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BARDIAN

Vol. 20   No. 5   March 14, 1953
Lattimore Case Could Be Threat To Academic Freedom

The accusations against Owen Lattimore of communism, and his subsequent indictment for perjury, may or may not be true. The anti-intellectual motives which color the case against him concern us more. The question which is of prime importance is not that of his guilt or innocence of perjury; the question is one of academic freedom.

The most potent danger to be found in the forthcoming Lattimore trial may be that he will not be tried on the ground of perjury alone. It may very well be—as in past—that those emotional drivers which first helped force Lattimore into the hands of the accused will dominate the administration of his case. And it is also possible that Owen Lattimore will stand trial on two counts: perjury and intellectualism. Should this be so, every thoughtful mind will be in the witness box with him.

It would indeed be dangerous, should Lattimore’s conviction be based upon emotion rather than reason. It is common knowledge, of course, that the quicksilver of human feeling is tremendously powerful; it can elect a president, wage a war, ruin the innocent. And it often goes hand in hand with anti-intellectualism.

While head of the popularly discredited Institute of Pacific Relations, and thereafter, Lattimore authored twelve books, which, in light of subsequent events, seemed all too favorable to the communist point of view. Whether his conclusions were always intelligible correct, whether his actions in the context of the world situation in the years of World War II, and those immediately following it, were indirect, dangerous, or suspicious, when viewed from the vantage point of the fifties, whether his position is “right” or “wrong” or “unlawful” — these are not the issues which concern those men who have recently contributed to a pamphlet entitled, “Lattimore the Scholar.” These, thirty-seven in number, include Arnold Toynbee, E. H. Carr, Mortimer Adler. Their interest lies in the Lattimore approach to the problems under discussion in these books, and they have pronounced that approach the result of thorough, painstaking, research, presented intelligently, creatively and illuminatingly the subject with which it deals. This is as it should be, for, according to these men, these issues do not color his approach to knowledge conveyed in his writings upon China and in his other Asian studies.

For those concerned with academic freedom, the menace to it is not only in this case but in others. When a man is placed in the vulnerable and indefensible position of responsibility which permits the observation, analysis, conclusion, evaluation of facts and ideas, he deserves and expects the critical attention of men of equal stature and knowledge within the field. It is not wrong to expect that his work will be judged impartially, with only the accumulation of enlightened knowledge granted importance. If man is to peer deeper into the bowels of that monster we call the “unknown,” and comprehend what he sees there, and want to find and see and interpret, that process must be preserved, even defined.

It is unlikely that the judgments of a housewife, or a salesperson, a psychiatrist, a dog trainer, about the Einstein theory of relativity would find acceptance by those who sincerely want understanding of relativity. The sincerely interested would turn to scientists and mathematicians, men of knowledge and authority closer to that of Einstein.

(Continued on Page 5)

Literature Club Plans Shakespeare Fete

The Shakespeare Week-end will be the highlight of the varied program being planned by the Literature Club for this semester. This week-end is scheduled for March 25-28, and will include Friday evening and Saturday morning and afternoon meetings. It has not yet definitely been decided who the speakers will be. Frances Ferguson and John Berryman have, however, been asked to attend.

On Sunday, March 22, the Literature Club plans to present a program of dramatic poetry comprising works of Plato, Yeats and Shakespeare. Two Drama Majors, probably Sandra Mowry-Clark and Richard Hubler, will direct the program. Wally Jackson will supervise a program based on the works of Ernest Hemingway which will be held on Tuesday, March 31.

The President of the Literature Club, Alex Gross, will speak on Rimbaud at a meeting the following Sunday.

The four meetings which the Club plans to hold on May 3, 10, 17 and 24, will include a discussion of the works of Thomas Hardy.
EDITORIAL

A Time For Unity

The old time community meeting has died on this campus. No longer do we regularly come together to take a stand on what we believe. The last which comes to mind was that on the issues of the Dean Lette case, and even at that time there was an attempt made by a few to belligerently desire the unity of the Bard community to take a stand for academic freedom. Today it is not a single professor who is being purged; rather, it is higher education as a whole which is on trial.

