

A less amiable connection is T. R. Stebbing's attempt, as a Fellow of Worcester College Oxford, to engage his brother, William Stebbing, of Lincoln's Inn, to put the case against Burges's decorations in the College Chapel. Both the Stebbings had been at K.C.S. shortly after Burges left.

I cannot help feeling that an architect like George Devey, another K.C.S. pupil, did more for English architecture than Burges. Rich and imaginative though Burges's concepts were, they seem strangely out of place in the foggy air of English Victorian towns. How long did his creations sustain their lustre, before the London pea-soupers, or the coal of Cardiff that helped to pay for Bute's extravagant scheme, covered them with veneer of grit?

Here, however, is a book that will certainly not allow that fate to overtake Burges's reputation -- and at £40 it needs to be efficacious.

Frank Miles

Stephen Prickett. Victorian Fantasy. Indiana University Press: Bloomington, Indiana, 1979. 251 pp. Indexed. 24 illustrations black and white. \$17.50

Defining fantasy as "the quality of dreams and reverie" -- as one of the two sides of the Victorian psyche, imagination being the other -- Prickett sets out to "trace how the idea of fantasy as an art form developed during the nineteenth century." Finding its roots in 'Gothick', religious mysticism -- the numinous --, revulsion against the squalor of the industrial revolution, he states that

In all three we can trace that curious ambivalence between 'imagination' and 'fantasy' that was to so haunt the Victorian consciousness and turn it inwards towards the creation of dream-worlds. Coming to terms with this ambivalence in art, literature, and in religion was the greatest self-critical act of the age. (p. 11)

The writer proceeds to demonstrate at length and in detail, with a richness of reference and a skill at weaving his themes in and out that make excellent, rewarding reading, how this "coming to terms" occurred.

Faced with the prevailing empiricism of the period, certain