

been *exalté* for some other reason if the pleasing but undistinguished woodwind music from the playhouse had such power to ravish him away.) In execution, too, the recital was masterly and at no time did Mr. Castle's performance on the virginals suggest birdcages and toasting-forks.

Out of an Album

"JAZZ ALBUM," the occasional Wednesday evening programme from 3YL compered by The Collector, is worth hearing. So many jazz programmes are run by slightly hysterical fanatics who start and pursue their own hares without regard for the uninformed listener, crying strange words and creating untold confusion in the mind. The Collector, on the other hand, talks briefly, quietly, and coherently; he knows what he is talking about, and he chooses the records with care. It is possible to argue at great length for and against jazz, as music, without convincing anybody; but leaving aside the question of its musical worth, I shall merely say that jazz is one of the ways by which one can appreciate life of the Negro in the southern states of the U.S. Reading in the cable news that 40-odd Negroes have been lynched in the South since VJ-Day makes little impression on the senses. Our emotions have been battered by concentration camp stories since 1933. But listening the other Wednesday to the acrid, contemplative voice of Billie Holiday, singing "Strange Fruit," I got a better idea of what a lynching means than I'd had since reading Steinbeck's "The Lone Vigilante," and a better idea than anyone could get from statistics on the cable page.

In Two Latitudes

ON a recent Monday evening at 6.45 there was an awful struggle between Thomas Handley and Donald G. Bradman. Bradman was in the early stages of his double century, scratching a little; Handley was in Tomtopia, hatching plenty. The new ITMA series, transmitted by the BBC Pacific Service every Monday, presented Handley starting off for the moon in a rocket, mainly to escape Miss Hotchkiss, but the rocket knew where it was going and landed in Tomtopia. Although the Colonel is still with us, some new faces have appeared. Mona Lott, Handley's Laundress, brings his washing and tells him of the troubles of her relations, amongst whom are Stinker Lott, her friendless cousin, and Poppa Lott, her uncle, a martyr to indigestion. The Brigadier, a nephew of the Colonel's, has a frenzy for physical fitness, but Handley and the Colonel silence him with scandalous reminiscences of his mother, Crafty Clara. Dan Dungeon, an old retainer, lets fly with paleolithic puns and a sepulchral laugh, while Sir Percy Palaver, the new Governor, invariably speaks with his mouth full of cheery stones and hot porridge. Obviously these are people to cultivate, but who could listen to them with a quiet mind while Bradman was reaching forward tentatively to Wright, and being at least morally bowled two or three times? So I switched back and forth, wandering unhappily between Sydney and Tomtopia, and in the process probably developing a split personality worthy of the attention of Georges Simenon or Hollywood.

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