

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

Thomas, speech manifests that very silence. This dissertation for the doctorate sets itself to examine that active stillness when, as it remarks, the reader overhears the poet communicating in silence about an object. It brings to bear an extensive apparatus to register the accompanying noises and to key them with the traditional scholastic notes. The score is offered modestly, but is a firm and commensurate summary. May it be continued with a study of the relations between poetic and metaphysical analogy. T.G.

THE MINT. A Miscellany of Literature, Art and Criticism. Edited by Geoffrey Grigson. (Routledge; 8s. 6d.)

The fashion for miscellanies reflects accurately enough the uncertainties of contemporary taste. Mr Grigson intends to provide 'in the age of the journalist and the publicity agent and the thousand-word article' an occasional selection of writing which 'does not favour one set of collective impulses against another'.

Hence Martin Buber, Graham Greene, W. H. Auden, John Clare and Rhys Davies meet amicably enough, for the criterion of inclusion is simply a literary conscience. Especially notable is an article by Nikolaus Pevsner on 'The Architecture of Mannerism', made concrete by a series of excellent illustrations of Italian buildings hitherto too easily categorised as Renaissance or Baroque. In its different order, Professor Buber's article on 'The Education of Character' reflects a similar freedom from inherited prejudice and provides a basic text for a generation that prefers the prefabricated. 'The educator who helps to bring man back to his own unity will help to put him again face to face with God'.

Little of the currency in *The Mint* is without value, but perhaps Mr Grigson's miscellany deserves a welcome more for its contribution to an ordered opinion than for the inevitable poems and extracts from unpublished novels which make up most of our current 'New Writings'. Thus Christopher Salmon in 'Broadcasting, Speech and Writing' has a thesis that is new and well-argued; so, too, James Farrell provides a searching glossary to 'The Language of Hollywood'. I.E.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GIAMBATTISTA VICO. Translated by Max Harold Sinch and T. G. Burgin. (Cornell University Press: Geoffrey Cumberlege; 15s. 6d.)

This version of the *Autobiography*, with a long introduction on Vico's life and ideas, is to be followed by the *Scienza Nuova*; and before long the Americans will have translated the entire *opus* of 'the greatest of Italian philosophers'. The project is one to interest those who care for 'Christian philosophy' in the sense established by M. Gilson in various works. For Vico, in his own eyes at least, was a Christian thinker intent upon working out a harmony of divine and human wisdom; and there is a respectable body of Catholic opinion which maintains, against his chief modern interpreter, Croce, and