New York Times Magazine
February 14, 1965

The Berkeley Affair: Mr. Kerr vs. Mr. Savio & Co.
By A. H. Raskin
A. H. Raskin is assistant editor of the editorial page of The Times.

BERKELEY, Calif.

Complete transcript is found on pages 10-16.
Article and transcript are indexed. Use find function.

THE BERKELEY AFFAIR:
MR. SAVIO & CO.
[See Page 22]

Table of Contents—Page 22

Thanks to Daniel Joseph Kirchner, the guy with the screw driver, for making the original magazine available to me for scanning.
Barbara Stack

Letters

The Berkeley Affair:
Mr. Kerr vs. Mr. Savio & Co.

page 88

page 89

page 90

page 91

The New York Times Magazine

February 14, 1965 SECTION 6

THE BERKELEY AFFAIR: MR. SAVIO & CO.

[See Page 22]

Table of Contents—Page 22

Letters

The New York Times Magazine

FEBRUARY 14, 1965

Contents

© 1965, by The New York Times Company

THE BERKELEY AFFAIR: MR. KERR VS. MR. SAVIO & CO. By A. H. Raskin 24-25
A JAPANESE REMEMBERS IWO JIMA. By Toshihiko Ohno 26-27
COULD MAUDLING WIN FOR THE TORIES? By Peregrine Worsthorne 28-29
WE ARE IN TOO DEEP IN ASIA AND AFRICA. By Frank Church . 30-31
IT'S MIDDLETOWN-ON-THE-POTOMAC. By Russell Baker 32-33
TWO MEN FROM MOSCOW PAY A CALL. By Ronnie Dugger .. 34-35
DRIVING TESTS SHOULD BE TOUGHER. By Charles Leedham ... 40
WHAT WILL THE HUDSON BE? By Paul Goodman 42-43

●

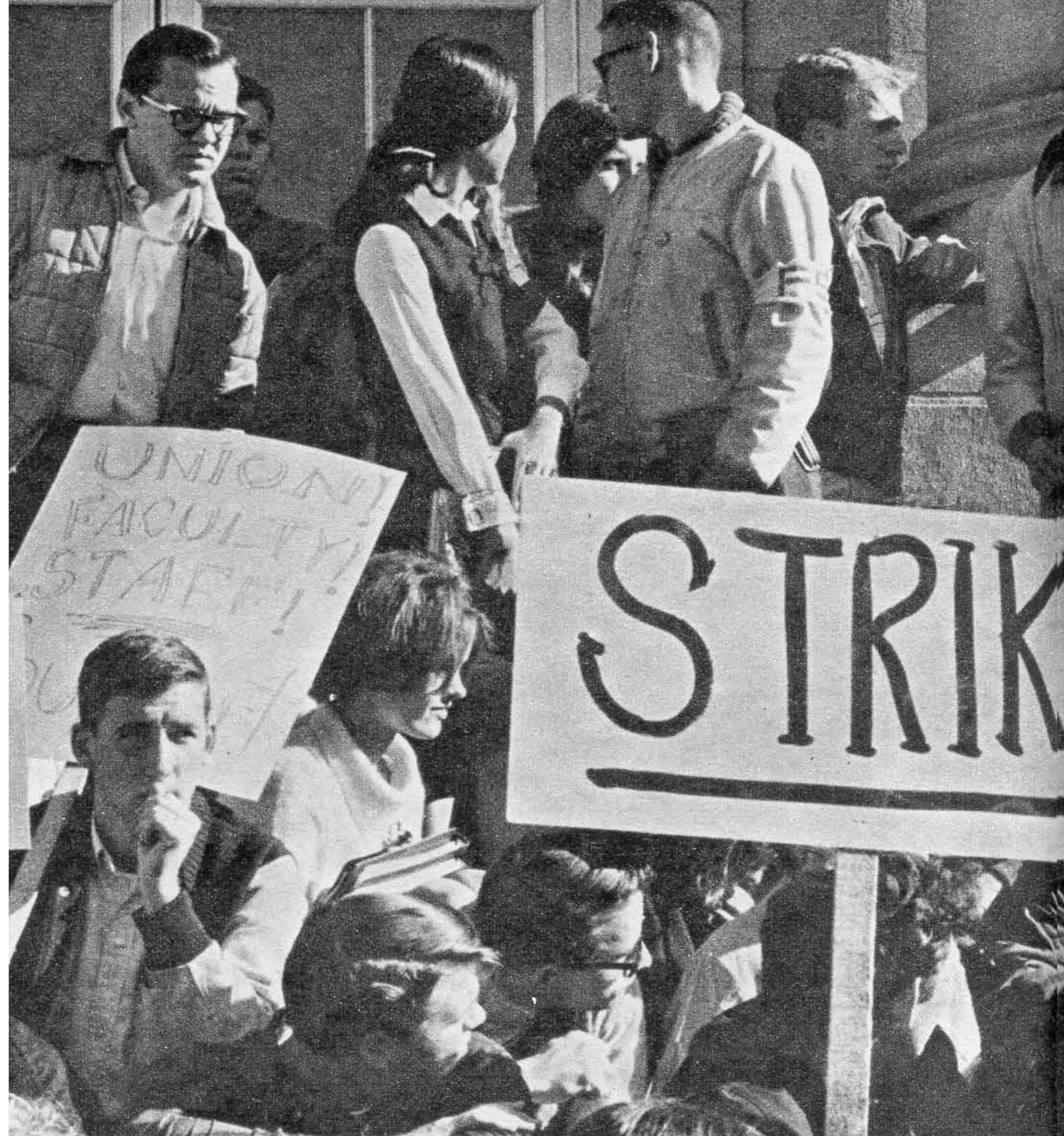
FOOD 72
HOME 74-75
PARENT AND CHILD 77
FASHIONS 80-83
PICTURE CREDITS 95
PUZZLES 98

THE COVER—In the headquarters of the student Free Speech Movement at the University of California, a prominent member, Mario Savio, is shown (right) with some F. S. M. associates. For a report on F. S. M. views of a campus dispute which has national implications, and those of university head Clark Kerr, see p. 24.

The Berkeley Affair: Mr. Kerr vs. Mr. Savio & Co.

By A. H. RASKIN

President Kerr: "The university is intertwined with all society."



Campus strike—Members of the Berkeley Free Speech

BERKELEY, Calif.

WHAT turned the University of California's world-renowned campus here into a snake pit of unrepressed animosities? As my helicopter rattled across the moon-dappled water of San Francisco Bay on its way toward this strangely riven academic center, it seemed to me two men were probably best equipped to supply the answer. In the process, they could go far toward explaining a simmering unrest on other campuses across the nation, and in every corner of our corporate society.

One man was Dr. Clark Kerr, 53, the quiet-spoken Quaker whose duties as president of the university make him Big Daddy to 72,000 students on nine California campuses. The other was Mario Savio, the charismatic 22-year-old undergraduate who had emerged as the archangel of student revolt at Berkeley.

My effort to get the answer from Savio got off to a rocky start. We had arranged to meet at the headquarters of the Graduate Coordinating Committee. This is a key unit in the Free Speech Movement (F.S.M.), the coalition of undergraduates, graduate students and teaching assistants that grew out of an ill-timed, worse-explained and now-rescinded administration order that barred all on-campus solicitation for political or civil-rights demonstrations mounted off the campus.

The committee office is a garret over the university's drama workshop, not far from the main gate to the huge, hillside campus. The visitor climbs a flight of wooden outside stairs and finds himself in a barren room that is dark despite the dazzling sunlight outside. The nearest thing to a real piece of furniture is a battered green sofa, with sags where the springs should be. A square table with a telephone fills one corner, and there are a half-dozen camp chairs. Under the table is a mound of picket signs. The mood is "Waiting for Lefty" done off-Broadway.

