



observation post

VOLUME 45 — No. 10

184

CITY COLLEGE

MONDAY, MAY 12, 1969

as performed by the inmates of the board of higher education

the persecution and resignation of buell gordon gallagher



under the direction of would-be-mayor mario procaccino

The College continues on its crumbling path today with Joseph J. Copeland, named acting President Saturday, coming in to relieve Buell G. Gallagher.

The Black and Puerto Rican Student Community (BPRSC) is entering the fourth week of its strike.

Negotiations have not yet resumed, and several hundred police will remain on campus to prevent a recurrence of last week's violence and arson.

Meanwhile, an administration official announced that students may be given passing grades in all subjects if there are any further disturbances.

Small groups of Faculty Senators and black and Puerto Rican faculty and students have been meeting independently over the weekend to discuss ways to resume negotiations and keep the campus peaceful.

The Faculty Senate will meet 3 PM today to consider a suggestion that the College remain open while all classes be suspended. Students and faculty would then join in week-long open meetings, workshops, discussions.

Members of the black and Puerto Rican Faculty, discussing the idea Friday night with an ad hoc committee of the Faculty Senate, felt that negotiations could go on in such a situation if the BPRSC agreed to the plan.

Acting president Copeland was unsure of how he would continue negotiations, but he said in a phone interview Saturday, "First we must get the College back to normal on a progressive level. I would hope that students will be involved in advisory capacity in decisions, and I will give serious consideration to their advice."

Copeland was elected two weeks ago by the faculty to be one of its three negotiators. He entered negotiations opposed to most of the demands, but eventually he began to empathize with the BPRSC position.

The student negotiators developed close working rapport with Copeland. Both he and the stu-

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observation post

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OPHOTOS by H. Edward Weberman appear on the cover and in the centerfold, as well as on Pages 4 (top), 5 (top), 6 and 7. OPHOTOS by Dave Fenton/LNS are on Pages 4 (bottom) and 15. OPhoto by Dave Zaslow is in the middle of Page 5. The poster on the back page (Page 16, folks) has been distributed by the High School Independent Press Service.

The City College, 133rd St. and Convent Ave., N. Y. 10031
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Moving On The Five Demands

- A separate school of black and Puerto Rican studies.
- A separate Black and Puerto Rican freshman orientation.
- A voice for SEEK students in the setting of all guidelines for the SEEK program, including the hiring and firing of all personnel.
- That the racial composition of all entering classes reflect the Black and Puerto Rican population of the New York City high schools.
- That Black and Puerto Rican history and the Spanish language be a requirement for all education majors.

Gone is a week of violence, but this week may bring more.

The administrative inaction over the five demands during the months of February and March were met with a militant act — the forced closing of the College for two weeks. It was only then that the Faculty and President Gallagher met with the BPRSC. It was only after the black and Puerto Rican students took the matter into their own hands that cumbersome machinery began to move.

And it did move. Three demands were met. The fourth was being worked on when a court order initiated by mayoral-aspirant Mario Procaccino, and acted upon by the Board of Higher Education, stopped everything cold.

And that is where it stands now — nowhere. At least partly because some politician needed an issue upon which he could ride to office.

Last week's violence has provoked a lot of adverse reaction, but some violence was inevitable, and was to be expected. The BPRSC had signed an agreement with Gallagher and the negotiators decreeing that the College would remain shut until all matters were settled. And that agreement was broken.

The violence escalated because the machinery doesn't work until it's kicked.

Neglect and insensitivity spawn violence. Watts — and now City College — were acts of frustration, demands to be listened to, pleas for change.

The Board of Higher Education doesn't take students seriously. The black students and their supporters needed to close the school to pressure the BHE to quit politics and negotiate the issues.

Blocking entrances to buildings became necessary. Entering buildings and ending classes in session to keep the school closed were necessary. Acting in self-defense against attacks must also be seen as justified. However, the rash of attacks on students who were merely bystanders in the

struggle must be condemned, as well as the philosophy that a student not instantly identifiable as a supporter ought to be treated roughly as an enemy. No apology can be made for the actions at Steinman Hall, where students attending classes were beaten without provocation. It is wrong to order a professor to leave a classroom and then tear his notes and beat him as he complies. It is wrong when a few individuals take advantage of a political struggle and use legitimate grievances as an excuse for petty thievery. Tactically, such actions were stupid; morally, they were indefensible.

As reprehensible as these acts are, they efface neither the justice of the five demands nor the burden of blame which must rest on the shoulders of the Board of Higher Education and men like Mario Procaccino.

And if there is a resumption of violence at the College this week, direct your anguish towards the power-brokers, for it is they who are truly responsible for that violence.

It would be irrelevant at this time to discuss the merits of Professor Joseph J. Copeland's appointment replacing Buell G. Gallagher as president of the College. For what is important is not the appointee himself, but rather the role of his office, and the very manner in which he was appointed.

Traditionally, decisions are made not by those people whom they ultimately affect, but by the overlords serving their own interests. Thus, while both student and faculty representatives were consulted as to their choices for Dr. Gallagher's replacement, their opinions were overlooked when the BHE made ITS decision.

What is called for now is a redefining of the nature of our university, and a restructuring of the College, not the appointment of a figurehead president shackled by the BHE's conventions.

Chancellor Bowker also said that negotiations with former President Gallagher had "reached the point of being counter productive. He had already agreed to all their demands. It was like they were negotiating with themselves."

The Chancellor said that the acting president should be a "senior, non-ambitious faculty member or outsider" because after the next few weeks "he won't be too popular — if he is, at all."

Copeland was chosen by the BHE Saturday,

An OP Analysis

Open The Doors

By Howard Reis

Four of the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community's (BPRSC) five demands deal with combating racism and making curricula meet the needs of blacks and Puerto Ricans. The other demand, concerning admissions policy, may in the long run prove to alter the College's content more drastically than any of the others.

The BPRSC is demanding open admissions with the palliative of proportional racial admissions until the City University (CU) has the necessary facilities and money to make open admissions real. This means that entering classes will reflect the racial composition of high schools — not just the graduating classes.

The drop-out rate among poor whites, blacks and Puerto Ricans in high school is alarmingly high, reflecting the irrelevancy of that stage of "education."

At the point which negotiations between the College and the BPRSC were broken off two Sunday's ago, the dissident students were demanding that 40% of the incoming freshman class, which is currently 2% black and Puerto Rican, continue to be admitted under regular admissions procedure — "academic competition." The remaining 60% would be admitted under supportive programs, such as SEEK or College Discovery. 40% of this group would be black and Puerto Rican — the other 20% would be poor white.

This formula would result in a racial proportion of 42% black and Puerto Rican in the freshman class.

Admissions under the supportive programs would consider educational background and potential rather than College Boards or high school grades, the normal criteria.

Under this system there would be three avenues for admission — meeting the usual composite score, spending at least two years in a high school which sends few students on to college, or living in a disadvantaged area.

Higher education is currently a privilege. Educational factories from nursery school through graduate school do not serve the interests of vast segments of the population. Our educational institutions train people to function in this society and thus reflect the values of the white American middle class.

Being poor, black, or Puerto Rican is an automatic out.

In New York's ghettos the screening process begins at birth. By the time a black, Puerto Rican or poor white reaches first grade he is already the underdog. He is put into the worst classes, given the least capable instructors and given the fewest opportunities.

The high schools continue the discriminatory process. There are three different diplomas offered — general, vocational, and academic. The general diploma denies entrance to college, discriminates against the individual in the labor market, or makes him prime material for the draft. The vocational diploma is equally useless. Students are trained to use obsolete equipment for non-existent jobs and then face the same problem with the draft. Most of the students enrolled in these programs are black, Puerto Rican, and poor white.

Benjamin Franklin High School, on 116th Street in East Harlem, has approximately 3000 students, 92% of whom are black or Puerto Rican. This year, 100 are enrolled in the vocational program, 670 in the academic program, and 2286 in the general program.

Of the 763 students who entered the school in September 1964, 29.8% of the original class received diplomas of which 1.8% were academic. Drop-outs, transfer or unaccounted for students number 60.2% of the class.

Over 50% of all black and Puerto Rican students in New York City drop-out of high school by graduation, and only 20% of those who graduate from an academic high school go on to college.

The struggle for a decent education is being fought at all levels of the educational ladder. At the public and junior high school level the fight has centered around community control. The call for community control demands that the education serve the needs of the community, and that teachers and administrators have an interest or background in the community's needs.

On the high school level there is a growing movement for reforms, including the elimination of the three diploma tracking system.

For the CU this struggle manifests itself in the cry for open admissions. Only through open admissions can the College reflect the needs of these segments of the population that have been systematically excluded.

One of the major arguments against open admissions as delineated by the BPRSC is that academic standards would be impaired, if not destroyed. This argument camouflages a fear that the College will become a black school — it hides the unconscious racism of faculty who have screamed about this point over and over again.

The university does not serve large segments of this society — that is the fact which these programs are designed to answer. This fight is for equal opportunity for all, and this demand must be answered to the satisfaction of those whose lives are on the line.

after Chancellor Bowker had conferred with faculty and students.

The 61-year-old biology professor has taught at the College for 41 years. He is also vice-chairman for senior colleges of the City University Legislative Conference. He will serve until the end of the term.

The BPRSC and white radicals have called for a rally in support of the strike at noon today in front of the Administration Building.

(Continued from Page 1)

dents felt they were making progress before the Board of Higher Education (BHE) ordered the College opened Tuesday, breaking off negotiations.

BHE Chancellor Albert Bowker, in a meeting with students Friday, said that negotiations "could go back to their original states." But, he said, "They've gotten rather far already . . . farther than I thought they'd get. They won't get much more. The Board can't give much more."

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All Night Bout: Bowker Knocks Gallagher Out



Dr. Gallagher talks with Edward R. Murrow at inauguration as president in September, 1952.

Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin

By JOSH MILLS

In the year of the tragic moderate, Buell Gallagher falls into line behind Dwight D. Eisenhower and Charles deGaulle.

The calm and majestic presence, au Grand Charles, the ineptitude, as with Ike, in the end were not enough. The years of moral hesitancy and pontification finally caught up with Buell. The wet leather band of ego in which he cloaked his mind dried, tightened and burst his head.

His resignation is an overdue act of honesty and confession. The president must reflect his school, and Gallagher hasn't. "The forces of angry rebellion" he cited in his statement are the future of the campus, of the nation. And Buell cannot stomach them, though he suspects their justness.

Student running: home to high school to home to college to subway to home to Lewisohn for commencement to subway to assembly line to subway to bank. Buell Gallagher was their president. He carefully avoided shaking the dead shell of insensitivity around them, trod gently about educational problems, and dealt more directly with The New York Times than with his students and faculty.

Buell Gallagher is tragic, because he is compassionate and sincere. For all his negotiating and talking, still aloof morally from his college. His moral fibre — so beloved by newsmen and television audiences — tightened and twisted and developed cramps. And the long brown line of manure trickled from the administration building to every corner of the campus.

Ron McGuire found a puppy on campus, one Friday afternoon. He needed a home for the weekend until we could place it. So Ron rang the Gallagher's doorbell and they took the puppy in.

About the same time, the antiwar movement picked up and organized teach-ins. Gallagher wouldn't come to the Finley teach-ins. He said he didn't want to impose his political-moral views on anyone. Then he served as introductory speaker at a rally for pro-war speakers.

Pressure began to end class rankings. Other schools did. Buell Gallagher said No, I can't abdicate to myself powers of the faculty to make policy. And sit-ins were held. The president came down to the lobby to debate students, but had to leave. He was green and exhausted. Buell Gallagher, a preacher not a debater, had lost the battle.

The faculty voted to do away with class rank. Shortly later, he signed his first anti-war ad in the Times.

Another sit-in, organized by moderate, liberal-in Buell's own style-SG. Gallagher called in the press and told them, "Leaders of this sit-in interned at Berkeley." And he mumbled about Communists.

Faced with campus disgust, he looked into the charge he had made. He found out the Student Government secretary had taken a summer course at Berkeley. He called in the press and issued a circuitous retraction, and a guy from WINS said, "Someone must have jumped on him awful hard last night."

There had been no heart in the charge. There was no shame in the retraction.

When King was shot, Gallagher knew just what to do. He met with students and closed the college. When compassion was all that was needed, Buell was in his element.

But when it came to changing the college, to ending classroom stagnation, to stopping the war machine that's poisoning the air, he was out of time.

Constipation, masked in proper sounding speeches.

He couldn't understand the sanctuary, he can't see how corrupt military and napalm recruiting is. But when students made love on campus, he called in police.

"The frustration spawned by a society which has inverted its values and reversed its priorities, putting war ahead of human well-being and prefer-

(Continued on Page 10)

President Buell G. Gallagher did not resign because a building burned, or students fought, or cops occupied the campus. In fact, he did not resign. He was virtually fired.

City Comptroller Mario Procaccino and Board of Higher Education Chancellor Albert Bowker, specifically, forced Gallagher to leave, just when negotiations were at a critical point — as the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community (BPRSC) and the Administration were reaching a consensus about the racial proportion of the freshman class.

"President Gallagher actually reached the point of being counter productive," Bowker told students last Friday. "Negotiating with Gallagher (the BPRSC) was negotiating with themselves. He had already agreed with all of their demands. Gallagher could do no more now."

Bowker also said that he does not intend to grant the BPRSC any more than has already been negotiated by Gallagher. Three demands — giving SEEK students a voice in hiring and firing all personnel, granting a separate black and Puerto Rican orientation program, and adding requirements for Education majors — had already been negotiated by the BPRSC and Gallagher.

President Gallagher repeatedly said that negotiations on the other two demands would have been completed early last week. However, Bowker said, "when push came to shove, we were forced to open the College," thus stopping negotiations.

Gallagher told the BHE Thursday night that the Faculty Senate had voted 36-20 earlier that day to close the school Friday. He told them also that if the BHE ordered the College opened, he would quit.

The BHE voted to reverse the Faculty Senate. They ordered the College opened.

"The Board had to open the school," Bowker told students last Thursday. "If they didn't, they would have lost their jobs. They were under writ to keep the school open. Had they closed it, Lindsay would have had them removed."

The writ, initiated by Comptroller Procaccino, enjoined anyone from closing the College for any reason.

Gallagher was left with no choices. Thursday night when the BHE reversed his decision to close the College, there was nothing left for him to do. His work had been smashed and taken over by the BHE. His decisions meant nothing.

"I sympathized with Gallagher," Bowker said. "The Board might have acted too quickly, they might have made a mistake Monday night in their decisions to open the school."

But, last Monday night, Gallagher was happy, relaxed, optimistic. "I'll be around here for a long time yet," he told a student, as he scanned the recently evacuated south campus.

Bowker and Gallagher have never been close friends. Gallagher, who offered his resignation to pressure the legislature to establish the City University in 1961, had expected to be named chancellor. Resentment on his part and suspicion on Bowker's have marked their dealings since.

