

Rally At Noon In Front Of The Administration Building

OBSERVATION POST

A Free Press - A Radical Student Body

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Sick And Unhappy

The College community was sick and unhappy yesterday because of Wednesday morning's police raid by 600 uniformed policemen. President Buell Gordon Gallagher and Dean of Students G. Nicholas Paster defended the police actions, as 171 war-protesters sat in jails across the city waiting for bail money to be raised at the College.

Anger greeted the rain-pounded campus yesterday morning, as students scrambled through the school collecting money and organizing for a rally at club-break. The radicals weren't there to help because they were in jail, and SDS, the Commune and every other organization "concerned with the vigil" were suspended by Dean Paster.

But yesterday they didn't need the radicals. The Administration provided the radicalism.

Over 250 angry faces were lined up outside Finley Grand Ballroom. They wanted to get in for the rally, but the doors were locked. So they got angrier.

About 350 angry faces appeared at the same time outside of Lewisohn Lounge. They got in, but there wasn't enough room to hold them.

Now the 600 crowded the door to Bittenweiser Lounge, which was also closed. Somber Administration officials told them that the lounge was closed, and warned them that any entry would be an illegal entry.

New Radicals

The students moved in, without hesitation. "Bill stood up against the army and opposed what they were doing. We must keep this in mind, always."

"I suggest we call Gallagher before the disciplinary committee, on charges of conduct unbecoming of an administrator and a human being."

"Gallagher thinks that only people in the ballroom were involved in the Movement. Even if they were then — they're not now. Let's get him down here to show him the 600 people and shove it in his face."

"Shove the motherfucker up against the wall!" They were students who usually sit in the snack bar or house plan lounge or the SG office. They were students who usually criticize the Josh Chalkins and even the Syd Browns, but now they were the radicals.

They kept growing in numbers until finally the rally moved into Aranow Auditorium. The hall was packed for the first time since Ravi Shankar

taught here, and shouting students called for action.

They called the President and Dean Paster to come to the rally. The President didn't show. The dean came, but when told that the rally was in Aranow, he refused to speak because a music class was in session there.

But SG President Paul Bermanzohn pleaded with Paster. "You're screwing us up — with all the power I have, I beg you to speak now . . . or else everything will be screwed up forever."

Paster tensed and answered, "I cannot and I will not take over another man's classroom!"

Professor Fritz Jahoda, who was running the class, cancelled his class and Paster agreed to speak.

Another Human Being

"I'm not going to give you a long, haranguing speech," Paster said. "Some of you know my own views are similar to yours."

"There were many considerations involved, other principles besides the cause itself, and I can't separate them as easily as some of you can."

"One of the main issues here is the rights of another human being. Because this is an institution of education, it is logical to assume that there would be greater respect for rights in this direction."

"You and I knew we had an understanding that something or other had to be done, that a confrontation had to come sooner or later. Why at 1:30 AM? — Why should we involve more people than is absolutely necessary in a possibly hurtful situation?"

"That's all I have to say at this point."

But he said more.

"I just want to add that I think I'd be a coward to say I don't take the responsibility for what happened — me and not Gallagher. And if I had to do it over again — I would."

The Reporters

Someone asked about the student press who were arrested. "The police asked if I was willing to approve the removal of everyone, and I replied that I was. When these two reporters were arrested, they were not acting in that capacity."

Syd Brown interrupted and said the arrested reporters were on their way up to the office to get a coat.

"It's hard to give a defense," Paster answered. "It's just that when a mass action of this sort takes place, these things happen."

The crowd grew restless at the futility of its rally and some students left to sit in on President



—Photos by H. E. Weberman

Gallagher's press conference. They were not allowed in.

God & Man at CCNY

At the press conference, the President said he saw no reason to consult anyone before asking police to come on campus. "It did not become clear to me that we needed consultation at any time," he said. "I assume full responsibility for the decision."

Dr. Gallagher added that it was "unnecessary, unfeasible and very cumbersome" to consult "committees."

Asked if faculty or students should ever be consulted before calling police on campus, the President said "No."

Asked if he should always have the final authority to call police, the President said "Yes."

Professor Julius Elias (Chmn., Philosophy) of the General Faculty complained that the President's statement "runs directly counter to the understanding so painfully arrived at last year, i.e., that students and faculty have a legitimate role in determining the course of events in our college."

Prof. Elias was referring to a meeting Novem-

ber 6, 1967, in which the instructional staff overwhelmingly voted to demand that Dr. Gallagher refrain in the future from bringing police on campus before consulting the faculty.

President Gallagher said that there was "no agreement on my part to accept the unfeasible, and very cumbersome effort of consulting committees last year or at any time I can remember."

