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Bloor's Number

The secrecy surrounding the recent purchase of the St. Lukes Home on 114th St., one of the university's most important recent acquisitions, is a perfect reflection of the type of operating procedure the Columbia community has come to expect from University Treasurer William Bloor.

In his failure to properly inform some of the people most interested in the purchase and in his continued insistence on not revealing the price of the acquisition, Bloor is once again earning his reputation for being an almost independent power within the university administration, making decisions without proper and courteous consultation with those who would be best able to evaluate the advantages or disadvantages of a particular move.

While Spectator reporters find it exciting to inform the Columbia community of breaking developments, they find it embarrassing to be put into the position of carrying messages back and forth between officials who have been kept in the dark by Bloor.

In an early morning interview yesterday, Dean of the School of Architecture and Planning James Polshek, who serves as an advisor to President McGill on physical planning, was aghast that such a move had been made without his having been told. "This sounds like one of Bloor's numbers," he said, adding that the development reflected the university's late nineteenth century business procedures.

In this cramped and crisis ridden university, 114th St. has been eyed by deans and President McGill as a possible area which could relieve some of the burden on crowded dormitory facilities, as well as academic buildings. As the university seeks in the next few years to alleviate its space problems, competition will arise over the amount of space to be allocated to different constituencies.

The only way severe disappointment and bitterness can be avoided in such a situation is through open consultation and constant communication between the central administration and all groups in the university community. The administration must inform its own officials about important space decisions if it expects cooperation when decisions are finally carried through.

Immediate steps must be taken to reverse the bad faith created by this week's disclosure of the purchase. First, it is important that Bloor reveal the cost of the acquisition to the university community so that discussion concerning the validity of the move can be properly initiated.

In addition, in its decision on how the valuable property will finally be utilized, it is essential that open and constructive discussion begin at once.

It is a tough situation, and could prove to be both messy and embarrassing unless it is handled openly and judiciously by those who hold power.

Bloor's actions do not bode well for that prospect.

Dirt Roads, Apples

By DAVID SMITH

I am getting scared. I admit it. I once considered economic news, news of the stock market, dry enough to skip over without feeling pangs of guilt. I would read the sports page. Now I read the financial page. I read everything I can about inflation. I am worried.

I have read about the Depression. I have heard all about banana sandwiches and torn up shoes stuffed with newsprint. I learned about all the marvelous talent and intense aspirations that ended in humiliation on dirt roads. But it was all so distant. I felt secure. I don't anymore.

I learned a lot by being on a political campus my first few years here. I learned that the apocalypse is the premier weapon of the skilled orator. I began to throw away leaflets.

I am reconsidering now. I don't know why I thought that things would never go sour again. I don't know why I had so

"Maybe (freshmen) are beginning to feel the sense of impending loss...are beginning to understand that this Shangri-La of a campus cannot be taken for granted, that dirt roads and applectarts are not to be laughed at as images of the future."

much faith that things would always work out.

I first became scared this summer when I overheard a conversation on the Penn Central between two middle-aged, solid, corporate-type men. The night before, they had heard some economist on the radio declare that a depression would definitely come. The economist was a professor at a leading university. He advised his audience to spend what they could now, that their savings would be as worthless as sand in only a few years.

Both businessmen were confused. They talked about the money they had saved in the last twenty years and decided that it had been for nothing. They got off at Newark and left me thinking. Thinking about losing what I have and hope to have some day.

Next I read a typically alarmist Evans and Novak column. I learned that Arthur Burns had eschewed the careful optimism of the Nixon administration, and had told the new President point blank that a depression is on the horizon and will occur unless drastic steps are taken.

I remembered the chart on the blackboard during a high school economics class and how the teacher said that we would never again experience a depression. He drew a chart on economic cycles to prove it. I remember shrugging and returning to the box scores in the Daily News.

David Smith '75C is Managing Editor

Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young (and Friends): Nostalgic Reunion

By ELTON BRAUDE

It might have been just a pleasant Sunday outing for an easy-going crowd. Youths mostly on their way out of teenagerhood, were it not for the facts that there were eighty or ninety thousand of them, and that they were awaiting the presence of some giants from the past. They came to the Roosevelt Raceway on Long Island early Sunday morning, with blankets, baskets, and packages of food from which earnest gate officials prized cans and bottles of all kinds of liquids which they tossed into huge portable disposable units.

They waited the morning patiently for the show, to begin at about 1 p.m. Jesse Elton Braude '76C is a foreign student at Columbia.