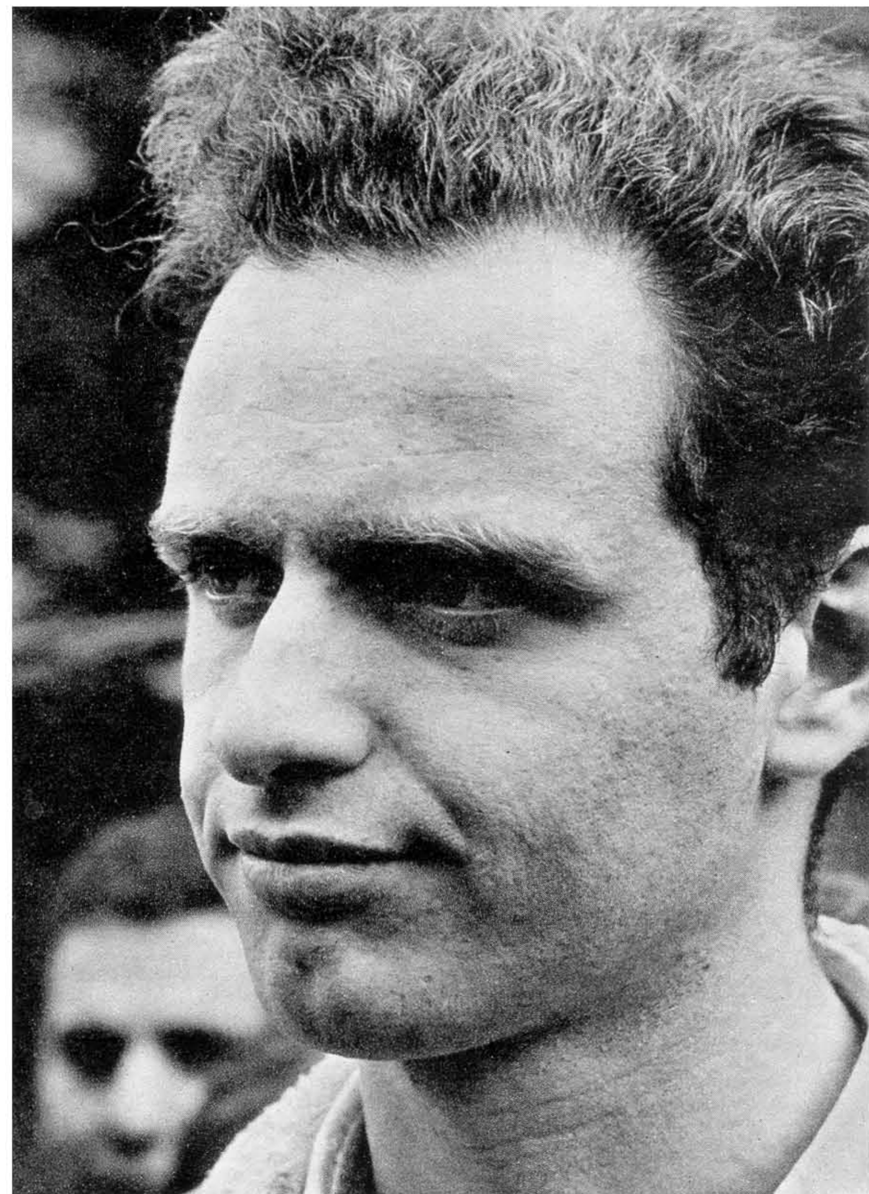
Savio, a slim six-footer with frizzy pale hair, peeled off the short, fleece-lined coat that has become a sort of personal trademark. His first words were a flat refusal to participate in any interview if I intended to focus on him as *the* communicator for the F.S.M. "Anything like that will just perpetuate a misrepresentation that the press has already done too much to build up," he said. "This is not a cult of one personality or of two personalities; it is a broadly based movement and I will not say anything unless it is made clear that the F.S.M. is not any single individual."

A way around that roadblock was ready at hand — a joint discussion with the six other members of the collective leadership who had accompanied Savio to the conference. It started with everybody sounding off against Sidney Hook's view in The Times Magazine (Jan. 3) that academic freedom was primarily for teachers and that the only imperative right for students was freedom to learn. Savio said they wanted equal space to reply; also they wanted to sue. I told them to go ahead if they thought they had a case. Finally, we got to what I wanted to talk about—namely, what they thought the issue at Berkeley had been and whether there was still any real issue left.

A. H. RASKIN is assistant editor of the editorial page of The Times.

The New York Times Magazine
FEBRUARY 14, 1965

Movement protest a ban on political action.



Student Savio: "We committed the sin of being moral—and successful."

The recent student mutiny that beset the vast Berkeley campus of the University of California was in part a revolt against the impersonality of the "multiversity." But it went beyond even a campus of 27,500— it is one aspect of the general revulsion against bigness that marks much of our society.

It was a somewhat formless encounter, a blend of a graduate seminar in political science and "Catch-22." People wandered out and others filled their chairs; getting in questions was harder than getting back answers. Yet, it was an engaging group—lucid in exposition, quick in rebuttal, manifesting no unease at differences of interpretation or emphasis within their own circle.

THE Berkeley mutineers did not seem political in the sense of those student rebels in the turbulent Thirties; they are too suspicious of all adult institutions to embrace wholeheartedly even those ideologies with a stake in smashing the system. An anarchist or I.W.W. strain seems as pronounced as any Marxist doctrine. "Theirs is a sort of political existentialism," says Paul Jacobs, a research associate at the university's Center for the Study of Law and Society, who is one of the F.S.M.'s applauders. "All the old labels are out; if there were any orthodox Communists here, they would be a moderating influence."

The proudly immoderate zealots of the F.S.M. pursue an activist creed —that only commitment can strip life of its emptiness, its absence of meaning in a great "knowledge factory" like Berkeley. That is the explanation for their conviction that the methods of civil disobedience, in violation of law, are as appropriate in the civilized atmosphere of the campus as they are in the primordial jungle of Mississippi. It was an imaginative strategy that led to an unimaginable chain of events.

Trouble began on Sept. 14, a week before the opening of classes, when the dean of students suddenly shut off the only area on campus where students had been free to collect funds and enlist adherents for off-campus political or social action. This island for activists was a 26-by-60-foot patch of bricked-over ground, called the Bancroft Strip, just outside the principal pedestrian entrance.

The decision to embargo the Strip, made in the climactic days of an election campaign that would settle both the Presidency and the fate of California's controversial fair housing law, forged a united front of protest extending from campus Goldwaterites to Maoist members of the Progressive Labor party.

With the memory of the mutiny thick in the gloomy garret, the collective leadership of the F.S.M. spent the next three hours telling me what they thought *(Continued on Page 88)*

The Berkeley Affair: Mr. Kerr vs. Mr. Savio & Co.

(Continued from Page 25)

the rebellion was *really* about.

They are convinced that the abrupt decision to close the Bancroft Strip represented a university capitulation to right-wing forces angered by student picketing and sit-ins to compel the hiring of more Negroes in Bay area businesses. Specifically, they blame former Senator William F. Knowland, editor of The Oakland Tribune, whose paper was a special target. (Knowland says he didn't do it.)

The cutoff in political recruitment confirmed a conviction already held by some of the students that bankers, industrialists, publishers and other leaders of the Establishment in the Board of Regents were making a concentration camp out of the the "multiversity"—a term coined by Kerr in a series of lectures at Harvard nearly two years ago to describe the transformation of a modern university, like Cal, into a vast techno-educational complex.

This conviction was not diminished by the extreme freedom the university has long allowed students to express their own political views, however unorthodox, at "Hyde Park" areas inside the campus. Even during the ban on the use of campus property for organizing off-campus political action, students retained their liberty to invite Communists, Nazis or Black Muslims to address meetings at the university. They also could—and often did—agitate for the right to smoke marijuana, to be able to buy contraceptives at the University Bookstore or for other far-out objectives.

