

SOCIOL-20250823-224352 Michael Burawoy

Memorial PGM cc

RAKA RAY: Hello, my name is Raka Ray. Michael was a colleague for over 30 years, mentor and beloved friend. I'm also the Dean of the Social Sciences here at Berkeley. And so I have the privilege of welcoming you here today in that official capacity as well. Here with me to guide you through the next couple of hours is Ruth Milkman, distinguished Professor of Sociology at the Cuny Graduate Center, Director of Research at Cuny School of Labor and Urban Studies, and Michael's first PhD student.
[APPLAUSE]

RUTH MILKMAN: Welcome, everyone. As Raka just said, I'm Ruth Milkman, one of many sociologists here today who were inspired by and taught by Michael. Mine was the very first dissertation he chaired here at Berkeley half a century ago now. And in the years since, he became a close and dear friend. Especially being here today in Berkeley, I have trouble believing he's really gone, seeing all these pictures and everything.

I want to welcome you all here today and to also say that this is not a funeral. It is a celebration of an extraordinary life. I'm honored to be co-emceeding this gathering, to collectively remember the extraordinary life and times of the late, great Michael Burawoy, a beloved teacher, prolific and provocative scholar, and dear friend and family member to many people here.

He gave so much to all of us here today. And everybody here in the room and on the Zoom and many others around the world, especially in these troubled times, coming together to celebrate the life and work of this wonderful human being, is not just a tribute to him, but I feel a beacon of hope for our collective future.

A few people have already heard this. I dreamed I saw him last night. I literally dreamed I saw Michael Burawoy last night alive as you or me. I said, but Michael, you're six months dead. "I never died," said he. You know the song. And I stated at a different memorial event recently in July that Michael Burawoy is not dead. His body has been reduced to ashes, now buried near those of Karl Marx in Highgate Cemetery, near where his family lives.

But his influence will outlive us all. Just as we're all here thinking about him today, he will be remembered for many years to come, not only here at Berkeley, the campus to which she was so devoted and loyal, but also in many communities all over the world. And his many contributions to Marxism and to sociology will outlive all of us. So again, this is a day for celebrating his life. We're going to start with--

RAKA RAY: I need to do something.

RUTH MILKMAN: Oh, I'm sorry. Go

RAKA RAY: I get to do some administrative things. So first of all, bathrooms are on the back. Also, please turn off your phones if you haven't already. Before we start the program, I do want to make sure I acknowledge and thank the group that put this together-- Ruth, Mara Loveman, who is responsible for these flowers and arranging them all, Ricky Hammer, Leslie Salzinger, Laleh Behbehanian, Michelle Williams, and three of Michael's PhD students, who are finishing up their PhDs and moving to their new jobs even while they helped us organize this, Carmen Brick, Tyler Leeds and Paula Huenneke.

For each one of us, it was a labor of love, to be sure, but the students have been tireless. They have put together photos and videos, the photos you've already seen and videos of Michael that you will see the videos soon. I also want to thank the Sociology Department Chair, Dave Harding, and of course, Tamara Young. I want, in particular, to thank Michael's family, who have traveled here from the UK to be here. They have also created a photo montage of Michael's life that you will shortly see.

Thank you all for coming here today, those in the room and those online, to celebrate what this amazing human being, or to use his favorite words to his students, the bloody brilliant Michael Burawoy, brought to our lives, to this University and to the world. Ruth.

RUTH MILKMAN: Well, we're just going to begin the program you have before you with the family speaking. And the first speaker is Anna Graham, Michael's niece.

ANNA GRAHAM: thank you, Ruth I just wanted to start by thanking, on behalf of all of us in Michael's family, to thank all of Michael's friends and colleagues for being incredibly supportive since he died. We have been touched by emails and tributes about Michael, as well as a huge amount of ongoing practical help. So thank you all very, very much from the bottom of all of our hearts.

I will now introduce the speakers for this family section. My mother is going to speak, Nori, Michael's sister, first, followed by my younger brother, David. And then Steve, Michael's cousin, will end the family contribution of this event. Mom.

NORI GRAHAM: Raka, Ruth, family and friends, I really appreciate this possibility of this occasion of us all being able to come together to share memories of my very much loved brother, Michael. He was my only sibling. And I thought I'd tell you a little bit about our parents. Our parents were both Russian Jewish emigres. Our mother was born in Riga in Latvia, and our father in Dnipro in Ukraine. And both families, for various differing offering reasons, left Russia for Leipzig, Germany.

And both our parents studied chemistry at doctoral level at the University of Leipzig, which is how they met. And after obtaining their doctorates, our father got a job in research, and our mother got a job in a lab. And then Hitler arrived, 1933. They quickly got married and left for Manchester, England. And our father, after some difficulty, got an academic job.

I was born in 1936. And our mother had to adapt to become a full-time housewife and mother-- cooking, cleaning, washing. Our father always said, there's no point in you going out to work because I, and. Subsequently, Michael, had to be cared for. And all the money she earned would go to tax and childcare [NON-ENGLISH]

Our father earned very little. Academics in England earned very little. We lived in a small three-bedroomed house. Three bedrooms, but it really was two bedrooms and a box room. And Michael always boasted that he was the one that got the box room. It was a quiet street in the suburbs of Manchester.

And of course, we had no car, no fridge, no washing machine. Both our parents were very cultured, widely read people. Our mother spent hours after doing the housework, sitting by the fire, reading, listening to classical music, or speaking Russian on the phone to her sister-in-law, who lived close by.

Our parents really led very isolated lives at that point. They did play what can be best called bad-tempered bridge with our father's brother and his wife, Steven's grandparents. For them, our parents, as had been the case for their parents, the priority was education, education, education. And apart from basic living expenses, this is what money was spent on. We hardly ever went on holiday.

Oddly, our father had a passion for horse racing and dog racing. I mean, I didn't know this in my early years. Every Saturday night, he'd go off on his own to dog racing. And after carefully studying a form, betting on dogs, and it gave him terrific pleasure, to buy our mother a present when, as occasionally happened, he did win.

Our parents spoke German together when inside the house, although they spoke English to us. Our father loved his research and teaching. And in the evenings, he would spend hours pacing up and down our living room, working out new ideas, new formulae in chemistry. He had a very original mind and published widely.

Our parents were both very Left Wing and took an interest in politics, national and worldwide, though they were not active politically. They were atheists and, indeed, anti-Zionist, opposing the establishment of the state of Israel in 1946. One year earlier, 1947, Michael was born. I was 11 years old. And I remember Michael being brought home from the nursing home in our mother's arms.

But to be honest, I can't remember much about the early years except that he was an easy, bright, and friendly child, mad about football. I left home to go to medical school when he was seven years old. So basically, for most of the time, we were both only children, our parents devoted to us both.

Then when Michael was 11 and just started his secondary school, and I was at medical school in London, tragedy struck. At the young age of 54, our father suddenly had a heart attack. He was nursed at home. And a week later, it was Michael who found him dead in bed. As you can imagine, this was a terrible shock for us all and meant a complete change for him and our mother.

Our mother, then aged 52-- I mean, Michael told me this after our mother died-- turned to him and said, what are we going to do? I have no job. We have no money. They became very close and remained so for the rest of our mother's long life. She died when she was 95. Our mother started to take in lodgers, who'd been our father's overseas students. She got a job in a lab in a cancer hospital and became a Russian assistant in Michael's school. She cycled everywhere.

A few years later, reparation money from Germany arrived. They'd been waiting for this for many years. And our mother was able to buy a car, travel, and lead a much more comfortable life. I was already working and married to Philip when Michael was in his teenage years. He'd come and stay with us in London. But then when he finished school, he went to Cambridge to study mathematics. He didn't enjoy either mathematics or Cambridge.

But by now, he'd begun to travel widely in the vacations, already carrying out studies and showing signs of intellectual curiosity. Then, having got his degree in Cambridge, he left and traveled to South Africa, finishing up in Zambia, where he got a job, and then shortly afterwards, did a master's in sociology. And after this, he emigrated pretty well permanently to the United States.

While our mother was in Manchester, Michael always returned to visit her there. And we saw very little of him. But in 1976, she moved to a flat in London. And we began to see much more of him. And in 1985, she had to go into a care home. And when Michael came to London, he would stay with us. So for the last nearly 40 years, we've been seeing him twice, three times a year. He was last with us in January of this year, just two or three weeks before he was so tragically killed.

Over these last years, he and I became really close friends. He was a tremendous support to me, as I know he's been to so many of you in recent years, he became quite impressed by Philip's cooking. And as some of you know, he started to cook himself with occasional disastrous results.

As our three children, born in the 1960s, grew into their teenage years and adulthood, he became very close to them. He took a great interest in them and formed close and loving relationships with all of them, as he did with their children, our grandchildren, our five grandchildren. David is going to tell you more.
[APPLAUSE]

DAVID GRAHAM: A very good morning. It's not often a son gets to follow their mother when speaking publicly, so it's a real honor. Thank you. I want to apologize for getting the dress code wrong because I'm in shorts. I'm going to make up for it, I hope.

[APPLAUSE]

My uncle says that anything goes in California. So this could go very wrong. And I do apologize. At least when I speak publicly, I usually know who I'm speaking to. And as we know, Michael was a very private man while being so public. The irony. So it is a pleasure to get to some of you last night and today and, hopefully, this afternoon. But I've never read a Memorial. And old age does funny things to your emotions, so I do apologize for losing it on occasions.

So I feel like I'm presenting on behalf of my brother and my sister who is here today as well-- my brother, back at home in London-- to talk about our Michael, our uncle. And I say, our Uncle Michael, because I now know, more than ever before, that I was not that special. The special one was Michael as he made everyone feel like family.

I get the impression that he was like an uncle to so many people, a vast number of people. So he was my only uncle. And luckily, he was a really good one. He was a brilliant person in every sense-- talented, inspirational, kind, thoughtful, just to name a few of his many qualities. He was all these things, but not in an Orthodox way. He demonstrated them in a pure way, in a more human level than many can adopt. He wanted to know you. And he wanted to help you believe and go forward, often saying, extraordinary, and wanting you to believe that you can do things way beyond what you felt you were capable of. His work, or should I say, his life's work, will clearly live on and be studied for decades. He holds legendary status in the world of sociology and academia.