The other day I turned to the Post financial page. It read: "The stock market skidded to its second straight sharp loss today. Trading was active. A surge in Treasury bill rates, reviving fears of higher interest rates spurred by selling, analysts said. Disappointment in the failure of a rally Friday and early yesterday added to the pressure. So did investors' continued concern over inflation and depression."

I kept on reading. A week ago Wednesday, Eric Rieder and I went to interview President McGill in his Low Library office. He was very friendly and wore a wide smile. That is his style. He shook our hands. We opened by asking him what he thought were the major issues confronting the university this year.

He talked about the possibility of a depression. He said that "people downtown" had told him it was possible. He said he was worried about the university's investments. He said he didn't know quite what to do but that he would have to make some hard decisions fast. He used the word depression about three times. I think he believed it, too.

I have been struck since last spring about how happy we all seem to be. I remember South Field in April and how colorful and warm and carefree it was. People caught Frisbees. I remember the sun, and the pride and the joy that emanated from every cap and gown on Graduation Day last May. There were snapshots and lots of smiles.

Last week I sat on South Field and watched the freshmen go by. They seemed so anxious to fit in. They seemed to be enjoying themselves. It is fun getting ahead. Soon there will be snapshots.

I sat there for a while and became confused. They were happy but it was an obsessed sort of happiness; I sensed a certain desperation; as if they were reaching for something very precious, something very valuable, something that won't be around for very long.

Like their predecessors they will study very hard. They will become pre-laws and pre-meds and dream great dreams. And they will be driven. I sat there on South Field and wondered why they were driven so. I have heard so many explanations.

Maybe they are beginning to feel the sense of impending loss. Maybe they are beginning to understand that this Shangri-La of a campus cannot be taken for granted, that dirt roads and applectarts are not to be laughed at as images of the future.

A few years ago, we believed that there was some universal order in the world, that the poverty and blame for all the inflation in this world could be laid at the doorstep of some omnipotent manipulative hierarchy. There was comfort in that idea. For though we often felt helpless in battling this hierarchy, we thought we understood it. And we could hate it. We thought we knew where we stood.

It is easier to live with hate. Confusion, not knowing the solutions, is painful. I don't know what will happen. I still believe in the future. But I am confused. And I am getting scared.

Colin Young appeared on stage (or on closed circuit TV for those at the back not ambitious enough to make their way to the front) for nearly an hour to a quietly appreciative audience.

Then came the Beach Boys, who caused a mild sensation. Mostly singing their old favorites, they were joined by people attempting, in falsetto, to recapture the bliss of the universally hummed surf songs of the sixties. The group sang "Help Me Rhonda" and 80,000 people tried joyously to help with their hands and voices.

Their rendition of the technically difficult "Good Vibrations" was the highlight of their performance and the crowd was unwilling to let them go even



Teenage Lust, which performs at McIntosh Saturday night.

Calendar of Events

The calendar of events, covering entertainment, lectures, and special happenings in the Morningside Heights area, runs every Thursday in these pages. Entries must be submitted by the preceding Tuesday no later than 5 p.m.

Thursday, September 12

Music: The Barnard-Columbia Chorus sponsors an Open Sing in the James Room, Barnard Hall, 6 p.m.

Lecture: Dr. George Stoffer of the Max-Planck-Institute in Berlin offers a lecture, sponsored by the chemistry department, on "Immunological and Electron Microscopic Studies—Ribosome Structure," in 316 Havemeyer Hall, 4:30 p.m. Refreshments will be served before the lecture, in room 307.

Films: Dial M For Murder and The Immigrant—a filmed play with a superior suspense plot and skillful acting, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with one of Charlie Chaplin's finest shorts. Revolutionary Student Brigade, Lehman Auditorium, 7 and 9 p.m. (\$1).

Film: A Clockwork Orange—some of author Anthony Burgess's values are dreadfully misinterpreted by director Stanley Kubrick, who merely glorifies the violence in this flashy film. Columbia Cinematheque, SIA Auditorium, 7 and 9:30 p.m. (\$1.25).

Friday, September 13

Music: Stone Free gives a concert at the Lion's Den (50 cents with any ID, 35 cents with a CUID).

Film: 8 1/2—a m a m m o t h autobiographical fantasy by Federico Fellini; a gigantic, surreal, highly imaginative story. Columbia-Barnard

Music: Kip Sullivan performs in Postcrypt (coffeehouse), in the basement of St. Paul's Chapel (east campus near Schermerhorn Hall), from 8 p.m.

