LADIES' HOME THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN OCTOBER 1965

JOURNAL

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Coeds in Rebellion

She comes from a fine home and used to be a Young Republican. Yet, at 22, brilliant Susan Druding has a jail record and lives in protest against the morals and ethics of her parents and professors. A very personal story of a student's search for identity.

Never before, perhaps, have times seemed brighter for college students than today. Yet the torch of unrest flickers from campus to campus, and in the now famous all-night sit-in on the Berkeley campus of the University of California last December 2, it flared into an insurrection so effective that it paralyzed the university. Governor Edmund Brown felt compelled to send in a counterinvasion. Some 600 policemen spent 13 hours dragging 814 defiantly limp student rebels off to city jails, while folk singer Joan Baez, wearing a jeweled crucifix, sang "Have Love As You Do This Thing and It Will Succeed."

One of the most determined of the sit-ins who were literally dragged to jail that night was Susan Druding, 22, a green-eyed graduate student with a quick intelligence, a ready warmth and an engaging tendency to blush in moments of high emotion. The daughter of a high-school English teacher and a Ford Motor Company executive, Susan was gently reared with pride and affection in a pleasant Detroit suburb. Her high-school class voted her "most likely to succeed," and no one was surprised when she won a Ford four-year scholarship to Oberlin, an excellent, small liberal-arts college in Ohio.

Until Susan was 18, she was, in the words of her now baffled, unhappy parents, "the perfect daughter—everybody will tell you that." Four years later Susan Druding has a prison record, her name is in the FBI files, and her relationship with her family has become one of anguish and continuing frustration.

"We worry about Susan twenty-four hours a day," her youthful-looking mother said recently. "But when we try to talk things over, we can't reach each other." Telephone calls across the two thirds of a continent that separate Berkeley and Detroit provoke angry words and tears. Periods of self-reproach and bewilderment on both sides follow these outbursts.

"We had such hopes for

(*continued on page 84*)

Photograph by Phiz Mozesson

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HOW AMERICA LIVES

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her," Mr. Druding said. "What happened? What more could we have done?"

As you watch Susan Druding walk across the green, deceptively serene Berkeley campus, she looks more like a young Ingrid Bergman than her favorite self-image as a political activist. Like Miss Bergman, she feels that her "sweet, open, Girl-Scouty looks" project the wrong self. ("Imagine being taken for a sorority girl!") Although she shuns makeup and wears blue jeans, boys' shirts and leather sandals ("They cost twenty-five dollars and have arch supports for comfort," she says defensively), she also is contemptuous of beatniks—"Such people live lives that are purposeless."

Her intense involvement in the Berkeley rebellion finally proved to her own satisfaction that she is a worthy member of the new young intelligentsia committed to constructive change. Her cry is action, her creed is commitment, and her problem is alienation—from her parents, from her church, from her professors, and from most other purveyors of adult authority, including the police. She is floundering in a search for identity and meaning in the vastness of an institution widely hailed as the wave of the educational future: Berkeley's so-called multiuniversity.

As she crosses to the library, blond and open-faced as a 4-H clubber who never heard of the Danang air strip, she pauses to greet friends and compare notes on the latest developments in Vietnam. Her criticism of her country's foreign policy ("Imposed democracy is horrendous and immoral") is as simple and blunt as her summation of Clark Kerr, the university's president: "He's like Adlai Stevenson, a great liberal put into a position where he had to compromise—and he compromised."

She roomed with a Negro girl during her senior year, and remains passionately involved with the civil-rights struggle. Her other social objectives include legalized abortion and the need for "more honesty and less hypocrisy between people." She considers "role playing"—which she defines as "behaving in a phony, artificial manner" (meaning the public conduct of her elders)—despicable. Her search is for "more humane, less selfish, less shallow" standards of behavior than those her parents' generation passed on to her.

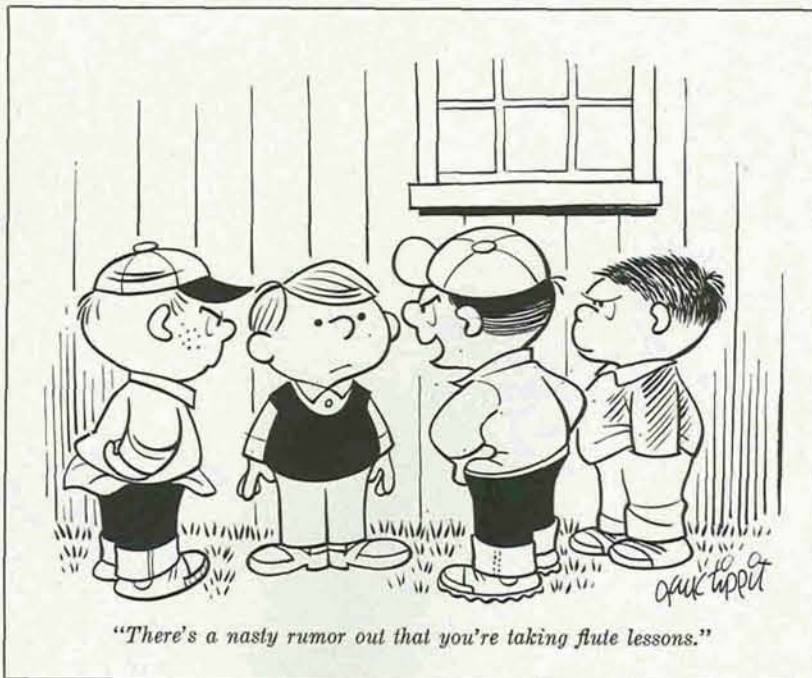
"I suspect that they don't object to our politics as much as to our attitude toward love," Susan says, impatiently pushing back a strand of dark blond hair. "Mother was always telling me that when a 'nice' boy fell in love with a 'nice' girl he would 'test' her, and if she 'gave in' she was a tramp." She shivered. "I think that's horrible."

