



**Bettina Aptheker**, now married to a San Jose State professor, Jack Kurzweil (himself a former F.S.M. activist), with her son, Joshua. A "strictly nonviolent revolutionary" these days, she was once the Free Speech Movement's "main Communist in residence." Right, she addresses a rally early in the stormy 1964-65 school year.



## Where Are the Savios Of Yesteryear?

By WADE GREENE

*In a matter of years, the middle-aged radical taunted the student protest leader, most of you "will be rising in the world and in income, living in the suburbs . . . raising two or three babies, voting Democratic and wondering what on earth [you] were doing in Sproul Hall . . ."*

*The young man shuddered. "It won't happen to me," he vowed.*

—Dialogue between veteran Socialist Hal Draper and a leader of the Free Speech Movement, recounted by Draper in "Berkeley: The New Student Revolt."

**T**HE Free Speech Movement. In these times when tear-gas canisters arch over the green-swards and blood runs from bullet

wounds onto campus paths, there is a distant, almost quaint ring to the name, like the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People or the Society for a Sane Nuclear Policy. Yet five academic years ago the movement exploded into the national consciousness as an impolite and insistently unfamiliar challenge to the authority of university administrators—in some eyes, to authority in general. The immediate focus of the movement—University of California students' demands that they be allowed to solicit on the Berkeley campus for noncampus causes—was considerably more civil libertarian than radical. And the movement failed

in the end to resolve much of anything.

Still, during the months in which the F.S.M. kept the normally serene hillside campus in nearly chronic disequilibrium, in which Sproul Hall and Sproul Plaza and Sather Gate became national landmarks, the pattern was indelibly etched for scores of campus upheavals that have followed. The sit-in in Sproul Hall, and the arrest of 814 students who took part in it, marked the introduction to the academy, on a giant scale, of the confrontation tactics of the civil-rights movement. The F.S.M. also spawned a new species of radical student leader in a scowling blue-eyed philosophy stu-

dent called Mario Savio. It was the Free Speech Movement, too, that gave birth to the Thurberesque battle cry evoking a war between the generations: "Don't trust anyone over 30."

Well, the strategist who coined that hyperbolic caution, Jack Weinberg, turned 30 himself the other day. "Obviously I'm not a kid any more," he remarked a while after the event. A good many graduate students in the movement have also crossed the tricennial divide; they have had plenty of time to earn their bachelor's degrees and to move on to yet higher education, careers, the Army, Canada. Every one, in effect, has had the time and occasion to make some signifi-



Savio, June, 1969.



Weinberg, June, 1969.



Weissman, June, 1970.

Three leaders of the Free Speech Movement at the University of California at Berkeley, 1964-65. **Jack Weinberg**, far left, coiner of the phrase, "Don't trust anyone over 30," himself turned 30 in April. Now a correspondent for a radical newspaper, he says: "... no matter how unanimous their ideas ... students can't really fundamentally change society." **Steve Weissman**, second from left, a major tactician of the F.S.M., is probably its most militant former leader. An editor of *Ramparts*, he observes: "It would be very appropriate to find and shoot the policeman" who killed a demonstrator at People's Park in Berkeley. **Mario Savio**, right, the hero of the Berkeley movement, is 27 now and the head of a family. "It's not so easy to get busted at the drop of a hat," he said in a rare and reluctant interview, "when I've got two children." Though he hopes to win a biology degree ("I need a way of making a living"), he says his current political inactivity may not last: "I think you get forced into situations in which you have to take risks."

cant turn in his life in the five years since the F.S.M. faded away.

In what direction have they turned? Are a lot of the veteran campus activists now up and out in the suburbs, raising kids, voting Democratic—or even Republican? It is a question that transcends the Free Speech Movement, Berkeley and perhaps even the nationwide student insurgency. For at the base of the hope, or fear, that student radicals and activists will put aside their radicalism and their activism is the notion that these are above all youthisms, bubbling compounds of abundant energy and idealism blended with flexible schedules and unearned incomes to provide the

time and inspiration for raising social issues, if they will, instead of hell. Assuming that the country's institutions and attitudes are basically sound and enduring, it can only be a matter of time, can't it, before the kids calm down, grow more mature, more pragmatic perhaps, and take their place in the social order they once so fiercely challenged. And if they haven't?

**I** TALKED to a dozen former F.S.M. activists, including rank-and-file participants in the various rallies and sit-ins that were the dramatic focuses of the movement, some lower-echelon organizers and many of the more

prominent leaders. This amounts to a tiny and highly unscientific sample of the thousand or more students who were intensely involved in the F.S.M., and a positively microscopic sample of the hundreds of thousands of students who have been active in campus protest movements since then. Still, the sample may indicate what is happening to today's proliferation of young Turks when they're not quite so young any more.

The evidence is not always clear-cut. Mario Savio is 27 now, married to Suzanne Goldberg, who was also one of the movement's inner dozen or so; both were on the steering committee of F.S.M.'s executive commit-

tee. They have two sons—one just arrived—and like a large number of former movement members, they live in Berkeley. Just what is Savio up to, politically speaking? Nothing at all. "It's not so easy for myself to get busted at the drop of a hat," he said the other day in a brief, reluctant interview, "when I've got two children I'm responsible for."

There is more to Savio's retreat from activism than that, however. He doesn't really want to talk about it, and in fact he has suffered few ques-

**WADE GREENE**, a freelance writer who specializes in social issues, is working on his first novel.



## Most Free Speech members are still radical, still active

tions from reporters in recent years. But from his own oblique intimations — "If the story is ever told, I want to tell it myself" — and from what acquaintances and other sources add, it is clear that Savio's inactivism involves some very special, very personal factors.

"He was catapulted into the public eye and had a very hard time dealing with it," one friend and former Free Speech colleague says, "and after F.S.M. he was completely freaked." Friends say he was and is a strongly introspective person who was never at ease with his leadership role at Berkeley, with the self-partitioning that is part of being a public personality. Savio concedes that something like this was so and that it took him "quite a while" to recover from it all. Other serious private matters have also tended to pull him inward on himself and his family, friends say.

Not that Savio disappeared completely from the protest scene after the Free Speech Movement. He was in the headlines — on some back pages, at least—again in November, 1966, when he was arrested for taking part in a sit-in against a Navy recruiter on the Berkeley campus. This and his previous arrest, for the Sproul Hall sit-in, brought him a 200-day sentence. He went to jail for four months in mid-1967, getting out early for good behavior. "It appears," said the judge, "that Savio has reformed."

Perhaps. After that, Savio ran for the State Senate on the Peace and Freedom party ticket, but it was clear that his heart wasn't in it, and after losing the race by a heavy margin he virtually disappeared from public view. He worked as a clerk for the International Longshoremen's Union on San Francisco's waterfront, then as a lab assistant in the immunology section of Berkeley's Public Health Department and most recently as a stock clerk in Cody's Bookstore on Telegraph Avenue.

Today, Savio is a student again, albeit an unofficial one. He has been auditing courses in organic chemistry and biology at Berkeley and hopes that doing so will satisfy prerequisites for advanced courses in biology. At 27, Savio, who five years ago implored a cheering throng of students to "put your bodies upon the gears, upon the wheels, upon the levers, upon all the apparatus and . . . make the [university] stop," wants to get a degree in biology. "To be quite practical," he says, "I need a way of making a living for my family. I think that, by itself, is a reason at this point for my trying to get a degree. It's not the only reason, of course."