I've explained to my children that he is the Ronaldo of his field. And for those of you not aware, Ronaldo is a famous soccer player. But the more I've read and the more I've looked into it, and obviously, we've been exposed to a lot more of Michael's world of work, I realized that he wasn't the Ronaldo, but actually, he was more the Erik Cantona, which is a famous Man United player, which was Michael's team.

And Erik Cantona was famous for quite a few things. As well as being a very talented soccer player, he was also a bit of a maverick. He was also a bit of a rule breaker. He held this status with humbleness and a sense of modesty that we can all learn from. But I'm not really qualified to talk about Michael's work. However, his kindness and his inspiration was absolutely inspirational to me.

In my family, he was known as Uncle Mickey. [SIGHS] He made us all feel very special. He always seemed genuinely happy to see us. Michael redefined what active listening really meant. He led by example. No one else we know could listen like Michael could. He valued the right things. I remember listening to my daughter Sophie updating Michael on the latest events, which I thought were fairly banal. But Michael was listening really intently. And I realized what a rubbish father I was and what a brilliant uncle he was.

Michael had opinions, as you know probably more than I. But he made you feel that he valued your opinions more than his own. He wanted to more about you, your life, and always questions in an insightful

way. But you needed to be interesting because another one of his talents was, he could rapidly fall asleep.

[LAUGHTER]

As a child, I have a few memories, to be honest. I remember going to sleep listening to the tap, tap, tapping of the typewriter upstairs. And if I remember rightly, he never really moved on from the one-finger typing. I remember being mesmerized, watching him on the phone-- and I've been told I have to stand still, by the way, otherwise, I would be walking-- getting the cord tangled up terribly while speaking to probably one of you.

Michael always joined us for Christmas. And I remember being very pleased with myself because, as a young child, buying Christmas presents or birthday presents, it's something you move on to. Your parents buy them first, and you give them. Then I started to provide him with Manchester United memorabilia. And I was really pleased with myself. We both shared a love of sport and soccer.

And then I moved up to his room, the loft room, famous loft room. I opened this cupboard door and out fell all my gifts that, of course, he had absolutely no interest in. Recently, the boys and I came out to Oakland to spend time together, last August, actually. Harry tried to drink coffee with him every day and failed. And George made poached eggs in his beautiful kitchen. He got very nervous about that. And I spent hours cleaning afterwards.

We cycled Golden Gate Bridge together. And the boys lectured in one of your wonderful halls here, which was really special. And Michael and I heckled both of them. But don't worry, as I lay drifting off or waking in the middle of the night, I heard the tap, tap, tapping of the typewriter as we slept. I'll miss the sensible shoes, the M&S corduroy trousers and shirts, and of course, the flat cap. But most recently, it was the bizarre Adidas nylon tracksuits, still completely flummoxed. But he was truly unique.

As a child, I never understood why my grandma-- and you've seen her-- his mother, would never say a bad word about him because he lived thousands of miles away, and we live five minutes away. We saw her regularly, she saw him occasionally. And then I realized that no one's got a bad word to say about Michael.

It's wonderful that so many of you are here, and so many of you are on Zoom, and some of my children and family are watching. And it's wonderful that we're able to celebrate Michael's life because he was a phenomenal person. And I think he's influenced us as a family but so many individuals around the world and across the world. And it's wonderful to be here today. So thank you.

[APPLAUSE]

STEVEN GRAHAM: As I suspect everyone is going to say today, it is a privilege to be here today amongst you. Coming from Scotland, it's also particularly nice to see blue sky and to see the sun. So there are tangible benefits. When I think of Michael, the word that comes to mind is "presence." I didn't see him very often in my life. But he always seemed present. And as already been said by Ruth, his presence here today is tangible. And his presence will remain with us for, I think, many years for the rest of our lives.

My first memory of Michael was in that period when he was an undergraduate. When he was in Cambridge, he used to come round to my grandparents' house for Sunday lunch. And I and my brother would come as well. And he would play chess with me.

And the thing I remember, still from nearly 60 years ago, is the way in which he would interact with you, the way in which he would acknowledge your presence, the way in which he was interested in you, the way in which he wasn't patronizing, the way in which he wasn't blasé, the way in which he didn't ignore you. He genuinely blazed his whole attention at you. Now, how many 19-year-olds interacting with a brattish 10- or 11-year-old, could you actually say that?

And one of the last times I saw him, actually, the last time I saw him emblematically was at a Free Palestine rally with Sam in London. But the time before that was here. I'd come to a meeting in Berkeley. And I was staying with him in the famous flat. And we went out. I wanted to go and look at the bookshops that you still have. One of the great things that still exists in the US and not so much in the UK are community bookshops. So I wanted to experience that.

And I have to say, it was a real bloody pain because everyone he met on the street, he would stop, and he would talk to, and he would show that same attention that he showed to me 60 years before. It could be the homeless person on the street. It could be the person outside the supermarket who was stacking the trolleys. It could be the person who was serving coffee. He would turn his attention to them and show that self-same focus on them and made them feel seen and valued and important.

So it took a long time. But it was a quite remarkable experience because the one thing I think that marks him out more than virtually anybody I ever knew, was that he was interested, genuinely interested, in people. Of course, as has already been mentioned, as will be mentioned many times, he was something of a one-way mirror. Somehow, you became completely transparent to him, and he remained completely opaque to you, an incredible skill.

But it struck me that the thing that connects Michael, the brother, the uncle, the cousin, the friend, and Michael, the academic, is that interest in people, both methodologically and conceptually. If you think about it, the extended case study sounds very nice. Another word for it is nosiness. I mean, admittedly, it's theoretically informed. Admittedly, it is systematic. And admittedly, it's reflexive. But it is still a profound interest in how people live their lives.

That's the pleasure of ethnography. You get to see other people's lives. You get to understand those lives. And conceptually, he understood that society and human action is not the product of abstract forces, as so many social scientists suggest. It lies in the way in which those forces shaped, the way in which lives are lived. And if you want to understand people's ideas and their practices and society, you've got to interrogate the precise ways in which their lives are lived.

I don't think it would be right, technically, to say his Marxism was a humanist Marxism. But it was a human Marxism. I'm a social psychologist. In social psychology, there are critiques about the way in which our analysis abstract people, depopulate the world. He populated the world. It was a Marxism that populated the world.

Now, it is sometimes said of many radicals, and I think to some extent, truthfully, that they love humanity, and they hate people. Well, when it comes to Michael on humanity, I suspect he would have said, the jury is out. Certainly, there's a great room for improvement. And certainly, he would speak out, as happens domestically, both for you and for me in the UK, and internationally or in Sudan or Gaza or elsewhere, where inhumanity trumps humanity. He would have spoken out about that.

But when it came to people, I think the key thing about Michael is, he was not only interested in people, but he loved people. And that's why people loved him. And that's why so many of us are here today.

[APPLAUSE]

RUTH MILKMAN: Thank you all. We're going to move on now to the second section in your program, Beyond Berkeley, a catch-all category. But we're going to start with Marcia Wright. Many of you know that Michael's probably very best friend over many, many years was the late Erik Olin Wright, who Marcia is the widow of.

MARCIA WRIGHT: All right. I better read part of this, I think. Thank you. I first met Michael in 1976. He was about 29.5 years old. And Erik and I were living in an apartment in Oakland off of College Avenue. And I came home one day to find an unfamiliar person pacing back and forth at a great rate in our little galley kitchen.

And I mentioned that memory to Michael in an email exchange we had about a year ago, because I was reading a novel where there was a character who paced. And it was said that he could pace 30 miles in an opera box and 50 miles in a confessional. And Michael wrote back to me, and he said, yes, it was 1976. And he thought it must have been around February. And yes, he said, my father was a great pacer. And I must have caught it from him when I was very young. That's what he said.

So that day in 1976, Michael said, was when he and Erik had, quote, "just discovered each other." And it was the beginning of a friendship and a conversation that lasted all their lives. They traveled together to the Soviet Union when it was the Soviet Union and to a lot of other places. They talked, they Skyped. In those days, you Skyped. And they argued. And they read each other's drafts. And Michael was with us in the hospital the night Erik died.

And lots of years, they would take their bikes. And they would go find a B&B in Point Reyes or somewhere. And they would go there for a few days and bike and think and talk and eat and work. And this was a friendship that I saw very close up. But as many people will attest, it was just one example of what I think was one of Michael's great, great gifts, which was his gift for friendship.

Michael traveled so much. You never really knew where he was. But I believe that there was a good friend of Michael's everywhere he went, either before he got there or by the time he left. And if you did one of those maps, those world maps, where you plot the occurrence of hurricanes or something like that, and you plotted Michael's friendships, you would just see a world map decorated with dots all over the place.

As people have said, he was extremely social, although he was also intensely private. And he protected that private part pretty carefully. But to his many friends, he was so important. He was obviously brilliant and interesting but also generous, often quietly, sometimes even anonymously. He was thoughtful and with a fantastic smile and a sense of fun.

I'm so continually grateful for his retirement event here in 2023 and that it happened when it did. One favorite moment, people have always all already referred to this, one favorite moment, among others, when someone said, and I can't remember who, I apologize, that although they knew that Michael had many friends, they always felt sure that they had a special relationship with Michael.

And then they began talking to other people at this gathering. And they realized that everyone else thought that same thing. And what I have come to think is that we were all correct, that Michael had individualized relationships, and that was part of his gift for friendship.

Lots of people will continue to celebrate and preserve and carry forward his intellectual and political and professional legacy. But I did want to mention quickly that Michael just adored his students. He was devoted to teaching and to his students. He cared so deeply about it. He wrote about his teaching in his book, Public Sociology. That's worth reading.

And in an email exchange where he and I were talking about the beautiful tributes from students at his retirement event, he said, on reflection, if there is anything to what I have done, and it's not a mirage, then I think it is not what I have taught, what I teach, but how I teach.

