

Brakefield Goes Back

By LESLIE BLACK

Private William S. Brakefield, given sanctuary in the Grand Ballroom by students at the College for seven days until his arrest for criminal trespass on November 7, was released to military authorities Wednesday.

Brakefield was taken to Fort Devens to face charges of absence without leave.

The 19-year-old private was facing charges of second degree criminal trespass, resisting arrest and obstructing governmental administration.

Judge Thomas G. Weaver, who heard the case without a jury, sentenced Brakefield to third degree criminal trespass, carrying a maximum sentence of 15 days in jail. Brakefield was sentenced to time served, having spent seven days in jail already.

He was found not guilty of the other two charges.

The prosecution's case was based on the testimony of Dean James S. Peace (Department of Student Personnel Services) who read the order of eviction to the participants of the sanctuary.

The authorization of the order, according to Peace, came from the Board of Higher Education (BHE).

Upon further questioning by the District Attorney and the Defense Council Michael Kennedy, Peace testified that the statement was drafted in President Buell G. Gallagher's office, and admitted having no first hand knowledge of consultation with the BHE.

Peace stated that negotiations between President Gallagher, Dean of Students G. Nicholas Paster, himself and the New York Police Department began on Wednesday, November 6.

Peace also said that the participants of the sanctuary had been warned on Monday, November 4, that they were there illegally and were subject to arrest.

A witness for the defense, Student Government Executive Vice-President Syd Brown, contradicted Peace's allegation that the students were forewarned.

He said that he spoke with Edmond Sarfaty (Finley Planning Board) Friday, November 2, and then on Monday. Brown said Sarfaty told him there was no deadline for leaving the ballroom, and no orders had been given to vacate the Ballroom.

After sentence was pronounced, Brakefield addressed the Court, saying that he had come to the College "to unite students with a soldier, and to give an example that there are soldiers supported by stu-

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1968

Faculty Council Scores Administration For Calling Police Without Its Notice

The Faculty Council of Liberal Arts and Sciences yesterday evening censured the "actions of the administration" in calling police on campus and arresting 170 people on the morning of November 7, without consulting the faculty of the College.

The motion, passed 24 to 15, resulted as an alternative motion to censure President Buell G. Gallagher.



President Gallagher, who chairs the Faculty Council, left the meeting after the second motion — to censure the Administration actions — was introduced to the floor for discussion.

It is reported that President Gallagher said, "If this is a censure of me, I shouldn't be present for the vote."

The President didn't return to the meeting.

A motion demanding that all charges against the arrested students be dropped, and that publicity rights and charters be returned to SDS and the Commune, was defeated by the Council in a vote of 30 to 9.

Closed Session

The discussion of the sanctuary, which led to the censure motion, was held in closed session. Members of the press, and all students, except four Student Government (SG) executives, were excluded.

It is reported that President Gallagher became visibly emotional when speaking of the alleged fornication, vandalism and "communal bathrooms" which were said to have characterized the sanctuary.

In his presentation, Dr. Gallagher took responsibility for calling the police on campus, saying that the vigil activities constituted a "threat" to the free University.

Before the President left the meeting, Paul Bernanzohn, SG President, read a letter drafted at Wednesday night's Student Council meeting. The letter claimed that the Administration's action "constitutes contempt of the University."

SG Letter

The letter also proposed that charges against those arrested be dropped; that publicity rights and charters be returned to SDS and the Commune; that ROTC be removed from the campus "as an academic department;" and that any "group coming on campus to recruit or to proselytize, engage in free and open debate . . ."

Professor Harry Soodak (Physics), was pleased with the Council's censuring of the administration. "It leaves me a little more hopeful than before," he said.

Another Professor said, "That leaves us in a much more powerful position than we were in five hours ago." He added, "It's a fantastic thing. We never thought we'd get this far."

Tabled ROTC

In another action yesterday, the Faculty Council of Liberal Arts and Sciences tabled debate on removing accreditation from the Department of Military Science un-

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Students Mill In, Out, and Around BGG's Office

Fewer than 100 students entered the Administration Building yesterday, sat outside President Buell G. Gallagher's third floor office for about an hour, and then spent another hour downstairs roaming around the registrar's offices.

They were the students who had spent almost seven days living in the Grand Ballroom, through the arrests of 164 persons and sanctuary of an AWOL Army private named Bill Brakefield. They came to the Administration Building to present their demands to the president and conduct a mill-in.

