

the optimistic view that both aggressors are bluffing.

She categorically lists the forces that can be arrayed for and against the aggressor nations, and sums up that if the peace-loving democracies have the will to do it, they can successfully call "the bluff" of both Hitler and Mussolini. If they do not do that, then the outlook ahead is black indeed.

Both of these books can be wholeheartedly recommended to everyone interested in the most important questions of the day—peace or war? The dangers of the past are fully revealed.

It is common knowledge that Britain and the democracies are undertaking rearmament at fever pace. Both Germany and Italy have strained their whole economic structure to breaking point in their gamble for sovereignty.

When and where will their people break under the strain, and when and where will the peace-loving democracies say—"Thus far shalt thou go and no farther?"

Mr. Shakespeare

MERCHANT OF VENICE

(Continued from page 14.)

morning when he's sober. Most vilely in the afternoon when he's drunk.

SHYLOCK'S voice, I thought at first, was going to be a little too low-pitched and guttural for clarity, but it rose higher, with tension. He brought out the deep rich ironies of Shakespeare, when the Christians wished to borrow from him.

Bassanio's voice was that of the pleasant young Englishman, a young man about town of our modern age. That rang true to my ear. I didn't want him pretending to be long-winded spouting Italian. Surely Shakespeare saw him as a young Elizabethan man about town, rather than as a Venetian nobleman.

Old man Gobbo came to life for me, in a neat little character study that one might have seen and heard in any variety show to-day. And Jessica was pretty-voiced, though I had a pang when I found that the lovely lines, "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank. . . ." were pruned in the speeding-up process.

THE fierce hate of the Jew rose not quite high enough perhaps in the court scene. The noises in the court were good, mutterings of the people and so on, but there was a suspicion of staginess in the climax when Portia plays her trump card that Shylock may have his pound of flesh but not one drop of blood.

In a modern court scene, as every court reporter knows, there would have been a deep and curious sigh all through the court at that moment.

One more criticism is justified. A moment or two after his reprieve, Antonio makes a speech in the court in a firm, even voice. Would any man who has just found his life saved after a moment of great tension speak so? Wouldn't his voice still tremble, uncertainly, be high or uneven in pitch, stumble a little?

Mine would.



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