Sitting in the immaculate kitchen of Mrs. Druding's Detroit ranch house a few days later, I did not find it difficult to guess how Susan's mother felt about some rather fundamental questions: How could the definition of what is "nice" and "not nice"—or, rather, right and wrong—have changed so drastically in just one generation? How could so many long-cherished concepts suddenly become the subject of so many violent protests? How could a daughter actually be proud of being arrested while her parents feel ashamed? And how could a mere pill make a difference in the sexual conduct of girls who were properly brought up?

Susan, on the other hand, proudly contends that her generation is the first to grow up free of shame about sex. Thanks to "the pill," many Berkeley coeds no longer worry much about getting pregnant. "I don't know any girls who sleep around *more* because of the pill," a friend of Susan's explained to this reporter. "It just gives them a sense of security that allows them to concentrate on more important issues."

Among the more progressive Berkeley graduate students, many couples who share what Susan's mother might call "a genuine feeling of love and respect" often share living quarters. Susan denies vehemently that her friends are promiscuous. Indeed, while a liaison lasts, it frequently seems to assume an almost Victorian air of devotion. Promiscuity is frowned on; so is homosexuality, which is very little seen or discussed.

If the man ends the affair, torch-carrying and rebound promiscuity are severely censured. Enlightened young women at Berkeley are expected to realize that emotional involvement is better than wasting away on the vine. (Said one male student: "Any girl of twenty who is still a virgin is either foolish or frigid. She must have met *some* man by that time for whom she felt something genuine.") (*continued on page 167*)



"There's a nasty rumor out that you're taking flute lessons."

HOW AMERICA LIVES

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Jilted ladies are encouraged to take the initiative in finding a new companion. "Dating," in the old-fashioned sense of waiting for a boy to call a girl, is unknown in Susan's set. A group congregates after hours at one of the off-campus bistros and casually pair off for the evening. Flirting and teasing are considered bad form. The standard is: If you don't like him, don't waste his time; if you do, call him up without self-consciousness.

"If I have a few hours free and would like to see somebody, I give him a ring," Susan says. She has had "three great loves" since she was 19, but has always removed herself as soon as she would be hurt. At the moment, she is rather wary of men, and so far this year has remained uninvolved romantically, which has allowed her more time to concentrate on her work and social protests. On her evenings at home with her seven Siamese cats she knits or plays her excellent collection of Bach recordings. If she wants company she rings up one of her male friends (at Berkeley, among graduate students, men outnumber women three to one). Since few students are free of money problems, a jug of wine and a guitar or a few beers in a local pub constitute an evening on the town. A play or movie is a rare event.

Early marriage and especially early parenthood arouse only intense sympathy among the young Berkeley intellectuals. They hold strongly that marriage and children should be postponed in favor of a "search for one's identity, for a meaning to life." Susan and her friends, the proud, immoderate young zealots of the Free Speech Movement, inspired by their leader Mario Savio, believe that only "commitment" can strip life of its essential emptiness, its meaninglessness.

Behind their sit-in rebellion lay yearning protest against the bigness and impersonality of the university, a rejection of the students' role "as assembly-line workers in a knowledge factory," as a friend of Susan's said. "Just as we have lost contact with our parents' generation, we have lost contact here with our teachers, except across fifty feet of lecture hall. Kerr used to be a father figure, but even he deserted us." (When the students last December protested their banishment from the small strip of the campus where they could recruit funds and followers for off-campus political activities, Kerr rescinded the ban, but suspended four ringleaders.)

Confronted by the ever-deepening gulf between generations that is made more acute in the face of constantly accelerating social change, these young existentialists look not to their elders but to each other for confirmation of their values, attitudes and morals. They found this sense of communion in the Free Speech Movement. "It's like having our own little university," one of Savio's acquaintances said. "We turn each other on, tune each other in, jog up the old perceptions, communicate with somebody who listens, who feels, who wants to know *why*, just the way you do yourself."

In an effort to deny the values of their parents' generation, they turn their backs on the kind of physical surroundings in which they grew up. The Drudings have never seen Susan's Berkeley apartment, which is probably just as well. For $60 a month she rents four rooms—in a dilapidated white frame building—crammed with battered, handcrafted articles, which she described as "a revolt against mass production and group thinking."

In her large bedroom, with ripped window shades and *(continued)*

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thumbtacked reproductions of art masterpieces, stands an immense lumpy double bed covered with a magnificent handmade Mexican blanket. The apricot-walled living room, strewn with papers, books and hundreds of record albums from Beethoven to Joan Baez, has two windows curtained in white corduroy, a third bravely draped in purple taffeta. A section of a white Grecian column slumps against a mobile of driftwood and rusted ball bearings; an ancient steamer trunk serves as a chest. The room's furnishings share one common bond: old age. Many were left by a parade of former tenants who split the scene and each other.