This challenge to academic freedom is not one which the Bard community can ignore. A committee has been formed by Council to look into the initiation of a community meeting to which outside speakers will be invited. It has not been without opposition. There are some who feel that a meeting of this type might be an invitation to the Yeolde committee. This, the Bardian feels, must be repudiated at once. It has set its sights on bigger game: Harvard. The Yeolde committee is not after Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson. This is our first line of defense. If Harvard, with its strong faculty, prestige, and alumni, falls, there is little hope for us. Therefore, what we must do is get in line with the many colleges all over the country who are trying to build up an alliance to stand behind the front lines.

The community meeting which is being proposed for this campus is not radical or even leftist. In fact, many colleges are already far ahead of us in this respect. The meeting would feature speakers of high standing. The stand which we shall take is not a particularly courageous one; it will ally us with those colleges who continue to believe in the struggle for academic freedom.

For the past two years, Council has listened to reports from its committee on the subject of a community meeting. If this proposed meeting meets with an untimely death, the Bardian plans to discover the reasons for its, and will print them in its next issue.

Letters To The Editor

A LITTLE UNDERSTANDING

I'm willing to believe that all of us on the Bard Campus are "Men of Good Will" and that's why I'm taking this opportunity to air a slight grievance. Most of us on the entertainment committee have the unpleasant feeling that we're fifth class citizens and that the only thing that will make our "constituency" happy is a weekly dance with a ten piece orchestra, as much slack as you can ask and a buffet line made up of Mariene Dietrich, Marilyn Monroe and Lana Turner.

Since this is a bit rich for our budget, we've been trying to keep you entertained with everything from a Tarzan party (which attracted eight students and one faculty member) to a Game Night (which at this writing is being referred to as "that thing to which we're not going"). There seems to be an attitude of "show me" which is extremely unfair to the committee members who are giving their time for extracurricular weekly meetings, budget conferences and even physical labor to bring you weekly programs.

Won't you please accept these programs with some understanding, at least of the good intentions involved? And if you can help us in improving the entertainment, we wish you would come to us directly and say so. Not only with ideas . . . but with assistance in ordering, serving, decorating and all the other petty details that make up one evening of entertainment. Multiply by every evening and multiply by every year of college and you'll know what the committee is up against.

But if you can offer nothing else, do at least give us the benefit of the doubt. We can use some encouragement. And when you show up for an evening at the gym or Atlantic Social and look as if you're having a good time . . . that's all the encouragement we need.

Muriel DeGre
Faculty Advisor
Entertainment Committee

CAND A FORMAL BE JUSTIFIED?

To the Editor:

On Thursday, March 5th, an Assembly meeting was held at which time an assessment of two dollars and fifty cents ($2.50) was levied upon the community to defray the costs of a Spring Formal. It was briefly explained that this assessment was necessary due to the fact that available funds normally allocated for the graduation formal has been used for other Community events.

The deplorable manner in which this legislation was "railroaded" through has caused considerable anxiety within the Community. We were presented with the fact that there were no funds for a Spring Formal. Before any discussion could take place, a small but well organized pressure group, made up from the heads of members of various campus organizations and some members of council, moved that the taxation of two dollars and fifty cents ($2.50) per student be adopted. Granted that such planned action is necessary to gain an end, still the basic idea of the Bard Community Government is to give each and every student an opportunity to participate in the running of Community affairs. But if pressure groups are allowed to continue their control of legislation by means of "half-trading" parliamentary law, then this basic idea no longer exists and there is no need for members of the Community to take an active interest in Community Government. We know that members of the Community had alternative propitious to solve this problem, but they were carefully denied their democratic right to speak.

Both at the Assembly and Monday evening's Council meeting, attempts were made to obtain a financial report for the past semester and past fiscal year — attempts refused and called out of order. We realize that the meetings of Budget Committees were open, but we feel that many members of the Community could not attend due to conflicting activities. Also a financial report could not have been obtained as only allocations were discussed. To be fair we must say that abstract answers were given: "less students, higher costs, greater demands." But these were incomplete and entirely unsatisfactory. Why were there greater demands? How much money was left over after operating costs of clubs last year? In brief, how do costs for this year differ from those of last?