Despite such assertions, which are almost parodies of the idealist turned pragmatic, one senses a churning ambiguity in Savio. "I'm trying to keep a number of options open," he says, and with almost clinical detachment suggests that he may not have assigned himself to the political sidelines indefinitely. "I think there's a very good chance that this is temporary. It seems to me that it's quite likely the way things are—you know, socially and politically in the U.S.—it's much harder for people even with responsibilities to just sort of decide well, now, they've had it and they're not going to do that kind of thing again. I think you get forced into situations in which you just have to take risks. And that's something that I certainly will be living with most of my life."

**I**T is not the rhetoric of revolution, but it's still a long way from Scarsdale. And in expressing the idea that the possibility of political activism is something to live most of a life with, Savio would appear still to be speaking for the Free Speech Movement. For if there was one common trait among all the Free Speechers I talked to, it was a deep involvement in the movement itself, fond memories of that involvement and the sense that if the occasion demanded, that experience—its techniques and its emotions—was something to draw upon for renewed activism.

Take Carl and Myra Riskin, for example. The Riskins were both caught up in the F.S.M. as second-echelon organizers. They shoved aside work on their doctorates to throw themselves into rounds of meetings. As a member of the graduate coordinating committee, Carl traveled to Sacramento and talked to legislators. Myra was an assertive member of the movement's executive committee, the legislative body representing various campus organizations, academic departments and nonaffiliated "independents." She's now 30; he's 31. Both are assistant professors at Columbia, she in English, he in economics. They have a 2½-year-old child, Jessica; live in a comfortable apartment on Riverside Drive, and think the whole country and its institutions need an overhaul.

I first talked to Myra Riskin before Cambodia and Kent. In her fluorescent-lighted assistant professor's cubicle, she explained in carefully measured words that she and Carl were not as active as they might be. It was a time of "very great pressure" in their careers, she said between telephone calls, a time when they were establishing themselves as junior faculty members and bore



**Mike Rossman** as a teaching assistant in 1964, top, and outside his Berkeley home today. A hard-liner in the F.S.M., he is now a "freelance educational reformer." He explains his decision to drop his studies in 1966: "I chose to learn how to move, to do what I wanted outside the institution."

heavy teaching loads. In addition, there was Jessica: "My child requires all the time I have when I'm home, and I'm reluctant to go out in the evening or spend weekends at conferences away from here. So there's that kind of handicap to political activity."

But later she said it wasn't the time and pressure so much as the sense of futility. Ultimately the subject of the war came up, as it did in discussions with every F.S.M. member. There is no way of separating the courses the veteran activists have taken from the influence of the war. War protest erupted at Berkeley on the heels of the Free Speech Movement, and many of its members

shifted the focus of their activism from the university administration to the national administration — and found that whatever sense of power they had on campus rapidly diminished in the much broader arena. And as the war continued year after year, the sense of power and possibility was replaced for many by a sense of helplessness and frustration. "Despite the fact that I don't have much time," said Mrs. Riskin with a carefully contained suggestion of both sorrow and anger, "and the pressure and all that, if there was something I thought could be done, I would probably be doing it."

The next time I saw the Riskins they had evidently decided that there



**Duncan Ellinger** is still living in Berkeley, though he dropped out of school in 1966. He has been working at odd jobs (right, as a lathe operator) and is thinking about returning to his native Texas, perhaps to study engineering. A former U.S. Senate page (above), Ellinger calls himself "a medium radical Marxist."



**Brian Turner**, holding a 1964 passport photo of himself, is now a doctoral student at Columbia. He sparked the Free Speech Movement by soliciting for S.N.C.C. on campus, later was voted off the F.S.M. steering committee for insufficient militance. Still irked by that charge, he nonetheless says he is more militant now.

was something that could be done. They were standing on the edge of a mass of students, most of them a decade or more younger than the Riskins, who were staging an anti-war rally in the center of the Columbia campus, Low Plaza. (Carl Riskin's tongue slipped later and he referred to it as Sproul Plaza.) The Riskins were taking some time off for their own protest activities. Carl was working late into the evening to help set up a conference of Asian scholars to meet in Washington to challenge many of the explanations underlying the Government's Indochina policy. Myra was sounding off in meetings of Columbia's General Studies faculty, which wasn't having much to do with antiwar activities that had shut down the rest of the university.

Carl Riskin talked about a militant group of students who had occupied the East Asia Institute (he is a member of the institute as well as the Economics Department). He sympathized with their broad purposes, but questioned their tactics. Myra said she and Carl might go down to Washington for the huge protest gathering

being organized that weekend. It was the Riskins' biggest burst of activism since the Free Speech Movement, and—for a while, at least—the frustration was replaced by some of the old exhilaration.

I had heard something about the Riskins (and Savio, of course) before I tried to reach them. Three more random subjects—people I knew next to nothing about, not even their whereabouts—were Manuel Glenn Abascal, alphabetically the first on the list of the 814 arrested for the Sproul Hall sit-in; Duncan Ellinger, whom a very moderate Free Speaker mentioned as someone for whom the movement had been the first protest action, and Matthew Hallinan, whom an old news clip identified as the first of a large number of those arrested who refused to accept probation and chose to go to jail instead. Some notes on each:

● Manuel Glenn Abascal, now 23, is about to cut out for the Southwest when I locate him at a girl friend's apartment in Berkeley. He says he dropped out of the university in 1967—so much for a four-year football

scholarship and boyhood visions of becoming a lawyer. Now he thinks he may leave the country. He is fed up with the war, the "bankrupt, rubber-mouth politicians," the whole scene. "The ecology thing is the last chance, and we're doing the same thing with that as everything else. It's a lot of talk and a lot of jive." As for the Free Speech Movement, "I was really wrapped up in the idealism of the whole movement" and "participatorily pretty active."

Today he is participatorily pretty inactive, and his idealism has turned inward. A parable for different times: "A funny thing happened during People's Park," he says, referring to Berkeley's biggest eruption since F.S.M., the attempt a year ago by students and "street people" to transform a university-owned plot in Berkeley into a public park. "I was running around the streets like everybody else and there was a cop car that was parked there and I was standing next to it, and I thought of all the things I could do to it. And as I was standing there contemplating this, this young kid about 17 or

18 comes along with a pair of 14-inch wire cutters and cuts off all the stems on the car's tires. If I were 18 now, I'd be doing the same kind of thing. I'd be throwing rocks and I'd be cutting tires and, you know, I'd be doing the street revolutionary thing. But having gone through it five years ago, I see the futility of working out front in that process. . . . The thing that I've learned in the last few years is that I'm not going to change anybody by screaming at them or by forcing them to do anything but rather by setting an example through my life of how to live, and that's as radical as I can become."

● Duncan Ellinger is also 23 and also living in Berkeley and also thinking of leaving—for Texas, his home state—to resume his schooling, which he left off in 1966. Since then, he's been working at odd jobs around Berkeley. When I find him, he is about to go to take a civil-service exam to qualify as a municipal electrician—because the pay is good, not because he is interested in a career as an electrician. He thinks he might  
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study electrical engineering in Texas, however, "something very strange for me." He had been an economics student. Long before that, he had been a United States Senate page. His father was a labor leader, he says, so he had a predisposition to politics, and he was pretty heavily involved in the Free Speech Movement. But he isn't what you'd call an activist now. He thinks the current young radical style is cynical compared to the F.S.M., which was "incredibly naive

but very sincere." Besides, he is working full time as a machinist and doesn't have much time for political activity. His political thinking these days? "Oh, I'm a medium radical Marxist."

