l.r.p.c.

"Relationships between the growing demand for off-campus living, the potential market for student housing in the surrounding community and the complexities of the dormitory accommodations in the future." In the words of President Reamer Kline, were the subject of this semester's second meeting of the Long Range Planning Committee on 16 May.

Areas of concern were the supply of off-campus housing available; adjustment of fees to compensate for increasing numbers of off-campus students; loss of control of off-campus landlords; student behavior; effect of off-campus students on community participation; and the effect of off-campus living on the Stone Row renovation. Operation of campus dormitories by private managers was considered, as was construction of privately operated apartments nearby.

The overall picture for construction of any new dormitories in the near future was seen as doubtful in light of a growing trend toward off-campus housing and the demand for better living accommodations. "The worst possible thing a college can do in these circumstances," according to Vice President Glenn Boynton, "is to expand on-campus housing and then try to enforce residency. I have a great hesitancy about expanding college operated residences."

It was resolved to study and make recommendations in regard to the question of the separation of the academic and residential functions and responsibilities of the college and the students.

The next meeting is scheduled for 13 June.

WHOOPY.

Bard is getting there. Next semester, Bard will finally be permitted to see the interiors of three of the girls' dorms. Sands House, South Hall, and Robbins will be open twenty four hours daily, so those who are of the masculine persuasion and have naturally observed the closed dorm rules can have a look at what those mysterious and revered halls are really like.

Granted, an anti-social few have gone into girls' rooms in the past, but the efficient proctor system has effectively caught such nefarious transgressors. Tewksbury, Blithewood, and Schuyler will remain closed to men. From eleven at night until seven in the morning a proctor will sit in the entrance halls to the open three and will not let anyone into the halls unless they are invited by a specific female.

One might wonder why all the girls residence halls will not be open. Tewksbury, the freshman women's dorm, is closed for the simple reason that freshman women reside there, and freshman women are notoriously impressionable. It appears that the powers that be do not wish the impressionable freshmen to be impressed by the wrong thing, in their estimation.

As for Blithewood and Schuyler, the best of maintaining the extensive security system to be employed in the open three is prohibitive on a five dorm scale, so...men will just have to wait to find out what those dorms are like past the social room. If one's girlfriend does not reside in the open three, you'll have to take her back to your room to neck.

M.T.

FACULTY MEETS RE: DRUGS

In response to a letter from "one of our wiser and more eloquent faculty members," President Reamer Kline called a special meeting of the faculty on Thursday afternoon, 16 May. The purpose of the meeting was to consider the various points brought up in the letter and allow comments from the faculty.

The letter expressed concern over the drug problem on campus, wondered what could be done about it, and suggested that the faculty try to correct the situation.

In speaking on the question, Robert Kelly said, "We must get the drugs out of our lives and get on with the work of being men." William Griffith suggested to the Dean that it be mandatory for any proctor witnessing the use of illegal drugs to report such use to the administration.

"I suggest that any security measures taken," argued Elie Yarden, "be so constituted as not to aggravate the situation."

Richard Clarke suggested that the faculty stop fulfilling their duties to the community until the students begin to fulfill theirs by cleaning up the campus.

The first concrete proposal was a motion by Yarden to form a committee to rectify the drug problem on campus. The motion was defeated. There followed much discussion reflecting the concern over leaving decisions concerning drugs to the discretion of the proctors. As attempt by Agnes Domandi to have Mr. Griffith draft a policy statement on such matters was defeated.

Two other motions by Mrs. Domandi were passed, the first that the administration be encouraged to prosecute conferences with Sheriff Quinlan to go lawfully about his duties; the second that the faculty issue a statement clarifying their stand on the use of drugs on campus. Mr. Kelly and Frank Oja were appointed to draft the statement.

