

cerned with the quality of the craftsmanship displayed in the solution of problems, rather than with cultural significance. And in those matters he displays wide sympathies and intimate knowledge.

The technical notes are sufficiently lucid to give the student an excellent introduction to the nature of the problems involved, and should whet the appetite for further information and for practical experiment. It is evidence of the breadth of appeal of the book that it could be read by intending patrons and passive spectators with profit and enlightenment. The student of æsthetics will find the analysis of space-conception in Byzantine, Renaissance, Baroque and Modern art of cardinal importance.

The author's advice to ecclesiastical patrons shows a judgment less sure of itself. 'It is', he writes, 'for the leaders of the Church to take the initiative, to commission the best artists, the real representatives of their time, to give them intelligent guidance in a sphere new to them, and to have sufficient confidence in their artistic and human quality to give them free play'. One may be certain, I think, that the noblest artistic and human qualities are not enough to produce a fully Christian work, for such a work requires virtues not normally available to those not in open communion with the Mystical Body. In this instance, good art is not enough. Henry Moore's *Madonna and Child* is a case in point; it is impossible to say that there is anything distinctively Christian about it, although one has no doubts regarding the artist's integrity of purpose. A full, public Christian art can only be produced by fully integrated Christian personalities in a fully integrated Christian culture. Lamentable as the situation is, it is not to be remedied by such means as Mr Feibusch recommends, for if the time in which we live is not Christian, how shall the real representatives of the time serve the Christian Church? And whether any given time is a reliable judge of its best artists is surely doubtful. However, these more general considerations do not lie within the scope of the book under review, although they are necessarily provoked by it.

Mural Painting has, above all, an altogether praiseworthy candour and singleness of purpose, and a refreshing absence of the irritable polemics and affected archaisms in which devotees of an age-old craft are wont to indulge. It is an important book, and should be widely read and widely acted upon. E. HEMINGWAY.

ADDLED ART. By Lionel Lindsay. (Hollis & Carter; 6s.)

It would be a pity if this warcry of a book were neglected just because it contains a number of questionable assertions and a few really silly ones; or because its English is a bit queer; or because it begins with a bad sonnet. For Sir Lionel Lindsay's polemic is useful as well as amusing. For one thing he knows how to quote and tell

stories: the extracts from MacColl on one side and Roger Fry on the other, supported by some rich anecdotes from Paris, do at least raise the question, rudely but quite distinctly, whether 50 per cent. or more of the talk about modern painting is not *blague*. Then the sordid matter of commerce in pictures needed stirring up and it is beside the point to cry 'anti-semitism' because Sir Lionel stirs with an unfriendly hand. Of course one would like to have a cooler analysis with which to check his second chapter; we need, in fact, an economic history of European painting since 1920, preferably written by someone colour-blind. What a tale it would be! But it would require a scrupulously objective treatment.

As for the book's main argument, a denunciation of 'modern' painting on æsthetic, technical and moral grounds, this will no doubt be welcomed by all 'conservatives', reputable and disreputable alike. But it is worth remarking that Sir Lionel Lindsay is not a narrow representationalist. He is not even anti-modern, unless Picasso and Dali together represent modern painting, and this, despite the former's flexibility (probably more apparent than real) cannot be maintained. Sir Lionel approves of MacColl's words, 'in the best painting the execution comes out of the image . . . necessarily . . . naturally. . . . You cannot define where conception leaves off and execution begins, because they are one act'. (Cf. Gill on stone-carvings: 'They are not only born but conceived in stone', etc., *Autobiography*, p. 161.) Here is no defence of the mere copying of surface appearances, but awareness of the function of image and idea. He knows too that the 'prettiness' that haunts the Renaissance tradition he admires can be evaded only by continual recourse to the teeming realities of life. In this connection however his critique of Picasso's *Guernica*, though summary, is crushing. It is quite true that 'these drawings arouse loathing, but of no *specific* evil', and that this is their weakness as compared with Goya's *Disasters of War*. In general Sir Lionel Lindsay is strongest when he compares painting with painting from the technical point of view; his mainly moral attack on Surrealism is comparatively weak.

Probably he oversimplifies 'representation' and the mind can legitimately take more liberties with appearances than he would allow. An art that is chiefly symbolic can play with the earth and the stars like counters, but Sir Lionel Lindsay wants the counters to stay more or less like the things our eyes behold—and more rather than less. So one senses a certain narrowness: medieval art hardly fits into his discipline and probity; yet if he errs he can be corrected on his own principle of a deeper-than-sensuous objectivity.

KENELM FOSTER, O.P.

A PHILOSOPHY OF POETRY. Based on Thomistic Principles. By John Duffy, C.S.S.R. (Washington: Catholic University of America Press; \$2.75.)

Conceptions of mind and heart are without sound and, says St