Bowker said he and Gallagher were up until 3 AM Friday discussing the President's resignation.

"He retired not out of anger, but frustration," Bowker said. "College presidents usually stay for about seven years," Bowker added, "Gallagher's been around a lot longer."

— Neumann

Campus Tour: BGG Views War Zone

By JONNY NEUMANN

Frightening yet beautiful, the dreamlike silence of an evacuated south campus allowed Dr. Buell Gallagher to relax.

Only two hours earlier the campus was occupied by 250 protesting students, the surrounding Harlem community was tense in anticipation of a police raid — men and children were gathering on street corners, waiting for something to pop — and the College's president was struggling to avoid a bust in an emergency meeting with the Board of Higher Education. The court injunctions had been served, and a bloody confrontation seemed inevitable.

But suddenly the students decided to march off of the campus, and everything changed. The heavy feeling of fear was lifted, and, for the moment, the tension disappeared.

"It feels good," said the President, standing near the 133rd St. entrance, still barricaded with an overturned flat truck. "It'll be classes as normal tomorrow morning at eight sharp."

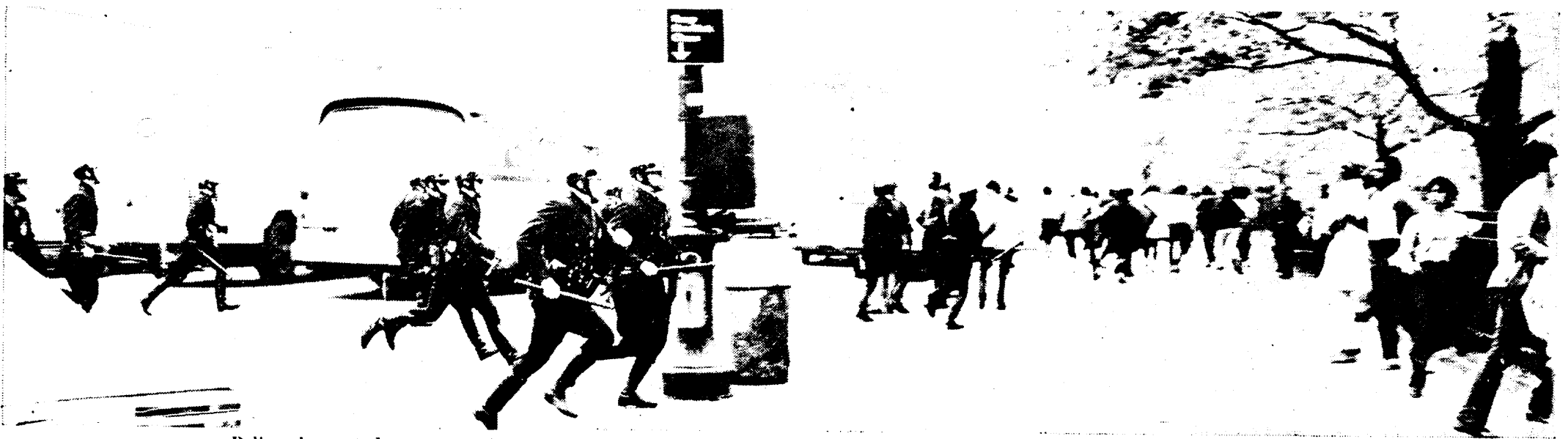
The President looked calm, his face relaxed, his shirt sleeves rolled comfortably above his elbows. But he was restless. In fact, he couldn't stand still for more than a few minutes at a time. He had just gone through probably the two most difficult weeks in his life, and had reached a turning point in his career. He had defied the Board of Higher Education, and was willing to go to jail in defense of the militant black and Puerto Rican students.

Though strained and weary, he was determined to inspect the campus immediately to insure everyone that the students who occupied it had kept it clean.

Joined by two students, President Gallagher began his inspection of south campus. He first entered the hut in front of Mott Hall, checking each room for possible vandalism. "Looks fine to me," he said after searching a few rooms.

(Continued on Page 7)





Police chase students across Amsterdam Avenue following student clashes at the Quadrangle rally last Thursday afternoon.

By FRED MILLER
and GIL FRIEND

At 7:35 PM Monday a court order signed by Supreme Court Justice Charles Marks ordering "John Doe and Jane Doe 1 to 100" to cease disruption of College activities, and members of BPRSC, the Commune and 12 independent students to appear in court Thursday was presented at the Main Gate to South Campus. As 6 City marshalls threw copies of the twenty-five page injunction over the wall, and occupying students threw them back, a City Corporation Council read the order over a bullhorn.

Two hours later, with the spotlight from Cafe Finley shining eerily through the gate, 255 students marched out of South Campus singing, "Deep, Deep, Down, Down/Deep down in your hearts. Love our brothers and sisters/Deep down in your hearts." The students marched down Convent Avenue to 125th Street chanting "Off the pigs" at passing cops. Joined by about 100 passersby the students marched along 125th Street to Lexington Avenue, where they dispersed.

The empty campus was secured by police, who replaced the striking Burns Guards on orders from Dr. Gallagher to prevent anyone from entering to vandalize the college and discredit the student occupiers.

The occupation was over. The crisis was just beginning.

Tuesday, school was open for the first time in two weeks. A rally at Cohen Library at 11:00 AM drew about 350 students to support the five demands. Marchers circulated on campus calling for a strike and for support of the five demands, but the campus was quiet and the demonstrations peaceful.

Wednesday the calm broke as students demanding that the college be closed to continue negotiations, and those demanding it be open to continue their education, clashed.

At about 10:15 a group of 20 blacks and Puerto Ricans, armed with clubs, came into Steinman Plaza and ordered the students to leave. A number of engineers who persisted in entering the building were attacked. The engineers responded by fighting the blacks with sticks and golf clubs. The blacks withdrew leaving the engineers angrily rallying in Steinman, arguing whether to use their own force or police or court injunctions to keep the campus open.

Meanwhile, sporadic violence was erupting elsewhere on campus. At 9:00 AM a white girl was trapped in a bathroom in Harris and robbed at knifepoint by four black girls. Students entered the bookstore, removed items from the shelves and left. Blacks joined by white radicals entered campus buildings on South Campus, disrupting classes and ordering students to leave. Windows were smashed and furniture was tossed around to emphasize the order. As Prof. Nathan Berrall (English) attempted to get his notes together prior to leaving, his glasses were smashed and his notes scattered.

At this point Gallagher decided to close the College. Burns guards and arriving police asked students to leave and soon about 500 students were on Convent Ave. by Music and Art H. S. watching more police arrive. The Burns guards moved to clear about 150 students who were on the steps of Cohen Library, and that group walked toward the Cohen Gate. With the

The Week That Was

students outside, the guards began to close the gate, but white students on the outside chanting, "Keep it open, Keep it open," pushed the gates open and the Burns guards left the area in the hands of the students. Three hundred students entered the campus and others remained outside asking other students to come in, "Black, Puerto Rican, white, all are inside having classes, join us!" said one speaker.

The students from Steinman, also finding their school closed by Gallagher's order, moved to the Administration Building to protest the closing. There they were told that the South Campus was being kept open by students and they marched south to join that action. As they reached Cohen Gate, Convent Avenue was a swelling mass of police and students cheering the police on, "We want cops! we want cops!"

Finally, the students began to march through South Campus to the St. Nicholas Terrace gate, where the worst violence of the day erupted. About 200 strong as they rounded Wagner, the crowd trapped four black girls against the locked gate.

Two of the girls managed to scale the fence, and the other two remained between the crowd and the gate as about 20 blacks climbed onto campus from the Terrace. Insults were traded, and students on both sides — except for those on both sides already carrying clubs — began to pick up tree limbs and break branches off trees. Within moments they were fighting. The whites moved back from the gate, and, as police sirens approached, the blacks climbed back over the fence and into the park. Seven of the white students were treated at Knickerbocker Hospital, but their injuries were not judged serious.

The police moved in to clear the campus and this was accomplished without violence. The students remaining were largely in favor of police presence and they complied with the orders.

By noon, many students, afraid of the violence, had left school and the police asked those gathered outside South Campus to leave. They did and by 12:30 South Campus was again quiet.

The white radicals had withdrawn to Columbia University where, after mov-

ing from one building to another so as not to violate Columbia's anti-assembly injunction, 250 students planned picketing and leafletting for Thursday. At the Administration Building meanwhile 500 angry students demanded that the college be kept open, and that Dr. Gallagher address the rally. Gallagher sent his assistant Ira Bloom who told the crowd that the College would reopen Thursday with "adequate police protection." Police asked that the crowd disperse and they did.

Dean Paster, when asked what adequate police protection was, said, "I can't define it." Sgt. Sullivan said that he would need at least 200 men to patrol the campus, "If there were no incidents."

By 1:30 the campus was deserted by all but police and newsmen. A rally called for 3:00 by the Jewish Defense League to support opening the school failed to materialize.

At 9:00 AM Thursday, with the school reopened, there were 231 policemen on or around the campus. At Shepard an SDS picket line, sixty strong, marched to support closing the school. Class attendance was below normal, very light down South. Many school facilities seemed deserted, as students stood in little groups eyeing the cops and discussing the crisis.

Scattered vandalism began as the first of eleven fires that day was set in a paper storage cabinet opposite the Student Senate Office in Finley. While guards moved to quell the fire a group entered Lewisohn Lounge, upsetting furniture, smashing cabinets and slashing the new air conditioning ducts. A small fire was set in Shepard, and garbage cans inside and outside Finley basement were also set ablaze. "They're always a step ahead of us," complained Sgt. Sullivan.

Fighting broke out when a white student was asked by blacks and white radicals to cease publicizing an Open the Campus rally at the Administration Buildings. As blacks and whites battled, police moved in and arrested three, two blacks and one white. The police, who had been sitting in buses outside the campus were now moved into buildings. Many of the police were not wearing badges on their raincoats, and student protests forced the police to don their identification.

At noon about 150 students gathered in front of the Administration Building for an "open campus" rally, but the crowd dropped to half that size as radicals left to join their own rally of about 500 students in the Quadrangle. Other people either drifted back to the cafeteria or joined a group of some 300 students heckling the rally from across the street.

At 1:00 a fight broke out when an engineering student tried to address the crowd from the radicals' microphone. He was finally allowed to speak.

At about 1:20 eggs flew from the steps of Wingate, splattering students, newsmen and police. The students responded with rocks, clods of earth, and a few bottles. Minutes later, police charged up the steps to the Quadrangle, scattering the crowd, running down and clubbing several students. The students who had thrown the eggs had already escaped through the tunnels beneath Harris Hall. The confused crowd was moved by police to the already full sidewalk across the street, and then slowly south to the corner of 138th Street and Convent Avenue, where students of both factions remained, trying to decide what to do next. (Continued on next page)



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Then, in a quick flurry of activity, police arrested two black students halfway up 138th Street and the crowd moved up the street toward the police. Fighting broke out as police ran up and down the street swinging indiscriminately at blacks and whites of all political persuasions, while trying to avoid the blows of black students intent on freeing those already arrested. One plainclothesman began to draw his gun on a black girl, then apparently thought better of it and returned the gun to its holster.

As the turmoil continued and several more students were arrested, some of those arrested at first escaped across Amsterdam Avenue. Eight students were arrested. All eight were black.

At 2:00 the police again began to close South Campus. They shut the gates, denying entrance to students, and making clear to those leaving that they would not be allowed to re-enter. At 2:05 students who were leaving a disbanded class in Wagner smelled a fire and found a blaze set in a kerosene soaked New York Times.

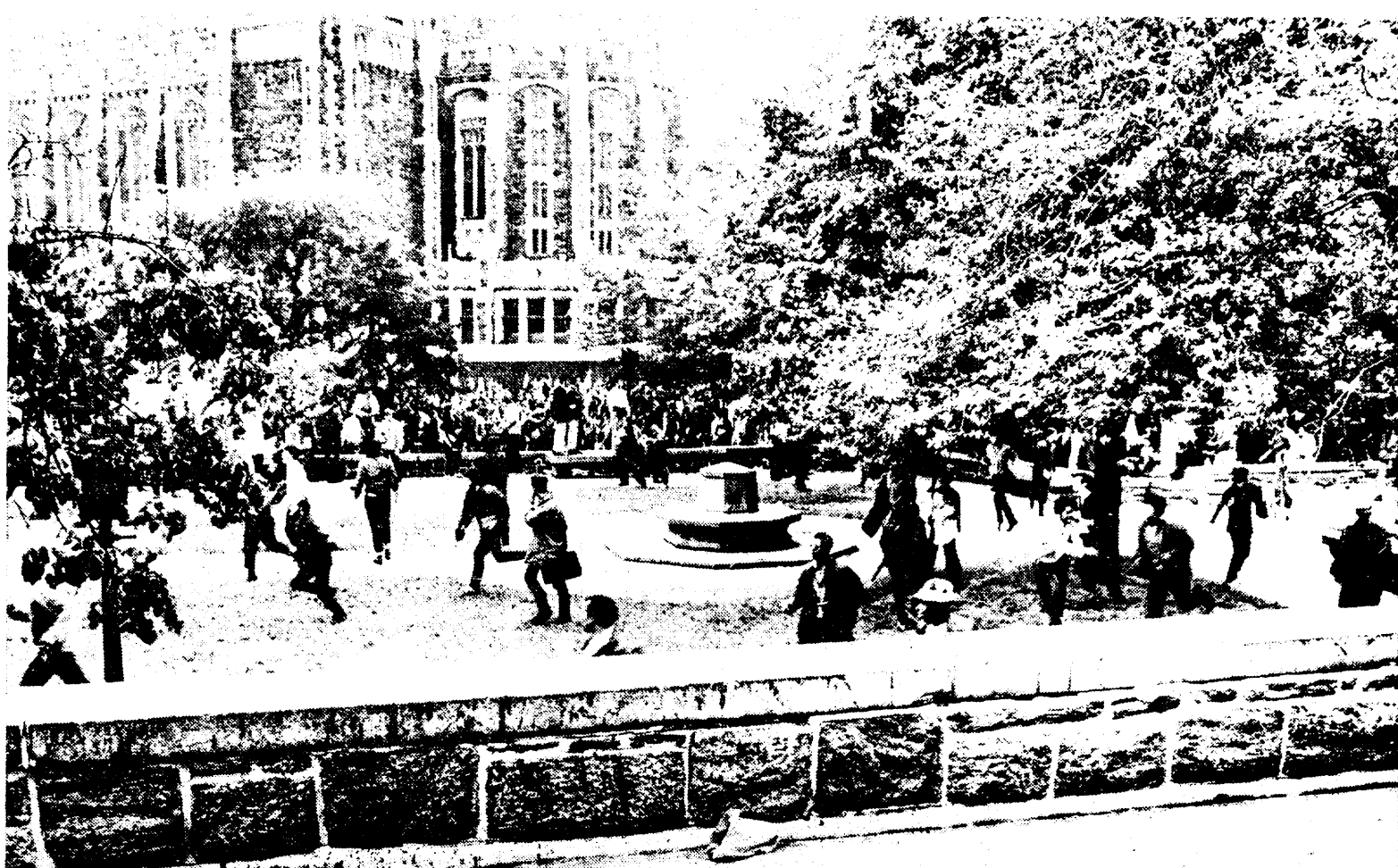
Shortly afterwards people noticed smoke pouring out of the shattered windows of Aronow Auditorium, in the Goldmark Wing of Finley.

