

BLACKFRIARS

of a small business through causes beyond its control, when the international situation strangles its trade. The characters are admirably drawn, in the round, individual and at the same time types one knows well and can recognize in any underground or bus at the rush hour. How well Miss Ann Wilton played the pathetic little book-keeper, doomed in her most exalted moments to be slightly ridiculous, whose genuine emotion is smeared with sentimentality, and who, dowdy and colourless, can find so little recompense for her loyalty and devotion! And how familiar a figure was Mr. James Harcourt as Biddle, the old chief clerk, God-fearing, of an absolute probity, to whom the very figures of his accounts have an almost mystical meaning. When the business breaks, he is ready to count his blessings, and to look forward to spending his old age helping his brother-in-law in a village shop in Devon. While Cornelius (Mr. Ralph Richardson, for whom the play was written), with his exuberant personality, so much too big for so narrow a field, carries entire conviction.

Mr. Priestley's technique is one of photographic realism. His world is a rigidly three-dimensional one, from which—and here is a weakness—the only escape is that offered by fancy. His characters reveal themselves only so far as they would do so in actual life to a sympathetic and intuitive observer. I believe that the time for such plays is passing, but of its kind it is excellent.

BARBARA BARCLAY CARTER.

GRAMOPHONE

Mozart has been too often belittled by being made to tinkle; happily in the G minor symphony played by the London Philharmonic under Serge Koussevitzky there is full-bodied brilliance and verve, less violent contrast between first and last movements than in the Columbia version (Bruno Walter with the Berlin State), much fuller in tone, for the recording is excellent (DB 2343-5). For the Mozart of opera at his delicious best there are also this month songs from *Figaro* and the *Magic Flute* done with great artistry—the sprightly *Glockenspiel* is a tonic in itself (CA 8198).

Ravel's limpid Quartet, which he dedicated to Gabriel Fauré, unites refinement with cogent purposiveness; the clarity of the Galimir String Quartet does it full justice, the recording (the pizzicato in the second movement especially) brilliant (LY 6105-7).

The name of the worthy Joachim often enough spells disaster. His version of Brahms' *6th Hungarian Dance* does not improve that already undistinguished composition; while on the other side a tom-tom piano accompaniment robs Sarasate's *Romanza Andaluza* of its charm; in both cases the talent of Yehudi

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Menuhin might have been put to better uses (DB 2413).

One expects a clear enunciation certainly for one's Handel, but that is not the whole story. Four arias from the *Messiah* are sung by Walter Glynn in a manner plum-coloured like the label (C 2731). John McCormack sings in his usual manner a *Sacred Lullaby* and a non-sacred (though dedicated to everybody's mother) lullaballoo (DA 1404). The charming *Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones*, and the more austere *O Come Ye Servants* of Christopher Tye, sung by the choir of St. Margaret's Westminster (B 8300), are not wholly free of asperities; the same may be said of Karl Lindner's registration for the Bach Fugue in E Flat major (PO 5117). Lovers of the bagpipes may avail themselves of a recording of *Mallorca* by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, with March, Strathspey and Reel on the other side (B 8292).

Ambrose, besides his *Jubilee Cavalcade*, a slick fantasia—potpourri would be an unworthy word—of tunes of the past ten years (K 750), has an outstandingly brilliant performance of the *Rhapsody in Blue* (F 5454). The tenor sax is not perhaps the best fitted of that much maligned family for solo work; Coleman Hawkins gives it a good run for its money, but no opportunity of vindicating its possibilities of tone, in *I Wish I Were Twins* (F 5457); on the other side the Swinging Rascals play the *Wabash Blues* with some felicity.

(Key.—H.M.V.: DB series, 6/- each; DA series 4/- each; C series, 4/- each; B series, 2/6 each. Decca Polydor: LY series, 3/6; CA series, 4/-; PO series, 2/6. Decca: F series, 1/6; K series, 2/6.)

G. V.

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EUCCHARISTIA. (Bloud et Gay; 60 frs.)

This is the latest volume in the series of *Manuals of Catholic Action*, and in many ways it is the best. Père de la Taille wrote the article on Eucharistic doctrine and it is a fine summary of his teaching. Canon Bardy provides a useful and scholarly chapter on the history of the dogma up to the fourth century, and Père Pourrat continues it up to Trent. The Abbé Constant gives an informative and balanced account of Anglican Eucharistic teaching, and Père Salaville writes of the teaching of the Eastern Church. There are sections on devotion to the Eucharist, on the Canon Law and history of the Eucharistic Liturgy, and on the Eucharist and art. The Abbé Magnin's chapter on legislation is of especial interest. The book concludes with a lexicon of the important writers who throughout the Church's history have treated of the Eucharist. Those clergy and laymen who wish to be acquainted with the best modern work on this subject will find the volume indispensable. But why did the publishers allow it to be printed so badly?

A. M.