

REVIEWS

son's catalogue raisonné, and their main interest, therefore, was the contrast they afforded with the forty-three etchings by M. Dunoyer de Ségonzac which succeeded them in the following month. The contrast was not so much technical—the technique of both artists is, as we know already, supremely efficient—but one of perception, of the way in which Mr. John's often over-emphatic statement and M. de Ségonzac's often over-suggestive impressionism both adapt themselves to so rigid a medium. Mr. John is at his best when he is least imaginative, in the portraits of Epstein (Nos. 11 and 12), Yeats (Nos. 25 and 27), Benjamin Waugh (No. 34) and the second self-portrait (No. 46) for instance, while M. de Ségonzac is distinguished by his faculty for imparting to landscape a peculiar imaginative freshness—*Le Verger* (No. 2), *Le Pont St. Louis* (No. 8), *Les Joncs dans le Barrage* (No. 30) are examples of it—which when he approaches Mr. John's more precise preserves (Nos. 40 and 43) is apt to become a little commonplace. His *Fernande* (No. 31) is exquisitely sensitive and is indeed typical of an exhibition which well repays a visit, the more so that it adjoins the annual exhibition of the Seven and Five Group, which, together with the most interesting collection of paintings and sculpture at the Redfern Galleries, must be reserved for discussion until next month.

JOHN POPE-HENNESSY.

MUSIC

IN the past few weeks we have been treated to a wonderful succession of concerts at which every conceivable type of music has been performed. Certain of these performances stand out even above the general high level of all the rest. Paderewski's recital at the Albert Hall in the middle of January must certainly be counted amongst the greatest of these events. On that night musical London was shown just what can be done with the piano by one who is its absolute master. Here was no ardent striving to reach the heart of music through the barriers of technique, but the generous gift of full-throated waves of melody untroubled by the difficulties of its production. There are some who deplore Paderewski's almost ruthless brilliance of tone, but no one can deny its stirring effect on the senses.

Another notable occasion was the concert given by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra on the first day of February. On this night the new Vaughan Williams Piano Concerto received its first performance. It is sad to have to record that, nothing that the brilliance of the orchestra or the pluck of Miss Harriet Cohen could do, was able to save this work from ponderously percussive mediocrity. The disappointment caused by this item

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was, in some measure, alleviated by a beautiful rendering of Delius's *Sea Drift*, with Roy Henderson as the soloist. This artist's wonderfully sympathetic tone and fine power outshone even the splendid work of the Philharmonic Choir and the B.B.C. Orchestra. Some two weeks previous to this concert Roy Henderson had been the hero of the evening (or rather, three evenings) in the Courtauld-Sargent series at the Queen's Hall. On this earlier occasion he sang the difficult solo part in William Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast* with the greatest appearance of ease. This particular presentation of Walton's increasingly popular work was probably the most satisfactory that has yet been heard in London. At the end of January Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra gave the first performance in England of Poulenc's Concerto in D Minor for two pianofortes, with the composer and Jacques Fevrier as the soloists. These two gentlemen seemed to enjoy themselves and the orchestra appeared to be taking things fairly seriously (it was a Sunday afternoon, of course). Symphonies of Haydn and Sibelius formed the bread of this sandwich-programme; perhaps that explains the fact that nobody was poisoned by the meat.

'The mixture not quite as before' might fairly describe the Schönberg *Variations for Orchestra* which received its first performance in England at the B.B.C. concert on February 8th. We are told by competent critics that this composer has passed through four distinct 'phases' of (presumably) development. The impression left by his compositions would rather suggest that, instead of 'passing through phases,' he stood quite still in the middle of a madly whirling circle of them.

The Léner Quartet gave the first of their series of six recitals at the Queen's Hall on February 11th, and received their usual quota of blame from certain eminent newspaper critics on account of their persistent refusal to indulge in the ordinary human errors of attack and intonation. Léon Goossens' playing in the Mozart Oboe Quartet was a fine feature in a programme that was a delight to the ear throughout.

This combination is giving two all-Brahms recitals on March 7th and 10th in honour of the Brahms Centenary. In addition to the three quartets these two days will see the performance of the Sextet for Strings in G Major, the Clarinet Quintet (with Charles Draper) and the Piano Quintet.

The B.B.C. promise us the first performance in England of Hindemith's *Das Unaufhörliche* on March 22nd at the Queen's Hall. This work is described as an 'Oratorio in Three Parts,' but its exact nature, as its title would lead us to expect, is somewhat of a mystery.

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On March 13th Albert Coates makes one of his all too rare appearances in London to conduct the London Symphony Orchestra in a programme of Wagner's music with that magnificent singer, Ivar Andréson, as the soloist. To all keen Wagnerites this will be the night of nights.

PATRICK GEOGHEGAN.

CINEMA

EXPERIMENTAL CINEMA. No. 4. (1625 N. Vine Street, Hollywood; 50 cents.)

Something that is at least revolutionary has come out of Hollywood. Revolutionary in both a political and filmic sense. One is struck at once by the amazingly beautiful stills of Eisenstein's *Que Viva Mexico*—the great film which orthodox Hollywood is doing its best to butcher. They alone should convince that the film can be art and art of a high order. When we turn to the text we soon realise that not only are the films themselves in complete opposition to the usual Hollywood output, but that the whole basis of 'experiment' implies an inexorable hostility to the entire social values on which the Californian Eldorado thrives. The magazine is, in fact, an organ of the Communist Party: and in its eyes the film is the most powerful instrument of propaganda. Not that it does not contain much that is of importance from a purely filmic viewpoint—Eisenstein's valuable article, *The Principles of Film Form*, for example—but its vitality and drive manifestly spring from this revolutionary stimulus. It is vital and it has drive: it is like a strong cleansing wind. How tragic therefore that it should seem to consider the Christian religion as a support of those rotten values: for traces of the anti-God bias are not hard to discern. The Christian religion intends death for that corruption just as vehemently as does Communism: and it offers a new vitality that is infinitely more vigorous than any that can issue from Communist ideology. That is the fact: but it is up to Christians by the heroism of their lives to prove it. This magazine and its significance, like Communism itself, is a tremendous challenge.

Æ.M.

NOTICES

BESFORD COURT CATHOLIC MENTAL WELFARE HOSPITAL. Thirteenth and Fourteenth Annual Reports. (Besford, Worcs.; Pp. 115.)

In this report of a Catholic charity employing the latest methods—and language—of psychology, we signalise two matters of interest, although there are many more. The first is