All this has been going on for years in an atmosphere particularly congenial to the flowering of undergraduate rebellion. The whole Bay area has a long Left Bank tradition of hospitality to radical movements and off-beat behavior. Czeslav Milosz, a Polish poet and defector, who served on the faculty, left convinced that Berkeley and Greenwich Village were "the only two places in America you can be free." The mild year-round climate also helps. "There is no place in the world where uncomfortable people can feel so comfortable," said a visiting British professor.

Taken aback by the vehement student reaction to the recruitment taboo, the Regents in November restored the right to mount political action—not only in the Bancroft Strip but in several areas where it had never been allowed before. However, the F.S.M. is still unhappy because the new ruling specifies that only "lawful" off-campus activities can be planned on campus.

The rebels argue that students should have the same right as other citizens to participate in the political and social affairs of the outside community. What is "unlawful" ought to be determined solely by civil and criminal courts, not by a university administration or faculty. The university's only area of proper regulation over political activity should be the establishment of minimal time-place-manner rules to guarantee that anything the students do on campus does not interfere with classes or the orderly conduct of university business. Such is the current focus of what is left of the "free speech" issue.

REMEMBERING centuries of "town vs. gown" controversies all over the world, in which universities had always fought to keep their campuses from coming under police rule, I asked the F.S.M. leaders whether their insistence on leaving disciplinary authority to the municipal law-enforcement agencies might not destroy the whole concept of academic sanctuary and expose them to much harsher treatment.

Savio, a philosophy major who graduated at the top of his class from New York City's Martin Van Buren High School, had a blunt answer: "That is a specious argument. The campus is already crawling with cops of the most insidious kind from the 'Red squad' and every other kind of undercover agency." Myra Jehlen, a comely, solemn Phi Beta Kappa from C.C.N.Y. and a Woodrow Wilson graduate scholar in English, added a postscript: "Immunity from police prosecution only applies to panty raids and fraternity guys. We're not interested in that."

She was the only coed in the group. Across the room was her husband, Carl Riskin, who had gone to Cambridge in England on a fellowship after graduating *magna cum laude* from Harvard and was now completing his Ph.D. thesis at Berkeley. He spoke seldom, but with force and precision.

Next to him sat Martin Roysher, a sophomore from Arcadia, Calif., whose casually correct clothes reflected the freshman year he spent at Princeton. He looked so young it was hard to believe he was out of high school, yet he, too, spoke crisply about everything from alienation to the importance of erasing any differentiation between the freedom of students and citizens to act upon their political beliefs.

Here, too, was Jack Weinberg, a former graduate student in math and now a civil-rights activist in CORE, who gained fame overnight as "the man in the police car" in the first of the mass upheavals last Oct. 1. Stephan Weissman, the red-bearded chairman of the Graduate Coordinating Committee, pulled a few picket signs from under the table and squatted on the floor. Robert Starobin, a Cornell B.A., who has been a teaching assistant in history at Berkeley for three years, is writing his Ph.D. dissertation on industrial slavery before the Civil War. Stocky and assertive, his talk bristled with complaints about the "power structure" and its determination to stifle civil-rights activity at Berkeley.

The one whose views evoked least challenge was the youth group's senior citizen, Hal Draper, a part-time librarian at the university who graduated from Brooklyn College in the Great Depression and is now fiftyish. A leader of the old American Student Union, he drifted through various wings of the Trotskyite movement and is currently an editor of New Politics, a journal intended to offer an outlet for all shades of Socialist thought. A Draper pamphlet called "The Mind of Clark Kerr" has become the F.S.M.'s bible in its fight against "the university factory." Dedicated to the students who immobilized the police car, the leaflet depicts Kerr as the preacher of docile submission to a technocratic juggernaut that will stamp out all individuality and all liberty.

THE longer my conversation with the students went on, the clearer it became that the political battle was only a symptom of a larger revolt against the bigness and impersonality of the "multiversity" itself. If Clark Kerr is the high priest of the multiversity, social critic Paul Goodman is its Antichrist and thus beloved of the F.S.M. The opening theme of an F.S.M. pamphlet is a declaration by Goodman that in the United

"Among the young everywhere is a sense of alienation that turns even affluence and security into worthless prizes. This may prove to be the nation's critical challenge."

States today, "students—middle-class youth—are the major exploited class. . . . They have no choice but to go to college." Rejecting their role as factory workers on an academic assembly line, the F.S.M. demands a humanized campus, a "loving community" based on comradeship and purpose.

"We must now begin the demand of the right to know; to know the realities of the present world-in-revolution, and to have an opportunity to think clearly in an extended manner about the world," says the F.S.M. credo. "It is ours to demand meaning; we must insist upon meaning!"

What is behind this manifestese? Does it betoken a desire to dismantle the University of California, or to establish a student soviet that would make all educational policy? The F.S.M. leaders disclaim such grandiose ideas.

"This is not a matter of rolling back the multiversity," says Myra Jehlen. "But it is our view that this university does neglect its students. We have no contact with the community of scholars, except to see a professor across 500 feet of lecture hall. Teaching assistants have to serve as parents for the students."

Savio deplores the extent to which the university's professors and facilities are involved in research for the Government and giant corporations. "It is a distortion, and too bad, that the university does not stand apart from the society as it is. It would be good to return to an almost totally autonomous body of scholars and students. But what we have now is that the Pentagon, the oil and aircraft companies, the farm interests and their representatives in the Regents consider the university as a public utility, one of the resources they can look on as part of their business."

And who should run things? Says Starobin: "Our idea is that the university is composed of faculty, students, books and ideas. In a literal sense, the administration is merely there to make sure the sidewalks are kept clean. It should be the servant of the faculty and the students. We want a redemocratizing of the university. Courses are clearly up to the faculty, but students should be able to convey their ideas. Dormitory regulations should be up to the students who live in the dorms. A bipartite or tripartite committee should have the final say in promulgating minimal rules on the time, place and manner of political activity."

There was much, much more before I asked whether they felt that the turmoil had accomplished anything. Myra Jehlen answered first: "Of course, you never win finally. New problems will always arise. But there has been a great strengthening of democratic institutions on the campus. The kind of actions we've taken, the important function of students in society—these have been vindicated. Yes, we have won, though how much is not clear."

Savio was more succinct: "We committed the unpardonable sin of being moral and being successful."

STUDENT BODY—President Kerr addresses a special convocation of Berkeley students at the height of the "free speech" controversy.

THE setting was very different that evening when I visited Kerr at his home in El Cerrito, five miles from the campus. It is a glass-walled ranch house on a lofty bluff overlooking the Bay. Velvety lawns roll down to an old quarry in the canyon far below. There is a swimming pool, and flowers, shrubs and vines grow in junglelike profusion in a great glass-roofed patio.

But Kerr is not a man for rich living, even though his salary of $45,000 a year puts him $900 ahead of Governor Edmund Brown as the state's highest-paid official. He is frugal even of time. If Kerr gets to an airport and discovers the plane will be 15 minutes late, he is furious at the lost time. But if it will be an hour late, he is contented; he will sit quietly in a corner of the airport, begin writing memos, speeches, articles or even a chapter for a book.

Kerr works with the same intensity at home. Each afternoon a squad of eight secretaries at his office in University Hall pack a great sheaf of papers into a cardboard box. A driver returns them before noon the next day. Each carries a notation in green ink written in an incredibly pinched, yet distinct, hand—the marching orders by which the biggest of big universities is run.

The commander's invariable uniform is a navy blue suit and white shirt. His mind has extraordinary range and a rare capacity for turning discord into consensus. Kerr ranks among the country's half-dozen most effective peacemakers in the volatile realm of labor-management warfare — a skill that has prompted every President since Harry S. Truman to enlist his help. In the middle of the disturbances at Berkeley, President Johnson asked him to accept appointment as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. All Kerr will say about that or any other post is that he still expects to be president of Cal on its centenary in 1968.