"My first reaction to President Gallagher's remarks is unprintable . . . outrageous. This is a gross misconception of what can only be a cooperative enterprise . . . it makes me sick," said Prof. Elias.

Pigs on Campus

Faculty reaction to the Administration action was sharp. Teachers ran around caucusing informally all yesterday, outraged at the presence of police.

"Even some who might have agreed to call the cops are angry," said one professor. "Last year they told the administration that no cops were to be called without the faculty's okay, and here it's done without even any informal discussion."

"They didn't ask us, and they can't expect us Over

No Blood Tonight

They called all night. The bust is for tonight, tonight. It came again and again, the news of cop build-ups, strange faces on campus, too old and too hard — the plainclothesmen did not fool anyone; the rising paranoia, the waiting; tonight they said, again and again. "My God, they're here," a chick shouted, I AM Thursday, 171 demonstrators, 600 cops, America.

Dean James S. Peace, campus liaison for the cops, gave the warning. Split or be busted. He gave the kids five minutes to make their choice. Those who tried to leave, after taking a few seconds to think, were picked up outside the Grand Ballroom anyway, and arrested with everyone else. No violence; the kids were too cool. The TPF looked bored — no blood for them tonight. Dean Peace was accosted in the hallway (as the cops went into the Ballroom) by two members of the Observation Post Managing Board, Editor-in-Chief and Features Editor, both familiar to the Dean.

Dean Peace attempted to forcibly push them into the Ballroom. The editors asserted that they were present to cover the story, their press cards prominently displayed.



The two editors extricated themselves from Dean Peace's grasp and made their way towards Room 152. But they were stopped by 40 helmeted cops, as they tried to ascend to their third floor office for their coats. Dean Peace had followed them, and Peace and I. E. Levine, Public Relations Director for the College, turned to a TPF captain and stated simply that the two editors were students and ought to be arrested.

A third OP editor was specifically pointed out by Peace to the cops for arrest. The editor luckily escaped. Up against the wall, motherfuckers.

The two arrested editors were always kept in handcuffs, except for the time they spent in their cells. The vast majority of arrested students had free use of their hands, but the two editors, though only charged with a misdemeanor, were subjected to the grotesque indignity of handcuffs. They were dangerous, hardened criminals it seems. Up against the wall motherfuckers.

In jail, at the 24th Precinct, 100th St. and Amsterdam Ave., the demonstrators were packed three to a one-man cell. Trying to sleep meant fighting the cold and claustrophobia on the floors of the dirty cells. Other kids taken to other precincts reported that a police lieutenant went by their cells every twenty minutes shouting, "Wake up, wake up, you ain't going to sleep here." Up Over

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Up Against the Wall . . .

Once again the Administration has thought with their asses instead of their heads.

The Administration's biggest crime against students this past turbulent week was a sin of omission. Statements from Dr. Gallagher and Dean Paster to students and faculty Wednesday and Thursday, at the president's press conference and during Paster's talks with students in Aronow Auditorium confirmed the omission: simply, that all of the Administration's actions arose from their position of refusing to consider anything arising out of the Sanctuary as a question of morality. The pigs were called to deal with criminal trespass. During the Monday-Wednesday paranoia period, the major Administration argument was vandalism.

At no time in the preceding week did the Administration sit down with the students and talk to them about the impending arrests. Then when the arrests did come, Dean J. S. Peace showed his previous CIA training by giving absurdly short warning to the students who wanted to leave. He went so far as to push students into the ballroom and into the arms of the waiting police. It was disgusting to see a member of the Department of Student Personnel Services, a department which ostensibly helps students, running around the building fingering students.

Buell repeatedly denied that any moral question was at stake in the Sanctuary. In short, his Administration has closed its eyes to what's developing in people minds. He totally ignores the fact that students have evolved a new morality — a morality based on individual trust. This new morality forces students who feel that the war is unjust, that the military establishment is unjust, and that Dow recruiting, and other Administration action are unjust to act — often in a manner that is extralegal by Administration standards but nevertheless unquestionably moral.

The movement is still making some mistakes: like not reaching out to enough of the undecided student body to create some kind of solid supportive base for its actions. This is something the College has never had and should.