This is such a painful and shocking loss. But partly because of that retirement event, I believe that Michael knew, even though I don't think he would have ever said this out loud, I believe he knew that he had made an enormous difference to so, so many people. And I believe he also knew that he was loved. We were so very lucky to have him in our lives.

[APPLAUSE]

RUTH MILKMAN: So next is Maggie Abraham, who succeeded Michael as president of the International Sociological Association a few years ago.

MAGGIE ABRAHAM: Thank you. Good morning. And hello to everybody. On my bookshelf is a quote by Charles M. Schulz that says, "in life, it's not where you go, it is who you travel with." Michael crisscrossed the globe, promoting sociology, paving pathways, and engaging with key issues of our time. I'm deeply grateful to have had the opportunity to travel with Michael through his invaluable writings, his global projects, our travels in the context of the ISA and our conversations. And I can relate to much of what many of you said.

Michael's cumulative work, spanning half a century or more, contributed immense ways to the advancement of our discipline, to our professional associations, especially the American Sociological Association and the International Sociological Association, where he was elected as president of both, a rare feat.

A phenomenal critical and public sociologist, Michael's work has had a profound impact on generations of national, transnational, and global sociologists, as many of you know. I saw this firsthand at our conferences. It was like walking with a celebrity, a public intellectual, whose intellect, charisma, combined with his uncanny ability to remember people and to connect in meaningful ways, making a difference in the lives of so many.

To Dr. Nori Graham, Michael's sister, he spoke fondly about you and your family, sharing your incredible achievements and your times together. I would constantly question him. I will admit. Michael's extended family and community also encompass former students, close colleagues, and friends. They, too, were a part of his travels. He was there for them, and they for him.

Teaching at Berkeley and meeting students from different countries during his travels was one of his greatest joys. He was so pleased when his former students returned to Berkeley for his retirement to recognize and celebrate together with him. Michael's brilliance, boldness, boundless energy, and commitment to equality, fairness, and social justice came through day in and day out.

More recently, his intellectual and activist efforts focused on highlighting why and how sociologists should speak about Palestine, speak out on Palestine. He underscored the importance of sociology's role in addressing the devastating and tragic toll of the Gaza war.

The English Premier League has started. And Michael would have been watching the games. I know because our Zoom calls were always after that. However, I think he would have also appreciated the simple but critical question posted by Mohamed Salah, the Egypt and Liverpool ace, in response to the UEFA media social post, "Farewell to Suleiman al-Obeid, 'the Palestinian Pele.'"

Mo Salah asked, "can you tell us how he died, where and why," thereby spotlighting the devastation in Palestine. Sadly, al-Obeid was recently killed by Israeli Defense Forces as he queued in Southern Gaza to collect food for his family.

Finally, Michael, you asked why I never come to Berkeley. I live in New York. Well, here I am. But where are you? Your spirit must be busy traveling the cosmos, connecting with fellow stars, no suitcase in hand, but still shining brightly, mobilizing for enduring peace, equality, and justice for our planet. Adieu, Michael, until we meet again.

[APPLAUSE]

RUTH MILKMAN: Thank you, Maggie. Our next two speakers are actually on Zoom, starting with Huw Beynon from Wales, who couldn't make the trip here. But we'll see him momentarily. And after Huw, we'll hear from Ruy Braga, who many of you who spent a lot of time here in Berkeley.

HUW BEYNON: Thank you, Ruth, and thanks for being asked to speak. And thanks to Elizabeth for that image of Michael in the cosmos. Michael and I were good friends. And we kept in close contact. Over the last months, our correspondence has been about the Middle East and its history. And my last email from him came on the 3rd of February, and it was about Palestine. Like [INAUDIBLE], I feel terribly sad about his loss, but I share with you the idea that he will live on in many ways.

We are, in fact, approaching the 50th anniversary of our friendship because it began as a meeting in a place, which Michael was to call a dimly lit bar in the Chicago loop. It was a choice that he made. We were brought together by the great industrial ethnographer Don Roy, whose fieldwork in the '50s had been in the very same Allis-Chalmers factory where Michael was doing his PhD research.

Don knew that I was in Southern Illinois and thought I must get together with Michael. And we spent an evening talking about this enormous coincidence, about factory studies, about workers, about working with workers, and about Don Roy and also about Africa. We became friends that night. And our friendship, oddly and sadly, was solidified after Don's unexpected death in San Diego in 1980.

Michael once said that our friendship was built across three continents, meeting as we did in places like Moscow and Rio, often for me to listen to one of his amazing lectures. Mostly, however, we met in Britain. And on one occasion, we taught a class together. That was in Manchester in 1988, when a group of 32 young Soviet sociologists had been brought to the Department for a summer school.

The students barely knew each other and had never left the Soviet Union before. And at times, our attempt to develop a discussion of Western industrial sociology became rather chaotic. At that moment, and typical, reflecting Michael's structural brilliance, he would shout, speak Russian, allowing them to talk together and give us all a chance to gather our thoughts.

Over the 25 years since I moved back to Wales, Michael, like Ruth, has come to speak in Cardiff on many occasions, mostly as part of his crusade for public sociology, which was greatly appreciated here and everywhere else. He enjoyed the interdisciplinary approach here and was delighted, although surprised to be invited to speak at the business school.

Most often, however, visits to us at home would follow time spent with Nori in London and [? Arla ?] in Bristol. Then, with a big grin and a loud voice, he would announce his arrival in a place he called Abergavenny. On each occasion, after his innumerable questions, our conversations would be renewed as if there had not been a break. His visits were always keenly anticipated and now deeply missed, but always remembered.

[APPLAUSE]

Thank you.

RUY BRAGA: Thank you, Ruth, for inviting me to take part of this meeting. I'm going to read some words. Speaking about Michael is both a joy and a sorrow-- joy for having shared life with someone whose generosity and energy were formidable, sorrow for the absence of my greatest model of friendship and of my moral and intellectual compass. Michael was the most inspired person the academic world gave me. He visited us after my second daughter was born. And I was with him when my father passed away. His words on those profoundly contrasting occasions were true gifts I will carry for the rest of my life. My only consolation is knowing that he lived an extraordinary life. He often said, he had extraordinary teachers-- Jack Simons and Van Velsen in Zambia, William Julius Wilson in Chicago, among others. But without wishing to make comparisons, I believe I was even luckier than he was. I had the privilege of learning from the most extraordinary teacher of all, Michael. Once I told him that someone had sent me a list placing him among the most quoted sociologists in Brazil, just below Habermas. He was skeptical about the numbers.

But I explained that between the '70s and '90s, both Marxism and sociology of labor played a central role in my country. And that explained his prestige in the tropics. He was not entirely convinced. But he chose not to argue further. For me, this worldwide recognition merely crowned the extraordinary human being I had come to love with all my heart.

Our last meeting was in Johannesburg this past October. I dropped him off in front of the apartment of our dear friends, Michelle Williams and Vishwas Satgar, after one of those memorable dinners he always insisted on paying for. I was living in South Africa because more than a decade earlier, Michael had shown me the unique importance of sociology produced in that country. And for that, I remain deeply grateful.

That day, we said goodbye while discussing the details of his participation in the Brazilian Congress of Sociology held in July of this year in my university. He intended to speak about the ongoing massacre of the Palestinian people. And he expressed concern about the political climate at the university for such a sensitive topic. I told him, he would be welcomed by a public eager to hear him and to recognize him for what he truly was, the greatest Marxist sociologist of his generation.

I remind him that, in Brazil, we still cherish the kind of [? critical ?] engaged in reflective thought that he had refined with such passion and rigor, passion and rigor that helped him build an unparalleled global community of friends, students, colleagues, and collaborators, a network that, to me, became also Michael's family.

I sincerely hope that this family, so diverse and extraordinary, cultivated by him with love, generosity, and gentleness, will continue to exist, to flourish, and to grow stronger around his legacy and example. And as I say these words, I can almost hear Michael whispering in my ear with his unmistakable humor, please don't be so pathetic. Thank you.

[APPLAUSE]

RUTH MILKMAN: So the committee gave this section the title beyond Berkeley, but our next speaker is not that far beyond Berkeley. She lives in Oakland in Michael's building, Jessica White, who became a very dear friend of Michael's and is going to share a poem as I understand it.

JESSICA WHITE: It's not anymore.

RUTH MILKMAN: Oh, OK. Whatever.

JESSICA WHITE: It feels fitting to start with these words by W.E.B. Du Bois, "You are not. And yet you are your thoughts, your deeds. Above all, your dreams still live." My name is Jessica, as Ruth said. I came to know Michael beginning in 1986, during my 13 years at Berkeley. Michael and I would meet again by chance in an emergency stairwell immediately following the 1989 earthquake. We were both climbing 10 flights of stairs to assess the damage in our flats.

I came upon Michael as moving light, his bike headlight bobbing in the darkness as he ascended the stairwell. That was the beginning of nearly 40 years of shared daily life. We live next door to one another, moved freely between our places. And for some time, we lived together. Surprisingly, Michael suggested we knock down the wall to connect our flats. It was a structural wall and not at all possible. No matter. We lived connected lives all the same.

In the words of John O'Donohue, "when you lose someone you love, your life becomes strange."

Michael's presence in my life was steady, kind, and brotherly. His beloved Du Bois believed in taking action now, rather than delaying for a more opportune moment. And anyone on the other side of Michael's swift emails, whether it was noon or 3:00 AM, knows the bounty of his action. His responsiveness was more than efficiency. It was devoted, relational call and response.

The underlying substrate of Michael in our lives, it was love in motion. Michael had a style of devotion all his own-- inspired, influential, energetic, his pacing has been mentioned, transformative, and at times, exasperated. He lived a monastic scholar's life. His desk was bigger than his bed. He rose early to sit before the computer. And for lunch at home every single day, he ate a Trader Joe's salad from the same wooden bowl tossed with the same orange salad tongs, and always, always ate with the same fork, the same one fork.

Meanwhile, the three tiers of flatware, along with the blue dinnerware and countless glasses for all manner of drinks, were reserved for the many students he welcomed at countless gatherings. Come the end of the night, with Michael, I would hear them migrate down the hall as an activated, animated herd. Michael once wrote of his dear friend and colleague, Erik Olin Wright, that he was a builder of community, enabling people around him to flourish. Those words aptly describe our Michael. And how meaningful it is that Marcia, Erik's wife, is here with us today.