●Matthew Hallinan turns out to be a fully radical Marxist, at least by mainstream standards; by those of some former Free Speechers, he would be judged, I suspect, as something of a square. We talk in his Brooklyn Heights apartment. One wall of the living room is covered with

socially realistic Russian posters of the twenties and thirties; the mantel supports a bust of Lenin inscribed, in Russian, "To our comrade," a gift from miners in the Ukraine during Hallinan's trip to Russia two years ago. Hallinan's hair is as short as a Chase Manhattan teller's; he is wearing shorts and baby blue terry cloth slippers, smoking a cigar; he is a friendly, likable guy who was once president of his high school senior class back in California.

He explains that he's now the education director of the national Communist party. He says that the F.S.M. didn't make a Communist out of him; he was the head of the campus DuBois Club when the movement began at Berkeley, and if anything it shook up some of his thinking about Communism. His social-political theorizing up to that point, he confesses, was too mechanical and didn't encompass a student rebellion of the force and mass participation of the Free Speech Movement. "It raised a lot of questions in my mind about Marxism," he says, "and exactly what this movement had to do with classes and economic forces and so on." He adds that it was also a turning point for the party itself. "Before that we were considered to be the most radical. By the end of the F.S.M., we had lost our major influence over the left."

Hallinan, now 29, is in a reflective mood. "There is a generation gap between the kids of my generation and the kids getting out of high school these days," he says. "Mine was the civil-rights generation and tried to organize people in popular movements." That kind of mass movement just isn't around today, he says. He deplores militancy when it gets to bombing and says he is opposed to a tendency among today's radicals toward "anarchism." "People just don't see the world today as they did when I was a young person. . . . My age was less pessimistic. . . . The kids have no incentive to study. . . . They're more alienated. . . . Hell, I still wear white socks."

**B**Y a number of standards, Hallinan is possibly the most conservative former F.S.M. member I talked to. It could be an accident of selection, of course, but no one I met had entered the silent majority, gone into dentistry, was selling life insurance or had taken over the family hard-

ware store. Nor did any of the veterans say they knew any of their fellows who had gone in that direction, though all agreed that there must be many in that category among the thousand or so who had been active in the movement. (I'm excluding Savio plus a number of ultra-moderates who were in the F.S.M. in its earlier, less militant stage—among them a group of Goldwater supporters. At the other end of the political spectrum were a few ultra-immoderates I didn't bother to try to reach either—such people as Jerry Rubin, who was a fairly small fry in the movement but went on to lead many of its members in antiwar protest.)

**I** WAS surprised to find that none of the rank-and-file members or lower-echelon organizers I talked to were radicals turned bourgeois. This pattern was more pronounced, if somewhat less surprising, among the former Free Speech leaders I talked to, all members of the steering committee. Not only have they remained as radical as ever in their political perspectives, but some would appear to have become considerably more radical and all are still very active politically.

Brian Turner, for instance. He was the first person the university charged with having violated the rule against soliciting for off-campus groups on campus. Turner, who at the time was Mario Savio's roommate, had set up a card table in Sproul Plaza to solicit for S.N.C.C. He received an "indefinite suspension" (later rescinded) for his defiance, and this was the beginning of the clash between students and the administration—the beginning, in effect, of the Free Speech Movement itself. Turner later spent 45 days in jail for his part in the Sproul Hall sit-in.

For all that, Turner, who was then a 19-year-old sophomore majoring in economics, was hardly a rabid radical. In fact, he was voted off the steering committee in one of its several reconstitutions because, among other things, some militants considered him too moderate. Turner chafes at the notion that he was not staunch enough in the cause of radicalism then, but in any case considers himself considerably more radical today, after a temporary retreat from politics.

He and his wife are working on their doctorates at Columbia, he in anthropology, she in philosophy. Both arrived at Morningside Heights by way of Cambridge University, where they met after Turner had finished at Berkeley as a top student and had won a two-year fellowship to

the British institution. They live in a compact apartment with a river view in a university building for married students. I met Turner there a few days after President Nixon had announced that American troops were going into Cambodia.

"I've evolved back into the movement," he explained. After he was voted off the F.S.M. steering committee, he was soured on protest politics. He was elected to the student Senate but found himself in a consistently outvoted minority and this soured him even further. In his senior year, however, he helped organize a campaign to fight the university's dismissal of a radical social science professor, and with this reinvolvement "I began to understand the annihilation that's entailed in non-involvement. If you stay in your own little apartment, and you only read your books and write your papers, then you are giving tacit support to one of the most incredibly awful regimes that ever existed in history."

Turner carried his new activism abroad with him and helped organize antiwar protests by Americans in England. In one demonstration in front of the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square, he said, he was the object of a tug of war between London bobbies and protesters. "Fortunately, the protesters won." In careful language that bears the tone if not the accents of Cambridge—though his father is a labor leader, Turner could probably serve as a model for a member of Spiro Agnew's "effete corps of impudent snobs" — he explained that he felt confident enough of his long-term devotion to the movement to lay low for a year while he and his wife get established in their departments.

But Cambodia pushed up Turner's schedule a bit. He became a major organizer in the Anthropology Department for antiwar activities. The previous night, he said, he and other anthropologists had met in his apartment until midnight to arrange car pools to go to Washington and to coordinate the department's antiwar activities with those of other departments. In a burst of applied anthropological analysis, Turner said he thought some good might come of Cambodia; it might "disrupt people's cognitive frames and make it possible for reorganization of them in a way that would involve political change." Where does he consider himself politically these days? With some thought, he calls himself a "decentralized socialist."

Almost every F.S.M. mem-

ber I talked to described himself, somewhat self-consciously in a few cases, as a socialist. Another almost-common denominator was the frequent recourse to the first person plural.

"What it comes down to is that they'll kill us all to preserve their property," says Mike Rossman. He is standing barefoot, his long hair bracketing a flashing, tentative Mort Sahl smile, a silver chain around his neck, trying to fix the thermostat on a refrigerator that has a paper tiger taped to the inside door, smoking a joint and thinking about breakfast. He is in the cluttered Beacon Hill apartment of two pretty Boston University coeds who are putting him up during a religious group's discussion on youth that Rossman has come from California to take part in.

Us, said Rossman, is the movement, the counterculture, the youth of America. Take your pick. Like most of the Free Speechers, but maybe more than the others, he still thinks of himself as part of something. Rossman describes himself as a freelance educational reformer and is probably more tuned in to the youth cult than any of the others I talked to. He was a radical hard-liner in the Free Speech Movement, but now he tends to talk in cultural and social terms rather than strictly political ones. He glimpses his revolution as that of the young, of youth ghettos, cooperative food-making projects, drugs, music. Though he is almost 30 himself, he clearly identifies with the young and, I suspect, is not entirely convinced that he will not always be young himself. "I get my strength and coherence," he says, "by being part of a people in the process of becoming."

**R**OSSMAN talks in rushes of words. About the Free Speech Movement: "We went through an enormous collective enabling process. One of the most important things about the F.S.M. is that within six months afterward everybody I knew made some major personal change. The variety of the changes was wide—finish their Ph.D.'s, drop out of school, change subjects, leave their wives, marry someone." Rossman tends to view the Berkeley movement and student mass actions in general psychologically, as a "mass acting out of anger in public theater"—group therapy on a huge scale. (It is part of F.S.M. lore that visits to the campus shrink went down dramatically during the sit-ins and rallies.)



