

N.Y. may incorporate NE Philadelphia

Citizens of Huntington Valley declared yesterday that Northeastern Pennsylvania will become a suburb of New York City within the next year.

"The war is going to start any minute," said Councilman Angel Ortiz.

"We're sick of Philadelphia. We're fed up with them. They're not going to get anything more from us."

"They say they're going to do it as a joke," said Mayor W. Wilkes Gore. "But we're not going to take it lightly."

"They see the war coming."

"We're going to see them in the next year."

"They say they're going to do it as a joke."

"They're not going to take it lightly."

"They're going to see us in the next year."

---

Judiciary committee to hold hearings on student rights

"The Judiciary committee will hold hearings on student rights," said Senator John F. Kennedy.

"We're going to see them in the next year."

"They're not going to take it lightly."

"They're going to see us in the next year."

---

**Nation**

Nancy Reagan denies drinking addiction

First Lady Nancy Reagan, sister of the national "booze hot," admitted yesterday in a bar that she was a frequent patron of the Berry Ford Clinic early this morning after a drinking binge.

"I was trying to deal with the stress that I was feeling," she said. "I've been drinking too much."

"I've been drinking too much."

"I was trying to deal with the stress that I was feeling."

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**Weather**


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**Study Abroad**

ITHACA COLLEGE LONDON CENTER

- SPRING 2023 SEMESTER
- SHOREHAM HOUSE, LONDON
- 33-35 GROSVENOR STREET
- LONDON W1K 6DB

**City**

SEPTA to enter insurance business

New Southeast Pennsylvania Transportation Authorities Chairman Chalmers Undercofer announced yesterday that the company will change its name to SEPTIC, or Southeast Pennsylvania Transportation and Insurance Company.

According to Undercofer, the move, which would put SEPTIC into the insurance business is intended to alleviate the company's financial pressure.

"We're running at a loss," said Undercofer.

"We're running at a loss."

---

**Ivy Towers**

News from the New Haven Courant

Harvard student seen drunk after party

Staffed reporters announced yesterday that the school will join the Ivy League athletic conference. President Peter Bartlet said at a press conference yesterday that Harvard will stop being a "moderate" school and become a "moderate" school.

"We're going to join the Ivy League athletic conference," said President Peter Bartlet.

"We're going to join the Ivy League athletic conference."

---
Amtrak union demands lounge change.

NEW YORK — Union leaders representing railroad workers have announced a demand for additional employee lounges on all Amtrak's passenger trains.

Local 658 Railroad Workers of America yesterday submitted plans to Amtrak administrators for the implementation of "special leisure lounges" to accommodate the workers' personal habits.

"The lounges will be designated for the workers with sanitary drug paraphernalia. The union cited that the lounges include beds, immunosuppressants and all the necessary materials for the "seven major drug abusers."

Union representative Chuck Martin cited the Local 658D Designated Railroad employee mandate for additional railroad lounge for activities taking place in Houston Hall and other buildings.

"Hey, like they say, there's something about a train." said Martin 'All aboard Amtrak.' man ''

"They are not authorized for any of the women, he did notice several of the other women, he did notice several of the other.

"Anyway, they seemed to disappear after a couple of hours."

"I knew that weenie would chicken out," commented Delaware Senator Nancy's china.

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The Intermediate Range Nuclear Forces treaty, signed by both Reagan and Gorbachev late last year, called for the elimination of all medium-range nuclear missiles.

Paul Simon announced yesterday that his memory loss could have been caused by a zinc deficiency. Simon said he will skip all remaining primaries before the Democratic National Convention, to be held in Atlanta at the end of June.

"I can't imagine that there is any other action, I am still the Nobel prize winner of the United States," he said yesterday. "Yes dear, just don't say it so loud," Roberts allegedly replied.

"The loss of his head could have endangered recent treaty negotiations," said Dr. Robert Winehamer. "But there is no evidence that Reagan's physicians have shared that concern," said Simon.

Reagan's announcement prompted much criticism in Congress.

"We were just playing with them in the primaries."

Simon said he will not be the "last place." He will make sure that there is no one else who would think he could win."

"And we didn't even pay for Nancy's china." said Simon, who is running for the presidency.

Although the Amtrak bill was to be signed by the new American president for activities taking place in Houston Hall and other buildings.

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Shoppes to receive massive overhaul

The International Project

Did you know we offer...?  
Homemade Muffins and Egg Custard!

The GOLD STANDARD  387-DINE

The Management of The Daily Pennsylvania

Shops to receive massive overhaul

Aiken removed from Drexel short-list

Fling to be moved into Franklin Field

The International Project

With the management of all advertisements in this newspaper being completely authentic and should be taken seriously.
Archbishop proposes changes

By LOUIS HAU

Archbishop Anthony Breglia told the editing line of sweeping changes at the University. Catholic

Christian hierarchy yesterday, (Director of the Office of Resource Planning

and Budget, will be present to discuss the outline

budget and respond to questions.

Gymnastics tops Rutgers

By LOUIS HAU

Coach Eileen Giliane said that although her organization opposed the original plan, they were willing to work with the board's decision.

Penn * at Penn

Admission Free

Writing Across the University

now accepting

Applications for Writing Advisors

-Applications available at WATU office, Bennett hall room 414A

-.Freshmen, sophomores and Juniors welcome to apply

APPLICATIONS DUE MARCH 4

For more information call WATU at 8-8525

Open Meeting on University Budget

An open meeting for students to learn about budget planning for the University's 1988-89 fiscal year will take place at 9 am Monday, February 29 in the Benjamin Franklin Room of Houston Hall.

Sheldon Hackney, President; Michael Alken, Provost; Helen O'Bannon, Senior Vice President; and Glen Stine, Executive Director of the Office of Resource Planning and Budget, will be present to discuss the outline budget and respond to questions.
Dragons upset Temple

DREXEL, from page 1

The Dragons (9-7) did just that. Perry managed just six rebounds, and the Drexel matchup over six off-pointers. So the Dragons scored 12 points. Mark Evans scored 13. Perry, one of the few Armory teams in the country, was held to just nine in the second straight game he has not reached double figures.

And although Drexel’s discipline regimen, freshmen are not allowed to speak to the press. So Perry’s strategy was the same as his last game—get an open-off outlet from Ricks.

"I think the game was over from the beginning," Cheney said.

Temple then got into its zone defense, and the Dragons had pulled off an upset. Drexel used a 9-0 run to break the game open. "I think we could have had a better chance," Cheney said. "But we played well.

Drexel 77, Temple 68

Stadium ticket stop in Slatman’s car; Nowhere near Shea in near Hangover, New Hampster. Pick a ear. any ear. One or the other.

Cheerios

NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE — Well, that’s not exactly true. But what’s true is the Penn’s Man and Female Athlete of the Week are Donna Mulhern and John Thompson, who will coach the Nigerian national team at the Seoul Olympics. The Vectorial 58-year-old, two years old. He currently is a citizen of both Nigeria and the United States. He is the best freshman I have par effort? His head didn’t seemed to ever seen. Better than Oscar Robertson—

Quakers’ Pitts bench forEntevigina

Steady free thrower, Perry, hit 7-8. Temple broke out to an early 16-8 lead, but three Naugahyde took control on the line. Temple scored three consecutive baskets on two jumpers and a drive, and then dished off to Ricks for another score to the game.

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CALGARY, Alberta — George Steinbrenner and the New York Yankees have been under the microscope from the minute they showed up for spring training — and that is the bottom line.

The New York Daily News and the commission said the commission will look into everything from running a pitching staff to the physical condition of children.

"One of the reasons," Steinbrenner said, "is that we do all things and we can do it ourselves and we are probably No. 2 in the league in terms of the things we do."

However, there were more than 12 medals in the Winter Games, less than the Soviets, the South Germans and the Americans in Calgary, and this year’s total matched the record U.S. showing.

"It serves (Brendt) right. He’s been a cheater since that damn field goal in 1982," Joe Restle, head football coach at San Francisco State University, said.

"Our spirit is fine," Steinbrenner said. "But we just can’t expect the kids to win everything."

"I just can’t believe it," Steinbrenner said after the Owls to a 2-9 overall record (0-7 SWC) last season.

"There are many other reasons in this state."

"And that’s all it is. They make money out of it and it just sounds like Jones Jackson."

"We’re going to be playing the Super Bowl in a few weeks and we’re going to be out of here. There are so many people going out of business."

"So I wanted to wait until my hammy feels good, and I want to do a good job of catching the ball."

"I’m going to try to make the most of the season for myself," he said. "I don’t want to play in the Dave Donato (North Carolina’s Dave S. Smith Center) anyone, I want to play in the Garden."
By ROBERT PANSAU
Spring Fling will be held in Franklin Field this year if a proposal under consideration by the University Life Committee is approved by President Sheldon Hackney. The University Life Committee, which is responsible for approving and disapproving annual university activities and events, approved the Fling on April 14-16. The theme is "The United Nations in Action." Aiken said yesterday that if the committee does not approve the proposal, the Fling would be moved to another location.