For me, the greatest gift of Michael was his unwavering, it's been mentioned, presence, his steady I am here, spoken, unspoken, written, and continuously enacted. Michael taught us, you don't need to do everything. Do what calls your heart. Effective action comes from love. So let us honor him by seizing the moment, not perfectly, but with commitment, courage, kindness, humor, and action.

My dearest Michael, sharing life with you for what amounts to most of my life is an inexhaustible gift, a gift that has shaped me, sustained me, and surprised me. You are a neighbor to my very life, a sibling to my becoming. And I am immeasurably grateful. Let us agree that the only thing that cures these moments of love is more of it. And so, to borrow again from Michael's beloved Du Bois, who believe that good work that one does continues after transition, Michael's good work lives on in each of us.

"Now is the accepted time, not tomorrow, not some more convenient season. It is today that our best work can be done and not some future day or future year. It is today that we fit ourselves for the greater usefulness of tomorrow. Today is the seed time."

May we reflect on the qualities of Michael we wish to seed within ourselves for greater usefulness. Perhaps in doing so, we enact. We are here, beloved Michael. We are here. We thank you for being. I love you, my dear brother. Thank you.

[APPLAUSE]

RUTH MILKMAN: OK, we're going to take break-- don't go anywhere-- but with a video that I think you'll all enjoy.

[VIDEO PLAYBACK]

SPEAKER 1: I spent so long on this. I think I should have just written a nice letter or something. But this is really, truly the pinnacle of what I can produce over here. This is a song that I wrote. I didn't actually write it. No. I rewrote the lyrics slightly when I finished teaching for you in Theory. Everyone said that you had a really hard time leaving. You never knew how to end things. It was really a challenge for you. And I'm guessing that is the case right now.

So I wrote, rewrote, the lyrics to the cheesiest song I could find, and sang it to you in Theory in front of 200 students and handed out the lyrics so everyone sang along. Well, this is a reboot, a remix of that. And now I'm just playing it for probably the highest density of well-known sociologists in the world. So that's embarrassing. But it's because I love you so much that I'm willing to make a fool of myself. So here it goes.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

(SINGING) You gotta when to hold them

Know when to fold them

Know when to walk away

Know when to run

You never count your publications

Sittin' at the table

There'll be time enough for counting

When the teaching's done

Key change

You got to when to hold them

When to hold them

Know when to fold them

When to fold them

Know when to walk away

Know when to run.

A massive hole you're leaving

It's a challenge that is daunting

You'll never leave these hallways

A specter that is haunting

One more time

You got to when to hold them

When to hold them

Know when to fold them

When to fold them
Know when to walk away
Know when to run
Like a pebble in the water
A ripple that has grown
Past the longest mantle
[? Marks ?] and flowers you've sown
That's probably too long. Where's my shaker egg?
[END PLAYBACK]

RAKA RAY: That was serious tribute to Michael played at his retirement. Now we'll hear from Michael's. Berkeley colleagues, some of whom are retired, some of whom are still at Berkeley, and some of whom are no longer at Berkeley. Their names are on the program. So I'm not going to read them all out. But we begin with Michael Watts.

MICHAEL WATTS: I don't know if you've had this experience. But over the last few months since Michael's passing, I found myself sitting down at the computer to write him an email, nothing terribly significant, usually questioning his tastes in leisurewear and his appalling taste in English football clubs. Now, I'm sure you're saying to yourself, that says very little about Michael and a great deal about the fact that I'm a fully paid-up member of the Joe Biden cognitively challenged demographic.

And there's a certain truth to that. I can see my wife nodding enthusiastically. But I'm enough of a Freudian to think there's something else going on here. And Freud's observations about the power of the life instinct, the desire of the pleasure of being around individuals we love, the strong emotional, libidinal connections we have with significant people, all of this makes the process of mourning and detachment so incredibly difficult, as many people have said. And so it is with Michael.

I read a piece by an 80-year-old psychotherapist a couple of weeks ago, in which his father died when he was terribly young. And he was still obsessed with images, dreaming about his father. And he had no idea, no explanation for this. So he turned to ChatGPT and asked ChatGPT. And ChatGPT came back and said, "some absences retain their shape."

Now, Michael's shape, its contours, its topography, speaks to the fact that we can't conceive of a world without him. For us here at Berkeley, he was part of the woodwork, part of the furniture. Pick your metaphor. He was just always there. And that loss is bound up, in a sense, with something else, a type of regret, almost a type of selfishness that we wish we'd be able to spend more time with him.

Now, of course, it's also clear that we all have our own Michael Burawoy. We all selfishly, narcissistically assumed that we were special. And we were, of course, because he extended his extended case method to us, nousey bugger that he was. We all have our own special attachment, our own memories.

Mine are wrapped up with the fact that I was of the same English generation with similar connections to the British New Left, the centrality of Africa in our lives, his unswerving devotion to my wife's cooking, his presence that he brought my kids, and of course, that apartment, that Neo-Dada, Weimar, post-Soviet decor. And all of this wrapped up with this fantastic conundrum that someone who was, forgive me, so socially promiscuous, could be so guarded about his privacy in his private life.

I guess I want to say finally is this, that what Michael, ultimately, I think, meant to me in a way that I could not articulate when I came to Berkeley in the 1970s is, what it is that I saw in academia and why I came

into academia in the first place. It was that he helped us understand what public meant in a public institution, a public university.

He showed us that teaching could be transformative, even emancipatory, for teacher and student alike. He was the mentor, advisor, guide extraordinaire. Of course, it was a fool's errand to try to emulate him because he was one of a kind. But he was always there as a type of beacon, as a type of North star. And he also provided a type of ballast. We all get lost in our professions. We stumble. We lose our way. We're convinced that we're not amounting to a lot. And you could take that stuff to Michael. And he would always listen carefully. He would always be positive, always be supportive, without being a Pollyanna. He even convinced me during the heart of COVID that teaching 300 kids through Zoom was a wonderful experience.

I think I just want to conclude with this. If you ask the question, what keeps us going, what makes us think that life is worthwhile when we're surrounded by frustration and disappointment, dismay, and injustice that all these modern lives entail, it seemed to me that Michael helped us answer those questions. That's what he did for me. He helped me answer those questions. I am sure that he would resist that formulation. I have no doubt about it. I'll drop him a note tonight about that.

[APPLAUSE]

SPEAKER 2: Michael was my neighbor. We became colleagues when I joined the Berkeley Sociology Department in 2016. But it wasn't until I moved to Oakland with my family in the summer of 2018 that our friendship truly began. Michael lived in the Van Buren Tower at 320 Lee Street. He once told me that he grew tired of Berkeley soon after arriving in the 1970s. So he biked directly south, looking for a place to move. He ran into Lake Merritt and, thinking it seemed nice, bought the first apartment he could find and lived there for the rest of his life.

I can't remember which of us proposed it. But soon after I landed in Oakland, Michael and I started a reading group. We had a routine. Michael would walk west on Van Buren and take a left on Lenox, ambling down the hill in his black Adidas tracksuit. Michael had no cell phone. And I and, almost always, my infant son Leo, met him in our driveway at a pre-specified time. If Michael had just returned from a trip, he would come bearing gifts for Leo-- a Paddington Bear, a stuffed blue dragon holding a taco, a doll in the figure of W.E.B. Du Bois.

We took a right at Grand Avenue, stopped at 1888 Coffee, and crossed Grand at Parkview Terrace. Then we would walk around Lake Merritt with Leo in a stroller, discussing whichever book we had chosen for that week. Michael was deep in his exploration of Du Bois, so our reading mainly revolved around the topic of race and class.

I'll never forget some of his reactions to the books we read, how C.L.R. James didn't just sketch Hades class relations, but set them in motion, or why Barbara and Karen Fields were so sure there was something called race craft, but not something called class craft. Quite a heretical question for a Marxist. But looking back over the many emails we exchanged summarizing our conversations, what's most struck me are the two of Michael's qualities that I'm most grateful for, his openness and his generosity. First, openness. Michael and I were very different kinds of scholars. On one of our walks, he called me a scientist. And I'm pretty sure he didn't mean it as a compliment.

But he nonetheless must have thought that he might have something to learn from discussing books with someone far more junior, far less well-read, and who did a far different kind of sociology than he did. You

could see this openness in everything he did, and particularly in how he approached students. Rather than dismiss them, his first impulse was to listen. They might be onto something important.

Second, generosity. You know the numbers. He supervised 80 dissertations. He taught Theory to lecture halls of more than 200 students. He lectured all over the world and had students to his house late into the night, talking through their work. But he nonetheless set aside a non-trivial amount of time to read books and discuss them with me on long walks around our beloved lake.

Michael died in the intersection that we crossed so many times together at the start of our walks. This fact has haunted me since I first learned of his death. But I'm going to try my best to keep him alive by reminding myself to ask when I meet someone new and particularly someone younger, what can I learn from this person and to try to approach them with the same openness and generosity with which he approached me. Thanks.

[APPLAUSE]

SPEAKER 3: So my mission here is simple and impossible, explaining in three minutes why I love this guy so much, what made him, for 35 years, the best comrade I could ever have conjured up. First of all, he made me feel like I was a special co-conspirator. Being engaged in a project with Michael meant being immersed in an atmosphere full with enthusiasm and infectious good humor. Every project seemed possible and worth trying.

Some of my fondest memories are of late night ping pong games in the hall outside the Department offices and Barrows. I always lost. But we shared a lot of laughter and a project, trying to figure out ways to make Berkeley Sociology an even more thriving enterprise. Evenings drinking his inexhaustible supply of cognac at 320 Lee Street were just as much fun. We contemplated a panoply of speculative and practical projects, laughed a lot, and sometimes came up with worthwhile ideas.

Michael's loyalty and dependability matched his energy-infused enthusiasm. I never doubted that if I needed support, I could count on him. It was a fact of nature, like gravity. When I was being treated for cancer in New York, he showed up, didn't make a big deal of it, just showed up, a one-person support group. Making friends and colleagues feel good about themselves was always part of Michael's modus operandi. In this sense, he was a softie.

