

simple incompetence in the classroom. (As one Stanford professor put it to me, "What happens in any institution to the just plainly incompetent or prematurely senile people is that everyone grits their teeth and puts them upstairs or in a corner and tries to get on by.") What in fact often happens is that the subject of a tenure case turns out to be a teacher of acknowledged skill and personal rectitude who is also a social or political nonconformist or at the very least an unaccommodating personality.

In early December, while the faculty board was studying the testimony in the Franklin case, two other widely different but instructive tenure cases came to light at schools somewhat less visible than Stanford. At Virginia State College, a largely black institution, a tenured professor of languages named Filimon D. Kowtoniuk, who is a refugee from the Ukraine, was fired for "unprofessional conduct." Professor Kowtoniuk's troubles seem to have arisen from his anti-Communist activity and his resistance to campus demonstrations opposing the Vietnam war, the Cambodian "incursion" and the killings at Kent State, rather than from any lack of competence as a teacher of German and Russian. At Fairfield University, a Jesuit institution in Connecticut, a tenured theologian named Augustine Caffrey was also fighting for his job. Professor Caffrey's offense was that after leaving the Jesuit order (with permission), he had announced to his students that he had become a religious agnostic. Professor Kowtoniuk has declared his intention of leaving the Virginia State campus; Professor Caffrey has, surprisingly, been returned to good standing by the trustees, who, with the support of the faculty, overruled Fairfield's president. (A cynic might argue that Fairfield's eligibility to receive Federal funds was perhaps a stronger operative factor than a passion for religious liberty.)

BRUCE FRANKLIN'S case falls somewhere in this genre, for, in a manner of speaking, he was an aggressive unbeliever in a community of believers, and a direct clash was bound to come. Nobody, however, attacked his competence. He was a popular and effective teacher. Fred Mann, the editor of *The Stanford Daily*, a slender young man with long, reddish-blond hair and beard, told me, "For people who've taken his classes—who haven't been steered away from him by his radical reputation—he's probably been one of the most interesting, if not the most inter-

esting, professors on campus. His classes were very lively and he was always direct in trying not to trample on people's feelings. He stated his point of view openly and listened very attentively to everybody else's point of view and then responded." (Student admiration of Franklin was not universal. Larry Liebert, another *Daily* editor, recalled that during the hearing, "in one case Franklin asked a student what he thought about academic freedom in his class. The student said it wasn't too good because he felt there was a kind of informal Marxist-Leninist line.")

Certainly Franklin's scholarly performance has been an admirable one. Since 1964, he has published three books on Herman Melville, a critical introduction to a collection of Hawthorne's works, and a scholarly book on science fiction. Another book on Russian and American science fiction will be published soon. Since the age of 31 he has been a tenured faculty member of the most prestige-laden private university in the West. In 1970 he was unanimously recommended for promotion to full professor by the full professors in the English department. (The recommendation was turned down on grounds that he had not served out the mandatory time in grade.)

Franklin is a rather short, slightly built man, dark-haired and dark-eyed, who looks younger than his age and who in private conversation speaks quietly, carefully and humorously in a voice that holds echoes of his native Brooklyn, where he was born into a family unmarked by affluence. His social manners are gentlemanly and he can exert a considerable boyish charm, but he is not what Californians think of as a Stanford type.

Since it was organized in 1891, and until very recently, Stanford's image was that of a finishing school for the offspring of California's rich and near-rich, and its spiritual models have been the ivory-towered Eastern universities. Isolated on a far-flung suburban campus of low buildings with red-tile roofs, Stanford students lead comfortable and pleasant lives but have no opportunity to enjoy the

bookstores, restaurants and Bierstuben that give, say, Harvard and Berkeley much of their flavor. Like graduates of Yale and the Harvard Business School, Stanford graduates have tended to enter the world of established business. Even after the impact made by such disturbers-of-the-peace as Franklin, David Harris and their followers, and in spite of its academic excellence, Stanford is still, politically and socially, pretty much an island unto itself, a magic island which students and faculty seem to believe is the best of all worlds.

"When something like Bruce Franklin hits, it hits very, very hard because there's no context into which he can be placed," I was told by William M. Chace, an assistant professor of English. "He was truly like a man from Mars for most of the people here. He had a hard time making them believe he's even part of the human race."

