

# Free Speech Movement

O Poder da Atracção  
Text by Vitor Cardoso

Em novembro de 1964, um núcleo de estudantes da Universidade de Berkeley na Califórnia, reuniram-se no campus da universidade em protesto pela falta de liberdade de expressão e reclamaram o seu direito de usar a universidade como espaço de actividade política e debate. Este foi o primeiro movimento estudantil a ser divulgado e transmitido pela mídia no mundo inteiro, durando cerca de dois meses.



Free Speech rally  
in Sproul Plaza  
October 1, 1964



Mario Savio  
sounding off  
November 9, 1964

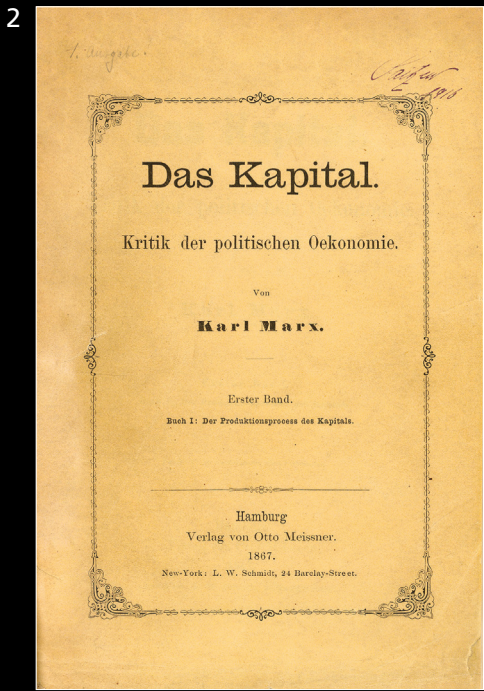
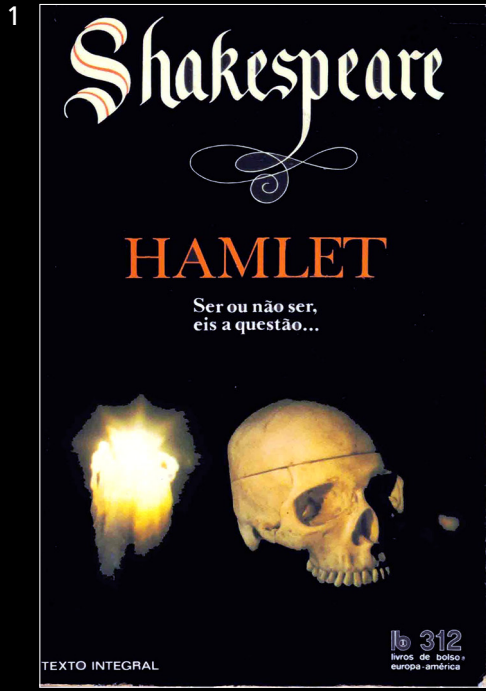
Nesta altura o ensino reflectia as necessidades do mercado laboral e não a instrução teórica, livre e crítica, tal como é. A história da humanidade sempre foi condicionada por dois grandes rivais: o capitalismo e o socialismo. Quando se combinam forma-se um culto e um grande poder de fascinação, muito superior a qualquer religião. No fundo este poder acaba por ser uma forma de controlo que, inconscientemente, nos atrai para o consumo de produtos, consumo de informação e consumo de ideias que pertencem a figuras que assumem o papel de líderes pop star, com um grande poder de atracção.

Tudo isto é possibilitado por meios de comunicação altamente tecnológicos que se têm vindo a aperfeiçoar ao longo dos anos, impedindo-nos de agir livremente e distinguir a realidade da ficção. O grande objectivo do movimento Free Speech segundo Sol Stern, tex-membro e aluno da Universidade de Berkley, foi criar liberdade intelectual. Mario Savio, também aluno e o principal orador do movimento ficou conhecido pelo seu discurso nas escadas do edifício principal: *"Don't mean to be made into any product. Don't mean to end up being bought by some clients of the University, be they the government, be they industry, be they organized labor, be they anyone! We're human beings!"*

