

## PAPERBACKS

The Western Intellectual Tradition, by J. Bronowski and Bruce Maglish (Pelican 7s. 6d.).

**P**OTTED culture at its best, this fat volume of condensed science and thought covers the centuries between the Renaissance and the early 1800's.

Comprehensive and highly lucid, its bottom-of-page notes refer to the top books on questions at issue.

The index indicates the extensive range of this compilation by television's Bronowski and Massachusetts' Maglish. Samples: Rabelais, Raleigh, Raphael, Regiomontanus, Ricardo, Richard III: Poetry of Sidney, political arithmetic, population, predestination, printing. Succeeds well in its avowed aim: to outline and reconcile the twin growths of philosophy and science.

The Banner of the Bull, by Rafael Sabatini (Pan, 3s. 6d.).

**A** CLASSIC of the 1920's reissued. Swashbuckling extravaganza by the inventor of Captain Blood and Scarabouche.

Made up of three stories in the life of Cesare Borgia, Sabatini writes with genuine gusto and excitement of Macchiavelli, of Corvinus the Thrice-Sage, and of a host of other denizens of that murky but splendid place, mediaeval Italy.

The Outlaws of Partinico, by Danilo Dolci: (Four Squares, 4/-).

**T**HIS week Dolci announced his intention to hungerstrike once again on behalf of the miserably poor and oppressed people of Southern Italy and Sicily.

This book is a documentary on the conditions which prevailed in 1960 in and about Partinico, which was the scene of the biggest outbreak of banditry in Italy since the war.

At once it has the flavour of a Peadar O'Donnell novel, a Bethnal Green social survey and a ministerial file on something the minister would prefer to forget.

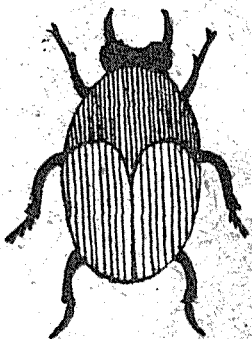
Japanese Paintings: Mexican Wall-Paintings: The Ajanta Caves; Byzantine Frescoes; Collins-UNESCO, 6s. 0d. each.

**T**HESE little handbooks, excellently printed in Italy, are a change from the baby art books about Painters We All Know And Love and are a cheap, convenient and comforting introduction to periods and places many art-lovers know none too well.

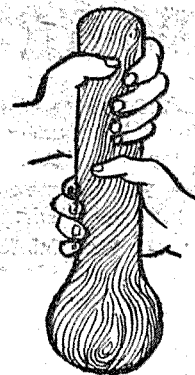
'Comforting' in the sense that the impressively subtle Buddhist temple paintings from Japan and the Busy Ajanta cave paintings from India are rather like the Colonel's lady—just the same under the skin as the Judy O'Grady's we occidentals know variously as Leonardo, Leger, or Le Brocquy.

P. F. G.

## BEATLES



★ **PATRICK KAVANAGH** has his usual pertinent observations to make this week about films. But he also takes a passing glance at that most recent phenomenon from Liverpool—the Beatles. In Ireland you might be able to tell a person's age by what image the word beetle conjures up for him—is it something you twist to, or the instrument that mashes colcannon or poundies, that culinary delight of the teenagers of yesterday, or just a creepy-crawlie?



**T**HERE is one film in Dublin which gave me pleasure without my having to be put to the inconvenience of seeing it.

This is "The VIP's" at the Adelphi.

A group of people whom the cinema idiots classed as VIP's are trapped together at London Airport and are all huddled together into the VIP lounge.

The fun that I got out of this—mane man that I am—was when I read a report on the film when it was shown in London.

This fellow pointed out that none of the persons in the film would be allowed within the usual ass's roar of the said lounge.

It is a pleasure to realise that the great Elizabeth Taylor would be asked where she was going if she tried to break in.

★ ☆ ★ ☆ ★

Imagine in that there lounge having to face a group of singers armed with beetles. Or guitars, which is worse.

In the course of looking at the Adelphi poster I saw where your men The Beatles are coming.

The Beatles have made it in the "Anything Goes" stakes, and there seems to be room for many more. For this is the still expanding universe—Ireland hardly included—of the Welfare State.

So far the Irish have not produced a guitaring ensemble of sufficiently outrageous codology. I saw the Clancy Brothers on the television and somehow they hadn't that final touch of nerve and neck which is required.