Mrs. Druding was horrified at a television documentary about the Berkeley rebels that showed "bearded boys living in pigsties," "unwashed freakish girls" and "one unmarried couple who openly admitted they were sleeping together." She considers the physical appearance of Berkeley's liberal element inexcusably sloppy, if not downright unhygienic.

Susan denies these charges indignantly. "I'm sorry my mother feels that way about my friends, since she's never met them. They're very clean; I've known boys who wash their beards twice a day. We buy our clothes at thrift shops and Army-Navy stores, but they're *clean*. So are our apartments. I scrub my kitchen floor on my knees the way my mother taught me. But cleanliness is not a *way of life* with us—it's just that being dirty is so *uncomfortable*."

The blue jeans worn by students of both sexes reflect a blurring of traditional male-female roles. Among Susan's friends, the men take pride in their cooking, cleaning and washing. Susan, who, as a first child, shared a particularly close relationship with her father, is a first-rate mechanic, can change a brake lining more expertly than she can defrost a refrigerator. She lovingly drives a baby-blue Volkswagen pickup truck. "It gives me a sense of freedom. Everything I own fits in the back, and I can also sleep there if necessary."

Susan is not counting on the fact that she will marry—"I need a man whose ego I won't have to coddle, and I haven't met many of those." She feels that the only basis for marriage is complete lifetime fidelity, one of the ideals she still shares with her mother. Judging from most marriages she has observed, she isn't banking on anything. If the right man with the proper ego fails to materialize, she still expects to lead a fulfilled, far-ranging life—"A year in Paris, then London, then New York. If I ever feel the need for children, I can always adopt them."

The most exciting day in the world's most exciting city—the day the men came back. Read excerpts from the new best-seller, "Is Paris Burning?" on page 89.

But her self-reliance, her much-vaunted independence, is relatively new. She freely admits that until she was 18 she never made a move without consulting her parents. In high school her mother chose her courses, her clothes, and screened her dates. Her parents' proudest moment came the day she won her scholarship. "The top brass began stopping by Del's desk to ask about his brilliant daughter's progress," Mrs. Druding recalled recently, her eyes filling. "That meant a lot to him. And now . . ."

Six generations of Indiana and Michigan farmers produced Susan, the child-woman who in July received a 10-day suspended jail sentence for her part in the Sproul Hall sit-in. Her parents, Delbert and Georgia Druding, now in their early fifties, are in many ways typical of their generation and background. Enthusiastic supporters of Franklin D. Roosevelt during the Depression, when they were newly married and "so poor they bought butter by the quarter pound," they have grown conservative with age and affluence. In the last election, both voted for Barry Goldwater. Mr. Druding, a quiet man with a self-deprecating manner, rose through the company ranks to become a section supervisor. His wife, Georgia, a trim brunette, has the emphatic voice and manner of one who has spent 22 years drilling grammar into the recalcitrant heads of high-school students. There is also a son, David, seven years younger than Susan, a straight-A student who will go to college next year.

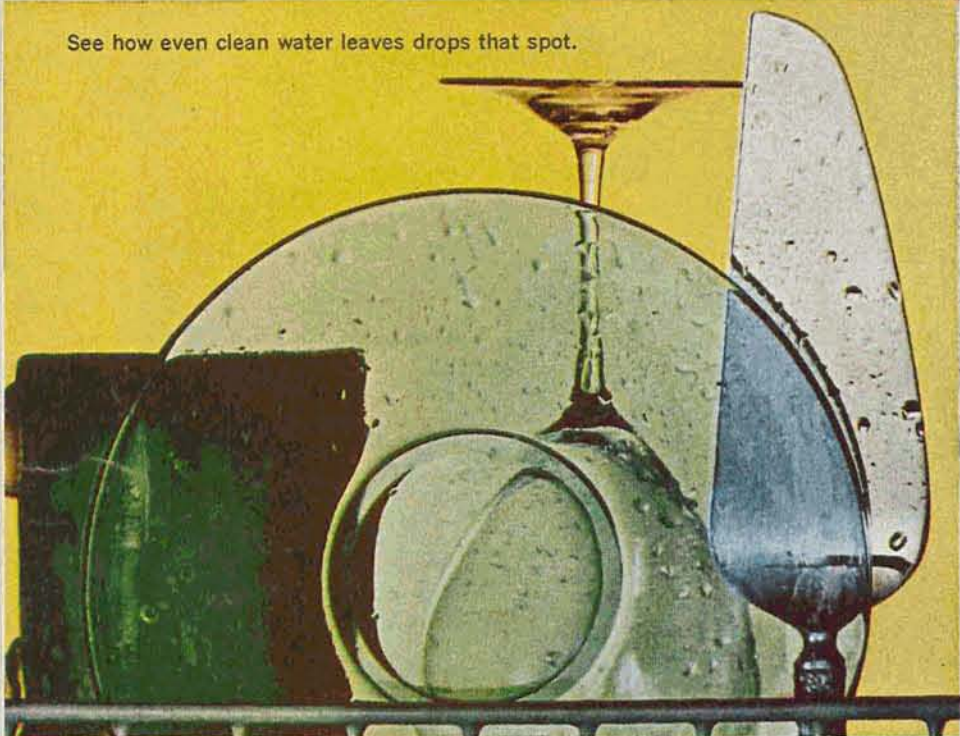
"David doesn't confide in me," worries Susan. "I'm afraid my parents' attitude toward me has affected our relationship." Since Susan was arrested, her parents keep telling her on the telephone, "You've disgraced us all, and maybe even jeopardized your brother's chances at a career."