Though the doors and windows of Room 110, the registrar's office, were locked, about 40 of them managed to enter through a side door, and immediately confronted several secretaries.

"Don't use the floor for ashtrays, if you don't mind. If you don't mind," Mrs. Muriel Daniels, her gray hair streaked with silver, told one student. She was pelted with questions. "I'm not working for you at all," she said. "I'm working for my salary."

Another student walked past her. "Keep your hands off the things on the desk."



—Photo by H. E. Webberman

"I paid for them," he answered.

"You didn't pay for them. My salary paid for them," she answered.

"I pay taxes," several shouted back.

"Defunct of Ideas"

It was a non-demonstration, it was a float through the first floor and sit on the file cabinets, examining the alpha roster type experience.

As several people said in a discussion on the first floor afterwards, they are "defunct of ideas."

President Gallagher was formally presented with—and rejected—the sanctuary's nine demands. The next step is a petition drive or perhaps

the seizure of a building. This campus may yet see another mill-in.

Wherever the students wanted, there were two Burns Guards — the short one with a moustache was smiling throughout; as the students decided to leave the area outside the college president's office; as the students sat in the secretaries' chairs; as the students held another meeting on the first floor, as the students walked out.

Inside the large room of desks and partitions, a few students played with a keypunch machine, another burned an IBM card, two students played their harmonicas, and a few passed around an apparent joint as they sat upon file cabinets.

"Shut your eyes off"

One student aide continued folding papers into envelopes without sealing them. The secretaries sat at their desks, some of them talking to students, "I'm busy working, taking care of the records," one told a student. He replied, "You shut your eyes off from what's going on."

A few secretaries walked around, asking students to get off chairs, stop using telephones, turning over record cards on the desks, putting away pens and pencils, and lamenting that the students who would one day be asking for their diplomas didn't appreciate the secretaries now.

One secretary asked a student whether he had a class at 2 PM. When he said that he did, she almost ordered him to attend.

An administrative assistant, Louis Bowman, bubbled over with glee when he saw all the students. "Come in and visit. It's too bad we don't have coffee and cake."

Registrar George Papoulas, though, wasn't at all sympathetic. Concerned about "the damage to work we have to do," he called up Dean of Students G. Nicholas Paster, who arrived a few moments later with his aide, Ira Bloom.

No rights here

"What's the purpose of this?" the Dean asked Josh Chaikin. Wearing his ever-present, stern look, Paster continued, "You have no rights in here. You should all leave." Chaikin then announced that he was there to seek re-enrollment. "I have business here," he yelled out, suggesting to the rest of the students that they stay "if you want to find out whether you're a freshman or a senior." The dean then left to go upstairs where Dr. Gallagher was meeting with a group of students, to discuss the demands.

Ron McGuire then entered the room, returning from the meeting. He described the mill-in as a "peaceful occupation. We're not here to abuse property."

One secretary apparently knew him well. "That Ron McGuire, he was a beautiful boy when he came into school — blonde hair, nice rosy cheeks," Yvonne Reece remembered. A colleague of hers didn't have as fond a recollection. "He couldn't say prunes," she said.

They also directed a few complaints at the administration. "No one was down here to protect us. They were all upstairs . . ."

If they shot bullet holes through the windows, we don't have venetian blinds . . . or window shades . . . They really don't care about the staff."

It was about 2:30 PM when Papoulas picked up his phone to call his superior. "They just jumped up and left . . . I thought I should report that, Dr. Gallagher."

ALLEN GINSBERG:**"... the bliss of your own kindness
will flood the police tomorrow..."**

