

logian, dogmatic and mystical. She has written very simply and clearly about these matters and thereby has drawn a portrait of the true natural philosopher; one who understood that the specialist is an incomplete man, and that anyone who neglects any branch of knowledge is the less thereby; one whose vast learning was coordinated and directed to one end, to doing of God's will by the promotion of truth and destruction of error. Therein St Albert is the pattern of the Catholic scientist, and one that all can follow. Few, if any, of us have his gigantic capacity, but we can follow his exemplar by aiming at exact truth in our knowledge, the utmost width in our outlook and the syntheses of all our activities in the service of God.

F. SHERWOOD TAYLOR

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM MORRIS. By Esther Meynell. (Chapman & Hall, 15s.)

One is sometimes surprised at the significance of the title *The Hollow Land*. Morris saw his contemporaries in an industrialised world pursuing 'filthy shadows'; yet he in his turn pursued shadows, not filthy it is true, and the substance was never realised. Morris and his contemporaries were the natural consequence of an incomplete Keats and equally natural partners of Pater's art for art's sake. To all of them beauty was the panacea for every ill; but Morris lived long enough to see that alone it was no answer to social problems. Despite his espousal of the middle ages he did not finish his life in pursuit of Saint Truth like Langland; indeed his adventures with the Socialist League in Stepney and Limehouse brought him close to disillusionment and discouragement. Somehow the ideal of beauty was not sufficiently robust to thrive in the gutter. Morris's was the tragedy of the man with the right intuitions but without the power to rationalise them or the vision to penetrate beyond appearances. He learnt much around and about his master Chaucer, but somehow he never understood the central truth that all created beauty mirrors the 'Pleine Felicite that is in hevenc above'. For that reason William Morris stands as a finger post pointing forward to those people of the present day who have retained the trappings and paraphernalia of traditional European culture without the inner faith. Theirs is the hollow horror which Morris found at the end of his life and which cannot be filled up by beauty alone but only by Saint Truth.

Mrs Meynell gives us a clear picture of all this. She makes no attempt to present a new thesis; there is no need. Sir Sidney Cockerell's qualifications and corrections of some of her statements have been observed elsewhere, but the story remains substantially the same—the failure to create life by imposing a pattern from outside. Morris saw his contemporaries 'leaving behind them a beauty which, to him, was the principal meaning of existence'. He died broken hearted because he had never learnt of the truth concealed in the heart of that beauty, still less of the truth that may remain when the face of beauty is disfigured.

FATHER. A Portrait of G. G. Coulton. By Sarah Champion. (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.)

After a splenetic public debate on papal infallibility, a rough hour of fantastic and irrelevant arguments, of which the alleged epilepsy of Pio Nono in his childhood was a fair sample, your reviewer invited G. G. Coulton to some celebrations in honour of St Thomas, a formal disputation followed by the usual hospitality of a priory. Instantly the blaze went out of the blue eyes, the angularity softened, there

was a touching sincerity in the regret for having to decline for reasons quite uncontroversial, and one felt that here there could have been a friend. His own students knew how passionately he loved the period others thought he was blackguarding. Perhaps there was something else besides fear behind his nagging of the Catholic Church. The biography by his daughter shows a character full of contradictions, devoted to his home often, yet often wrecking its peace for some pompous or puritanical whim; humble before the truth yet intolerant; obsessional yet suddenly generous; harsh yet warm hearted; a man whose justice was more conspicuous than his equity. This is a remarkable book for its mingling of candour and affection.

N.W.T.G.

THE FOUR ROUTES. By le Corbusier. Translated from the French by Dorothy Todd. (Dennis Dobson; 15s.)

M. le Corbusier's theme is 'The Radiant City'. The 'Radiant City' does not consist of streets, squares etc., but of large multi-cellular blocks disposed here and there so as to catch the maximum amount of sunlight. The illustrations give an idea of some of these blocks, which are provided with outer walls of glass, 'behind which are the homes themselves, entirely fluid as to the disposition of rooms' and 'from each of which opens out a view on to trees and swards, on to the sky and vast open spaces' (p. 187). The blocks are raised on supports, sixteen to thirty feet above the ground, the space thus set free below the blocks being used for various purposes, covered play grounds and the like. On the roofs are installed artificially-created gardens.

M. le Corbusier calculates that in a city constructed on these principles, 88 per cent of the ground surface would consist of open spaces and, if the space below the blocks is taken into account (i.e. 12 per cent), almost the whole surface is put to the use of the pedestrian, automobile traffic being confined to highways, contrived at differing levels, according to its character. Another 12 per cent of space would be gained by the roof-gardens.

The principles of the radiant city are applicable to small towns and *mutatis mutandis* even to villages.

Part II deals with the 'Four Routes', road, rail, waterways and air, each of which is treated with special reference to the kind of transport for which it is best adapted, and in its relation to the radiant city.

Part III deals with the principles of planning, with the art of building, with administration, housing schemes and the future.

'And what have we done with our dwelling-houses? They have been allowed to sink very low, in their wretchedness they have become the very antipode of what they ought to be. And they have been filled to overflowing—yes, stuffed, filled to suffocation, rendered unfit for habitation, hostile and inefficient—through an insane accumulation of the worthless products of industry. This had to happen. This dirt had to come out into the open, a menace to the very cell of society: the family. It has now become obvious. People in due course had to become aware of this problem, and suggest a solution. Throughout the world this is now the great, the only question: what is the inevitable and satisfactory formula for a home in the machine age?' (p. 192)