Letter For Freedom
Taro Kawa
Politics: Ideal and Ideology
Edgar Gabaldon
The Blue Light
Jeanne Rosenberg
A Bard Work Program
Kathryn Carlisle
We Must Go Further
Ralph A. Balda
Live Alone And Like It?
Stanley L. Falk
Looking At Books
Addison Bray
A Century Of Hero Worship
Eric Russell Bentley
In Tune
Richard Gaynor
Nisheasun
Caroline Andrews
Nobody Knew
Stanley L. Falk
Happiness—Or Pleasure
Philip Isaacs
Alumni Notes
Artine Artinian
Sports Slants
Marty Weiss
Alone
Ralph A. Balda
Obtuseness
Carol Wagner
Is Something Missing?
Jules Schwartz
Contest!!!
A Life Once Known
Louis Fusceas
Twilight In November
Ellen R. Zucker
Pastoral
H. S. Thayer
Shadows
Patricia Wight
A long habit of not thinking a thing wrong gives it a superficial appearance of being right.

Thomas Paine

A Journal of Individual Expression

No 7, New Series
BARDO COLLEGE, ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.
Monday, December 1st, 1944

LETTER FOR FREEDOM

(Taro Fusao is a Japanese-American graduate student, formerly at the West Coast. He is now in Chicago, and has sent the following letter which we think will do much to give the several Appeals of great importance to all BARD students.)

Dear Dr. Otis,

Recently, a book by Carey McWilliams has come off the press, entitled, Prelude: Japanese-American Internment in the United States and California.

This academic study of the so-called "Japanese Question" has received a very favorable reception in the Chicago Sun and New York Times. I think it would make a worthy addition to any American library, so I wrote to him very much as if you were to place this book on the shelves of the Hoffman Memorial Library at BARD.

This new book seems to substantiate my firm belief in the value of democratic education directed against Japanese immigrants and American citizens of Japanese descent by West Coast political research on the basis of race and color, has, in great measure sustained the policy of internment in Japan.

The Japanese militarists have consistently claimed that this was a war between races, the colored against the white American soldiers on every front are out to prove that it was not such a war, but that this world holocaust is a class of ideology.

While here at home, I have heard a guy story and of the very things against which Taro is giving his life. The West Coast radicals are on the loose again, and interestingly, race issues have come to the political arena and are being used as an electoral issue. Various organizations on the Pacific slope are more concerned about alienating the rights of American citizens of Japanese ancestry than about the immediate and vital task of winning the war.

It is a shame that politicians in these democratic United States employ the same tactics Hitler used to gain power. It is a shame that responsible American leaders are using the same lines of race hatred. And above all, it is a shame that American people vote for such people, fall for this kind of campaign oratory. It makes one ashamed to be called a human being.

But I am still a young whipper-snapper who entertains more dreams of tomorrow than of today and would like to see the day of faith in Democracy, despite the fact that I was forcibly evacuated from my home and now find myself trying to spend eleven winter months behind barbed-wire fences. No, I want to see a true Democracy, a United States where freedom means to respect the freedom of others and not freedom to do as one pleases, as practiced by Hiram Johnson, Governor Fred Howett, and other California radicals. For a true democracy must establish racial and religious prejudices and accept as its guiding principle the spirit of brotherhood and equal rights which prevails in my College and as hundreds of other colleges and universities throughout the United States.

I hope that every BARD student will read Prelude and help the Nisei regain his lost civil rights. This minority group can just as easily happen to us as the Jews and Negroes. It is a meaningless word and reason to be a shining principle.

Most sincerely,
TARO KAWA

POLITICS: IDEAL AND IDEOLOGY

Prelude: Japanese-American Internment in the United States by Carey McWilliams

When fascism is finally defeated throughout the World, I hope that large numbers of people will begin to wake up from the general Ignorance of politics. It will be too readily understood that the brown plagues and the storm-troopers gained power because the average citizen was not interested in politics. The facials manipulations, the brown, destroyed the political activities of Socialists and leftists, making the best of the general indifference towards the outcome of those struggles.

That's the post-war, that today reviewer the last decades, will not be duped by political neutrality. The most crucial of years should be enough to teach us the lessons of political irresponsibility. And what are the worst lessons? And have considered the face that more professional training does not bring about the logic of personal security? Politics is that instrument which might have saved our youth from the massacre. The fascials manipulations, the brown, saved for him than reclaiming the control of his political life. He shall, therefore, regain privileges he did not use before, like that fundamental one of knowing who is his neighbor, and who are the fittest leaders so that his everyday political and social choices will be duly taken care of. In other words, he shall say: enough of being a citizen. The debate is no longer adequate; let us be more enlightened about matters politico-socially so that we can no longer be the spokesman of such reactionary forces as that of fascism.

