

in terms of subjective value. The "hep-cat" may obtain just as much aesthetic appreciation from five minutes of Tommy Dorsey as his classically inclined friend can from an hour of Paderewski. Or the reverse may be true, depending entirely on their subjective reactions, which depend in turn on their apperceptive backgrounds. So if Dr. Heckle says swing has no aesthetic value, he is just as correct as Mr. Jive is when he says the same of classical music; both are speaking in terms of their personal reactions.

But do not listen to swing music and expect to hear symphonic qualities. Why compare the voice of Bing Crosby to that of Lawrence Tibbett? Why compare the compositions of Duke Ellington to those of Brahms? Both serve a very definite purpose in the world of music. The swing band does not try to play symphony music, and the Philharmonic does not try to improve on *The Backbay Shuffle*.

But should we condemn either for this apparent deficiency?

Because some of the outstanding swing musicians today are Negroes; because the "lower" intelligence as well as the "higher" intelligence can enjoy swing music; because the "educated" sophisticate does not consider swing *the* thing; because of these and many other narrow prejudices, many who could enjoy swing music do not permit themselves to do so, for fear they will become tainted (mentally, morally, socially). Why be a servile follower of a false standard bearer? Examine swing. And, after the prolonged examination that should precede any decision accept or reject it on its subjective merits. Be thankful if you can enjoy all types of music, be envious if you are but half a man. "And so we leave you to other of his Friends, who if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead your selves, and others."

## • *Cosmologist*

WALTER J. ONG

*And the Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth: and breathed into his face the breath of life.*

—Genesis, ii, 7.

Sunken in clay,  
 Deep, thirsty-rooted, clutching for the veins  
 Of earth,  
 Avid of earth-mould;  
 Fearful of day;  
 So hard to lift above the scragged plains,  
 Though worth  
 More than all earth's hold.  
 Look to the sky, high,  
 Out, and up, and over—past the sun:  
 No use!  
 Leashed, lashed to sense!  
 Angels may pry  
 God's secrets better; man's poor soul, have  
 done,  
 Till, loose,  
 Comes recompense.