Considering that two fifty ($2.50) per student was assessed by act of Assembly expressly for Spring Formal, we wish to know if it is justifiable to demand that each student pay said two fifty even though one does not attend? Also, who will pay for off-campus guests, faculty and staff?

We have tried to give an account of the causes of the present dilemma, the bureaucratic manner in which the present legislation was adopted and request a financial report so as:

1. to give the Community the full facts and enlighten them on the utilization of Convocation Funds.
2. to help Budget Committee in deciding future allocation of Community Funds.
3. to remind the members of the Community of their responsibilities as investors in a well run government.

Sincerely,

Russell H. Heichel
Edward Livingston Coster
Miles Kreuger
Judd received a call from old man Barnes late Friday afternoon. Seemed there were some kids playing in Barnes’ lot. Barnes wanted Judd to clear them out.

Judd regarded the phone a while after hanging up. “What’s the matter with the old guy anyway,” he thought, “doesn’t he like the idea of being young?” But, as there was nothing doing, he didn’t have any excuse to get out of it. Taking a Sheriff’s badge out of the drawer, he pinned it on his shirt. Then he put on his old leather jacket and walked out of the office, closing the door but not locking it.

Outside of the Municipal Building the sun still shone brightly. The shadows from the clean looking buildings across the street had not yet reached to where Judd was standing.

Judd sniffed the air. As the Barnes’ house wasn’t far and the day was nice and clear, he decided to walk. He’d take his time doing it, too.

Cutting across Main street, he began heading toward what was considered by some to be the better section of town. Personally, Judd couldn’t see any real differences. The houses where he lived were almost as big, and anyway, in a middle-sized town like Batesville, every body was pretty much the same. The kids all went to the same high school, played together. He probably knew some of the ones down by the lot, getting Barnes’ goat. He almost wished he were one of them. Climbing trees or something.

They got into a little harmless mischief once in a while, but nobody ever reported it to him. Nobody, that is, except Barnes. Well, Barnes paid his taxes. Judd supposed it was part of his job to protect the taxpayers.

Turning down Willow street, he saw Barnes’ house at the end of the block. Old, but well kept up. As he came nearer, he caught sight of a couple of the boys in the lot across from the house.

“Why they’re just from grammar school,” he thought.

“Hey,” one of them yelled, “here comes the Sheriff!”

“That one knows me,” Judd thought, “they probably know what’s coming, too.”

Then he stopped, not quite able to understand. Three of Barnes’ trees had been chopped down, including the apple trees. Judd saw that some of the boys, who had started running as soon as they saw him, were carrying hatchets.

“Hey you kids,” Judd shouted, “get the hell out of there!”

He ran after them, but before he could pick one to chase, they had scattered: behind buildings, down the street, into the hollow. He walked over to one of the freshly cut trees. No apples this year.

“Damn brats,” he thought, “if I had caught one I’d have scared a little sense into him.”

He cooled down some as he walked over to the house. Judd had not only chopped trees when he was a kid, but rode them down on the branches. The recollection made him smile a little.

Barnes opened the door for him before he even got to it, not smiling at all. His flabby face was flushed with excitement, and he was talking a mile-a-minute.

“It’s about time you got here, Sheriff. Those young hoodlums have no idea of the value of the property they have destroyed. If my butler had been here I would have sent him out with my shotgun. Naturally I wouldn’t expose myself to the vandals. That’s what we have a Sheriff for. Somebody’s going to pay for those trees. I’ll see to that . . . .”

Judd stared at him as he talked. He felt like slapping his ears down. Barnes was small, very fat. A jackass. He lived alone with a butler and two maids. What did he know about anything? Judd had two kids of his own.

Judd left the house with reminders of what he was getting paid for thrown at him. He took even more time going back to the office. He supposed somebody did have to pay for the trees. Judd had heard that there was a lot to do with deciding the district elections. So, he’d have to go to the school, and ask, and someone would tattle, and some poor kids would get lectured to, and probably a beating to boot.

“Damn it anyhow,” Judd thought, “why doesn’t he put up a fence?”

