kiss this mark astolfi

The New New Season, Part 1
Note: This series is dedicated to The New Duck Ten Style Show, The New Temperament's Tracy, and the Perry Mason. What happens is, when they change the shape of "Cocan Nivorino," the cretins who design costume packages that plaster the word "WE'" all over the box. Now we are discovering the narcotic allure of that most abused of three-letter words. Actually, when applied to TV shows, the word "new" actually means the series more old than new, but you figure it out.

I can't understand it. Up in the northern suburbs (Davens, to name names) you can take your percolator TV down into the basement, wedge it in between the hot water heater and the furnace, and get beautiful reception. But there's something about Inner City Entertainment that touches off a Fourth of July's worth of double images, quadruple ghosts, wiggling pictures, and assorted lines, distortions, and after-images. You can get a trifle tired of turning on the Sunday 6 o'clock news to find that the Vikings have beaten the Packers, 33 to 7.

I'm now huddled in front of THE FERRIS WHEEL (a dependable escape mechanism), trying to decide which new shows would best be left unmentioned on a new (that word again) Twist Lenort Menthol 100, and it suddenly occurs to me that I'm making a combination of shifting cream and ice tea... Jeezus! I don't believe it! The Rookies just flat out-laughed at the missing six-year-old-trapped inside a jacked seat. I thought I went out with polio, I guess not.

OK, OK, a word about the new season. Via Morton Gottlieb has a law, which he calls Morton's Law," which states, "On the TV screen, pure drive tends to drive off ordinary drive." Such is the case with the latest wave crop of situation comedies. Fortunately, Family Affair, Dennis and the Deuces! Department are more likely than not going to be around come January, if they're lucky. All three fall into the TCWF category: The Commercials Were Worse Then, No, that isn't saying much, it is.

Lotus Luck is the most puerile of the three. It's merely a vehicle for Don Knotts' wit and Charlie Martin's charm, which he calls Charlie's Law," which states, "You can turn on the TV screen, pure drive tends to drive off ordinary drive," Such is the case with the latest wave crop of situation comedies. Fortunately, Family Affair, Dennis and the Deuces! Department are more likely than not going to be around come January, if they're lucky. All three fall into the TCWF category: The Commercials Were Worse Then, No, that isn't saying much, it is.

Visiting Veronica's Room
by Matthew Farber

Any play that has such a fine cast, starring Eileen Heckart and Arthur Kennedy, directed by Ellis Rabb, and an author with the reputation of Iras Levin, is bound to be enticing. Veronica's Room is a thriller, patterned after Sleuth and Rosencrantz's Baby, in which I am asked not to divulge the plot for the enjoyment of future audiences.

Morton Gottlieb, who produced Sleuth on stage and screen, has picked another mystery to work with. This play, packed with high suspense throughout, unfortunately ends leaving you in a mystery. With no intention of ruining your future enjoyment, let me give a brief description of the production. Regina, one of the four in the cast, plays a B student who is enticed by an elderly couple, Ms. Heckart and Mr. Kennedy, to take the part of Veronica, of whom she is supposed to be a perfect double, for one evening to please an old senile lady. From then on the drama mounts as events take starting twists to a macabre and chilling ending.

Throughout the work there are shades wants to promote. Lip-synching avoids packaging an act normally be TV performers with costly session musicians or complex tape systems once and still occasionally thought necessary to produce marketable sound. It avoids the whole issue of real live musicianship, and it saves money.

American Bandstand, however, thrived and was not rivaled as a money-making formula until TV realized how worth-while an arm was the Beatles were. Ed Sullivan's early mop Top airings blew every Nels a financial success and now suddenly shows concentrating on start, not kids, were born. Dropping the kids, who were part of TV's entertainment value meant that the stars had to Ell the kid with greater entertainment value themselves. So most of the shows presented, instead of lip-synch stuff, live music. Sort of.

One problem persisted. Given good musicians, good material, and good economics, performing in front of two or three TV cameras just isn't the same as performing in front of two or three people. Rarely did anyone in TV understand that audience interaction was the missing vital ingredient, the lifeblood of a rock performance. Not even Ed Sullivan understood, although he achieved it all, and first to love.

By now, as I hoped, you must be wondering what Don Kirshner has to do with all of this.

Don Kirshner Invested In Concert, the first show to put it all together, and which now parlays I Love Lucy, Star Trek, and American Bandstand as an economic entity. Concerts are not only enjoy, Money's not all bad.

In Concert avoids the old trap by tapping rock performances in a concert half hour. Therein are really isolation of audience, acoustics, and musicians with material. And it works. As a bonus, the inherent sound limitations of TV are circumvented by simultaneous FM music. The mix isn't great, its getting there.

Somehow Kirshner has dissociated himself from In Concert recently. His goal in Rock Concert is to bring more competant music in a competitive yet unique format, and make money.

The first edition of Rock Concert was well publicized in advance for a rare TV appearance of the Rolling Stones. I was not pleasantly surprised by turning on the set at 8:00 p.m. to find the Stones lip-synching. There was no encouragement to an audience, acoustics, and musicians with material. And it works. As a bonus, the inherent sound limitations of TV are circumvented by simultaneous FM music. The mix isn't great, its getting there.

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Eileen Heckart in Veronica's Room commenting on today's society, lawyer, the price of health care, and women's lib.

Adding a touch to horror as the suspense of the play, offers further reinforce the idea that Ira Levin, author of such parhills as I Love Lucy, I Street, and Mrs. Kennedy, to take the part of Veronica, of whom she is supposed to be a perfect double, for one evening to please an old senile lady. From then on the drama mounts as events take starting twists to a macabre and chilling ending.

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