The final motion passed was by Samuel Pasienier, that a community meeting be called to discuss the drug problem.
DIVERTED ZILLAGE

mike roddy

Turning a simple action against trespassers into a case of full-scale harassment, the Dutchess County Sheriff's office subjected five hard students (Dawn Shifreen, Wendy Golub, Don Occhuzzo, David Aileen and myself) and the guest of a student, Donnu Spillvante, to a night of terror and intimidation last Saturday. The six were caught in a round-up in the deserted village which involved five cops, three cop cars and netted $100 in fines for criminal trespass, violations and a $500 fine for third-degree possession of "narcotics".

Accompanied by his manslaughtering German Shepherd, "Fritz", Officer Louis Imperato began to operation at about 7:00 p.m. when he arrested me near the exit of the deserted village. I was not searched until ten minutes later when David was arrested for trespassing and possession. Bicycles of the four others were lying in the road and two more cars were called "to accommodate the rest of the subjects." David and I were handcuffed while we waited near the bikes for Don and the girls, who unfortunately came back. It was not until after another patrol car arrived that David and I were read the Miranda rules about the right to counsel and to remain silent. When I asked Imperato why this had not been done earlier he said, "Don't get snippy.

On the way to Judge Martin's my brain became capable of some function other than rage, both at myself for the situation I was in and at the treatment we were receiving, and I decided to make the best of the situation by talking to my pig. I asked about his dog and Imperato said he liked dogs and kids because he had some of his own. David said later, after we had both learned not to put our arms over the back of the seat, that the only kind thing to do to Fritz was to shoot him. After talking awhile, Imperato said, "Seeing as how you seem like a nice kid I'll make the charge a violation instead of a misdemeanor." Then I saw how it all worked. To avoid having a criminal record, and since parents would be further outraged at a permanent criminal record, they make it a violation with an incredible fine. If you make any trouble they change it to a misdemeanor, but they know they can't do that too many times before somebody cracks down on them. There were, in fact, three charges hanging over our heads that night - the violation, loitering, (which is the misdemeanor) and libbing with intent to purchase marijuana (because we were all in the same place with David).

Martin had to leave dinner at the Beekman Arms and so we waited in his office awhile before he arrived. When Martin arrived he called on Donna, the youngest in the group, to answer the charges first. Even the cops became suddenly quiet when he told her what her rights were: that she could see a lawyer after she pleaded and could call from the Poughkeepsie jail. Helplessly Donna said, "What else can I say, I'm guilty."

"$500 or a hundred days," Martin snapped. "You kids know you're not supposed to be in there."

I was called next and when it appeared like I might ask to see a lawyer or otherwise discover some way to stop the bloodshed, Imperaco quickly said, "You Honor, I may have another charge against this one." With a misdemeanor staring me in the face, I pleaded guilty. So it went down the line and only David, who was given only a fine for the grass, considered himself lucky.

From there our shattered party was hauled off to the Poughkeepsie jail where Dawn, Donna and Wendy were put in the hands of hutch marshals of whom tormented Dawn by saying that her parents would not be called, even though the call had already been made.

Phone calls were, in fact, a source of considerable harassment all night. All the calls were made by the police the messages were purposely fouled up. Donna's message explaining what happened was censored until all it said was "Come and get me." Don asked them to call Bard Security but instead they called no one. Since I am a minor, my call had to go home, so I told my parents not to come because I believed the college would pay the fines. At 2:00 a.m. my father arrived after driving three hours because he had not received all of my message. The intent, obviously, was to confuse the college and make the parents think something urgent and terrible had happened.

For trespassing we were treated like副总裁 criminals. Peter Maroulis has since informed me that we had the right to ask for an adjournment at the time of the trial, and the right to call a lawyer before we got to jail. He said that an appeal could be based on a writ of coram nobis (writ of error) to have the judgment set aside. My feeling is that I have paid a high price to find out just how corrupt and malevolent the Institutions of the law are in Dutchess County but that in a sinister, cruel way, I've gotten a good buy.