The auditorium was destroyed in the two alarm blaze. The fire was apparently set with benzine on the building's second floor, in the auditorium's organ loft. It spread to the auditorium below and to offices above.

A hundred people stood on the lawn watching the smoke as first the Finley Student Center staff and then firemen aided by a tower ladder fought the fire.

As students drawn by the billowing smoke drifted back toward South Campus, the police erected barricades blocking Convent Avenue. The majority of students walked to St. Nicholas Terrace, where about three hundred stood at the gate watching the huge drifts of smoke, which at times completely blocked Finley from view.

When the fire had been extinguished, all remaining students were cleared from the campus. Later, as TPF, the first TPF to appear during this crisis, cordoned off Finley, the campus was reopened. No classes were held and the library was shut, and any student near Finley was or-



Students flee rally while eggs and rock throwing melee erupts between factions in the Quadrangle Thursday.

the reoccupation of the guevara hall

By JONATHAN PENZNER

Gray skies, television cameras, and officious police asking for identification greeted students entering south campus Thursday.

The majority of students stayed home primarily out of fear for their safety, in light of the previous day's violence and promises by the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community (BPRSC) and approximately two hundred white radicals to keep the College closed.

Black and Puerto Rican students group-

the proverbial quiet before the ...

... Fire ...

... the voice said, "Fire in the building!" On the third floor of Guevara Hall, smoke slinked along the ceilings, a cleaning woman ran back and forth, crying, "Fire!" and in a cabinet opposite the Student Senate office, used to store unwanted papers, dirty flames licked at the air. The smoke was unbearable. Several students got two fire extinguishers and poisoned the fires with streams of gurgling water. The halls filled with smoke, and students, gathering around to see what was happening, coughed and choked to the accompaniment of tearing eyes.

Two cops and Stuart Lefkowitz, the center's assistant director, plunged into the smoking hallway and helped put the last of the flames out. The stink from the blaze didn't disappear as quickly.

Nobody saw the fire being set.

In the confusion that struck while the fire raged in the book cabinet, Lewisohn Lounge was ripped apart — tables and chairs were over-turned and busted up. Glass cases were shattered, the end of one table having been used to break them. Plants were over-turned and the air-conditioning vents were ripped out.

Nobody saw anyone do anything.

Outside Lewisohn Lounge, cigarette trays once filled with sand lay on their sides, and the sand was now sprawling along the floor. "If one more thing happens today, I'm leaving," a secretary said.

The firemen answering the alarm arrived in force and checked out the burnt and gutted cabinet on the third floor. Lefkowitz was inspecting the lounge. "That plant was here a long time," he said looking down at a green leafy foliage, on its side, black earth strewn around it.

"Everything beautiful has to be destroyed." He walked to the doors, and finally said, "It's things like this that make open-minded people like myself into bigots."

On the north campus, attendance was also below normal, but unlike South Campus — students outnumbered police. Several pickets were begun by the arm-banded radical contingents. Fires were set in several halls — Harris, Shepard, Baskerville and in the system of tunnels beneath the North Campus complex.

A little before 11:00 AM, about ten students were seen entering Shepard Hall. A little later, after loud banging sounds were heard, police and faculty members followed and found fire extinguishers, emptied of all their contents, lolling in pools of bubbly water. "They're always 30

seconds ahead of us," one professor said.

No one could identify or directly associate the destruction of the extinguishers with any individual.

The picket lines, staffed by perhaps 50 people, were peaceful and non-intrusive. Students were not prevented from entering the buildings, although all the actions were in violation of the court injunction, which stated that disrupting or forcing classes to stop was illegal. However, several students standing at the doors of Shepard Hall, refused to remove themselves when politely asked to make way. Those who wanted to get inside had to squirm between bodies, on whose arms, were red bands.

Down South, a fight broke out between blacks and whites at the 133rd street gate. Two blacks and one white were arrested and man-handled off to the 26th precinct. Several fires set in garbage cans by students while other students, white, tried to prevent them, were put out.

Fire alarms were going off regularly in the hall, now, but not too many were paying any attention to them. The bell sequences were messed up, too, so that now six bells would ring in a row, then two in a row, and then just a solitary ding — would be heard. Cops roved around the building trying to find those responsible for setting off the alarms, but after searching and searching, all they could say was, "Well, they're around somewhere, but we can't find them, yet."

On the third floor landing of the Hall, a black cop read the epithets left on the walls during the two-week occupation of the South Campus by the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community. His expression didn't change as he turned away to look downstairs and over the railing.

"REVOLUTION. OFF THE PIGS."

His nightstick dangled over the banister.

The sun didn't break through the clouds by noon, but the warmth sank into people's bodies for a while. The grey morning gave over to a greyer afternoon — the shadows became illuminated and visible, and even though the sun had dispersed the foggy of the early morning, it still clogged the brain. The heat was on. Sitting there in the brain, it was hard to know what to do or how to feel.

School was open, the campus had been cleared — yet. But there was a new occupation force on campus. It was sinister and hostile and had no mentality. It walked around in packs and teams and drove people to recognize that "normal" was a word that had no meaning. Nothing is normal. Everything is suspect.



Black students climb Terrace gate while a girl escapes prior to the fight Wednesday.

dered to keep moving. Night students came onto campus only to learn once again that school was shut.

Friday heavy rain and fear of more violence kept attendance down. Finley was closed, with the exception of the cafeteria, and South Campus appeared deserted. Up north the cafeteria was full but class attendance was rarely better than 20%.

At 11:30 about 200 radicals began a march through Shepard and around North Campus in the rain. Police moved quickly to keep the marchers out of buildings and, as the column moved south, it was broken up by police. The marchers were barred from South Campus. For the remainder of the day police guarding campus buildings attempted to keep anyone who looked like a strike supporter or who admitted to being an SDS member out of buildings.

The police spent the rest of the day out in the rain, ignored for the most part by the few people remaining, while downtown, the BHE was discussing candidates for Dr. Gallagher's replacement and on North Campus the Faculty Senate meeting dragged on.

ed before Che Guevara Hall, once called Finley Student Center, and taunted the police who surrounded them on all sides.

From Mott, the sounds of "On strike! Shut it down!" grew from a hoarse whisper into a marching chant. The black and Puerto Rican students standing in knots in front of Guevara Hall, looked at the white students, who smiled back.

"On strike!" the marchers in red arm-bands called out.

"BURN it down!" the blacks and Puerto Ricans responded.

"On strike!"

"Burn it Down!"

And then, the kids standing in front of the Hall changed their response to "Kill the pigs!"

"On strike!" "Kill the pigs!"

And you know the cops must have been finding their tools.

At one of the few populated tables in the South Campus Cafeteria, one observer noted that the campus was inhabited only by "us (the strikers) and them (the police)."

The silence prevailed the campus, and people swooned with the lull. It was like

Disruptions May Lead to Automatic Pass Grades

All students at the College may receive pass grades this term if there are any further disruptions, Registrar Robert Taylor said last week.

The two week shut-down of South Campus by the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community considered alone would not affect grading substantially if recommendations submitted by the Registrar are accepted by the Faculty.

In a statement issued last Tuesday, Taylor advised all Faculty to use the A, B, C, D, F series unless there is insufficient basis to evaluate the students. In that case, the Registrar suggested the grade P — the "simple pass" — should be used. In addition, it was suggested that classes meet until the end of the term, June 10.

Seniors in good standing will not be affected as concerns their graduation. "For any graduating senior," Secretary of the Faculty Council of Liberal Arts and Sciences Marvin Magalaner said, "all that is needed is certification that the student has taken the requisite

courses."

The shut-down may also have the effect of limiting the summer session classes, additionally threatened by budget cuts. Course offerings have yet to be submitted to the Registrar by the departments and so instructors do not know if they have been accepted for the summer session.

Tensions in the Harlem community, added to a lack of money and staff leaves the possibility of a summer session at the College in doubt.

Taylor said last week that Tuesday's statement only covers present conditions. "It's within the realm of possibility that all students might be given automatic pass grades in the event of further major disruptions," he added.

As of now, the five Engineering departments and the School of Architecture do not plan to use the simple passing grade at all.

Included in the statement on grades, the Registrar recommended that classes meet as usual during the week of "uniform" finals, June 2 to 10. Finals may be given

at any time up until June 10, when the term will end.

The Spring semester was originally scheduled to end June 10. No plans have been proposed by the Registrar to extend the semester beyond that time, because such an extension "would do violence to summer session plans, intersession courses, and other plans of both teachers and students."

Other solutions to the lost-time problem suggested by Faculty members range from guaranteeing all students a pass grade, to leaving the question in the individual departments' or Professors' hands. Herman Berliner (Economics), a member of the Faculty Senate, has called for use of the pass-fail grade whenever students request them.

On April 28, President Buell Gallagher issued the following statement: "Every effort will be made, through whatever ingenious devices are acceptable to the Faculty to make sure that time lost during the negotiations does not endanger the satisfactory completion of the academic year. Patience is of the essence."



Walkout by Teachers in Great Hall Leads to Formation of Faculty Caucus

By GIL FRIEND

Two largely overlapping groups of faculty have emerged from the current crisis with a meaningful idea of what the College can be.

The divisions between faculty members became obvious at the faculty meeting Wednesday, April 30, when Professor Stanley Feingold (Poli. Sci.) proposed that an ultimatum be delivered to the black and Puerto Rican students occupying South Campus. The idea was endorsed by the senior faculty, but it was rejected by the instructional staff, which included assistant professors without tenure.

Even though the total vote was against the resolution, Professor Samuel Hendel (Poli. Sci.), serving as parliamentarian, ruled that the vote of the senior faculty would be final. About 100 teachers then walked out of the meeting and met elsewhere in Shepard Hall to form the Caucus of Concerned Faculty and Instructional Staff.

Four days later, at a Sunday meeting, the senior faculty reaffirmed the distinctions between faculty members which led to the walkout by issuing, at the opening of the meeting, green cards to tenured faculty and yellow to the untenured staff. When the cards were raised in hand votes, the junior faculty's vote could be kept separate from that of the tenured staff.

"It was a legislative maneuver to shift voting to a harder line on the students," said one member of the caucus who had been active in its more radical predecessor, Faculty For Action. "It was clear that some people who were reacting out of fear instead of to the substance of the demands didn't like our votes."

Faculty For Action was organized last February, when the five demands were first presented, by about a dozen young faculty members who intended to educate and organize the faculty around those demands. On March 3 it released a thousand word analysis of the demands,

emphasizing a redistribution of power at the College from administration to faculty and students. Another statement released April 18 attacked President Gallagher for substituting "the euphemistic language of process" for implementation of a "comprehensive educational program."

"This is an old administrative game, and it is being played out here at the expense of those least able to play," the statement read, warning Dr. Gallagher to avoid the "potential consequences of inaction." Four days later South Campus was seized.

"This was not a threat, but a prediction," explained Arthur Birenbaum, a sociology instructor. "We weren't issuing threats, but rather trying to explain what we saw as the inevitable result of unresponsiveness. The violence of last week was another example of what will follow the kinds of terrible mistakes the BHE has made. If the Finley fire came so soon, think of what might happen if there is still no legitimization of the demands."

As support for the caucus grew following the re-opening of the College and the ensuing violence, over 100 white faculty endorsed the Black and Puerto Rican Faculty's strike and sent telegrams to the BHE declaring, "We refuse to participate in the academic life of the City College until negotiations resume at the point from which they were broken off."

Members of the caucus have said it will continue beyond the settlement of this crisis. "Students and faculty are underprivileged groups within the college community," explained Frank Martino, a physics lecturer.

"The potential here is fantastic," Birenbaum said. "We were moving to a peaceful settlement with wide ramifications. The negotiations could have served as a prototype for those at other schools. The SEEK and Black and Puerto Rican studies demands are fine precedents for increased student and faculty control of this college and others."

Debate Rages on College Crisis In Faculty Senate's 3 Meetings

By JONNY NEUMANN

The Faculty Senate met in its first three sessions last week, electing four possible negotiators from whom the Board of Higher Education (BHE) will choose two, electing an executive committee of seven, voting 36-20 Thursday afternoon to close school Friday, and voting overwhelmingly Friday to censure the BHE for opening the College, deploring "political interference which may have forced the resignation of Dr. Gallagher."

Oscillating from reason to rage, the faculty senators were split on most issues. Several professors charged that the group had no power at all in light of Thursday's BHE decision to reverse the Senate's vote.

After President Buell Gallagher announced his resignation, Dean of Students G. Nicholas Paster made an impassioned plea for cooperation among divergent faculty interest groups.

"There is tremendous good will on both sides," Paster said, "But it has been almost irrelevant. We must realize that we are really living through an American revolution — a revolution in which the Black society is saying 'No' — with guns in its hands."

"I don't think we have recognized what is happening. We must begin to see the situation as it is and deal with realities. If we only look for the niceties, we will continue to get nowhere."

A statement by Professor Edmond Volpe (Chmn., English) against having S. I. Hayakawa, the president of San Francisco State College, replace Dr. Gallagher was roundly applauded. "A police force cannot simply be the answer to difficult problems," he said.

But Dean of Graduate Studies Oscar Zeichner warned that "we are moving toward a school for anarchist revolutionaries, and if it comes to a choice of gangs or police, I'm afraid I must settle for the lesser of the evils — police."

Professor George McKenna (Poli. Sci.) broke the discussion of a new president, saying, "As I was leaving Wagner yesterday, Finley Center was burning down. I rushed over here to the Faculty Senate meeting, and found everything was calm. This group is becoming so irrelevant as to be almost mad — and the madness is underscored by the calm. On Sunday and again yesterday, the BHE said 'to hell with all of you,' and now we have a calm discussion over how we are knuckling under. It is glaringly irrelevant to discuss a new president now. We're the ones who are running the show. A university should not be run by Mario Procaccino."

The group gave an ovation to Prof. McKenna, but then Dean Zeichner added "Despite what has been said, I offer an appeal to reason. We no longer have a college: the students are divided, the fa-

culty is divided, we have no President. It's time to call a halt to this spiraling dissent to mass destruction. We must find a man of reason, a man of judgment, a man who can restore this campus to normalcy . . . to serve as an acting president."

