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the action rather than as an interpretation of it, and they are not always happy in their choice of Psalms:

The King (to Cranmer): Go then, and make me, as I am, irretrievably Anne's. (Cranmer is vested.)

The Singers: O how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of Hosts . . .
my soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord . . .

The technical difficulty of giving life (and death) to stylized and therefore fixed characters is admirably overcome. The Henry is perfectly fitted to appear before a Chapter House audience and has no relations in the public bar. Only the grasping Lords could be understood in both such places.

Cranmer does not come before us as a theologian, he

. . . would let go
A heresy or so for love of lordly style,

but the translation of *Sursum corda* and ancient collects are given without acknowledgment of their glorious origin. The emphasis is upon Cranmer's power and passion for the English tongue.

O but this—that words be as muscles and veins
to Christ's Spirit bringing communion, the shape
of his advent, nor none there to escape
into the unformed shadow of mystery mere,
but find a strong order, a diagram clear,
a ladder runged and tongued; now my hand,
my unworthy hand, shall set itself to that end.
Be for the need of the land the ritual penned.

It would seem that Mr. Williams imagines the Church to have been opposed to the translation of the Bible into the vernacular. Neither his master, Cromwell, nor the wife secured in Germany find a place in the cast.

The chief character is not Cranmer but the Skeleton representing the fact behind appearance

the only word no words can quell
the way to heaven and the way to hell.

H. D. C. PEPLER.

GOD AND MAMMON. (Essays in Order, New Series: No. 1.) By François Mauriac. (Sheed & Ward; 2/6.)

This Essay presents the "Apologia" of the Catholic novelist who, in his own words, is trying to "map out his position *vis-à-vis* Catholicism and within Catholicism." The following words taken from a letter to its author from André Gide provided the necessary stimulus: "This reassuring compromise which enables you to love God without losing sight of Mammon." M. Mauriac's reply is of necessity personal and autobiographical, but the prob-

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lem with which he grapples is one which affects every Catholic writer and artist, the problem of reconciling aesthetics and ethics, Art and Prudence. For himself he reduces the problem to these terms: "Must one stop writing even if one feels deeply that writing is one's vocation and that literary creation is as natural as breathing? Perhaps some doctor holds the key to the enigma; perhaps somebody somewhere knows the way in which the scrupulous novelist can escape from these choices—these three choices of either changing the object of his observation or falsifying life or running the risk of spreading scandal and misery among his fellow creatures" (p. 73). For him misunderstanding can arise on both sides: the non-Christian sees no problem and for him "Art for Art's sake" stands irrespective of Prudence: on the other side Prudence has too much of the running, and would deprive the unfortunate artist of his very conscience. "It is difficult not to have a choking feeling the first time pious reviewers treat you as a pornographer and accuse you of writing obscenity for the sake of making money. . . . I realized that they made no essential distinction between me and, for instance, the author of the *Revue des Folies Bergères*."

Maritain's reply to the novelist's difficulty is acknowledged with great gratitude, but at the same time its comparison of the novelist with the student in the dissecting room fails to give a complete answer. The real novelist, for M. Mauriac, is not simply a detached observer; he is a creator of fictitious life. "He is one with his creation, and his identification with it is pushed so far that he actually becomes his creation." Even if the novelist does busy himself with his personal sanctification, does not this tend to damage the integrity of his work? "If he is a real artist he will not feel capable of producing insipid though edifying stories without a trace of human truth in them, and at the same time he will know very well that a living piece of work is bound to cause trouble." "In the world of reality you do not find beautiful souls in the pure state—these are only to be found in novels and bad novels at that." What then of the saints? "On this very point of sanctity the novelist loses his rights, for if he tries to write a novel about sanctity he is no longer dealing purely with men, but with the action of God on men. On this point it seems that the novelist will always be beaten by reality, by the saints who really have lived." The passages quoted show clearly the lines upon which the problem is treated; the personal note of intense preoccupation give it a living interest which more academic presentations can never evoke. M. Mauriac in giving his own answer openly confesses a tendency to complexity and scruple which colours his work. "People of my calibre complicate the 'drama of the Catholic novelist.' The humblest priest would tell me, like Maritain, 'Be pure, become pure, and your work

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will have a reflection in heaven. Begin by purifying the source and those who drink the water cannot be sick. . . . ' And I give the last word to the priest."

Both in subject and treatment this captivating book sets the appropriate note for the new series.

AELWIN TINDAL-ATKINSON, O.P.

BISHOP CHALLONER. By Michael Trappes-Lomax. (Longmans; 10/6.)

It is now a full quarter of a century since Dr. Burton issued his great and comprehensive *Life of Bishop Challoner*, and his masterly work has long been out of print. Mr. Trappes-Lomax, fresh from the laurels gained by his *Life of Pugin*, has adapted, abridged and slightly modernized Burton's book, and with very considerable success, and the result is a serviceable one-volume biographical study. In these days, great interest is felt in the eighteenth century, while at the same time there exists a widespread taste for Biography. Indeed the average reader commonly acquires his knowledge of the period by concentrating on the Lives of some of its great figures. There could be no better method, for History is but the essence of innumerable Biographies. Thus the man who has read the lives of Johnson, of the Pitts and the Walpoles, of Fox and of Mansfield, need not worry about the *ex-professo* historians, he will have grasped his period without them. But if he is a Catholic, he will have become dimly aware that behind the world of which he has thus gained knowledge there lay another world, the obscure world of the English Catholics, the faithful, persecuted, ostracized remnant, of whom few men spoke and no one wrote, since they were so hidden they seemed hardly to exist. Should such a student seek to lift the veil, to wander in a bye-way and side-track of history, to learn what can be learned of his spiritual predecessors in the eighteenth century, he can accomplish all this by simply reading the *Life of Challoner*, the very epitome of the Catholicism of his time. And then, in Carlyle's words (written in another connection) it will be "as if the curtains of the past were drawn aside, and we looked mysteriously into a country inexpressibly dear to us, but which had seemed for ever hidden from our eyes; long engulfed and vanished, here wondrously given back to us, once more it lies."

ROBERT BRACEY, O.P.

MORALE INTERNATIONALE. By Joseph Folliet. (Bloud et Gay, Paris.)

This is a great little book, the study of which we cannot recommend enough, especially at a time like this which is dominated by "foreign affairs."