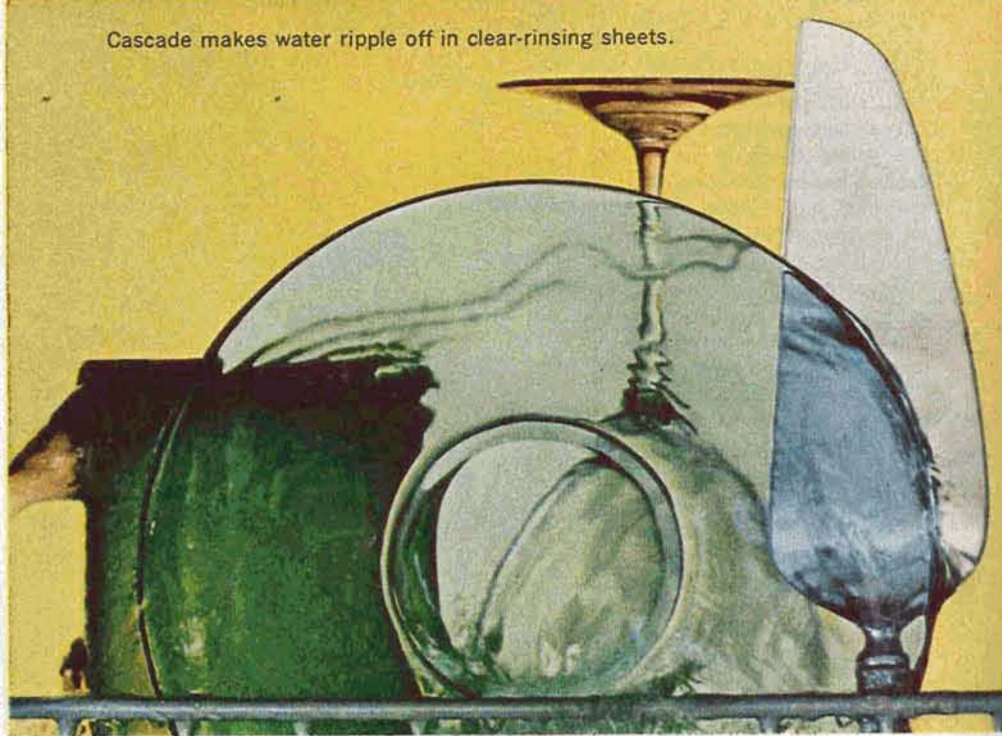
But, like the arch supports in Susan's open-leather sandals, the virtues the Drudings instilled in their daughter sustain her now: honesty, loyalty, courage, enterprise. She still loves her parents dearly, and still regularly writes home every week, even though the exchange has become a kind of anguish for them all.

Susan's first break with her family came at Oberlin—"They felt it was full of evil influences." They were upset when she took a course in comparative religion and subsequently dropped out of Presbyterian church work. "I discovered that the important thing in religion is caring," she explains. "I still live by the Christian-Judeo ethic, but I'm no longer interested in organized religion." She began to feel that she was "too immature" to contend with the liberal Oberlin climate, and transferred to the University of Michigan with the idea of going into medicine. She gave up this goal when she discovered that her colleagues "all seemed to be in it for the money." She dropped out of the Young Republicans, "disgusted" at the maneuvers of the Old Guard she observed at a Midwest convention, and applied to enter the Peace Corps.

The month she turned 21, at the start of her senior year, President Kennedy was assassinated. She felt a curious anesthesia settle over her mind. Studying became a grind. She swallowed quantities of Dexedrine tablets and often stayed awake all night "brewing coffee and discussing life." Against her family's wishes, she spent Christmas with college friends in Mexico, and looks back on it as "her first real taste of freedom."

Reluctantly returning to Ann Arbor, she drove herself to maintain her B aver-





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age. The Peace Corps accepted her, but she decided to try instead for a graduate-school grant for zoological research. One bitter February night, she dreamed that she had quit school. She awoke with a feeling of relief. "For the first time I asked myself, 'Why do I suddenly hate studying so much? What do I really want to do?'"

When she couldn't seem to come up with any clear answer—"it was like being in a state of suspended animation"—she decided to quit college temporarily. When she told her parents, there was, she recalls, "a fantastic, unbelievable hassle. A college degree meant everything to them. They said I was ungrateful and a quitter, although the dean agreed it was a good idea, and so did the psychiatrist my parents made me see for six visits."

Her parents felt that her vacillations indicated grave irresponsibility and poor judgment. "You're a chameleon," her mother said. "You're ruining your life."

Susan argued that among her friends frequent transfers, changes of majors and temporarily dropping out of school were simply part of a drive for maturity and the search for that elusive identity. The argument is still going on. The Drudings claim that such a search, if kept up indefinitely, can only lead to personal disintegration and chaos. On her bad days, Susan felt they might be right, but she was not yet prepared to give up the search.

"My mother kept saying, 'What will they say to your father at work? What will my friends think?' I told her, 'You're more concerned about your image than mine.' And then I quit. But I felt sorry for them, and I remember I kept apologizing. The psychiatrist had pointed out to me that this was the first time they hadn't won. I know it's been very hard on them."