But his integrity and analytical acuity made it impossible for him to be an indiscriminate cheerleader. For 30 years, my emails to him started out, "Dearest PB." PB was short for "Prickly Bear." The bear part came from his mother, explaining to me that, in Russian, "Mishka" is both a friendly term for bears and a diminutive for Michael. The prickly part came from my knowing that if I wasn't on my toes politically and intellectually, he could get prickly.

Prickliness wasn't a negative. To the contrary, the stimulation of having to be on my toes and the fun of debates and arguments were central to the alchemy of our relationship, part of the magic. My last email to Michael, dated February 1, is still on my computer in my sent mailbox. It closed by saying that our plan for Zoom the following week was perfect. I can't bear deleting it.

The pain of losing him won't go away. But the invigorating energy of having had him as a loving comrade for so long won't go away either. The joy and inspiration of his energetic, laughing, and, yes, prickly presence can't be taken away. It still keeps me going.

[APPLAUSE]

SPEAKER 4: Let me begin by saying how immensely fortunate I consider myself for having known Michael for 35-plus years. Over the course of those years, he was my closest colleague here at Berkeley and a very dear friend. I met Michael when I arrived at UC Berkeley in 1989 to start the postdoc that I had received to carry out under his mentorship.

Since I'd been doing research on my own in Nicaragua for four years after completing my PhD, I expected that my postdoc would be a continuation of that pattern as I found my footing in US academia. Instead, I encountered a mentor who had lots to say about what I was doing. And that lots to say was insightful, constructive, and pushed me in directions that were new and very interesting.

When I subsequently joined the faculty at UC Berkeley, Michael, like it or not, shifted from being the mentor of my postdoc to being the mentor of my path toward tenure. And after that, he continued to be an intellectual sounding board for my research. As others have said, he was incredibly generous that way. That generosity was also expressed in his advocacy for public sociology, focused on the critical social issues of our time.

His own public sociology ranged from explaining the intricacies of Marx's analysis of capitalism on our local progressive radio station, to tackling the topic of the privatization of public universities. He marshaled data about the University of California system to make his case. And he made that case not only in scholarly venues but also through his leadership of organizations such as the Berkeley Faculty Association.

Shifting back to a more personal note, I had the privilege of developing a friendship with Michael that deepened over the years. That friendship emerged from our shared vision of many things about the world, including the need for serious change in numerous aspects of it.

He was a truly loyal friend. He listened patiently, commiserated, laughed, teased, and thought through alternatives with me for addressing dilemmas of all sorts, including some of which he had little experience, such as child-rearing. Michael, child-rearing? He had something to say. And his profound kindness pervaded each of these actions.

To say that he is sorely missed is an understatement of the highest magnitude. One of the forms that his absence takes is a profound silence in response to my thoughts about things I'd like to tell him, news I'd like to share with him, and observations about what is going on in the US and elsewhere that provoke outrage in me. But then I remind myself that he would want us to use our feelings of sadness, loss, anger, et cetera, to fuel our efforts to carry on the struggle that he engaged in for most of his life, the struggle for a more just world. Thank you.

[APPLAUSE]

RAKA RAY: We'll now hear from two long-term and invaluable and beloved members of the sociology staff, who are very, very close to Michael-- Sue Newmark Morgan, Sue, as we used to know her, and Rebecca Chavez. Sue.

SUE NEWMARK MORGAN: Hello. As Raka mentioned, I had the pleasure of knowing Michael for over 35 years. 22 of those years were when I was a Department Manager in Sociology. When I first applied for the job, I was so nervous. I walked into the interview room and immediately knocked over the easel with photographs of the incoming graduate students. I wanted to run away there and then. But Michael was on the interview panel. And his warm smile, Northern English accent, and gentle words, "please don't worry about it," put me at ease.

I worked closely with him during his two terms as Department Chair. He was calm, extremely capable, and knew exactly how to handle sensitive situations. We shared a Northern English sense of humor, which made working with him a great joy. Michael was adored by his students, not just because he was an incredible teacher and researcher, but he treated everyone, including staff, like family.

At graduation, he would personally bring flowers for several staff members and publicly thanked them for their contributions. One year, by sheer coincidence, I ran into Michael at Selfridges Department Store in London while showing my friend Lucia, who's here today, the department store. And coincidentally, we ran into Michael. We were all surprised and delighted to see each other. And Michael even let Lucia and myself pick out the chocolates for the Department staff.

He had a playful side too. When I joked about wearing leather trousers to the holiday party, he turned up in the most truly dreadful red leather pants. We all laughed about it all night. When I turned 50, Michael took the whole department staff out to dinner. And that was him-- generous, thoughtful and always making people feel valued.

Over the years, we became close friends. Even after I retired, we stayed in touch, meeting for lunch or dinner. Our conversations were always warm, funny, and meaningful. As mentioned here many times, Michael was kind, loyal, generous, and full of humor. He was a wonderful friend. And I miss him deeply. [APPLAUSE]

REBECCA CHAVEZ: I worked with Michael these past 15 years as a staff member, coordinating curriculum. It's pretty obvious, the impact that he had on the academic world. But bringing him closer to home, the impact he had on making our workplace a civil and a sane one, is important too. It was clear to me that he cared deeply about people, no matter what roles we were in. He respected us as colleagues with a contribution to make.

I will be continually amazed at the memory he had. On one visit to my office, he saw a picture of my cat. He then went away on sabbatical for a year. Upon his return, I saw him in the hallway, and he asked me how Toby was. He actually remembered his name. I then shared with him a picture of two kittens that we added to the family. They look nothing alike. He said, oh, they're twins. Next day, he brought them a fishing pole and some little felt mice.

He asked about my daughter every single time. The week before he passed, I told him that she was taking her first sociology course. And he immediately replied to tell me that if she ever needed someone to explain anything to her as she moved along in the class, to give him a call.

I have a weird pastime of watching UK politics. Don't ask me why. Every time something kooky came up, I always asked Michael. And he was willing to explain what just happened. He always graciously and patiently explained things as he saw them. The last few times he was on campus, and something in the UK was ablaze, he made his way down to my office to explain things before I even asked him.

So I'm going to go off script here because I remembered a story last night also. Sorry, [INAUDIBLE]. But I was playing Pandora in my office while working one day. And this old group called the Texas Tornados have this song called Hey, Baby, Qué Paso. And if you don't know it, look it up. It will make your life a little bit brighter. But it's a good dancing song. It's a ranchera. And he started dancing. And he danced from the door to my desk. And he knew how to make a chaotic environment fun. And I will always be grateful for that.

All this to say that I knew how busy he was with his academic colleagues, his hundreds of undergraduates, his many grad advisees, but he always took the time with staff as well. I swear he pulled extra time out of his pocket. He never was in a rush. And he gave so generously of his time to us. I will always be grateful to Michael for being part of the reason why Berkeley Sociology is a great place but, more importantly, allowing us to make our contributions to something big and important as we assist our bloody brilliant students and academic colleagues. And Bob is your uncle.

[APPLAUSE]

RAKA RAY: And we now have two people on Zoom-- James Vernon and Naomi Schneider. James is already there. OK.

JAMES VERNON: I so wish I was there with you all to celebrate this remarkable man. My friendship with Michael began just a decade ago. I've been asked to try and convince him to chair the Berkeley Faculty Association, the closest thing to a union Professors have at Berkeley. At first, Michael played hard to get. The great scholar of the labor process insisted that despite having worked at Berkeley for 40 years, he didn't understand how the place worked.

The longer we talked, the more furiously he scribbled in that little notebook he always kept close to hand. And eventually, Michael convinced himself that he would begin field work on a study of the neoliberal university and to co-chair the Faculty Association with Celeste Langan. Sorry. Eventually, Michael convinced himself to begin field work on a study of the neoliberal university and to co-chair the Faculty Association with Celeste Langan.

Michael's activism at Berkeley quickly became legendary. Despite his disdain for the craft mentality of the tenured faculty, who he thought were mostly invested in protecting their own privilege, he quickly stirred them to a type of class struggle. He developed a searing critique of the ever expanding managerial class at Berkeley with their fancy offices, ridiculous job titles, absurdly inflated salaries, and slavish devotion to consultants and donors.

In 2016, he gave a truly devastating speech, describing the then chancellor, Nick Dirks, as a [INAUDIBLE] someone too invested in their own career and compensation to be trusted with the stewardship of our campus. Like a fish, our campus rots from the head down, he told the packed hall with Nick Dirks sitting right in front of him. A few months later, we had a new chancellor.

After that, Michael was asked to speak at almost every rally, picket line, or faculty meeting. His oratory, with that distinctive rhythm and tone that he had honed in the lecture hall, fearlessly spoke truth to power. He understood that his seniority and remarkable length of service at Berkeley allowed him to stand up for those less fortunate.

His dream was for a wall-to-wall union in which auxiliary workers, staff, graduate student instructors, and all faculty would unite against their common class enemy. But the struggle for Michael was never just to transform class relations within the University. It was to ensure that the University would face the public and be an engine of social transformation in the world. That's a vision that we owe to him to keep going. As Michael was an intensely private man, our intimacies consisted mostly of British male banter about football, and me teasing him about his deeply unfortunate, lifelong passion for Man United. Those conversations, though, were really about loyalty, the ties that bind, and those we'd left behind in the old world that we had both escaped.

While I could never imagine dying in California, Michael could. This place, the place you're in now, had become his home. I want to end by promising Michael that I'll never stop hating his football team. And I'll never stop loving him, a dear friend and comrade. Thank you.

[APPLAUSE]

NAOMI SCHNEIDER: After I moved out to California at the end of the last century to become the sociology editor at the University of California Press, I met Michael as I introduced myself to Berkeley Faculty. Yes, of course, I was aware of who Michael Burawoy was. His scholarship and reputation preceded him. But I wasn't familiar with more than the spare facts about his inspiring trajectory as a Marxist scholar of courage and imagination.

I didn't know that he and I would become close and caring friends as well as collaborators on many projects. To put it more plainly, I didn't know he would become one of my people. From the beginning, I did have an advantage in getting beyond the superficial to-and-froing with a possible new author.