A resolution which would "completely and unequivocally condemn the use of force, violence, vandalism, arson, terrorism and intimidation . . ." was rejected because as Professor Jerome Gold (Student Personnel Services) said, "In a time of crisis, this particular motion is platitudinous."

A motion presented by Prof. Gold to set up the structure of negotiations with faculty senators, black and Puerto Rican students, black and Puerto Rican faculty, white students, and a representative from the BHE was accepted.

The four faculty members elected last Monday to serve as negotiators were Professor Joseph J. Copeland (Biology), Professor Bernard Bellush (History), Professor Stanley Feingold (Poli. Sci.), and Dean Robert Young, director of the SEEK program at the College.

The members of the executive committee elected Thursday are: Professor Bellush, Chairman; Professor Michael Guerriero, (Education), secretary; Professor Julius Elias (Philosophy); Professor Paul Karmel (Electrical Engineering); Professor Harry Lustig (Physics); Christopher Mulvey (English); Samuel Hendel, (Poli. Sci.), faculty ombudsman; and Dean Young.

Student Senate . . .

While Faculty Senate has found its wishes on closing the school ignored by the Board of Higher Education, its counterpart, Student Senate, has found itself ignored by just about everyone.

On the morning after the seizure of South Campus, the Senate attempted to convene a meeting in Shepard Hall. Members of the Senate had been notified by phone the night before that the meeting would be held.

However, the inability to reach any black or Puerto Rican members of the Senate at home, coupled with the failure of many others, including President Albert Vazquez, to attend produced another Senate without a quorum. Yet those senators present passed a resolution condemning the takeover, as well as expressing disapproval of the five demands of the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community.

The second Student Senate election, scheduled originally for this May, has been one of many activities delayed or cancelled by the crisis. No date has been set for the election.

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The Rain Came Down But Few Students Got In

Tuesday was like any other day, except it rained, and the overcast skies were less ominous than they were ugly. And there were no classes on South Campus, which had been sealed off by the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community.

You couldn't get on the campus, not unless you were black or Puerto Rican and had come to join the 200 others who stood in the rain, blocking the entrances to white students and faculty.

They stood at the four gates which had once served the Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, singing, shouting, chanting and laughing. At the 133rd Street gate, not chained like the others because Sergeant Edward Sullivan of the 26th Precinct had severed the links in the early morning, a line of Burns guards separated the 50 demonstrators from a like number of white students, who were either hurt or puzzled or angry at being excluded.

The day began at about 6:30 AM, when an unknown number of students entered Finley Center, either walking through doors already opened by the janitors or allegedly breaking the locks on unopened doors.

The students later assembled at each of the entrances — the four gates and the hole in the fence behind Eisner Hall. At the main gate, a human wall bolstered the chains on the gate. With the students there was a small contingent of Burns guards, a buffer between the demonstrators and the onrushing students.

While disclaiming support for the demonstrators, the guards had obvious allegiances.

In the rain, the blacks began to sing. As whites shouted, "We want in!" the blacks responded with a slow, rhythmic chant: "Power to the people. Power to the people. Black power to the black people. Power to the people."

"Who's gonna survive America? Very few Negroes (niggers), no pigs at all."

Those two verses repeated over and over to a slow beat, spread from gate to gate, maintaining morale and spirit in the driving rain.

City police were called in at 8:50 AM by Dean of Students G. Nicholas Paster to "snip" the chains but not to make any arrests. The police withdrew when the blacks hardened their line and made clear their intention to resist. "We didn't want to confront anyone," Sgt. Sullivan said afterwards.

Large numbers of surprised, angry students gathered at the gates. They stopped police cars that were continuously circling the campus, they screamed at the protesters on the other side of the gate to open up, and they threatened to organize a group on North Campus and "bust (the strikers') motherfuckin' asses off." Midterms, term papers, and similar concerns increased many of the other students' anxiety.

Except for the isolated, kaleidoscopic effect at each gate of varicolored umbrellas bobbing up and down with the carriers' own animation, the South Campus grounds were deserted. Its bleak, deathly monotony was relieved only by the regular changing of the guard at each gate, with one group rushing to the bright, welcoming warmth which Finley provided, and another group walking a bit more reluctantly toward the forbidding theater of action.

All the other buildings and huts on the South Campus were locked, with only the front door of Wagner exhibiting any, if somewhat doubtful, evidence of an attempt at forced entry — in one keyhole was a nail hammered in, and in another was a piece of broken metal. A cleaning lady in a blue uniform motioned from a dark hallway in the English department's main hut that the school was closed. Lights were seen in that hut, in Park Gym, and in one or two rooms in the basement of Wagner.

In Finley, many custodians, cleaning ladies, and black secretaries, all of whom had been permitted to enter, decided to remain and "take it easy," as several of them said, in order not to lose a full day's pay; others left soon after it became apparent the demonstrators would not be removed within the next few hours. The employees had been asked to stand by for a while in case an agreement was reached with the Administration and the campus was reopened; they had also been instructed "not to interfere with the demonstrators and to leave them alone."

Many cafeteria workers went about their normal activities. The nine or ten Burns guards inside the building stuck together in one small, tight group watching the Main gate from a nearby window, and at one point made certain that all those who had been requested to vacate the cafeteria had done so.

The majority of students were standing at one of the five entrances; those inside were gathered in small groups in the Prisa and Onyx offices, lounges, hallways, and in larger groups in the darkened snack bar and campus cafeteria. A great deal of talking took place, much of it centering on what the probable reaction of white students would be to the occupation.

Free coffee was served in the cafeteria until the students were forced to leave, and the limited facilities of the snack bar were also taken advantage of. Several radios blasted soul music and news broadcasts into the hallways. The latter aroused considerable excitement



whenever references were made to "the takeover at CCNY."

On the whole, however, the students were subdued, intense, but elated by the effectiveness of their actions. They continued to maintain strict security within Finley, and any non-black student would be challenged by a "Mira!" or a "Como te llamas?" to confirm his identity as a Puerto Rican. Several white students were able to enter Finley, however, and one, on being asked why he was there, replied that he was in agreement with the strikers' demands. The questioners didn't seem to know what to do, and the white kid walked away.

The inevitable sense of camaraderie established was greatly in evidence. "Brother" was used as an all-encompassing greeting by janitors, secretaries, cafeteria workers, and maintenance men. Everyone appeared to know everyone else, and if they didn't, that situation was soon remedied. Not one person was heard to complain about the weather; in fact, the spirits of the people at the gate and inside seemed to rise in inverse proportion to the weather, as the rain came down in increasing torrents, the laughter grew louder, the chants more emphatic, and their determination stronger.

As a growing number of marked and unmarked police cars and station wagons began to make an appearance before the gates, it became somewhat apparent that a bust might be in the making. The few remaining students in Finley calmly left, and headed to reinforce those already congregating at the gates. No panic, little surprise, and much cool.

Kids grabbed sticks and began to roll garbage cans, after emptying them of several inches of water, towards the gates, where they piled one on top of another to form a barricade. At the Main gate, rope was also used

to tie the gates together. Several people ran from gate to gate in order to keep a continuous line of communication open.

The volume of the chanting voices, which previously had been alternately rising and falling, now declaimed with a steady intensity. A person standing in front of Finley Center's main entrance would be overwhelmed by the multidimensional sound of the chants strongly emanating from the four corners of the campus in perfect unity. To him, the whole world would seem to be crying out "Power to the People."

A student displaying a flag bearing three stripes sat on top of the left side of the main gate, and as the cops approached his familiar cry of "Pigs" was taken up by people on both sides of the fence.

The pigs soon left, however, in their cars, their wagons, and on their feet, some seeking sanctuary in the Church of the Annunciation, apposite Mott Hall.

The blockade had been a surprise to most students at the College, many of whom had left home too early to have heard of the action. It came as a surprise even to white students who had joined the blacks and Puerto Ricans in a parade on Monday through the campus, shouting their sympathy with the strike called to support the five demands for more third world admissions and black-oriented programs, and who had watched as a white effigy, labeled "racism" had gone up in flames.

No one had guessed then that the black and Puerto Rican students would erect their own human barricades, or that it would happen so soon. But no one knew, Monday, the extent of the discipline, energy, and confidence in the justness of their demands among the blacks and Puerto Ricans.

Campus Tour: BGG Views War Zone

(Continued from Page 3)

Finding the building satisfactory, the President moved on to Mott Hall. His stride was rapid as he avoided the five steps down to Mott, jumping over the ledge instead. He ran to the table which served as a security post in front of the 131st St. entrance, and spoke to two men outside the still-barricaded gate. (Perhaps because of his constant attempts to avoid reporters, perhaps because he had so many places to go, the President had, in the past two weeks made a habit of skipping out of side entrances, running down back staircases, and hopping off ledges.)

Mott was locked, and, after slowly shining his flashlight through the hallway to see nothing unusual, the President made his way up to Hut #M8, which had on one of its blackboards notes on Latin American revolutions, written in Spanish. Apparently, Dr. Gallagher said, this room was used as one of several student-run classrooms in history, politics, and first aid instruction.

The next hut was clean and orderly; written on a blackboard was: "Charlie, where the hell is my sleeping bag?"

The President walked through some more offices, finding occasional minor damage to airconditioners, "which they were probably trying to fix," the President noted. He was proud, almost jubilant that the students had taken good care of the campus over the two weeks.

In one office he found a half full bottle of champagne. "I guess they saved some for me," he joked.

The President stepped away from the huts and smiled.

"I expected it would be like this, with all the discipline they had. All that's needed is a broom, and these buildings are ready for classes."

Starting to walk on the South campus lawn, Dr. Gallagher glanced back at the main English faculty hut, hut Site #6. "I remember that one from another time," now only half smiling. "... but think what it would be like without them..."

He walked slowly across the lawn, gazing at the high picket wire fence on the south end of the campus.

"It would have taken maybe two thousand police to surround this campus for a raid," one of the student escorts commented.

"That would have been another story altogether," the President whispered. "Thank god there was no violence."

He suddenly smiled. "Over there," he pointed to a patch of grass nearby. "That's where I planted the grass seeds with Ron McGuire last year." He laughed. "It's the only place where the grass is growing now."

After searching the art hut to find only one broken window ("the first sign of breaking and entering"), President Gallagher entered Eisner Hall, where a maintenance man told him that the third floor had been "pretty badly damaged." He rushed up the stairs, but the only signs of damage were a few used and uncleaned machines, a cut-out piece of leather, and the scraps of some crude homemade heavy metal weapons. Two frightening-looking bludgeoning stones held by rope sat upon

(Continued on Page 13)

within the halls of klapper community...

By TOM FRIEDMAN

It was raining very hard, and in the downpour a group of white students stood before the South Campus main gate, staring uncertainly at the blacks who blocked the entrance. As the water soaked through their jackets, or beat down upon their umbrellas, they watched the black students with confusion and a growing sense of impotence intensified by the maddening rain. Some turned back to North Campus, others went home; most left, feeling that they had become spectators of a situation beyond their control. April 22.

White radicals began to experience a curious frustration; though welcoming the seizure, they were uncertain as to the role they might play in the crisis. It was immediately obvious that they would not be permitted to join the South Campus group, nor would there be very much contact between black and white radicals. An equal coalition was impossible; the blacks stressed that the takeover was a black action; they hoped for support and parallel white radical action, but they intended to remain a separate entity.

That day, whites met in Great Hall and later in the Administration Building to discuss what they might do in light of the black and Puerto Rican students' dramatic action. At the Administration Building emotions ran high; there were those who demanded an immediate white radical action, such as a building takeover in support of the five demands. Others urged less militant action: picketing and an educational campaign to explain the issues to the rest of the student body.

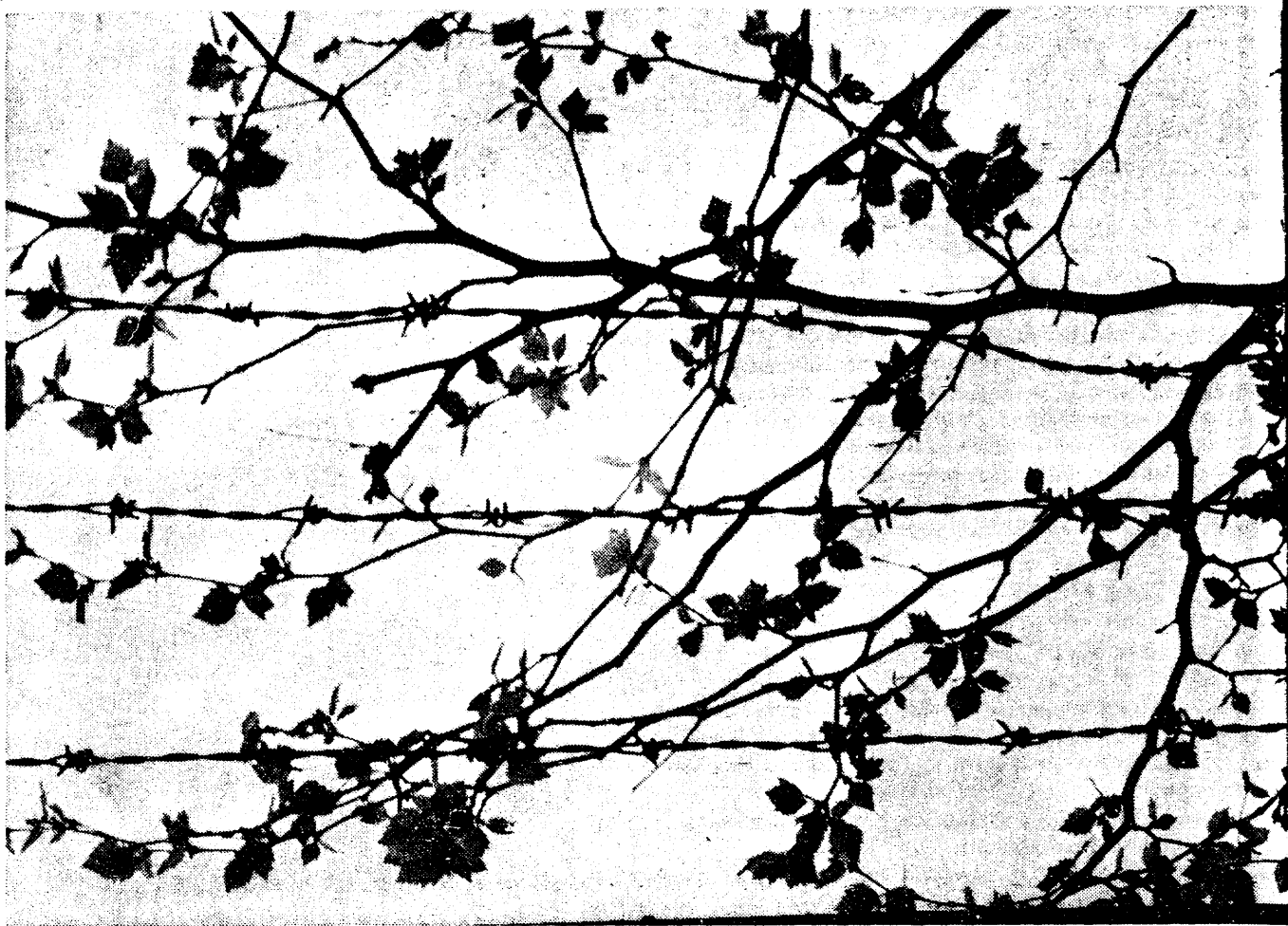
Shouting matches raged through the lobby, and the meeting began to degenerate into chaos. Ira Leibowitz, a leader of SDS, suggested that the group leave the Administration building, forget about seizing it, and journey back to Shepard for a calmer meeting to discuss plans and tactics. He was met with acute hostility by some, but many followed him. Of several hundred radicals who once crammed the lobby, now only seventy remained. They sat on the floor and steps, uncertain of what their future plans might be, disconcerted by the emotional scene just passed. The split amongst the left, once again dramatically illustrated, upset and frustrated many, especially when it was compared to what they assumed was a tight, strongly unified organization on South Campus.

