



AS I SEE IT
Pat Costa

When it was first announced that the Watergate hearings would be carried by all three networks starting at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. each day I was mildly annoyed.

In three years time I have become addicted to the soap operas. I started by watching one shortly before the arrival of our third child in preparation for the house bound condition that I knew would take place. In no time at all I was up to five. Alarmed I cut back to two. By the time I got through the particular winter that we had colds, flu, chicken pox and assorted other viruses every other week I was familiar with the incestuous tempestuous happenings of "Edge of Night," "Secret Storm," "General Hospital," "Guiding Light," "Search for Tomorrow," "All My Children" and "Love is a Many Splendored Thing."

How was I to give up all these people that I had met and knew intimately through the TV screen, often my only adult contacts from the time my husband left in the morning until he arrived home after dark?

Not only give them up, but in their place try to get used to a panel of stodgy senators writing their own stodgy questions to put before a cast of assorted characters.

On the first day I turned on the TV at 10:01 and turned it off at 5 p.m.

At 8 p.m. when Channel 21 began telecasting what had gone on all day I went along for the ride. In three days time I had the continuing senatorial cast analyzed and evaluated.

"Ervin," I told my husband, "still has to prove he's as sharp as all those newspaper stories say he is. Montoya doesn't know what's

going on. Neither does Gurney. Curney, however, comes off worse than Montoya since he plays to the audience. Inouye may be on top of the situation but he's dull as dishwater. Talmadge does not seem to want to expend any effort and Weicker is obviously holding back. Baker, thus far, has been the star—not because of any sharp questioning but because of his camera presence. He bows, and delivers and smiles and scrapes as well as any Barrymore."

My husband had no comment until a night or two later. He arrived home at the usual time about 5:30 to find me just turning off the set.

"That McCord," I said, "is some kind of guy." My husband looked at me waiting for further explanation. "He's terrific," I oozed, "He's so well prepared, so cool, so obviously honest. I'm mad about him."

"McCord," said my husband firmly, "is a convicted burglar."

"Then I'm mad about a convicted burglar," I replied and went on to tell him how Baker was toning down, Ervin was getting a little more pertinent and Gurney seemed to be a little less concerned with his matinee idol image.

"Only trouble is," I lamented, "they're breaking for the Memorial Day weekend and not coming back until June and the networks are going to take turns and now I won't be able to turn to another channel during commercial breaks."

My husband, obviously spotting a new strain of TV inflection had walked away.

I have since concluded that there is a slim possibility I'm hooked on Watergate.

Screen Sex, Violence Panned By Director Peter Bogdanovich

New York [CPF] — One of the most successful new young film directors, who is also a student of film-making history, contends that violence and sexual freedom on the screen has resulted in films that are neither sexy nor artistic.

In a regular column he writes for Esquire magazine, Peter Bogdanovich commented:

"I actually think we've managed to become less erotic and less artistic the more of sex we've shown over the years."

Bogdanovich, who directed The Last Picture Show, What's Up Doc and the current Paper Moon, is a strong advocate of the film-making techniques used during the 1930's, 1940's and 1950's, when sex on the screen was far from explicit.

"The only way I've ever really felt sex scenes work in a picture," Bogdanovich wrote, "is when they are treated for comedy, or when the sexuality is implied or veiled."

Providing an example, Bogdanovich went on:

"Way back in the heavily Code-supervised Forties, you never doubted for a moment that Bogart and Bacall had slept

together in To Have and Have Not — I mean, it was clear in the movie when the event had taken place, and we didn't need to see it.

"In fact, we didn't want to. Of course, there were stupidities imposed then — no double beds, for instance, and the length of kisses was timed — but did it matter finally? There was a shorthand at work, and I don't mean panning over to the fireplace — it was more inventive than that."

He added that during the Thirties, Forties and Fifties, "the good directors also had something else beside the Code or ratings to guide them — they had taste."

Bogdanovich contrasted Fritz Lang's sensitivity in not showing what the child murderer does to his victims in the film, M, with the explicitly violent scenes featured in the films made today by Sam Peckinpah (The Wild Bunch, Straw Dogs, The Getaway).

"The blood and gore of the Peckinpah school only manages to reaffirm the skills of the makeup and special-effects departments," Bogdanovich wrote, "forcing us either to look away from the screen in disgust or to wonder clinically how some

particular bit of exploding flesh or decapitation was achieved. In either case, the spell is broken."

The young director also criticized the inclination of modern directors to shoot violent scenes in slow motion or to splatter the screen with blood.

"Blood rarely looks real in movies — particularly in color," noted Bogdanovich.

On the use of explicit sex in films, he suggested that it will never work artistically because of the nature of the movie medium.

"If the glory of a good movie is that it suspends one's sense of disbelief, that it makes you forget you're watching shadows on a wall and puts you instead into a world of illusion and magic, then the graphic portrayal of sexual intercourse on the screen will never work, since it is almost impossible to forget one is watching people doing something private publicly . . .

"I felt the same way about most of the sex sequences in Last Tango in Paris. What was it like for Marlon Brando, the movie star, playing all those scenes with a naked woman? Any mood that may have been created went right out the window."