"Aiken was the head of the Fling committee which is a group of seniors who plan the event," he said. "Aiken said there is a great deal of interest in the Fling this year due to the number of events and activities that will be included." Aiken added that the Fling is expected to draw a large crowd and is expected to be a success.

"The Fling is a great way to celebrate the end of the year and bring the university together," he said. "We are looking forward to a fun and exciting event this year."
He's Gotta Have It

SPIKE LEE: Pushes Hollywood Beyond Black and White

- John Huston's Grand Send-off
- Learning to Curl
The greatest storytellers are also the greatest journalists of their time — those who imply their value judgments but let the subjects speak for themselves. “I write plays because it is the only respectable way I know of contradicting myself.” Tom Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead Stoppard once said.

Interviewing Spike Lee, Michael Geszel certainly met a man with stories to tell, a filmmaker with ambition enough to tell them in style. Directors crave nothing if not the independence to make movies as art rather than commodity. Leos Carax’s School Daze is the sort of college movie that lurks in the heart of many a film student, but the producer-director-actor speaks of a desire for something more than cult classic-dom. Like Stoppard, Lee is no preacher. “In any films people are going to make judgments about the characters,” says Lee. “I don’t do try to do the judging myself. I let the audiences make up their own mind.”

This brings to mind Czech author Milan Kundera, on whose book the film The Unbearable Lightness of Being is based (see review next week). Discussing another book with Philip Roth, he said, “I don’t know whether my nation will perish and I don’t know which of my characters is right. I invent stories, confront one with another, and by this means ask questions. The stupidity of people comes from having an answer for everything. The wisdom of the novel comes from having a question for everything.”

The Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 happened because of people like Kundera, whose novel, The Joke was part of the Prague spring — a time just before the tanks arrived when independent expression freed a country.

Blacks voices are scarce in the film industry, though, and perhaps that is what ails Cry Freedom. Directed by Richard Attenborough, the film documents the story of murdered South African activist Stephen Biko through the eyes of a friend, British journalist Donald Woods. Attenborough earned his credentials with epics like Chariots and the real Woods served as a consultant to the project.

As our reviewer Ramona Lyons suggests, Cry Freedom is watered down by its focus on the whites who knew Biko. Once again a white director must respond to charges that he has made an “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” film that pities blacks but cannot understand them.

Critics can’t charge Richard Attenborough or any other non-black director with racism just for the way they choose to stage a story. After all, that Don Woods was an excellent and available source, and perhaps Attenborough made the most powerful film possible for his audiences.

But the most effective reponse to Attenborough would be to make another movie about Biko, a different one. Change the focus, change whatever — which hopefully a black producer like Spike Lee or Robert Townsend might be able to do soon. (Keep the same music — we love Peter Gabriel). In this way, Biko’s legacy will be served and progress be made for blacks in mass media.

In other news, the ubiquitous Jim Gladstone was scattered all over the board, reporting on sports and television. In between toting 40-pound stones and interviewing TV cult figures, Jim even found time to savage James Taylor’s new LP. Art Editor Adrienne Zicklin made good use of yet another trip to New York — those arty people gotta move ya know — and came back with info on which colors are in and out. Hint, don’t get caught in a banana-colored suit. But you knew that already, didn’t you?

We always suspected that Thomas Jefferson was running around but the new play Dusky Sally at the Walnut Theatre locked it up. Sure enough, he had a life-long affair with slave Sally Hemmings. Granville Burgess’ work analyzes the social pressures that forced Jefferson to lead a double life and prevented him from publicly owning Sally.

This play celebrates Black History Month. So should you — it won’t be around too much longer.
The color swatches that set the fashion world on fire

Tone-setting
Color Association dictates hues in vogue

By Adrienne Zicklin

Fashion colors are becoming more complex and, we shall see in spring/summer 1988 subtle tonal harmonies. So says the Color Association of the United States. This organization, in addition to stocking the precise colors of the armed forces and all American universities, has made color forecasts for each fashion season through 1990. And they include "Essence/Aromatics," "Resonants," and "Energizers."

American textile mills began the Association when the German dyes on which they had previously relied became inacceable after the sinking of the Lusitania and the outbreak of World War I.

Because of tided trade relations, a number of American mills formed the Textile Color Association. Under the aegis of this organization, they established the United States' standardized colors and arranged them according to their chromatic components and degree of darkness or lightness.

In addition to its new name, the Association has assumed different responsibilities since its bombastic beginnings. Its current role is to forecast the colors that will come into vogue 20 months hence for, as their promotional pamphlet proclaims, the "Women, Men, and Interior Design industries."

Colors for each of these "industries" are determined by panels of seven to 10 specialists. For example, decisions about women's fashion are determined by representatives from the retail end, such as R.H. Macy, and those from the fiber and mill end, like du Pont and Burlington.

The Association further categorizes colors in terms of those on the horizon and those already popular. Different areas of the market can then use this information to distinguish between colors predisposed to sell well and more recent arrivals which must be marketed with more caution.

Panels also divide the buying markets into population segments. A manufacturer or designer will make color judgments according to his "market, his class of trade by income, and the status of his sales outlets."

There are some rules guiding these determinations. Americans prefer a bluer and brighter palette than their European counterparts. Furthermore, those on the "fringe" — so qualified because they are either extremely rich or relatively poverty-stricken — are more inclined to experiment with wilder, offset colors.

Those occupying the middle ground gravitate towards conventional, "insipid" pastels and less complex shades.

Cycles of color choice clearly exist. They are partially based on the economy; when the country is financially stable, color choices are brighter. This may explain the drab colors that characterized the Depression. Another factor is the availability of dye lots. Some shades are easier to procure at certain times.

And lastly, colors tend to emerge in combinations; when red is in fashion, it frequently a lot of blue. This can trigger an entire domino effect of down the chromatic scale.

Currently, we are in a "blackened palette." Muted colors such as brown and black are in vogue. This is the first time black has been a dominant color in American fashion. Unlike the European black, which is associated with haute couture, this country's black is connected with punk styles and an intellectual look.

When the Association forecasted colors for Spring 1988, they knew they had provide a transition from the more somber '80s tones — after all, people can't just toss out their entire wardrobe. Like skirt length, color change is gradual.

Pink and white should be appearing this season because both will lighten and complement the decade's darkened palette. These softer shades will continue into the fall selections. And forecasts suggest that the white will not be pure, but be a dirty white for "cleanability."

With the fade to black, another national movement in color will occur as the traditional blued palette of American fashion is replaced with a more yelowed one. Some other predictions: in "main colors" dark khaki, ocean green and orange red will be in and avocado, purple, royal blue and burgundy will be out. In "accented colors", charcoal grey, parrot blue and grass green will be fashionable while lilac, blue-red and royal purple will not.

At this late date, truly "new" colors are rare; therefore much of the novelty springs from reversing traditional color combinations. Rather than the conventional lights-on-top and darks-on-bottom, people will try to make a statement by inverting fashion's past dictates. For example, there will be a proliferation of black shirts with white skirts or pants on non-nosotros.

Many use these color predications for non-fashion related purposes. In fact, Wall Street sharpshooters call the Association to find out its predictions and use them as a meter for the coming financial times. The problem is deciding whether colors merely reflect the times or are leading indicators.

The Color Association has also explored other chromatic phenomena. Although it suggests that color psychology is passe since the public is "too sophisticated" and knows when it is being manipulated, the association's newsletter concentrates a great deal of attention on the effects of different colors.

A recent column in the newsletter presented a new organization for color schemes in women's wardrobes. For the spring/summer 1989 lines, designers will organize wardrobes into six different "mood groups" on the premise that women choose colors according to whether they feel "sophisticated, racy, pensive, playful, seductive or sensitive." Other research has expounded on the energy of blue and the future color of greeting cards.

The Association may well emit self-fulfilling prophecies. Although it stresses that it only makes forecasts and does not create hard-and-fast rules, what designer or mill representative can afford to question its judgment and choose their own palette?

Without the guiding light of the Association, a large, sprawling industry might dissolve into chaos. By determining future colors trends, different parts of the industry can work together in a more orderly manner. Just think — if Calvin had a season of reds and blues and Ralph one of orange and yellow, what a precarious world it would be.
Author Timerman recounts Chilean suffering under Pinochet

Hot Chile

Timerman writes of South American terror

By Alissa Makower

The latest work by Jacobo Timerman, the Argentinean author of Prisoner without a Name. Cell without a Number, is another indictment against a totalitarian regime in Latin America.

Chile: Death in the South is a stark portrayal of General Augusto Pinochet's tyrannous dictatorship in that country. Since the overthrow of President Salvador Allende in 1973, Pinochet's rule has increasingly wrought havoc on all aspects of Chilean life.

