

brave sailors assigned, for once, to a fighting task—though Donitz, as usual, ordered, "Break off in any circumstances if faced by heavy units."

There is something terrible in the sight of a beautiful fighting ship going down flaming in the dark, but it is war.

EXPLOSION OF JAZZ

HEAR ME TALKIN' TO YA. the story of Jazz by the Men Who Made It. edited by Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff. Peter Davies, English price 18/-

MAN, this is a lot of talk, a whole lot of talk from the only guys who knew what they were talking about, the cats who made this music.

Messrs. Shapiro and Hentoff have let the jazz musicians speak for themselves, and they burst out like clusters of star shells; dozens and dozens of them, New Orleans old timers, blues shouters, Kansas City men, the big band kings, the new cool school. It's an explosive book to read, explosive with life. If you're a little desiccated, or if you shrink from life, you'll find plenty to shock you. Probably the shrillest critics of jazz are the ones who are appalled by its vitality. Yet vitality was all the early jazz-bos had: no money, no musical recognition, no standing in the community—Louis Armstrong's contemporaries counted him lucky because he was sent to a reformatory where he had the chance to play a musical instrument! Vitality kept them alive and kept them playing, and playing kept them happy. Those were the times before the U.S. Navy closed down the New Orleans red light district of Storyville. There, at the beginning of the century, every house had a jazz piano player, and the little delinquent boys like Louis, running errands for pennies, whistled jazz along the sidewalks.

After World War I jazz went off up the Mississippi to St. Louis, Kansas City, and then spread to Chicago. Harlem jumped to it, and Harlem soon had New York jumping. The bands got bigger, there was less improvisation and more playing to written orchestrations. Some musicians made money and a lot of impresarios made plenty. There were the inevitable compromises between what the impresarios thought the public wanted, and what the musicians wanted to play. This book emphasises that most of the best jazz has been played after hours, in small clubs on back streets where the jazzbos gathered when their regular jobs finished for the night. They didn't recognise exhaustion. Fresh ideas chased each other in brilliant profusion. Everybody could relax and let what was in them find its way out through their instruments. They were single minded, talented, and fortunate in being members of one of the few groups in the mechanised modern world who have been able to express their talent freely. Some of them spent it foolishly and died young, some are still creating, spreading round them what they have to

Parking Metres

MY KINGDOM FOR A HEARSE

DO-IT-YOURSELF is quite a craze,

For see how handsomely it pays To be in these expensive days

Your own mechanic, butcher, baker—

Yet I would give a lot if I Could see with my unaided eye The principle adopted by

An enterprising undertaker.

—R.G.P.

BOOK SHOP

IN the Book Shop session on Wednesday, August 15, Nancy McGregor, of Auckland, will review "Rise and Fall of Maya Civilisation," by J. E. S. Thompson, "The Twilight of the Maharajahs," by Sir Kenneth Fitze, and "Elegant Flower," by Desmond New. R. T. Robertson, of Dunedin, will review three novels: "Aspects of Love," by David Garnett, "Faithful Are the Wounds," by May Sarton, and "The Threshold," by Dorothea Rutherford. James Walshe, of Christchurch, will talk about the Hanson's book on Van Gogh, "Portrait of Vincent."

give. The last voice in the book, that of trombonist Jim Robinson, calls the universal message of the creative artist: "I enjoy playing for people that are happy. I like to see people happy. If everybody is in a frisky spirit, the spirit gets to me and I can make my trombone sing. If my music makes people happy, I will try to do more. It is a challenge to me. I always want people around me. It gives me a warm heart and that gets into my music. When I play sweet music, I try to give my feelings to the other fellow. That's always in my mind. Everyone in the world should know this."

—G. leF. Y.

CREATURES OF THE TIDES

THE EDGE OF THE SEA, by Rachel Carson; Staples Press, English price 18/-

THE great success of *The Sea Around Us* firmly established Rachel Carson in the field of popular biology. It is only natural that she should seek to exploit success. Readers will find the same imaginative insight as before; but there is a new element, the interplay of the influences of land and sea upon the lives of creatures within the tides.

The author has an acute eye for the memorable oddity: the sex of limpets, the spawning of the palolo, crabs in symbiosis with coral, the self-defence of the sea cucumber, to quote only a few. It is possible that the quest of readability has led to a certain looseness in the presentation. But this is a matter of little importance as the readers of the book will probably not be biologists, and will be, possibly, making their first acquaintance with the subject. No one could wish for a more pleasant introduction.

A leisurely traverse is made of the eastern coastal region of the United States. One has the pleasant feeling of accompanying, personally, a delightful guide. The illustrations help to foster this impression. They are numerous, accurate and have an evocative quality not often found in work of this kind.

A few errors of fact mar the work. Only one is likely to trouble the casual reader. On page 192 the statement is made that coral is confined to the tropics. The Bermudas, of course, are ten degrees outside these limits.

A much more serious matter is the woolly romanticism of the last chapter. An inquiry into the meaning or purpose of life is a legitimate one, but "The meaning haunts and ever eludes us, and in its pursuit we approach the ultimate mystery of life itself" would come more appropriately from Tennyson.

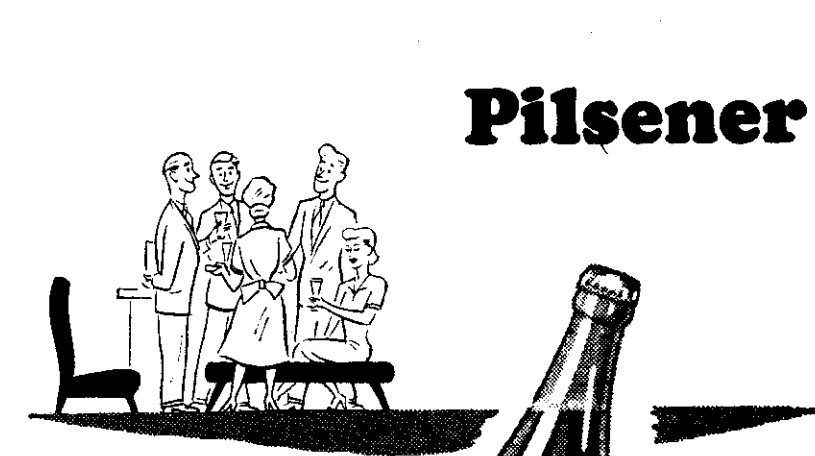
—J.D.McD.

COLONIAL PORTRAIT

THE GOVERNOR'S LADY, by Marnie Bassett; Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, English price 18/-

LIEUTENANT PHILIP GIDLEY KING, R.N., had already been entrusted with the task of founding a penal colony on Norfolk Island when he returned to England and married Anna

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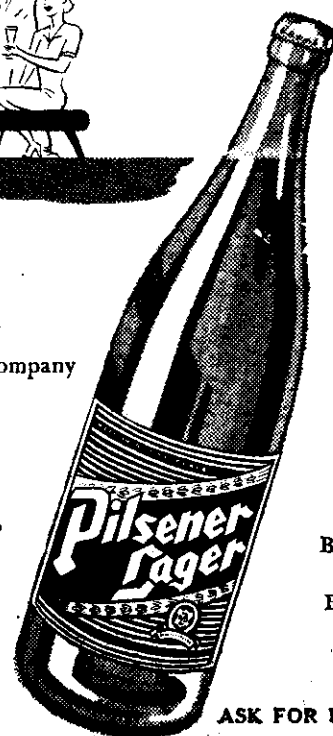


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