At Home With the Movies

SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN [1968]
Friday, June 8 [CBS]

Religious spectacular deals with the trials of the fictional first non-Italian ever named Pope — and who else to play him but Anthony Quinn? The story: in order to prevent a famine, the Chinese need the food resources of several small neighboring countries which are under American protection. The Kremlin, in a desperate effort to prevent World War III, releases an archbishop (Quinn) who has been a prisoner in a labor camp for ten years, and sends him to the Vatican. Shortly after his arrival he is visited by a Russian who reveals the Kremlin's dilemma. When the Pontiff dies suddenly, Quinn is elected Pope and eventually succeeds where other world leaders had failed. A-

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY? [1966]
Saturday, June 9 [NBC]

Another example of Hollywood's "laff-riots" aimed at showing us how hilarious war really is. The fun presents a combination of bosomy Italian bambinas and a local wine festival sidetracking a platoon of invading American G.I.'s who are supposed to be sniffing out Nazi stragglers. The only reason anyone could possibly have for watching this is to keep his attendance record at Aldo Ray movies intact. B

THE BIG MOUTH [1967]
Sunday, June 10 [ABC]

Working from what seems an almost totally improvised script, the director (Jerry Lewis) brings a bank clerk (Jerry Lewis) who looks just like a diamond smuggling thug (Jerry Lewis) through a meandering story line. His encounters with a hotel manager, a lunatic who thinks he is an FBI agent, a group of smugglers, amusement park police, and cruel orientals end in a frantic conclusion. A-

RED TOMAHAWK [1967]
Monday, June 11 [ABC]

Serious but heavy-going as Howard Keel and Joan Caulfield star in a Western action drama depicting the aftermath of the massacre at Little Big Horn. Broderick Crawford co-stars as an embittered Cavalry officer. A-II

DIARY OF A MAD HOUSEWIFE [1970]
Tuesday, June 13 [NBC]

This contemporary drama is a

visual chronicle of the rebellion — through mental breakdown — of an attractive and very brainy young Manhattan housewife (Carrie Snodgrass) against the horrible egotism and pathetic social-climbing of her young lawyer husband, and against the general oppressiveness of her frustrating way of domestic life. The film is ultimately depressing because of its hopeless message, namely, that the only way out for today's affluent but unfulfilled housewife is through insanity. Richard Benjamin as the insufferable hubby deserves at least one good kick in the pants, as does Carrie's lover (Frank Langella). A-IV

Once Over Briefly

BLACK CUNN — **Objectionable** — Jim Brown and violence of every description.

BOOK OF NUMBERS — **Adults** — The old one-two from Raymond St. Jacques.

BROTHER SUN, SISTER MOON — **Adults and adolescents** — The paradox of Franciscan life is that Zeffirelli will make a lot of fire off his patron saint.

CHARLEY-ONE-EYE — **Adults** — Somebody is going to pay. You.

CHARLOTTE'S WEB — **Everyone** — E.B. White's classic animals are now animated.

CLASS OF '44 — **Adults** — A Hermie, Osey, and Benji reunion.

DAY OF THE JACKAL — **Adults** — A real sizzler, this one centers around a plot to assassinate Charles DeGaulle. From the Frederick Forsyth novel.

EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARGOLDS — **Adults** — As good as its name is long.

HEARTBREAK KID — **Adults** — Neil Simon, plus Elaine May, equals enlightening adult comedy.

HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER — **Objectionable** — Clint Eastwood's attempt at directing proves that maybe he isn't such a bad actor after all.

HITLER: THE LAST TEN DAYS — **Adults and adolescents** — Masterful performance of a master villain, by Alec Guinness.

KID BLUE — **Adults** — And we all took the promise of Last Movie literally.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB — **Adults** — Lord Byron had sense enough to drop her. Why didn't Robert Bolt?

LAST TANGO IN PARIS — **Condemned** — Sexually explicit Love-less Story, with an acting tour de force by Brando.

LOLLY MADONNA XXX — **Objectionable** — The industry gave this brutal, inhuman film a PG stamp. The Catholic office thinks it deserves every bit of an R.

LOST HORIZON — **Everyone** — All is not well in Shangri-La.

THE MACK — **Objectionable** — Sympathy for the evil.

NELSON AFFAIR — **Adults** — Rivals Lady Caroline Lamb for "Worst Historical Movie of the Year."

PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID — **Not rated** — Bob Dylan makes his acting debut in Sam Peckinpah Western.

SCORPIO — **Adults** — A stinger of a film, with Burt Lancaster as a double agent.

SLITHER — **Adults** — James Caan, Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, and Sally Kellerman on a serpentine trip.

SOYLENT GREEN — **Adults** — You wouldn't want to paint your garage that shade.

TEN FROM YOUR SHOW OF SHOWS — **Everyone** — A Caesar salad full of nostalgic laughs.

THEATRE OF BLOOD — **Adults** — Vincent Priceless.

THIEF WHO CAME TO DINNER — **Adults** — One of these days, Ryan O'Neal will wake up to find he's not really an actor, but a department store dummy.

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