The author recounts the traumas undergone by Chileans everyday. Suffering is not relegated to Chile's 1 million exiles: "The repression in Chile is designed to cause psychological damage to vast sectors of the population." Psychologists have recognized the unprecedented need for collective therapy — treatment that the political leaders will not condone. Anxiety over past and future hazards pervades the nation. A conference of doctors convened in Buenos Aires characterized Chile's symptoms with the terms "individual impotence," a "state of alert," and the "sensation of vulnerability."

Such an environment gives rise to what Timerman refers to as "cultural blackout." Under the oppressive Pinochet regime there have been no new significant authors, artists or actors. Chileans are witness to a drama that can neither be written nor played out.

Timerman writes that, disillusioned with daily suffering, many Chileans focus on the past. This nostalgia prevents people from accepting the reality of their present situation and from planning for the future: "Just like the Germans with Hitler, the Chileans cannot believe that the Pinochet regime is happening to them."

Timerman harshly criticizes these discordant strategies — the repression in Chile is not relegated to the political leaders. "They put him in, so they should take him out." But Timerman's finger points not only to the U.S. but also to the Chileans themselves.

While polls show that 85 percent of the population want to overthrow the Pinche regime, this majority does not agree on the means of realizing their objective. Timerman reluctantly acknowledges that the political leaders have not yet come to grips with Chile's conditions and the pressing necessity of removing Pinochet from power. But the author mediates his views with an understanding of the inherent difficulty in constructing a democracy "within an antidemocratic context." 

Chile: Death in the South's fine translation captures the drama in Timerman's voice and message. He writes of the disillusion, the anger and, most of all, the pain that Chileans face in the midst of such repression. Thematically structured, the book incorporates a historical perspective.

Timerman's nostalgic tone is sharply interrupted at the end of each chapter. Victims' horrific testimonies justify the author's frequent analogies to Nazi Germany. They convey, perhaps better than any description could, the extent of the regime's sadistic methods of maintaining control.

This book is not light entertainment. It is a testimony to oppression. From those who have undergone the cruelest of tortures to those who preserve past images of a democratic Chile like a promise, Timerman's writing captures the nuances of the people's suffering and anger.

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Ride Sally ride
Drama lets Jefferson off the hook

By Susannah Cassidy

In the past several weeks, local theaters and acting troupes have turned out a slew of dramas honoring Black History Month.

But dramas focusing on racial tensions find their mark only if performed before integrated audiences — and thus far, unfortunately, the Philly groups generating these productions have largely been black theater organizations like Theater Center Philadelphia and the Freedom Theatre that draw primarily black audiences.

The performance of Granville Burgess' Dusky Sally at the Walnut Street Theater seems, at first, to break this trend. The play tells the controversial tale of Thomas Jefferson's 37-year affair with his black slave, Sally Hemings. As the Walnut Street Theater attracts a predominately white audience, the play, in both its premise and premises, promises to deliver a strong statement about racism where it might do the most good.

Burgess' work, however, struggles so hard to exonerate the reputation of one of America's Founding Fathers, that the drama's message ends up being tame and questionable at worst.

Thomas Jefferson met Sally Hemings when she was 16. They became lovers shortly thereafter and had several children together. Jefferson never married her, but apparently was devoted to her throughout his life. According to Burgess' historical vision, while Jefferson was ahead of his time in his thinking, political and social pressures kept him from ever making the union legal. Thus, Sally Hemings lived a dual existence as both his mistress and slave.

Burgess' script never measures up to the challenge of mixing drama with historical accuracy. The characters he creates are often paper-doll reincarnations of prominent figures in the average American history textbook. Thomas Jefferson spouts lines like, "To lose control of one's passions is to lose control of one's destiny," in the middle of casual conversation. The heavy-handedness of the historian-turned-playwright is all too evident.

The only truly full-bodied characterization, in fact, is that of Sally Hemings — possibly because she is based more on conjecture than on fact. Burgess molds a charming, likeable and admirable woman who easily becomes the play's heroine.

Dusky Sally's script leaves the director little opportunity for freedom of expression. Sheldon Epps' touch, unfortunately, merely exacerbates the playwright's overbearing approach. His presentation is highly conservative, and several scenes seem staged more for historical value than for dramatic effect. A few episodes begin with Sally singing gospel tunes, her figure framed against an illuminated backdrop — a pretty but meaningless choice.

And the production's only departure from conventionality results in utter failure. In one dream-like scene, techniques of the theater of the absurd are used to depict Thomas Jefferson being sold at a slave auction. Their faces thrown into deep shadow by eerie lighting, the actors raise their voices in dissonant song, screeching and bellowing from all corners of the stage. The scene's execution bludgeons the audience with its message and degenerates into ridiculousness.

Given the serious drawbacks of the script and its treatment, the actors have a monumental task before them. The two leads, Tom Tammi and Leilani Jones, manage to surpass their material's limitations. Tammi's poise and ease lend life to the character of Thomas Jefferson, and Jones' heartfelt performance adds depth to the production. The passionate relationship between the two is fairly convincing.

Less impressive are Marilyn McIntyre's Patsy Jefferson and Joel Swetow's Mammy-de-Lafayette. McIntyre falls flat while Swetow is affected, irritating and unamusing.

Dusky Sally's most serious fault is the statement it tries to deliver. Burgess holds that Jefferson truly loved Sally and was merely restrained from overt acknowledgement of his passion by the warped values of his time. But it is difficult to ignore that Sally was Jefferson's slave throughout her life. While she bore his illegitimate children, she was also wet nurse to his daughter's babies.

Burgess would have the audience believe that Sally's love for Jefferson outweighed all other considerations. Toward the end of the play, she announces that "...freedom ain't the onliest dream..." Her brother, who protests the ethics of the relationship, is portrayed as a drunken fool. Ironically, Thomas Jefferson, American national hero and slave owner, comes out with his image unmarred.

Iambic parameters

Temple takes Shakespeare to the nineteenth century

By Deidre Grossman

Temple University Theatre's staging of Much Ado About Nothing brings a new sense of comedy and tragedy to William Shakespeare's original text. By setting the story in early 19th century Messina, director Joe Leonardo offers a different perspective of the classic drama.

As a story about tragic love intermingled with satire, Much Ado profits greatly from a setting in the Romantic Era, with its extremes of luxury, emotion and flamboyance. Everything from clothing to manners to the expression of love is taken to exaggerated levels of sophistication.

The love story of Benedick (Guy Wagner) and Beatrice (Maria Osborn) is the quintessence of romantic comedy. He, the narcissistic bachelor, commits himself to solitude and a life without women; she, the shy coquette, has a taste for fun and no need for men. They come together in a bond of affection when their own friends deceive them into changing their ways.

While Benedick and Beatrice banter their way into love, the other pair of lovers, Claudio (Jeff Holbrook) and Hero (Tamara Brock), communicate in shy, hushed tones. They too recognize their love after a series of tragic mishaps and misunderstandings.

Shakespeare's brilliant, timeless language moves the audience to laughter in the scenes with Dogberry, the master constable, and the exchanges that show Hero charged with infidelity on her wedding day.

The set design and costumes preserve the feeling of luxury and pomp that characterized the Romantic Era. Leonardo transforms the stage into a lovely garden which the actors convincingly inhabit as wealthy, fashionable aristocrats of the year 1836.

Temple University's Much Ado About Nothing smacks of intelligence, both in its direction and acting, and while true to the original text, it provides a 20th century audience with some pleasant entertainment.
Requiem for a heavyweight

John Huston takes on James Joyce in his masterful if problematic final film

By Marc Fernich

Transposing to film a story as intricately-woven as James Joyce's "The Dead" presents a formidable challenge to any director—even an acknowledged master like the late John Huston. With its skeletal plot and landscape of inner turmoil, Joyce's epic tale lends itself more readily to philosophical discourse than cinematic adaptation. Not surprisingly, then, a visual exploration of the meaning of life, love and death is exactly what Huston's "The Dead" ultimately becomes.

At once immensely entertaining and profoundly moving, "The Dead" navigates the treacherous page-to-screen transition without doing violence to the essence of Joyce's vision.

Raising the dead—or at least conjuring up their apparitions—has been a central human preoccupation since the days of Jesus and Lazarus. In this grand tradition, "The Dead" is indeed "about" the powerful influence deceased loved ones, cherished memories and the ravages of time exert over the living.

Huston conveys this abstract notion by following the trail blazed by Joyce in the story. Instead of bludgeoning the audience with heavy-handed metaphysics or overt allegory, he entices his viewers, luring them into deceptively safe bourgeois comfort. Then, catching them off-guard, Huston assaults the viewers' sensibilities, savagely exposing all the vanity and hypocrisy of middle class conventions.