Since that leaden day in February, 1964, when she quit Michigan, Susan has supported herself. She took a job as a hospital lab assistant and took an apartment off campus. Six weeks later she found she was ready to return to college. She was graduated with her class *cum laude*, then accepted a National Science Foundation grant for graduate study in zoology at the university of her choice.

She chose California because it seemed to offer "the last outpost of freedom," and Berkeley for its reputation "as the most intellectual campus in America." Reconciled with her parents, she drove West with her mother last fall, high of heart.

During Susan's first week on the Berkeley campus, the ruling was issued making The Bancroft Strip, the little island of student activities, off limits for political recruiting. To Susan, sensitive to the least restriction of her personal liberties, the issue was one of "basic freedoms guaranteed by the First and Fourteenth Amendments."

She began attending campus CORE meetings, but did not become involved in the Free Speech controversy until she heard Mario Savio speak for the first time. A lean, craggy young man with a quiet manner and occasional stutter, Mario impressed Susan with his "magnificent integrity," his "almost Christlike air" and "personal humility." After a student had been requested to appear at the dean's office for "disciplinary action" for manning a CORE table on campus, Mario asked Susan to sign a protesting petition. "I knew I stood a chance of being expelled and thereby losing my fellowship, but it was a gamble I thought important enough to take."

After that, Susan did not miss a single vigil, rally or sit-in. Every week from September until midwinter (*continued*)

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A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, a Presto Cooker: Paradise.

(OLD FRENCH FAVORITE IN 35 MINUTES INSTEAD OF 2 DAYS)

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there was a new crisis; she spent 10 to 25 hours a week protesting.

When the decision came to stage the Sproul Hall sit-in of December 2 and 3, Susan was ready. She still insists it was a sober and disciplined affair, "even though President Kerr talked about 'anarchy' and the press printed stories about 'Red rioters.' Actually, we sat on the floor, singing folk songs and studying. I spent most of my time cramming for an exam. As for a Communist-inspired plot, Mario is as apolitical as I am. To most of us, it was purely a moral issue."

When the announcement came at 4 A.M. that Governor Brown had ordered out 600 police for their arrest, Susan felt no fear, "only a sense of relief. For three months we'd been petitioning, pleading to be heard, and been as totally ignored as a bunch of troublesome children. Now, at last, we were being noticed."

For the sit-in, Susan wore her blue jeans, shirt and a man's air-force jacket. Upon the advice of F.S.M. leaders, veterans of many such demonstrations, she removed her bracelet and watch, folded her arms across her chest, and sat proudly awaiting arrest.

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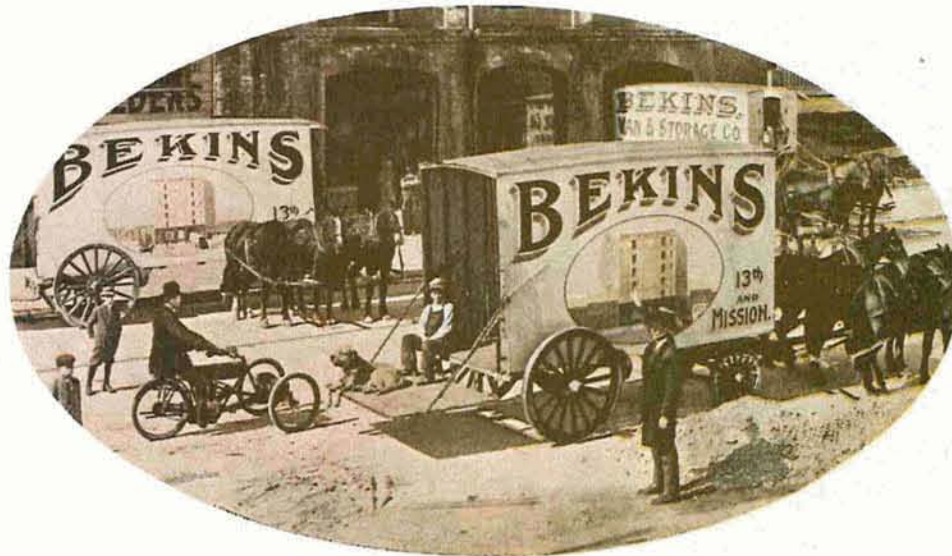

Back in the 1890's we had a few problems. (What young moving company doesn't?)

We were too slow. We broke too many things. And every now and then one of the horses pulling our vans would turn out to be a real plug.

But we learned from our mistakes.

We learned that if you want moving men who will be fast and efficient you have to give them training. (Our program is so tough that only half the men can make it through the first year.)

We learned that if you want men who won't break things you have to have experienced men. (Bekins men now average over ten years in the moving business.)

We learned that you can't be lazy about maintenance and stay on top in the moving business. (Today we have the largest maintenance operation owned by any moving company in the world.)

Even though we've learned a lot in our 74 years, we still may not be perfect.

But we've got a long head start when it comes to learning.

Ladies Home Journal
October 1965

Coeds in Rebellion
How America Lives
By Betty Hannah Hoffman
Pages 82-84, 167-170

She comes from a fine home and used to be a Young Republican. Yet, at 22, brilliant Susan Druding has a jail record and lives in protest against the morals and ethics of her parents and professors. A very personal story of a student's search for identity.

