

This issue of the COLLEGIAN is dedicated to Professor Pearl Garbrick, Parnassus, and especially the high ideals which Parnassus maintains for each and every one of us.....

MEDITATION --- F. E. SULLIVAN

The day is colored hoary-grey
My thoughts are chalky-white
The sky is grey
The sun is black
The vulture is our hoast
His narrow bead devours our age.
His innards is our goal.
He lifts heavily over ill-green seas.

And climbs
And dies
And falls.

The slime from whence we came
To be our final home.....

THE NEW POPULARITY OF JAZZ

Morroee Berger

In spite of its having been frequently pronounced dead or dying, jazz is now enjoying another period of relative popularity. Music lovers of all previous affiliations, including ex-jitterbugs and devotees of the classics, flock to concerts at Carnegie Hall and Town Hall in New York, and similar halls in other cities, as well as to night clubs in New York's Greenwich Village and Fifty-Second Street. These places have become the main auditoriums for jazz.

The character of its audience reveals the long journey jazz has made from its early days in New Orleans at the turn of the century. During its birth and early life jazz appealed chiefly to poor and

often illiterate Negroes, who heard it in their saloons and dance halls. Today it has entered our most hallowed concert halls, where it attracts mainly middle class intellectual whites who do not find this kind of music in their traditional places of enjoyment, but have to seek it out. In forty years jazz has travelled from the Red Light district to the concert hall.

This odyssey was not made without setbacks and difficulties of many kinds. Until quite recently the city of New Orleans was one of the most ardent disparagers of the jazz music which, one day, scholars may agree, is that city's most lasting contribution to American culture. When, for example, the name Basin Street acquired scandalous connotations, the New Orleans civic leaders, with true semantic blindness, changed its name to North Saratoga Street. The situation is quite reversed today. In 1944 jazz lovers of New Orleans organized a National Jazz Foundation which stated that one of its aims was to bring back to that city much of the jazz music that was born and flourished there. Semantic sanity apparently returned, too, for the name Basin Street was restored. (Art conspired with business, no doubt, to attract the tourist.) Finally plans were made to elevate jazz to a new status by the construction of a jazz museum in a warehouse building on Basin Street near Canal, formerly known as Lulu White's Mahogany Hall, one of the city's wickedest spots.

The kind of jazz that we have been discussing has been the subject of innumerable debates concerning its character and definition. To avoid another one, let us merely say that jazz is the music originated around 1890 by negroes of New Orleans, developed and spread from its birthplace by both Negroes and whites, and still played in our day generally by small bands of musicians who are not very familiar to the public, whose musical tastes are satisfied by the derivatives of jazz. "Genuine" jazz is distinguished from popular or "commercial" music, which is composed in Hollywood and on Broadway, and played by "name bands" (and by aspira

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