Os estudantes apropriaram-se de várias referências literárias, tal como as teorias de Karl Marx sobre o capitalismo, o conceito de democracia participativa de Tom Hayden e os princípios de Wright Mills sobre existencialismo, alienação e kietch. Tomando as palavras de Mario Savio: *"There's a time when (...) you've got to indicate to the people who run it, to the people who own it that unless you're free, the machine will be prevented from working at all."*



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Vitor Cardoso  
FBAUL, 2016



1 Hamlet  
William Shakespeare  
first published  
in Denmark,  
1603

2 The Capital  
Karl Marx  
1st edition cover  
Zentralbibliothek Zürich,  
1867

3 The Great Gatsby  
F. Scott Fitzgerald  
1st edition cover  
Charles Scribner's Sons,  
1925

4 Metamorphosis  
Franz Kafka  
1st edition cover  
Kurt Wolff Verlag (Leipzig),  
1915

5 The Process  
Franz Kafka  
1st edition cover  
Verlag Die Schmiede (Berlin),  
1925

6 Brave New World  
Aldous Huxley  
1st edition cover  
Chatto & Windus,  
1932

7 The Stranger  
Albert Camus  
1st edition cover  
Gallimard,  
1942

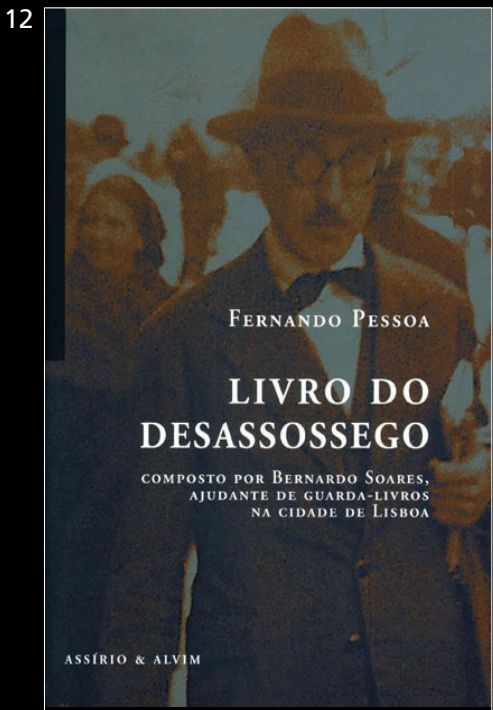
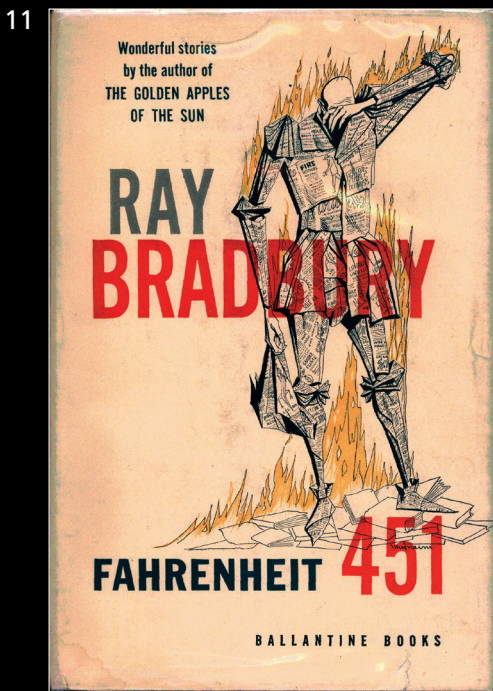
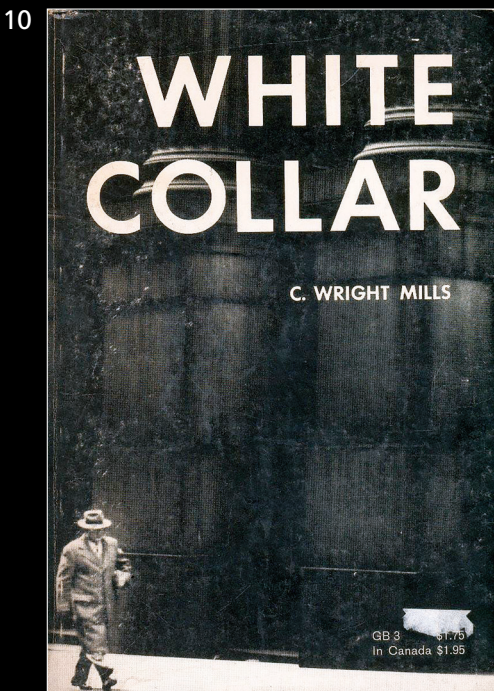
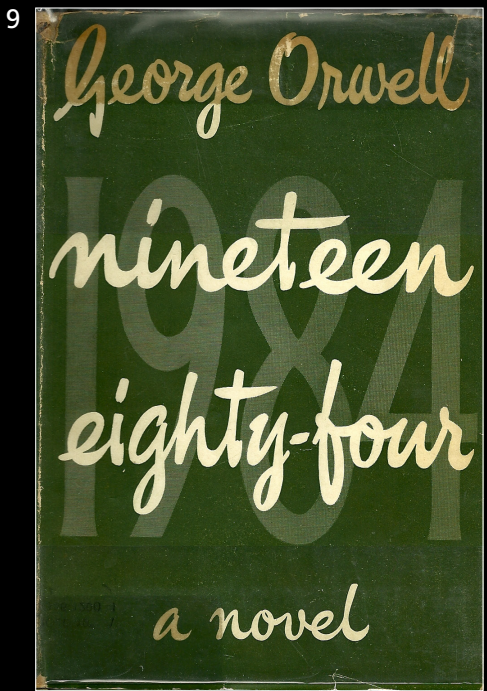
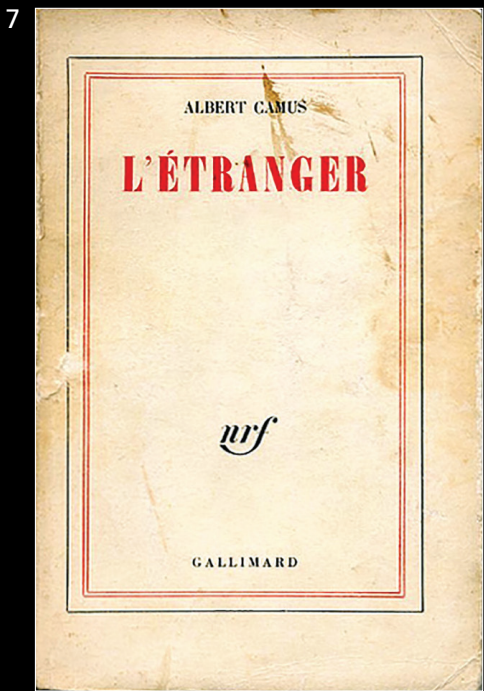
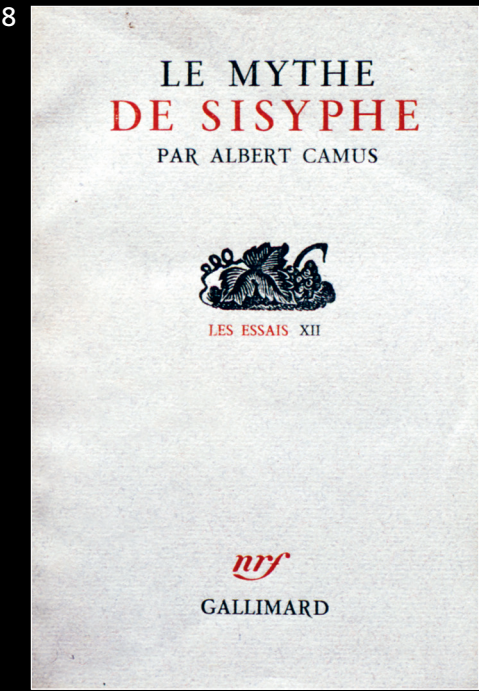
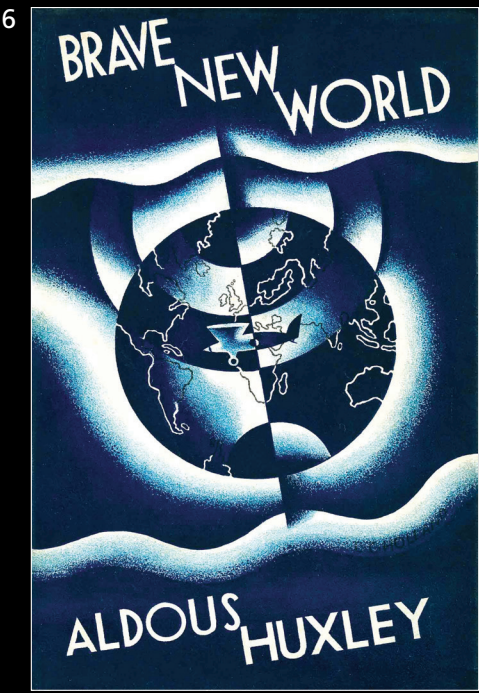
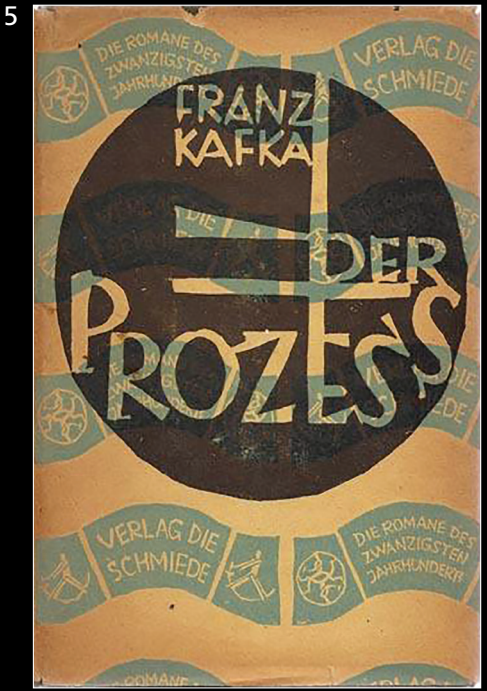
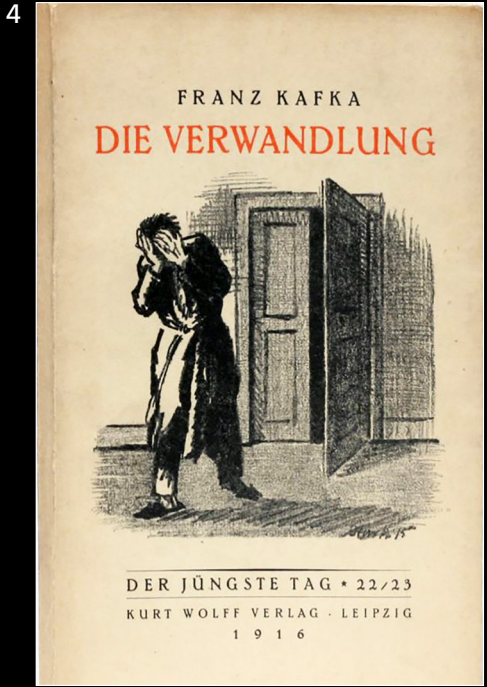
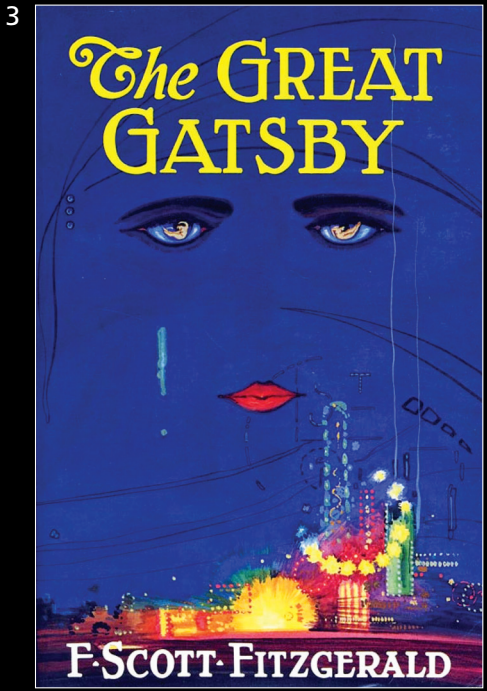
8 The Myth of Sisyphus  
Albert Camus  
1st edition cover  
Gallimard,  
1942