**Matthew Hallinan**, a 29-year-old official of the U.S. Communist party: "People just don't see the world today as they did when I was a young person. . . . The kids have no incentive to study. . . . They're more alienated. . . . Hell, I still wear white socks."

Like many of those most deeply involved in the F.S.M., Rossman was a bright student. He was working on his doctorate in mathematics and was a teaching assistant when the movement exploded on campus. He put together a staff of eight, and they turned out in 17 days a huge report on "administration repression." It became known as the "Rossman Report," and was the "Das Kapital" of the F.S.M. Rossman stayed on in the university after the movement but quit two weeks before the end of the summer term in 1966. "I just laid down my books," he says, adding: "I would have made a groovy mathematician; I really loved mathematics." But he felt constrained by the institutional bonds of the university. "I chose to learn how to move, to do what I wanted to do outside the institutional framework."

Rossman is as far outside an institutional framework as any former F.S.M. member I talked to. He has no easily definable occupation, but survives by writing (he has done articles for *Commonweal*, *Saturday Review*, *The Village Voice*, *The New York Review of Books*) and speaking to students and educators. Youth ghettos are one of Rossman's favorite themes, and he lives in something of a youth community in Berkeley; he and about a dozen others share three houses in the city. He is ceremonially but not legally married, having shunned the institution of wedlock, too, and is expecting a child soon. The Rossmans went to the same natural-childbirth classes as the Savios.

Rossman has spent a good deal of time in recent years moving from campus to

campus, talking with student groups for the most part, spreading a gospel of togetherness. What does he think of student activism these days, including the destruction of private property? "I don't know what to think about 'trashing' and so on. I know that my heart leapt like a sparrow when they burned the bank in Santa Barbara." The refrigerator purrs as he pokes the thermostat with a screwdriver.

**S**TEVE WEISSMAN was one of the Free Speech Movement's major tacticians. "I put my B'nai B'rith experience to work," he smiles from behind a bushy red beard from the edge of a sofa in a New York apartment he is visiting. He's a good deal more certain than Rossman about how he feels toward violence. He says: "It would have been very appropriate to find and shoot the policeman who shot James Rector," the young man killed during the People's Park upheaval. "Everyone knew who he was. He was a murderer, but the police were never going to bring him to justice."

Weissman is probably the most militant of the former Free Speech leaders. He quit Berkeley soon after the F.S.M., worked as an S.D.S. organizer, went to Stanford for a while and was exiled by default (no one would supervise his Ph.D. program) after he helped organize some campus disruptions there. Most recently, he has been living in a small house in the arboreal community of La Honda, over the coastal mountains from Stanford, and has helped set up the Pacific Studies Center in Palo Alto, next door to Stanford, "as part of an effort to establish independent research centers



that activists can use." One of the center's major clients was Ramparts, and a few months ago Weissman signed on as an editor of the magazine. He was in New York working on a Ramparts article about the World Bank.

Ramparts is one of the reasons that Weissman is moving back to Berkeley, where the radical monthly is headquartered. "I'll probably have nothing at all to do with the university, and I won't have to feel like I'm a sort of old-timer," he hastens to explain. Sipping coffee to fight back a hard night of Scotch and Jamaican grass, Weissman elaborates: "One thing I didn't want to be is a nonstudent the rest of my life. I tell people that my mother sent me a sampler saying, 'The student leader of today is the student leader of tomorrow.' There's something very stale about hanging onto the university and something very rarefied about the political arguments there."

**S**TILL, a great many of the Free Speech activists remain around universities, Berkeley in particular. Brian Turner visited last summer on returning from England; the Risks are settled there for the summer in a sublet house where they plan to work on books. And of the pantheon of Free Speechers who do not live there and will not soon be doing so, Bettina Aptheker, Art Goldberg and Jack Weinberg have never been very long or very far away.

Bettina was the F.S.M.'s main Communist in residence. The daughter of Herbert Aptheker, chief theoretician for the party in the United States, she is living in San Jose, where her husband, Jack Kurzweil, who was also active in the movement, is an assistant professor of electrical engineering at San Jose State. Bettina is a petite and strictly nonviolent revolutionary. She had a child just after she finished her sit-in jail sentence, but motherhood has not tempered her radicalism. She is writing a Marxist analysis of the student movement, and during People's Park she drove for an hour from San Jose to Berkeley nearly every day to take part in marches and rallies.

Art Goldberg was in the heat of the People's Park tumult, exhorting the protesters with visions of the revolutionary apocalypse—blood flowing in the streets. But Goldberg still comes across as a big, nice guy; he was called the Marshmallow Maoist during the Free Speech Movement. Now 28 and a graduate of the Rutgers University Law School, he recently moved

from Berkeley to his native Los Angeles, where he is awaiting the outcome of an appeal aimed at gaining him admission to the California bar. He was turned down when he applied for admission two years ago. "They told me I was not morally fit," he says, because of his arrests in various demonstrations. He and his sister, Jackie, who was also a leader in the F.S.M., live in the same apartment building in a Mexican-American district. She teaches in a predominantly black public school. "I guess we could be classified as 'petit bourgeois,'" says Goldberg, "a teacher and a lawyer." Perhaps, but Goldberg's lawyering so far has amounted largely to organizing law students for the radical National Lawyers Guild and, of late, trying to get workers and students together.

Goldberg emphasizes the role of workers in his revolutionary scenario, and this emphasis is shared to a greater or lesser degree by most of the Free Speech inner cadre. In some ways, it may be the most significant and personally telling link among the former student rebels. For it amounts on one level to an expansion of their activism from a primarily youthful, student-oriented upheaval to one embracing a much broader base and—perhaps more than incidentally—an older one.

Far from not trusting anyone over 30 these days, the Free Speechers have come to the conclusion as they approach that divide or pass it that their revolution may depend heavily on people over 30. "The postal unions showed more power closing down the postal system," says Goldberg, "than all the student strikers in the country."

**T**HE need to spread the revolutionary base beyond the campus is very much a part of the thinking of the F.S.M.'s generally acknowledged master strategist and coiner of the "over 30" motto, Jack Weinberg.

Without apologies, Weinberg turned 30 on April 4. He was in Berkeley at the time for a meeting of the International Socialist Club, of which he is an active member. Weinberg spent much of his 30th birthday discussing "labor perspectives." After the serious talk came the usual party, including a cake and the predictable quips about passing 30. The International Socialists sang "Happy Birthday," Weinberg blew out the candles, ate some cake and split. "It was really—if anything, it was disappointing."

Along the way from 25 to 30, Weinberg spent four

months in jail, one for a previous civil-rights protest, three for his role in the Free Speech Movement. This role held him at stage center for 31 hours in a police car that had come to carry him away for soliciting for CORE but was blocked from leaving Sproul Plaza by a huge sit-in. Next to the Sproul Hall sit-in, this was the dramatic high point of the movement, and next to Savio, Weinberg was the major hero of the student rebels.

Appropriately enough, Weinberg has remained in the thick of radical politics ever since. He helped set up the Peace and Freedom party, organizing the registration drive that gained it enough signatures to get on the California ballot in the 1968 elections. Most of the time since F.S.M. Weinberg has been living in Berkeley, but he recently moved to Los Angeles to work as labor correspondent for a radical weekly, The Los Angeles Free Press, mixing journalism easily with advocacy and efforts to radicalize the working class.

