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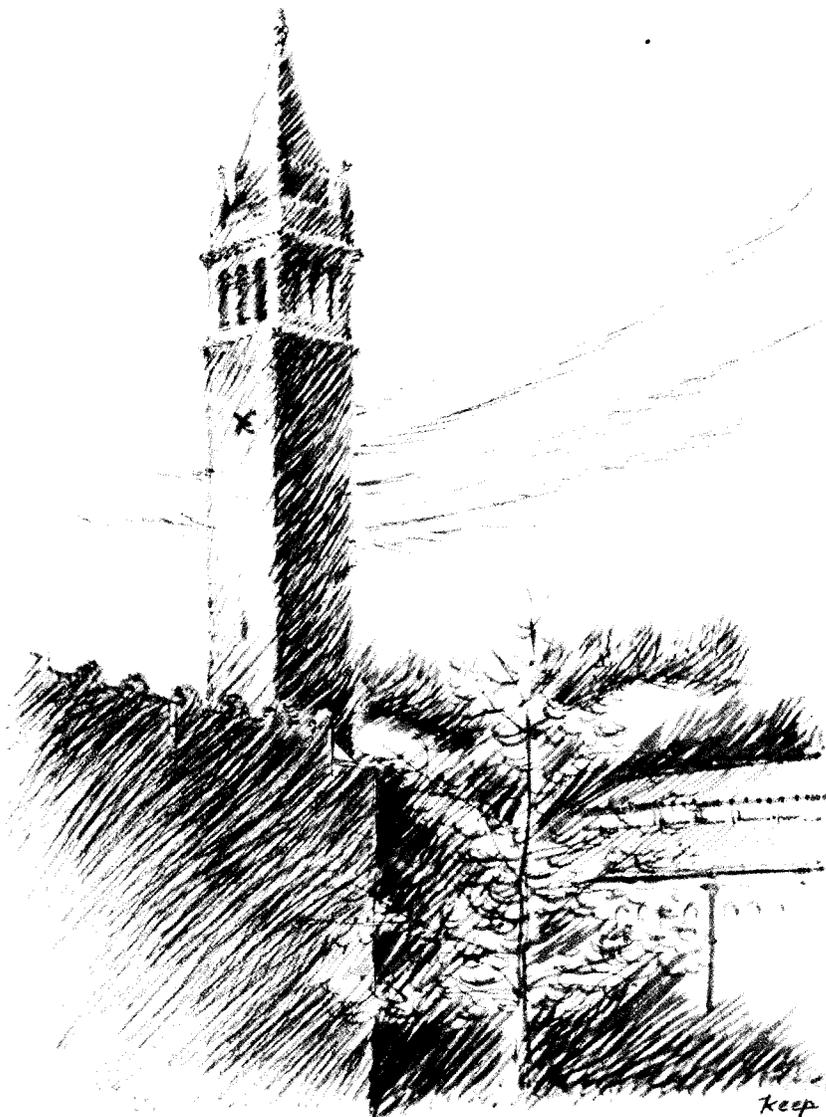
ART

THEATRE

ET CETERA

EDITORIAL:

The Lesson of Berkeley



The recent events at the Berkeley campus of the University of California were, of course, unfortunate. They were also singularly meaningful.

American university life will never be the same after the student rebellion—a rebellion supported by the faculty—against a paternalistic and bungling administration that was incapable of recognizing that students could actually be **serious** about such abstract constitutional issues as free political movement and free speech.

The issues were clear and fundamental and important. It is unfortunate that the ferment at Berkeley remains confusing to the majority of Americans.

The confusion is, in part, the product of a predisposition to view all actions of college students in the framework of goldfish-swallowing and panty raids, or as the madcap antics of idealistic undergraduate splinter groups. The Berkeley administration shared this view, and this is why it was so dramatically wrong in the fall and early winter of 1964.

When the students returned to their sprawling campus in mid-September, they found a new set of regulations awaiting them. Though couched in general terms, the new rules were obviously directed at curtailing the burgeoning civil rights activities on campus. Recruiting, fund-raising, distribution of "persuasive literature," organization or planning for action of any kind—in short, all meaningful political activity—was prohibited.

President Clark Kerr's administration offered no substantial explanation for the restrictions; the students assumed that he was responding to pressure from businessmen in surrounding communities who were disturbed at the involvement of UC students in civil rights demonstrations.