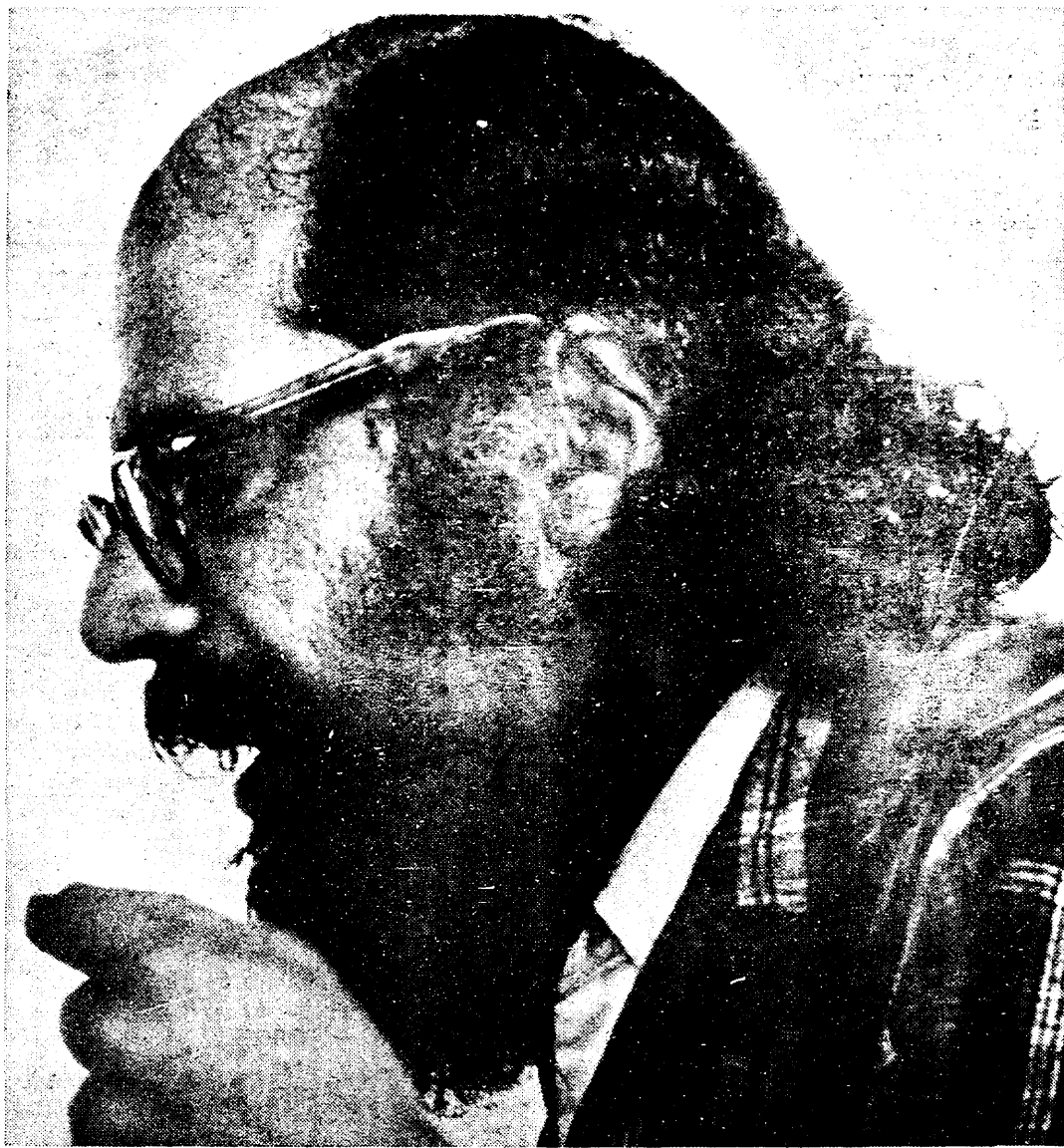
Poet Allen Ginsberg, a guest of English 188, spoke to a crowd of 600 in the Finey Grand Ballroom Wednesday afternoon. A week earlier, the Ballroom was the center for an anti-war vigil, in which students gave seven days of sanctuary to United States Army AWOL Pvt. Bill Brakefield. Ginsberg attended the vigil Sunday night, reading his poetry and sweeping the paper- and people-strewn floor.

Below is Ginsberg's comment concerning the arrest of 171 people here last week in a raid by 600 New York City policemen. Following is one of Ginsberg's poems.

The last time I was here was Sunday night, in the hall, and I slept overnight when Brakefield was here. I thought he was really beautiful — face and manners — great character, very intelligent in what he was doing, and communicating his intellect to the students here; and in that sense he was a great teacher.

It seemed the reactions of the administration in calling the police on him and students protecting him was an act of collaboration with police state and not an act worthy of an educator, nor any sort of example of human relations or education to set for you students, or those of you who participated in the protection of Bill.

I don't know what you can do about it now, except become aware that certain administrators and some teachers who approved or were passive acted the role of collaborators with military tyranny.