It was not, consequently, surprising that in the Franklin case, matters of substance became thoroughly confused with matters of style, and that the formal charges against Franklin were only tangentially related to matters that had made him non grata to the administration as well as to many other people on campus.

THE formal charges went back to Jan. 11, 1971, when Henry Cabot Lodge appeared as a speaker at a conference organized by the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, which has a reputation for political conservatism. The audience had apparently been packed with unfriendly hecklers, for when Lodge rose to speak, Dinkelspiel Auditorium was filled with derisive cries ("Pig! War criminal!") and then with rhythmic shouting, chanting and clapping. Lodge had to stop, and the program was canceled. Franklin was present in the audience and freely admitted to having uttered some unfriendly comments. Whether or not he had anything to do with organizing the demonstration remained a matter of dispute.

A week later, President Lyman, a 48-year-old Harvard-trained historian with a reputation as a firm administrator,

wrote to Franklin, charging him with the responsibility of silencing Lodge and telling him that as punishment he would be suspended for a quarter without pay. Franklin fired back an open letter, notably lacking in humility. It began, "To the Chief Designated Agent of the Board of Trustees of Leland Stanford Junior University Heirs of the Family Who Stole This Land and the Labor of Those Who Built Their Railroad, War Profiteers and Rulers of the U. S. Empire" and was signed "In the spirit of Nguyen Van Troi/Power to the people!/Bruce Franklin, Central Committee/Vencere mos." (Nguyen Van Troi Franklin told me, tried to assassinate Robert McNamara in Saigon in the early 1960's. "Wonder if Lyman looked him up?" he asked rhetorically.)

TWO weeks later, Franklin was again in the headlines. The invasion of Laos by American and South Vietnamese troops, which was reported on Feb. 6, stirred up antiwar sentiment at Stanford as it did elsewhere. The attention of the Stanford demonstrators became focused on a building called the Computation Center, where work on a war-related computer program was known to be going on. Franklin spoke at an antiwar rally at a campus gathering place at noon on Feb. 10. Following the rally, the demonstrators marched to the Computation Center, broke in and shut it down. Franklin himself was not among those who entered.

Police from the local sheriff's office arrived in riot gear and formed a double skirmish line in front of the Computation Center. The demonstrators left the building but stood around outside, confronting the police. A sheriff's officer declared the crowd an illegal assembly. Franklin protested the order to disperse, advised the crowd not to give way, and declared that in any case he was going to stay on as a faculty observer. The police charged, and the crowd scattered.

That evening, Franklin spoke at a rally in the courtyard of the Old Union. Following the rally, there was violence on the campus, during which members of a conserva-

five student group were injured, although it is not clear by whom.

Lyman promptly declared his intention of firing Franklin for a "substantial and manifest neglect of duty and a substantial impairment of his appropriate functions within the university community." Franklin demanded a formal hearing. Lyman suspended Franklin with pay (the previous disciplinary suspension had yet to go into effect) and obtained a restraining order which kept Franklin off campus except when he was gathering material for his defense. In late March, the matter was put into the hands of a faculty advisory committee of seven full professors. (The hearings, originally scheduled for June, were postponed until the fall, when witnesses would be back on campus.)

Four formal charges were laid before the board. First,

**66 'I felt that
while we were drink-
ing our martinis,
Bruce Franklin was
carrying on the fight.
I guess I've gotten
over that.' 99**

Lyman charged that Franklin had "knowingly and significantly" contributed to breaking up Ambassador Lodge's speech. The second, third and fourth charges were that Franklin had "intentionally urged and incited" demonstrators to occupy the Computation Center, to ignore the police order to disperse and, after the evening rally, to engage in "disruptive" behavior.

The hearings, which appeared to the campus community to go on almost interminably and whose transcript eventually ran to more than 4,000 pages, were directed toward Franklin's defense against these four charges. The case was thoroughly complicated by the fact that Franklin had made himself disagreeable to many members of the Stanford community long before the happenings at the Lodge speech and the disturbances in February.

There was, consequently, an uneasy feeling among some people on campus that the dismissal proceedings were directed at getting rid of Franklin less for the actions described in the formal charges than for being the person he is—or, perhaps, the person he is thought to be.

HOWARD BRUCE FRANKLIN was born in Brooklyn in 1934 into a family which had lived there for three or four generations. His father worked on Wall Street. "He had the phony title of 'trader,'" Franklin recalled recently, "and his salary was \$25 a week plus commissions, which meant we were always living on the edge—we weren't living in real poverty but close to it. We made, you know, these great adventurous moves from one part of Brooklyn to another." Franklin was an only child.