Saturday, September 14

Filmmakers, Lehman Auditorium, 7 and 9 p.m. (\$1).

Film: Point Blank—a synthesis of time-tripping formalism (a la Resnais) and tough-minded crime films (a la Siegel) which works admirably, making it one of the best American films of the late '60s. Columbia Cinematheque, 511 Dodge Hall, first of two shows at 7 p.m. (99 cents).

Music: McAc Social Committee sponsors a "spectacular side show" featuring Teenage Lust (a rock group), free beer and soda, food and films. McIntosh Center, Barnard, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (25 cents).

Music: Gene Holmes performs in Postcrypt (coffeehouse), in the basement of St. Paul's Chapel (east campus near Schermerhorn Hall), from 8 p.m.

Sunday, September 15

Poetry Reading: Leo Connellan, Marjorie Fennell, and William Packard read their poetry in a benefit for prison poet James Lewisohn, sponsored by the New York Quarterly, 4 West 43rd Street, (\$2 contribution). Call the Quarterly for the time.

Tuesday, September 17

Film: Straw Dogs—a non-western, major film by the cult director of violence, Sam Peckinpah. See Monday's campus films column for a fuller preview. Zoopraxinographoscope, Lehman Auditorium, 7 and 9 p.m. (\$1).

Wednesday, September 18

Film: Monika—a film by Ingmar Bergman. See Monday's campus films column for a fuller preview. Columbia Cinematheque, SIA Auditorium, first show at 7 p.m. (\$1.25).

Magic Lantern Show

Wilder's Mellow Romanticism

By GEORGE ROBINSON

Billy Wilder's two most recent films, *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* (1970), and *Avanti!* (1972), which are being shown Friday at the Carnegie Hall Cinema (57th Street and 7th Avenue), are gracefully romantic works, tinged with the melancholy of age. Wilder, the arch-cynic of *Sunset Boulevard* and *Double Indemnity*, has mellowed into a gentler wit, reminiscent of his mentor Ernst Lubitsch. (After all, Wilder co-wrote the master's *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* and, more fortuitously, *Ninotchka*.) The elegiac air of these lovely works suggests a man quietly looking over a long career, regretting only the passing of youth and innocence.

Indeed, at the center of both these films is the idea of looking over one's past life. *Private Life* opens with the discovery of a dusty safe-deposit box, full of the mementoes and memoirs of the long-deceased Dr. John H. Watson, the perusal of which transports us back to the beautiful Victorian London of art director Alexander Trauner. In *Avanti!*, Jack Lemmon, as a smug American businessman in Italy to retrieve his father's corpse, is forced by the discovery of the old man's illicit amours to re-evaluate his entire life-style.

Both films are replete with womb and tomb imagery, suggesting lives that have either failed to find fulfillment or have come to an end. In addition to the safety deposit box and its dusty contents in the credit sequence of *Private Life*, there are scenes backstage with a Russian ballerina (who wants Holmes to father her child, in the interest of eugenic perfection, an offer which is turned down with amusing results), in which the room is tomb-like in design and coloring. Moreover, the ballerina, her manager (a sterling bit by Clive Revill), and the entire company are white-faced like cadavers. Additionally, the film features several sequences involving graveyards and graves, and a crypt-like underground harbor, all of which, allied with the film's flashback structure and Trauner's sets, reinforce the atmosphere of "end of the century."

Avanti!, as previously stated, starts with death as its central plot mechanism. Lemmon's father and Juliet Mills's mother are killed in an automobile wreck during an annual tryst in an Italian resort. With the help of hotel manager Clive Revill (in one of the best character performances in recent American cinema), Lemmon and Mills retrieve their parents and bury them. More optimistic than *Private Life* with its bittersweet unhappy ending, *Avanti!* is a more brightly lit, more open film, using more expansive exteriors—and a greater number of them—than its predecessor. As a corollary, Wilder and his long-time collaborator, I.A.L. Diamond (an alumnus of the College—1941—and a former Spectator editor-in-chief), use more death-centered humor than is present in *Private Life*.

Although Wilder is, first and foremost, a writer, and one of the very best. George Robinson '75C is Film Editor and Assistant Features Editor on the Arts.

Hollywood has ever seen, his films have generally been visually sophisticated to an extent seldom seen in films by writer-directors. *Private Life* and *Avanti!* are perhaps his best-directed works to date. A sequence early in *Avanti!* is an excellent example of a complex visual intelligence at work.