—OPhoto by Anne Schwartz

Be kind to your self, it is only one
and perishable

of many on the planet, thou art that
one that wishes a soft finger tracing the
line of feeling from nipple to pubes—
one that wishes a tongue to kiss your armpit,
a lip to kiss your cheek inside your
whiteness thigh—

Be kind to yourself Harry, because unkindness
comes when the body explodes
napalm cancer and the deathbed in Vietnam
is a strange place to dream of trees
leaning over and angry American faces
grinning with sleepwalk terror over your
last eye—

Be kind to yourself, because the bliss of your own
kindness will flood the police tomorrow,
because the cow weeps in the fields and the
mouse weeps in the cat hole—

Be kind to this place, which is your present
habitation, with derrick and radar tower
and flower in the ancient brook—

Be kind to your neighbor who weeps
solid tears on the television sofa,
He has no other home, and hears nothing
but the hard voice of telephones
Click, buzz, switch channel and the inspired
melodrama disappears
and he's left alone for the night, to disappear
in bed—

Be kind to your disappearing mother and
father gazing out the terrace window
as milk truck and hearse turn the corner

Be kind to the politician weeping in the galleries
of Whitehall, Kremlin, White House
Louvre and Phoenix City
aged, larged nose, angry, nervously dialing
the bald voice box connected to
electrodes underground converging thru
wires vaster than a kitten's eye can see
on the mushroom shaped fear-lobe under
the ear of sleeping Dr. Einstein
crawling with worms, crawling with worms,
crawling with worms the hour has come—

Sick, dissatisfied, unloved, the bulky
foreheads of Captain Premier President
Sir Comrade Fear!

Be kind to the fearful one at your side
who's remembering the Lamentations

of the bible
the prophesies of the crucified Adam Son
of all the porters and chair man of
Bell gravia—

Be kind to your Self who weep under
the Moscow moon and hide your bliss hairs
under raincoat and suede Levis—

For this is the joy to be born, the kindness
received thru strange eyeglasses on
a bus thru Kensington,
the finger of the Londoner on your thumb,
that borrows light from your cigarette,
the morning smile at Newcastle Central
Station, when long hair Tom blond husband
greet the bearded stranger of telephones—
the boom bom that bounces in the joyful
bowels as the Liverpool Minstrels of
CavernSink
raise up their joyful voices and guitars
in elective African hurrah
for Jerusalem—
the saints come marching in, Twist &
Shout, and Gates of Eden are named
in Albion again

Who Be Kind To

Hope sings a black psalm from Nigeria,
and a white psalm echoes in Detroit
and reaches amplified from Nottingham
to Prague
and a Chinese psalm will be heard, if we all
live our lives for the next 6 decades—
be kind to the Chinese psalm in the red transistor
in your breast—

Be kind to the Monk in the 5 Spot who plays
lone chord-bangs on his vast piano
lost in space on a bench and hearing himself
in the nightclub universe—

Be kind to the heroes that have lost their
names in the newspaper
and hear only their own supplication for
the peaceful kiss of sex in the giant
auditoriums of the planet,
Nameless voices crying for kindness
in the orchestra,
Scrawling in anguish that bliss came true
and sparrows sing another hundred years
to white haired babes
and poets be fools of their own desire—

O Anackeon
and angelic Shelley!

Guide these new-rippled generations on space
ships to Mars' next universe
the prayer is to man and girl, the only
gods, the only lords of kingdoms of
feeling, christs of their own
living ribs—

Bicycle chains and machine gun, fear sneer
& smell cold logic of the dream bomb
have come to Saigon, Johannesburg,
Dominion City, Prom Penh, Pentagon
Paris and Lhasa—

Be kind to the universe of Self that
trembles and shudders and thrills
in XX Century,
that opens its eyes and bells and breast
chained with flesh to feel
to myriad flowers of bliss
that I Am to thee—

A dream! a Dream! I don't want to be alone!
I want to know that I am loved!

I want the orgy of our flesh, orgy
of all eyes happy, orgy of the soul
kissing and blessing its mortal-grown
body,
orgy of tenderness beneath the neck, orgy of
kindness to thigh and vagina

Desire given with meat hand
and cock, desire taken with
mouth and ass, desire returned
to the last sigh!

