

and blind to the fact that she could and in the bottom of her heart does love Bardia. When we accept love we are able to see the truth. 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God' is the Christian version of the same fact.

Despite its barbaric setting, this story is more convincing and real to us than that of Apuleius himself. That, no doubt, is because Professor Lewis incorporates, for the most part implicitly, many Christian and European assumptions of the last two thousand years. Fox, for instance, the Greek slave tutor, is an important figure. He stands for all that we now mean by Greek intellect and civilization; he is the only man Orual dare admit she loves or thinks she loves. Surely she is using intellect as an escape from love, a familiar and barren substitute. It is only when she accepts the fact that she truly loved Bardia, although he is now dead, that Orual truly has a face. She sees the possessiveness and jealousy that lurked in her love of Psyche; all this and much more she sees in her complaint to the gods at the end, and when all this truth is revealed to her in her own speech then she is ready to be transformed into yet another Psyche. Presumably one may see here also the destroying of the sinful self and think of St Paul and Jung and so on and go on endlessly. But the further one takes these interpretations the greater the danger of ruining the story. Best to read it and enjoy it, and if you insist on being done good to let the story do its own work.

GERARD MEATH, O.P.

ARISTOTLE'S POETICS. A Course of eight lectures by Humphry House.

Revised by Colin Hardie. (Rupert Hart-Davis; 9s. 6d.)

These lectures were originally the fruit of collaboration between Mr House and Mr Hardie, the one from the standpoint of a lecturer in the faculty of English, the other from that of a Classical scholar. House was of course a Classical scholar before he became an English don, and the great value of this book is that it combines the best of both the disciplines. It is difficult to speak adequately in a short space of this invaluable short work: it will be necessary to isolate a few points. One is first impressed by the soundness of method; House is utterly faithful to the text without ever becoming dull and prosy, though, as Colin Hardie notices in the preface, his enthusiasm for Aristotle was apt to blind him to Plato's virtues. He was saved from dullness by being very much alive to the relative quality of critical terms. In his introduction he points to the value and purpose of studying the *Poetics* and outlines Aristotle's life, setting him in the history and thought of his age. The rest of the book is taken up with an exposition of and commentary on the text which is kept alive by the direct personal manner of writing—and after all these were lecture notes. All the familiar topics are

aired, and the old bogy of the 'unities' is briefly and successfully laid. The chapter on 'Catharsis and Emotions' keeps strictly to Aristotle's terms of investigation, which is perhaps a little disappointing, though after all it is only in the terms of the original contract. It is also a little disappointing to have such a brief discussion of *mimesis* and find no mention of W. F. Trench's slight but valuable work on the subject. These, however, are small blemishes on what must be one of the best modern commentaries on the *Poetics*.

GERARD MEATH, O.P.

THE ART OF DRAMA. By Ronald Peacock. (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 25s.)

Criticism of the drama falls mainly into two kinds, that which considers primarily its form as literature, either historically or socially, or related to contemporary theory; and that which records the living drama in performance. In the present work Professor Peacock breaks new ground. Keenly aware as he is of the union of several arts, forms and personal factors in drama, he seeks 'either a single aesthetic principle for all the arts, or at least a principle that accounts for their aesthetic association in composite forms'. The definition of form immediately springs to mind for this purpose, for, as Ernest Cassirer says, 'If art is enjoyment, it is not the enjoyment of things, but the enjoyment of forms'. Professor Peacock, however, looking for the common factor which is not restricted to words or literary forms, chooses rather to define and examine imagery as the guiding thread in the labyrinth.

Leaving aside, broadly speaking, the 'scientific copy-image', of blue-print nature, which deals with objects and not appearances or emotional colourings, he defines the genesis and organization of the image-patterns which make up pictures, music and poetry. The close analogy between poetry and the visual arts is often cited in aesthetics, and Professor Peacock has perhaps less to contribute in this field than some of his colleagues. His stronger contribution is in his discussion of music, the contrast of non-representational art which it embodies. He offers strong provocation to the purist among music critics when he explains how 'a formula of imagery without representational significance, or object references, or verbal associations, can be accepted as meaningful because it corresponds to feelings, the link between the two seemingly opposed types of imagery being that both are concerned with constructs of the imagination'.

He then proceeds to the all-embracing definition which is the ambitious aim of the book: 'Art is experience re-enacted as idea, a formula of imagery, or imagery-within-language, being the instrument of re-enactment'. Using this as a working definition, he makes a