You see, like Michael, I had a radical past, although mine differed significantly from his. I was revolutionized not in Africa, but in West Philadelphia, near Penn, where I was a student, not while studying mine workers, but on the street corners as I hawked the militant, the socialist workers party's weekly paper. Like Michael, I did get that job in basic industry, in my case, at the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, now called CSX. And I worked in three different freight yards for over two years.

Michael and I shared our experiences as laborers out in the world, he drinking vodka in the Arctic Circle while cultivating factory workers, me schmoozing in South Philadelphia with tough truck drivers, train crews, and fellow railroad workers. He and I were knotted together in some ineffable way. We were rebels. And as we know, he used it to craft one of the most extraordinary careers in postwar sociology. Jokester that he was, Michael would greet me over the years with a twinkle in his eyes with these words, "If it isn't the former Trotskyist, Naomi Schneider."

I published four books with Michael at UC Press, three of them were collaborations with students and scholars. And I don't think that's a coincidence because Michael's superpower was that of being a bridge, an ear, a mirror, a friend, a community member, nurturing and fostering all of us to think more strategically, to work more fiercely, and to challenge ourselves with more gumption.

I had the honor of publishing over 25 of Michael's students. That may be an undercount, actually. And you know who you all are. What I will say is that senior books in print caused Michael immense joy, not as ego gratification but rather because he believed in your work deeply and passionately.

What a ride it has been to share and laugh and struggle and, yes, occasionally to gossip with Michael.

Going forward into this hard world without him feels so unfair, now when we need him more than ever. So I will carry you with me, Michael, with sweetness, with a sense of responsibility, but most of all, with love.

[APPLAUSE]

LESLIE SALZINGER: Hello, everybody. I'm Leslie Salzinger. I just want to say how much I appreciate what everybody has said. Michael was such a private person. And it's so beautiful to see the prism of all the different ways that people have spoken about him. I had many different kinds of relationships with Michael. I was his student, always his student. But I was his colleague, his friend, his comrade in political work. And so it's been very hard to think about what to say. There are so many different pieces. I'm going to read a little bit of that here, though.

One of the most beautiful things about my return to Berkeley was the chance to work with Michael, to do activist work with him, to share students with him, and to be his friend in a different kind of way. There was something, though, about the fact that I had been his student that shaped the rest of it.

It wasn't that it restricted it. Michael had an amazing capacity to continue to mentor me-- but I think many of us-- throughout my entire life, while also being a peer and a friend and a colleague. He could do those things at the same time, which I think is a very beautiful and rare capacity. Whoops, there it goes.

When I was his student, he made the work feel so important, so exciting, so significant. And it became a kind of fuel for the work that I did. And that continued to be the case over all the years that followed.

There was something about the way he linked the micro things that we studied but also our own lives, the politics around us, and then saw that as fuel for what we were to study, that made the work that we were doing seem like the most important thing. And I continued to feel that way. And I think, in that way, I shared that experience with so many of us.

I was a terrible mentee, I realize, in retrospect. I was a total perfectionist. I wouldn't give him anything until I was sure it was totally finished. Of course then, he never agreed. But I had to be sure first. I got a really fancy job for my first job. And then it took me a year to finish my dissertation afterwards. And he had such a light touch with me. He didn't say, when are you going to finish the damn thing. But there was kind of a rising level of panic. But he'd be like, oh, it doesn't have to be perfect. You could just get it finished. He was so tactful in dealing with that.

And one of the most beautiful things that I experienced coming back to Berkeley was that we then started sharing students. And I got to see the other side of that relationship. He loved his students. He thought they were brilliant, frighteningly intelligent, he would say. And he meant it. But at the same time, I got to see the care and the tact with which he dealt with those people.

He would call me, and he'd be like, something's going on with that one. Do you know what's happening? Is there a personal issue? You might want to call them. Have you checked to see what's happening? Do you think you might take a walk with them? He was always conspiring with the rest of the committee to make sure that all of us together were the team that would get this person through.

And it was just an incredible privilege to get to see that from the other side, the same tact and sweetness that I had experienced coming from elsewhere, because he not only really valued the brilliance of his students, but he really loved them as people.

And oh, I guess I'm just going to add one other thing. The other thing that Michael and I did here, the other transformation in our relationship was that we spent many years doing political work on campus. With James and other people on campus, we became a sort of refusal of the encroaching neoliberalism of campus.

And again, this was a place where Michael's capacity to understand and to analyze this kind of encroaching neoliberal framing was put to use in the service of all of us to make the world a better place. And the feeling of being a co-conspirator with Michael, of sitting there and figuring out how you could make things better, and how you could use all that sociological analysis to do that, was just an incredible privilege.

So going from here, we're going to hear from a bunch of Michael's students. And before that, we're going to see a quick video of him teaching. And I think there you can see the incredible privilege and pride that he took in the work that he did with his own students. Thank you.

[APPLAUSE]

MICHAEL BURAWOY: 1,000 threads connecting capitalist class and the state, the state and the transition from capitalism to communism via socialism. And then we move from Lenin to Gramsci. And we saw how, for Lenin, the state was engaged in repression. Gramsci says, no, this is not true of advanced capitalism. We have to talk about something called hegemony, hegemony, hegemonia, hegemony.

And that is understood as a form of domination, first and foremost, as that combines force and consent, that we do not live in a world in which arbitrary power is, for the most part, applied to us on a day-to-day basis. Basically, force or coercion is applied when we break some commonly accepted laws or rules. And the application of coercion is itself the object of consent.

Anyway, all right. 15 minutes to explain the academic division of labor. OK. Let us start. Let us start. Let us start with public sociology. Public sociology. And I hope you can read this. And if you can't, as I tell to my students, just the very effort trying to read it will keep you awake. Public sociology, of course, there's organic and traditional forms. And the idea is that sociology here is in close connection with publics. It's accessible to publics and accountable to publics.

This has to be first and foremost contrasted with what? With pro-- professional sociology. Absolutely. Professional sociology. And is sociology talking, talking to whom? To sociologists. Very good.

Hi there. How are you feeling? How are you feeling? How are you feeling? You've been taking too much ST. You've been smoking too much ST. That's that psychoactive drug that grows only in the sociology department. It's called social theory. Its effects are euphoria, as you can see.

[APPLAUSE]

LESLIE SALZINGER: So now we're going to have the whole group of Michael's students. And the first person who's speaking is Ching Kwan Li.

CHING KWAN LI: 10 days before Michael suddenly left us, I got an email from him. He wanted to make sure that I was doing OK despite the LA fires. I teach at UCLA. We also talked about his recent, the latest, project comparing settler colonialism in Palestine and South Africa. He told me in that email, he relished, quote, "a return to empirical work." It is this early empirical brewery that I like us to remember today. Before he became a legend, before his deep theoretical engagement with Polanyi, Bourdieu, and Du Bois, and before his tireless promotion of public sociology, Burawoy was an extraordinary-- we all his favorite adjective-- empirical sociologist. I was among his earlier cohorts of students at a time when he famously got his hands dirty, working away in some inhospitable, hidden abode of production in the Soviet Union and Hungary.

As I found myself asking similar questions in my research, as Michael did, or in the context of the rise of China, the questions of labor, the questions of post-socialist transition and colonialism in Africa, I got to think more than most people. What made Michael's empirical work distinctive and globally influential? In other words, what is the essence of the Burawoy anomaly? I think that's his second favorite English word. Well, for one thing, the guy was exceptionally smart. He once asked me to send him a picture from my field work from the Zambian copper belt. I sent him a photo of some Chinese managers working underground in a copper mine one kilometer underground. You might think how cliché. But Michael was elated because he immediately grasped what was so unusual in that image.

He replied, wow, the Chinese worked underground. Indeed, in neighboring South African and Indian-owned mines that I also studied, expatriate managers never gone underground to work with

Africans. That one snapshot contains the kernel of a system, a different system of racial capitalism. And Michael got it right away, just by looking at that picture.

We, as his students, know there is a method to his intelligence, to Michael's intelligence, that he wanted to impart to us. Going from a snapshot to a system is what he called linking the micro and the macro. But he also wanted us to connect structure and subjectivities. Never let capitalism, state socialism, or colonialism stay in abstract and automatic structure of domination, hovering above humans as if they have no escape.

He wanted us to do ethnography because this is the method that can produce knowledge that explains how structure and subjects are produced, reproduced, and transformed, always in relation to each other. But Michael demanded and offered more kinds of connection too, connection between the theoretical and the empirical, the historical process and the ethnographic present, the global and the local, academic sociology and public sociology.

In short, if I were to sum up what makes his work uniquely animating, it is the dialogue of opposites. And you see the dialogue of opposites, the unity of opposites, in the man himself. As a mentor, he was most critical and demanding but also most forgiving and caring. His writing is a combination of opposites, simultaneously analytical, passionate, precise, but evocative. His public talks combines seriousness and charm.

I've seen him numerous times in Europe, in China, in Africa. His interactions with anybody-- colleagues, students, sometimes migrant workers, and protesters-- always beamed with intellectual rigor, but also kindness and humility. My fine art teacher always says that artists create beauty by combining opposites, bringing them into dialogue-- light and dark tones, warm and cold colors, soft and hard edges. Their tension, contention, and resolution is what makes the magic we call art.

Burawoy, the man and his sociology, did exactly that, a dialogue and transcendence of opposites. This makes his work not just powerful but beautiful, not just sociology that explains but also an art form that moves and inspires. Now that he's gone, how can we face the scary, depressing, polycrisis world?

Not long after Michael's buddy, Erik Olin Wright, passed away, I asked him how he was holding up.

Maybe his response then will help us now. He told me, "the pain is always there, but it comes and goes." I think what Michael would want us to do is what he did. That is, between those comings and goings of grief that will always haunt us, we keep carrying on the best we can. Thank you, Michael. And thank you. [APPLAUSE]

STEVEN LOPEZ: Steven Lopez. I'm coming to you from Columbus, Ohio, where I teach and work at the Ohio State University. Sorry I can't be there today in person. But I just want to echo Leslie in saying, how grateful I've been today to hear from all of you who knew Michael differently than the way I knew him in different ways, family members, friends, colleagues, and co-conspirators. That's been an enormously wonderful experience today. Thank you.

