

tained and their cast has rarely been so vividly portrayed. The Sinister Count has never been more sinister nor the Fat Monk more fat, and neither the Young Spaniard nor the Girl Disguised as a Boy can ever have survived more perils in so short a time. Their adventures are staged in thirteenth-century Languedoc at the outbreak of the Albigensian wars. Mr. Clayton has achieved the seemingly impossible with the ease of one of his heroes, for he has reconciled a neo-realist technique in description with fidelity to the conventions of romance.

G.M.

*THE PLAY*

**FOLLOW ME.** By Tyrone Guthrie. At the Westminster Theatre, London.

If Christ came to earth to-day how would the world treat Him? Would it hail Him as the Saviour of mankind, or would He again be crucified. Such is the problem which Mr. Guthrie has had the courage to tackle in this play.

Whilst we may possibly disagree with the answer provided by the author, that the events of some two thousand years ago would only be repeated, nevertheless we can but admire his logical explanation of the reason for the inevitability of the disaster, and the simple dignity of his treatment of the whole subject. The extremely natural speech and behaviour of the obscure Scottish family of Anderson, abandoned by their devoted father, 'Matthew,' most effectively gives an air of reality to the incredible situation with which they are faced.

The acting throughout the cast is of a very high order, but special praise is due to Mr. Barry Livesey for his restrained and dignified portrayal of 'Matthew' Anderson, and to Miss Elliot Mason in the part of Kate, his devoted wife, who, although secretly unconvinced as to the genuineness of 'the cause,' is, nevertheless, so completely certain of his very real need of her that she eventually leaves the children she loves in order to be with him.

Mr. Guthrie raises a great question and gives us little more than an arbitrary answer. Despite this we are considerably in his debt, for he is a good and sincere craftsman who points down a long and interesting road of thought, although he does not even remotely attempt to describe its many turnings.

One person, at least, came away from this play with the uncomfortable feeling that the drama he had just witnessed might be only too accurate a forecast in the event of the fulfilment of its premise.

P.K.G.