

takes away the context and robs the text of a lot of its force, giving it a slightly unreal quality. Religious sculpture is not what it was because, confused by history and experience, we have lost the art of image-making; it will only be restored by taking into account all the forces making up the religious-cultural-artistic pattern (or muddle) of today, and then in a way we cannot anticipate. A *simpliste* solution to such a problem is no solution at all, as the author knows, but he should have taken pains to make this point clearer. The value of the book would have been increased if some photographs of the artists cited in the text had been included, and a short bibliography added.

PATRICK REYNTIENS

MARGARET ROPER. By E. E. Reynolds. (Burns and Oates; 16s.)

No father can have devoted a keener intelligence and a more loving heart to the education of a daughter than did St Thomas More to that of Margaret. He held strongly to the opinion that man and woman 'both have the same human nature . . . both, therefore, are equally suited for those studies by which reason is cultivated'. But his first attempts at feminine education with his young wife came near to disaster due to an all-too-male absorption with abstract concepts that took no account of feminine psychology. Poor Jane wept 'day after day, and sometimes threw herself on the ground, beating her head as if she wished for death'. More did not abandon his aims but changed his methods and happiness was restored. He had learnt his lesson well and, whilst he made heavy educational demands on his children, he did not forget cakes and apples and pears and only whipped them with a birch of peacocks' feathers!

Margaret grew into a most able scholar, determined to do for her own family of two boys and three girls what her father had done for his own. When he had been executed, his household dispersed and her own husband was in the Tower, she was discovered 'not puling and lamenting but full busily teaching her children'.

Despite the paucity of the material—few of Margaret's own letters have survived—Mr Reynolds' fine scholarship and unrivalled familiarity with the More circle have wonderfully well succeeded in bringing her to life. Yet the mystery of the unbroken intimacy of father and daughter remains. More's pain: 'Sit not musing with some serpent in your breast . . . to offer father Adam the apple once again'. Margaret's recognition of his sanctity: 'The shining brightness of your soul, the pure temple of the Holy Spirit of God'. Yet she, no more than the infamous Audley, could see the rightness of his decision.

JOHN WEBB

THE FOXGLOVE SAGA. By Auberon Waugh. (Chapman and Hall; 15s.)

THE LETTER AFTER Z. By Vincent Cronin. (Collins; 18s.)

Novelists' sons have no doubt an advantage with their own first novels: publishers (and even reviewers) remember names. And Mr Waugh has much of the sharp accuracy of his father's early observation; for him, too,