

## BLACK FRIARS

terms of material comforts, and are undisturbed by the squalor of prosperous vulgarity and the tawdriness of the Cumberland Hotel. This book alone is Christian enough, even in this 'Age of Plenty,' to wish each man, not as much as he wants, but as little as he needs. It alone has the courage to say that economy is more romantic than extravagance: that is one reason why the Land Movement is Catholic. There is still much to be said for the struggle for existence, so long as it doesn't become a struggle for someone else's existence.

It is the best apology for Catholic Distributism and 'Primitivism' that has yet appeared; and, again, the most surprising thing about it is that it comes as professedly the faith of the Catholic Land Movement.

J.M.D.

**A HANDBOOK TO THE PALACE OF MINOS AT KNOSSOS.** By J. D. S. Pendlebury. (Macmillan; 4/-.)

Mr. Pendlebury's guide takes his readers into the world of Crete without bodily fatigue and financial worry. At the end of the book are the most intriguing maps, and in the cover pocket a large plan of the Palace. On page 10 we see a table of dates embracing 2,400 years. On page 27 they are dismissed with the words 'with that wild spring day at the beginning of the 14th century B.C. something went out of the world which the world will never see again; something grotesque perhaps, something fantastic and cruel, but something also very lovely.' Knossos was once below itself; Stone Age man built the foundations of strong solid rectangular houses, well suited to being built upon by his descendants. About 2000 B.C. the Palace came into being and, though earthquakes laid it low again and again, it arose more beautiful each time until Theseus sailed for Crete and destroyed Knossos. The palace had excellent baths and drainage; the water supply came from the hills by an aqueduct, portions of which are still to be seen, and the culverts of the aqueduct were bridged over to support the roadway.

The Minoan pillar tapered towards its base, in imitation of the wooden pillars made of trees planted on their heads to prevent growth. It is interesting to compare the 'Kasellas,' or floor-pits that were lined with lead, with the so-called 'limpet hoses' of the Skara Brae culture. These Kasellas were used as treasure safes, and though they had been rifled often, remains of gold were still there when examined by Sir Arthur Evans.

Mr. Pendlebury tells of bull fights in which the object was to catch the bull by the horns and somersault over his back into the hands of a fellow player. Both men and women took

## REVIEWS

part in this sport; the hull often 'got' his player. The frescoes that can still be seen are the most fascinating part of Knossos and here are many photographs, one of which, that of the Priest King, was copied in the production of Handel's *Samson*, when the Cambridge Musical Society performed that Oratorio as Opera in 1931. Mr. Pendlebury says of that fresco: 'This painted relief shows the Minoan ideal of a prince; with the waving peacock feathers of his crown and his collar of fleur de lis . . . he seems to be leading something or someone—perhaps as we see on gems, a griffin.' He most likely was leading the company along the 'Corridor of the Procession' and up the Grand Staircase—one of the marvels of antiquity. Then there are the giant Pithoi, vast jars 'big enough to hide all the 40 thieves at once.' But you will ask, is there nothing about the Labyrinth and the Minotaur? There is something in the foreword by the discoverer of Knossos, Sir Arthur Evans: they did not exist except in the imagination of the Greeks to whom the vast ruins of Knossos were a maze inhabited by frightful ghosts and strange beings who appeared on the walls of the shadowy rooms and halls.

E.G.T.

**EINFÜHRUNG IN DIE PHILOSOPHIE DER KUNST.** By Heinrich Lützel. (Bonn: Peter Hanstein; Rm. 3.)

At the present time, when we are divided by something more radical than mere difference of opinion, open controversy becomes almost futile. The only course open to us to pursue is for each independently and dispassionately to state his point of view, without rancour or prejudice.

This introduction to the philosophy of art is an object lesson in how it should be done. The author, with admirable perseverance and skill, has managed to give to his work the best qualities of a water-tight *a priori* treatise; at the same time he has not neglected the positive point of view so dear to the modern mind, and so important if our knowledge is to be anything more than mere mental exercise. The appearance of the book shows the progress that has been made in this study. In some sense, the whole study is regrettable and unfortunate. It is unfortunate on the whole that we have become so curious about the working of our own mind, especially since for the most part investigation is carried out solely on a basis of experiment and observation. Thus in England, Mr. Clive Bell and his contemporaries set out on what appeared to them a journey into new lands. It is in such a book as the present that we see how their conclusions are explained and given depth by principles which come down to us from another age. In the