

been called 'myriad-minded', but perhaps his work could be better compared to a Joseph-coat in which there are many strands; the colours do not distract but blend, so that finally all the different shades seem but one; as everything mixes, so the sharp edges of colour drain away. Perhaps thousands of years hence the long view of politics and religion will prove to be something like that. For the present, the time is one of gathering and collating and comparing: 'one must . . . [be] taught to recognize equivalent symbols'—the rose and the lotus (*Rosa Mundi* and *Padmavati*), or be like the Lama Wangyal who said of Christ, 'I see that He was a very Buddha', or 'the learned friend' of the author who spoke of Sri Ramakrishna as 'another Christ . . . Christ's own self.' These are just a few of the signs to paths leading to the same summit, where all shall be made plain, and where the paradox shall be fulfilled of the lamb and lion lying down together. For comparison appears to be a special mark and art of the twentieth century—a drawing together of multi-coloured threads.

As words roar off the modern rotary presses, maybe it is not for nothing that some of their authors, in denouncing the unchecked growth of industry, should have had the personal experience of weaving to colour their language. Certainly Ananda Coomeraswamy and Eric Gill united East and West when they wrote in such a tradition; and certainly Gill could have paid Coomeraswamy no higher tribute than when he wrote: 'I dare not confess myself his disciple; that would only embarrass him. I can only say that I believe that no other living writer has written the truth in matters of art and life and religion and piety with such wisdom and understanding.'

OBITER

PICASSO: FIFTY YEARS OF GRAPHIC ART (Arts Council, June-August). This large retrospective show of Picasso's work was the most important assembly of his graphic art to be exhibited in this country, ranging as it did from such early examples as 'Le Repas frugal' (where Mannerist elongation became the vehicle for social comment) to the recent 'La

Famille du Saltimbanque' which represents a return to a favourite theme of his youth in more ambitious guise, but lacking the wan pathos of his original conceptions like 'Le Bain'. Picasso has always maintained a firm contact with the objects of sense experience, this is amply demonstrated even in the Cubist drawings. In 'L'Homme au Chien' the animal, simplified and distorted, nevertheless remains a recognizable dog.

A wide range of his excursions into book illustration displays immense technical versatility. There are moments of concession to decorative charm—the dark female head in the Gongara set—which albeit pleasing lacks the intrinsic tension and power of other inventions in this vein. The assimilation of Chinese influences is visible in the Buffon illustrations—in a dragonfly skimming the surface of water or the soft luminous beauty of the white dove. The hard brittle cranium in the ram's head is almost disconcertingly palpable.

Despite the too sophisticated linear facility with its cold eroticism, the 'Salome' anticipates the later essays in pure line. Some of the finest of these are included in the superb Volland Suite, of which a large number were previously unknown in this country. Many of them, especially the 'Atelier du Sculpteur', are saturated with a spirit of high serious antiquity imbued with the innocent shamelessness of the classic Mediterranean vision. The relationship of sculptor, model and sculpture achieves an homeric concentrated grandeur. A rare form-communicating power animates the contours which the inconsequential trailing garlands and curling hair enhances.

There is no greater artistic paradox than the contrast afforded by these drawings and the series culminating in the 'Minotauromachie' and the 'Femme qui pleure'. From the classic mode he turns to the Expressionist, and both are authentic in his hands. The distortions in the weeping woman painfully describe swollen membraneous tissue and the pathetic ugliness of uncontrollable grief. The 'Minotauromachie' is a remarkable universal image of innocence placating evil which is eternally valid and expressive. The allied delicate sensibility and vigour of the handling make its technical accomplishment indisputable. Images such as these proclaim Picasso a master of the first order.

MARIA SHIRLEY

GLYNDEBOURNE. The Glyndebourne season this year has been wholly devoted to the operas of Mozart, with which indeed the opera house on the Sussex Downs has been especially associated from its beginning. It is scarcely necessary to say that by this the standard of Carl Ebert's productions has reached a degree of precision and understanding that is without parallel. The improvised splendours of 'international seasons' are not to be found at Glyndebourne, where even the most illustrious

visitor seems inevitably to be absorbed into the co-ordinated perfection of performances which are conceived as a whole. As much care is given to the back row of the chorus as to the prima donna's great moment. But in fact there are no prima donnas at Glyndebourne: they become singers instead.

When Mr John Christie began his great experiment in the thirties the gracious setting of his house and the impeccable standards he demanded—it was scarcely necessary to insist on evening dress, even when it meant tiara-laden ladies coming down in the afternoon in electric trains from Victoria—gave a quite special character to an evening at Glyndebourne. Nowadays, the Glyndebourne Trust assumes the financial responsibilities, which for modern opera are far beyond the capacity of private patronage. But the standards remain substantially unaltered, and in a world of grey utility there is surely room for the distinction of opera produced with regard only for what is best and in a setting of extraordinary beauty.

The Mozart bicentenary has been worthily celebrated at Glyndebourne, and the underlying sadness of this music that seems all light and laughter has found perfect expression in the uncertain English summer weather. The sun and rain are matched in Mozart.

A.I.

REVIEWS

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLATO. By Rupert C. Lodge. (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 28s.)

PLATO, PHILEBUS AND EPINOMIS. Translation and Introduction by A. E. Taylor; Edited by R. Klibansky. (Nelson; 21s.)

Professor Lodge has many qualifications for interpreting Plato, not the least, and one of the most unusual, being that he knows the *Laws* extremely well and values it highly, as his earlier work on *Plato's Theory of Education* showed. But his present work, though it is full of good observations and interesting ideas, cannot be regarded as entirely satisfactory for the purpose for which it is intended, that of initiating the modern reader of the *Dialogues* into Plato's way of thinking. The trouble is that Professor Lodge is a little too anxious to present Plato as a philosopher who, if one was prepared to make some allowances and adjustments for his background, would be perfectly at home in a modern university in the English-speaking world. To do this he adopts without discussion views which are not generally accepted among Platonic scholars: A. E. Taylor's opinion that the *Timaeus* represents Pythagorean teaching and not that of Plato himself, and Natorp's view