

Columbia's Concentration Campus

The illustrious president of Columbia University, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, recently cautioned his faculty in extraordinary session assembled that, in view of the international situation, a free expression of their views concerning it might be indiscreet, especially if their views failed to coincide with those of their illustrious president, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

Academic freedom, observed Dr. Butler, is after all more or less ideal rather than actual. For students—or, as Dr. Butler puts it, for those "in statu pupillari" (Latin)—academic freedom doesn't exist, and those persons who enjoy a higher academic standing ought to remember that they ought not to take liberties. Dr. Butler further reminds us that there is such a thing as "University freedom." Columbia has enlisted in the war on the side of men against beasts; the ideals and affections of the University must not be trifled with by disaffected employees. Accordingly, those who find their souls out of tune with that of Columbia University are invited to resign.

Dr. Butler professes devotion to "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite" (French), but he has taken at least one leaf from the Fascist-Communist album; he has caught Hobbes' Leviathan with a hook and dragged him into the academic grove. If a State can have a mystical, transcendental existence apart from its officials and citizens, so no doubt can a School have an incorporeal self which is quite independent of its faculty and student body. This seems to be the case at Columbia, and by a strange coincidence the views and wishes of the ineffable Columbian Logos (Greek) coincide almost exactly with those of Dr. Butler. Sir Joseph Porter assures us that "a British tar is any man's equal, excepting mine," and the academic freedom at Columbia, like Ralph Rackstraw's equality, seems to be with reservations, or in a Pickwickian sense.

Democracy is a great thing, but many people feel that it can be car-

ried to the point where it ceases to be a joke. However, there need be no anxiety if we trust Columbia. A chair in which the King of England sat is preserved in that institution as a highly prized possession. Democracy is still under control as long as a piece of furniture can acquire an odor of sanctity from contact with a royal ers (Anglo-Saxon).

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