gain is permanent. Scratched and exhausted we may be, but exhilarated also. We know that we have been through something, that we are entitled to a campaign medal, that we have made an investment, that we have contributed a mite to a collaborative endeavour. Not only shall we securely retain much of what we have learned: we shall be nerved and hardened for the next ordeal.

But if Sir Kenneth's more specifically scholarly writings may be to some extent criticized in the light of this principle, it would be most unfair to do so in the case of the present work—for the obvious reason that his aim in the given context was, quite rightly, to seduce and enchant his readers, and not to put them through an aesthetic-historical assault-course. He was asked for a job of popularization: and we should rather reiterate our admiration and gratitude for the consummate mastery, tact and charm with which he has done it.

CHRISTOPHER CORNFORD

Letter to the Editor

Sir,

Mr Christopher Cornford's criticism in the February issue of BLACKFRIARS of the recent exhibition by the Guild of Catholic Artists and Craftsmen at the Building Centre was blistering in its intensity: no gentle roasting, but a real Laurentian affair; and as the Guild, so far as we know, has no saint among its members, our reactions have probably gained us very little merit. However, though I can speak neither for the Guild nor any other of its members, I must admit to having found myself in agreement with a good four-fifths of Mr Cornford's animadversions.

One or two points should in fairness be made. No exhibition of this kind can be planned in advance, as most of the works are an unknown quantity until sending-in day. In this instance, having been invited to hold it in the Building Centre and asked to give it the title of 'Church Building and Art,' it would probably have been wiser to make it an architectural and liturgical exhibition, rather than a general one; and it is to be hoped that one day we may be given this opportunity again, with time to plan it thoroughly in advance and invite appropriate works.

The weakness of the Guild lies in the fact that it is not sufficiently supported by eminent Catholic artists. Why, for instance, is not Mr Cornford himself a member? We need more architects, too, and I would appeal to anyone dissatisfied with the exhibition to come and help us make the next one more creditable.

Mr Cornford's criticism of the weak *faux-naif* and pseudo-modern works are all justified; but does he look to a future entirely in the hands of the abstract expressionists? His criticism of Michael Mason's 'St Teresa' is interesting: obviously he thinks it would be a better painting if it had no head. In this case, could it have been called St Teresa and would it convey any meaning to the spectator? Abstract impressionism, though an extremely interesting develop-

ment of painting, suffers from ambiguity and lack of communication: it can be extremely decorative and give some sort of emotional impact by rhythm and colour; but, in the service of the Church, is this really enough? Much of contemporary art has not only this element of ambiguity, but is bedevilled by a constant striving after the sensational and the fashionable . . . and as we all know, the fashion of today is the cliché of tomorrow and the object of derision the day after.

Mr Cornford is scathing about the examples of pen-lettering shown in the exhibition and says that it 'means nothing to twentieth century man.' This can have more than one interpretation: it may mean that the scribe has given place to the typographer, which hardly needs saying; or it may mean that communication by the written word is out, and that more modern methods, the tape-recorder, television, the film, are twentieth century means of communication and we should have no other. In this case, is there any place left for the craftsman or even the painter . . . are they not also anachronisms to twentieth century man?

When Mr Cornford concludes that our need is to close the door on the past and begin again, he implies that the traditional wisdom of the centuries in this field should be scrapped. The function of the thing to be made, the discipline of rigorous craftsmanship, the knowledge of the medium, its integration into the architectural whole . . . surely the fact that Byzantine and Gothic craftsmen excelled in all these things should make them not a stumbling block but a challenge to us: a challenge NOT to imitate them, but to learn where their strength lies and to work out, in terms of present day materials and conditions, our own solution to these problems. It can only be done by working in the same spirit of sincerity, humility and faith.

May we yet live to see Mr Cornford's 'wild and thrilling hope' realised!

Yours faithfully, MOIRA FORSYTH

Mr Christopher Cornford writes: May I say a word in reply? I didn't mean to give the impression that I dismissed or despised the past, or thought we should turn our backs on it. Very much the contrary: I agree exactly with your correspondent's summary, at the end of the letter, of what should be our attitude. What I *do* think is that the past has, in a sense and for the time being, turned its back on us. I was trying to work out how and why . . . I believe very strongly in craftsmanship and discipline, including pen calligraphy at student level, as I said. Beyond that it's bound to *look* tatty and archaistic to our contemporaries, however admirable it may in fact be in technique and intention: and so it will fail as communication. But I don't think painting is obsolete, because it is a permanent and still medium with a range of possibilities possessed by no other; whereas the film and television are kinetic and transitory and have a different range of possibilities.

It is quite true that abstraction involves ambiguity, but I'd say that there is a gain here as well as a loss. My point about the St Teresa picture was that it made

use of two distinct and unmixable disciplines.

As to why I don't belong to the Guild, well, nobody ever asked me to join: but if they did I would have terrible and I think unconquerable hesitations, the nature of which I think will be clear from what I wrote. And, as far as that goes, I couldn't have *written* it if I'd known personally all the artists on whose toes I was treading. I wouldn't have had the courage . . . why *Guild*, anyway? Isn't a guild a mediaeval organization for the training and certification of craft apprentices? That's something we no longer have, and it's probably a great pity: but we can't revive it with a name.

There *might* be a basis for some sort of useful association of 'Catholic artists'—especially if the hierarchy suddenly became mad keen on encouraging and making use of them, which at present doesn't seem to be the case. But the whole subject would need careful examination and radical re-thinking. Between us, perhaps we've provided some of the relevant data.

Reviews

THE STRUCTURE AND DYNAMICS OF THE PSYCHE, by C. G. Jung, translated by R. P. C. Hull; Routledge and Kegan Paul; 42s.

THE SECRET OF DREAMS, by P. Meseguer, S.J.; translated by Paul Burns; Burns and Oates; 30s.

The eighth volume in the series of Jung's collected works is in many ways the most important to date—not in terms of profundity, perhaps, but in terms of clarity and completeness. It is the answer to the frequent demand for 'a book which gives a reliable and comprehensive account of Jungian psychology.' Here is just such an account, not by a disciple, but by the master himself. Almost all the key ideas are here: the structure of the psyche, the nature of the psyche, of dreams, of spirit, the archetypes, the collective unconscious, etc. Many of the key ideas are more fully treated elsewhere, but for a coherent presentation of them all, it would be hard to find a better source book.

One notes again the ease of style—even in translation the leisurely civilized presentation comes through—and the beguiling metaphors. So much of the thinking of Freud and Jung has been presented through metaphors, and the metaphors have become so much part of our speech that there is a danger of forgetting the unscientific character of metaphorical description. One could wish that Jung at least had been either more philosophical, or more empirical, in his thoughts. Had he been more philosophical, we might have been spared the curious notions of causality ('acausal events,' pages 421-422), of spirit ('the spirit ap-