

that everyone else in the house is mad, his roseate comfortable villainy were exactly right. And lastly, Miss Rita Daniel at the typewriter makes a perfect Prossy. One could hardly hope to have Shaw better done than this.

Little Revue, Little Theatre.

Except that it is a shade too long (cars, 11.50), Mr. Farjeon's revue could hardly be better. One noticed the old-young countenance of Mr. Noel Coward during the interval; this new show was reminding him no doubt of his own early intimate revues. Mr. Farjeon's sketches are witty. A skit on the vice policy of the *Mirror* and the purity campaign of the *Sketch* opens the show brightly; thereafter we are treated to skits on plays running in London, an afternoon in hydropathic Torquay, an umbrella ballet, a hit at Glynedebourne. Perhaps the best single lines in the show is Miss Joyce Grenfell's brilliant Sunday afternoon address on Useful and Acceptable Gifts. Miss Hermione Baddeley is charming. The music is gay.

"Carrie and Cleopatra," at the Torch Theatre

Carrie and Cleopatra is Mr. H. E. Bates' first full-length play and shows all the faults and virtues one might expect in the early dramatic excursions of an accomplished novelist. The play's most important weakness is its superabundance of plot. Where the average competent playwright spins out one thin thread with the admirable if boring persistence of Bruce's spider, Mr. Bates overwhelms us with enough psychological conflicts to provide the plots for half a dozen novels. First, we see *Sentiment v. Security*, in the persons of two ageing spinsters in a great Victorian house, who quarrel bitterly over the disposal of dead father's trousers or the ethics of buying armament shares. In the second round, we have *Security v. Adventure*; in the third, *Art v. Business*; and in the fourth, *Liberal capitalism v. a New World*. In between the main bouts are several minor skirmishes involving sex, independence, social ethics and all the difficult relationships between the two spinsters, an idealistic builder and his hard-headed misfit children. The curtain finally falls to a bankruptcy and the mournful responses of two Chekavian bailiffs. So much for the debit side; to credit is clever characterisation, crisp dialogue and a number of admirable jokes. Mr. Bates' characters talk as interminably as Shaw's, but they succeed in staying entertaining, and retain their separate individualities above all the welter of conflicting ideas they have to represent. Unlike many dramatists, Mr. Bates knows how to write, and with drastic but quite simple reconstruction *Carrie and Cleopatra* might become an effective play instead of a series of effective incidents. The success of the evening owed a good deal to the excellence of the acting. It is always difficult to particularise in such circumstances, but Mr. Arthur Young as the builder and Miss Elizabeth Maude as his sexy mathematician daughter stood out brilliantly from the rest of the cast, and that is saying a good deal. If only Mr. Bates had fewer ideas or more space to express them in.

"Alexander Nevski" at the Film Society

After ten years Eisenstein returns to the screen with the best film for years. It is the delight once again to see massive skies above a narrow strip of land, manoeuvring and melting crowds, faces such as we never encounter except in the Russian epic. And this time Eisenstein's brilliant pictorial drama is helped by Prokofiev's music: the tremendous orchestration of bells, tubes, Mongolian flutes and tambourines, such as one has not heard since the days of Stravinsky's *Les Noces*. Most of the film depicts a magnificent battle in the thirteenth-century war between the Russians and the invading Huns. It is marvellously actual and exciting: enough to raise Griffiths in his tomb. The cavalry charge over the frozen lake, the tortoise formation thrusts back wave after wave of attackers, the archers make a breach, the black axe-swinging footmen pour in Cherkasov, as the legendary hero Nevski, is a dazzling Viking. He rides and strides gigantic skies. The scene at the end when the Huns are swallowed up in the cracking ice is exciting; so too are the shots of the darkening battlefield on which the wounded wait assistance. This is one of the best films that have come here from Russia.