---

The old man told stories to the children in the park and I thought there was no harm in that. They were pretty fascinated with his lengthy and dirty beard and I think they were in awe of the knotted cane too, that he always leaned on. Some of the towns people thought he was crazy, but I had never heard of him doing harm to anyone, though his eyes were fierce enough when they looked at you. I knew I was never liked to be on the sidewalk with him coming along toward me. He’d have his bent back lurching up and down. And he’d be muttering things that didn’t make any sense. Especially that muttering made me feel funny; as though I should say something to him. I don’t know.

But it was on a late Saturday afternoon that Mom asked me to pick up Jane at the park. Little sisters can be a pain in the neck, so I argued it out a little and went. I looked around and spotted her sitting on a bench with a lot of kids. The old man was there telling them some story. I went up and pulled on one of Jane’s pig-tails and told her to come home for dinner. She didn’t answer, so I told her.

Turning down Willow street, he saw Barnes’ house at the end of the block. Old, but well kept up. As he came nearer, he caught sight of a couple of the boys in the lot across from the house.

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THE 6:05

by ZELDA ABELE

It was the same as usual—I walked at a quick pace down windy 42nd Street, pushed through the open door at the station, vowed an irregular pattern in and out of the mass of commuters and finally made my way to the 6:05. It was a relief to sit down again. I guess I was like the rest of the people on the train, tired and eager again for some food and enough sleep in preparation for the next day's work which I'd meet with the same attitude—get it over with, only two more days this week. I glanced around at the steady stream of machine-like beings that took their places in the car and systematically opened their evening papers. We were all the same, living from one day to the next and thinking almost never about what happened yesterday, or what would happen tomorrow. There was always one consolation. After five days of dull routine, there was another weekend to spend at the theater, the night club, or just sitting home close to the radio—anything to help us forget that Monday morning wasn't far off. There were a few minutes to wait before the gate would close, and the last breathless passenger would jump on the train, proud of himself that he managed to catch the car running with the clock. I moved over when an elderly woman sat next to me, and readjusting my coat, opened my book of modern short stories to while away the minutes.

There was a stuffing of weary feet on the gray floor and an unsteady hum of hissing noises passing through the smoky air. I was aware of the outlines of three figures standing before me near the front seat, and my curiosity was aroused by the sharp tones of a woman saying, "Move out of the way, Pa." My eyes looked up from the printed page, and focused on the woman with the distracting voice. She must have been at least fifty, although she would probably never admit it. She wore a gray, heavy wool coat, and had a soft feathered hat placed gracefully on her head, thin lips as she spoke to me. Suddenly, the yellow lighted clock on the billboard outside the window glowed through my surrounding haze. It was 6:05. I was back in a world of minutes and trains and newspapers.

The old man was forced forward by the inertia of the stopping train. His quivering hand reached out to brace him as he closed my book and stood up. He stepped off onto the platform, I buttoned my coat against the strong wind and ran up the stairs to catch my bus. I had to hurry. There wouldn't be another one for ten minutes.

81 Benefit Street

Lethargy's helmate is a flop, engaging condolence;
the party grows more lucid, exposing a passive conceit;
the married sage, reclining on a couch, slops beer on the carpet and himself
while learnedly discussing western culture
with a pair of spent lovers
menaced by idle, irrelevant ridicule,
laying low by a pithy predicament, embedded in such comfortings, how best to be objectified?

If You Go First Into The Lungs Of Death

If you go first into the lungs of death
and leave me standing numbly at your portal
I shall be more in life and more the mortal,
though living shall be less worth drawing breath
for then my dumb words stumbling after speech
or my frail body making night a kiss
and day a grasp shall eagerly do this
for two, with sensibility for each,
not that you have not lived, nor may not be
quite ready for profound unfolded space
or meeting godhead face to blinding face,
but I must keep alive the you in me,
not that there are such things left unsaid
between us that I could not know and stand
to leave them, still you are within me
and I would not have you lying in me dead.

Richard Sewell

Liebestod

a small brown sparrow lifeless lies
in a lucid bed of leaves long dead.
Compact as a point of punctuation,
soft and round with silken down,
his form unspoiled by decay,
he lies the essence of serenity.
surely this must an omen be
of some vague, uneartly sensability in death.