9 Nineteen Eighty-Four  
George Orwell  
1st edition cover  
Secker and Warburg (London),  
1949

10 White Collar  
C. Wright Mills  
first edition cover  
Oxford University Press, 1984

11 Fahrenheit 451  
Ray Bradbury  
1st edition cover  
Ballantine Books,  
1984

12 Livro do Desassossego  
Fernando Pessoa,  
1984





**Nineteen Eighty-Four**  
**Written by George Orwell in 1949**

‘If there is hope,’ he had written in the diary, ‘it lies in the proles.’ The words kept coming back to him, statement of a mystical truth and a palpable absurdity. (...) He was walking up a cobbled street of little two-storey houses with battered doorways which gave straight on the pavement and which were somehow curiously suggestive of ratholes. There were puddles of filthy water here and there among the cobbles. (...) Two monstrous women with brick-red forearms folded across their aprons were talking outside a doorway. Winston caught scraps of conversation as he approached.

“‘Yes,” I says to ‘er, “that’s all very well,” I says. “But if you’d of been in my place you’d of done the same as what I done. It’s easy to criticize,” I says, “but you ain’t got the same problems as what I got.”’ “Ah,” said the other, “that’s jest it. That’s jest where it is.”

The strident voices stopped abruptly. The women studied him in hostile silence as he went past. But it was not hostility, exactly; merely a kind of wariness, a momentary stiffening, as at the passing of some unfamiliar animal. (...) Indeed, it was unwise to be seen in such places, unless you had definite business there. The patrols might stop you if you happened to run into them. ‘May I see your papers, comrade? What are you doing here? What time did you leave work? Is this your usual way home?’ — and so on and so forth. Not that there was any rule against walking home by an unusual route: but it was enough to draw attention to you if the Thought Police heard about it. (...)

He paused for a moment at the top of the steps. On the opposite side of the alley there was a dingy little pub whose windows appeared to be frosted over but in reality were merely coated with dust. A very old man, bent but active, with white moustaches that bristled forward like those of a prawn, pushed open the swing door and went in. (...) The older generation had mostly been wiped out in the great purges of the fifties and sixties, and the few who survived had long ago been terrified into complete intellectual surrender. (...)

As he entered the din of voices dropped to about half its volume. Behind his back he could feel everyone eyeing his blue overalls. A game of darts which was going on at the other end of the room interrupted itself for perhaps as much as thirty seconds. (...)

‘You are very much older than I am,’ said Winston. ‘You must have been a grown man before I was born. (...) People of my age don’t really know anything about those times. We can only read about them in books, and what it says in the books may not be true. I should like your opinion on that. The history books say that life before the Revolution was completely different from what it is now. (...)’ “There was the most terrible oppression, injustice, poverty worse than anything we can imagine. Here in London, the great mass of the people never had enough to eat from birth to death. Half of them hadn’t even boots on their feet. They worked twelve hours a day, they left school at nine, they slept ten in a room. And at the same time there were a very few people, only a few thousands — the capitalists, they were called — who were rich and powerful (...)”

It was after twenty-two hours when he got back to the flat. (...) He opened the diary. It was important to write something down. (...) He tried to think of O’Brien, for whom, or to whom, the diary was written, but instead he began thinking of the things that would happen to him after the Thought Police took him away. (...)

He tried with a little more success than before to summon up the image of O’Brien. ‘We shall meet in the place where there is no darkness,’ O’Brien had said to him. (...) The place where there is no darkness was the imagined future, which one would never see, but which, by foreknowledge, one could mystically share in. (...) The face of Big Brother swam into his mind, displacing that of O’Brien. Just as he had done a few days earlier, he slid a coin out of his pocket and looked at it. The face gazed up at him, heavy, calm, protecting; but what kind of smile was hidden beneath the dark moustache? Like a leaden knell the words came back at him:

WAR IS PEACE  
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY  
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

Jack Weinberg in police car  
under arrest during Free Speech  
Movement, 1964