The split in the white left is not a new phenomenon. It was perhaps most clearly evidenced during the Sanctuary of last term, when Private William Brakefield, AWOL from the Army, resided in the Finley Grand Ballroom for almost a week with nearly two hundred supporters. In numerous meetings during the Sanctuary, members of SDS and unaligned leftists clashed continually with self-professed members of the Commune over tactics. The Commune (a restricting but convenient



term for a handful of leaders; the followers often shift with each crisis) favored a program of disruptive action at the College directed against ROTC, job recruitment by companies with defense contracts, and related issues. They appeared to be uninterested in educational programs or organizing campaigns, unlike SDS, convinced that everyone was sufficiently aware of the issues, and that the time had come for action, or at least, their program of action. They saw themselves, in effect, as a sort of "vanguard" for the left.

SDS, which seemed to have trouble crystallizing any significant movement at the College, condemned the Commune for what they considered their "irresponsibility," egocentric ways and anti-intellectual stance, oriented too strongly around an action — without — explanation or education philosophy. The Commune had enormous difficulties in coping with any sort of coalition with any other groups. Communication and cooperation broke down; and what amounted to intense hostility began.



April 22, evening. The rain began to ebb when the SDS group left the campus and the students in the Administration building decided to move to the more comfortable Bowker Lounge in Shepard, after receiving permission from Nicholas Paster. There were fears then that an Administration Building sit-in might endanger the position of the black and Puerto Rican students on South Campus by forcing a police action.

The group at Bowker included the leaders of the Commune and forty or so unaligned students committed to some type of action the next day.

It appeared as if the group had a deep need to identify themselves in the black struggle. The vanguard philosophy of the Commune in this situation became patently absurd. No one could bear to be left out, however, and the mild supportive action planned by SDS was too passive for the group, especially the volatile Commune, so alternatives were sought.

The group decided to break in sub-groups, called "cells," to discuss issues and tactics more easily, and develop a close relationship between the members of the group. Everyone liked the idea.

Wednesday dawned with the cells in agreement to seize Klapper Hall. The decision was to be kept in secret until the moment of action; in fact the cell system was designed for greater security as well as to facilitate communication. A committee of delegates from the cells was chosen. At this point the spirit in Bowker was one of unity and optimism.

The basic tactic was to pick a dramatic moment in the emergency faculty meeting the next day and announce the planned action, pick up supporters from the meeting and along the campus and take the building. It was agreed that tight security was essential; no one would be allowed into Klapper unless one of the original members of the Bowker group could vouch for them. The timing and security measures were planned, but little else. It became clear that as a group the Bowker students had little idea of what they would do once they were in Klapper Hall.

The faculty meeting began at 9:30 AM. Later with hundreds of faculty and students present, 200 black and Puerto Rican students marched into the Great Hall. They presented their position after halting a faculty discussion of procedure and agenda that had lasted interminably. After the South Campus militants finished their statement, Tom Soto, a black leader said, "Do any of our white brothers have anything to say?" Liebowitz and Joel Brodsky, who had spent the night in Bowker, raced for the stage and the microphone, as the faculty and students sat in surprise. Brodsky won. Later it was intimated that Liebowitz was prevented from reaching the stage by a well-placed leg in the aisle.

Brodsky spoke hurriedly, ending with, "We recognize that we are all niggers, that as long as some people are the victims of oppression, none of us are free. The black demands must be met, and fundamental change effected at this college. Until that time, the college will remain shut." He then quickly stated that the Bowker group was going to seize a building, and then left the Great Hall with the other members of the group. Those left in the auditorium were totally confused as to what had just occurred. Many had not been able to hear what Brodsky had said. And so fifty students proceeded to Klapper Hall where they found that very few had joined them.

The building was quickly secured as the first order of business; those people who were in it were politely

told to leave, the front door was chained and locked, other entrances were locked where possible and barricaded. Only one door was used, in the rear yard, security guards were posted. Several students but themselves with the lettering of posters, but many too excited to stay in one place and wandered about, gaging in short conversations. It took the better part of the day for the students to adjust to the new situation and surroundings. By night most had calmed down somewhat.

At the first general meeting of the Klapper Hall Community several things became clear. A preliminary leadership had asserted itself, consisting of several leaders of the Commune. Issues, such as the defining role of white radicals, and specifically that of the Klapper community, were by no means clear in the mind of the majority of the group. Some sort of organization was needed; a decision-making procedure had to be created. The meeting was loud and frenzied, with several students exhorting their comrades to stay calm, to love one another as brothers, that differences could be settled if people felt a strong enough sense of community; was a night of confusion.

The next day, Thursday, witnessed the organization of several committees; Security, already loosely formed; Agit-Prop (Agitation-Propaganda), for writing of statements, leaflets; Food; Maintenance, for the care of building itself. That night, the Committee of Five created, the steering committee for the Klapper community. It represented divergent groups within the community. Hopes were high that members of the Commune and independent leftists could work together closely well for the first time.

But even in the early days there was antagonism within the group, over the rhetoric used by the vocal minority from the Commune. Slogans of revolutionary me-

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The Eight Points of Klapper

1. The Klapper Hall Community is a people's school.

A people's school is run by the people it seeks to educate. We of the Klapper Hall Community define goals, structure, curriculum, and policy of our school. We further seek to initiate and support, by example action, other peoples' schools.

2. The Klapper Hall Community is a politically relevant school.

We recognize the need for an increasing political awareness in our lives. We realize that the racist and oppressive nature of American society follows from American exploitative and imperialist policies at home and abroad.

3. We affirm with our black and Puerto Rican brothers and sisters of Harlem University the racist character of City College, and its role in furthering the imperialist and oppressive ends of society.

By our seizure of Klapper Hall we deny the legitimacy of City College as it is presently constituted. Furthermore, we declare ourselves to be a legitimate college body.

4. The group seeks power in determining the crisis of City College.

We have created a structure which allows us to take immediate and effective political action.

All members of the community must actively participate in a way that carry out in All members community.

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ments, words from Chairman Mao were used in Klapper by some, disgusting several members who discounted what they called "the revolutionary fantasy trip" of the others. At one time quotations from Chairman Mao were written on a black board, to the astonishment of most of the group. The excerpt dealt with party discipline rather strongly, advocating in some minds what was, in effect, blind allegiance, and came at a time when discipline problems had been recurring. Many were overtly annoyed at the incident.

The first real crisis was Thursday morning when fighting broke out between a handful of conservative students who attempted to force entrance into Klapper and a group of the students inside. One Klapper student was beaten by two conservatives on the street. Panic almost swept through the building, but the scuffle was terminated after a bottle as a warning thrown from the roof crashed a safe distance from the conservative students, and the police arrived. The belligerent group left.

Paranoia began to reign in Klapper. Fearing attacks from hostile students from North Campus, they strengthened the security system, and clubs for defense were made in the woodworking shop. Soon most of males were in possession of one sort of club or another. The Security committee began to act with autonomy, and many of the community reacted unfavorably. Eventually all clubs were removed to the Security office, to be dispensed only to those on duty. The committee was organized more tightly, and its numbers were decreased. But the atmosphere of fear always lingered throughout the days in Klapper.

The second crisis came Thursday night. The Klapper community was upset at the flourishing reports in the press that the blacks and Puerto Ricans on South Campus had disavowed the group at Klapper. Since the Klapper group had decided not to speak to the press, and in fact, some had acted with marked antagonism toward reporters, there seemed to be little to do.

It was decided that even a press conference would seem ludicrous now, if the black leadership were not there to state that indeed the South Campus was behind the white radicals. A meeting was set up, and two members of the black leadership arrived at Klapper. They said that they themselves were pleased that Klapper had been taken, and would lend any unofficial support to the group, but that, no, there would be no official recognition of the Klapper group. They denied that they had ever disavowed the white radicals, but would not now publicly condemn the fabrications in the press. Their reasons were, in effect, that their constituency was still suspicious of white action, and they could not press their more pragmatic views on them, at least not at this time.

The meeting ended on good terms, both sides had been honest, yet in the white radicals' minds there remained uneasy feelings about their identity in the crisis. The idea developed that it was essential that the Klapper group gain a consciousness as white radicals, more than a supportive group riding on the black students' coat-tails. Discussions were fitfully held, but never satisfactorily answered this most important questions.

The Klapper group was to tackle this problem of identity at least by settling the problem of a new name for the building. In a general meeting, several names were thrown out to the body, and in a lethargic vote, "Huey P. Newton Hall of Political Action" was agreed upon. Newton Hall was to be an annex of Harlem University, the new name of South Campus. It was clear that "annex" was a second best choice imposed on the whites in the relationship between Klapper and South Campus. The Klapper group had pressed the leadership of South Campus to make the Klapper community an integral part of Harlem University, but they politely refused. Perhaps "Huey P. Newton Hall," named after an imprisoned Black Panther leader, best reflects the frustration and longing of the group for an identity closely coupled with the black struggle. Yet even though casual relationships

between the two groups were excellent, and mutual cooperation existed, officially the Klapper group was never recognized. Certainly the Klapper community never participated in any decision-making or negotiating with the black students. The power obviously rested in South Campus.

A real sense of isolation hung over Klapper Hall. After a brief burst of red-baiting, the press forgot them. Few students visited the campus during this period while the College was closed. It was nearly a week and a

It appeared as if the group had a deep need to identify themselves in the black struggle . . .

statement to the student body had not yet been sent out. Conflicts over whether a postage machine should be used (it was not) and later, stamped envelopes belonging to the College (they were), plus arguments over the content of the statement, and organizational mixups, delayed the mailing.

Some wanted to explain the five demands, explain why they were in support of those demands, and explain the tactic of the building takeover; others wanted to enlarge the statement into an enunciation and explanation of more demands, more pertinent to the basically white student body. Many felt the inadequacy of restricting the statement to the five demands, but few seemed to agree on how one would approach the white students in the middle, and convince them that the five demands had relevance to them. It was emphasized by some in Klapper that the statement had to show an unaware student body

prised to find themselves on a committee with Commune leaders in the first place. Tension was high, and a spirit of mistrust had developed between the two factions in a crucial Committee of Five meeting called to deal with the statement. The community began to complain of the committee's isolation from the group and its heavily authoritarian stance. The two non-Commune students in leadership positions left, and soon most of the other independent leftists left as well. The arguments over the statement, security, the relationship with the black and Puerto Rican students, tactics and ideology ended. What was left in Klapper was basically the Commune.

The remaining days came and went with an atmosphere of exhaustion and depression. The isolation from the rest of the student body seemed an irrefutable reality which could not be rectified. The statement mailed out was too little too late. The rules of the community began to be broken. In the beginning there had been discipline; no drugs were allowed, no vandalism was permitted, and discipline was basically self-imposed in an admirable fashion. But in the latter stage of Klapper the discipline began to disintegrate; drugs every now and then, a missing radio; yet vandalism was still kept to a minimum. The Commune, always accused of anarchistic behavior, was restrained. Everyone felt that somehow things had gone wrong, and was upset and depressed. The group had shrunk to thirty.

Monday, May 4, found the Klapper community and the black and Puerto Rican students under the threat of an injunction to leave the campus. In the afternoon, attempting to leave before the injunction arrived, the Klapper group left what had been their home for two weeks and marched through North Campus with about fifty followers. Fights broke out between conservative students and the Klapper group, photographers were accosted and told to cease taking pictures of the mar-



that the university denied them certain freedoms, such as the control over curriculum, hiring and firing of faculty and basically, the workings of the entire university complex; to explain that these demands were natural rights, and to explain therefore why Klapper was seized; in effect, justify the Klapper community, on the level of the basically apolitical student body and create a specifically white radical identity.

Another faction rebelled against the idea of any justification of their action, denied that any public relations work need be done for the rest of the campus, other than clearly stating the position of the Klapper community, and hope that those who read it were politically sophisticated enough to follow the steps that lead up to the present conclusions of the group; that the university reflects neither the needs of the students nor of the Harlem community and must be radically changed.

The split that had recurred again and again between SDS and the Commune ironically developed in Klapper. Here white radicals who had been tired of what was termed "SDS inaction and stagnation" experienced a commitment to some sort of educational process. The statement as it reached the student body, however, seemed to be written for other radicals. It was addressed Brothers and Sisters, it spoke of the inequities of the university and society too briefly and with pat phrases; it was a fine propaganda leaflet, but not a detailed, convincing position paper. Its success, ironically, lay in its elucidation of the five demands, but as an attempt to create a white radical consciousness it was a token effort.

Two members of the Committee of Five began to consider leaving Klapper, the leftists who had been sur-

chers. A few scuffles occurred with photographers who declined to accept their advice.

There was no dialogue between the Klapper group and the other students, most of whom watched the march proceed with confusion or disgust. Other leftists around the campus declined to join the group, by now totally turned-off to the antagonistic, tight knit, group that marched about defiantly.

Later that day the small band of Klapper students entered South Campus together. But several hours later they were told to leave; many black and Puerto Rican students had become uptight at their presence on the campus. The South Campus leadership had consented to their presence, but the constituency pressed for their removal, and so the Klapper community, or what was left of it, went home for the first time in many days.

The antagonism towards the Klapper group and in effect, the Commune, still exists, especially among other radicals. One student expressed it this way:

"I heard one of them say 'Power to the People.' Well if they despise the right, despise and alienate the middle, mistrust and dislike the rest of the left, and if the black and Puerto Rican students get up tight when they're on South Campus, which 'people' do they mean?"