To clear up any confusion there may be about the payment of bail or fines, I talked with President Kline and he outlined the college's policy as follows:

"The college believes that students are autonomous individuals... and therefore the college is not in the habit of paying fines. We did serve as a transmitting agent (during the bust) and helped retain counsel on behalf of the students. I am not persuaded this was a wise course... but we are going to provide this kind of service in the future when necessary. After the parents have said they will pay... we will serve as a kind of banking service."
COMMUNITY DRUG MEETING

photos by lorenzo black
In a manner typical of the establishment press, *Time* magazine concentrated on events occurring during the Harvard strike while ignoring the issues prompting them.

Old Mole, typical of underground papers, emphasized the issues while ignoring two things that were really happening. *Time* called the strike 'deplorable,' 'destructive,' and the suit of 'a deliberate attempt to provoke a riot.' Old Mole listed the SDS demands:

1. Abolish ROTC immediately by breaking all existing contracts and not entering into any new ones.
2. Replace all ROTC scholarships with university scholarships.
3. Restore scholarships withdrawn from students who took part in previous anti-ROTC demonstrations.
5. No evictions at 3-4-6 University Road, an apartment building to be replaced by a political science library.
6. No evictions of the 182 families in buildings to be torn down for medical school expansion.

The unfortunate and deliberate distortion of news by both establishment and underground media contributed to the confusion surrounding what happened. *Time* readers felt rightfully indignant at the students' demands, but felt powerless to help remedy the situation. They felt that it was their duty to remain silent and let the authorities handle the matter.

Most members of the faculty were enraged at Pusey's decision to call the police. Some, though, thought he had made the right decision.

At this point the actions became issues and the original issues were in danger of being forgotten. The faculty held a meeting and passed a resolution condemning the students' occupation of the building, but much more forcefully deplored the use of police to remove them. It then created a faculty-student committee to look into the initial events and study the possibilities for restructuring the governance of the university. The committee was given the responsibility of deciding what, if any, disciplinary action would be taken against the students who occupied the building. Carefully considering the students' demands, the faculty relegated ROTC to extra curricular status and pledged to replace any buildings torn down for expansion of the medical school. These resolutions were forwarded to the Harvard Corporation, governing body of the university, which endorsed them. These actions gave students an indication of the faculty's willingness to redress reasonable grievances, calming the tension and restoring normal operations.

A point that was missed, perhaps ignored, by *Time* was that the students occupying University Hall were not representing SDS. They were a minority of SDS carrying out a proposal that was voted down by the majority of SDS. This lack of unified action and commitment to consensus decision is typical of white radical groups and responsible for many abortive campaigns. The building occupation and presentation of demands were an attempt at confrontation politics by that minority. Their objective was to remain in the building, expose the contents of the files, and force the administration to concede to their demands. They could not have foreseen the brutality of the police. If Pusey had refrained from calling in the police but had consulted the faculty and won their support in condemning the student action, the moderate student majority would have also condemned the action, leaving the radicals powerless. But Pusey's faulty judgement caused both the faculty and the moderates to condemn the administration.

The result, besides the fact that most of the students' demands were met, was that the faculty gained power in determining policy matters. 'An action by extreme leftists,' according to Professor Solomon 'caused a reaction by extreme rightists which resulted in more power for the moderate left.' Previously, faculty committee members charged with studying university policy had been appointed by the administration. With the faculty's revolutionary action of establishing a committee whose members are elected representatives, the administration has, in effect, received a vote of confidence in reality lost much of its former power in deciding academic policy. 'The University had moved reasonably far toward abolishing ROTC, implementing Afro-American programs, and affiriming its commitment to the surrounding community,' said Solomon. 'But the university does move rather slowly.' The Harvard strike has had the effect of speeding up the implementation of programs too long ignored by the university. The faculty, rather than the administration, now have the greatest potential for coping with the changing role and responsibilities of the university. They have exhibited both willingness and ability to meet real needs. By recognizing the importance and value of including students as responsible members of the academic community, the Harvard faculty has ceased looking back on the dark ages of education and is now looking forward to a more responsive and responsible university.
One thing good did come out of Sherriff Quinlan's little sortie into the groves of Academia, I thought. Granted it was little in the face of the overwhelming quantity of bullshit, but, by this point I was increas-
ingly thankful for any small favors. I slowly came to realize that the bust really took the edge off the boredom around Amanda-on-Hudson. For a change you had a choice of rumors to pick from. I mean, depending on your mood, you could always find some-