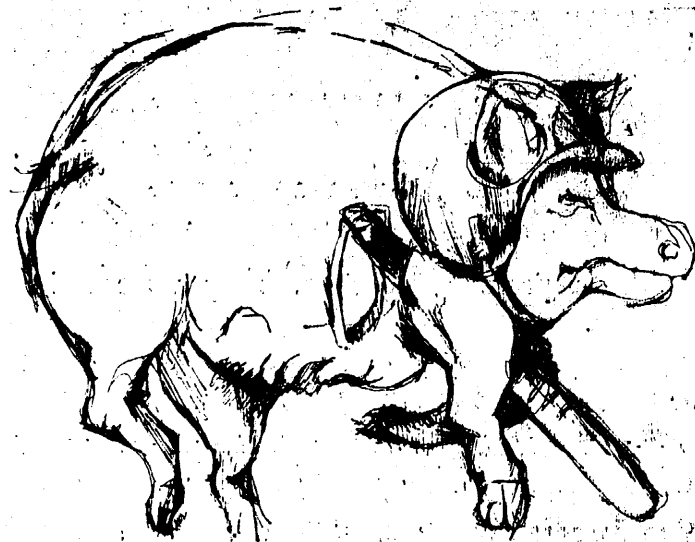
But, the stand we have taken was, and is, eminently just: bringing personal morality to the forefront of the educational system and raising the continuing issue of student-faculty control of the university — manifested on its simplest level by, for seven days, student control of Finley Center. It felt really good to have that center for seven days.

At first it was an exhilarating thing: on Thursday, when the demonstrators first entered the Grand Ballroom there was

little awareness of the seriousness of the stand they were taking or their non-existent togetherness. There was no political organizing going on. It was a carnival.

But by Monday the tone had changed. For the first time anyone could remember, people were talking to each other. There was an attempt to find out what was in people's heads and a community grew; from this common bond evolved action aimed at the roots of power.

This person-to-person contact must continue, be it on the student government level, the student majors' caucus level, or in the classrooms; and this contact must not preclude militant action.



—Drawing by Anne Louise Schwartz

It is time for the administration to realize that there are other people on this campus besides themselves. Students are asking for a just portion of the power — the power that will secure their right to decide their fate for themselves; the power to make educational and institutional change.

Ignoring them or dealing with them in a high-handed manner is not the answer.

The Sanctuary community will continue to act: perhaps more sanctuaries, perhaps retaking Finley, growing every way it can, and always communicating with other students.

This Administration will die, because we will put pressure on this Administration, and it is dying, just as this society is dying. We are all outside agitators, Dr. Gallagher, putting on as much pressure as we can. And you'll be leaving us soon, Buell.

Up against the wall, mind-fuckers; you know who you are.

...Motherfucker

The fraud is complete.

Richard Milhouse Nixon will be our next president.

He is a law-and-order man.

He is a hawk.

He is an old red-baiter

He chose Agnew.

And his syrupy wholesale family will adorn our front pages and magazines covers for the next four years.

It will be hard to dominate our political dislikes as Lyndon Johnson did for so long. He has a tough act to follow.

But we think he'll make it.



(Continued from Lead Story)

to support them now. Damn-right we're angry." There were rumors that next week's meeting of the faculty council of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, whence originates much faculty activism, might be presented with a no-confidence motion.

Silly to Remain

But the President felt he had to do it. He waited, he said yesterday, in hopes that "this group (the vigil community) would act as intelligently as the group at MIT, which decided that it was silly to remain in sanctuary and went back to class."

When the group said it was not leaving, President Gallagher told Dean Paster to call the police. "And I'm not going to be a father to the arrested students," the President said. "I am not going down to court to save the students."

But he said that the College would take no disciplinary actions "other than that of the courts."

"We believe that this was a concern of the Federal government and not of this College," the President added.

The President said that there was no issue of morality or general opinion involved.

The Vandals

Vandalism was a major excuse for busting the sanctuary. Among the damage were cut

(Continued from Bottom Obverse)

against the wall motherfuckers.

"OK," the cop said, "you can take the cuffs off them."

So the arresting officers of the TPF took the handcuffs off, and kept them for later. The cop behind the desk with the keys to the cells was busy writing up the new entries into a large book.

"Where are you going from here," an old cop asked the arrested students.

"To jail, man."

"That's right," the cop laughed.

"Yeah."

All night long, there were wild rumors floating around the cell blocks in the 24th Precinct because no one, it seemed, knew what happened to Bill Brakefield in the bust.

Someone said that he was whisked away by the Federal Marshals; another kid said he escaped.

Sometime after the sun came up, the TPF gathered their catch together, and led them to the vans for a trip down to 100 Centre Street.

In the van, there were inscriptions written by people from previous busts. "Power to the People." "Make Love, Make Dope, Kill Pigs." "Somewhere there is an old cop who is crying because he spent his whole life with a gun."

When the 171 people were moved down to the Tombs, the discussion was brought up again. But no one really had any idea about what had happened to him.