I want to mention the lovely program for today's event, those remarkable two photos of Michael. The one, I never met. He didn't have that hair. In 1991, that was gone. And so I've never seen a picture of Michael like that. So I'll say something about that in a second. But the other thing I want to comment on is the more recent picture, that twinkle in his eye. I think someone else has already used that phrase, Naomi, the twinkle in his eye.

Michael was a funny, funny man. He had a great sense of humor. We often tease each other back in Berkeley days. I remember, one day, he saw me walking down the hall. And he came into the room I had gone into to say, "Steven Lopez! You walk like a duck." And I said, well, that may be. But I can see my reflection in the top of your bald head. I thought that was hilarious. So he loved to tease people. But he had no problem being teased.

Michael's brilliance, it's been mentioned again and again. But from a student's point of view, the astonishing nature of his insights that he arrived at through his method of placing theorists and their ideas into dialogue with one another. Who else but Michael would even think of comparing Trotsky's historical materialist explanation of the Russian Revolution with Theda Skocpol's contemporary comparative historical approach, to show that Trotsky's method led him to his greatest insights, while Skocpol's greatest insights came only when she abandoned hers? As an intellectual, Michael was so creative, so fearless, always so interesting.

And finally, I want to just say a word or two about Michael's generosity, which people have mentioned, but as a student of Michael's, looking back, the impositions that he allowed his students to make on his time. I don't know it was like this in later years. But back then, his students could just call him on the phone any time of day. And he'd just pick up the phone and answer, like he was just waiting for you to call and talk to him about your work. And he made you feel like he had nothing else to do but talk about your work. How did I deserve that? I didn't deserve it. But he was there for me at all hours, like a rock of confidence and inspiration. And just to put a little more detail on that, when I was a poverty-stricken graduate student living in Pittsburgh, trying to finish my dissertation, trying to write a job talk, he flew me out to Berkeley. This is before Zoom all this. There were no Skype. Flew me to Berkeley so I could sit in his living room and give him the practice talk.

And then he inspired me with the confidence that there was a big idea there, that this was something worth going to Arizona and giving as a job talk. And as it turned out, when the talk was good enough for Arizona but not good enough for [? Kathryn ?] Schwarzman, who ripped me a new one afterwards, he picked up the phone at 8:00 or 9:00 PM at night and stayed on the phone with me till midnight, as I outlined the vision for a completely different job talk, stung by Schwarzman's criticism.

And he inspired me to go write it, and write it in two or three days, and give the completely new one at my next job interview. I don't know who does that. I try to be inspired by Michael when I advise my own students. And some of Michael's mentoring lives on through me and through all of his students. But no one can do what he did. Thank you, Michael I love you, Michael. I can't believe you're gone.

[APPLAUSE]

LESLIE SALZINGER: Next, we have Rachel Sherman.

RACHEL SHERMAN: Whoa. Hi, I'm Rachel Sherman. I was Michael's student, a graduate student, from 1994 to 2003. Before I start, I actually think Michael would want me to take a moment to acknowledge the passing of my cohort mate, Bill Hayes. Some people who knew him might not that he passed away very unexpectedly last week. So yeah, that's something where we can hold for a second.

Moving on. One piece of advice that Michael gave me, which I still think about, and I offer my own students, is that when you're giving a talk, it's best to only have one point that you want people to understand and remember and take away because audiences can't really pay attention and remember stuff. Unfortunately, I'm not going to be able to do that in my three minutes.

So I just want to say, some of you who know me may think this is odd, but I am a meditator. I have a meditation practice. And it might be odd because I'm also very sarcastic and grumpy and dark, as a rule. But there's this thing that they ask you to do often in meditation, in loving kindness practice, where you are supposed to start by offering loving kindness to someone that is sometimes called a benefactor, which is someone that's really easy to offer loving kindness to, which, that sounds like it might be easy. But it's totally not easy to do it for most people, and not just for me, because I'm evil and dark. But in general, I think it's hard. So the teacher will often be like, think of the Dalai Lama or your cat or a baby. It's that level. But I always think of Michael. And it's not because my relationship with Michael was super easy. Despite all the nice things that people are saying about him, I think many of us had complicated relationships with him too. But it is because I still was always able, and still am, to just immediately summon goodwill toward him. It just comes out.

And I think that a big part of the reason for that is that was what I felt from him. And that's what everyone is describing. I mean, it's so astounding and overwhelming. And of course, it is also annoying to me that everybody else had a special relationship with Michael too, and that everyone's mentioning that. But it's nice we're all annoyed about it. And it really is. I mean, as others are saying, I feel so grateful to be here today and to be in this community and to be learning from these contributions.

So the other thing that I want to say that's a little different and would have been my original point if I didn't want to say all that other stuff also, is that one of the things that I take away from Michael, and perhaps I don't if there's a most important, but that he modeled sociology as a political project, which is something that many other people have spoken, have alluded to. And I think it's his teaching and research are clearly devoted to critique and encouraging critical thinking and imagining alternatives.

But the thing I was talking to Michelle Williams-- thank you, Michelle, for talking with me about this-- about what was specific about our generation of graduate students with Michael. And we were in grad school at a time when he had ceased to be the rebel outlaw, Marxist bad boy of sociology, and he was turning into the worldwide king of sociology. It was the beginning of that.

So it's not just his research and his teaching, but also what is conventionally called service to the discipline that is so deeply political. And that's the thing that I want to emphasize because I think a lot of it started when I was around and also because I just think it's so important.

And he became department chair, as Sue pointed out, in the mid-1990s. Then soon after that, he was involved in ASA, became president of ASA, then ultimately, of course, President of ISA. And I don't think it's a coincidence that this is the period in which the Berlin Wall fell and in which the neoliberal institutional order was ascendant, and the idea that there were any alternatives to capitalism institutionally was really receding.

And so I think Michael turned his attention to the institutional politics of sociology, first nationally and then globally. And I remember going to the early department, like colloquia and panels that Michael organized on public sociology, and then ultimately to his ASA presidential address, where I'm sure many of you were there and remember the guy with the giant camera in the middle, who's making the screens work, had to be like going like this because Michael was running all over the stage and writing on a whiteboard. And poor camera operator didn't know what to do.

And maybe public sociology hasn't taken institutional hold in exactly the way that Michael would have wanted. But it has really made a difference in the kinds of conversations that we have been able to have in sociology, and I think, the kinds of careers that some of us have been able to pursue.

And then, of course he, as ASA president and then especially as ISA president, he brought global sociology, especially from the global South, into American sociology, which is quite provincial and parochial in many ways. And ultimately, at Berkeley, as James and Leslie talked about, he really got involved in opposing the politics of the neoliberal university.

So I'll just close by saying that as we move further into this period in which both educational institutions and social critique are threatened deeply by authoritarian ideology and practice, this is one of the many aspects of his model, what he modeled for us that we should aspire to emulate. Thank you.

[APPLAUSE]

LALEH BEHBEHANIAN: So I am going to keep this very, very brief. I'm Laleh Behbehanian. And I, too, am blessed to be one of Michael's students. And I'm going to try and convey, really in just a few words, the enormity of that blessing because for us to just say that he was our teacher and mentor could never, ever capture all that he did for us. He supported us in so many ways, not only academically, professionally, but personally, materially, financially, emotionally. Michael took care of us. Michael protected us.

And Michael believed in us and our potential even when we could not see it for ourselves. Michael used his power in academia to kick down doors for us. And a lot of what he taught us was through modeling it for us. He modeled for us what it looks like to hold power and wield it justly and with care and humility. He modeled for us what it looks like to be a radical scholar, who actually practices and lives by his politics. Michael enabled us to believe that was actually a possibility.

And as others have mentioned, it's so fitting that he devoted the last year and a half of his life to fighting, for sociologists to stand in solidarity with Palestine. For so many of us, Michael changed the course of our lives. We would not be where we are or who we are if not for Michael. He devoted his life to us. And there is really no greater blessing than being one of Michael's students. And anyone who's ever stepped foot in one of his classrooms knows just how magical that experience was.

For almost half a century, he taught thousands of students, leaving a profound and lingering impact on each and every one of them. And for some of us, the greatest gift he gave us was that he taught us to teach so that we could try and pass on what he had blessed us with. And when I think about all of us caring what he taught us into classrooms all over the world, teaching thousands and thousands of students, I'm blown away by the enormity of Michael's legacy and how it will reverberate for so many years to come.

But not only was Michael my teacher and colleague, he was also my friend. And aside from everything else, he was just such a good, kind, beautiful man. And there have been so many things said about how extraordinary Michael was. He was a brilliant scholar. He was a devoted teacher. He was a kind and compassionate man.

But there is one word that most characterizes and distinguishes him, and that is "loved." I know no one who is so widely and deeply loved as Michael. Michael, I know you're here with us. I feel you here with us. Thank you for everything. We love you so much.

[APPLAUSE]

ZACH LEVENSON: My name is Zach Levenson. I was also one of Michael's students. And there's a lot I want to remember about Michael. But given that I have just a few minutes here, I want to focus today on

his humility. And I'll have to say that for someone of Michael's professional stature and, really, his charisma, I would have expected a bit more in the way of self-importance or, not to say, arrogance. But Michael never displayed a shred of condescension. If anything, I might even describe him as humble. And so what I want to talk about today is really to focus on his humility and his humility in his approach to sociology, but also really as his orientation to the world. First, I want to talk about Michael's humility and his mentorship. He never really sought to produce proteges. Many of us may have become his proteges. But that was never his intention.

He would often blush if I'd cite him excessively, sometimes even urging me not to cite his work. And as we know well, his dissertation group was collective. He never wanted to be the sole voice offering feedback, but instead facilitate these brilliant seminars in his living room, where feedback became a collective process.

Of course, it was never spontaneous. Michael always led from the periphery of the room, often sitting on this one couch in the corner or else sprawled on the floor, awkwardly next to this whiteboard. He'd call out to riff on Gramsci. I might say that Michael never led with a heavy hand but actually facilitated our self-organization.