AMONG the many ironies of the Berkeley explosions is that Kerr now finds himself under savage attack from the left after more than a decade of demands for his ouster by right-wing critics. Leading the fight against a loyalty oath, he became so popular with the rest of the Berkeley faculty that in 1952, when the Regents decided to restore the goodwill they had lost in two bitter years, they named Kerr as chancellor. In 1959, a year after the Regents moved him up to president, Kerr again aroused right-wing ire by granting an honorary degree to Prof. Edward C. Tolman, who had been forced to resign for refusing to sign the oath. A year later he induced the Regents to name a new building in Tolman's honor.

When Berkeley students were arrested in 1960 for disrupting a hearing of the House Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco, Kerr resisted demands to suspend or expel the demonstrators. He ignored similar conservative outcries last summer when undergraduates were arrested for a civil-rights sit-in at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel.

The liberalization of faculty and student rights during the Kerr administration earned for him and the Regents the American Association of University Professors' 1964 Alexander Meiklejohn award for conspicuous contributions to academic freedom. Less than

(Continued on Following Page)

(Continued from Preceding Page)
six months later he was being denounced as an enemy of free expression by many on his own campus.

KERR was not consulted on the fateful order shutting the Bancroft Strip. He was in Tokyo on his way home from a seven-week economic mission to the Iron Curtain countries on the day it was issued.

"It was perfectly apparent," Kerr says, "that the decision was a mistake, both in the action itself and in the way it was done. There was no advance consultation with the students, the over-all university administration or anyone else. When a privilege had been extended as long as that had been, there should have been consultation — and especially against the background of an impending national election and intense student involvement in civil rights."

(A Dostoevskian bit of background, still unknown to the students: Kerr foresaw in September, 1959, that the Strip would eventually be a source of trouble because there was no logical basis for exempting it from the no-politics rule that applied everywhere else on campus. He got the Regents to agree that it ought to be turned over to the city for use as a public plaza. But, for reasons still unexplained, the university's treasurer never carried out the instructions to deed over the Strip. If he had, the whole melancholy chain of events might never have begun.)

Kerr agrees with the F.S.M. thesis that students should have as much political freedom as anyone else in the community. The only difference is that he thinks they already have it. In his judgment, the rules governing political expression on campus, including the right to invite heretics of all political persuasions to speak at student meetings, give Berkeley undergraduates more freedom than bank clerks, factory workers or 99 per cent of the general citizenry.

He ridicules the notion that the university has been succumbing to the "power structure" in the dispute over civil-rights activity. "I had to fight some extremely tough battles against some very powerful legislators who felt we should kick out students who were arrested for sit-ins in the Bay area, but we never yielded an inch," Kerr says. "It just would not have been in character for us to say that the only place the students could fight for Negro rights was in Mississippi."

As for the Bancroft Strip, Kerr says that "whatever pressure preceded the order involved the loading of the galleries at the Republican convention with Berkeley students whooping it up for Scranton against Goldwater."

The F.S.M. indictment of the "multiversity" brings a special twinge to Kerr because every charge the insurgents now raise he foresaw with greater incisiveness as long ago as April, 1963, when he gave the Godkin lectures at Harvard.

Those talks described, with apparent fatalism but decided unenthusiasm, the evolution of a "mechanism held together by administrative rules and powered by money." Kerr predicted that undergraduates would feel so neglected and depersonalized that the revolt they once engaged in against the faculty *in loco parentis* would turn into an even more destructive uprising against the faculty *in absentia*. Everything Kerr warned of then is embodied now in the F.S.M. lament that the student is being downgraded to the status of an I.B.M. punch card in a computerized multiversity.

Kerr concedes that the multiversity is a disturbing place for many students, but he disputes that it is devoid of meaning. "One of the advantages of a big city or a big university — as against a smaller and more monolithic closed community — is that people can find those things which may mean something to them," he says. "They are given a choice.

"It would be terribly stultifying to find yourself in a place which has a single meaning, and that meaning is the same for everyone. The only kind of society that has only a single meaning is an authoritarian one. It seems to me that is a place where you would really expect rebellion. Essentially, what the F.S.M. are saying is that they are rebelling against freedom of choice."

When I noted that the students objected not to too many meanings, but to the absence of any, Kerr replied:

"In fact, there is a lot of opportunity to participate, only it takes a little longer and requires more initiative to find it. Many tend to be overwhelmed by their opportunities; there are so many lectures to choose from, so many things to do, that they tend to become lost. They are torn too many ways and wind up condemning the whole structure."

The notion that the university, for all the magnitude of its Federal and industrial involvement (it is receiving $246 million this year for operating three giant atomic installations, plus $175 million in research grants and contracts), has become an arm of the Pentagon or big business also draws a rebuttal from Kerr. "The university," he says, "is intertwined with all society. And if it is overbalanced in any direction as compared with the surrounding society, it is in the fact that it is a source of dissent and social criticism. You could say it is a tool of the critics, and that is one of the things that make it so dynamic."

All this brought us back to the students' overriding complaint—the enormous size of Berkeley, with 27,500 students on a single campus, and the obliteration of the individual's relationship to faculty and administration. Kerr's answer dwelt more on society's inescapable needs than confidence that alienation could be overcome.

"Every day makes it clearer that the university's invisible product, knowledge, is likely to be the most powerful single element in our culture," he says. "With so many young people pounding at our gates, we're up against a tremendous assignment. To take the position that we won't grow would be a terribly irresponsible thing."

KERR is a philosopher-pragmatist of the technocratic society, probably the ablest and most creative in the educational field. His guiding principle is individual disengagement. He preaches the idea that each person can best protect his own happiness in a society of bigness by developing pluralistic attachments. "If you invest all of yourself in an institution," he says, "you become a slave. It becomes a prison, not an agency of liberation." This road to the independent spirit is just the opposite of that traveled by the F.S.M. and its leaders. Their goal is commitment, but there is a good deal of confusion about precisely what it is they are committed to.

And who is listening, now that the clear-cut issue created by the closing of the Bancroft Strip and the blackout of political recruiting has been resolved? The signs are that the overwhelming support for F.S.M. aims among students of all political hues and of no hues has evaporated along with the issue.

Moreover, there are strong indications of strain inside the F.S.M. steering committee, now a much more ingrown group than in the initial days of across-the-board coalition. Many would like to disband the movement. Hal Draper said frankly that it might go into "an inactive phase." Ed Rosenfeld, the F.S.M.'s press officer, says that one thought under consideration is to establish a cooperative coffeehouse, on a nonprofit basis, near the campus. "It would be a civilized gathering place in the best European manner," he says, "a suitable forum for debates and discussion."

BACK at the heliport for the return flight, I tried to evaluate the Berkeley uprising against the memories of my own days of rebellion as presi-

This Hallowed Ground

The original battleground at Berkeley was a small plot of ground called the Bancroft Strip, just beyond the Sather Gate entrance to the campus, where students traditionally signed up supporters for off-campus political and social causes. When the administration banned further recruitment on the eve of the fall semester, defiant students first set up recruiting tables in the Strip, then on the steps of Sproul Hall, the campus administration building.

The administration started to retreat almost at once, but it was not fast enough for students who had received their basic training in CORE, S.N.C.C. and other militant civil rights organizations. They formed a new and more militant group, the Free Speech Movement, to fight the ban with the weapon they knew best — mass civil disobedience. When one F.S.M. leader was singled out for arrest as a nonstudent trespasser, the police car that came to take him prisoner was itself held prisoner by an enveloping crowd of 3,000 irate students.

There followed 32 hours of siege, the massing of 450 police to free the car and, finally, an agreement between Cal president Clark Kerr and the rebels that referred eight student suspensions to a faculty committee and created a tripartite study panel to review the whole mess and recommend a more viable formula to govern political activity.