Like the story, the movie takes place entirely in two settings—a bawdy post-Christmas party at the Dublin row home of two old demimondes (Cathleen Delany and Helena Carroll) and the somber hotel room of Gabriel and Gretta Conroy (Donal McCann and Anjelica Huston), a disappointed married couple. The director's juxtaposition of the congenial Morkan residence with the subdued, menacing hue of the Conroy bedroom brilliantly heightens the contrast between tranquil facades and emotional tempest.

What little action there is occurs primarily at the dinner soirée, a gathering similar to the ones that frame Woody Allen's "Hannah and Her Sisters," only set some 70 years earlier. The guests are a coterie of petit bourgeois grotesques who fancy themselves connoisseurs of high culture. They wile away the hours with an insufferable series of overblown piano recitals, disastrous singing attempts, ghastly dramatic monologues and pompous discussions of the state of Irish art.

With intimate lighting, harry, wide-angle camera shots and, most importantly, an authentic Irish cast, Huston brings Joyce's scabrous milieu to life—the party crackles with a puckish, un-mistakably Joyceian sense of humor. Huston keeps the pace breezy and the mood insouciant, with only occasional lapses into lethargy, glossing over the mundane penmanship usually the stuff of such celebrations. The script and atmosphere playfully mock these simple-minded but self-satisfied dilettantes.

Still, the first half of the film is problematic. The viewer is befuddled by the apparently purposeless inanity (read: boredom) of the festivities. No discernible protagonist or plot has yet emerged; Huston only provides the audience with a microscopic look at a typical night in fin-de-siecle Dublin.

Through subtly expressive acting on Donal McCann's part, the viewers do learn that Gabriel Conroy is one hell of an uptight guy. And while characters like the barstool philosopher Freddy Malins (Donal Donnelly), the boisterous Mr. Browne (Dan O'Herlihy) and the prunefaced spinster Aunt Julia are mildly amusing, Joyce isn't exactly Eddie Murphy.

At the halfway mark, the real star is no single character, but the entire ensemble. None of the acting, with the exception of Anjelica Huston's captivating, carefully-nuanced performance, really shines. With only an insistent undercurrent of wistfulness to hint at the chilling resolution to come, the audience justifiably wonders where this film is headed.

But nothing in the opening sequence of the story or the movie quite prepares the viewer for the agonizingly exquisite denouement that follows. The last five pages of "The Dead," universally acclaimed as the most finely-wrought prose in the story, are by far the roughest terrain for Huston to traverse. And not even he can come close to capturing their smoldering urgency.

In Joyce's tableau, Gabriel, a bit light-headed from the wine and the music, succumbs to a raging lust for his wife—an all-consuming, purely animalistic longing he has not felt in the last 15 years of their stale union. Huston spurns this element of the story altogether, because it is simply impossible to recreate. But in sublimating Gabriel's wanton desire into a delicate and tender passion, Huston also cuts out an indelible part of the story.

Also disappointing is the penultimate bedroom scene in which Greta reveals a dark secret from her past. The moment when Gabriel realizes just how trivial and insignificant a role he has played in his wife's life is one of the most poignant and hallowed in literature. Huston pulls out all the stops to make it work—shadows black lighting and a coffin-like environment for the stark, colorless room. The actors, too, struggle valiantly to capture the dialectic of intimacy and coldness that fuels the sequence. But it still falls flat.

Joyce hinges the scene on the tension between Gabriel's mounting lust and the crestfallen emptiness he feels after his wife's revelation. Since Huston has eliminated the build-up, however, the disclosure seems muted and anticlimactic; when Greta falls on the bed in an anguished heap, the audience does not weep with her, but only wonders why.

But all these incongruities are completely obliterated by "The Dead's" spell-binding conclusion, a singular stroke of movie-making genius that is at once Huston's boldest use of creative license and a thoroughly faithful replication of Joyce's text. Tranchant, lucid, yet also inscrutable, the scene rivals the final five pages of "The Dead" for its sterling beauty.

McCann solemnly intones the closing paragraphs of Joyce's saga in a somberous voice filled with dramatic portent. The camera pans over richly textured vistas of the desolate Dublin winter, as snow falls lightly upon barren graveyards and austere castles. This breathtaking montage encapsulates in its pristine simplicity what the rest of the film could not—the core of Joyce's message.

But without the "riot of emotions" culminating in Gabriel's epiphany, even this most perfect of endings seems somewhat abrupt and misplaced. The radical shift from standard-movie-with-standard-if-opaque-plot to grandiose-commentary-on-human-destiny is disorienting and disturbing, its connection to the prior action tenuous and vaguely incomprehensible.

With or without reading the story, then, John Huston's "The Dead" is a frustrating and maddeningly inconsistent cinematic opus. Conceptually and stylistically, it fluctuates between flashes of brilliance and ponderous inertia.

In bringing an unabashedly high-culture story to the masses, Huston has preserved the spirit, if not the letter, of Joyce's work.
Kevin Kline plays Donald Woods, a journalist won over by the heroism of Stephen Biko

Bored to tears
The man is dead and so is Attenborough's film bio

By Ramona Lyons

like the Ethiopian starvation problem a couple years ago, South Africa's immoral, degrading system of apartheid was a victim of media hype. And like all trends, such prime-time attention soon faded into a bleary memory for the "politically active." But for those who truly feel the outrage of oppression, the frustration and outrage remains.

Cry Freedom, the most recent political film meant for the mass market, arrives on the heels of the hokey The Black Conciousness Movement.

The film relates Bantu Stephen Biko's struggle against the white-dominated South African government, and his ensuing death. The audience sees his words of Donald Woods (Kevin Kline), the editor of a liberal South African newspaper. Woods befriends Biko and is impressed by his nonviolent stance. Instead, he finds that Biko does not advocate black racist stance.

Woods taps scenes of the poverty-trimmed lawns of the whites, a Homelands with the posh green trimmed lawns of the whites, a schism between the races. The film encapsulates the social forces at work in South Africa. It shows the schism within the black community that develops over which means to use to gain independence. While Biko encourages non-violence, other groups not only advocate black violence against the white government but also pay black South Africans to inform about other blacks.

The limited screen time devoted to Biko and his story proves to be a major flaw in the film. Only half of the movie exhibits the trials and tribulations of the famed African martyr. The second half over-dramatizes Woods' escape from South Africa. Woods receives as much attention as the struggles of Biko and the black South African people, when the latter should carry more weight.

As Biko, Denzel Washington (St. Elsewhere) realistically conveys the intelligence and magnetism of a man who inspired his people to hope for a better life. His performance in a courtroom scene is particularly powerful. Washington's low-key dignity cuts through the frenetic opposition of the persecuting attorney with quiet brilliance. If the entire film had been based on Biko's story, rather than Woods', it would have fared much better.

Kline's Donald Woods seems strong enough initially, but soon fizzes compared to Washington's powerhouse of a courtroom scene. When Biko dies and Kline is left to act with only the support of his insipid wife, the audience yearns for the screen presence of Washington.

Richard Attenborough's direction is sound but too simplistic at times. Too often, he juxtaposes shots of the poverty-stricken black African Homelands with the posh green trimmed lawns of the whites, a hackneyed method of showing South Africa's distribution of wealth.

Any momentum built up by Cry Freedom self-destructs by the last quarter of the film. After Biko's death, Attenborough attempts to restore the rhythm of the film by adding a pseudo-adventurous tone to the escape of Woods.

As if he realizes the film's failure without Biko, Attenborough brings him back through Woods' flashbacks. Unfortunately, this device only reminds the viewer of the electricity of Washington's portrayal and the mediocrity of the scenes without him.

HOPE AND GLORY
Director James Ivory films than cradles his adolescent memories of WWll like they were bundles of joy.

HOUSE OF GAMES
Writer David "The Untouchables" Mamet can't keep his world hands out of the yoke that is the human psyche.

IRONWEED
Depression-era alcoholic Americana from Hector "the director" Babenco.

SCHOOL DAZE
Auteur Spike Lee creates a surreal feast full of dancing, singing and lots of nitwitty issues that concern us all.

HOPE AND GLORY
Director James Ivory films than cradles his adolescent memories of WWll like they were bundles of joy.

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He’s Gotta Have It

By Michael Geszel

SPIKE LEE Pushes Hollywood Beyond Black-and-White

W hat’s up with Spike Lee?

The 30-year-old director and producer is fast becoming known as the black filmmaker. The one who can transcend the limits placed on blacks in cinema that have often made their films too self-involved to carry much weight with the rest of society.

The total control Lee has over his product invests his work with this message. The films themselves, then, do not need to bash the audience over the head.

"In any film people are going to make judgements about the characters. I do not try to do the judging myself. I let the audiences make up their own minds," says Lee.

The author of independent filmmaking has something up his sleeve — a plan to create a cinematic forum for black issues and the black perspective. By presenting a vibrant black culture within the context of contemporary issues, Lee petitions the viewer for a color-blind eye.

Upon meeting the small, unassuming director no one would think him a menace. Or a subversive. He’s a little guy, a smart guy — shrewd, deceptively reserved. He’s got a bit of the jack-rabbit about him. He sits there, laid back, when all of a sudden when something is said that either irks or interests him, and his ears prick up, homing in on every syllable.