"Through all this [since the F.S.M.], says Weinberg, "I became more and more convinced that the student movement in and of itself could only reach limits and couldn't go beyond that. Students as a social group don't have a very decisive social power. They can be ignored and isolated from the rest of society, and as a result no matter how unanimous their ideas become the student movement can't really fundamentally change society."

Weinberg insists that he isn't saying, "Don't trust anyone under 30." For that matter, he says, he never meant the whole 30 business "as a profound programmatic statement" to begin with. "There's always been a tendency in any social group for younger people to be a little less tied down, a little less—you know—immobile, having less long-term commitments, being more open to new ideas, being more active, more volatile. On the other hand, a lot of older people may be more so than a lot of younger people."

The evidence, such as it is, is that for the veteran vanguard of student rebels, Weinberg may have something. All of them have changed in one way or another, but none that I could find come close to conforming to the stereotypes of middle-class America. The indications are—and the implications can be read by anyone—that for the Free Speech Movement leader who said it wouldn't happen to him, it hasn't happened yet and very possibly it never will. ■

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Where Are the Savios Of Yesteryear?  
Most Free Speech members are still radical, still active

By WADE GREENE

Three leaders of the Free Speech Movement at the University of California at Berkeley, 1964-65, **Jack Weinberg**, far left, coiner of the phrase, "Don't trust anyone over 30," himself turned 30 in April. Now a correspondent for a radical newspaper, he says: "...no matter how unanimous their ideas ...students can't really fundamentally change society" **Steve Weissman**, second from left, a major tactician of the F.S.M., is probably its most militant former leader. An editor of Ramparts, he observes: "It would be very appropriate to find and shoot the policeman" who killed a demonstrator at People's Park in Berkeley. **Mario Savio**, right, the hero of the Berkeley movement, is 27 now and the head of a family. "It's not so easy to get busted at the drop of a hat," he said in a rare and reluctant interview, "when I've got two children." Though he hopes to win a biology degree ("I need a way of making a living"), he says his current political inactivity may not last: "I think you get forced into situations in which you have to take risks."

*In a matter of years, the middle-aged radical taunted the student protest leader, most of you "will be rising in the world and in income, living in the suburbs. . . raising two or three babies, voting Democratic and wondering what on earth [you] were doing in Sproul Hall . . ." . .The young man shuddered. "It won't happen to me," he vowed.*

—Dialogue between veteran Socialist Hal Draper and a leader of the Free Speech Movement, recounted by Draper in "Berkeley: The New Student Revolt."

THE Free Speech Movement. In these times when tear-gas canisters arch over the greenswards and blood runs from bullet distant, almost quaint ring to the name, like the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People or the Society for a Sane Nuclear Policy. Yet five academic years ago the movement exploded into the national consciousness as an impolite and insistently unfamiliar challenge to the authority of university administrators—in some eyes, to authority in general. The immediate focus of the movement—University of California students' demands that they be allowed to solicit on the Berkeley campus for noncampus causes—was considerably more civil libertarian than radical. And the movement failed in the end to resolve much of anything.

Still, during the months in which the F.S.M. kept the normally serene hillside campus in nearly chronic disequilibrium, in which Sproul Hall and Sproul Plaza and Sather Gate became national landmarks, the pattern was indelibly etched for scores of campus upheavals that have followed. The sit-in in Sproul Hall, and the arrest of 814 students who took part in it, marked the introduction to the academy, on a giant scale, of the confrontation tactics of the civil-rights movement. The F.S.M. also spawned a new species of radical student leader in a scowling blue-eyed philosophy student called Mario Savio. It was the Free Speech Movement, too, that gave birth to the Thurberesque battle cry evoking a war between the generations: "Don't trust anyone over 30."

Well, the strategist who coined that hyperbolic caution, Jack Weinberg, turned 30 himself the other day. "Obviously I'm not a kid any more," he remarked a while after the event. A good many graduate students in the movement have also crossed the tricennial divide; they have had plenty of time to earn their bachelor's degrees and to move on to yet higher education, careers, the Army, Canada. Every one, in effect, has had the time and occasion to make some significant turn in his life in the five years since the F.S.M. faded away.

In what direction have they turned? Are a lot of the veteran campus activists now up and out in the suburbs, raising kids, voting Democratic—or even Republican? It is a question that transcends the Free Speech



Movement, Berkeley and perhaps even the nationwide student insurgency. For at the base of the hope, or fear, that student radicals and activists will put aside their radicalism and their activism is the notion that these are above all youthisms, bubbling compounds of abundant energy and idealism blended with flexible schedules and unearned incomes to provide the issues, if they will, instead of hell. Assuming that the country's institutions and attitudes are basically sound and enduring, it can only be a matter of time, can't it, before the kids calm down, grow more mature, more pragmatic perhaps, and take their place in the social order they once so fiercely challenged. And if they haven't?

I TALKED to a dozen former F.S.M. activists, including rank-and-file participants in the various rallies and sit-ins that were the dramatic focuses of the movement, some lower-echelon organizers and many of the more tiny and highly unscientific sample of the thousand or more students who were intensely involved in the F.S.M., and a positively microscopic sample of the hundreds of thousands of students who have been active in campus protest movements since then. Still, the sample may indicate what is happening to today's proliferation of young Turks when they're not quite so young any more.

The evidence is not always clearcut. Mario Savio is 27 now, married to Suzanne Goldberg, who was also one of the movement's inner dozen or so; both were on the steering committee of F.S.M.'s executive committee. They have two sons—one just arrived—and like a large number of former movement members, they live in Berkeley. Just what is Savio up to, politically speaking? Nothing at all. "It's not so easy for myself to get busted at the drop of a hat," he said the other day in a brief, reluctant interview, "when I've got two children I'm responsible for."

There is more to Savio's retreat from activism than that, however. He doesn't really want to talk about it, and in fact he has suffered few questions from reporters in recent years. But from his own oblique intimations—"If the story is ever told, I want to tell it myself—and from what acquaintances and other sources add, it is clear that Savio's inactivism involves some very special, very personal factors.

"He was catapulted into the public eye and had a very hard time dealing with it," one friend and former Free Speech colleague says, "and after F.S.M. he was completely freaked." Friends say he was and is a strongly introspective person who was never at ease with his leadership role at Berkeley, with the self partitioning that is part of being a public personality. Savio concedes that something like this was so and that it took him "quite a while" to recover from it all. Other serious private matters have also tended to pull him inward on himself and his family, friends say.

Not that Savio disappeared completely from the protest scene after the Free Speech Movement. He was in the headlines—on some back pages, at least—again in November, 1966, when he was arrested for taking part in a sit-in against a Navy recruiter on the Berkeley campus. This and his previous arrest, for the Sproul Hall sit-in, brought him a 200-day sentence. He went to jail for four months in mid-1967, getting out early for good behavior. "It appears," said the judge, "that Savio has reformed."

Perhaps. After that, Savio ran for the State Senate on the Peace and Freedom party ticket, but it was clear that his heart wasn't in it, and after losing the race by a heavy margin he virtually disappeared from public view. He worked as a clerk for the International Longshoremen's Union on San Francisco's waterfront, then as a lab assistant in the immunology section of Berkeley's Public Health Department and most recently as a stock clerk in Cody's Bookstore on Telegraph Avenue.

Today, Savio is a student again, albeit an unofficial one. He has been auditing courses in organic chemistry and biology at Berkeley and hopes that doing so will satisfy prerequisites for advanced courses in biology. At 27, Savio, who five years ago implored a cheering throng of students to "put your bodies upon the gears, upon the wheels, upon the levers, upon all the apparatus and ... make the [university] stop," wants to get a degree in biology. "To be quite practical," he says, "I need a way of making a living for my family. I think that, by itself, is a reason at this point for my trying to get a degree. It's not the only reason, of course."