Tonite let's all make love in London
as if it were 2001 the years
of thrilling god—

And be kind to the poor soul that cries in
a crack of the pavement because he-
has no body—

Prayers to the ghosts and demons, the
lack of Capitals & Congresses
who make sadistic noises
on the radio—

Statue destroyers & tank captains, unhappy
murderers in Mekong & Stanleyville,

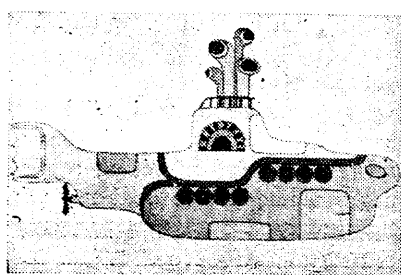
That a kind of man has come to his bliss
to end the cold war he has borne
against his own flesh
since the days of the snake.

'We all live in a Yellow Submarine'

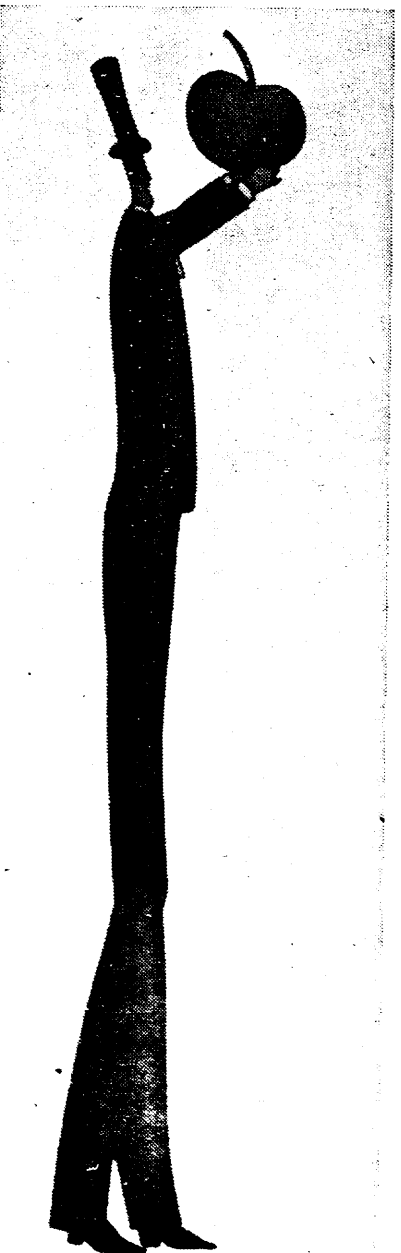
Ha Ha Ha HO HO HO hee hee hee!

There's nothing you can do that can't be done.

Yellow Submarine is manna from heaven, everything for everybody. For kids, it's simply a fine, fine cartoon; for adults it's a bridge across the generation gap; for leftists it's another example of the political naïveté the Beatles gave us in "Revolution;" for John Lennon it's the ultimate fulfillment of his Fred Astaire fantasy. In general, "It's a trip."

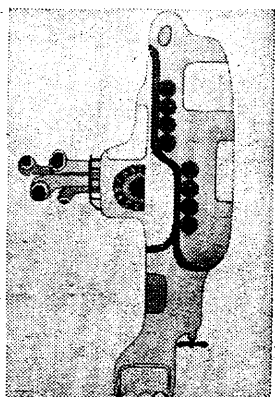


Granted the story line is not the most novel or sophisticated: the Beatles and Old Fred sail thru many seas in the Yellow Submarine in an attempt to reach Pepperland, there to disguise themselves as Sergeant Pepper's lonely Hearts Club Band, and by playing music rouse the land to rebellion against the Blue Meanies who, during the very finely done Hollywood style teaser, had silenced all music with their splotch



guns and turned all the people into colorless two-dimensional card-board cut-outs, with their Apple Bonkers, who even 'bonk' people already 'splotched.'

But the entire conception is so creative and thoughtful that it all works in spite of a few weak spots. The music, is, of course, Lennon-McCartney (a number of old favorites plus one reasonably good and a few relatively undistinguished new songs). Dialogue ranges from a few very poor jokes to more very funny lines, plus some dry British punnery and about half a dozen rather good heroic couplets. And the visual effects, except for a very sticky "Eleanor Rigby," are



stunning — one of the best cartoons ever; the colors are brilliant, the animated effects are dazzling, the entire design is exquisite.