The truce soon slumped into collapse. Every time an accommodation seemed possible, some new disciplinary move of the university, or some fresh act of civil disobedience by students would exacerbate relations all over again. The shattering upshot was a night-long sit-in in Sproul Hall on Dec. 2, organized with astounding efficiency by the antiorganization types that lead the F.S.M.

Walkie-talkies, command posts and group captains injected an odd quality of military precision into the undergraduate insurrection. The protest ended only with a counterinvasion by city policemen, who dragged 800 students and sympathizers down the stone steps of Sproul Hall and carted them off to jail. —A. H. R.

ATTRACTION—Folk singer Joan Baez entertains an F.S.M. rally.

dent of the C.C.N.Y. class of '31. It was a time when one worker in four was jobless and the misery of the Great Depression was beginning to grip the land. We had been ready to picket our own commencement in cap and gown, but we chickened out at the last minute for fear of losing our degrees.

These students, for all their talk of setting up an espresso joint as a monument to their mutiny, were a tougher, smarter breed, more ready to go for broke.

But what did they accomplish, besides effecting the cancellation of an order the university admits never should have been issued?

They have done one important thing that may prove of considerable help to Berkeley and all other big universities. They have cut through the multifarious concerns of an administration that must deal with every agency of government, including those in 50 countries abroad, and forced it to recognize that it is sitting on a volcano of neglected, seething students.

Kerr, who has always recognized the need for diversity in multiversity, already is hard at work on measures to improve the quality and the immediacy of instruction. He aims to break down the idea that research, not teaching, is the mission of the good professor. Both roles are vital, Kerr believes, and so does the man he has brought in as acting chancellor, Dean Martin Meyerson of the College of Environmental Design.

Last fall's earthquake also has shaken the administration and faculty into a heightened awareness of the need for teamwork to lessen the students' belief that no one cares whether they go or stay, that undergraduate needs are passed over in favor of lucrative research contracts, book-writing projects and traveling lectureships all over the world. Prof. Arthur M. Ross, the enterprising chairman of an emergency executive committee elected by the faculty in the blackest period last December, expresses confidence that a genuine educational overhaul is in prospect. Most of his colleagues agree.

What goes into the curriculum and who teaches what courses will be a matter for the faculty to determine, but both Kerr and Ross feel students can have a useful advisory role. A larger area of authority for students in disciplinary committees and in other forms of self-government also is in prospect. All these developments should help still the discord at Berkeley, but—much more important—they will help make it a better institution of learning.

ONE of the imponderables in trying to guess whether peace has really come to the campus is that some F.S.M. activists obviously have developed a vested interest in finding things to fight about. They seem to operate on the theory that, in a system they believe is basically corrupt, the worse things get, the easier it will be to generate mass resistance.

This is not a novel theory in radical movements, but it is not one that makes for stability. When the police dragged Savio and the 800 others out of Sproul Hall, he exulted, "This is wonderful — wonderful. We'll bring the university to our terms." When Paul Jacobs told an F.S.M. leader that he had advised Kerr to enter Sproul on the night of the sit-in and talk to the students (advice Kerr did not take), the insurgent asked sourly, "What side are you on?"

The reckless prodigality with which the F.S.M. uses the weapon of civil disobedience raises problems no university can deal with adequately. Mass discipline carries the danger of martyrdom and a spread of sympathetic disorders to other campuses.

Garrisoning the grounds with police runs so counter to the essential concept of the university as a redoubt of tolerance and reason that it is perhaps the worst solution of all. At Berkeley it brought the faculty into open alliance with the students against the administration. Yet, the alternative of giving students total immunity could engender a situation akin to that in the University of Caracas, where student revolutionaries use the campus as a fortress from which to sally forth to attack the general society.

"We fumbled, we floundered, and the worst thing is I still don't know how we should have handled it," Kerr acknowledges. "At any other university the administrators wouldn't have known how to handle it any better."

Menacing as is this new disruptive device, one even graver danger sign outranks all others raised by the mess at Berkeley. That is the degree to which it evidences a sense of lost identity, a revulsion against bigness, that is affecting all of our society. On the campus it takes the form of antagonism against the multiversity. In the mass production unions this same feeling of impending obliteration recently spurred rank-and-file strikes against General Motors and Ford, and may erupt again in the basic steel industry this spring. The longshoremen, fearing the shiny face of automation, voted down contracts that gave them lifetime job security and a generous wage guarantee — principally because they felt the machine was grinding them and their jobs into nothingness.

A similar mood of irrationality, of vaporous but paralyzing apprehension, stalks all our institutions in a time of unmatched material prosperity and individual well-being. Young people, in particular, study the unemployment statistics and decide that society is in a conspiracy to provide security for the older generation at the expense of the youngsters outside waiting to get in. Education is the magic carpet over the hurdles that make the dropout the shutout in our society. But, even at this most distinguished of universities, bigness robs many students of individual dignity or purpose. This feeling helps explain the spread of drug addiction and senseless crime among many well-to-do youngsters. All are part of an alienation that turns even affluence and security into worthless prizes.

This may prove to be the nation's critical challenge, potentially more damaging than the international crises that monopolize so much of our concern and our budget. If Berkeley cannot imbue life with a sense of fulfillment and content, where will we find it? Kerr, the mediator-innovator, must become a gladiator—pioneering new paths in intergroup relations and giving new vitality to democratic standards that rest on knowledge.

New York Times Magazine
February 14, 1965

The Berkeley Affair: Mr. Kerr vs. Mr. Savio & Co.
By A. H. Raskin
A. H. Raskin is assistant editor of the editorial page of The Times.

BERKELEY, Calif.

What turned the University of California's world-renowned campus here into a snake pit of unrepressed animosities? As my helicopter rattled across the moondappled water of San Francisco Bay on its way toward this strangely riven academic center, it seemed to me two men were probably best equipped to supply the answer. In the process, they would go far toward explaining a simmering unrest on other campuses across the nation, and in every corner of our corporate society.

One man was Dr. Clark Kerr. 53, the quiet-spoken Quaker whose duties as president of the university make him Big Daddy to 72,000 students on nine California campuses. The other was Mario Savio, the charismatic 22-year-old undergraduate who had emerged as the archangel of student revolt at Berkeley.

My effort to get the answer from Savio got off to a rocky start. We had arranged to meet at the headquarters of the Graduate Coordinating Committee. This is a key unit in the Free Speech Movement (F.S.M.), the coalition of undergraduates, graduate students and teaching assistants that grew out of an ill-timed, worse-explained and now-rescinded administration order that barred all on-campus solicitation for political or civil-rights demonstrations mounted off the campus.

The committee office is a garret over the university's drama workshop, not far from the main gate to the huge, hillside campus. The visitor climbs a flight of wooden outside stairs and finds himself in a barren room that is dark despite the dazzling sunlight outside. The nearest thing to a real piece of furniture is a battered green sofa, with sags where the springs should be. A square table with a telephone fills one corner, and there are a half-dozen camp chairs. Under the table is a mound of picket signs. The mood is "Waiting for Lefty" done off-Broadway.

Savio, a slim six-footer with frizzy pale hair, peeled off the short, fleece-lined coat that has become a sort of personal trademark. His first words were a flat refusal to participate in any interview if I intended to focus on him as the communicator for the F.S.M. "Anything like that will just perpetuate a misrepresentation that the press has already done too much to build up," he said. "This is not a cult of one personality or of two personalities. It is a broadly based movement and I will not say anything unless it is made clear that the F.S.M. is not any single individual."

A way around that roadblock was ready at hand—a joint discussion with the six other members of the collective leadership who had accompanied Savio to the conference. It started with everybody sounding off against Sidney Hook's view In The Times Magazine (Jan. 3) that academic freedom was primarily for teachers and that the only imperative right for students was freedom to learn. Savio said they wanted equal space to reply; also they wanted to sue. I told them to go ahead if they thought they had a case. Finally, we got to what I wanted to talk about—namely, what they thought the issue at Berkeley had been and whether there was still any real issue left.