During a song that the entire row of cell blocks was singing, Bill Brakefield was ushered into a cell where 30 kids, sleeping on the floor, pacing in the confined and crowded cell suddenly cheered him and gathered around him to shake his hand.

Brakefield was also facing charges of criminal trespass, section 140.10 of the Criminal Code, misdemeanor B, which carries a sentence of from 15 days to a year in jail.

Bill sat down and quietly talked with the group who had sat with him in the sanctuary for almost 7 days.

Later, a military police officer with red stripes on his sleeves took Bill away to the Court.

In the cells, which were a little wider than a Volkswagen, one person lay on the metal bench and two lay on the cold dirty floor with their feet plugged into the toilet.

Almost no one wanted to sleep, so behind the bars, the kids communicated with each other.

"O beautiful, for spacious skies, for amber waves of . . ."

"Shut up! That's a terrible song."

"And crown thy good with slavery . . ."

People were banging on the walls, yelling things — anything — and singing. The sound echoed around the halls. Kids were letting out loud "Oinks" and moaned and groaned and shouted "Pigs!" at the darkness.

phone-wires, offices broken into, and furniture destroyed.

Off the record, Administration officials will say that without the vandalism, the occupation of the Grand Ballroom could have been reluctantly tolerated, but that lest the destruction continue, the center had to be cleared.

But not all the damage was the fault of the commune or SDS, whom the Administration is holding financially responsible for vandalism.

Even those students who will admit responsibility for cutting the phone wires and other scattered acts, deny breaking into Room 119, 118, or 341.

"We don't even know what 341 is for, or whose office it is," said one. "But the breaking of the lock looked professional."

And when the 171 students were led away by police, at least ten men remained in the room, grinning. They were dressed casually, and had been among the demonstrators during the entire week of the sanctuary. Most were black. Later, one was seen leaving the campus wearing a poncho raincoat — not his own — and carrying a guitar — not his own.

Which leads to new speculation on the source of at least some of the destruction. Indeed, at least a half-dozen guitars left behind in the bust were missing the next day. In addition, handbags, money, credit cards, eyeglasses, were all taken or destroyed beyond repair between the arrests and the morning. Which adds weight, if not evidence, to the theory that police agents perpetrated or instigated much of the vandalism.

There was a long wait for the elevator up to the 12th floor. The sanctuary people, split up between different precincts the night before came together again in the long corridor. Everyone was trying to smile at their friends.

Behind the sanctuary group was a long line of young black kids, led by a cop with TP insignia. "Hey," one of the sanctuary people yelled, "Are you a transit cop or a TPF?"

"I'm from the Transit Authority," the man in blue said.

"Oh, I thought the F might have fallen off."

The singing and chanting resumed in the cells at 100 Centre Street. While waiting for the arraignments and for food, which they had not tasted since the night before, the people created as much noise as possible.

"CCNY=Dope and Fucking," was written on the ceiling.

"Who's from CCNY here," someone shouted. A few raised their hands. "Who's an outside agitator here?" A few raised their hands again. "Who's from the Grand Ballroom?" Everyone raised their hands and clapped and yelled.

"Old MacDonald had a farm, Ee-I, Ee-I, O. And on that farm he had some PIGS! Ee-I, Ee-I, O. With an oink, oink here and an oink, oink there . . ."

The cops came by frequently and told the cells to keep quiet. The cell mates shouted, "Law and Order," "Law and Order." And then they added, "Law and Order Sucks."

Every ten minutes they shouted for food. In the early afternoon, a wagon was brought in with bologna sandwiches and coffee. After they ate, the group quieted down, in anticipation of the trials.

Yesterday morning, while 80 students, parents and friends sat in the courtroom, the demonstrators were lead out into the courtroom to be arraigned.

Students at the College were lightly treated, all released in their own recognition to appear at trials scheduled toward the end of January. Demonstrators who were arrested on more than one charge such as resisting arrest, and/or attempting to impede a federal order, in addition to the criminal trespass levied against all, received bonds of upwards of \$500 or \$150 cash.

When Bill passed by the cell again, he told the people that he had refused bail because it would have meant being turned over to military authorities immediately. Brakefield will be at the Tombs until the 13th, next Wednesday, when the Army will cart him off to either Fort Dix or Fort Devens, numbed in the corner. One student leader stood against the bars of the cell, and said quietly, "I'll be damned if Peace, Levine, Paster and Gallagher aren't nailed to the Ballroom door someday soon."

And someone else shouted, "Up against the wall, motherfuckers."

Kisses on You,

Prof Conrad—

Those of us you

helped will never forget.