#### COURIER-JOURNAL

AS I SEE IT

# Wednesday, January 29, 1975

# At Home With The Movies

a mayerick Brooklyn mobster

who paid for his sins with his life,

thanks to the mob's rough system

of instant justice. The film is

laughable in its pretentions

(Gallo had 'em, too) to the "noble .

savage" theme, and some of the

dialogue ("Which do you prefer,

Sartre or Camus?" quoth Joey at a

cocktail party in radical-chic

the film its only life as a black

gangster who tries to help loe

give his own faltering operation a

new dose of blood. But the rest is

all worthless, especially in its

Fred Williamson, in fact, gives

circles) positively reeks.

#### THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN [1970] Saturday, Feb. 1

Henry Fonda and Kirk Douglas star in an off-balance Western about a reform-minded prison warden (Fonda) who rises to the moral challenge offered by renegade convict Douglas to practice what he preaches about rehabilitation and trust. The twist ending has to do with a race to the death for a secret pile of Spanish goldi Corny but effective, if oc-

Corny but reflective, it-occasionally violent, and Fonda and Douglas ham up their individual storms. A-III

**ELECTRA GLIDE** 

IN BLUE [1973] Saturday, Feb. 1

This movie was the flop of the

It's an ironic slice-of-life in-

volving the routine and

frustrating existence of a

(Robert Blake) in the Southwest.

Blake simultaneously revels in

such details of his life as his

splendid uniform and rugged

equipment, but he yearns for the

"bigger" reputation he might

A short stint with marshall Mitch Ryan cures him of that, and

botched twist ending that

reverses the EASY RIDER finale

CRAZY JOE [1974]

Sunday, Feb. 2

Grade-A gangster trash stars

leaves you with a bad taste.

cop

smalltown motorcycle

year when it first appeared, and

how well it fares on the small

screen is doubtful.

have as a detective.

A-III

## DOCTORS' WIVES [1971] Monday; Feb. 3

misguided morality.

This one is pure, albeit adult, soap-operatics as the doctors at a large hospital dally with the nurses while their wives find diversion elsewhere.

A colleague's illtimed fatal heart attack provides the necessary scandal and shame to motivate everyone back into their proper and respective beds, Forget it, especially if they leave in the gruesome open-heart surgical sequence Dyann Cannon, Richard Crenna star.

#### THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN [1970] Monday, Feb. 3

Two lonely, average people meet by chance, take up residence together, and finally fall in love. Warren Beatty, while perhaps a bit too young-looking for the part actually carries the show as a nervous, joking, lovable, mixed-up adult-kid, a compulsive gambler making ends meet by playing a piano in a Las Vegas club.

One night Elizabeth Taylor, a hefty chorus girl, equally mixedup (a mistress kept dangling on a string for five years by a married businessman), wanders in and invites him home. They form a "no strings attached" relationship while ever so slowly coming to understand and accept each other.

Veteran director Stevens has lost his bounce and comic flair; the film is a bit uneven and overlong. And yet, as an "old-"fashioned" melodrama, it holds interest, has color, is honest and divertingly entertaining.

### A-111

# 'Birdie' Set At Kearney

The Bishop Kearney Parents Clubs will present Showtime 75, a tribute to Jerome Kern, on Thursday and Friday, Jan. 30 and 31, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 1 and 2 at the high school auditorium.

The show "Bye Bye Birdie", a tribute to Jerome Kern, will be directed by Brother T.C. Severino, and will feature orchestrations played by the Kearney Stage Band which will be directed by Ray Shakin.

Curtain time is 8 evenings with a 2:30 p.m. matinee on Sunday. Tickets may be purchased in advance or at the auditorium door. For reservations call 342-4000

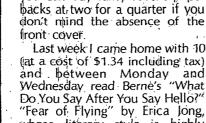
Front of Last (at a co and . I Wedne Do You "Fear whose feminis exhibit fifth g Diet" b Viscott started Bernste Column is not a flattoring one the Bernste

column is not a flattering one. It usually takes place at a social gathering and the questioner, glass in hand sidles up and in lieu of other small talk, asks: "Do you really watch that much television?"

The implications are clear. A. Obviously I have a high tolerance for schlock. B. Watching the tube at length requires an innate laziness. C. Excessive viewing cancels out any extensive reading, ergo at heart I am an unlettered, unread sponge.

The truth of these implicit allegations rolls off me for the most part, causing a pang only after a particularly debasing experience such as sitting through a repeat of "Cannon," actually tuning in for the last installment of a "Harry O" twoparter or catching "Kojak" dunk his lollipop in a cup of coffee.

It is then I realize that the New York Times op-ed page which I hold between me and the television set each night is not sufficient protection against the evils emanating from across the room



'And /it is then I head for the

new book shop in town where you can buy fairly recent paper

whose literary style is highly feminiscent of the pig-tailed exhibitionist I sat next to in the fifth grade, "The Brand Name Diet" by Jean Sommers and David Viscott's "Feet Free." Yesterday I started on Woodward and Bernstein's "All the President's Men" and by tomorrow I should have Merle Miller's biography of Harry Truman, "Plain Speaking" finished.

The consequences of compressing so much intellectual effort into such a short time were predictable. I dreamed of. Howard Hunt dressed in a red wig eating Dole Pineapple slices at 90 calories per ring and Truman, a member of a transactional analysis therapy group which needs collective permission to board an airplane.

But that is not the worst result of reading, when I should have been staring with glazed eyes and dry tongue at the little silver screen.

No, the serious consequence, dear reader, is that having watched nothing this week — not the new Smothers Brothers Show, nor the premiere of "The Jeffersons" nor the Sam Houston special nor even "Hot L Baltimore" I have nothing to write about. And thus it is that you have been subjected to the above discourse. And if that is not sufficient reason for me to swear off reading for (another couple months then I don't know what is.



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