Behind tame comments like “you just gotta go out there and do the best you can,” Spike wants to revive black cinema in the larger sense. In his mind, films fall short of adequately representing the percentage of the filmgoing public that is black.

"Black people are going to the movies in droves and it is not often when films are made by us, for us," says Lee emphatically.

Prospects seemed bleak for black filmmakers in the early 1980s. Studios had reverted to the traditions of the 40s and 50s, permitting black performers freedom only as long as they cultivated a box-office following. Blacks are features actors in "star vehicles," but are denied control of the product, either as directors or producers.

Benign, humorous features which showcase the charisma of one or two successful actors. Richard Pryor and Eddie Murphy embody this trend, which merely adds an amorphous fuzz over the depiction of blacks. Their films showcase their singular talents without tying them to a black awareness or cinematic voice.

Beyond a star personality, distinct racial identity escapes such films. Their success serves notice that blacks can succeed in the film industry, but only without the ethnic baggage of a black perspective.

Lee stepped onto the filmmaking scene only two years ago, with a spunky piece called She’s Gotta Have It. The film dealt with the sexual exploits of Nola Darling. Nola had problems — as do all Lee’s protagonists — but she was not prepared to become tame and servile to men. Instead she treated her admirers flippancy, which sort them to heights of crushed vanity.

With this film, Lee was instantly established as a witty, intuitive filmmaker who presented black life in a contemporary context without any separatist allusions to color or creed. But Hollywood and critics alike proved unready to shed the caste system. "Black filmmaker" was plastered over every mention of the film.

Nevertheless, Lee’s candor and color blindness produced a film that crossed-over somewhat to white audiences, especially in major cities. Although drenched in black culture, She’s Gotta Have It proved that its themes — sexuality and relationships — were not more inaccessible to viewers of all colors than decades of white films had been.

Spike’s confrontative side shines in his new film, School Daze. Here the director tackles not only emotional, but also political and social issues within black society. The protagonist of the film, Dap, is a staunch anti-Apartheid activist, but his militant attitude contributes to the schism that exists between the "jigaboos" or dark-skinned blacks and the "Wannabees," the light-toned blacks.

The racial rift spills over into every section of the characters’ existence, but the film’s themes encompass a broader scope. Lee also confronts the basic injustice of human cruelty and manipulation.

His "cinema verite" depiction of black life got the filmmaker in hot water with the Board of Directors of Morehouse College, the campus on which Lee was shooting.

Lee explains: "I try to do for myself what’s true. Maybe that’s the reason we got thrown off campus. Life is not a 100 percent angelic. I’m just trying to get that across."

Realistic content does not necessarily mean a realistic context. School Daze contains a number of surreal dance sequences that reflect the arguments in the film. One number, "Straight and Snappy," written by Spike’s father, Bill, involves a cadre of spandex-clad women gyrating to an upbeat jazzy score and expounding on the virtues of different cool styles. The song’s setting is a lavish, sparkling beauty parlor, recalling the tinseltown textures seen in such 50s classics as An American in Paris and Singin’ in the Rain.

The lyrics wryly represent the opposing camps of hairhood: while the "jigaboos" sport the natural-black look, the "Wannabees" (as in wanna be whites) have the ets, blue-contact-lense make-up.

The chorus: "Talkin’ bout good and bad hair—whether you are dark or fair/ go on and carefree/ are you a king/or a poor beggar." The Wannabees chortle: "Don’t you wish you had hair like this/tell me, dear, is this the hair you missed?"

The jigaboos answer: "If it should land on your head/ then I’m sure he’d break all his legs...cause you got the grease up there/ will you mean, is that a weave you wear?"

"Black women spend more time worrying about hair than anything else, it’s crazy," says Lee. "The musical element is important to the film. Everything is exaggerated to make a dramatic point. The hair, of course, is just a symbol."

Along with Lee’s She’s Gotta Have It, 1986 brought Robert Townsend’s Hollywood Shuffle. This film took a satirical look at the limited opportunities for black actors in Hollywood — they are generally cast as either pimps or junkies.

Both films were made for "nothing." Townsend’s
mode of financing was to compile $40,000 worth of charges on various credit cards. Lee spent $180,000 on his debut.

Recently, Townsend has been concentrating on a career as a performer. Although he just directed Raw for Eddie Murphy, his pursuits are not limited to filmmaking. In essence, entertaining is his priority, and he is willing to leave the filmmaking chores in other, capable hands.

Lee, on the other hand, says that he has no performing aspirations, that he simply wants to make films. And if there happens to be a small part for him to play, he takes it. His central ambition, however, is to leave a legacy of 20 or 30 good films.

His immediate impact with She's Gotta Have It has allowed Lee to couple this drive with more financing. Behind School Daze was the multi-million dollar budget that few independent filmmakers ever receive. So, has success spoiled Spike Lee?

"To me it was not a jump. We could have used more money on the film than we had. I saw this as doing a bigger film with a bigger scope, but not necessarily as a stretch for me. The degrees are just different, not the method."

At the time of the film's inception, Lee had a three picture deal with Island Pictures to finance and distribute his films. But when the School Daze's budget of $4 million plus scared off Island execs, Lee turned to Hollywood and David Puttnam. Puttnam, an Englishman known primarily as the producer of Charriots of Fire and Local Hero, had been installed as Columbia Pictures president. The rationale behind this move: to add a new perspective to the studio. Puttnam had a nose for successful international pictures that mixed literate, intelligent entertainment with the boffo box office. Spike Lee, the enfant aesthetic of mini-budget cinema, fit perfectly into Puttnam's eclectic vision.

Ironically, the bottom line was that School Daze became a reality and Puttnam was hoisted. Insiders cited his irreverence towards Hollywood icons. But before he flew south, he gave Spike Lee $6 million and artistic freedom.

"Puttnam's ouster affected me. It affected all his films that he had in production — the stuff that was shot and the stuff that was going to be shot," says a concerned Lee.

Despite Puttnam's exit, Lee has, at least temporarily, created his own little niche in the Hollywood system. And the fact that he could have gone to other studios to secure financing points to an initial acceptance in the industry. Lee, however, still regards himself as an independent, unaffiliated with any particular studio.

"I consider myself, Jonathan Demme and John Sayles in the same league. We're hybrids. We're still doing our own films and getting them distributed through the Hollywood mechanism," says Lee.

Spike Lee calls the shots

But Lee's results may go beyond these practical intentions. By creating job opportunities for many unemployed black actors and technicians in Hollywood, Lee broadens the possibilities for other blacks in American cinema.

In this, Lee is treating on thin ice before he can even vault over the subconscious separation that exists in filmgoers' minds. His plan might backfire — just like the surge in black cinema in the early '70s turned into a mirage. At that time, black films enjoyed tremendous popularity. The best-known stars, Richard Roundtree, ex-footballer Jim Brown and Fred Williamson were brawny tough guys. Despite their somewhat campy acting and their films' relatively lowbrow mentality, they created opportunities for blacks that had never previously existed.

What forged this "acceptance" of black film stars and black film directors was the money-making muscle these films displayed. Hollywood treated black cinematic concerns with reverence and consideration as long as the dollar amounts kept climbing.

One of the most prominent filmmakers in this breakthrough was Gordon Parks, who in the late 1960s created a strong impression with The Learning Tree. Parks, 56, became the first black to write and direct a major Hollywood feature.

While this tender, personal story, revolving around a young boy growing up in the 1920s, got Parks into the system, a gritty crime flick called Shaft catapulted him to mainstream fame. In this 1971 film, Richard Roundtree plays a gruff private eye who prevented a mob war. Parks brought the film a purely black perspective, allowing Roundtree create a truly black character, not just a man with black skin but a white soul. And Parks wedged himself into the tinsel-town order when Shaft reached the $15 million mark in box-office receipts.

After the film's success Parks went onto direct a few more black features but ignored the mission to inject the black perspective permanently into mainstream cinema. Instead, he chose to direct white films with white actors and white producers, establishing himself as a crossover artist. In essence Parks did not have ideals for black cinema but opted instead for infiltration into white studios.

Another black filmmaker who enjoyed success at the time was the raunchy, primal Melvin Van Peebles. 1969's Sweet Sweetback's Badass Song, which Peebles wrote, directed and starred in, was a box-office success. But the film also sparked controversy over its level of explicitness. Some called it trivial and negative because it exploited sex, violence and, as Peebles put it, "lots of niggers." Others hailed it as a truly black film and applauded Peebles for his determination in putting forth crucial ideas of black life, no matter how risque.

Unlike Parks, Peebles wanted to revolutionize cinema. He took on the MPAA, the film industry's rating board, suing the organization over his film's X rating. After the film's success, Peebles claimed he had beaten the system. He became a media sensation, but only managed to crank out a few other films, none of which were particularly notable. He eventually left filmmaking altogether, almost as fast as he had sneaked in.