It was a somewhat formless encounter, a blend of a graduate seminar in political science and "Catch-22." People wandered out and others filled their chairs; getting in questions was harder than getting back answers. Yet, it was an engaging group—lucid in exposition, quick in rebuttal, manifesting no unease at differences of interpretation or emphasis within their own circle.

The Berkeley Mutineers did not seem political in the sense of those student rebels in the turbulent Thirties; they are too suspicious of all adult institutions to embrace whole-heartedly even those ideologies with a stake in smashing the system. An anarchist or I.W.W. strain seems as pronounced as any Marxist doctrine. "Theirs is a sort of political existentialism," says Paul Jacobs, a research associate at the university's Center for the Study of Law and Society, who is one of the F.S.M.'s applauders. "All the old labels are out: if there were any orthodox Communists here, they would be a moderating influence."

The proudly immoderate zealots of the F.S.M. pursue on activist creed—that only commitment can strip life of its emptiness, its absence of meaning in a great "knowledge factory" like Berkeley. That is the explanation for their conviction that the methods of civil disobedience, in violation of law, are as appropriate in the civilized atmosphere of the campus as they are in the primordial jungle of the Mississippi. It was an imaginative strategy that led to an unimaginable chain of events.

Trouble began on Sept. 14, a week before the opening of classes, when the dean of students suddenly shut off the only area on campus where students had been free to collect funds and enlist adherents for off-campus political or social action. This island for activists was a 26-by-60-foot patch of bricked-over ground, called the Bancroft Strip, just outside the principal pedestrian entrance.

The decision to embargo the Strip, made in the climactic days of an election campaign that would settle both the Presidency and the fate of California's controversial fair housing law, forged a united front of protest extending from campus Goldwaterites to Maoist members of the Progressive Labor party.

With the memory of the mutiny thick in the gloomy garret, the collective leadership of the F.S.M. spent the next three hours telling me what they thought (*Continued on Page 88*) the rebellion was *really* about.

They are convinced that the abrupt decision to close the Bancroft Strip represented a university capitulation to right-wing forces angered by student picketing and sit-ins to compel the hiring of more Negroes in Bay area businesses. Specifically, they blame former Senator William F. Knowland, editor of the Oakland Tribune, whose paper was a special target. (Knowland says he didn't do it.)

The cutoff in political recruitment confirmed a conviction already held by some of the students that bankers, industrialists, publishers and other leaders of the Establishment in the Board of Regents were making a concentration camp out of the 'multiversity"—a term coined by Kerr in a series of lectures at Harvard nearly two years ago to describe the transformation of a modern university like Cal, into a vast techno-educational complex.

This conviction was not diminished by the extreme freedom the university has long allowed students to express their own political views, however unorthodox, at "Hyde Park" areas inside the campus. Even during the ban on the use of campus property for organizing off-campus political action, students retained their liberty to invite Communists, Nazis or Black Muslims to address meetings at the university. They also could—and often did—agitate for the right to smoke marijuana, to be able to buy contraceptives at the University Bookstore or for other far-out objectives.

All this has been going on for years in an atmosphere particularly congenial to the flowering of undergraduate rebellion. The whole Bay area has a long Left Bank tradition of hospitality to radical movements and off-beat behavior. Czeslav Milosz, a Polish poet and defector, who served on the faculty, left convinced that Berkeley and Greenwich Village were "the only two places in America you can be free." The mild year-round climate also helps. "There is no place in the world where uncomfortable people can feel so comfortable," said a visiting British professor.

Taken aback by the vehement student reaction to the recruitment taboo, the Regents in November restored the right to mount political action—not only in the Bancroft Strip but in several areas where it had never been allowed before. However, the F.S.M is still unhappy because the new ruling specifies that only "lawful" off-campus activities can be planned on campus.

The rebels argue that students should have the same right as other citizens to participate in the political and social affairs of the outside community. What is "unlawful" ought to be determined solely by civil and criminal courts, not by a university administration or faculty. The university's only area of proper regulation over political activity should be the establishment of minimal time-place-manner rules to guarantee that anything the students do on campus does not interfere with classes or the orderly conduct of university business. Such is the current focus of what is left of the "free speech" issue.

REMEMBERING centuries of "town vs. gown" controversies all over the world, in which universities had always fought to keep their campuses from coming under police rule, I asked the F.S.M. leaders whether their insistence on leaving disciplinary authority to the municipal law-enforcement agencies might not destroy the whole concept of academic sanctuary and expose them to much harsher treatment.

Savio, a philosophy major who graduated at the top of his class from New York City's Martin Van Buren High School, had a blunt answer: "That is a specious argument. The campus is already crawling with cops of the most insidious kind from the 'Red squad' and every other kind of undercover agency." Myra Jehlen, a comely, solemn Phi Beta Kappa from C.C.N.Y. and a Woodrow Wilson graduate scholar in English, added a postscript: "Immunity from police prosecution only applies to panty raids and fraternity guys. We're not interested in that."

She was the only coed in the group. Across the room was her husband, Carl Riskin, who had gone to Cambridge in England on a fellowship after graduating *magna cum laude* from Harvard and was now completing his Ph.D. thesis at Berkeley. He spoke seldom, but with force and precision.

Next to him sat Martin Roysher, a sophomore from Arcadia, Calif., whose casually correct clothes reflected the freshman year he spent at Princeton. He looked so young it was hard to believe he was out of high school, yet he, too, spoke crisply about everything from alienation to the importance of erasing any differentiation between the freedom of students and citizens to act upon their political beliefs.

Here, too, was Jack Weinberg, a former graduate student in math and now a civil-rights activist in CORE, who gained fame overnight as "the man in the police car" in the first of the mass upheavals last Oct. 1. Stephan Weissman, the red-bearded chairman of the Graduate Coordinating Committee, pulled a few picket signs from under the table and squatted on the floor. Robert Starobin, a Cornell B.A., who has

been a teaching assistant in history at Berkeley for three years, is writing his Ph.D. dissertation on industrial slavery before the Civil War. Stocky and assertive, his talk bristled with complaints about the "power structure" and its determination to stifle the civil-rights activity at Berkeley.

The one whose views evoked least challenge was the youth group's senior citizen, Hal Draper, a part-time librarian at the university who graduated from Brooklyn College in the Great Depression and is now fiftyish. A leader of the old American Student Union, he drifted through various wings of the Trotskyite movement and is currently an editor of New Politics, a journal intended to offer an outlet for all shades of Socialist thought. A Draper pamphlet called "The Mind of Clark Kerr" has become the F.S.M.'s bible in its fight against "the university factory." Dedicated to the students who immobilized the police car, the leaflet depicts Kerr as the preacher of docile submission to a technocratic juggernaut that will stamp out all individuality and all liberty.

The longer my conversation with the students went on, the clearer it became that the political battle was only a symptom of a larger revolt against the bigness and impersonality of the "multiuniversity" itself. If Clark Kerr is the high priest of the multiuniversuty, social critic Paul Goodman is its Antichrist and thus beloved of the F.S.M. The opening theme of an F.S.M. pamphlet is a declaration by Goodman that in the United States today, "students—middle-class youth—are the major exploited class.... They have no choice but to go to college." Rejecting their role as factory workers on an academic assembly line, the F.S.M. demands a humanized campus, a "loving community" based on comradeship and purpose.

"We must now begin the demand of the right to know; to know the realities of the present world-in-revolution, and to have an opportunity to think clearly in an extended manner about the world," says the F.S.M. credo. "It is ours to demand meaning; we must insist upon meaning!"

What is behind this manifestese? Does it betoken a desire to dismantle the University of California, or to establish a student soviet that would make all educational policy? The F.S.M. leaders disclaim such grandiose ideas.

"This is not a matter of rolling back the multiversity," says Myra Jehlen. "But it is our view that this university does neglect its students. We have no contact with the community of scholars, except to see a professor across 500 feet of lecture hall. Teaching assistants have to serve as parents for the students."

