

boxing match in which Popov referees; at his peril, it may be said.

The second half of the performance is devoted to what is called *The Circus of Bears*, in which a number of charming animals do almost all the tricks which the humans have performed in the first half, with an engaging geniality and an off-hand poise which is irresistible. In addition, they also ride bicycles, scooters and even motor-cycles, climb ladders and walk about arm-in-arm with Mr Filatov (*not the eye-specialist*), who is their tutor, one feels, more than their trainer. Lucky Princess Anne to have been given Nikki, if he is likely to grow up into just such another.

MARYVONNE BUTCHER

SIXTY YEARS OF CINEMA. The Cinema can seem the most ephemeral of arts: its achievements could be destroyed altogether in a very few minutes and even its masterpieces are a façade for every sort of device and improvisation. It is appropriate, then, that the exhibition sponsored by *The Observer* to celebrate the sixtieth birthday of films should itself be so engagingly impermanent. Messrs Hamptons' placid showrooms in Trafalgar Square, so long the home of comfortable armchairs and sensible carpets, have been transformed into the very image of the Cinema's febrile genius. Richard Buckle, who directed the Diaghilev exhibition, has gathered a team of artists and designers whose use of plaster, wire and coloured cut-outs exactly evokes the evolution of the Cinema from its peep-show days to the elaborate studio sets of a present-day production.

The entrance hall is decorated by sculptures by a young Polish artist, Astrid Zydower, on the theme of a 'film studio invaded by angels'. This improbable event—the fun, Mr Buckle says, is as essential to his exhibition as the instruction—prepares one for a series of fantasies which, while treating the Cinema's history seriously, at the same time exploits its amazing capacity for extravagance. The designs for the individual rooms are brilliantly contrived: Jean Hugo has given to the French room the proper quality of elegance and wit, Osbert Lancaster provides the mordant commentary for the section on animated cartoons, and David Evans' huge photo-montage design exactly fits early Hollywood, with the famous stars (Valentino, Chaplin, Mary Pickford) seen in their own homes against a neo-Spanish patio of the period. The exhibition's last room is a shadow theatre, designed by John Piper, where the visitor ends—as he began—by looking at the shadows cast by his fellow. And that after all is what the Cinema does.

While the heavier aspects of the Cinema are by no means ignored, it is refreshing that the *Observer* exhibition makes no attempt to persuade us of the social importance of the Cinema. It does not compete with the

earnest attempts of U.N.E.S.C.O. The exhibition exploits all that is amusing and odd in this oddest of arts, if art it be. Perhaps this seems an irresponsible attitude to those who make such ambitious claims for the Cinema. But the *Observer's* own film critic, whose name is by this synonymous with the serious understanding of what the Cinema can hope to achieve, perhaps sums up the matter when she writes: 'Historically, politically, sociologically and economically, films are important: but the most important thing of all is that they have given you and me and millions of other people something, in our several ways, to relish'.

I.E.

REVIEWS

IGNATIUS VON LOYOLA: BRIEFWECHSEL MIT FRAUEN. By Hugo Rahner, S.J. (Freiburg: Herder.)

IGNATIUS VON LOYOLA: DER BERICHT DES PILGERS. A translation and commentary by Burkhart Schneider, S.J. (Freiburg, Herder; 7.80 DM.)

St Ignatius Loyola wrote, dictated or inspired 6,813 letters and instructions in the course of thirty-two years, an average of about eighteen a month. These are all extant in their original Spanish, Latin or Italian, and have been published in twelve large volumes of the *Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu*, from 1903 onwards. Nobody knows how many other letters have perished or been lost. It is a formidable documentary, and when we further discover, as a glance at a few of the letters rather movingly shows, that the writer had no facility with his pen, that each letter represented a struggle with all the demons of vocabulary, grammar and syntax, that many a time he rewrote a letter three times over, and that during the whole period he was suffering intermittently from the disease which eventually killed him, calculus or the stone, most tormenting of human afflictions, why then, without much effort or research, we have already learned something valuable about the founder of the Society of Jesus. A well-known non-Catholic publicist, René Fülöp-Miller, recently included Ignatius in his very restricted list of five 'Saints who moved the World'. Most people would agree that he had a right to be included, but why, they might well ask, were those other authentic world-movers, Benedict and Dominic, left out in the cold? As for Ignatius and his colossal dossier, only a man as determined and strong-minded as himself would have the courage to plough through it all. His letters