

MY ARREST ON DUNN MEADOW

**PEACE**  
in the face of  
**BRUTALITY**



DUNN MEADOW PARK  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY  
BLOOMINGTON, IN  
APRIL 25, 2024

Thursday morning, April 25, 2024, I showed up to support students (and their global concern) who were rallying in support of Palestine and against university actions and actors associated with the link between IU and Crane. I showed up as witness to administrative decisions that have been targeting Palestinian support on campus. I showed up because students asked to show up. The rally was energetic and engaging. We were a diverse group of people, united by free speech and a call to end genocide. I didn't agree with everything said and I hope and trust there were people there who didn't agree with everything I said. Midday, the rally still looked like many of protest rallies I have attended in my 64 years of life. Student leadership was passionate and clearly focused. IUPD was present on the side. Watching. Making largely unheard announcements using a bullhorn from time to time.

I took a few moments to set this scene because it contrasts so vividly with what began happening at around later in the day. Was it 3? 3:15. My husband and I were planning to take a short lunch break, but there was a significant presence of Indiana State Police and snipers honing in on Dunn Meadow. My husband dropped me off on the sidewalk and drove the car back to the parking lot. No time for lunch. State troopers were walking in loose formation toward the protest site. I ran past them trying desperately to get between them and our students. Between war weapons and our students. I did manage to get ahead of them and put my body in spare line between the advancing police. Not far from me was my co-Quaker friend Gloria Bruner. On the other side of me, faculty colleague Ben Robinson.

The officer in front of me said, "Step back." I didn't. He yelled, "Step Back." I said, "No." I was thinking how dare this IU administration make me stand between a war weapon and my students. Tears started streaming down my face. The officer said, "Step back." I didn't. I couldn't even get my legs to move. He body bashed me backwards. I lost my balance but did not fall. I immediately said, "Don't touch me. Keep your hands off my body." The order of sentences that came out of my mouth are a bit blurry in my memory by now, but I said things like, "I am not hurting you – you are hurting me. Stop it." Again, he yelled at me to step back. Again, I did not. He bashed my body backwards, took steps toward me and continued to tell me to move. I asked why. No response. I heard Ben asking, "What's your charge?" The trooper in front me said again, "Step back or I will arrest you." I said, "Don't bash my body. Keep your hands off my body. I kept standing. Again, I was saying things like, "I'm not hurting you are. You are acting aggressive toward me and I am not touching you. I will not touch you. I will not harm you. YOU DO NOT HAVE TO DO THIS." Maybe a third or fourth time he body bashed me back. I said, again, "Sure you can bash me you are bigger than me. But you are wrong. You do not have to do this. You can stop."

He did. He did stop. He stopped bashing me. And we both stood there holding our ground. Students were being tossed to the ground around me. I still couldn't get my legs to move. This officer and I just kept standing facing each other.

Until...

Another Indiana State trooper came over. He asked the officer who was locked in a stand-off with me, why he was not arresting me. This second officer was mad. After chastising the officer with whom I was locked in a spatial bubble of DO NO HARM, all I could think was, "At least this one is not going to hurt my students." That second officer took over and arrested me. My memory is a bit foggy and the video my husband took does not show all the details I remember. But that second officer put the zip ties on me, walked me toward where other arrestees were scrambled about on the ground. Eventually I ended up on the ground. I remember being forcefully pushed down, but maybe my memory at that point is a bit weak. The trauma was setting in.

I began connecting right away with the students who were also cuffed and I was checking in with my Quaker friend Gloria who had been pushed to the ground and was, also, there on Dunn Meadow as one of 33 arrestees.

We were eventually put onto two IU buses and taken to the fieldhouse and then later to the county jail. I was on the first bus to arrive at the jail. Davy and Ben (my fellow faculty) were on a bus that had not yet arrived. We were lined up sitting down in the concrete space just prior to where one is brought into the building for charging. There was no clear indication of who our arresting officers were.

I asked one gentle officer if it would be okay if they took me in last so that students were not left outside without a faculty member. That particular officer said, "Yes." However, some time later... fifteen minutes I'm not sure, another officer came up and said "Let's go." I repeated my request to remain outside with the students. He said, "It's your turn. We're trying to get you processed here." "I responded by saying, "you can just keep taking the students next to me in a line. It won't slow the process down." He grabbed me and told me to stand up. Actually, I couldn't. So I asked him to help me. He called over another officer and they started to drag me into the jail. My fellow comrades began chanting "let her go."... Eventually, we all found our way to one of three holding cells. I was with female identifying arrestees. Everyone else in the room there was arrested for the first time. People who felt passionate about peace. Passionate about Palestine. Passionate about IU. Everyone of them with a connection to IU. Not outside infiltrators. We got to know each other. We made sure we got everyone's names. We checked in on people, hollering out if someone went missing for too long. We tried to keep our spirits up. But people were scared. Hands were shaking. And amidst the violence and trauma of the moment our solidarity grew. For the most part, most of us were treated fine in the jail. Certainly, once I was in a holding cell, I was treated very well. When I was called out for booking, I told the officer that I would give my name and number after the last student had been booked, but not

until. I said that I did not want to leave any student behind. And they allowed me to do that. So, at first, I did not share information, but I had intentions to fully cooperate once the holding cell was emptied. That time came around 11. I was in there all alone. Singing old hippie songs to myself. And then it was my turn. Booked, Finger-printed. Mugshots. New technology. My two remaining student comrades. We walked out together with one paper indicating our arraignment date (June 5, 1 pm) and another issuing a ban from all IU properties for one year (though this varied across arrestees).

When the final three of us walked out, around 11:40 pm, we had small but loving welcoming group that included parents, partners, student peers, faculty colleagues, a middle school student I know from some volunteer work I do. . .

One last story.... The mom of one of our final two students released that night hugged her daughter. That mom is a former student of mine. Her daughter, the lovely woman I had just spent hours with, I had also held when she was a baby. My former student brought her to class and I held her while I taught. This is my IU. These are the relationships we have in our community. We exchanged hugs, and walked away from the jail with our loved ones.