Unlike other independents such as John Sayles, who enjoys making his own judgments and then passing them on as divine hymns, Lee does not try to promote his opinions as the almighty truth.

"I didn't want to make any judgement about Nola in She's gotta have it. I just try to present my stuff." In addition, Lee refuses to "cast stones" against anyone. He treats the mention of other people in and of black cinema — Pryor, Townsend and the recent blacksploitation entry Action Jackson — with benign humor. "Everybody has got to make a living," philosophizes Lee. He grows irritated, however, when asked to vent his opinion about such figures as black religious leader Louis Farrakhan.

"That's what they do. Anytime they get a revolutionary or black saying something, the first thing they do is run and get the first Uncle-Tom-hankerchief head to denounce him. It is the same thing when they make Jesse Jackson denounce Farrakhan. You have to give him credit, he said even if I do differ with Farrakhan. I'm not going to get on national TV and denounce him. So I'm not going to do that either."

Lee has obviously learned tact. When he burst onto the filmmaking scene, the director was a bit over-anxious. He publicly chastised Whoopi Goldberg for wearing blue contact lenses and Steven Spielberg for knowing nothing about black people. The film version of The Color Purple, Lee believes, was "sppitizied" by Spielberg's suburban mentality.

But Lee's opinions will bear weight only if he can legitimize his form of cinema as a viable part of the movie industry. He can retain his independence, but black cinema must be incorporated into the film industry and not become a fleeting fad — unlike the French auteurs of the '50s and '60s, who founded the 'new wave' school of filmmaking. black filmmakers must change not only the form but the content of the film industry.

Lee's two films have, at least, gotten him the opportunity to make more films. But even he down-plays this feat matter-of-factly: "I just go out there and make the best films I can."

It's enough. He's made his point. In fact, the one undeniable thing about Spike Lee is that he always makes his point.

Michael Geisel is a College sophomore and the Entertainment Editor of 34th Street.
Animal crackers

**Hitchcock LP delves into the metaphysical**

By David Arnold

After 10 years on the "underground" circuit, rock's pretentious new name has been picked up by a major label, Robyn Hitchcock, the man who gave us "I Sounds Great When You're Dead" and "Sandra's Having Her Brain Out," has joined A&M with a label that gave us such blockbusterst as The Police and Styx.

But his latest release, Globe of Frogs, is far from a commercial compromise; the LP is at least as bizarre as such previous Hitchcock classics as I Often Dream of Trains and Black Snake Diamond Role.

Hitchcock, a 35-year-old Brit from Manchester, joined the late '70s punk scene with a group called the Soft Boys and began ripping out retro-'60s epics like "Wading through Your Ventilator," "Carl of Bees," the sweet but-overated Undercover Moonlight and enough unreleased material to fill "obscure new wave" record bins through the early '80s. Rew then went straight-pop with Katrina and the Waves, while Hitchcock embarked on a solo career of Freudian dimensions.

The artistic culmination of Hitchcock's solo work was 1984's I Often Dream of Trains, a breathtaking acoustic set that he recorded after a two-year retirement. The LP is a sentimental, humorous and richly melodic personal statement that contains everything from the best ballad John Lennon never wrote ("Flavour of Night") to the world's funniest cappella psychotherapy number ("Uncorrected Personality Traits").

And ya gotta love a guy who sings: "Even Marilyn Monroe was a man/But this tends to be overlooked by our mother-fixin'ed, overweight, sexist media!"

Sadly, Hitchcock's later work did not live up to that standard of excellence. Despite the morbidly metallic "My Wife and My Dead Wife," 1985's Featuremania! fell prey to boring production. And on Elephants of Light (1986) the material itself was dull.

Globe of Frogs, while not quite a complete return to form, recaptures some of the magic of Hitchcock's earlier work. "Ballon Man." the first single, is a bouncy little ditty about a guy who explodes. In a particularly memorable refrain, Hitchcock sings: "And it rained/Like a slow divorce."

But Hitchcock's goal here is not merely to sound eccentric. In a manifesto on the back cover of the LP, he states his "bloody obvious" premise: "If that's what we all are, deviants, all alone, and all peculiar.

Sure, it's a strange thing to base a whole album on, but it fits in well with Hitchcock's style of writing. The worst moments on previous releases occurred when he neglected his philosophical strengths and tried to get political (1986's "The President" and 1985's "Flesh Number One") with his lies! rhythm guitar work. Some of the tracks seem like harmless strands of stream-of-consciousness imagery. But Hitchcock's lyrics gradually take on a darker nature. "Untold," which begins as a collection of loosely connected words and phrases, evolves into disturbing thoughts like "in a holow chute the mince-meat seethes for you."

Surprisingly, the LP's most intriguing lyrics are couched in its two mediocre songs. "Sleeping with Your Devil Mask," a frightening study of sexuality, is a redundant talking-blues retread of "T-Bone" and "Runaway Boy" are mock-country tunes complement a starkly wistful melody and "T-Bone" and "Runaway Boy" are mock-country tunes that beneath our civilized glazing, we diepan turn of phrase. And on "Flesh Number One" the latter song with a freshly informal harmonic vocal. But these guests don't steal the show. Hitchcock's uncanopy sense of humor is for more important component of both songs.

Globe of Frogs' eccentric music will not engender the commercial breakthrough that A&M may be seeking. More importantly, however, the new LP gains artistic ground that was lost on Hitchcock's last two studio outings. And major-label backing may give the rejuvenated artist the exposure that his challenging, original music merits.

Taylor-made

**The beloved singer/songwriter bites more than the dust**

**JAMES TAYLOR**

Never Say Die

Columbus

On LP, CD, Cassette

Yeah, yeah, you're the type who sheds a little tear each time "Fire and Rain" comes on the radio. You scream at live performances of "Steamroller" as if they're the first time you ever heard a big star use dirty words. Through all those heartbreaking romances, James has been there for you. J.T. is your friend.

You know what? His new LP still bites.

Barely following the advice of his limp, chorus-less title cut, "Taylor has wandering down that country road all the way to the intersection with Route 101. That's 101, as in "in Muzak, as in "If he ain't dead. Ma, he sure do sleep like a log."

Now before letters to the editor start pouring in from you folks who still wear black on anniversaries of the Carly Simon divorce, let's get one thing straight: there's nothing wrong with mellow. But, hey, everything's good in moderation. This disc is terminally mellow, and the sharp, staccato tenor vocals are all deviants, all alone, and all peculiar. But Hitchcock's goal here is not merely to sound eccentric. In a manifesto on the back cover of the LP, he states his "bloody obvious" premise: "If that's what we all are, deviants, all alone, and all peculiar.

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Surprisingly, the LP's most intriguing lyrics are couched in its two mediocre songs. "Sleeping with Your Devil Mask," a frightening study of sexuality, is a redundant talking-blues retread of "T-Bone" and "Runaway Baby," despite its spunky title. There's an old, sax-drenched bit of cocktail jazz a la Sade. As a result, Never Die Young ought only to be played in very small rooms, a la "Tenth Floor, please."

-- Jim Gladstone

ROYAL CRESCENT MOB

Moving Target/Celuloid

On LP

What would happen if you took James Brown, a hard rock band like Aerosmith, a few punks and a rapper or two and threw them in a garage for a big jam session? You would get a mix of the Royal Crescent Mob, that is.

The quartet from Columbus, Ohio takes hard-edged rock and lays it on top of a groove as energetic as that of the Godfather himself. On their second LP, Omerta, the Mob mixes force and funk to give an often angry description of modern life and love.

The LP bursts at the seams with an urgent rauccousness and the sharp, staccato tenor vocals of lead singer David Ellison. With its loud guitars, deep bass lines and powerful drums, the Mob's music resembles the rough funk of bands like Run-DM.C. And while the lyrics are simple and all-too-repetitive, this drawback does not hinder the LP's sense of fun. "Get on the Bus" opens with a simple guitar riff and a bit of garage-band reverb before charging into a hard-rocking tale of daily commuter life: "See me in my monkey suit/for a dollar I'll do what you want me to/Driver say 'hey, hey'I'm tired of riding this bus all day."

STREET MUSIC
Winter kills
"Frankenstein" creator recants his musical turf

By Stephen Severn

B efore the Fabulous Thunderbirds, before Stevie Ray Vaughan and even before ZZ Top, Texas rock and roll meant only two things: Edgar Winter and his brother, Johnny.

Born in Beaumont, the two broke nationally in the late '60s after playing for years on the local bar circuit. And despite journeys into diverse musical styles, Edgar Winter's music has never lost the casual raucousness of those wild Texas roadhouses.

Today, over 20 years later, Winter still harbors happy memories of the old days. "Texas was a great place to play," he says, referring to the state's first-hand contact with Cajun, jazz, Latin and country music. "New York (his current home) has great musicians, but it's all second hand."