Never before, perhaps, have times seemed brighter for college students than today. Yet the torch of unrest flickers from campus to campus, and in the now famous all-night sit-in on the Berkeley campus of the University of California last December 2, it flared into an insurrection so effective that it paralyzed the university. Governor Edmund Brown felt compelled to send in a counterinvasion. Some 600 policemen spent 13 hours dragging 814 defiantly limp student rebels off to city jails, while folk singer Joan Baez, wearing a jeweled crucifix, sang "Have Love As You Do This Thing and It Will Succeed."

One of the most determined of the sit-ins who were literally dragged to jail that night was Susan Druding, 22, a green-eyed graduate student with a quick intelligence, a ready warmth and an engaging tendency to blush in moments of high emotion. The daughter of a high-school English teacher and a Ford Motor Company executive, Susan was gently reared with pride and affection in a pleasant Detroit suburb. Her high-school class voted her "most likely to succeed," and no one was surprised when she won a Ford four-year scholarship to Oberlin, an excellent, small liberal-arts college in Ohio.

Until Susan was 18, she was, in the words of her now baffled, unhappy parents, "the perfect daughter—everybody will tell you that." Four years later Susan Druding has a prison record, her name is on the FBI files, and her relationship with her family has become one of anguish and continuing frustration.

"We worry about Susan twenty-four hours a day," her youthful-looking mother said recently. "But when we try to talk things over, we can't reach each other." Telephone calls across the two thirds of a continent that separate Berkeley and Detroit provoke angry words and tears. Periods of self-reproach and bewilderment on both sides follow these outbursts.

"We had such hopes for her," Mr. Druding said. "What happened? What more could we have done?"

As you watch Susan Druding walk across the green, deceptively serene Berkeley campus, she looks more like a young Ingrid Bergman than her favorite self-image as a political activist. Like Miss Bergman, she feels that her "sweet, open, Girl-Scouty looks" project the wrong self. ("Imagine being taken for a sorority girl!") Although she shuns makeup and wears blue jeans, boys' shirts and leather sandals ("They cost twenty-five dollars and have arch supports for comfort," she says defensively), she also is contemptuous of beatniks—"Such people live lives that are purposeless."

Her intense involvement in the Berkeley rebellion finally proved to her own satisfaction that she is a worthy member of the new young intelligentsia committed to constructive change. Her cry is action, her creed is commitment, and her problem is alienation—from her parents, from her church, from her professors, and from most other purveyors of adult authority, including the police. She is floundering in

a search for identity and meaning in the vastness of an institution widely hailed as the wave of the educational future: Berkeley's so-called multiuniversity.

As she crosses to the library, blond and open-faced as a 4-H clubber who never heard of the Danang air strip, she pauses to greet friends and compare notes on the latest developments in Vietnam. Her criticism of her country's foreign policy ("Imposed democracy is horrendous and immoral") is as simple and blunt as her summation of Clark Kerr, the university's president: "He's like Adlai Stevenson, a great liberal put into a position where he had to compromise—and he is compromised."

She roomed with a Negro girl during her senior year, and remains passionately involved with the civil-rights struggle. Her other social objectives include legalized abortion and the need for "more honesty and less hypocrisy between people." She considers "role playing"—which she defines as "behaving in a phony, artificial manner" (meaning the public conduct of her elders)—despicable. Her search is for "more humane, less selfish, less shallow" standards of behavior than those her parents' generation passed on to her.

"I suspect that they don't object to our politics as much as to our attitude toward love," Susan says, impatiently pushing back a strand of dark blond hair. "Mother was always telling me that when a 'nice' boy fell in love with a 'nice' girl he would 'test' her, and if she 'gave in' she was a tramp." She shivered. "I think that's horrible."

Sitting in the immaculate kitchen of Mrs. Druding's Detroit ranch house a few days later, I did not find it difficult to guess how Susan's mother felt about some rather fundamental questions: How could the definition of what is "nice" and "not nice"—or, rather, right and wrong—have changed so drastically in just one generation? How could so many long-cherished concepts suddenly become the subject of so many violent protests? How could a daughter actually be proud of being arrested while her parents feel ashamed? And how could a mere pill make a difference in the sexual conduct of girls who were properly brought up?

Susan, on the other hand, proudly contends that her generation is the first to grow up free of shame about sex. Thanks to "the pill," many Berkeley coeds no longer worry much about getting pregnant. "I don't know any girls who sleep around *more* because of the pill," a friend of Susan's explained to this reporter. "It just gives them a sense of security that allows them to concentrate on more important issues."

Among the more progressive Berkeley graduate students, many couples who share what Susan's mother might call "a genuine feeling of love and respect" often share living quarters. Susan denies vehemently that her friends are promiscuous. Indeed, while a liaison lasts, it frequently seems to assume an almost Victorian air of devotion. Promiscuity is frowned on; so is homosexuality, which is very little seen or discussed.

If the man ends the affair, torch-carrying and rebound promiscuity are severely censured. Enlightened young women at Berkeley are expected to realize that emotional involvement is better than wasting away on the vine. (Said one male student: "Any girl of twenty who is still a virgin is either foolish or frigid. She must have met *some* man by that time for whom she felt something genuine.") Jilted ladies are encouraged to take the initiative in finding a new companion. "Dating," in the old-fashioned sense of waiting for a boy to call a girl, is unknown in Susan's set. A group congregates after hours at one of the off-campus bistros and casually pair off for the evening. Flirting and teasing are considered bad form.