Despite such assertions, which are almost parodies of the idealist turned pragmatic, one senses a churning ambiguity in Savio. "I'm trying to keep a number of options open," he says, and with almost clinical detachment suggests that he may not have assigned himself to the political sidelines indefinitely. "I think there's a very good chance that this is temporary. It seems to me that it's quite likely the way things are—you know, socially and politically in the U.S.—it's much harder for people even with responsibilities to just sort of decide well, now, they've had it and they're not going to do that kind of thing again. I think you get forced into situations in which you just have to take risks. And that's something that I certainly will be living with most of my life."

It is not the rhetoric of revolution, but it's still a long way from Scarsdale. And in expressing the idea that the possibility of political activism is something to live most of a life with Savio would appear still to be speaking for the Free Speech Movement. For if there was one common trait among all the Free Speechers I talked to, it was a deep involvement in the movement itself, fond memories of that involvement and the sense that if the occasion demanded, that experience—its techniques and its emotions—was something to draw upon for renewed activism.

Take Carl and Myra Riskin, for example. The Riskins were both caught up in the F.S.M. as second-echelon organizers. They shoved aside work on their doctorates to throw themselves into rounds of meetings. As a member of the graduate coordinating committee, Carl traveled to Sacramento and talked to legislators. Myra was an assertive member of the movement's executive committee, the legislative body representing various campus organizations, academic departments and nonaffiliated "independents." She's now 30; he's 31. Both are assistant professors at Columbia, she in English, he in economics. They have a 2½-year old child, Jessica; live in a comfortable apartment on Riverside Drive, and think the whole country and its institutions need an overhaul.

I first talked to Myra Riskin before Cambodia and Kent. In her fluorescent-lighted assistant professor's cubicle, she explained in carefully measured words that she and Carl were not as active as they might be. It was a time of "very great pressure" in their careers, she said between telephone calls, a time when they were establishing themselves as junior faculty members and bore heavy teaching loads. In addition, there was Jessica: "My child requires all the time I have when I'm home, and I'm reluctant to go out in the evening or spend weekends at conferences away from here. So there's that kind of handicap to political activity."

But later she said it wasn't the time and pressure so much as the sense of futility. Ultimately the subject of the war came up, as it did in discussions with every F.S.M. member. There is no way of separating the courses the veteran activists have taken from the influence of the war. War protest erupted at Berkeley on the heels of the Free Speech Movement, and many of its members shifted the focus of their activism from the university administration to the national administration—and found that whatever sense of power they had on campus rapidly diminished in the much broader arena. And as the war continued year after year, the sense of power and possibility was replaced for many by a sense of helplessness and frustration. "Despite the fact that I don't have much time," said Mrs. Riskin with a carefully contained suggestion of both sorrow and anger, "and the pressure and all that, if there was something I thought could be done, I would probably be doing it."

The next time I saw the Riskins they had evidently decided that there was something that could be done. They were standing on the edge of a mass of students, most of them a decade or more younger than the Riskins, who were staging an antiwar rally in the center of the Columbia campus, Low Plaza. (Carl Riskin's tongue slipped later and he referred to it as Sproul Plaza.) The Riskins were taking some time off for their own protest activities. Carl was working late into the evening to help set up a conference of Asian scholars to meet in Washington to challenge many of the explanations underlying the Government's Indochina policy. Myra was sounding off in meetings of Columbia's General Studies faculty, which wasn't having much to do with antiwar activities that had shut down the rest of the university.



Carl Riskin talked about a militant group of students who had occupied the East Asia Institute (he is a member of the institute as well as the Economics Department). He sympathized with their broad purposes, but questioned their tactics. Myra said she and Carl might go down to Washington for the huge protest gathering being organized that weekend. It was the Riskins' biggest burst of activism since the Free Speech Movement, and—for a while, at least—the frustration was replaced by some of the old exhilaration.

I had heard something about the Riskins (and Savio, of course) before I tried to reach them. Three more random subjects—people I knew next to nothing about, not even their whereabouts—were Manuel Glenn Abascal, alphabetically the first on the list of the 814 arrested for the Sproul Hall sit-in; Duncan Ellinger, whom a very moderate FreeSpeecher mentioned as someone for whom the movement had been the first protest action, and Matthew Hallinan, whom an old news clip identified as the first of a large number of those arrested who refused to accept probation and chose to go to jail instead. Some notes on each:

Manuel Glenn Abascal, now 23, is about to cut out for the Southwest when I locate him at a girl friend's apartment in Berkeley. He says he dropped out of the university in 1967—so much for a four-year football scholarship and boyhood visions of becoming a lawyer. Now he thinks he may leave the country. He is fed up with the war, the "bankrupt, rubber-mouth politicians," the whole scene. "The ecology thing is the last chance, and we're doing the same thing with that as everything else. It's a lot of talk and a lot of jive." As for the Free Speech Movement, "I was really wrapped up in the idealism of the whole movement" and "participatorily pretty active."

Today he is participatorily pretty inactive and his idealism has turned inward. "A parable for different times: a funny thing happened during People's Park," he says, referring to Berkeley's biggest eruption since F.S.M., the attempt a year ago by students and "street people" to transform a university-owned plot in Berkeley into a public park. "I was running around the streets like everybody else and there was a cop car that was parked there and I was standing next to it, and I thought of all the things I could do to it. And as I was standing there contemplating this, this young kid about 17 or 18 comes along with a pair of 14-inch wire cutters and cuts off all the stems on the car's tires. If I were 18 now, I'd be doing the same kind of thing. I'd be throwing rocks and I'd be cutting tires and, you know, I'd be doing the street revolutionary thing. But having gone through it five years ago, I see the futility of working out front in that process.... The thing that I've learned in the last few years is that I'm not going to change anybody by screaming at them or by forcing them to do anything but rather by setting an example through my life of how to live, and that's as radical as I can become."

- Duncan Ellinger is also 23 and also living in Berkeley and also thinking of leaving—for Texas, his home state—to resume his schooling, which he left off in 1966. Since then, he's been working at odd jobs around Berkeley. When I find him, he is about to go to take a civil-service exam to qualify as a municipal electrician—because the pay is good, not because he is interested in a career as an electrician. He thinks he might  
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study electrical engineering in Texas, however, "something very strange for me." He had been an economics student. Long before that, he had been a United States Senate page. His father was a labor leader, he says, so he had a predisposition to politics, and he was pretty heavily involved in the Free Speech Movement. But he isn't what you'd call an activist now. He thinks the current Young radical style is cynical compared to the F.S.M., which was "incredibly naïve but very sincere." Besides, he is working full time as a machinist and doesn't have much time for political activity. His political thinking these days? "Oh, I'm a medium radical Marxist."

- Matthew Hallinan turns out to be a fully radical Marxist, at least by mainstream standards; by those of some former Free Speechers, he would be judged, I suspect, as something of a square. We talk in his Brooklyn Heights apartment. One wall of the living room is covered with socially realistic Russian posters of the twenties and thirties; the mantel supports a bust of Lenin inscribed, in Russian, "To our comrade," a gift from miners in the Ukraine during Hallinan's trip to Russia two years ago. Hallinan's hair is as short as a Chase Manhattan

teller's; he is wearing shorts and baby blue terry cloth slippers, smoking a cigar; he is a friendly, likable guy who was once president of his high school senior class back in California.

