pertinent remarks on the difference between these states—which correspond to the well-known phenomena of dissociation or 'split personality'—and the true mystic states, which are not marked by unconsciousness and in which the subject retains his intelligence and volition. Far from being in a mediumistic trance, the true mystic will be in a state of exalted wisdom. It is a remarkable thing that the Church has, from the earliest times, made the distinction in the 'discernment of Spirits'; witness the declaration against Montanus about 200 A.D. and the writings of the Greek Fathers.

It is not for me to judge how correct is the author in the discussion of true mysticism as against the pseudo, and her application of this to the case under discussion, but from a psychiatric point of view it would seem that she makes a convincing case for a natural explanation of the whole strange affair. It is not a case of malingering or deception but rather of unconscious simulation. Apart from the details, however, it is the whole picture that counts: it is the richness of personality, the total effect upon humanity which constitutes the saint. Hysteria may certainly be a part of sainthood, but there is so much more of everything, that the pathological is lost in the sublime. Theresa Neumann, by this measure, is found wanting; but may she not be a lesser light, which yet bears a true witness? 'God writes straight with crooked lines' says the proverb, and it is not for us to judge what part she plays in the divine economy. Apart from the judgment on the case, the book is fascinating as a kind of detective novel, and can be warmly commended on its own merits.

C.B.

THOUGHTS FOR MEDITATION. An Anthology selected and arranged by N. Gangulee, with a preface by T. S. Eliot. (Faber; 9s. 6d.)

A collection of uplifting passages, torn from their literary and historical contexts and seldom with any definite or verifiable references, from 'masters of the spiritual life'. These include, besides a number of Christian saints, such miscellaneous worthies as Amiel, Boehme, Emily Brontë, the Buddha, Donne, Emerson, Gandhi, Heraclitus, Aldous Huxley, Dean Inge, Isaiah, Jowett, Keyserling, Newman, Nietzsche, Sankara, Shelley, unspecified Upanishads and an anonymous contributor to *Vedanta and the West*. The compiler has satisfied himself that these 'over-ride the barriers which divide men of divergent religious faiths; in their mystical experience there remains no illusion of dualism between the supernatural and the natural', for 'the spiritual experience gained through meditation is a deeper thing than dogma.. broadens our consciousness beyond the distinctions made by creeds'. He assures us he had intended these gleanings for his own private use only, but having found them helpful in his 'quest for self-realisation and peace . . .

in hours of despair and depression' decided on publication. A masterly preface by T. S. Eliot says the best and the worst to be said for such a volume, and provides a tactful corrective to the compiler's sanguine introduction.

V.W.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ART. By André Malraux, translated by Stuart Gilbert. Vol. I: Museum without Walls. Vol. II: The Creative Act (2 vols., $25.00). Vol. III: The Twilight of the Absolute ($12.50). (New York: Pantheon Books Inc. for the Bollingen Foundation.)

The overburdened word Psychology has seldom been called upon to carry so heavy a weight of meaning as in the title of this ambitious work; indeed of psychology in any regular sense it contains very little. Neither is it at all a conventional history of art: 'The life of art does not illustrate man's course through time as a one-way progress, but as a putting forth or fanning-out of his powers in various directions; it consists of continuities (sometimes rigidly precise) operating within a permanent discontinuity'. Nor again is it art for art's sake that ultimately interests M. Malraux. Rather would he seem to attempt a comparative phenomenology of all the visual art of mankind, and, judging man by his works (whose impulse he finds to be consistently 'religious'), to suggest a whole doctrine of Man, and even—though less categorically—of man's divinities. It is hard to know how far M. Malraux himself would accept such an interpretation of his aims, for he never states them very explicitly. But whatever the value of such an enterprise, and however persistently it may be pursued, it cannot be altogether conclusive. There are arts other than visual, and the works of man are not exhausted in his art. Man is a maker indeed, but it is manifestly fallacious to assume that he is *only* a maker. M. Malraux's anthropological and theological conclusions are in any case not very clear. Though they would seem to lead his own mind to a modest version of what Père de Lubac calls 'atheistic humanism', a theist or a Christian could draw other conclusions equally well from the same premisses.

While it seems necessary to caution the reader concerning this *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, it is perhaps unjust to the author's existentialist approach to impute to him any logical argument from premisses to conclusions at all. However dubious is such an approach as a substitute for a philosophy of man, it is shown to be very fruitful applied purely to man's artefacts. Though suggested rather than stated, some startling paradoxes emerge. Art does not imitate nature; rather does art constantly and consistently imitate art and transmute man's relation to nature. Art does not conceal art so much as reveal it. All art is reproduction; and even photographic reproduction is itself an art which transforms the artefacts of other times and climes.