It was raining very hard and two students stood before Shepard Hall. They stared uncertainly out into the grayness of North Campus, and saw a Commune leader walk by, shoulders hunched against the wind and rain. "God knows what they'll do next," one of the students said, gesturing to the lone figure. The other shrugged, indifferently, and they turned around and headed for the cafeteria. Friday, May 9.

nts of the Klapper Community

participate in a work committee. The committees operate to carry out immediate survival and organizational needs.

All members must also attend political meetings of the community.

5. We are all brothers and sisters within the community.

We share respect for ourselves and each other. In conducting our community, we realize the necessity for self-discipline and unity.

The use of drugs and alcohol during the functioning of community activities is forbidden and violators will be expelled from the community.

Any member whose actions jeopardize our unity must be dealt with by the group immediately.

6. We are committed to support of the seven demands made by our black and Puerto Rican brothers and sisters.

We are aware of the ways in which we, as white students, relate to and are served by those seven demands. We are committed to all actions necessary to fulfill these demands.

7. School's out. The campus was closed by our black and Puerto Rican brothers and sisters. We join them in declaring this college closed until the seven demands are met.

8. Power to the people!

WCCR Knocked Off The Air

By SAM MILES

When Daily News photographers invaded the College to photograph the effects of the two week occupation of South Campus, President Buell Gallagher characterized the damage as "slight."

The newsmen wanted to see the "worst damage" that Gallagher had found in his inspection, so he brought them to a leather working shop in Eisner, where a torn scrap of hide lay on the workbench.

"As you can see," he said, "the damage was minimal." He went on to explain the measures taken by the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community to prevent vandalism.

The photographers left disappointed.

Had Gallagher brought them to Room 418 Finley, the offices of WCCR — City College Radio, the Daily News might have looked different Tuesday morning. The dissident students left WCCR with an estimated \$3,200-\$3,500 in damages, according to station manager Al Gershman.

"We can't go back on the air this term. Whether we're ready for next term depends on when we can replace stolen and damaged equipment," he said.

Included in the damaged equipment was the audio console, "the heart of the station's operation." The console had been installed last month, and has not yet been paid for in full.

Also missing from the studio were a portable tape recorder, three sets of headphones, a microphone, two studio turntables, and an estimated 300 record albums.

An inventory is not yet complete, but it seems that the station's collection of jazz records was hardest hit.

"Somebody had some excellent taste," said Erland Suni, a member of WCCR. "They took most of the major jazz artists — Coltrane, Miles Davis, Herbie Mann, and Lou Rawls." There were a few rotten albums too — some I

don't think blacks would take. I think there were some whites there."

Some personal records were, however, left behind. "They obviously left in quite a hurry," Sydney Stern, another member of the station, said.

Classical and popular records were left untouched during the occupation according to Suni.

The station hopes to replace the stolen albums with new promotional copies. Yet, most of the records taken are more than a year old.

Administration officials have promised to pay for the repairs and to improve WCCR's security.

Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin

(Continued from Page 3)

ring privilege to justice," Gallagher said Friday. Preach, Buell, Preach! But welcome Dow with open arms.

There were other lies, evasions. The lawn near Mott, saved by the spontaneous anger of students in the cafeteria, who stormed outside and carried by hand away truckloads of crushed rock. Gallagher, who had been talking about using lawns but had made no final decisions, he said, happened to be out of town that day.

Or the men he surrounded himself with: Levine, Stark, Peace. Dishonest, self-serving. And Dean Peace, who follows his President into retirement, an unconscious racist.

Asked why Burns Guards took students ID cards instead of noting their names, Peace, dead serious, said, "Because they can't read or write." But they sure can dance, or swing dat club.

Buell Gallagher knows more than he admits to. His reticence stems from his inability to fight. But shying from combat is not cowardice. His resignation is a confession of helplessness.

Buell Gallagher knows students who fight for what they believe in are right. But he can't join them, and has bowed out rather than join Procaccino, Hayakawa, Reagan, Daley, Mitchell. We owe him that: he has retired to watch the fight.

The years of Vietnam, Selma, Chicago, Orangeburg, Watts have made visible the roots of American society. Power. And now that the lines are drawn, the enemy defined, there is a need for battle, yes, for violence, to stop the decay. Buell Gallagher is not a violent man.

The clock on the front of Finley stopped last year. Maybe it was a pause to begin again.

"I have this morning requested the Board of Higher Education to relieve me of my duties and responsibilities as president of the City College at the earliest possible moment."

Two years ago the Times headline said: "Olaf the Walrus is Dead at 8."

I was sadder then.

Buell Gallagher's well-deserved retirement came when he saw the word on his office wall.

It said: "Venceremos."

10 may, 1969

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Are You Ready Niggers!!

The following is an editorial reprinted from the January issue of BSU Press, the monthly newspaper of the New York Black Students Union. Its author, Rick Reed, is a prominent member of the College's Black and Puerto Rican Student Community and an unsuccessful candidate for the executive vice presidency of the Student Senate.

The name of the game is power. It may be called by some of its aliases like community control or self-determination, but at the basic level, it is simply power. Black power for black people. We are to be concerned specifically with the area of Black Student power. This is not to put any limitations whatsoever on the areas through which we can exert this power, but to clarify the sphere of operation from which we will get it. Few of us, far too few, realize the potential power a truly unified student movement has. The reasons for this are numerous. These reasons have played havoc both from within and without with past attempts to organize a city-wide Black Student organization. The primary reason we haven't progressed (full credit due to our American heritage) is the ME-first motivation deeply stamped on our hearts. We must clearly understand that it is nothing more than a stamp, for it is not the norm for Black people to be selfish, dishonest and violent toward one another. We were, before enslavement and colonization, a communal loving people. We were revolutionized (Total Change) out of our normal healthy way of relating to one another and tricked into self-hatred and by extension, hatred and distrust for one another. What we really lost in the change, (and the man tries constantly to steer us away from this realization) was POWER. We blew it, because by nature we were honest, trusting people. Now we have come almost full cycle. We have

pretty much awakened to our cultural heritage, and consequently some self-confidence. Yet, we have not re-established that absolute necessary love and trust in our interactions with each other. Therein lies the link to unity and consequently Power/Freedom. These two words must be made inseparable in our minds. We cannot, we must not accept the bait of freedom, which they readily offer, i.e., integration, decentralization, without first consolidating our only real need — POWER — When you've got power, you've automatically got honorable freedom. You are not only free to determine what education is relevant to you, but have the power to reject that which you do not need.

The only means of obtaining the necessary power to control our educational destiny is thru unified coordinated action by Black students. This means work, hard work, tedious work, nerve-wracking work. This means revolutionizing ourselves first and foremost. This means the destruction of deep-rooted ME-first motivations, and the firm establishment of the WE. It is not an easy task, yet it is far removed from being extremely difficult. Full understanding and honest implementation of the WE motivation brings unrestricted unity. ABSOLUTE UNITY IS ABSOLUTE POWER. Black students in New York City are all faced with the same problems. Being WE and not ME any longer, what affects one affects all. To remove the yoke of miseducation, mental oppression, physical repression from one, we must remove it from all. All of our hang-ups stem from one basic factor — there is no cohesive WE power, plenty splintered ME power — but all encompassing WE power. The problem is clean and clear; we are all prisoners confined in different cells of the same prison. Accept this reality and organize around it . . .

Faculty Members Form Group To Seek 'Rational Alternative'

By SHEILA ZUKOWSKY

Dissatisfaction with the administration's handling of the current crisis has led several faculty members to form a chapter of the University Center for Rational Alternatives.

According to Professor Howard Adelson (History), one of the group's organizers, its purpose is to "establish a series of alternative procedures to perform the job that has to be done, to educate all students — disadvantaged and otherwise."

With much of the initial effort centering in the History and Economics departments, faculty support is still being mustered and a planning meeting has been scheduled shortly. Though Prof. Adelson was unable to provide an estimate of the number of members, he said that "hundreds of faculty members are making phone calls and working to get this thing off the ground."

The Organization of University Centers for Rational Alternatives, a federation of the groups on over 175 campuses with a membership numbering about 1,100 professors, is headed by Sidney Hook, former Chairman of the Philosophy Department at New York University.

"There are options open towards resolving the pressing issues now faced, other than those currently in use," said Prof. Stanley Friedlander, (Economics), another member of the group. Two of the "several alternative processes now being worked out, with experiential and experimental proof" that Prof. Adelson mentioned were an increased concentration on the two-year community colleges and such special program as SEEK and the freshman program at the City University's Graduate Center, which accepts highly motivated and promising high school graduates and places much of its emphasis on independent study.

In response to the crisis which has kept the College almost continually closed since April 22,

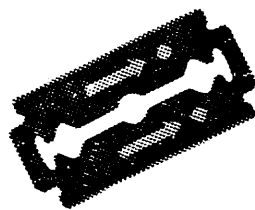
another member, Prof. Lloyd Gartner (History) expressed doubt as to whether the group of Black and Puerto Rican students that closed South Campus was representative of the majority of black students at the school, or whether the five demands are the "real" issues. Gartner said "The five demands would destroy the college."

The three professors were in agreement that one of the important considerations was the maintenance of "quality" education at the college — not lowering the academic standards while making such education more readily accessible to minority group members. Prof. Friedlander suggested that, "In terms of what the economy wants, quality education is having a certain degree of technical skill, knowing the processes of government and citizenship and so on. They [the blacks and Puerto Ricans] must have the technical skills to compete. We need more remedial programs of a greater magnitude to make this possible. A 'paper' degree, without these skills behind it, will hurt the blacks and Puerto Ricans more than anyone else — and that will be in the market place."

"The occupation of South Campus was irrational because by themselves, the BPRSC does not have enough power to win. A community of interest must be developed in order for anything to happen, and allies must be gained in order for this community of interest to grow. A rational alternative would be for the black and Puerto Rican students to address themselves to appropriate faculty groups and use them as allies to win approval from the Board of Higher Education, the City and the State, where the ultimate decision making powers lie." Friedlander also cited the one certainly effective power the faculty does have: "Mass resignation."

A University Center for Rational Alternatives has been set up at San Francisco State College. One of the members there is the president, S. I. Haykawa.

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and now electro-coated.**



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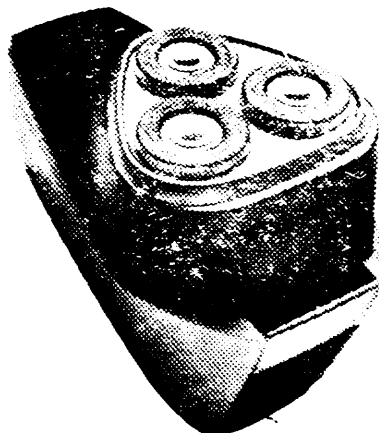
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THE NEW SCHOOL COLLEGE



is the senior college of the New School for Social Research, an urban university located in Greenwich Village with all of New York City for its campus. There are three main New School units. One is the Graduate Faculty, a leading center in the Social Sciences that offers training to 2,400 masters and doctoral students under scholars like Economist Robert Heilbroner, Political Scientist Saul K. Padover, and Philosopher Hannah Arendt. A second is the New School evening division, which provides a vast range of courses, workshops, and lectures for some 12,000 New Yorkers annually, and serves as a major cultural center for the community-at-large with programs of concerts, films, modern dance and art exhibitions. The newest unit is the

NEW SCHOOL COLLEGE

an undergraduate program, limited to 500 students. The College offers a two-year program for students who have already completed their sophomore year elsewhere, and who are interested in earning their B.A. with emphasis in humanities or social science, in a program which considers undergraduate education important in itself.

Instead of lectures, every class in the College is designed as a seminar, with about twenty students sitting around a table to learn through participatory discussion. Instead of textbooks, the student confronts the actual works produced by great minds of the past and the present—Aristotle and Sartre, Freud and Erikson, Sophocles and Pinter, Marx and Marcuse, Shakespeare and Picasso, Joyce and Antonioni. Instead of requiring its teachers to engage in specialized research and publication, the College has a faculty whose primary commitment is to teaching, and it frees them from extrinsic demands so that they can concentrate their talents on the instructional program. Instead of taking a collection of unrelated courses, students take a Divisional Program—a set of courses designed by the faculty to fit together into a total educational experience. And instead of a "major," each student pursues his own Individual Study Program, in which he investigates, in considerable depth and over a two-year period, a problem of his own choosing under the guidance of a tutor.

The student takes three year-long courses during his first year and two year-long courses during his second. This constitutes his Divisional Program. The rest of his time is spent in Individual Studies, which he initiates during his first year and pursues for half of his time during his second year.

THE DIVISIONAL PROGRAM: Unlike most colleges, we are not divided into specialized departments like English, History, or Psychology. We have only two Divisions—the Humanities and the Social Sciences. The entering student normally elects to study in either the humanities or the social sciences, but may choose to work in both.

The significance of this unorthodox Divisional structure is twofold. It means that the student takes courses at an advanced level that are genuinely interdisciplinary rather than narrowly specialized. And it means that the student is free, in the Individual Study portion of his program, to investigate a problem that defies the boundaries of conventional departments, perhaps cutting across philosophy and drama, or psychology and economics.

THE HUMANITIES: The humanities comprise all the creations of man—in music, painting, and literature, in history, science, and philosophy. Yet at most colleges, a student who wishes to study these creations at an advanced level must limit himself arbitrarily to the study of a single kind, and even to a single country or period. There is no "department" at most colleges that will allow him to major in both Thomas Mann and Dostoyevsky, both Pinter and Proust. And even when he limits his study to one of these figures, the intellectual tools that he requires for exploring the ideas of that writer in depth can only be acquired by taking courses in still other departments—philosophy or theology or psychology. Similarly, a student who majors in the conventional philosophy department cannot develop, within his specialized courses, the aesthetic sensitivity that he needs to penetrate fully the philosophy of thinkers such as Plato and Nietzsche and Heidegger, whose philosophic visions are expressed by means of image, myth, and dramatic action no less than by rational discourse. It is for these reasons that our study of the humanities is interdisciplinary rather than fragmented into departmental "majors."

We have designed a set of courses that fit together into a comprehensive investigation of the creations of man. It is possible for us in a single course to juxtapose a treatise by Kant, a novel by Barth, and a movie by Godard in order to deal fully with the problem under investigation. The emphasis is less on assembling information about particular works than on discovering the methods of understanding and appreciation that can be applied to any work. The goal is to provide tools of analysis that will extend the student's insight into the humanities when he pursues his own Individual Study.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCES: The most worthwhile research in the social sciences tends to involve two or more specialties simultaneously. Schumpeter was an economist, but *Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy* is as well philosophic, political and historical. Myrdal is an economist, but *The American Negro* draws on many fields. Arendt is a philosopher, but *Totalitarianism* is historical, sociological and psychological. And current efforts to understand such diverse phenomena as the underdeveloped nations, fascism, poverty, and hippies look to all of the social science disciplines. We have therefore constructed an upper-level program in social science that is totally interdisciplinary.