He explains that he's now the education director of the national Communist party. He says that the F.S.M. didn't make a Communist out of him; he was the head of the campus DuBois Club when the movement began at Berkeley, and if anything it shook up some of his thinking about Communism. His social-political theorizing up to that point, he confesses, was too mechanical and didn't encompass a student rebellion of the force and mass participation of the Free Speech Movement. "It raised a lot of questions in my mind about Marxism," he says, "and exactly what this movement had to do with classes and economic forces and so on." He adds that it was also a turning point for the party itself. "Before that we were considered to be the most radical. By the end of the F.S.M., we had lost our major influence over the left."

Hallinan, now 29, is in a reflective mood. "There is a generation gap between the kids of my generation and the kids getting out of high school these days," he says. "Mine was the civil-rights generation and tried to organize people in popular movements." That kind of mass movement just isn't around today, he says. He deplores militancy when it gets to bombing and says he is opposed to a tendency among today's radicals toward "anarchism." "People just don't see the world today as they did when I was a young person.... My age was less pessimistic.... The kids have no incentive to study.... They're more alienated. . . . Hell, I still wear white socks."

By a number of standards, Hallinan is possibly the most conservative former F.S.M. member I talked to. It could be an accident of selection, of course, but no one I met had entered the silent majority, gone into dentistry, was selling life insurance or had taken over the family hardware store. Nor did any of the veterans say they knew any of their fellows who had gone in that direction, though all agreed that there must be many in that category among the thousand or so who had been active in the movement. (I'm excluding Savio plus a number of ultra-moderates who were in the F.S.M. in its earlier, less militant stage—among them a group of Goldwater supporters. At the other end of the political spectrum were a few ultra-immoderates I didn't bother to try to reach either—such people as Jerry Rubin, who was a fairly small fry in the movement but went on to lead many of its members in antiwar protest.)

I WAS surprised to find that none of the rank-and-file members or lower-echelon organizers I talked to were radicals turned bourgeois. This pattern was more pronounced, if somewhat less surprising, among the former Free Speech leaders I talked to, all members of the steering committee. Not only have they remained as radical as ever in their political perspectives, but some would appear to have become considerably more radical and all are still very active politically.

Brian Turner, for instance. He was the first person the university charged with having violated the rule against soliciting for off-campus groups on campus. Turner, who at the time was Mario Savio's roommate, had set up a card table in Sproul Plaza to solicit for S.N.C.C. He received an "indefinite suspension" (later rescinded) for his defiance, and this was the beginning of the clash between students and the administration—the beginning, in effect, of the Free Speech Movement itself. Turner later spent 45 days in jail for his part in the Sproul Hall sit-in.

For all that, Turner, who was then a 19-year-old sophomore majoring in economics, was hardly a rabid radical. In fact, he was voted off the steering committee in one of its several reconstitutions because, among other things, some militants considered him too moderate. Turner chafes at the notion that he was not staunch enough in the cause of radicalism then, but in any case considers himself considerably more radical today, after a temporary retreat from politics.

He and his wife are working on their doctorates at Columbia, he in anthropology, she in philosophy. Both arrived at Morningside Heights by way of Cambridge University, where they met after Turner had finished at Berkeley as a top student and had won a two-year fellowship to the British institution. They live in a compact



apartment with a river view in a university building for married students. I met Turner there a few days after President Nixon had announced that American troops were going into Cambodia.

"I've evolved back into the movement," he explained. After he was voted off the F.S.M. steering committee, he was soured on protest politics. He was elected to the student Senate but found himself in a consistently outvoted minority and this soured him even further. In his senior year, however, he helped organize a campaign to fight the university's dismissal of a radical social science professor, and with this reinvolvement "I began to understand the annihilation that's entailed in noninvolvement. If you stay in your own little apartment, and you only read your books and write your papers, then you are giving tacit support to one of the most incredibly awful regimes that ever existed in history."

Turner carried his new activism abroad with him and helped organize antiwar protests by Americans in England. In one demonstration in front of the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square, he said, he was the object of a tug of war between London bobbies and protesters. "Fortunately, the protesters won." In careful language that bears the tone if not the accents of Cambridge—though his father is a labor leader, Turner could probably serve as a model for a member of Spiro Agnew's "effete corps of impudent snobs" — he explained that he felt confident enough of his long-term devotion to the movement to lay low for a year while he and his wife get established in their departments.

But Cambodia pushed up Turner's schedule a bit. He became a major organizer in the Anthropology Department for antiwar activities. The previous night, he said, he and other anthropologists had met in his apartment until midnight to arrange car pools to go to Washington and to co-ordinate the department's antiwar activities with those of other departments. In a burst of applied anthropological analysis, Turner said he thought some good might come of Cambodia; it might "disrupt people's cognitive frames and make it possible for reorganization of them in a way that would involve political change." Where does "he consider himself politically these days? With some thought, he calls himself a "decentralized socialist."

Almost every F.S.M. member I talked to described himself, somewhat self-consciously in a few cases, as a socialist. Another almost-common denominator was the frequent recourse to the first person plural.

"What it comes down to is that they'll kill us all to preserve their property," says Mike Rossman. He is standing barefoot, his long hair bracketing a flashing, tentative Mort Sahl smile, a silver chain around his neck, trying to fix the thermostat on a refrigerator that has a paper tiger taped to the inside door, smoking a joint and thinking about breakfast. He is in the cluttered Beacon Hill apartment of two pretty Boston University coeds who are putting him up during a religious group's discussion on youth that Rossman has come from California to take part in.

Us, said Rossman, is the movement, the counterculture, the youth of America. Take your pick. Like most of the Free Speechers, but maybe more than the others, he still thinks of himself as part of something. Rossman describes himself as a freelance educational reformer and is probably more tuned in to the youth cult than any of the others I talked to. He was a radical hard-liner in the Free Speech Movement, but now he tends to talk in cultural and social terms rather than strictly political ones. He glimpses his revolution as that of the young, of youth ghettos, cooperative food-making projects, drugs, music. Though he is almost 30 himself, he clearly identifies with the young and, I suspect, is not entirely convinced that he will not always be young himself. "I get my strength and coherence," he says, "by being part of a people in the process of becoming."

ROSSMAN talks in rushes of words. About the Free Speech Movement: "We went through an enormous collective enabling process. One of the most important things about the F.S.M. is that within six months afterward everybody I knew made some major personal change. The variety of the changes was wide—finish their Ph.D.'s, drop out of school, change subjects, leave their wives, marry someone." Rossman tends to view the Berkeley movement and student mass actions in general psychologically as a "mass acting out of anger in

public theater"—group therapy on a huge scale. (It is part of F.S.M. lore that visits to the campus shrink went down dramatically during the sit-ins and rallies.)

Like many of those most deeply involved in the F.S.M., Rossman was a bright student. He was working on his doctorate in mathematics and was a teaching assistant when the movement exploded on campus. He put together a staff of eight, and they turned out in 17 days a huge report on "administration repression." It became known as the "Rossman Report," and was the "Das Kapital" of the F.S.M. Rossman stayed on in the university after the movement but quit two weeks before the end of the summer term in 1966. "I just laid down my books," he says, adding: "I would have made a groovy mathematician; I really loved mathematics." But he felt constrained by the institutional bonds of the university. "I chose to learn how to move, to do what I wanted to do outside the institutional framework."