Lemmon, Mills, and Revill are waiting in the local morgue for the coroner. Wilder orchestrates the sequence which takes place in the crypt-like interior around poles created by two similar splashes of color in an otherwise drab interior—a bouquet of yellow flowers held by Mills, and a yellow-brown window shade, the only visible source of light and a more autumnal echo of the flowers' bright color. Wilder uses a shifting triangular relationship between the three characters, playing off Lemmon's abrasiveness against Mills's tearful solemnity and Revill's quiet authority. He choreographs the entire sequence around Lemmon's movement between the yellow flowers of mourning, which through Mills's gesture of picking them for both graves take on a resonance that refers back to the parents' achieved happiness, and the windowshade's darker color, with its connotations of death and the impersonality of this public place.

Wilder's skill with performers is something which is seldom commented upon, although generally acknowledged. In both *Avanti!* and *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*, this ability is manifested by some very skilled ensemble playing, often involving long takes, as well as by some masterful individual performances. Particularly outstanding are Clive Revill's ubiquitous hotel manager in *Avanti!* and Robert Stephens's seemingly unflappable (until flapped) Holmes, a performance which is no less satisfying for being a radical departure from the Basil Rathbone

portrayal of the '40s. RECOMMENDED: In addition to the continuing Renoir series at the New York Cultural Center (Picnic On The Grass, September 12, Elena et Les Hommes with Ingrid Bergman, September 14, and The Elusive Corporal, September 15), and two Wilders, a new Carnegie Hall Cinema schedule has just arrived. The best of the first week is Lola Montes, Max Ophuls's sterling examination of theatre and life, which is being shown this Sunday.

The Carnegie Hall management has also taken over the Regency Theater (Broadway and 67th Street). Their first series is an excellent baptism of celluloid, a comprehensive retrospective of New Yorker Films's formidable catalogue. New Yorker, under the aegis of Dan Talbot, has long been in the forefront of American distributors in bringing good foreign films to the States. Among the outstanding films in the series this week are a pair of sublime parables of the awesome strength of womanhood, directed by Japanese master Kenji Mizoguchi, *The Life of O-Haru* and Princess Yang Kwei Fei (September 14). This is the best show in town this weekend and should not be missed.

The Elgin Cinema (18th Street and 8th Avenue) is continuing its Buster Keaton retrospective at noon on Sundays. The most inventive comic mind in the cinema can be seen this weekend in *College* and two shorts, "Day Dreams" and "The Frozen North".

The Museum of Modern Art is plowing along with their massive and enlightening retrospective of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The highlights of the coming week are Lubitsch's *Ninotchka* and Clarence Brown's *A Woman of Affairs*, both starring Garbo (today at 5:30 and 8:00 respectively), and Fritz Lang's *vitriolic Fury*, with Spencer Tracy, September 14 at 3:00.



Colin Blakely, Robert Stephens: THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Young were on. The adventurous at the back braved the thick horde and pushed their way as far to the front as they could. The group played a few songs together, as usual dividing their time into segments, first for "electric music" and then for "wooden music," with a rousing "electric" ending. Throughout the "wooden" segment each played some of his own songs assisted with harmonies by the other members as well as by Joni Mitchell (Crosby, Stills, Nash, Young and Mitchell?), whose appearance was met by loud cheers.

Neil Young played some of his well-known songs from his best-selling LP's but, encouraged by the warm reception from his audience, he stayed on, to the apparent chagrin of Nash (judging from

his expression), and played some of his lesser known moan-drone songs. Things picked up again when David Crosby played some of his songs, including "Almost Cut My Hair," which was momentous in the sixties—and is still great, diminished importance notwithstanding. He was afforded a most enthusiastic response from his listeners, which thrilled him so much that he was prompted to say, quite sincerely, "I'm the luckiest fucker alive." If he'd had it his way the group would have stayed all night.

Stephen Stills played some of his songs, singing as well as ever, but coming close to marrying the pleasant atmosphere by gracelessly admonishing the eager

crowd not to clap in time to one of the group's quieter songs. (The situation was saved by a blissful-looking Crosby.) He played a version of his "Black Queen" a la Hendrix, which sounded strangely progressive, and a song from a forthcoming album which could have come from a previous one.

They ended the show with some of the stirring songs they played at the end of Four Way Street, returned for an encore, and, after having finished their final performance of their U.S. tour, bade goodnight to an audience who must be beginning to wonder how soon it will be before the Sixties, with its hippies, addicts, and revolutionaries, will be nostalgically serialized in "Happy Days"-type television.