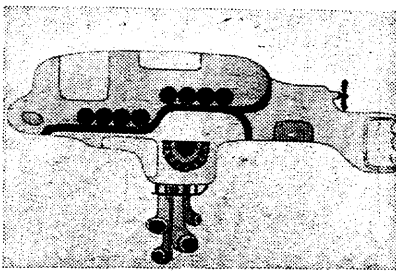
All of the beautiful people are Art Nouveau, with flowing hair and bell bottoms. The many monsters and gentler creatures function just as monsters are supposed to, that is, as dramatization of man's flaws. There are two giant mouse like creatures with mouths like cannons who meet, fire

out of Alice in Wonderland (A in W, in fact, is one of the major structural analogs of the film). The meanies themselves are fat, blue-suited, ugly little creatures with mouseketeer hats and orange and red striped socks. (Worthy of special note is the Blue Max, the Chief Meanie's bumbling left-hand man.) And then there are the specialists: the fat Snapping Turk, with a shark's mouth for a stomach, the Hidden Persuader, a Sidney Greenstreet type with a .38 in his flip-top saddle shoes, the numbered Roly-Poly But-

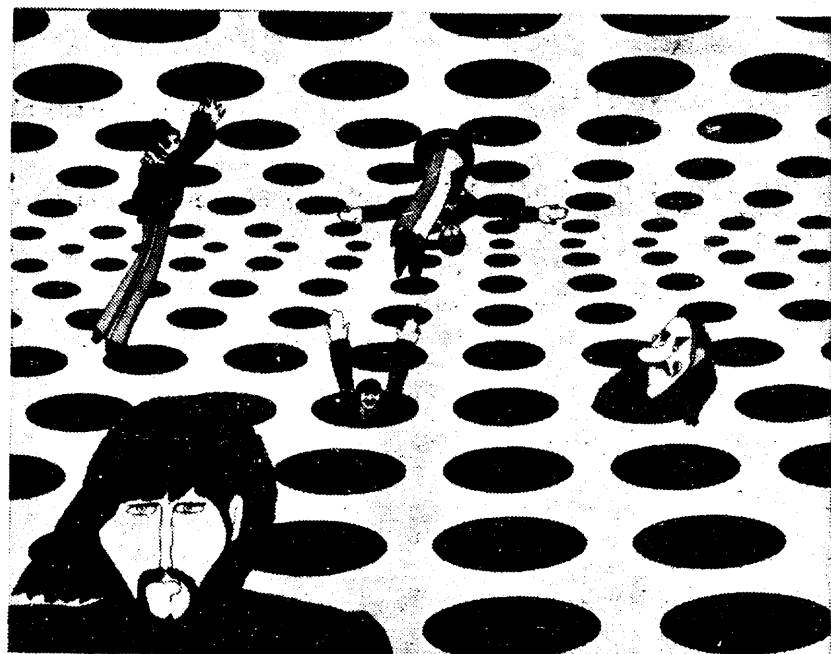
We'd Love To Take You Home

terfly Stompers, and, of course, the Ferocious Flying Glove (which has already made the Ed Sullivan Show).

And though the Meanies are sometimes somewhat appealing ("They're cute, almost human," Ringo says),



the visuals and the soundtrack never let you forget that they are the bad guys. Good guys and bad guys are clearly distinguished in Pepperland; you never have to worry about political complexity, or even thinking. (In fact, there is a very solid dose of anti-intellectualism in the treatment of Jeremy



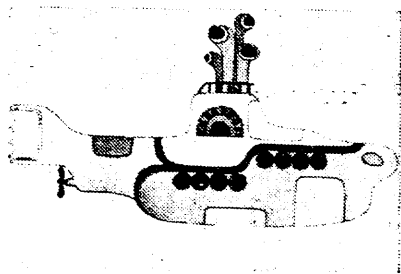
Perhaps Pepperland is the Beatles fantasy ideal. Good and bad are as easily distinguishable as blue and white; one is never truly threatened. The only ugly sequence is the opening epi-

and complexities.

The Blue Meanies are easy, clean enemies. Liverpool is a frightening dirty place. And as the Beatles romp in the flowers at the end, one might ask, what ever happened to "all the lonely peo-



ple" we were shown at the beginning of the film. Even the Beatles contradict their assertive "All you need is Love," for it works in Pepperland (everything does, you know), but it doesn't seem to click in Liverpool. Is that why they split?



All You Need Is Love

salvos of fireworks over each other's heads, and then hop off, presumably to the bushes, together. And there is the Notorious Vacuum Sucker who sucks up every other creature, the sub, all the scenery, and finally, catching sight of his own tail, goes after that, and "disappears up his own existence," releasing the sub with a pop.