The impasse was never resolved. It culminated in the arrest of nearly 800 students in a massive sit-in demonstration in Sproul Hall, the university administration building. The attitude of the administration made such an unseemly event possible. During the long negotiations over freedom of speech on the besieged campus President Kerr seemed more disposed to punish the students than to **listen** to them. This paternalistic approach almost destroyed the esprit de corps of the flagship campus of the

nation's largest university. But the students found that the earth would not open up at their feet and sink them into oblivion when they stood up against authoritarian bureaucracy. That is why college life will never be quite the same in America.

Despite the manifest confusion over the chain of events at Berkeley, there are three manifest facts:

1. It was a genuine **student** movement, not the work of "willful agitators," "Communists," or other names in the red-baiting lexicon. Some 80 per cent of those arrested in Sproul Hall were students in the university, and the small percentage of non-students included such interlopers as the wives, brothers and sisters of Cal students.

Most of these students had above average grades. They were not professional malcontents.

2. It was a student movement **supported** by the faculty. Voting 824 to 115, the university's Academic Senate sided with the students on the issues and went over President Kerr's head to the University Regents to plead for freedom of political and social action on the campus.

3. There were fundamental **constitutional** issues involved. The Administration in asserting its intention to punish students for activity on campus resulting in illegal action off-campus (i.e., sit-in demonstrations resulting in arrests), raised the issues of prior restraint and double jeopardy. In effect, it was attempting to slap the wrists of those who dared place themselves on the firing line of social justice.

President Kerr's manifest inability to even see these issues as issues must be viewed in the larger environment of the "multiversity" he directs. The Berkeley campus has grown to a fantastic 27,500 students in recent years. In attempting to keep pace with the physical needs of this tremendous influx of undergraduates—and while negotiating for more government defense and research contracts—the "multiversity" has lost sight of the traditional student-teacher relationship.

The IBM card has become the symbol of the campus. Many students never see their professor—they just share his voice and televised image with about 1500 others attending his "lectures." Faculty members complain that they are penalized for spending time with their students through a "publish-or-perish" system of promotions. The student feels part of a huge, bureaucratic learning machine—the same unlistening "machine" that Mario Savio said he wanted to bring to a halt with the massive demonstrations.

The real failure in the Berkeley situa-

tion was the failure to recognize that today's college students are **involved**, deeply, with the world about them. The administration did not understand their activities because they did not fit within the political spectrum as the administration imagined it.

Probably what best identifies the nature of these students is that a good many of them are also active in civil rights—members of CORE, SNCC, the NAACP, people who have been in Mississippi. The movement for racial justice is an essential part of their lives. As James Farmer said at Berkeley, without the college students, there just wouldn't be the civil rights movement as we know it today. Just as most white Americans cannot understand the civil rights movement, so they are also incapable of understanding what happened at Berkeley.

These young people perceive an important moral issue and they are impelled by a moral imperative to act in opposition to the institutions that have produced the problem. From this flows direct action, whether it takes place in McComb, Mississippi or Berkeley, California. These students do not feed on abstract political theory; they are battling against the traditional bureaucratic and established methods because they see those methods as failing, critically, to solve the great moral issues facing this nation: racial justice, the existence of poverty in the midst of plenty, the establishment of peace in a world dominated by the thermonuclear threat.

The students were asking the UC administration to raze the ivory towers, to give them freedom to struggle with the difficult problems of the world outside the campus. There is no doubt that, after the events last December, students in other colleges will put this question to their own administrations. And unless their administrators understand what Clark Kerr did not, they may be faced with another Berkeley.

"... A student movement supported by the faculty."

"... raze the ivory towers ..."

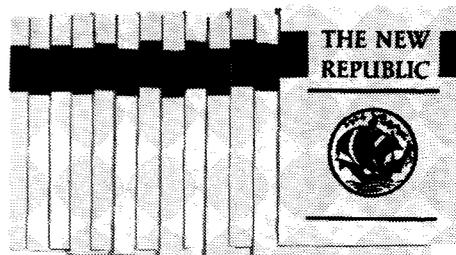
"... the IBM card has become the symbol of the campus."