Post-war radicals, therefore, if they are success in erasing fascism from the earth, will have encourage to their youth's (other-cause, of course) toward political action and thought. Politics would in that case be known as an ideal and an ideology.

Far from attempting a scholarly definition, I just want to draw the relationship existing between the two, and the difference in each one's concept of politics. The first should give perspective to our general behavior, since it organizes our principles as applied to all aspects of the human existence. But the second is a presentation of how politics is to be seen and practiced by society, so that the individual is destined to know upon this earth.

The Blue Light

BY JEANNE ROSENBERG

The cool blue light reflected on the silky petals above the bar and glinted off the chrome fixtures around the room. The plain white highboy turned an ever-evens; the steeple of the chandelier glittered simply.

One in particular was radiant with the marvelously tall, slender fingers twisted into the stem and with a sharp glint on the side. The common man's eyes were softened by the empty bar as he cocked his drink, watched the light dance on the shaker and throw back sharp secrets of the drink.

"Mr. blue, Mister Woods," he asked sympathetically, gliding the slender glass of tin foil against the golden liquid across the bar.

"Yes... lima blue," Larry answered, lighting a cigarette and drawing strength from the slow inhale puff. "Wasn't good enough," he added, his fingers showing on the spotless bar.

"Wanna see what," he asked knowingly.

"Sure," Larry particularized, reaching for his mouth. "Toby Farrar... she slept with a pilot last night," Mike shook his hand.

"Never trust 'em," he counseled. "Don't wanna touch 'em.

"Don't make any difference now," Larry reassured. "She was a sure looter... I'm sorry, I meant,].Farrar's" he added, sensing that his member when you come in with her first time... you surely handled her like a /'em," he warned.

"Mmm, I remember that story... last time I had a real cold as hell," Larry commented, pouring a cigarette in a crystal ash tray. "You made the damned tainting drink that night. I can't say how long did it," he said, smiling slightly.

"With a sunny blonde like that, he wants a good drink," Mike joked, relieved that Larry could smile. "One look at her and I forgot what a rum coke, himself," he assured him. "He red and white striped door suddenly swung open and a tall sailor came in with a girl. The cold January air blew in with them. Mike moved to the other end of the bar. The sailor and the girl came over slowly helped her off with her coat and settled himself on a high stool. "Dis glanced briefly at Larry at the other end of the small bar and turned back to smile at the boy beside her.

"Two pints and ginger ale, please," the girl ordered. Larry watched her turning the glass around and around. She was tall and she was slimly dressed, blue light caught in the glint of her dark shiny hair and made it even darker. Two thin glasses of dewy and fresh, set on the black coast around her shoulders. The long hair draped over her skin creamer and her eyes sparkled as she talked to the sailor. Larry in another cigarette and swallowed his drink.

"I've never been here before, Tom," she said softly but her voice carried through the small room. "What's the name of this bar?"

(Continued on page 5, column 3)
We Must Go Further

The following editorial was written before Pres. \(\text{George G. Mead}^{1}\)'s speech at the Commencement meeting of November 18th. Dr. Gage has answered us, but we still hope that someday Bari
d will find confidence to go further. — The Editors.

WE HAVE all accepted the idea of Bardin being progressive. Now, the question: How far can we go in this? We believe that the light of Bardin's present progressive generalities as to policy and procedure are some disappointment to ourselves. One's idea is to keep training youth to adapt itself to a society that is not going to change and to help ourselves to become unresponsible to the philosophy we are learning here at Bardin when we take her rebels against.

The Bardin system can go on forever teaching us in our statutes and be responsible to a com-
nunity, but so long as it remains in the dilemma of being consciously hostile to that outside group, the school will never be able to use the word progressive in its true sense.

If the policy is to be progressive means to change, gradually or otherwise. And in our case change is based on experiments. The idea of success of these experiments needs no majority, for the majority—i.e., all of us—cannot afford to think of theory and praised manner does any society lived in prior to our coming to Bardin.

The student body must objectively disconnect itself from society and face the present with the open-mindedness necessary for any experience to be per-

The student body must objectively disconnect itself from society and face the present with the open-mindedness necessary for any experience to be perceived within a school that is seeking new and better ways of training youth.

Yet this attitude can never be expected of any student unless the school's progressive policy is definitely set down as completely supporting any experiments, and as such, Bardin is the only way of profit of outsiders. Never can the student body act as an experiment if it has to continually reflect on what effect the policies within the school is and what the outside world wants.

But in the work of our school, students coming here must be impressed with the idea that they are more than entering another school educationally and emotionally in certain respects. They must be told that they are coming here to help support a cause that must be proven successful; and that they should be here with every desire to do so, and more readily to open-mindedly be confronted by many problems, new ideas, and changes.

