

extraordinarily logical order of their subject-matter, and also of the crises of growth in doctrine which occasioned them; at the first two the Trinity is discussed, at the next four the Incarnation and the Theotokos, at the next two the veneration of the saints and of images, and after that the 'status' and 'liberty' of the Church, the sacraments, and so on. Their acts could almost be made to read like an ordered *Summa theologica*. The other link is the developing relationship between the councils, the patriarchs and the pope, and the way in which the general council began as an organ of the *imperial* church, but was never dictated to by an emperor in what it defined, and depended from the earliest days on papal confirmation. The term patriarch, we are told, first appears in conciliar canons in 870. What is *not* adequately dealt with is the view held by the councils, and by people in general, of the pope's relation to tradition. The sixth general council wrote: 'we have followed (the pope's) teaching, and he the patristic and apostolic tradition'. After the council of union at Florence, the different interpretations put on the passage in the decree which speaks of the pope and tradition were the chief cause of later disunity; and in the Greek Orthodox theory it is the supremacy of tradition rather than of a council or of the episcopate which makes the pope's claims seem intolerable. Much more could have been made of this theme.

At times, Mgr Hughes is just a little too eager to press the papal case. His interpretation of Pope Honorius' supposedly heretical letter seems to give the pope all the benefit of every doubt; and why he needs to call the condemnation by a council of this (advisory and not teaching-the-whole-church) papal letter for its heresy a 'grim moment in the history of councils' I do not understand. Examples of this sort of glibness could, I fear, be multiplied.

ANTONY BLACK

SIENA: THE CITY OF THE VIRGIN, by Titus Burckhardt; translated by Margaret M. Brown; Oxford University Press; 50s.

Siena must be the most perfect surviving example in Italy of the medieval city. Assisi too, no doubt, still looks much as it did in the fourteenth century; but Siena is larger and more beautiful. Its beauty is extraordinary. Here the taut Tuscan Gothic has a colour and a springing grace that you will hardly find elsewhere. The Renaissance only just touched Siena, and by then the city was past her prime, declining as the power of Florence rose: left high and dry on her sunbaked hills—'three ranges of hills spread out like the veins in a leaf', as Dr Burckhardt puts it—Siena is essentially medieval. She is perhaps the most striking record left in stone of the culture of the Italian Communes—of that living synthesis, apparently so natural and so vital, of Christian piety and disciplined freedom expressed in the common life of a free republic.

These basic elements in the Siense achievement—the civic feeling, the unconscious virility, the equally unconscious piety—Dr Burckhardt brings out extremely well in his warm, sensitive, yet scholarly account of the city's history

down to the extinction of her independence in the mid-sixteenth century; and also, of course, the third factor, Siena's share in that strangely powerful stirring of artistic genius in Tuscany between the thirteenth and the fifteenth centuries. This is far more than a picture book, though the pictures, mostly coloured photographs, are a delight. Not that the colour is perfect in every case, but it is usually right and the total effect is superb. For his text the author has drawn much on contemporary sources: chronicles, letters, sermons, memoranda—such, for example, as the report to the civic authorities made by the architects appointed to deliberate the tricky business of rebuilding the cathedral in 1321. The extracts from the chronicles are mostly about war. Dr Burckhardt rightly emphasizes the campaign of Montaperti (not, as he writes it, Montaperto) in 1260, when Ghibelline Siena, with the aid of German cavalry, humbled Guelph Florence. This proved in fact to be the last important success of the Imperialist party in central Italy. Within six years the Pope had called in the French under Charles of Anjou, and gay Manfred, Frederick's II's son, was defeated and slain at Benevento. (All this history, of course, clamours recurrently through Dante's poem, as Dr Burckhardt is well aware). But though Imperialism failed, Siena did not forget her Ghibelline past; nor, despite the increasing power of Florence, did Siena cease to share in the general prosperity of fourteenth century Italy, at least down to the Black Death. St Catherine was born into a city still thriving and still free. Worth noting, by the way, as one of the many surprises which medieval history holds in store for the unwary, is the fact that when the Sieneese were fighting furiously against the Church party and for the excommunicated Manfred, it never occurred to them *not* to invoke, with equal enthusiasm, the Mother of God, for victory in battle. Our Lady was (and is) the city's Patron; no step in war or politics was taken without recourse to her.