ERRATA

In the January issue we presented an interview with Senator Frank Church on Vietnam. Inexplicably, the manuscript, as finally edited by the Senator's office, replaced the word *Burma* with *Malaya*. These two errors appear on pages 20 and 21 of that issue. The use of the word *Malaya* was unfortunate in view of the fact that *Malaya* is one of the most democratic countries in all of Southeast Asia. At no time did Senator Church mean to use the word *Malaya* instead of *Burma*. Somewhere between the intent and the editorial office of Ramparts *Malaya* was inadvertently substituted.

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CINEMA:

The Loved One Revisited

By
Stanley
Eichelbaum

A slate-gray drizzle fell in chilled droplets over the honky-tonk grime of Main Street in downtown Los Angeles. I stopped momentarily for shelter under the peeling marquee of an all-night movie house next door to a run-down saloon that had become a singular focus of attention on that rainy morning last November. A motion-picture crew from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had taken over the barroom for a day of shooting on "The Loved One," which Tony Richardson, the English creative genius of "Tom Jones," was directing under a curious shroud of secrecy.

I call it "curious," because the movie is no less a product of Hollywood than any other made there—a \$2,500,000 project of Martin Ransohoff's Filmways, Inc., to be released some time in March by MGM. And the studio had to honor, though reluctantly, an unbudging demand from Richardson that no journalist be permitted near him during a shooting period that stretched from late July into early December.

My own interest was aroused by wild rumors about Richardson's movie, most of them concerning the extent of the satire in the film, which was tantalizingly reported to be even more outrageous, macabre and inclusive than it was in Evelyn Waugh's already-fiendish 1948 novel about the mortuary business, in southern California. As I was soon to discover, nothing I heard was off base. For the screenplay by Terry Southern and Christopher Isherwood not only accelerated the devastating tempo of Waugh's original, but it had branched out considerably into a merciless caricature of the Hollywood way of life and death, in nearly all its eccentric and charlatan aspects. MGM's legal department foresaw the worst. And even Waugh had protested heatedly, when he read the script.

So on that wet November morning, I was eager to see what I could at Richardson's downtown location site, the bar in which Aimee Thanatogenos, a mortuary cosmetician, confronts the Guru Brahmin, a lovelorn columnist she tracks down, after an extensive correspondence, only to learn that he is an old drunk, just fired by his newspaper for incompetence.

Since I had no means of visiting the

"why,
Tony even
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... even
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Eichelbaum

set, except by a calculated intrusion, I was in the company of Rouben Ter-Arutunian, the Broadway scenic designer, who was serving as the movie's artistic director. Though I had been officially invited to Los Angeles by Barney Rosenzweig of the MGM publicity department, he had informed me on my arrival, with some embarrassment, that Richardson had clamped down on all press coverage, loudly protesting several magazine spreads that had lately appeared, most of them resulting from interviews with Terry Southern. "Why, Tony even sent me a bouquet of flowers yesterday," Rosenzweig added, to my amazement. "The card, if you will believe it, read, 'Sorry for making your life so miserable'."

Ter-Arutunian, however, nervously agreed to let me look in on the filming, because we were old friends, but only if I did so as a silent spy. He is a swarthy, genial, heavy-lidded Armenian of 44, well-known for his stage and opera designs, though never involved with a movie before this one. Having built his reputation on the vivid inventiveness of his stagecraft and having worked with Richardson last season on the Broadway productions of "Arturo Ui" and "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore," Ter-Arutunian was brought to Hollywood.

Strangely enough, the British director has always insisted on filming entirely in the field, away from the constriction of studio sound stages. But he knew he had 21 settings to find or somehow create, including Whispering Glades Memorial Park, the mortuary establishment of Waugh's novel. And Ter-Arutunian was given this responsibility, among others.

The designer led me toward the run-down bar. It was called the Waldorf, or the Club Panama, depending on which of two dirt-caked window signs one was to believe. He remarked that its reputation was rather notorious—one of the more sinister saloons in the business slums of central Los Angeles, discovered by Richardson and him during an extended search for the different location sites, before filming started.

The entrance was barred by two policemen, assigned to protect Richardson's privacy. A number of movie technicians bustled in and out with lighting equipment and power cables which were stored in three immense MGM trailer trucks parked in a nearby lot.

Once inside, I could not quite believe my eyes. Though it was not yet noon, an astonishing crowd of after-dark backwash was assembled—derelicts of all sizes and shapes, from haggard tarts to epicene leather boys, plus a generous smattering of hoboes in the final shabby