If the policy of the school can be laid upon this foundation, then the true progressiveism that we imply could be clearly expressed and defined as boldness in action. It can be very harmful to humanity, and we believe that the light of Bardin's present progressive generalities as to policy and procedure are some disappointment to ourselves. One's idea is to keep training youth to adapt itself to a society that is not going to change and to help ourselves to become unresponsible to the philosophy we are learning here at Bardin when we take her rebels against.

The Bardin system can go on forever teaching us in our statutes and be responsible to a community, but so long as it remains in the dilemma of being consciously hostile to that outside group, the school will never be able to use the word progressive in its true sense.
The Blue Light

(Continued from page 1)

"The Red Pony," Tom answered, remembering the ring dish beside him. Larry entered, their voices happy. She knew they were talking about the other women. She listened to them, but they went on and on, whispering something to her and her friends. Larry laughed, and the smile spread to her eyes. She took his hand and led him to the bar. It was empty, except for a few people who were sitting around. She pointed to one of them and said, "I want to meet that girl." The man smiled and led them to the table.

"It's a lively, gregarious type," she said. "She's a little more wild than I expected.\" She smiled, and her eyes sparkling, "I think she would be a good match for you.\" She leaned in close, "I heard she used to be a actress.\"

"I think you're right. I'll go talk to her.\" She stood up, and as she did, her hand brushed against his. She smiled, and he knew she was interested.

---

Nishesun

By CAROLINE ANDREWS

It was a busy street, people walking under the rain. A man with a umbrella was hurrying to get out of the rain, but his umbrella was torn. Another man was carrying a briefcase and looking worried. A woman was walking slowly, looking for something in her purse. Suddenly, she fell down, and a man rushed to help her. He was strong, and he helped her up. She smiled and thanked him. The man said, "You're welcome.\" He walked away, and she watched him go. She knew she had met someone special.

---

THE BARGAIN

By BYRON STEINER

It was a rainy day, and the streets were crowded. A man was walking down the street, his umbrella dripping with water. He was trying to find a cab, but they were all full. Suddenly, a cab pulled up, and the driver said, "Get in, sir.\" The man got in, and the driver drove away. He was happy, and he knew he had made the right choice.

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ALEXANDER

(Continued from page 5, Column D)

What about, when Dave girls too of in the passage? Peter asked. Dave showed the light switch and the button that he knew was the proper thing to do.

--I hope not?\" Peter asked, as Dave looked up. Dave turned around and looked at the button. He knew it was the right thing to do.

---

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---

Have any of you girls seen my Soc. book?\"

"I hope not?\" I ventured fearfully.

The dim light from the lantern revealed Peter's immense figure, his face drawn up, his nails near the entrance waiting for Peter to come back.

The nishesun consisted of dropping liquid wax from a lighted candle into the canal of the hand, and leaving it there to harden, so that a sharp pplic of the palm resulted.

"Well, it's a good trick,\" Peter said. Dave showed the light switch and the button that he knew was the right thing to do.

---

"That's right,\" he said softly.

"And the two of you?\" Peter asked, as he sat down. Dave turned around and looked at the button. He knew it was the right thing to do.

---

ALEXANDER

(Continued from page 5, Column D)
Nobody Knows

BY STANLEY L. FALK

I got to Ken's about a quarter after five. He wasn't waiting for me like I thought he would be. He was sitting in the middle of the floor of the studio, with a bottle of wine and a glass. I asked him what was wrong and he just shrugged and said, "Nothing. Just wanted to drink a little bit and think about things." I said, "Do you want me to stay?" and he said, "Sure. I don't mind having company." So we sat there and talked for a while. It was a little strange, but I guess he was just trying to work through some things.

We talked about a lot of different things, but mostly about his recent breakup with his girlfriend. He told me that she had left him without any warning and it had really hurt him. He said that he had been trying to move on, but he just couldn't seem to get over her. I tried to comfort him, but I knew there wasn't much I could do.

Suddenly, Ken got up and walked over to the window. He looked outside for a moment, then turned back to me. "I think I need to go outside," he said. "I just need some fresh air and some time to think." I told him I understood and we said goodbye.

I walked out of the studio and walked down the street. It was a quiet night, with only a few people around. I found a bench and sat down to think about what Ken had just told me. It was a sobering reminder of the pain and heartbreak that can come with relationships.

I thought about all the times I had been in similar situations, and I knew that I couldn't just sit around and feel sorry for myself. I needed to do something to help Ken, even if it was just a small gesture.

I reached into my pocket and pulled out a small gift bag. I had bought it at an art store earlier, and I knew it would make Ken smile. I walked back into the studio and found Ken sitting on the window sill, still looking into the distance.

I handed him the gift bag and he looked up at me, surprised. "What's this?" he asked.