Rossman is as far outside an institutional framework as any former F.S.M. member I talked to. He has no easily definable occupation, but survives by writing (he has done articles for *Commonweal*, *Saturday Review*, *The Village Voice*, *The New York Review of Books*) and speaking to students and educators. Youth ghettos are one of Rossman's favorite themes, and he lives in something of a youth community in Berkeley; he and about a dozen others share three houses in the city. He is ceremonially but not legally married, having shunned the institution of wedlock, too, and is expecting a child soon. The Rossmans went to the same natural-childbirth classes as the Savios.

Rossman has spent a good deal of time in recent years moving from campus to campus, talking with student groups for the most part, spreading a gospel of togetherness. What does he think of student activism these days, including the destruction of private property? "I don't know what to think about 'trashing' and so on. I know that my heart leapt like a sparrow when they burned the bank in Santa Barbara." The refrigerator purrs as he pokes the thermostat with a screwdriver.

STEVE WEISSMAN was one of the Free Speech Movement's major tacticians. "I put my B'nai B'rith experience to work," he smiles from behind a bushy red beard from the edge of a sofa in a New York apartment he is visiting. He's a good deal more certain than Rossman about how he feels toward violence. He says: "It would have been very appropriate to find and shoot the policeman who shot James Rector," the young man killed during the People's Park upheaval. "Everyone knew who he was. He was a murderer, but the police were never going to bring him to justice."

Weissman is probably the most militant of the former Free Speech leaders. He quit Berkeley soon after the F.S.M., worked as an S.D.S. organizer, went to Stanford for a while and was exiled by default (no one would supervise his Ph.D. program) after he helped organize some campus disruptions there. Most recently, he has been living in a small house in the arboreal community of La Honda, over the coastal mountains from Stanford, and has helped set up the Pacific Studies Center in Palo Alto, next door to Stanford, "as part of an effort to establish Independent research centers that activists can use." One of the center's major clients was Ramparts, and a few months ago Weissman signed on as an editor of the magazine. He was in New York working on a Ramparts article about the World Bank.

Ramparts is one of the reasons that Weissman is moving back to Berkeley, where the radical monthly is headquartered. "I'll probably have nothing at all to do with the university, and I won't have to feel like I'm a sort of oldtimer," he hastens to explain. Sipping coffee to fight back a hard night of Scotch and Jamaican grass, Weissman elaborates: "One thing I didn't want to be is a nonstudent the rest of my life. I tell people that my mother sent me a sampler saying, 'The student leader of today is the student leader of tomorrow.' There's something very stale about hanging onto the university and something very rarefied about the political arguments there."

STILL, a great many of the Free Speech activists remain around universities, Berkeley in particular. Brian Turner visited last summer on returning from England; the Riskins are settled there for the summer in a sublet

house where they plan to work on books. And of the pantheon of Free Speechers who do not live there and will not soon be doing so, Bettina Aptheker, Art Goldberg and Jack Weinberg have never been very long or very far away.

Bettina was the F.S.M.'s main Communist in residence. The daughter of Herbert Aptheker, chief theoretician for the party in the United States, she is living in San Jose, where her husband, Jack Kurzweil, who was also active in the movement, is an assistant professor of electrical engineering at San Jose State. Bettina is a petite and strictly nonviolent revolutionary. She had a child just after she finished her sit-in jail sentence, but motherhood has not tempered her radicalism. She is writing a Marxist analysis of the student movement, and during People's Park she drove for an hour from San Jose to Berkeley nearly every day to take part in marches and rallies.

Art Goldberg was in the heat of the People's Park tumult, exhorting the protesters with visions of the revolutionary apocalypse—blood flowing in the streets. But Goldberg still comes across as a big, nice guy; he was called the Marshmallow Maoist during the Free Speech Movement. Now 28 and a graduate of the Rutgers University Law School, he recently moved from Berkeley to his native Los Angeles, where he is awaiting the outcome of an appeal aimed at gaining him admission to the California bar. He was turned down when he applied for admission two years ago. "They told me I was not morally fit," he says, because of his arrests in various demonstrations. He and his sister, Jackie, who was also a leader in the F.S.M., live in the same apartment building in a Mexican-American district. She teaches in a predominantly black public school. "I guess we could be classified as 'petit bourgeois,'" says Goldberg, "a teacher and a lawyer." Perhaps, but Goldberg's lawyering so far has amounted largely to organizing law students for the radical National Lawyers Guild and, of late, trying to get workers and students together.

Goldberg emphasizes the role of workers in his revolutionary scenario, and this emphasis is shared to a greater or lesser degree by most of the Free Speech inner cadre. In some ways, it may be the most significant and personally telling link among the former student rebels. For it amounts on one level to an expansion of their activism from a primarily youthful student-oriented upheaval to one embracing a much broader base and—perhaps more than incidentally—an older one.

Far from not trusting anyone over 30 these days, the Free Speechers have come to the conclusion as they approach that divide or pass it that their revolution may depend heavily on people over 30. "The postal unions showed more power closing down the postal system," says Goldberg, "than all the student strikers in the country."

THE need to spread the revolutionary base beyond the campus is very much a part of the thinking of the F.S.M.'s generally acknowledged master strategist and coiner of the "over 30" motto, Jack Weinberg. Without apologies, Weinberg turned 30 on April 4. He was in Berkeley at the time for a meeting of the International Socialist Club, of which he is an active member. Weinberg spent much of his 30th birthday discussing "labor perspectives." After the serious talk came the usual party, including a cake and the predictable quips about passing 30. The International Socialists sang "Happy Birthday," Weinberg blew out the candles, ate some cake and split. "It was really—if anything, it was disappointing."

Along the way from 25 to 30, Weinberg spent four months in jail, one for a previous civil-rights protest, three for his role in the Free Speech Movement. This role held him at stage center for 31 hours in a police car that had come to carry him away for soliciting for CORE but was blocked from leaving Sproul Plaza by a huge sit-in. Next to the Sproul Hall sit-in, this was the dramatic high point of the movement, and next to Savio, Weinberg was the major hero of the student rebels.

Appropriately enough, Weinberg has remained in the thick of radical politics ever since. He helped set up the Peace and Freedom party, organizing the registration drive that gained it enough signatures to get on the California ballot in the 1968 elections. Most of the time since F.S.M. Weinberg has been living in Berkeley, but



he recently moved to Los Angeles to work as labor correspondent for a radical weekly, The Los Angeles Free Press, mixing journalism easily with advocacy and efforts to radicalize the working class.

"Through all this [since the F.S.M.]," says Weinberg, "I became more and more convinced that the student movement in and of itself could only reach limits and couldn't go beyond that. Students as a social group don't have a very decisive social power. They can be ignored and isolated from the rest of society, and as a result no matter how unanimous their ideas become the student movement can't really fundamentally change society."

Weinberg insists that he isn't saying, "Don't trust anyone under 30." For that matter, he says, he never meant the whole 30 business "as a profound programmatic statement" to begin with. "There's always been a tendency in any social group for younger people to be a little less tied down, a little less—you know—immobile, having less longterm commitments, being more open to new ideas, being more active, more volatile. On the other hand, a lot of older people may be more so than a lot of younger people."

The evidence, such as it is, is that for the veteran vanguard of student rebels, Weinberg may have something. All of them have changed in one way or another, but none that I could find come close to conforming to the stereotypes of middle-class America. The indications are—and the implications can be read by anyone—that for the Free Speech Movement leader who said it wouldn't happen to him, it hasn't happened yet and very possibly it never will. •

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