

■ . . . the Prom Queen is lost in a cloud of jumbled color. The tempo of dancing feet quickens. The music is a sort of tangible magic in the hall. Blazes of light shoot up and are reflected again and again in countless mirrors

■ The high-hearted saxophones, nursed by the bitter drums, cry forth like thin pain. Never a song like that. It made one think of things that happened long ago