Lener Quartet, at Queen's Hall,

The London music festival, inaugurated by Sir Thomas Beecham on Sunday, was continued by the Lener Quartet in the first of

two concerts, at Queen's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The programme included Quartet in B flat (K 458), Sextet in D major, and Quartet in C major (K 465). It is sometimes said against the Lener that they bring too much French polish to their performances of the classics, but better playing than was heard on Tuesday would be difficult to imagine. The lovely, familiar "The Hunt" was followed by the Sextet with its two minuets, and the programme ended with the magnificent C major Quartet, in which the Lener surpassed themselves. But why, in the programme note, describe as "deeply pessimistic" the music of the first movement which strikes one as being filled with a profound and gentle joy? Such comment is meaningless; and one resents paying a shilling in order to read it. The second concert by the Lener Quartet, on Thursday evening, will include Schubert's "Death and the Maiden," a quintet by Arnold Bax, and Quartet in C major, Op. 59, No. 3, by Beethoven.

Graphic Art of H. Dunoyer de Segonzac at Wildensteins

The drawings, etchings and occasional full-dress water-colours which compose this exhibition are elegant, brilliant, French and utterly genial. M. de Segonzac has a quick nervous line which never becomes mechanical. Not one of the prints or drawings is dead or undistinguished; not one, on the other hand, attains great heights. By standards which conceive of art as research into actualities, they fail often. There is in them a quality of *elan*, a swinging robustness which tends to brush and scratch its way round difficulties. It is an art of pleasurable reactions and at its best in the country. M. de Segonzac has chosen or has been chosen (both, I suppose, are true) to illustrate the Georgies. It is a wise choice. Vintages and harvests, the quais of Paris round about the Institut and the Pont des Arts, the impressionist suburbs of Bougival and Marly, these are his happiest hunting-grounds. His sketches are an end in themselves, and he does brilliantly well what many attempt and few, if any, other than he succeed in doing at all.

Paintings by Claude Monet at Tooth's

Monet was one of the first impressionists to have a worldly success. In this he resembles Turner, and both are to-day often taken far too much for granted. One is inclined to propose that while paintings of mists do well while mists are in fashion, after a while all mists begin to look the same. In this way much injustice is done and many excellent pictures, full of subtlety and downright good drawing, are passed over as being "just Monet" or "just Turner." At Tooth's there is a fine selection of Monets, early and late. One must admire the breadth and boldness which is characteristic from the very beginning. The snow scene of a suburban road and the stranded fishing boat have a size and comfortable assurance about them which makes Pissarro and Sisley seem almost niggling by comparison. It is indeed no surprise to anyone who has seen Monet's work, whether it is snow scenes at Vetheuil, visions of the Cote d'Azur or of Normandy or even the ultimate glorified cotton wool, to read that he was a generous and open-hearted friend. His talent was enormous, his figure large and friendly, all he lacked was the illness, the motive maggot of neuroticism, that thing indeed that Cézanne liked to call *tempérament*.

Drawings for Children, Wertheim Gallery Children's Drawings, Guildhall

Among those who have drawn for children at the Wertheim, there is a pavement artist and a bus driver. Their work is exactly what children understand and do themselves. Highly coloured, imaginative, badly drawn: we have only to pass on to the exhibition at the Guildhall to see how close the old naïve is to the new. It can't be said that either of the Wertheim discoveries is a Douanic's Rousseau, but they stimulate and they entertain. Mr. Burton's free fancy paints a world of apocalypse and jungle, fairy tale and allegory. Some may have seen his pictures already at Frognaal where he used the pavement. There are, besides, at the Wertheim a number of charming and sensitively seen horses by Mr. H. S. Rust. His "Tired Horse" is admirable in feeling and design. One notices too a very pretty tiger.

At the Guildhall, there is a wealth of children's work. If one picks out Miss Audrey Armstrong's "The Bathers" as the most attractive picture of the exhibition it is only that she, being older, uses a firmer technique than her younger colleagues. "Poverty," by Miss — of Finchley, is impressively blank. There are tube station, air raids, changing rooms, ships, parents' heads: the