The emphasis is on formulating new problems rather than learning the answers to old problems, on mastering the methods by which truth can be discovered rather than memorizing the truths already known, and on understanding the seminal concepts that have proved to be especially suggestive in illuminating social reality. The problems studied in this program, as well as the readings, exhaust no universe, establish no canon, define no orthodoxy. They provide a strong foundation on which the student can build his Individual Study program.

THE INDIVIDUAL STUDY PROGRAM:

One-quarter of the junior year and one-half of the senior year are reserved for individualized study. The student pursues his own special interests under the guidance of a faculty tutor and by means of the analytical tools he is developing in the Divisional Program; his work generally culminates in a written paper. Some students form their own seminars or enlist members of the faculty to offer special courses; others take courses from the vast programs, graduate, undergraduate, and adult, available at the New School for Social Research—courses taught by such visiting specialists as Paul Douglas, Rollo May, Bayard Rustin, Leslie Fiedler, Lee Strasberg, Allen Ginsberg; and others choose to work independently of any course structure, under the direct supervision of their tutors. The possibilities for Individual Study are initiated by the student himself and limited only by his imagination and intelligence.

THE INTER-DIVISIONAL CORE: At the center of the Divisional Program are the courses in which students and faculty from both of the Divisions come together for intensive collaboration on common concerns. Perhaps no other aspect of the College embodies as radical a departure from the dominant trends in American education as this one, which we call the Inter-Divisional Core. Its purpose is to discover new intellectual arts for dealing with the problems men confront when they try to know and act. We conceive these intellectual arts as modern adaptations of the old "liberal arts," whose original function was to "liberate" men from old ways of seeing and doing.

The readings in these courses are drawn from all the areas of knowledge—humanities, social sciences, natural sciences, and philosophy. They are selected to shed new light on some of the fundamental issues underlying all knowledge and activity, issues like the relation between fact and value, theory and practice, subjectivity and objectivity, thought and action. In a rigorous and serious manner, the courses investigate questions like these: Are there "arts" of discovery—intellectual strategies for hitting upon new solutions to problems? Are there any "hard facts" in the world—facts that can't be altered by the perspective from which they are viewed? Is there a method for making oneself into an innovator rather than a passive transmitter of outside forces?

THIS PROGRAM is now three years old. It has drawn students from over 300 colleges and universities throughout the U.S. Although it emphasizes the value of education for its own sake, substantial numbers of its graduates have been admitted to top-ranking graduate schools. Tuition and fees are \$1700. Most of the students live in private quarters near the School. We do not provide housing. We have no gymnasium. Only teachers, students, classrooms and books.



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Bob Dylan's Times, They Are A-Changin'

By FRED MILLER

Bob Dylan's new album ["Nashville Skyline," Columbia KSC 9825] is a bit of a personal fulfillment, both for Dylan and for many of his fans. For a long time, he has functioned as this generation's Perry Como when he could have been much more. Como sings the blandness of middle class America, he offers nothing to his audience, but stands in front of them singing their ego ideals back at them. It is a successful artistic formula; most people like to look at themselves.

Dylan is a writing genius. But he has been only a perfect mirror of our alienation and pessimism: there was so much more he could have tried to offer beyond negative reflections of ourselves.

Dylan once did offer more. His first album was one of the finest white city recordings of country blues ever made. Dylan wasn't a master guitarist or harpist, and we all know what he sounded like, but there was a reality in his voice and a vitality in everything he did. While his songs were often preoccupied with death, Dylan maintained a sense of humor. Sharing his thoughts and giving of himself, he was a complete human being.

Then, around the fall of 1964 he stopped offering himself. It seemed as if all was money — his coming novel, his movie. He would walk on stage and play for an hour and a half without saying a word — a windup doll that sang some of the most powerful and inciteful images which have been flung across our lives.

He explored the depths of human disaster and dragged rock and roll along through magnificent transformations with songs of lost love, confusion and alienation. On "John Wesley Harding," he slaughtered St. Augustine, our last refuge of illusion; helplessly watched as disaster approached his watchtower; had the fairest damsel he had ever seen scared away from him; became a friendless hobo; and finally refused to listen to the wicked messenger. However, another mood sneaked in; "Down Along the Cove" and "I'll Be Your Bady Tonight" reflect a renewal of relaxation and love.

"Nashville Skyline" is an extension of those two songs. Dylan, who used to laugh bitterly at his audience, is now laughing with them, succeeding and losing, singing of a fuller life. Maybe success, marriage and three kids have soothed Dylan. He gave up being an apostle of social change long ago, and now he relinquishes some of his most deeply bitter insights to simply enjoy life amid a bass, drums and steel guitar. "Nashville Skyline" then becomes Dylan easiest album to listen to.

At first, the songs seem to contain only the lyrics that Dylan helped to drive from the airwaves. But after a while, he seems to be suggesting that his new-found simple lyric can say just as much about a desolate lover as the old.

Compare "I Threw It All Away" —

*I once held her in my arms
She said she would always stay
But I was cruel
I treated her like a fool
I threw it all away.*

to "Visions of Johanna," which was on "Blonde on Blonde" —

*Lights flicker from the opposite loft
In this room, the heat pipes just cough
The country music station plays soft
But there's nothing, really nothing, to turn off
But Louise and her lover so entwined
And these visions of Johanna that conquer my mind.*

Simplicity, complexity: there is no difference if the thoughts behind them are the same.

Dylan has led you to expect cutting images stalking through his music. Instead, he comes out simply and unpretentiously, making you want to relax.

And Dylan's voice, which has gone through phases of screaming, talking, moaning and even a few rough attempts at singing has changed again. He always had a rough edge in his voice, sometimes laughing, sometimes bitter or sardonic and an emotional spark which was basic to the power of his performance. His voice has now mellowed considerably, sounding like a high pitched Johnny Cash, though he does maintain that basic emotional spark.

The band is more important than on any previous Dylan album. The backup musicians are great, unbelievably tight, never missing a possible note or wasting a second.

Dylan used to drag his band along with the violence of his voice but now he falls back on them, letting the band lead as he explores deeply and gently. Different songs are dominated by piano, organ or pedal steel guitar. Gone, regrettably, are the harmonica breaks which accentuated "John Wesley Harding."

The album begins with Dylan and his close friend, Johnny Cash, singing "Girl From the North Country." They sing deliberately and slowly; it is sadder than when Dylan sang it on his 1963 "Freewheelin'" album. They do it beautifully, infusing it with tremendous emotion. The song stands as Dylan's statement that his music has not changed in the past seven years.

The album cover says the same thing. Dylan holds a



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guitar and wears a hat, much as he did on his 1962 "Bob Dylan" cover. Only on "Nashville Skyline," for the first time, he is smiling.

The title song, "Nashville Skyline Rag," is an easy-going instrumental with harmonica and guitar wandering lost over the grooving band. You can laugh with it; it's the first good-time Bob Dylan in a long time.

The first side is completed with three love songs. One is joyous, one sad, and one funny — together they make a well rounded collection. As the piano begins "To Be Alone With You," a member of the band asks, "Is it rolling Bob?" Is everybody relaxed and happy and alive? "Just you and me / Ain't that the way it ought to be." The piano bounces along and the song moves like good Jerry Lee Lewis.

In "I Threw It All Away," Dylan explores the funeral melancholy of much of country music. Lyrically the song could have been taken from the Beatles:

*Love is all there is it makes the world go 'round
Love and only love it can't be denied
No matter what you do, you won't be able to
live without it
Take a tip from one who tried.*

The first two lines are reminiscent of "All You Need Is Love" and the last two could have been drawn from "Meet the Beatles." Dylan and the Beatles have influenced each other greatly. John Lennon has said Dylan showed him what lyrics could be, and now Dylan has rewritten "Norwegian Wood" as "Fourth Time Around."

Campus Tour: BGG Views War Zone

(Continued from Page 7)

one table, and a carved metal spear, shaped like a pitch fork lay on a desk.

"There's a lot of fantasy in these things," he said, looking at the would-be weapons. He turned and shuddered. "There's a lot of fantasy," he repeated, as if to make his hope real.

The library was unharmed, and in Finley Student Center there was minor vandalism: stuffed locks and a broken cigarette machine; cigarettes and money stolen.

"There are always just a few people who break into things," the President said, "and it's usually before the group has a chance to get together — like at the sanctuary (for AWOL soldier William S. Brakefield) last term."

In a Finley kitchen, a large pot of rice lay untouched, still hot. Other food was on the stove, also uneaten. Apparently the students had made a very quick decision to leave the campus.

The President completed his investigation, spoke to reporters at the 133rd St. gate, and asked New York City police to man the campus gates until morning, since the Burns guards were on strike.

"There was very little vandalism — it is in good condition for a place that's been lived in for two weeks," President Gallagher told reporters. "I want to make sure it stays that way, so I've asked police to stay overnight. I already caught three people climbing over the fence on St. Nicholas terrace. I don't want any one doing anything to discredit the students now."

Here Dylan combines early and recent Beatles material to find the same unity of meaning he is striving for in all he has written.

The side ends with "Peggy Day," a pun-filled love call which eventually slows to a stripper's bump and grind and the shout, "Love to spend a night with Peggy Day." It is as laughable and enjoyable as the two other love songs on the first side. The three songs are unified in their simple depth of feeling for people and the way they make you feel good.

The second side begins with "Lay Lady Lay," the album's pivotal song. It is a wistful private love song, but it speaks to much more than the girl Dylan would like to sleep with. In the first verse Dylan talks of himself —

Whatever colors you have in your mind

I'll show them to you and you'll see them shine.

Dylan knows his talents as an artist and as a mirror and he offers them gently, hoping that the people he touches will reach back to him:

His clothes are dirty but his hands are clean

And you're the best thing that he's ever seen

Stay lady stay, stay with your man a while

Why wait any longer for the world to begin?

Dylan seems to want more of life; he can no longer just laugh cynically. Two years ago he sneered at the girl he slept with in, "If You've Got To Go";

I ain't askin' you to do nothin' you ain't done before,

But I'm gonna be going to bed pretty soon

And it'll be too dark for you to find the door.

Now he reaches tenderly:

I long to see you in the morning light

I long to reach for you in the night.

Dylan's needs are real and his whole being reflects it. "Lay Lady Lay" has a frankly sexual title, but it is an open statement of human desires that go far beyond sex.

Having made his point, Dylan lets the music relax.

He picks up the thread of the love songs, singing three more country songs and bringing to each a complete emotional involvement that absorbs the listener. "One More Night" is mawkishly lonely, but Dylan sings it happily, making its sadness ambivalent. "Tell Me It Isn't True" is another simple country song which has tremendous potential for soul. Dylan romps through "Country Pie," a jazzed up jug band song.

The album ends, however, on a serious note, "Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You." Like "Lay Lady Lay," it is a personal love song with universal overtones. It is serious but also soft and warm:

Throw my ticket out the window

Throw my suitcase out there too

Throw my troubles out the door

I don't need them anymore

For tonight I'll be staying here with you.

The song talks of a need and desire to come in and stay. The train is calling Dylan but he wants to stay on. It's a nice thing to say at the end of a record. Bobby has made his statement and his plea, and it makes you kind of glad he is staying here with you.

On "John Wesley Harding," Dylan told the wicked messenger, "If you cannot bring good news than don't bring any." Now Dylan has learned to stop waiting for the messenger with good news; the good news has been within him all the time. All he has had to do was bring it out.

(As the President was speaking in front of the gate, a black youth walked to a plainclothes policeman, flashed his NYC police badge and reported on his own investigation. "Everything's okay. I'm all right." He walked off campus and met two other plainclothes black youths and drove away.)

By 1:00 AM the reporters had finally left and the President sat down upon a wooden milk carton, breathing a sigh of relief.

"What will now happen with the five demands?" one of the student escorts asked.

"That's not up to me anymore," the President said softly. "It's all in the hands of the BHE now."

A few maintenance workers walked through the recently opened gate.

"Get the school ready for classes tomorrow," Dr. Gallagher smiled again.

"Don't worry," said a woman. "Thank you for taking care of the children. You were wonderful," she added.

"A man must follow his conscience," the President said.

"Bless you, Dr. Gallagher, bless you!" she said.

The workers walked towards Finley, and the campus was again silent.

"I hope it stays this way," Gallagher said. "I hope we can work together from now on."

"But haven't you planned to retire already?" one student asked.

"I'll be around here for a long time yet," he answered.

GI Sentenced to Three Years for Desertion

By JONATHAN PENZNER
Pfc. Terry G. Klug, three months after his return from anti-war activity as an AWOL in Paris, has been found guilty on two counts of desertion by a seven-man military court.

He was sentenced on Tuesday, April 22, to three years hard labor at Leavenworth Prison.

Klug voluntarily returned January 16 to Kennedy International Airport, where he was seized and subsequently charged with desertion, missing movement, and being absent without leave. Another charge, desertion with intent to avoid important duty, was added when the general court-martial began.

The case was blacked out completely by establishment media because Klug's political defense was apparently too controversial. He is a member of the American Servicemen's Union.

In addition to the three years at hard labor, he was given a dishonorable discharge, a demotion to the lowest enlisted rank and forfeiture of pay. The maximum sentence for desertion in time of war is death, but that sentence has been waived during the Vietnam War.

Klug had hoped to for a suspended sentence so that he could return to his unit, the 525th Military Intelligence division, and organize against the war and for GI rights. As an enlisted man of low rank, he swept floors, worked in the mailroom, and drove a truck.

His three lawyers, Rowland

Watts, Jesse Moskowitz, and Captain Ross Anzaldi, his military lawyer, will appeal the sentence to the Judge Advocate General's office in Washington, particularly the conviction on desertion with intent to avoid important duty.

He went AWOL from his unit at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, in April, 1967. Two months later, the unit was shipped to the outskirts of Saigon. AWOL for almost two years, Klug helped start an anti-war GI movement in France named Resisters Inside The Army (RITA) and wrote for its newsletter, which advocates desertion and agitation for GI rights within the Army.

Upon hearing the court's verdict of guilty on all four counts, Terry said calmly and with heavy irony, "Well, we found out. Those bastards. I mean, this is all very obvious. The only finding in this thing is that we've exposed them. They haven't exposed us."

The three day trial was heavily weighted on the side of the government's case. Defense counsel had less opportunity to establish its case than the government prosecutor. In his summations, to the jury, the law officer, functioning as a civilian court judge, gave information that would help "prove" Klug's guilt, often omitting defense arguments.

The jury, seven stern-faced and clean-shaven brass didn't have much trouble reaching the verdict — in two and a half hours they declared Klug guilty. In ten minutes they decided his sen-

tence.

Attorney Moskowitz reflected the feelings of the twenty friends and supporters at the trial when he added, "With the inflammatory issue of the war, I wouldn't have been surprised at four or five years."

