

truth of the Gospel, cannot conceivably accept the gracious invitation extended in the Encyclical. Yet we believe that love and truth and unity belong together as one perfect expression of the Divine will, no one of which may be opposed to the other. Love does not need to wait until truth is wholly agreed upon and unity made manifest. As my personal friend, a Jesuit theologian, has said: "Sympathy without knowledge is futile; knowledge without sympathy is sterile". Or as the great Apostle St Paul wrote: "Love bears all things, believes all things"—even such things as our lack of understanding and our deep divisions over worship and dogma. So as Christians, whether Roman Catholic, Eastern Orthodox, or Protestant, our first duty towards one another is to express the love of Christ which constrains us. And our second duty is to gain knowledge of one another in such common meeting, dialogue and worship as our faith and conscience allow. . . .

'As preparations continue for the coming General Council we shall watch and study with keen interest. We hope, too, that the circle of Roman Catholics who take friendly interest in the Ecumenical Movement will continue to expand with the encouragement of Your Holiness.' (*Unitas*, Summer 1960, pp. 143-4.)

HENRY ST JOHN, O.P.

HEARD AND SEEN

Festivals

THEY have become an essential feature in the summer landscape of Europe—from Aix to Elsinore, from York to Cork: the programmes promise fresh wonders, and the cultural caravanserai grows larger every year. Perhaps the larger the lesser, if the terms are those of serious achievement. The festival which springs from the genius of a place, where artists work and, once a year, give public voice and vision to their own achievement, can hardly fail to please. Thus Prades or Aldeburgh can claim an authentic purpose which the stream-lined publicity of Edinburgh certainly fails to justify. The big battalions of opera and international orchestra command the crowds and the large-scale cash, but it needs more than a reiterated dialect play in a converted Assembly Hall (or Gaelic ballads in a church hall after hours) to make the Edinburgh Festival an organic thing: its affinities, in artistic terms, are those of the international airport and the Westbury Hotel. Once the decorations are down and the troops of the tattoo have gone back to Knightsbridge, art can depart as well: its season is over with the end of summer.

It is a mark of the cultural wilderness in which we live that we should be sustained by such oases. The milling multitudes who have been invading the Tate this summer to see the stupendous Picasso show have been led there by who knows what motives of curiosity or of keeping up with the telly-alerted Joneses. Has one in a thousand of them ever been to Dulwich

or to the Courtauld Gallery—always open, always free? It seems that only a public noise, not to say notoriety, can attract, and the crowds in Princes Street or Piccadilly are no proof of a national awakening from cultural sleep. Yet a festival can provide an occasion for a voice to be heard: for Mr Arthur Oldham's choir at the Catholic Cathedral at Edinburgh, for instance, to sing his own admirable Mass or the Scottish polyphonic motets he has unearthed. And even the National Eisteddfod of Wales, largest and most lumbering of them all—but it is in Welsh at least, and could happen nowhere else—this year saw a modest recognition of the Church's interest in the arts with an exhibition of Jonah Jones's stone carvings in the Catholic pavilion.

No one would like to suggest that Catholics should start festivalizing on their own account: exhibitions of 'sacred art' and concerts of 'sacred music' have, in this country at least, a melancholy record of unsuccess. In this, as in every area of the national life, the presence of the Church should be assured indeed—but without patronage, without suggesting that the standards which a religious inspiration achieves should be different in kind or degree from those of all well-made, well-played things. It was interesting, for instance, that this year's Aldeburgh Festival should have included a formal Disputation on Art and Morality. It was listened to with intelligence and indeed enthusiasm, and it could be supposed to have illuminated some of the things done during a fortnight of music-making in that modest, honest place.

One would like to believe that Catholics could do more to support festivals that are festivals indeed. They can bring to them, from within as it were, the tremendous resources of the Church's interest in the past—of music and painting, evidently enough. But the Church is not an ancient monument, a consecrated Uffizi Gallery: even in the impoverished cultural circumstances of this country it has musicians and painters and poets who have much to give: the music of Lennox Berkeley, the painting of Graham Sutherland, the stained glass of Patrick Reyntiens—to name, quite arbitrarily, only three. They are unlikely to be found in the mammoth affairs, but they already mean much where seriousness of purpose and a sense of place and person make a festival a human affair: where people come because they want to and not because they think they ought to. And local Catholic communities could do more to foster festivals of this sort, not, in a crude apologetic sense, to show the papal colours but rather to re-affirm the Church's function as the nourisher of culture as meaning that men are makers, made to the image of the maker of all.

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