Savio deplores the extent to which the university's professors and facilities are involved in research for the Government and giant corporations. "It is a distortion, and too bad, that the university does not stand apart from the society as it is. It would be good to return to an almost totally autonomous body of scholars and students. But what we have now Is that the Pentagon, the oil and aircraft companies, the farm interests and their representatives in the Regents consider the university as a public utility, one of the resources they can look on as part of their business."

And who should run things? Says Starobin: "Our idea is that the university is composed of faculty, students, books and ideas. In a literal sense, the administration is merely there to make sure the sidewalks are kept clean. It should be the servant of the faculty and the students. We want a redemocratizing of the university. Courses are clearly up to the faculty, but students should be able to convey their ideas. Dormitory regulations should be up to the students who live in the dorms. A bipartite or tripartite committee should have the final say in promulgating minimal rules on the time, place and manner of political activity."

There was much, much more before I asked whether they felt that the turmoil had accomplished anything. Myra Jehlen answered first: "Of course, you never win finally. New problems will always arise. But there has been a great strengthening of democratic institutions on the campus. The kind of actions we've taken, the important function of students in society—these have been vindicated. Yes, we have won, though how much is not clear."

Savio was more succinct: "We committed the unpardonable sin of being moral and being successful."

The setting was very different that evening when I visited Kerr at his home in El Cerrito, five miles from the campus. It is a glass-walled ranch house on a lofty bluff overlooking the Bay. Velvety lawns roll down to an old quarry in the canyon far below. There is a swimming pool, and flowers, shrubs and vines grow in junglelike profusion in a great glass-roofed patio.

But Kerr is not a man for rich living, even though his salary of $45,000 a year puts him $900 ahead of Governor Edmund Brown as the state's highest-paid official. He is frugal even of time. If Kerr gets to an airport and discovers the plane will be 15 minutes late, he is furious at the lost time. But if it will be an hour late, he is contented; he will sit quietly in a comer of the airport, begin writing memos, speeches, articles or even a chapter for a book.

Kerr works with the same intensity at home. Each afternoon a squad of eight secretaries at his office in University Hall pack a great sheaf of papers into a cardboard box. A driver returns them before noon the next day. Each carries a notation in green ink written in an incredibly pinched, yet distinct, hand—the marching orders by which the biggest of big universities is run.

The commander's invariable uniform is a navy blue suit and white shirt. His mind has extraordinary range and a rare capacity for turning discord into consensus. Kerr ranks among the country's half-dozen most effective peacemakers in the volatile realm of labor-management warfare—a skill that has prompted every President since Harry S. Truman to enlist his help. In the middle of the disturbances at Berkeley, President Johnson asked him to accept appointment as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. All Kerr will say about that or any other post is that he still expects to be president of Cal on its centenary in 1968.

Among the many Ironies of the Berkeley explosions is that Kerr now finds himself under savage attack from the left after more than a decade of demands for his ouster by right-wing critics. Leading the fight against a loyalty oath, he became so popular with the rest of the Berkeley faculty that in 1952, when the Regents decided to restore the goodwill they had lost in two bitter years, they named Kerr as chancellor. In 1959, a year after the Regents moved him up to president, Kerr again aroused right-wing ire by granting an honorary degree to Prof. Edward C. Tolman, who had been forced to resign for refusing to sign the oath. A year later he induced the Regents to name a new building in Tolman's honor.

When Berkeley students were arrested in 1960 for disrupting a hearing of the House Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco, Kerr resisted demands to suspend or expel the demonstrators. He ignored similar conservative outcries last summer when undergraduates were arrested for a civil-rights sit-in at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel.

The liberalization of faculty and student rights during the Kerr administration earned for him and the Regents the American Association of University Professors' 1964 Alexander Meiklejohn award for conspicuous contributions to academic freedom. Less than six months later he was being denounced as an enemy of free expression by many on his own campus.

Kerr was not consulted on the fateful order shutting the Bancroft Strip. He was in Tokyo on his way home from a seven-week economic mission to the Iron Curtain countries on the day it was issued.

"It was perfectly apparent," Kerr says, "that the decision was a mistake, both in the action itself and in the way it was done. There was no advance consultation with the students, the over-all university administration or anyone else. When a privilege had been extended as long as that had been, there should have been consultation—and especially against the background of an impending national election and intense student involvement in civil rights."

(A Dostoevskian bit of background, still unknown to the students: Kerr foresaw in September, 1959, that the Strip would eventually be a source of trouble because there was no logical basis for exempting it from the no-politics rule that applied everywhere else on campus. He got the Regents to agree that it ought to be turned over to the city for use as a public plaza. But, for reasons still unexplained, the university's treasurer never carried out the instructions to deed over the Strip. If he had, the whole melancholy chain of events might never have begun.)

Kerr agrees with the F.S.M. thesis that students should have as much political freedom as anyone else in the community. The only difference is that he thinks they already have it. In his judgment, the rules governing political expression on campus, including the right to invite heretics of all political persuasions to speak at student meetings, give Berkeley undergraduates more freedom than bank clerks, factory workers or 99 per cent of the general citizenry.

He ridicules the notion that the university has been succumbing to the "power structure" in the dispute over civil-rights activity. "I had to fight some extremely tough battles against some very powerful legislators who felt we should kick out students who were arrested for sit-ins in the Bay area, but we never yielded an inch," Kerr says. "It just would not have been in character for us to say that the only place the students could fight for Negro rights was in Mississippi."

As for the Bancroft Strip, Kerr says that "whatever pressure preceded the order involved the loading of the galleries at the Republican convention with Berkeley students whooping it up for Scranton against Goldwater."

The F.S.M. indictment of the "multiversity" brings a special twinge to Kerr because every charge the insurgents now raise he foresaw with greater incisiveness as long ago as April, 1963, when he gave the Godkin lectures at Harvard.

Those talks described, with apparent fatalism but decided unenthusiasm, the evolution of a "mechanism held together by administrative rules and powered by money." Kerr predicted that undergraduates would feel so neglected and depersonalized that the revolt they once engaged in against the faculty *in loco parentis* would turn into an even more destructive uprising against the faculty *in absentia*. Everything Kerr warned of then is embodied now in the F.S.M. lament that the student is being downgraded to the status of an I.B.M. punch card in a computerized multiversity.

Kerr concedes that the multiversity is a disturbing place for many students, but he disputes that it is devoid of meaning. "One of the advan-

tages of a big city or a big university—as against a smaller and more monolithic closed community—is that people can find those things which may mean something to them," he says. "They are given a choice.

"It would be terribly stultifying to find yourself in a place which has a single meaning, and that meaning is the same for everyone. The only kind of society that has only a single meaning is an authoritarian one. It seems to me that is a place where you would really expect rebellion. Essentially, what the F.S.M. are saying is that they are rebelling against freedom of choice."

When I noted that the students objected not to too many meanings, but to the absence of any, Kerr replied:

"In fact, there is a lot of opportunity to participate, only it takes a little longer and requires more initiative to find it. Many tend to be overwhelmed by their opportunities; there are so many lectures to choose from, so many things to do, that they tend to become lost. They are torn too many ways and wind up condemning the whole structure."

The notion that the university, for all the magnitude of its Federal and industrial involvement (it is receiving $246 million this year for operating three giant atomic installations, plus $175 million in research grants and contracts), has become an arm of the Pentagon or big business also draws a rebuttal from Kerr. "The university," he says, "is intertwined with all society. And if it is overbalanced in any direction as compared with the surrounding society, it is in the fact that it is a source of dissent and social criticism. You could say it is a tool of the critics, and that is one of the things that make it so dynamic."

All this brought us back to the students' overriding complaint—the enormous size of Berkeley, with 27,500 students on a single campus, and the obliteration of the individual's relationship to faculty and administration. Kerr's answer dwelt more on society's inescapable needs than confidence that alienation could be overcome.