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\[\text{one who would pass on his inside information, and if you used a little discretion you could find a rumor which corresponded to your mental state at that particular moment. The whole question of drugs at Bard came into a completely different light, almost to the point that they became something exciting again. It was great. Some quick thinking people started dealing, figuring that Quinlan wouldn't be back, and people would}

\[\text{buy, and find unique and impressive places to stash the dope. There was a confrontation of paranoia, reminiscent of the parking lot scene at your friendly, neighborhood high school.}

\[\text{Feeling as pathetic, and a little sick after one of the Slater low-budget specials, I jumped gingerly into my racy little machine, thinking, and sorely to the time I jumped a bit too awkwardly and ended up caught in the steering wheel. Lacking any-
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\[\text{thing better to do, and looking for some new kick, a new thrill, I decided to go back to my room and do some work. Initially I was confronted with a remarkable lot of undone papers, and unread books. Gird-
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\[\text{ing my loins appropriately, I settled into my desk, a unique feeling, and immediately put a stack of the psychedelic rock and roll on the machine, I didn't want to concent-
}

\[\text{rate too hard, and hopefully they would be oblivious enough to attract some people so that I would have some diversion from the stacks of work.}

\[\text{Not being too serious about doing the work, and too broke to go down the road, I settled back and lit one of my carefully unfiltered cigarettes. Blowing smoke rings in time to the music, I allowed my mind to wander accordingly... there must be some easier way to do this. And I began to think about work at Bard in general. Suppose we had a pass, fail, honors system here...}

\[\text{I could see the whole thing extremely clearly. I am walking in front of Stone Row, and that one particularly horrible chick in the class runs up breathless... "What do you need...?" And I have to reply, "I passed." A look of impeccably amazement crosses her face, followed by a satanic grin of glo-
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\[\text{"What? How could you, it was the easiest..." The whole system makes it impossible to lie. You can't even make excuses. At least with a grade system there are alter-
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\[\text{natives open. And competition, my God, I started to shake in the seat, everyone and everyone's lover will want to get the "honors" mark, and people like me will end up trying to explain all kinds of "passes" to angry parents, who can't see shedding out four grand so that little Seymour can pass his way through college. And suppose the whole thing really got out of hand, and the students started... "I'm terribly sorry,}

\[\text{Mr. Minihan, but that last joke, well, for this calss you only rate a 'pass', No, I don't care how long you spend preparing the lecture, why, didn't you see that student asleep in the back row? No, I don't care if he was tripping or not, the fact remains that you get a 'pass'," Or, better yet, "Alright, all you Slater people, one more meal like this and you all 'fail' for the semester." And think, we might set a precedent for the whole world... I'm terribly sorry, Sherriff Quinlan, but 44 out of a possible 600, that's not extremely good. I'm afraid you 'fail', why don't you try again next week?}

\[\text{It seems obvious to me that if the world isn't ready for a 'pass, fail, honors' system then Bard isn't either. With that thought in mind I wandered off into the night, being careful to leave the Stereo system blasting.}

\[\text{j.k.} \]
REWARD OFFERED
$10 cash for anyone who locates the Sony portable tape recorder taken from the Observer office. (a small, battery-powered cassette recorder in a black leather case). No questions asked if returned promptly. Box 76.

A few years ago in Robbins House, they came to her room to see what record she was playing. They didn't find her playing a record. They found her singing. You'll find her singing, a few years grown, in Bard Hall on Tuesday, May 27, at 8:30.

MUSIC FOR SOPRANO AND FRIENDS
Paula Melnick's Senior Project.