"I need as much pressure put on Washington as possible," Klug said, "to get the sentence reduced."

The Fort Dix stockade, which will imprison Terry until the appeal is dealt with, holds many anti-war dissenters: AWOL's, and deserters returned from France, Sweden and elsewhere. Since his return, Terry has led hunger strikes and other demonstrations against the brass. He had the mutiny clause read to him and several others at least twice, but no charges were brought against him. Much of his time at Dix has been spent in segregation, the military version of solidarity confinement.

The three years facing Terry do not frighten him. "At least I'll still be a young man when I get out," he said. But what constantly knaws at him is that he can't be on the streets or with the demonstrations, rumors of which filter into the stockade. The prisoners may not read newspapers or journals, just detective novels. "Do you know how badly I want to get out on the streets?" he asked the band of friends around him. "I am very envious about the fact that I can't get out there to do it. I deserve to be out there."

Talking about the war in Vietnam, Terry said, "If there wasn't any punishment for dissent, the whole Army would be dissenting."

Many friends remarked at Terry's firm determination and good humor during the trial. The judges, the law officer, and the government prosecutor, seemed unable to look Terry in the face. Their eyes were often diverted before his direct gaze.

Fort Dix has many members of the American Servicemen's Union, and has a popular underground newspaper, Shakedown. A GI coffee house in a neighboring town recently opened.

Protesters ...

Seven students paid fines totaling \$650 to Criminal Court this month to avoid serving jail terms averaging nine days. They were sentenced for sitting in at Steinman Hall last November to protest recruiting by the Dow Chemical Company.

Six of the students, Alexandra Derevnuk, Cliff Elgarten, Nurith Eston, Fran Swidler, Robert Zanger, and Charles Zerzan were found guilty of criminal trespass in the third degree on April 17 by Judge Anthony Marra, who gave them until May 1 to either pay the fines or surrender to the court to serve the jail sentences. The other student, Ann Wald, was sentenced a week later, to the same fate. An eighth student, Elyse Schapira, who had appeared before a different judge, had received a conditional discharge.

gil's car is still for sale, it's fred's birthday, and sheila's too, and happy mother's day, mothers.

A happy ending

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Fort Dix—A Nice Place to Visit, But...

By SHEILA RYAN
Liberation News Service

FORT DIX, N. J. (LNS) — "Obedience to the Law is Freedom," reads the sign over the entrance to the Fort Dix Stockade.

"Colonel, who was responsible for the selection of that slogan?"

"Who was responsible? Well, I don't know, really. It's been here for years and years and we really like it."

The Stockade is the largest military prison in the country, with the exception of the U.S. Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth. During 1968, according to Army figures, an average of 705 men were confined behind the double cyclone fence and concertina barbed wire. The guards in the stockade are unarmed; those in the guard towers have shotguns.

Being absent without leave is the most common cause for imprisonment. About one quarter of the men AWOL are from Fort Dix itself; the others are men taken into custody in New Jersey, New York, or Fairfield County, Connecticut.

There has been a flurry of interest in the press and concern in Congress about conditions in Army stockades following the murder of a mentally-ill prisoner in the Presidio Stockade, and the "mutiny" court martial of the Presidio 27 — prisoners who protested the slaying.

Because of this adverse public reaction, the Pentagon has ordered that several stockades be opened to tours by newsmen. On Wednesday, April 16, about 50 newsmen climbed into Army buses for a trip to the Fort Dix stockade. Most reporters represented establishment papers and radio and TV stations.

"You can see anything you want to see," Colonel William O. Gall, the fort's Chief of Staff, told the reporters at the outset of the tour.

The Army's bureaucracy, though, was actually paranoid and gave its verdict through Major Andrew Casey, a correc-

tional officer. "I'm sorry, we're under orders from the Department of the Army. You will not be permitted on the tour if you do not agree to not speak to or photograph prisoners."

The newsmen were cynical about the tour, and the Army's refusal to let them speak to prisoners didn't alter their view.

Nor did the steak dinner the men were being served in the mess hall. It was clearly not a typical stockade meal.

"I wish you guys would come more often. We'd get more steak... We hate the food. People spit on it," prisoners in the mess commented.

The mess is large enough to accommodate all the men in the stockade, but because of "security reasons" the men eat in shifts.

It's easy to understand why the Army is concerned about "security" in the mess hall and throughout the stockade. Defiance is in the air. As the newsmen walked past the barracks, prisoners leaned out the window and shouted.

A sergeant snapped at the prisoners: "You, you're on report to me! Get down there!"

The men showed defiance of that sergeant, and of the brass who were herding the newsmen through at a slow run. Prisoners flashed V-signs through the windows and raised clenched fists.

As soldiers — in this army, anyway — the prisoners are unimpressive. But as people, they command admiration: men drilling in the stockade yard crouched in formation, and, with smiles and clenched fists, greeted the reporters.

Cell Block 60 was the highpoint of curiosity in the minds of the reporters. Fourteen men are being held there as alleged deserters — including Terry Klug, an organizer for RITA (Resistance Inside the Army), and Donald Williams, who was sentenced to six months in the stockade after his voluntary return from Sweden.

Cell Block 60 first gained notoriety after the publication of a letter written by Don Williams. He told how he was beaten by a guard because "I had been getting on his nerves."

When the reporters arrived, there were no prisoners in Cell block 60 — they were all "out to lunch." The barracks was dismal and barren. Part of each man's life in the stockade was laid out in his open footlocker — correspondence with relatives, photos of a girlfriend, a letter with the bold letterhead of the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee.

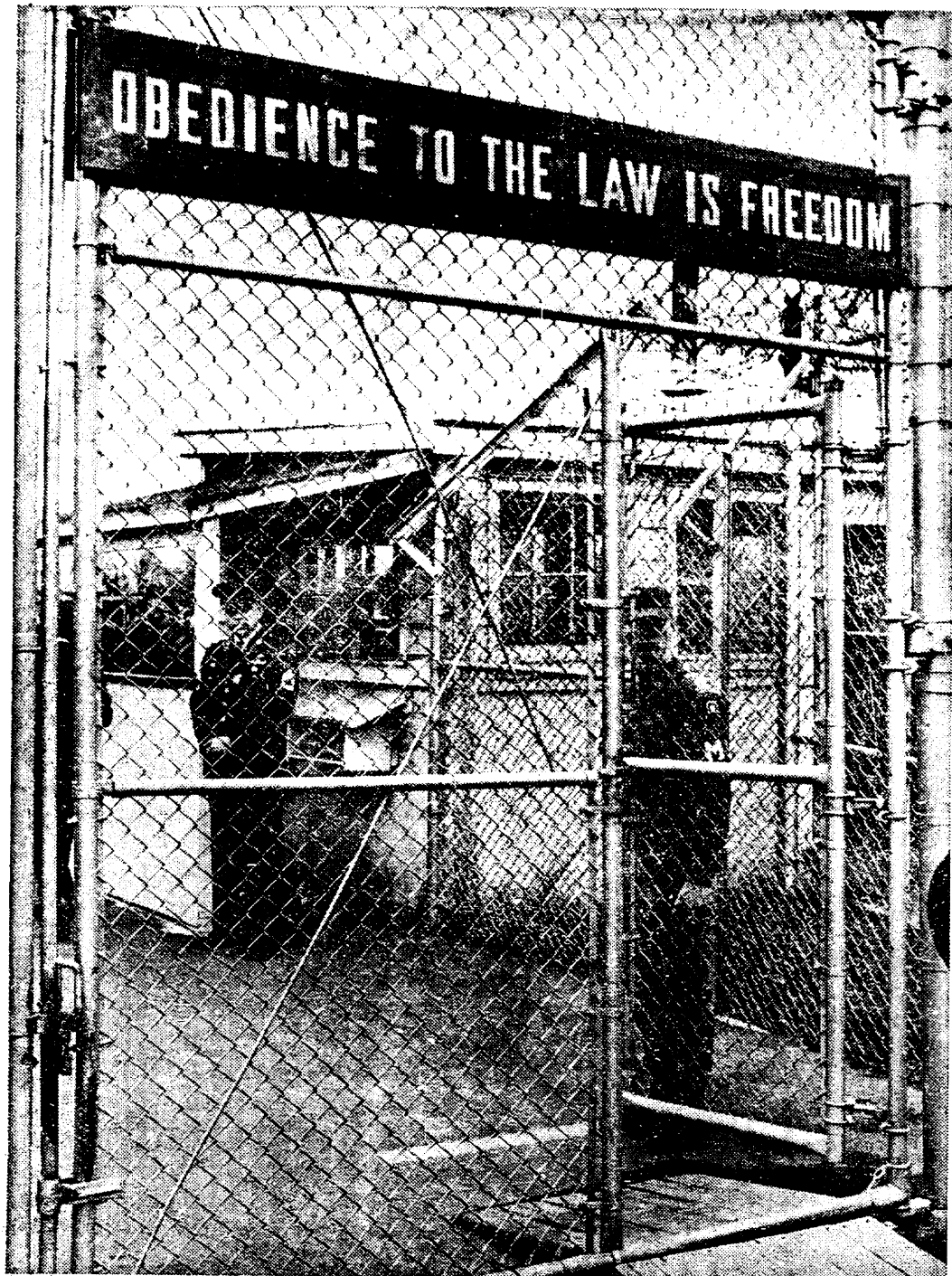
Far grimmer than Cell block 60, though, are the "segregation" cells. Thirty men are being held in 6'x8' cells. Six of them are in "disciplinary segregation," (for fighting, mostly," an army official said). The rest in "administrative segregation" — because they are considered "escape risks," "homosexual," "narcotics addicts" or "sensitive."

Deserters, for instance, may be "sensitive" because some physical harm might come to them from other prisoners, who, Major Casey claimed, resent the anti-war stance of the deserters. But the atmosphere in the stockade while newsmen were touring made it apparent that a man would have far more to fear from his fellow prisoners for expressing pro-Army, pro-war opinions than the contrary.

The men in "segregation" were ordered to stand at attention while the newsmen peered at them. Defiance here was subtler than in the barracks — a smile, a wink, an unobtrusive clenched fist held by the side.

Men in disciplinary segregation may be put on a "restricted diet" for 14 days at a time as punishment. "It is the same meals served to other prisoners," Major Casey said, "with the exception that there is no meat, no fruit, no deserts, no milk, no poultry, no dairy products. The only drink permitted is water."

There are some hopeful aspects here, however. Last year, 16 men escaped directly from the stockade, and others from parole or work details — 361 escapees in all.



...But Brakefield Has No Choice

What follows is a description of the Fort Dix stockade, written last month by Army Private William S. Brakefield, who is currently serving a six month sentence in Cell Block 60 (solitary confinement). Last October 31, he came to the College, where he was granted "sanctuary" for almost a week. This sanctuary was ended by the Tactical Patrol Force, which arrested 164 persons on criminal trespassing charges at the request of the administration. Brakefield, 20 years old, was found guilty as an AWOL at an Army court martial in mid-January and will be sent back to the regular Army on June 21.

An average day in segregation isn't that eventful, really, so I've decided to pick events that have taken place in the past eighteen weeks while I have been down in the hole and relay these events to you, the reader.

My day in segregation begins at five o'clock in the morning with the guards, who have been on duty since twelve midnight, waking the prisoners up by pounding on the cell doors or by flapping a rule on the bars.

I get out of bed, fold my sheets and blankets, and place them on my "S" rolled mattress. I now sit and wait for a guard to come by to let me out so I may get my clothes and to place my mattress on my footlocker, where it will stay for sixteen hours until bedtime, when I will reverse the morning exercise.

Right now, while I am writing this, I am sitting on my bunk which is three hard wooden planks raised ten inches off the floor. I must remain in an upright position, with my feet on the floor for sixteen hours, or I may stand. I was allowed to exercise for fifteen minutes outside in the free air, now I am not able to. A new code has been given me which does not allow me to come out of my cell for any reason.

My cell is six feet wide, eight feet long, and eight feet high. The bunk is against the wall across from the door. It is posi-

tioned four inches from the left wall (I am facing the door) and eight inches from the right wall. My commode juts out from the right side of the door. The wall behind the commode and on the left side of the door is made out of steel. The floor, ceiling and the remaining three walls are out of tin.

My door is three feet wide and seven feet high. It is divided by six steel slats placed horizontally and spaced a foot apart. There are seven rolled steel bars running perpendicular through the slats, they are approximately four inches apart. On the outside of my door there is wire mesh. It resembles chicken wire, but is much thicker, stronger and made out of steel. "Stone walls does not make a prison nor iron bars a cage." Or some thing like that.

Positioned in the ceiling, about in the middle of my room and about three feet from the door is my protection against fire, a water sprinkler. I have no worry though about getting wet, the sprinkler is not connected. I have not begun to worry about getting burned. Also in the ceiling, two feet from the door and three feet from the right wall is my 60 watt lightbulb, protected from me by a one foot square of strong transparent plastic.

Five weeks ago a black man, first name Edward, was in this cell in straps. He was lying on his stomach with his arms and legs tied painfully behind his back. He must have been in unendurable pain because he had been crying for half an hour. The guards were standing in front of his cell calling him dog and black monkey. They were laughing and asking the man if he still thought himself to be tough. Ed's codes were four (mentally unstable), five (unresponsive to discipline), and eleven (very dangerous person). My codes are five and eleven. I received code eleven tonight for refusing to come out of my cell to get an unwanted and unneeded haircut.

On code eleven I am able to come out of my cell once a week to shave and shower. I will not be allowed to attend church or to go on appointments. I am still allowed to see visitors.

My three meals I receive every day consists of the following (remember that I am on a restricted diet): breakfast, two pancakes, two slices of bread, and a box of cereal if it has no sugar or fruit in it. Lunch: two slices of bread, potatoes or rice or noodles, and a vegetable. Dinner: two slices of bread, rice, or noodles or potatoes and a vegetable.

We drink water with every meal and a cup of coffee before we go to bed.

On New Year's Eve, Danny, a code six (homosexual), got in the festive spirit and talked a guard into coming in his cell. Danny blew the guard. Myself and the other prisoners heard the slurping sounds. The guard, who has a wife and child, confessed to the major in charge of the stockade of what he did. The guard is facing five years. Danny has been discharged and for any interested party, lives in New York City.

Three and a half months ago, an officer came into the cell block five minutes after lights out. A guard called the prisoners to attention. I sat up in bed in a half lotus position. The officer told me to stand up and address him as sir. I refused. He ordered my door to be opened. The officer walked in and threatened to kick my head in if I didn't stand up. I still refused. The officer left my cell.

One last incident before I am busted for having pencil and paper. John was placed down in segregation on code four. As the supreme protest against the food they serve in the stockade, John stood up, or better still, squatted on his table in the mess hall with his drawers down, and defecated in his tray. The other prisoners thought this to be funny, the army brass didn't.



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