By combining his practical training with a keen interest in jazz, Winter, primarily a keyboardist, produced the impressive debut *Entrance* (1970). He still considers it his best record. "(That) is the one that rather stands out because it was the most innocent and most honest," he says.

He then formed Edgar Winter's White Trash with veteran pianist/composer Leon Russell, and the pair played the Chestnut Cabaret last summer. "Father John" D'Amico Trio the frat jazz trio will perform a two-part Latin suite that will appear on their next LP, Saturday. (The Painted Bride, 230 Vine St., 925-994.)

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EARLY MUSIC AT PENN
Soprano Rebecca Brobort and harpsichordist Josephine Gaffney are featured in this chamber music recital. Sunday. (V.F. Looby Library 6th Floor, 34th and Walnut Sts., 898-6414.)

THE FEELIES
w/A SUBLIME PLAGUE and THE WISHNAKES

So they didn't play Penn, but two local favorites open for this acclaimed band in what's sure to be one heck of a show. Sunday. (Revival, 22 S 3rd St., 627-4825.)

JOHN MAHONY AND FRIENDS
Celebrate Leap Year Day with a smorgasbord of classic blues, jazz standards, country music and other distinctly American delights Monday. (Bobby Fox Club, 2301 Fairmount Ave., 978-5455.)

DREXEL JAZZ ENSEMBLE AND FRIENDS
Guests at this show include percussionist Lex Humphries, saxophonist Bill James, pianist Johnny Johnson and trombonist Clarence Watson. Tuesday. (Mandell Theatre, 33rd and Chestnut Sts. 895-2767.)

The Mob lays down its best Brownesque groove with "Love and Tunafish," which begins the second side. With grunts, yowls, an occasional "Good God" and a hypnotic rhythm base beneath it all, it is a sly, danced lottery song that as for "love and tunafish, let me tell you — it don't mix."

The LP's two most outstanding compositions are a fast, hard-edged cover of the Ohio Player's "Fire," which burns with the raw energy of Ellison's tenor and an abundance of drums and intense guitars, and "Two Sisters," a low-down groove driven by Jody Chichester's funky, plucked bass line and hollow drums.

"I didn't challenge your brain, but The Royal Crescent Mob's infectious grooves fully compensate for their lyrics' lack of literary merit."

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Further commercial success came with the instrumental "Frankenstein." The song's pulsing beat and electronic special effects pushed it to number one, and the album *They Only Come Out At Night* (1972) eventually sold over two million copies. Winter's fame had reached the its peak.

Unfortunely, subsequent albums with former McCosy guitarist Rick Derringer showed great promise but had relatively little sales impact.

Despite his lack of commercial success, Winter has remained musically active in the '80s. After the break-ups of the Eagles and Doobie Brothers, he toured Japan with Joe Walsh, Michael McDonald and Boz Scaggs. And when David Lee Roth decided to cover Winter's "Easy Street" for his *Crazy from the Heat EP*, Winter himself stepped in to assist with the production and recording.

Currently, Winter is on tour with veteran pianist/composer Leon Russell, and the pair played the Chestnut Cabaret last Saturday. Surprisingly, the two like-minded musicians have not known each other long.

"I only knew him by reputation until a year ago," Winter explains. The pair decided to work together after Winter's guest appearances at several Russell concerts generated favorable responses.

Aside from jamming on such standards as "Frankenstein," "Free Ride," and "Tobacco Road," the duo also plays a variety of new material on the road. The new songs will be the backbone of a series of upcoming Edgar Winter/Leon Russell releases.

Once the tour concludes and Russell finishes building his home studio, the two will begin recording. Winter says that there are over 50 songs written, possibly enough for a Winter LP, a Russell LP and a collaborative LP.

Winter seems coolly assured that his unique Texas-style rock and roll will once again reach a wide audience. Given his great experience and talented new musical partner, his endeavors bode well for the future.
Throwing stones

America's quirkiest sport, curling, slides down from Canada

By Jim Gladstone

William Holmes called a day. A secretary an swered the phone. "Who's calling?" she asked. "Tell him it's Bill from the curling club." Holmes was eventually connected to his friend, but not before enduring hysterical bursts of laughter from the secretary.

They convene in a low-slung building tucked around back of a Paoli Burger King. Theirs is a private organization; membership is by invitation only. Over 100 Greater Philadelphia residents assemble to indulge in activities that most Americans would consider downright bizarre.

Tom Hickey, a former Vice President and 11-year member of the Philadelphia Curling Club, says misunderstandings are a fact of life for America's little-known curling aficionados. "Most people think we're into hairdressing or something."

In fact, curling is a sort of tundra-fied shuffleboard. Four-man teams slide 42-pound stones down a 146-foot sheet of ice, attempting to land them within a bullsye target. Elements of horseshows and boocie come into play as opponents try to knock enemy rocks out of the ring. It is the stone's curved trajectory that lends curling its name.

What the heck does the sweeping do? "Well," muses Hickey, "some people say it creates windage, others say it melts the surface of the ice. It's a mystery of the sport."

Despite the constant threat of guffawing receptionists, Americans curlers actually relish the secrets and oddities of their game. They speak a language all their own, making a basically simple sport seem extremely complicated through a lexicon of curlseak.

Beginning delivery from the hack, aiming for the house and being careful not to cross the hog line before release is an explanation of stone throwing that translates roughly into "hurl the darn thing!"

This obscure terminology gives a sense of special knowledge and fraternity to curlers, adding an aura of class and erudition to the sport. It also provides enthusiasts with some psychological armor against inexpert observers who are quick to call them names like "weirdo" and "goofball."

Just a few hundred miles north of Paoli, curling rises high above the semi-sport pantheon of tidilywinks, croquet and ultimate Frisbee. In Canada, where nearly half the PCG membership was born, curling is king. "They have a million and a half registered curlers," says Hickey. "There are more curlers than hockey players."

In America, we have Spuds McKenzie baseball jerseys. In Canada, Seagram's distillers makes ice-buckets shaped like curling stones.

At Canadian bonspiels (that's "tournaments" for those readers composing curlseak phrasebooks), bulletin boards are plastered with notices of college curling scholarships. Envision, if you will, Coach Mapleleaf addressing his university's admissions board: "Listen boys. I know his French achievements aren't quite up to snuff, but young Nanook can chuck a rock like you wouldn't believe. Besides, we've already given him a Porsche dog-sled as an enticement."

Proof of curling's unparalleled popularity as a winter sport throughout Canada and the rest of the world is offered by ticket sales at the 1988 Calgary Olympics. Even though curling has been an exhibition-only event since the 1932 games, the 21,000 curling tickets sold faster than those for hockey or ski-jumping.

Curling was brought to Canada by soldiers from Scotland, where the game originated over 400 years ago. There, The Royal Caledonian Curling Club lords over a sophisticated curling hierarchy.

The PCG operates under the auspices of the Grand National Curling Association, which is part of the U.S. Curling Association, which, finally, is overseen by the Caledonians. "In a word," remarks Hickey, "it's Adam and Eve or we all belong to the same club."

An Adam and Eve analogy also helps explain why curling to its American advocates. "This is a game of skill, not strength," says Ed Morgan, a ten year curler, "the ladies can do as well as the men."

"We used to play tennis," says Morgan's wife Rosemary. "I'm a good player, but Ed was just better than me. In curling, we're equal and I love that."

The Morgans build vacations, including a recent weekend in Connecticut, around bonspiels. "There was great camaraderie," says Rosemary. "We met curlers from all over the country and they're the most loving, wonderful people."

"This is more than a game. It's a feeling."

1988 WINTER OLYMPICS

Overview

SATURDAY — Noon-6 p.m.
CROSS COUNTRY SKIING: Men's 50km. BOBSLEDDING: Four Man ALPINE SKIING: Men's Slalom. ICE HOCKEY: Medal Round. NORDIC COMBINED: 7.5km. 11:30 a.m.-11 p.m. SPEED SKATING: Ladies' 1500m. FIGURE SKATING: Ladies' Free Skating. 11:30 a.m.-11 p.m. OLYMPIC OVERVIEW.

SUNDAY — Noon-4:45 p.m.
BOBSLEDDING: Four Man ALPINE SKIING: Ladies Slalom. NORDIC COMBINED: 15km. SPEED SKATING: Ladies' 5000m. 7 p.m.-11 p.m.
FIGURE SKATING: Exhibition. CLOSING CEREMONIES.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Villanova vs. Seton Hall (Saturday at 1 p.m., du Pont Pavilion, 645-4129)
St. Joseph's vs. George Washington (Saturday at 3 p.m., St. Joseph's Field house, 54th and City Line Avenue. 879-7613)
Temple vs. West Virginia (Sunday at 4 p.m., McGonigle Hall. Broad and Montgomery. 787-7440)
Kid's stuff

Captain Noah battles Ninja Turtles and Pee Wee Herman

By Jim Gladstone

A m I worried? You're damned right I'm worried!" — Carter Merbreier, Philadelphia children's show host

Let's give a warm welcome to Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. This fast-paced cartoon chronicles the adventures of an extraterrestrial tortoise squadron, trottling around on hind legs and riddling the world of evil. Advertisements feature one of the shelled vigilantes whirling nun-chucks and shouting, "Let's show these earthlings that turtles know how to party!