"Every day makes it clearer that the university's invisible product, knowledge, is likely to be the most powerful single element in our culture," he says. "With so many young people pounding at our gates, we're up against a tremendous assignment. To take the position that we won't grow would be a terribly irresponsible thing."

Kerr is a philosopher-pragmatist of the technocratic society, probably the ablest and most creative in the educational field. His guiding principle is individual disengagement. He preaches the idea that each person can best protect his own happiness in a society of bigness by developing pluralistic attachments. "If you invest all of yourself in an institution," he says, "you become a slave. It becomes a prison, not an agency of liberation." This road to the independent spirit is just the opposite of that traveled by the F.S.M. and its leaders. Their goal is commitment, but there is a good deal of confusion about precisely what it is they are committed to.

And who is listening, now that the clear-cut issue created by the closing of the Bancroft Strip and the blackout of political recruiting has been resolved? The signs are that the overwhelming support for F.S.M. aims among students of all political hues and of no hues has evaporated along with the issue.

Moreover, there are strong indications of strain inside the F.S.M. steering committee, now a much more ingrown group than in the initial days of across-the-board coalition. Many would like to disband the movement. Hal Draper said frankly that it might go into "an inactive phase." Ed Rosenfeld, the F.S.M.'s press officer, says that one thought under consideration is to establish a cooperative coffeehouse, on a nonprofit basis, near the campus. "It would be a civilized gathering place in the best European manner," he says, "a suitable forum for debates and discussion."

Back at the heliport for the return flight, I tried to evaluate the Berkeley uprising against the memories of my own days of rebellion as president of the C.C.N.Y. class of '31. It was a time when one worker in four was jobless and the misery of the Great Depression was beginning to grip the land. We had been ready to picket our own commencement in cap and gown, but we chickened out at the last minute for fear of losing our degrees.

These students, for all their talk of setting up an espresso joint as a monument to their mutiny, were a tougher, smarter breed, more ready to go for broke.

But what did they accomplish, besides effecting the cancellation of an order the university admits never should have been issued?

They have done one important thing that may prove of considerable help to Berkeley and all other big universities. They have cut through the multifarious concerns of an administration that must deal with every agency of government, including those in 50 countries abroad, and forced it to recognize that it is sitting on a volcano of neglected, seething students.

Kerr, who has always recognized the need for diversity in multiversity, already is hard at work on measures to improve the quality and the

immediacy of instruction. He aims to break down the idea that research, not teaching, is the mission of the good professor. Both roles are vital, Kerr believes, and so does the man he has brought in as acting chancellor, Dean Martin Meyerson of the College of Environnmental Design.

Last fall's earthquake also has shaken the administration and faculty into a heightened awareness of the need for teamwork to lessen the students' belief that no one cares whether they go or stay, that undergraduate needs are passed over in favor of lucrative research contracts, bookwriting projects and traveling lectureships all over the world. Prof. Arthur M. Ross, the enterprising chairman of an emergency executive committee elected by the faculty in the blackest period last December, expresses confidence that a genuine educational overhaul is in prospect. Most of his colleagues agree.

What goes into the curriculum and who teaches what courses will be a matter for the faculty to determine, but both Kerr and Ross feel students can have a useful advisory role. A larger area of authority for students in disciplinary committees and in other forms of self-government also is in prospect. All these developments should help still the discord at Berkeley, but much more important—they will help make it a better institution of learning.

One of the imponderables in trying to guess whether peace has really come to the campus is that some F.S.M. activists obviously have developed a vested interest in finding things to fight about. They seem to operate on the theory that, in a system they believe is basically corrupt, the worse things get, the easier it will be to generate mass resistance.

This is not a novel theory in radical movements, but it is not one that makes for stability. When the police dragged Savio and the 800 others out of Sproul Hall, he exulted, "This is wonderful—wonderful. We'll bring the university to our terms." When Paul Jacobs told an F.S.M. leader that he had advised Kerr to enter Sproul on the night of the sit-in and talk to the students (advice Kerr did not take), the insurgent asked sourly, "What side are you on?"

The reckless prodigality with which the F.S.M. uses the weapon of civil disobedience raises problems no university can deal with adequately. Mass discipline carries the danger of martyrdom and a spread of sympathetic disorders to other campuses.

Garrisoning the grounds with police runs so counter to the essential concept of the university as a redoubt of tolerance and reason that it is perhaps the worst solution of all. At Berkeley it brought the faculty into open alliance with the students against the administration. Yet, the alternative of giving students total immunity could engender a situation akin to that in the University of Caracas, where student revolutionaries use the campus as a fortress from which to sally forth to attack the general society.

"We fumbled, we floundered, and the worst thing is I still don't know how we should have handled it," Kerr acknowledges. "At any other university the administrators wouldn't have known how to handle it any better."

Menacing as is this new disruptive device, one even graver danger sign outranks all others raised by the mess at Berkeley. That is the degree to which it evidences a sense of lost identity, a revulsion against bigness, that is affecting all of our society. On the campus it takes the form of antagonism against the multiversity. In the mass production unions this same feeling of impending obliteration recently spurred rank-and-file strikes against General Motors and Ford, and may erupt again in the basic steel industry this spring. The longshoremen, fearing the shiny face of automation, voted down contracts that gave them lifetime job security and a generous wage guarantee—principally because they felt the machine was grinding them and their jobs into nothingness.

A similar mood of irrationality, of vaporous but paralyzing apprehension, stalks all our institutions in a time of unmatched material prosperity and individual well-being. Young people, in particular, study the unemployment statistics and decide that society is in a conspiracy to provide security for the older generation at the expense of the youngsters outside waiting to get in. Education is the magic carpet over the hurdles that make the dropout the shutout in our society. But, even at this most distinguished of universities, bigness robs many students of individual dignity or purpose. This feeling helps explain the spread of drug addiction and senseless crime among many well-to-do youngsters. All are part of an alienation that turns even affluence and security into worthless prizes.

This may prove to be the nation's critical challenge, potentially more damaging than the international crises that monopolize so much of our concern and our budget. If Berkeley cannot imbue life with a sense of fulfillment and content, where will we find it? Kerr, the mediator-innovator, must become a gladiator pioneering new paths in intergroup relations and giving new vitality to democratic standards that rest on knowledge.

[SIDEBAR:]

This Hallowed Ground

The original battleground at Berkeley was a small plot of ground called the Bancroft Strip, just beyond the Sather Gate entrance to the campus, where students traditionally signed up supporters for off-campus political and social causes. When the administration banned further recruitment on the eve of the fall semester, defiant students first set up recruiting tables in the Strip, then on the steps of Sproul Hall, the campus administration building.

The administration started to retreat almost at once, but it was not fast enough for students who had received their basic training in CORE, S.N.C.C. and other militant civil rights organizations. They formed a new and more militant group, the Free Speech Movement, to fight the ban with the weapon they knew best—mass civil disobedience. When one F.S.M. leader was singled out for arrest as a nonstudent trespasser, the police car that came to take him prisoner was itself held prisoner by an enveloping crowd of 3,000 irate students.

There followed 32 hours of siege, the massing of 450 police to free the car and, finally, an agreement between Cal president Clark Kerr and the rebels that referred eight student suspensions to a faculty committee and created a tripartite study panel to review the whole mess and recommend a more viable formula to govern political activity.

The truce soon slumped into collapse. Every time an accommodation seemed possible, some new disciplinary move of the university, or some fresh act of civil disobedience by students would exacerbate relations all over again. The shattering upshot was a night-long sit-in in Sproul Hall on Dec. 2, organized with astounding efficiency by the anti-organization types that lead the F.S.M.

Walkie-talkies, command posts and group captains injected an odd quality of military precision into the undergraduate insurrection. The protest ended only with a counter-invasion by city policemen, who dragged 800 students and sympathizers down the stone steps of Sproul Hall and carted them off to jail. —A. H. R.