So second, in addition to his mentorship, there is, of course, his teaching. I still get goosebumps when I watch his lectures, videos of his lectures. So not only the way he captivated the room, which of course, he did, but equally the way that he would learn hundreds of students' names each semester and remember everything about them, including some of their parents' names.

And he took undergrads seriously as intellectuals, lecturing Socratically, incorporating their own readings into his presentations. In Michael's presence, you never felt like some kind of passive receptacle for knowledge. Here was this captivating man, frenetically diagramming Lenin, chalk smeared all over his black corduroys, relating to students as if he actually cared what they made of the material. And I should say, not as if he cared. He actually did care what they made of the material.

And finally, Michael was humble as a scholar. I always loved the fact that he'd present his work far before he was ready to do so. He actively hoped to solicit some kind of brutal critique, which he would then use to reframe his approach altogether. He never read critique as a personal slight. That's what I really loved about him and really learned from him. He read it as constitutive of their project of sociology itself, something to be incorporated, something to be surpassed.

Without critique, there was no sociology for Michael. In the face of criticism. I never once saw Michael flustered, let alone defensive. And I have to say, I was so defensive, thinking back, in his dissertation group, always anticipating the next critical blow. But Michael didn't read these blows as snubs. He understood them as critical engagement, as critiques to be incorporated, making his project even stronger along the way.

For him, critique was never a threat. It was the work of sociology. That's what made him so generous as a mentor and so fearless as a scholar. He listened. He really listened. And most importantly, he taught us how to listen, how to do the same. That's the Michael I'll keep with me, the Michael I'll try to emulate in my own approach to sociology. I'll miss you, Michael, my mentor, my critic, and my friend.

[APPLAUSE]

SARAH PAYNE: I'm Sarah Payne. I'm a member of Michael's last cohort of dissertation students. As any of you who were lucky enough to be edited by him will know, Michael loved a good outline. So here's

mine. I'm going to offer two brief stories and some reflection, more about Michael as a teacher and mentor than as the brilliant scholar that he also was.

Story one is on the theme of care. In March 2020, in the fear and uncertainty of early pandemic lockdown, Michael emailed our dissertation group. Here's how the email opened. "Subject, I'm here for you. Period. Text. Dear all, you are my wards. Period. And I just wanted to say that if there is ANYTHING, all caps, I can do to help you out in your individual or collective circumstances, I hope you will not hesitate to get in touch."

He meant, of course, that he cared for us, which he did in an uncommon way. But now, with his passing, the phrase, "you are my wards," takes on new meaning to me, linked to the older use of "ward," which itself once meant protector, guard, or keeper. So to say, you are my wards, to all of us gathered today could also mean, you, all of you, my students, my friends, my family, my colleagues, you are my protectors, my guardians, my keepers.

Story two is about being keepers. I first, like many of us, of his students, got to Michael as a teaching assistant in social theory. I remember watching him lecture on Gramsci with such intensity that he leapt onto the massive workbench that served as a lectern, poking his finger in the air to make a point about organic intellectuals.

I thought at the time that Michael was not only teaching, but keeping the flame of our possible futures bright, passing the fire of critical theorizing to 200 undergraduates and to us, his GSIs, his teaching assistants, who were future flamekeepers of social theories, liberatory possibilities. And of course now, I think about how he has made all of us here today flamekeepers too, because now we're keepers of his legacy, giant as that task may feel.

At this point in the storytelling, I think Michael would say, "Bloody hell. Don't be so gloomy," Because for Michael, utopian and scientific, the future was to be struggled for and won together. But it was also, in its potentials, freedom, and opportunities for care, very beautiful. I think he would want us to remember him, particularly in this moment of great risk and real possibility, through our solidarities, our love, our flamekeeping, and with the same joy and verve with which he lived.

[APPLAUSE]

TYLER: My name is Tyler. I was one of Michael's wards with Sarah. When asked to describe Michael by those who did not know him, I've failed horribly. You all knew him. So rather than describe Michael, I think it makes more sense to explain Michael, even to theorize him. As a theorist himself, Michael worked on the ideas of others.

He got so far because he never tried to go it alone. His theorizing was always a conversation, one with as much listening as talking. These were conversations with Marx and Gramsci and Polanyi, but also with his friends and graduate students and his undergraduate students. And it's incredible, the powers he derived from a lifetime of conversation.

After his dear Erik passed away, Michael would sometimes tilt his head back and ask, what would Erik say? And then, magically, he'd give voice to Erik, someone I never met but who became a living presence through Michael. So to theorize Michael, I'm going to talk to Erik.

Michael cultivated our social science, and for many of us, our scientific Marxism. The product of this cultivation is a monument to sociology, 80 dissertations high. But this achievement of science was not

accomplished through science. Instead, it took a radical act. To be in Michael's care was to be in a real utopia.

As Berkeley became neoliberal Berkeley, Michael fought back by building his own university, a real utopia that extended from his classroom to his office, in his home, but also to dinners out in Oakland and road trips to Death Valley. This real utopia went everywhere his students went because it was Michael's practice to build a shelter for our lives, to furnish us with the bricks and tiles we needed to weather illness and heartbreak and parenthood.

Michael was a 24-hour sociologist so that we could be, should we choose, 9:00 to 5:00 sociologists.

Within Michael's real utopia within his university, we could run Lake Merritt in the morning, write field notes in the afternoon, rear children in the evening, and if we were on the 10th floor of 320 Lee, criticize a manuscript after dinner, accompanied by a nice bottle of wine. This was an intellectual mode of production that Michael made possible in spite of neoliberal Berkeley.

His singular devotion allowed us to be multiple. And it fostered beautiful science. But spin those 80 dissertations in the light, and you'd see they were not scientific at the elemental level. Rather, they were composed of Michael's care, love, and deep listening. But it is not a theory if it is not a theory of change, Michael would say. And so, following Erik, I see Michael's students finding the cracks and crevices in our depleted universities to seed their own real utopias.

The world is falling into darkness. But we are eroding the neoliberal university from within and building something better. It is a long road from a better university to a better world. But it is Michael's legacy to us set us off in the right direction.

[APPLAUSE]

[VIDEO PLAYBACK]

[BRITNEY SPEARS, "OOPS, I DID IT AGAIN"]

I'm not that innocent

Oops, I did it again.

I played with your heart

Got lost in the game

Oh, baby, baby

You think I'm in love

MICHAEL BURAWOY: Because it is the tradition of this university to engage in protest for social justice.

CROWD: [CHEERING] Yeah

MICHAEL BURAWOY: 55 years ago, almost to the day, plus or minus two months, Mario Savio stood on these steps in front of a crowd like you and made his famous speech. Since we're in the era of People's Mic, remember People's Mic, we will do a People's Mic. Mic check!

CROWD: Mic check!

- We're going to read out two sentences from Mario's speech together.

[CHEERING]

"There's a time when the operation of the machine--"

CROWD: "There's a time when the operation of the machine--"

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "--becomes so odious--"

CROWD: "--becomes so odious--"

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "--makes you so sick at heart--"

CROWD: "--makes you so sick at heart--"

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "--that you can't take part."

CROWD: "--that you can't take part."

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "You can't even possibly take part."

CROWD: "You can't even possibly take part."

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "And you've got to put your bodies--"

CROWD: "And you've got to put your bodies--"

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "--upon the gears--"

CROWD: "--upon the gears--"

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "--and upon the wheels--"

CROWD: "--and upon the wheels--"

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "--upon the levers--"

CROWD: "--upon the levers--"

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "--upon all the apparatus."

CROWD: "--upon all the apparatus."

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "You've got to make it stop."

CROWD: "You got to make it stop."

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "And you've got to indicate to the people who run it--"

CROWD: "And you've got to indicate to the people who run it--"

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "--to the people who own it--"

CROWD: "--to the people who own it--"

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "--that unless--"

CROWD: "--that unless--"

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "--you have a living wage--"

CROWD: "--you have a living wage--"

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "--the machine--"

CROWD: "--the machine--"

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "--will be prevented--"

CROWD: "--will be prevented--"

MICHAEL BURAWOY: "--from working at all."

CROWD: "--from working at all."

MICHAEL BURAWOY: Civil protest is part of your education. Thank you.

For those who are wondering, sociology examines people who suffer in different places and at different times, but not only how people suffer, but why they suffer, the collective forces that conspire to determine that suffering. But we not only study how and why, but the responses to suffering, individual and collective. And we study how suffering can be reduced, how it can be overcome.

And we imagine worlds without suffering. And I know you are now suffering because of my long speech. But as you also know, I think a little bit of suffering goes a long way. So let me end. So let me end by

saying this. The world desperately needs sociology, as we've heard today. It desperately needs you. Mic check!

AUDIENCE: Mic check!

MICHAEL BURAWOY: We are ready to go forward--

AUDIENCE: We are ready to go forward--

MICHAEL BURAWOY: --to bring sociology--

AUDIENCE: --to bring sociology--

MICHAEL BURAWOY: --to the world that needs it.

[END PLAYBACK]

[APPLAUSE]

RAKA RAY: How lucky, how blessed we have been to have had Michael in our lives for as long as we did. Sorry. This brings us to the end of the formal remembrances. I'd like to invite Paula, Paula, Carmen, Andrew, and Aya to come up and present a book of remembrances to Michael's family. Nori, Anna. Why don't you guys come up too? All of you. Come on.

- Thank you very much.

- Thank you.

- Thank you, sir.

- I'm so sorry.

RAKA RAY: This is a book the students have put together. It has photographs, little bits of writing that I think the family would very much like to have. To those who spoke today, thank you for so beautifully helping to keep Michael alive in all of us. I'd like to think that we all leave here, so that alchemically transformed by the spirit of Michael, his unstinting generosity, his integrity of spirit and intellect, and above all, his unshakable optimism of the will.

I invite you now to join us in a reception where we can talk more about Michael and have some food and drink. And there'll be an opportunity for others to speak as well. But thank you all for being here. Thank you for those who are online. Thank you to all of those who have come from afar. Thank you.

[APPLAUSE]

[PIANO MUSIC]