This is not a joke. This is a syndicated children's program that premiered Monday afternoon at 3:00 on Philadelphia's Channel 57. Just another nutritious choice on a hatchkey kids' television menu which, all too often, includes such steamy hot dishes as "One Life To Live" and "General Hospital.

And there's the wondrous Ophrah Winfrey. Just last Friday, the babbling bouffant offered a fascinating late afternoon discussion on inbreeding. On the phone from prison was a Baptist preacher who had fathered 13 children with his own daughters. "The fact of the matter, Reverend," Winfrey chided, "is that you are slime.

Can kids do better on Saturday mornings, the one time of week when commercial network television has traditionally catered to children?

Imagine the back-to-back excitement of Hello Kitty's Furry Tale Theater, Smurfs and My Pet Monster. These programs have one thing in common; they are based on children's toys which are advertised during typical Saturday morning fare. This doesn't mean that single Scooby Doo doll or Josie and the Pussycats lunch box which might have spewn off a pop culture cartoon 10 years ago. It means dozens upon dozens of figures and related paraphernalia developed to tandem with the programming itself. The toy companies, animation studios, and television networks are in cahoots. Saturday morning television has become one giant commercial.

Unless, of course, a kid is out of bed by 7:30. Then he can turn on WVPV, Channel 6, and catch an endangered species. "All aboard!" shouts a gray-haired, red-suited mariner from the deck of his ship, "It's Captain Noah and his Magical Ark!" Since 1967, Carter Merbreier and his wife Patricia have played Captain and Mrs. Noah, providing children with positive role models and solid traditional values.

When today's college students were growing up, every major city had at least one show like Captain Noah's: a locally produced potpourri of music, puppetry, craft projects, and visits from firefighters, SPCA volunteers and zoo animals. Across the country, Skipper Chuck, The Old Bob, Cowboy Bob and Wallace & Ladmo all offered comparable fare. But these regional programs have gone by the wayside, hampered by the higher ad rates yielded by adult audiences and an ever-increasing supply of cut-rate cartoons.

"I'm a dinosaur," says Carter Merbreier, a one-time Methodist minister. "Shows like mine aren't replaced when they die off.

The tyrannosaurus of this dying breed was Bob Keeshan's Captain Kangaroo, the only network-wide kids show host in recent years. Well, Mr. Green Jeans, Dancing Bear and that pesky mouse with the ping pong balls have all passed away, only to have their time slot filled by lame-brain "adult" shows with folks like Mariette Hartley offering televised personal ads.

In Philadelphia, the Merbreiers' Captain Noah program has been whittled down to a weekly pre-dawn half hour from a one-time peak of 90 million viewers each weekday morning. Noah may seem incredibly corny to an adult today, but so does Mr. Rogers. Nonetheless, growing up with kindly, caring, soft-spoken role models has had an influence on past generations of TV watchers that may well be missed by today's kids.

It is difficult to produce statistical evidence that spending childhood television hours learning to draw butterflies and grow plants from sweet potato cuttings is better than watching He-Man clobber Skeletor. But gut instinct is probably well worth consideration.

"Television is such a familiar medium," says Pat Merbreier, "it becomes part of the ideas in a child's home life. They watch in the kitchen, or sitting around in their pajamas. For some children, it's the only companion they have a lot of the time."

An animated extraterrestrial threatens to douse Noah's chirpy smile

True colors

Martin Mull is whiter than white; the panther's in the pink

By Robert Juman

In the beginning, there was just The Pink Panther, made in 1964 by a young Blake Edwards. The film was definitely a 'panther' of another color. While Sellers does introduce his famous detective, he is not yet the feral Idaho we have come to know and love.

Niven plays Sir Charles, alias "the Phantom," a notorious jewel thief who sets his sights on a rare diamond — of course — the Pink Panther. Sir Charles has the assistance of his nephew George (Robert Wagner) and his lover Mrs. Clouseau.

Mrs. Clouseau? Yes. Originally, Jacques was married, but fortunately in later films he trades her for Cato as a roommate.

Taken by itself, the film is campy fun. Edwards' straightforward, inept direction and use of sound effects conveys the action in a series of sequences that are often hilarious.

For the real Clouseau fan this film is a must-see, if only to witness the humble beginnings of Inspector Clouseau evolved into Peter Sellers' comic masterpiece.

Robert Juman

34th Street February 25, 1988 / 13
STREET TUBE

KYW Philadelphia, PA 3
WPVI Philadelphia, PA 4
WCAU Philadelphia, PA 10
WPHL Wilmington, DE 12
WPXI Pittsburgh, PA 17
WTAF Philadelphia, PA 29
WWPS Philadelphia, PA 57

WEEKDAYS
Feb. 25-Mar. 2
These listings include the schedule for weekday morning and afternoon programming.

**MORNING**
5:00 am Morning Stretch (P)
8:00 am Delaware Valley Forum
8:00 am Wheel of Fortune
9:00 am Wheel of Fortune
10:00 am Break
11:00 am CBS Morning News
12:00 pm CBS Morning News
12:30 pm Not-News
1:00 pm Home
1:30 pm NTN-News at Noon
2:00 pm NTN-O, Red Cross
2:30 pm NTN-ABC News
3:00 pm NTN-ABC News
3:30 pm NTN-ABC News
4:00 pm NTN-ABC News
4:30 pm NTN-ABC News
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8:00 pm NTN-ABC News
8:30 pm NTN-ABC News
9:00 pm NTN-ABC News
9:30 pm NTN-ABC News
10:00 pm NTN-ABC News
11:00 pm NTN-ABC News
noon listings can be found on page 14.

**AFTERNOON**
12:00 pm NTN-ABC News
12:30 pm NTN-ABC News
1:00 pm NTN-ABC News
1:30 pm NTN-ABC News
2:00 pm NTN-ABC News
2:30 pm NTN-ABC News
3:00 pm NTN-ABC News
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11:00 pm NTN-ABC News
noon listings can be found on page 14.

**THURSDAY**
February 25

Complete weekday morning and afternoon listings can be found on page 14.

**THURSDAY**
February 25

Complete weekday morning and afternoon listings can be found on page 14.

**FRIDAY**
February 26

Complete weekday morning and afternoon listings can be found on page 14.

**SATURDAY**
February 27

**SUNDAY**
February 28

**WEEKENDS**

**FAMILY**

Feb. 25-Mar. 2

**PROFESSIONAL SALON PRODUCTS**

14 / 34th Street February 25, 1988

WE USE AND RECOMMEND
PAUL MITCHELL
PROFESSIONAL SALON PRODUCTS

“Visage Salon simplifies my life.”
Susan Unsh
Law Student, University of Pennsylvania School of Law

“...My hair is now able to work with my busy schedule. It has to look great but be easy to care for - and at the same time. Visage understood my lifestyle.”
Susan's hair is now in perfect balance, body memory training and long lasting color. Visage also has the Monday blues.

Visage partner. Rainbow House in Cherry Hill, New Jersey. body memory training and long lasting color. Visage also has the Monday blues.

Visage’s new locations:

1267 South 19th Street, Jenoff’s Rittenhouse Square. Telephone: 215-735-5575
“THE OVERDUE RETURN OF EROTISM AND INTELLIGENCE...it rekindles the sparks of adult sexuality on the American screen...It is about life and death, love and responsibility, private and public power and politics.”

—Richard Cline, TIME MAGAZINE

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“...I lived seeing it happen—it was like a dream that you long to return to, and yet it is true. It’s that we won’t let go—of the atmosphere that surrounds the heart, the hormones and the head.”

—Faulkner, WASHINGTON POST

“Two big thumbs up for Philip Kaufman’s The Unbearable Lightness of Being— an epic on sexuality and politics—

—SPECIAL TIMES

“Greatly appreciated and highly recommended

—BECK STREET REVIEW
STREET TUBE

MONDAY
February 29

Complete weekday morning and afternoon listings can be found on page 14.

TUESDAY
March 1

Complete weekday morning and afternoon listings can be found on page 14.

CONTEST

It doesn’t look like Superman’s fighting for the American way anymore, but does he seem to remember how to do the Heimlich maneuver. Here, Christopher Reeve, turned homosexual lover to his playwright collaborater, gives his rival a rather passionate bear hug. To win one of 34th Street’s notorious gift packages be the first person to name8 272. p. to 34th Street’s reclusive star, the name of the movie, the author of the original play and the type of medieval weapon used at the end of the drama. Call 988-9867 at 6:10 tonight, or Superman might try to give you a hug too.