Perhaps we are given a little too much—twenty pages—on the campaigns of 1555-7 which brought about the end of the republic and its incorporation into the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. But most readers will skip much of this final chapter. The body of the book is concerned with more heartening themes, with Sieneese art and Sieneese holiness; and these are well treated, especially—which is perhaps surprising—the holiness. I am glad that particular attention is given to Lorenzetti's great frescos, in the town hall, depicting good and evil government; they are so splendidly expressive of the *médiévale* civic ideal. Yet I miss a reference to Giotto here: his influence is surely visible in Lorenzetti's every line. As for Sieneese sanctity, it means, of course, above all St Catherine and St Bernadino. Each claims an entire chapter. St Catherine comes out perhaps less forcibly than the great Franciscan. Bernadino's tough and tender homeliness, his splendidly humane holiness are admirably conveyed in large excerpts from sermons on marriage and on the Holy Name. St Catherine, by contrast, seems far more 'interior', far more purely contemplative. The stress, as Dr Burckhardt lays it, may be a little one-sided. Yet I would not press this as an objection, for the long extract given from the letter to Canigiani is so fine in itself and so characteristic. It is all to do with the 'natural inborn light' of

reason, 'enabling us to distinguish between good and evil . . . light and darkness, the infinite and the finite'. So the strong clear phrases go on, unfolding the great Catherinian themes of man's calling to eternal life and of the 'cloud of self-love' which, hiding man from himself, hides God too. Here surely, is the essential 'idea' which the culture of Siena, in some measure, embodied.

KENELM FOSTER, O.P.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT, a memoir by his grandson the Earl of Lytton; Macdonald; 30s.

In his introduction Lord Lytton tells us that on the death of his mother Judith, Blunt's daughter, in 1957, he and his two sisters decided with one voice that the brilliance of their most attractive grandfather should be made known without delay. The result is a considerable volume of 367 pages of which nearly two-thirds are devoted to Wilfrid Blunt's public career which in the main was dedicated to obtaining justice and independence for the Arab world and Egypt in particular, a country which he assisted in her struggle first to throw off the Turkish rule and then to avoid the ever increasing domination of England. He also championed the cause of Ireland and suffered imprisonment in Galway gaol for holding a banned meeting in favour of Home Rule. He was a remorseless critic of English rule in India, and as might have been expected, energetically embraced the cause of the Boers in the South African war. Nor was it only his own country that came under the lash of his indignation; he was equally violent in his denunciations of the African adventures of France and Belgium. That he was rarely listened to, and still less appreciated, made no difference to the energy and extent of his crusade against the oppressions of powerful nations, and at least he had the satisfaction of living to see Egypt's sovereignty restored to her in 1922, the year of his death.

The latter part of the memoir gives a lengthy, perhaps too lengthy, account of the quarrel between Blunt and his daughter, which was continued to within a few weeks of his death when a reconciliation took place during his last illness. Until she was in her middle twenties Judith worshipped her father but was then so shocked at hearing of his marital infidelities that she finally broke off all communication with him and grew so bitter that she refused to allow her children any longer to visit their grandfather and sought as far as possible to estrange them from him, as her son confesses. When he lay dying she at last relented and not only wrote him letters full of repentance but paid him a most loving visit of farewell. After his death, however, the old feelings of resentment returned and finding her son bent on defending his grandfather's memory she decided, he says, 'that she did not wish to see me again; at intervals during the next thirty years she declined to revoke that decision until a few hours before her death . . . but she died with peace in her heart and words of peace on her lips'.

Lord Lytton pays an affectionate tribute to his grandmother, Lady Anne