The first member of his family to go to college, Franklin went to Amherst on a scholarship, majoring in English. He disliked Amherst passionately. "Most of the other students at Amherst seemed to me the most contemptible characters I had ever spent any time with," he once told an audience of college teachers, to their visible distress. "I despised them from the top of their crew cuts to the soles of their white bucks, mostly hating the smug tweediness in between." He recalls himself slouching around Amherst in an old torn leather jacket and drawing upon himself the reproaches of the dean for the generally piggish state of his room. But as a student he did well under the guidance of such teachers as Benjamin De Mott, who was the adviser for his senior honors thesis, "An Examination and Evaluation of Changing Moral and Social Perspectives in English Dramatic Literature." Also, he enrolled in the R.O.T.C. as a stratagem, he says, to avoid being drafted for the Korean war. In 1955, he was graduated *summa cum laude*, a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and a second lieutenant in the Air Force Reserve.

"It took me about a decade to recover from the Amherst experience," he has recalled. "And I am only now beginning to understand what a grotesque exercise in a dying culture and class it was."

From Amherst, Franklin went on to New York harbor, where he worked as a mate on tugboats for several months, an experience he recalls as having restored "some sense of reality." He married a North Carolina girl, an English major from Duke, and then spent just under three years in the Air Force as navigator and squadron intelligence officer in the Strategic Air Command, in a group which refueled B-47 and B-52 bombers.

Due out of the Air Force at the end of January, 1959, Franklin became aware of a regulation (a sort of reverse Catch-22) that would let him take his discharge 30 days early if he had been accepted by a graduate school whose term started at the beginning of January. Combing through the catalogues of graduate schools, Franklin found that Stanford's term began at the right time. He applied and was accepted. Although he had misgivings about becoming a professional academic, he left the Air Force a month early, bound for Stanford as a candidate for a Ph.D. in English.

As Bliss Carnochan, the English department chairman who came to Stanford from Harvard in 1960, recalls, "When I got here, Bruce was a graduate student, and his reputation was that of a real hot-shot. Everybody knew about him." He was a student of the late Yvor Winters, the prickly literary conservative who was then the most noted member of the Stanford English faculty.

IN spite of Stanford's gentleness, Franklin found it a more congenial atmosphere than Amherst. As he once benignly described the Stanford English department, "Most of these well-off white gentlemen were more interested in writing books to be read by their peers than in indoctrinating students with the most sophisticated and up-to-date forms of antiproletarian values. The majority did 'professional scholarship.' A few made some pretense of dabbling with ideas. Not one was concerned with the major ideological questions of our century. Not one was familiar with the major ideas that attacked their own beliefs."

Franklin's political judgment of the Stanford English faculty benefits generously from hindsight. In 1961, when he took his Ph.D. and accepted an unusual offer to stay at Stanford and join the faculty—unusual because new Ph.D.'s are generally driven away from their academic incubators in order to forestall inbreeding—Franklin thought of himself as a Democrat of the Stevensonian cast, and worked for Lyndon Johnson's election in 1964. He has described his political consciousness at that time as a "total ignorance of the relations between literature and class struggle." He became radicalized, he told me, between 1964 and 1967.

Aaron Manganiello, who is a revolutionary Chicano, or Mexican-American, recalls that his first meeting with Franklin came in 1965. "I was being thrown off the College of San Mateo campus for selling peace buttons. There was a rally called and two people from Stanford came and spoke. One of them was Bruce Franklin. We pulled practically every student off that campus."

Manganiello went on: "During the antiwar movement I kept up an acquaintance with Bruce, sort of casual at first. Then he went to France to teach at a Stanford campus there, and when he came back, we found we were of the same political mind."

Franklin has mentioned the impact of the Vietnam war, the civil-rights movement, and the black revolution on the process of his radicalization. The year in France, during which he taught at the Stanford campus at Tours and helped found, and became honorary dean of, the Free University of Paris, was the critical experience. "Jane and I became Marxist-Leninists while we were in France," he told me. "We'd been quite active in the antiwar movement here, provided some leadership and so on, and by the time we left the United States in 1966 we considered ourselves revolutionaries, but we didn't really know what that meant and we hadn't studied any theory to speak of. During that year in France we had the opportunity to work with young people from many coun-