The standard is: If you don't like him, don't waste his time; if you do, call him up without self-consciousness.

"If I have a few hours free and would like to see somebody, I give him a ring," Susan says. She has had "three great loves" since she was 19, but has always removed herself as soon as she would be hurt. At the moment, she is rather wary of men, and so for this year has remained uninvolved romantically, which has allowed her more time to concentrate on her work and social protests. On her evenings at home with her seven Siamese cats she knits or plays her excellent collection of Bach recordings. If she wants company she rings up one of her male friends (at Berkeley, among graduate students, men outnumber women three to one). Since few students are free of money problems, a jug of wine and a guitar or a few beers in a local pub constitute an evening on the town. A play or movie is a rare event.

Early marriage and especially early parenthood arouse only intense sympathy among the young Berkeley intellectuals. They hold strongly that marriage and children should be postponed in favor of a "search for one's identity, for a meaning to life." Susan and her friends, the proud, immoderate young zealots of the Free Speech Movement, inspired by their leader Mario Savio, believe that only "commitment" can strip life of its essential emptiness, its meaninglessness.

Behind their sit-in rebellion lay yearning protest against the bigness and impersonality of the university, a rejection of the students' role "as assembly-line workers in a knowledge factory," as a friend of Susan's said. "Just as we have lost contact with our parents' generation, we have lost contact here with our teachers, except across fifty feet of lecture hall. Kerr used to be a father figure, but even he deserted us." (When the students last December protested their banishment from the small strip of the campus where they could recruit funds and followers for off-campus political activities, Kerr rescinded the ban, but suspended four ringleaders.)

Confronted by the ever-deepening gulf between generations that is made more acute in the face of constantly accelerating social change, these young existentialists look not to their elders but to each other for confirmation of their values, attitudes and morals. They found this sense of communion in the Free Speech Movement. "It's like having our own little university," one of Savio's acquaintances said. "We turn each other on, tune each other in, jog up the old perceptions, communicate with somebody who listens, who feels, who wants to know *why*, just the way you do yourself."

In an effort to deny the values of their parents' generation, they turn their backs on the kind of physical surroundings in which they grew up. The Drudings have never seen Susan's Berkeley apartment, which is probably just as well. For $60 a month she rents four rooms—in a dilapidated white frame building—crammed with battered, handcrafted articles, which she described as "a revolt against mass production and group thinking."

In her large bedroom, with ripped window shades and thumbtacked reproductions of art masterpieces, stands an immense lumpy double bed covered with a magnificent handmade Mexican blanket. The apricot-walled living room, strewn with papers, books and hundreds of record albums from Beethoven to Joan Baez, has two windows curtained in white corduroy, a third bravely draped in purple taffeta. A section of white Grecian column slumps against a mobile of driftwood and rusted ball bearings; an ancient steamer trunk serves as a chest. The room's furnishings share one common bond: old age. Many were left by a parade of former tenants who split the scene and each other.

Mrs. Druding was horrified at a television documentary about the Berkeley rebels that showed "bearded boys living in pigsties," "unwashed freakish girls" and "one unmarried couple who openly admitted they

were sleeping together." She considers the physical appearance of Berkeley's liberal element inexcusably sloppy, if not downright unhygienic.

Susan denies these charges indignantly. "I'm sorry my mother feels that way about my friends, since she's never met them. They're very clean; I've known boys who wash their beards twice a day. We buy our clothes at thrift shops and Army-Navy stores, but they're *clean*. So are our apartments. I scrub my kitchen floor on my knees the way my mother taught me. But cleanliness is not a *way of life* with us—it's just that being dirty is so *uncomfortable*."

The blue jeans worn by both sexes reflect a blurring of traditional male-female roles. Among Susan's friends, the men take pride in their cooking, cleaning and washing. Susan, who, as a first child, shared a particularly close relationship with her father, is a first-rate mechanic, can change a brake lining more expertly than she can defrost a refrigerator. She lovingly drives a baby-blue Volkswagon pickup truck. "It gives me a sense of freedom. Everything I own fits in the back, and I can also sleep there if necessary."

Susan is not counting on the fact that she will marry—"I need a man whose ego I won't have to coddle, and I haven't met many of those." She feels that the only basis for marriage is complete lifetime fidelity, one of the ideals she still shares with her mother. Judging from most marriages she has observed, she isn't banking on anything. If the right man with the proper ego fails to materialize, she still expects to lead a fulfilled, far-ranging life—"A year in Paris, then London, the New York. If I ever feel the need for children, I can always adopt them."

But her self-reliance, her much-vaunted independence, is relatively new. She freely admits that until she was 18 she never made a move without consulting her parents. In high school her mother chose her courses, her clothes, and screened her dates. Her parents' proudest moment came the day she won her scholarship. "The top brass began stopping by Del's desk to ask about his brilliant daughter's progress," Mrs. Druding recalled recently, her eyes filling. "That meant a lot to him. And now…"

Six generations of Indiana and Michigan farmers produced Susan, the child-woman who in July received a 10-day suspended jail sentence for her part in the Sproul Hall sit-in. Her parents, Delbert and Georgia Druding, now in their early fifties, are in many ways typical of their generation and background. Enthusiastic supporters of Franklin D. Roosevelt during the Depression, when they were newly married and "so poor they bought butter by the quarter pound," they have grown conservative with age and affluence. In the last election, both voted for Barry Goldwater. Mr. Druding, a quiet man with a self-deprecating manner, rose through the company ranks to become a section supervisor. His wife, Georgia, a trim brunette, has the emphatic voice and manner of one who has spent 22 years drilling grammar into the recalcitrant heads of high-school students. There is also a son, David, seven years younger than Susan, a straight-A student who will go to college next year.

