

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, etc. BERNARD SHAW.

The preface to the first of these plays is a pointless hotchpotch of ignorant balderdash, the eavesdropping of a doctor's flunky translated to a suburban layman. Sometimes it hits the marks; the law of chance provides for this event.

The play is even worse rubbish.

Follows a dull, dirty stupid, prolix, foolish farrago about marriage. "By George!" cried Somerset, "Three days of you have transformed me into an ancient Roman!" Bernard Shaw is the nearest approach to the redoubtable Zero that seems possible. I have had doubts about marriage, and troubles in marriage; but Shaw has made me feel partly like St Paul and partly like Queen Victoria.

But there is no need to take Shaw seriously. He has lived so long as cock-of-the-walk of his mattoid dunghill of sexless and parasexual degenerates that he has lost sight of the world altogether. Probably a sewer-rat thinks that fresh air smells nasty. Nor, one may add, is much consideration due to a person so ignorant as to write "dumbfoundered" for "dumfoundered" and "laudatores temporis acti." "Til" for "till" is doubtless only a foolish faddism intended to irritate, like the Old Philadelphia Lady in the *New York Herald*, but he has not her sense of humour.

There is some ground, though, for hoping that the "Doctor's Dilemma" and "Getting Married" merely mark the temporary eclipse of a great mind. For the remarks on the Censor are quite informed and sensible, and Blanco Posnet is really quite good. The characters are human and living—a welcome change indeed from the dogmatic dummies of the other two plays.

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