Of course, you have to be mar-



by **PATRICK KAVANAGH**

keted and plugged in opposition to all the other exponents of idiocy.

And let none of my readers think me square; if anything I'm oval—and I am a great enthusiast for madness. Controlled madness, that is the idea.

But I have a strong suspicion that your Beetles (or Beatles should it be?) are as blunt and wooden as the beetles with which we beetled the champ (colcannon) in days of yore—There was a housewives' choice!

*She up with the beetle and broke the lamp*

*And then she has place for to beetle the champ.*

The Liverpool lads should sing that.

★ ☆ ★ ☆ ★

I would like to praise "Molokai" which had a short-to-be-expected run at the Capitol. This is a Spanish film, the second I've seen this year, and I must record that whatever else the Spaniards can do well it isn't making films.

This film is in Spanish with subtitles, but the story of Father Damien is so well known that this is no obstacle.

"Molokai" is quite painful. One, or

at least this one writing, always visualised Father Damien as a tough simple man imbued with the Eumenical Spirit rather like Pope John. No nonsense.

The films shows Damien as quailing when he discovers he has leprosy. This is completely contrary to what I have read of the man.

It is also completely contrary to what we know of heroes and saints. Leprosy to such a saint as Damien would be a trifle, and was.

The story of Damien is a great epic and it is a pity that a good film hasn't been made of it. The documentary which I saw on the television—a series of episodes in Father Damien's life—was far superior to this film.

There is something antiquated about "Molokai," too. And this is the point—if you have anything worthwhile to say you don't have to dramatise it, to hire a school of acting to act it.

Directness is all.

★ ☆ ★ ☆ ★

The Irish Film Society fired their first salvo across our bows a week ago. I hope to manage to be at their next.

Among the films they showed on their first Saturday was one of eleven minutes duration by William Burroughs and which had among its actors a man well-known to Irish film activities some years ago—Liam O'Laoghaire.

People interested in current literary moves will have heard of Mr. Burroughs and his system, how he cuts up other books and re-assembles them to make up new ones.

At the Edinburgh Festival last year he was asked by Stephen Spender how about someone doing this to the sonnets of Shakespeare, and he said: "Depend on the result."

## CLASSICAL RECORDS

by SEOIRSE BODLEY

**T**HE new versions of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and Beethoven's 8th Symphony which George Szell has recorded on Columbia Stereo SAX2493 (Mono 33GX-1850), are very fine indeed.

Both the Cleveland Orchestra and the conductor are in excellent form. And, whether you are a collector with a number of versions of these popular symphonies in your possession already, or a beginner who is purchasing recordings of these symphonies for the first time, this record is well worth listening to.

Szell takes a relaxed easy tempo at the start of the Schubert symphony, and goes for soft well-rounded outlines. The dramatic passages have no rough edges and the result is a long lyrical melodic line.

Your attitude to recordings such as this will, of course, depend on whether you feel that Schubert should have a little more backbone. This, of course, is a matter of personal taste and without a doubt, this performance is perfect within the framework of its style.

The very mellow sound of the orchestra is a pleasure to

listen to. In the second movement, in particular, the golden tone is most apt and there is a beautiful sense of phrasing. The performance of this movement convinced me of the correctness of Szell's approach to this work.

At the end of the second movement, Szell manages to get a really otherworldly sound—an ethereal tone quality that in a sense helps to provide an end for the Unfinished Symphony, by making one feel that there is little more to be said.

His performance of Beethoven's 8th Symphony is a very different matter indeed. And rightly so.

There is plenty of drama here and unflagging energy. The dynamic range in the first movement is perhaps not as full as it might be, but this may well be due to the recording.

At the opening of the second movement the woodwind and strings are rather too loud, and the result is that the sudden burst of fortissimo does not really shock as it should.

For all that the energy and enthusiasm of the playing is very fine. Szell takes the third movement at a real minuet tempo rather than the usual semi-scherzo. However, this does not diminish the power of the performance. The clarity of the trumpet-timpini exchanges is excellent and the trio has a fine transparent quality.

In the final movement, Szell attempts to put across the feeling of the music through the quality of the playing rather than through sheer speed. Though this movement sounds, therefore, rather careful, it is still spirited. And while it does not sweep you off your feet, it is still greatly to be enjoyed.