"David doesn't confide in me," worries Susan. "I'm afraid my parents' attitude toward me has affected our relationship." Since Susan was arrested, her parents keep telling her on the telephone, "You've disgraced us all, and maybe even, jeopardized your brother's chances at a career."

But, like the arch supports in Susan's open-leather sandals, the virtues the Drudings instilled in their daughter sustain her now: honesty, loyalty, courage, enterprise. She still loves her parents dearly, and still regularly writes home every week, even though the exchange has become a kind of anguish for them all.

Susan's first break with her family came at Oberlin –"They felt it was full of evil influences." They were upset when she took courses in comparative religion and subsequently dropped out of Presbyterian church work. "I discovered that the important thing in religion is caring," she explains. "I still live by the Christian-Judeo ethic, but I'm no longer interested in organized religion." She began to feel that she was "too immature" to contend with the liberal Oberlin climate, and transferred to the University of Michigan with the idea of going into medicine. She gave up this goal when she discovered that her colleagues "all seemed to be in it for the money." She dropped out of the Young Republicans, "disgusted" at the maneuvers of the Old Guard she observed at a Midwest convention, and applied to enter the Peace Corps.

The month she turned 21, at the start of her senior year, President Kennedy was assassinated. She felt a curious anesthesia settle over her mind. Studying became a grind. She swallowed quantities of Dexedrine tablets and often stayed awake all night "brewing coffee and discussing life." Against her family's wishes, she spent Christmas with college friends in Mexico, and looks back on it as "her first real taste of freedom."

Reluctantly returning to Ann Arbor, she drove herself to maintain her B average. The Peace Corps accepted her, but she decided to try instead for a graduate-school grant for zoological research. One bitter February night, she dreamed that she had quit school. She awoke with a feeling of relief. "For the first time I asked myself, 'Why do I suddenly hate studying so much? What do I really want to do?'"

When she couldn't seem to come up with any clear answer—"It was like being in a state of suspended animation"—she decided to quit college temporarily. When she told her parents, there was, she recalls, "a fantastic, unbelievable hassle. A college degree meant everything to them. They said I was ungrateful and a quitter, although the dean agreed it was a good idea, and so did the psychiatrist my parents made me see for six visits."

Her parents felt that her vacillations indicated grave irresponsibility and poor judgment. "You're a chameleon," her mother said. "You're ruining your life."

Susan argued that among her friends frequent transfers, changes of majors and temporarily dropping out of school were simply part of a drive for maturity and the search for that elusive identity. The argument is still going on. The Drudings claim that such a search, if kept up indefinitely, can only lead to personal disintegration and chaos. On her bad days, Susan felt they might be right, but she was not yet prepared to give up the search.

"My mother kept saying 'What will they say to your father at work? What will my friends think?' I told her, 'You're more concerned about your image than mine.' And then I quit. But I felt sorry for them, and I remember I kept apologizing. The psychiatrist had pointed out to me that this was the first time they hadn't won. I know it's been very hard on them."

Since that leaden day in February, 1964, when she quit Michigan, Susan has supported herself. She took a job as a hospital lab assistant and took an apartment off campus. Six weeks later she found she was ready to return to college. She was graduated with her class *cum laude*, then accepted a National Science Foundation grant for graduate study in zoology at the university of her choice.

She chose California because it seemed to offer "the last outpost of freedom," and Berkeley for its reputation "as the most intellectual campus in America." Reconciled with her parents, she drove West with her mother last fall, high of heart.

During Susan's first week on the Berkeley campus, the ruling was issued making The Bancroft Strip, the little island of student activities, off limits for political recruiting. To Susan, sensitive to the least restriction of her personal liberties, the issue was one of "basic freedoms guaranteed by the First and Fourteenth Amendments."

She began attending campus CORE meetings, but did not become involved in the Free Speech controversy until she heard Mario Savio speak for the first time. A lean, craggy young man with a quiet manner and occasional stutter, Mario impressed Susan with his "magnificent integrity," his "almost Christlike air" and "personal humility." After a student had been requested to appear at the dean's office for "disciplinary action" for manning a CORE table on campus, Mario asked Susan to sign a protesting petition. "I knew I stood a chance of being expelled and thereby losing my fellowship, but it was a gamble that I thought important enough to take."

After that, Susan did not miss a single vigil, rally or sit-in. Every week from September until midwinter there was a new crisis; she spent 10 to 25 hours a week protesting.

When the decision came to stage the Sproul Hall sit-in of December 2 and 3, Susan was ready. She still insists it was a sober and disciplined affair, "even though President Kerr talked about 'anarchy' and the press printed stories about 'Red rioters.' Actually, we sat on the floor, singing folk songs and studying. I spent most of my time cramming for an exam. As for a Communist-inspired plot, Mario is as apolitical as I am. To most of us, it was purely a moral issue."

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