And then there are the Meanies. The Blue Meanies. There is the Chief Meanie, called "he" in all the publicity releases, but without a doubt the Queen of Hearts

Boob, a character who talks in rhyme, simultaneously writing a novel, sculpting and painting. Jeremy prompts the Beatles to sing "Nowhere Man.")



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This is another "appropriate contribution from a newspaper which in the past has attacked me for my position of being against killing and violence."—Buell Gordon Gallagher.

Faculty Calls Special Session on ROTC

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til a special session to be held next Thursday.

The ROTC question was returned to the Committee on Curriculum and Teaching for further investigation after a representative from the Department of Military Science claimed that "details" of its program had not been satisfactorily explained to the Committee.

The Committee had previously voted seven to five, with one abstention, recommending Faculty Council remove accreditation from the ROTC program.

Ordinarily, Faculty Council would take the matter up at the next scheduled meeting, December 13, but noting the "urgency" of the situation, Professor Bernard Bellush (History) pressed for the special session.

Professor Alfred Conrad (Chmn., Economics), said there was no point in postponing debate to a later time. "It strikes me as insulting," he said, "to say that the Committee didn't know what it was doing," when it proposed removing accreditation. "I don't understand this... I think there's an important issue here," Prof. Conrad said.

SEEK Report

Dean Bernard Sohmer, Chairman of the Pre-Baccalaureate Committee, presented the Committee's report for 1967-68, noting that there are "good things happening" in the Pre-Bac Program, but that as the statistics showed, "we've had some blunders."

The Pre-Bac Program, also known as SEEK (Seach for Education, Elevation and Knowledge) "fills in the voids," Dean Sohmer said, "created by the destructive primary and secondary educational systems operating in the

city's ghettos."

In one semester, "we are able to really repair high school damage," added Dean Allan Ballard, Director of the Program at the College.

From the floor, Professor Bellush said that "regular students are becoming jealous of the SEEK Program's special counselling services," offered to every Pre-Bac student. Bellush asked if the Committee had considered extending those services to the entire student body.

Sohmer stated that such services are "very expensive," and that there was not enough money

to give every student the special counselling.

He added that they would "benefit virtually any student."

The SEEK Program is funded directly by Albany and the City Government, independent of the money for the City University System and can spend more money per student.

Sohmer reported that in the near future the program would probably grow although, "most of us (on the Committee) feel that the program should be unnecessary... Anything that would help this program disappear is welcome."

Brakefield Released To Army

(Continued from Page 1)

dents." He was choked up with emotion and had to sit down.

Private Brakefield was praised by Judge Weaver, "I admire your motives and your objectives. I hope all demonstrations in the future are as peaceful as yours."

David Kopp, AWOL from the Air Force, was also arrested. He pleaded guilty to the charge of criminal trespass in the third degree. He was sentenced to time served and handed over to the Military Authorities.

Kopp tried to explain that he left when given the "five-minute-warning" but was grabbed on the way out. He was interrupted by Judge Jerome Kidder, who asked him if he wanted a medal.

Gallagher Answers Demands

Following are the demands made by students at a meeting with President Buell G. Gallagher during yesterday's Administration Building mill-in and his reactions.

Charges against those arrested at the sanctuary be dropped: President Gallagher said that since less than one half of the persons arrested were students, the college's discipline committee could not handle this case.

"The only basis in which you could deal with them equitably is to do it through the courts... I'm not prepared to let a lot of outsiders come here and do what they did and let them go scot-free."

The charters of SDS and the Commune be re-instated: Since the Dean of Students G. Nicholas Paster revoked the charters, "all questions with reference to that would have to be directed to him."

Connections with the Reserve Officers' Training Corps be severed: "The faculty has it under consideration."

The Dow Chemical Company be banned from recruiting on campus and other companies be compelled to debate in an open forum. "We went through that one last year."

President Gallagher was referring to the referendum held last year.

Refuse to comply with the national student directive prohibiting federal financial assistance for campus radicals:

He said that he opposed the directive when it was a bill before Congress last summer and worked for its defeat by sending letters and telegrams to Senator Jacob Javits, "there being only one living Senator at that time." However, he said, "That is the law and I will not disobey the law."

Fail to cooperate with undercover agents:

"I flatly deny that there has been any such cooperation." He said the students have not provided proof to substantiate this demand, which he said is "an insult" and tantamount to extracting a pledge "not to beat my wife... I will not promise not to beat my wife."

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