

REVIEWS

it was neither a Die-Hard nor a Stater, but only a poor dead child.' With the lovely prayer, stirring so many echoes, 'O Sacred Heart of Jesus, take away our hearts of stone and give us hearts of flesh.' By these two moments, in retrospect, the whole play lives.

In *Within the Gates*, as in *The Silver Tassie*, O'Casey abandons realism to explore new fields; or rather realism, symbolism, lyricism all find a place. The scene is Hyde Park, from spring's promise to winter's desolation; park-keepers, nurse-maids, guardsmen, stump orators, form a kind of choric background. It is at once a bitter satire and a mystery play in new terms, of which the ultimate burden is the search for God, and, though it is a play with many obscurities and even inconsistencies, it holds the attention from end to end. Its spirit is one of disillusion, if not of final pessimism. The poison of self-deception eats into all the chief characters; into the Dreamer's dreams—the Dreamer is a broken reed to those who look to him to express the ideal of the author; Sean O'Casey has outgrown the Celtic Twilight and has no illusions about Dreamers—as into the Bishop's eagerness to enter into the life of the common people; neither of them can bear contact with reality. At the end one is left indeed with a glimmer of hope, an impression that 'something yet remains,' but what? It is strangely obscure, as though the dramatist, as poet, felt impelled to express two contradictory streams in his own heart. Is he with the pure paganism of the Dreamer, who would have Janice 'die dancing,' and would see the brambles grow thick over the 'Down and Outs,' whose sinister chant and drum-beat grows louder and nearer as the play progresses? Is he with the Christianity represented, truly at last, by the Bishop, who blesses the derelict and forsaken the Dreamer despises; to which Janice at the last turns in peace? 'She died making the sign of the Cross. She died making the sign of the Cross.' . . . It is as though the poet's heart and head were at variance. But, with all its defects, the play has the ring of greatness.

BARBARA BARCLAY CARTER.

GRAMOPHONE

H.M.V. It is interesting to compare the playing of the *First Brandenburg Concerto* by the Chamber Orchestra of the Ecole Normale, conducted by Alfred Cortot (DB 2033-4, 6/- each), with that of the Berlin Philharmonic recorded last month by Decca. The Brandenburg Concertos are on the border between symphonic and chamber music: the Berlin version, heavier in its contrasts and more solemn, inclines to the former; the Paris

BLACKFRIARS

version, brisker and more debonair, to the former. A trio of two flutes and a fiddle, supported by the same French orchestra, play the *Fourth Brandenburg Concerto* (DB 2037-8, 6/- each) : that the Margrave Christian Ludwig delighted in such delicacy and grace must correct the history text-book picture of pre-Frederican Prussia. *Fingal's Cave*—played by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (DB 21000, 6/-)—is effective picture-music, Hebridean in the manner of a sensitive educated romantic of the early eighteenth century, indeed its surge and storm is a remarkable feat on the part of Mendelssohn, considering his race and class: a Hanseatic strain in him.

French-English can be an enchanting mixture, and wit and tenderness are in Yvonne Printemps' singing of *I'll follow my secret heart*, from the first act of Noel Coward's *Conversation Piece* (DA 1363, 4/-). Richer and more dramatic are the two Verdi favourites, *Ah ! fors' è lui* from *Traviata*, sung by Toti dal Monte from La Scala, who is joined by Franco Ghione in *Lassu nel ciel* from *Rigoletto* (DB 2124, 6/-). Paul Robeson's glorious bass needs no praise : he is now specializing in ballads ; *Wagon Wheels* is a song of love for the old ways of rustic travel, a protest against the clatter of the Machine Age ; on the other side is *Mammy's little kinky headed boy* (B 8135, 2/6).

DECCA POLYDOR. It is fitting that a tribute to François Couperin should imitate the formal elegance of the eighteenth century : Ravel's *Tombeau de Couperin* combines this with the author's own haunting personal style. In the piano version, played by Madeleine de Valmalète (PO 5088-9, 2/6 each, LY 6079, 3/6), the cool and perfect manners of the *Forlane* are admirable, and the lace of the *Toccato*. French music, following literature and arms, has had its Spanish campaigns, and all of them have not been attended by success. Still Ravel's *Rhapsodie Espagnole*—Lamoureux Orchestra conducted by Albert Wolff (CA 8174-5, 4/- each)—is considered an important work and three sections are based on Spanish national dances. The interpretation of the *Trauermarsch* from *Gotterdammerung* by the Berlin Philharmonic under Furtwangler (CA 8173, 4/-) is as sensitive as the subject allows.

Heinrich Schlusnus, a baritone from the Berlin Statê Opera who recently made his first appearance in England, sings *Largo al Factotum* with enjoyable jest, the octaves 'Figaro . . . Figaro . . . Figaro, etc.' are very droll (CX 8172, 4/-). He also sings two well-known Schubert songs, *An Silvia* and *Frühlingslaube* (DE 7026, 2/61, and *Zueignung* and *Ich liebe dich* by Richard Strauss (DE 7027, 2/6).

REVIEWS

BRUNSWICK. 'Corfee in the mornin',' Miss Connie Boswell's seductive number (O1711, 2/6) from *Moulin Rouge* must be noted by the historian, though the musician as well may admire its harmonies and finish. Old foggy appreciation this, but it is as representative of its time as *Bunyan's Hymn*, though the spirit is somewhat different. This goes also for two negro rhythms, *Rockin' Chair* and *Swampy River*, played by Duke Ellington and his orchestra (O1727, 2/6) without fear of canonical discords. T.L.

NOTICES

ESSAYS IN HISTORY. By H.H. Pope Pius XI. Translated by Edward Bullough. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne; 12/6.)

The studies re-printed in this volume have a value quite independent of the personality of their author. They seem to fall naturally into three groups. The monograph on the Codex Atlanticus, first published in 1907, the study on Luini, reprinted from the *Rassegna d'Arte* of 1912, and the article on the Set-tala Museum from the 1906 *Rendiconti* of the *Istituto Lombardo di Scienze e Lettere* illustrate the slow development of the Italian Renaissance. Detailed and scholarly, they suggest the continuity of interests and modes of thought in seventeenth and sixteenth century Italy. The essays on the Borromei were intended for a very different public. They contain much that seems written for edification. But the section on the influence of the Alciati on St. Charles and the analysis of the influence of St. Charles on Cardinal Federico form a significant contribution to the history of the period. The lecture on the history of the See of Milan gains authority from the specialized knowledge of the lecturer, and though it is deprived of much of its value by lack of references it is supplemented by a closely documented essay on the Milanese Guilds of the Blessed Sacrament. Throughout, the translation reads easily, and Professor Bullough has contributed a lucid preface.

G.M.

IN DECEM LIBROS ETHICORUM ARISTOTELIS AD NICOMACHUM EXPOSITIO. By St. Thomas Aquinas. Edited by A. M. Pirodda, O.P., S.T.L., Ph.D. (Turin: Marietti; pp. xxiv + 747; lire 30.)

The third of the great commentaries on Aristotle by St. Thomas to be published by Marietti in octavo. The Commentary on the *Metaphysics*, edited by Professor Cathala, came out in 1915, that on the *de Anima*, edited by Professor Pirodda, ten years later, and now comes the Commentary on the *Nicomach-*