I smiled and said, "It's a small token of appreciation. I know you're going through a tough time, and I just wanted to let you know that I'm here for you." Ken thanked me and we sat there for a while, just talking and comforting each other.

Sometimes, all you need is a listening ear and a friendly smile. It's amazing how much it can help someone who is going through a difficult time.

The night was still young, and we decided to go out for a little bit of food. We found a small restaurant down the street and ordered some pizza. We ate in silence, just enjoying each other's company.

When we were finished, we walked back to the studio. Ken thanked me again and said, "I really appreciate you being here for me." I told him it was nothing and that I was just glad I could help.

As I left the studio, I couldn't help but think about how lucky I was to have Ken in my life. He was one of the best people I knew, and I was grateful for all he did for me.

The night ended with a warm拥抱 and a promise to keep in touch. I knew that Ken would be okay, and that he would find his way through this difficult time.

It was a small gesture, but it made all the difference in the world.
Alone

BY CAROL WAGNER

My heart can only see beauty. My heart can only see light, but my heart’s clear only what’s futile. My heart cannot look at what’s right.

It should see only blood and sorrow, which make up the world of today. It should only see night falling and death which strikes all day.

But my heart’s seen only black desire I’ve only seen darkness.

But my mind can’t see just fine.

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Violet Ave., Rhinebeck, N. Y.
Is Something Missing?

By JULIUS SCHWARTZ

Many students who were on the bus yesterday morning probably thought that they were missing something in one of the modern devices they use. They may have been right, for the students who were on the bus thought that they had left something behind. As a matter of fact, they had, but it was not that which they did not notice on the bus.

That is, the professor had left his drum and his accordion. Thus, an immense professor-student relationship was developed. But what has happened to this instrument? It is not that the professor obviously left it in the last car, yet that still provides no reason for so great a change. I think that one speculates about the volume of only the master of ten. In large classes it may be necessary to have frequent tests, but in the smaller, and in the smaller classes, there is no, or should be, no examination at all. The classes in which the test itself is performed in the form of a test will find the habit of tests is a part of the instruction, regardless of the motives of the lecturer and the students.

This situation can only be corrected by the cooperation of both students and faculty. Students, in the mass, naturally do not work well enough so that the professor will not feel the need for a test. And the instructor, in turn, anxious to avoid the test, and to avoid the possibility of feeling about its adequacy in class. Many instructors, in fact, consider that their knowledge purely. The importance of this has been emphasized. In small classes every student is relatively more neglected, and is neglected by the number of assistants as much as the number.

As it is said above, this is just one example of the present situation. On the whole, though, this may be alleviated by a stronger cooperation and understanding between students and professors. For it is only in the manner that both students and professors will feel a firm interest in working with one another, that there will come joy from being on the full benefit of progressive education.

CONTEST!!!

Here's a chance to do something BIG! BARD needs a school song and it's about time somebody wrote one! Please enter your entries in the BARONIA before the end of January and send them to the attention of the Student Council. You will be rewarded with a gold medal and student honors. Please be sure to keep the song clean and sentimental.

The Blue Light

(Continued from Page 9, column 2)

The paper stand on Fifty-first street was dark, a - byline street against a store. In the light of a street lamp, two men, a man and a woman, sat at a window in the window, the woman with a little light held in her hand. The light was on, but it was not enough to light the room. A delivery wagon went by, the driver's arm hanging limply on the window. He heard a man's voice speaking loudly on the pavement. He heard the man's voice speaking loudly in the street. He turned and walked quickly east.

Is A Life Once Known?

By LOUIS FURRODA

And so he was married. His life had ended, and he was no longer a man. He was at last a man. He had been married to a woman, and she was his wife. It was the first time he had been married.

Twilight In November

By JOHN L. JACOBI

Oh, grim and black November evening -

You give no light nor hope to my heart,

neighbor's lamp alone shines bright.

Like some sweet joy serene with the past.

- It is, is it, dim, and far away.

Your snow falls silently, relentlessly,

Each flake diaphanous into the eager earth.

As every soul and country still.

And now, dim, and far away.

The snow falls silent, yet as cruelly washed.

And simply, empty, in the night.

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Shadows

By PATRICK WRIGHT

Have you ever dreamed
As midnight windows fade
Before the break of dawn.
Birds cease cawing
From twisted, singed nests.
Among the layers
Which form from monster
Trees of illusion.
And who ever heard
The wretched walls
Of those who are
And know not why;
Those singing winds
From features festering
Within the scheme of Life.
And what is Life?

A modestry of speculation -
Bounded by superintendence -
Never surrendering
The scepter of inhibition -

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the factory of the cloth of the blackest tree cannot be seen.

Access from some stopping fall the silent drops.

The snow of life - gentle, yet as cruelly washed.

- And simply, empty, in the night.

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