

manner. He has facts to back up what he says. Furthermore, he is entitled to his opinion as an individual. You should not be prejudiced toward him."

The next speaker is a young man with an intense, intellectual manner. His voice is sympathetic, but not overly-emotional. "I am a researcher attached to the Unemployment Bureau. It is my job to keep files on the unemployed and to institute re-education programs for those people whose jobs have been absorbed by automation. The greatest part of the unemployed fall into this category. Many of them haven't the education necessary to take advantage of re-education programs. There is nothing, or almost nothing, they can do except live out their lives on Unemployment Compensation and their wives' earnings while this nation slowly turns into an army of automatons. They call this progress, to take bread out of people's mouths. I say do away with machines and give men their jobs back. Get rid of those cold, mechanical bolt buckets and rehumanize this world! Let's not turn into a race of robots. Let's . . ."

The man is interrupted by the ominous flashings of the lights. The largest computer furiously projects obscenities on its screen. It buzzes incoherently, and one can see that all five machines are trembling. Finally, coherent sentences appear on the screen which read, "You have not been given permission to speak! Sit down! People, close your ears to this man. He obviously is simply raving. Nothing he says is logical. He is a dangerous subversive! Don't listen to him." The people fearfully repeat the epithet to one another. One can hear the undercurrent of fear as the voices grow louder and angrier, and the crowd advances on the researcher. In the background is a quiet hum like a hive of secure, contented bees.

Man Is the Measure

Barbara Newberry

FIRST MAN: God is Nothingness.

Second Man: I cannot believe this.

First Man: Do you agree that if a syllogism is valid and the premises are true, then the conclusion must be accepted? If all men are mortal and Socrates is a man, then Socrates is mortal?

Second Man: Yes.

First Man: Do you believe that the argument is valid if the conclusion follows the premises by logical necessity?

Second Man: Of course.

First Man: And can not the premises be true by definition, even as man is defined as mortal?

Second Man: Yes, it can be so.

First Man: From whence comes the definition? Is it not based upon the perceptions and judgments of the individual—perceptions and judgments that may or may not coincide with those of others?

Second Man: I believe this to be so.

First Man: If I were to define a certain vase as beautiful and you were to define the same vase as ugly, which of us would be correct?

Second Man: We both would be correct.

First Man: With this common ground, let us explore my aforementioned conclusion. Would you agree that God is Perfection?

Second Man: That is my conception. I define God as that which is perfect.

First Man: And Perfection?

Second Man: I suppose that which is perfect is faultless.

First Man: What constitutes a fault? A crack in the vase? Dishonesty in a man?

Second Man: Those are surely faults.

First Man: What do you perceive which is faultless? Are you yourself faultless? Or anything else that you are capable of perceiving?

Second Man: Naturally, I am not faultless. Every man has faults. All that I perceive has some defect.

First Man: Would you also say that whatever is perfect must not be in disarray?

Second Man: Yes, for disorder is a fault.

First Man: And do you believe that everything which exists or which can be imagined to exist is unique?

Second Man: Such has been my experience.

First Man: With everything unique, all is disordered, for complete symmetry, which I believe to be necessary for order is lacking in uniqueness. Each man is unique; no symmetry is formed with two or several of these unique individuals. Likewise, each part of each man is unique—parts of a whole which are not symmetrical and are thus disordered. This state is chaos. Is it not true?

Second Man: It seems to be true.

First Man: What can be conceived which is not unique? What is not disordered? What is faultless?

Second Man: I do not know.

First Man: In my conception Nothingness is Perfection. Nothingness is not unique. Each bit of nothingness is identical to every bit of nothingness. This state is order. Nothingness is faultless. That which is imperfect: that which is not is perfect. Can you agree?

Second Man: I can.

First Man: If I define God as Perfection and Perfection as Nothingness, then God is Nothingness. Is it not so?

Second Man: If one does not accept the definitions?

First Man: Assuming the definitions were derived with honesty,

then God is still Nothingness.

Second Man: So I thought. If one were to define you as a fool?

First Man: Indeed, I would then be a fool. I am as defined by others.

Freedom for Jazz

Joseph Hill

IN FEBRUARY, 1948 three famous Russian composers—Sergei Prokofieff, Aram Khatchaturian, and Dmitri Shostakovich—found all their compositions condemned by the Soviet government and themselves accused of having “lowered the high public role of music and narrowed its significance, limiting it by the satisfaction of distorted tastes of esthetic individualists.” Prokofieff and his comrades had their works labeled as exhibiting “a passion for muddled neuropathic combinations which transform music into a cacophonous and chaotic heaping of sounds.”

Similar attacks against progressive music took place in this country in 1956. For example in Birmingham, Alabama, several hundred citizens went to a jazz concert given by the late Nat King Cole. During his performance Cole was interrupted by several members of a White Citizens Council who attacked him. A spokesman for this group said jazz in general was an attempt “to mongrelize America. It appeals to the base in man, brings out animalism and vulgarity.” By the end of 1956, many other civic and religious groups insisted that jazz be outlawed in the United States as it was in Russia.

I must disagree with such insular views concerning jazz. I enjoy jazz because it is an original kind of emotional expression, in that it is never wholly sad or wholly happy. I enjoy jazz for its humor. Jazz plays around with notes, rhythms, and dynamics.

I find I have to defend jazz to those who say it is low-class. These people forget that all music has low class origins. Hayden and Mozart minuets are refinements of rustic German dances. Even Tschaikovsky used a simple Russian folk song and dance as the principal thematic element in the final movement of his monumental *Symphony in F Minor*.

In addition, I find I have to defend jazz to those who say it is too loud. They forget that Beethoven Symphonies, Brahms Concertos, or Liszt Tone-Poems are also loud. I believe their false notion stems from the fact that in the early days of jazz musicians had only cheap brass instruments to use and small quarters to perform in. This is not the fault of jazz.

A few days ago when I was in Block's record shop, a sales-clerk was playing a Beatle recording for two teenage girls. As I was walk-