

REVIEWS

the nature of the soul" (p. 120). Not everybody is prepared to subscribe to such interpretation of Albert's Aristotelianism, or, at least, not without some qualifications.

Having thus severed the Master from his Pupil, Dr. Pegis lays the whole stress of his inquiry on the originality of St. Thomas. He follows Aquinas' doctrine in its historical development. Rejecting the Platonic conception of soul and body after the fashion of *motor-mobile*, and refuting the discordant interpretation of Aristotle given by Avicenna and Averrhoes, St. Thomas adopted a new point of departure and built his synthesis on metaphysical grounds, by establishing the unity of man based on the doctrine of the soul as *form*. A substantial form is by nature the *forma corporis*. "Fearing for the soul's immortality, St. Bonaventure had denied this. St. Albert, following a different line of argument, had reached practically the same conclusion. St. Thomas, on the contrary, thinks it possible to safeguard both the real unity of man and the immortality of the soul" (p. 146, 147). If soul and body are not one in existence, they are not one in operation (*S. Theol.* I, q. 75, a. 4). This is the foundation upon which the theory of the soul must be built. The Thomistic doctrine of the soul, concludes Dr. Pegis, "was not only new, it was also pregnant with the rehabilitation of man and his dignity as a creature in the service of God" (p. 202).

DANIEL CALLUS, O.P.

THE PLAY

Cornelius, at the Duchess Theatre, has the qualities to which we have grown accustomed in Mr. Priestley's work—a shrewd and kindly observation of his fellows, an understanding pity for dreary hardship, and a well-told story. It is a novelist's play, but by a novelist skilled in stage-craft, who knows how to work up his climaxes, to create, relax and intensify a state of tension in his audience, and by recurrent motives to give form to what would have been otherwise merely narrative and therefore formless. The pattern of the play is indeed created by the device of ending the three acts with the same words: a quotation from a book of travel speaking of a quest in the South American mountains for the lost city of the Incas, and which stirs the imagination of Cornelius, outwardly a highly practical business man, so much that at the end of Act II it allows him momentary forgetfulness of the deepening worry entailed by his failing business, and at the end of all, when the business has sunk like a ship, gives him courage to fling the telephone book through the glass door and set out to start life anew—saved by the streak of fantasy in his composition, where his partner has lost his reason and taken his own life.

The story is the grim and all too common story of the failure

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