Martin Dinitz

Four

Alex Gross
Asip Says Horseback Riding Plan Not Feasible At Bard

Last semester the college proposed to provide the facilities for horseback riding at Bard. Barns, bridle path, grazing area, were all to be supplied for the anticipating party who was to provide the horses, equipment, and instructions. Plans were tentatively set until the college could find what the community reaction would be. It was assumed after many personal requests for such a project that the idea would be received favorably.

In an interview with Bill Asip, we learned that the response to the questionnaire on the subject sent out at the end of last semester was too weak to make it completely invalid. Another set of questions were sent out to the students during Field Period and here again the response was far from satisfactory. Only 147 letters were returned and from this amount only 69 showed some interest while 78 displayed none at all. Naturally the athletic department has assumed that those questionnaires not returned were a mark against the proposed plan.

The project is now at a standstill. There is a group of students, however, who are thinking of going off campus when the weather becomes better to form a regularly scheduled riding class in affiliation with one of the nearby stables. But as for horseback riding for the entire community—the chances are rather slim until there is favorable major response to the idea.

Mr. Asip hopes that other planned events will meet with more success than campus horse-back riding. Several basketball games have been scheduled for the semester—one with Red Hook has already been played. In the near future our team will meet with Pine Plains and New Paltz.

There is also the idea of having a recreation night once a week for the whole community including faculty and students. Mr. Asip is preparing well rounded evenings with volleyball, folk-dancing, bowling, ping pong and all the facilities of the gymnasium in operation.

Again, any project of this sort needs the community's interest and support. On the enthusiasm displayed by the students depends the success or failure of any college activity.

Lattimore Case Threatens Academic Freedom (Continued from Page 1)

We have not come far afield from Salem if we agree that a polygamous group of Senators can decide upon the quality of the scholarship of a man which has been pronounced high by his peers. We can claim no progress if we permit the passion of the moment to decide the policy of the generation.

Owen Lattimore must stand trial, but he must do so because he may have lied, because he may have been a communist, because he would not admit it. He must not be put to the stake because his interpretation of what he saw has ceased to coincide with the public policy.

The entire matter is one which should be of great concern. It is one in which we should completely involve ourselves. If we are liberals, we should be especially careful: careful not to follow the tendency which would insist that we scream before we are bitten, in the manner of the species everywhere. But the issue is one which demands foresight and attention of the most careful sort. What is involved is sacred; its determination is crucial. Its gravity not to be underestimated.

— Mona Mellis

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Five
Dr. Bokhari To Speak At Bard

Chairman of U.N. Security Council
Will Close International Student Week-end

Dr. Ahmed Bokhari of Pakistan, current chairman of the Security Council of the United Nations, will deliver the closing address of the 7th International Students' Conference to be held here at Bard during the first week-end after Easter vacation on April 17th, 18th and 19th. The over thirty distinguished foreign students from all parts of the world will meet with American student leaders representing different student organizations and the entire Bard Community to discuss formally and informally major political, social, economic and cultural questions facing the modern world today. Nationalism, Culture, and World Peace has been chosen as the theme for this week-end.

Among the many interesting foreign students to visit Bard, will be the son of one of the tribal chiefs of the Kikuyu (Kenyan tribe from which the notorious Mau Mau draws its recruits) and the youth leader of the Liberal party in Sweden. Dr. Gerhardt Ritter, well-known German historian and authority on nationalism, will speak Saturday afternoon on the role of nationalism in Europe.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and her secretary, Miss Doris Muller, who currently attends Bard part-time, are cooperating with the International Student Week-end Committee in their efforts to make this the most fascinating conference ever held at Bard. Mrs. Roosevelt herself may address the conference on the Changing Status of Women in the Modern World, if she will be in the East at that time. A prominent American, most likely Averill Harriman, will deliver the keynote speech.

The Bard MSA Labor Orientation Group has been kind enough to offer the Zabriskie mansion for a semi-formal dance with international flavor on Saturday night. Mrs. Murial DeCicco, who is in charge of the dance, has hired a first-rate orchestra and is planning to serve champagne punch and elaborate hors d'oeuvre. Entertainment for the evening will include movies and folk songs and dances performed by the foreign students.

THE CAR FOR YOU

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