

BULL FROM TURNBULL  
By Carol DeArment

You must have seen Bob Hope the other night: "Here I am at the Academy Awards again. I must admit it's seasonal but it is steady. This year the show will be in living color so you can watch me turn green when the best actor Oscar is awarded." Hope was awarded a gold medal for his service to the Awards Academy. He collapsed his face, grimaced, and gritted his teeth. But a quip slipped: "I'll have this medal put in my shrine."

In the audience were Julie Andrews, Lee Marvin, Martin Balsam. That ringletted Shirley Temple who looked like an Academy Awards camp follower turned out to be Julie Christie. Holy Ugliness!

But as sexy Romy Harrison opened the Best Actress award, the camera zoomed in on Julie Andrews, fraught with pure, chaste anguish: thousands of Mary Poppins fans nervously drummed "Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious" on coffee tables with their fingernails. Julie Christie won, and millions of children began renouncing Santa Claus, Tinkerbell, and fairies.

Christie cried, of course, but not Lee Marvin, the best actor. In fact, he did not even laud his director, as protocol dictates. He saved his praise for a horse "somewhere out in the West, to whom I owe half of this Oscar."

Nominated films will now flood Erie, and we can see for ourselves why most of them were losers. One of Erie might have suspected that someone was fond of THE SOUND OF MUSIC, as evidenced by the fact that it ran at Dipson's from mid-August, 1965 to mid-January, 1966. Suppose (perish the thought) that Erie is typical of the nation?

INSIDE DAISY CLOVER has less realism than BATMAN. Natalie Wood is a child (16-yr.-old) star, "AMERICA'S LITTLE VALENTINE" (circa 1936). By age 17 she has been married and divorced, but, she twitches with a WESTSIDE STORY-UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN sneer: "This doesn't get me down. I'll pit my healthy instincts against yours any day." While committing suicide in her gas oven, both doorbell and telephone ring.

Then she burns her hand on the stove. She can't commit suicide in peace. So suddenly she splutters, "I WANT TO LIVE!" (Great plot, huh kids?) She blows up her home and skips simplémindedly down the beach, passing occasionally to watch the house burn. Natalie Wood, a bad actress, has finally found a script worthy of her. She topped off the wreckage with abhorrently fake ANNIE GET YOUR GUY freckles. She has worked hard to be cute.

Paul Newman makes the scene now as HARPER, which uses the "primer" method of advertising, as stolen from Mad Magazine.

Paul Newman is Harper.

Harper goes for girls.

Girls go for Harper.

See Harper go.

See them go.

And on into insipidity. They want us to think it's a family show so that it will gross a lot of money. Gross gross gross. Harper is gross.

THE GROUP is here. Time Magazine likes it, Newsweek doesn't. If you haven't seen it, talk as if it's become rubbish. Even if you're totally ignorant, it will sound kind of sophisticated.

Put get to work! Get out there and join the movie idiots with dilated pupils and flabby middles. Put beware that you don't become so numb that you clap for cartoons.

CONTINUING EDUCATION

The Continuing Education Department, according to Mr. Losso, will be holding its nineteenth annual management workshops this summer. The overall objectives of the workshop are to develop knowledge, understanding, and skill in supervision which should result in greater and more efficient productivity; to make managers on any level increasingly aware of their responsibilities; to give them new and broader insight into the motives of people at work, and especially to recognize the importance of communication.

There will be three basic workshops: June 19-24, June 26-July 1, and August 14-19. There will be one advance workshop August 21-26. The basic workshop, a breadth program covering the fundamentals of supervision,