

and once this is recognized it is only natural that the black people will seek some form of power, either political or economic, that could neutralize the situation, if not overcome it. Hence the emergence of black power in Britain.

Though *Justice First* deserves the highest commendation and praise for its significant contribution in the fight for racial justice and for constructive criticisms which it offers in respect of the country's immigration policies, one hopes that its readers do not think it too heavily weighted in the direction of the country's failures and stunted in presenting a proper strategy for action and development for the immigrants themselves. Chapters one and six make allusions to this, for a new social order that will give people a full and abundant life will not be a gift from the government but the price of hard effort, something earned by the people themselves. In other words, social progress in a democracy must come through the action of the citizens improving themselves

through education.

The basic premises of *Justice First* can be summed up thus:

—The leaders of the country have failed to use effectively their power to confront one of the most important moral, social and political issues of the decade.

—A certain amount of racial discrimination and prejudice is unconsciously accepted as normal and inevitable.

—One naïve belief that must be exploded is the notion that racism among whites can be expunged in some quiet, easy, painless way—without risk or controversy.

—Another is the patronizing description of race relations as a 'Negro problem', a 'Black problem' an 'Immigrant problem'. Racial injustice is basically a 'White problem'.

—Hence, the truth that leaders of this country must face is that racism is a pernicious evil that requires strong, not soft, action. Time is running out, and the moment to act is Now.

KELVIN FELIX

**A CELL OF GOOD LIVING: the Life, Works and Opinions of Eric Gill, by Donald Attwater. Geoffrey Chapman, London, 1969. 232 pp. 45s.**

This book seems to me the best accessible introduction to the life and thought of Eric Gill. Mr Speaight, in his ampler and well-documented biography, retains the attitude of a courteous onlooker; Mr Attwater enters into Gill's thought and respects it enough to criticize firmly those details that he cannot accept.

How the young of today will take such a book I cannot guess. The most natural starting-point for the comprehension or discussion of E.G. would be his own books (especially the *Autobiography* and *Letters*), but these are all out of print. Moreover, their background (social, political, ecclesiastical) is unfamiliar to young people, and clear explanation of certain things approved or attacked by E.G. would require a stout volume of quotations from the contemporary press, secular and Catholic, in which not only political attitudes but linguistic usages (e.g. in the connotations of Communism, Fascism, Nazism) differed considerably from those of today. I feel now that in editing E.G.'s *Letters* I ought to have quoted much more from the public or private letters he was answering. Much has changed since his death. A beard no longer astonishes. To those accustomed to priest-baiting, bishop-baiting, and pope-baiting as weekly sports in the Catholic press, E.G. is likelier to appear as

priest-ridden than as anticlerical. He himself in his most hopeful moods could scarcely have imagined that the central altar advocated by Fr O'Connor and used at Bradford, Pigotts and Gorleston might soon become a rubrical norm in the Western Church; or that in an Ecumenical Council four English prelates would plead the cause of conscientious objectors. His own reputation meanwhile has sunk and risen unpredictably. His sculpture is disesteemed, his engravings sought for; a recent exhibition of drawings in London received unexpected praise; his influence on typography has been surprisingly overshadowed by a revival of Victorian and Edwardian vulgarities.

Let us be grateful to Mr Attwater for his charting of the territory. I take the occasion to confirm or amplify some points.

p. 133. E.G.'s resentment of criticisms at home which he accepted cheerfully from elsewhere. Mr Attwater is surely right in attributing this trait to the strong patriarchal feeling of E.G. The distinction was not (though that has been suggested) between family or close friends on one side and complete outsiders on the other; it was between family on one side and all comers—complete outsiders, moderate sympathizers and devoted friends—on the

other. Desmond Chute and myself could certainly oppose him without ruffling his tranquillity. Stanley Morison from his first meeting onwards may be said to have been engaged in one continuous controversy with E.G., during which the mutual respect and affection of the combatants steadily increased. And now that Morison also is dead, I should like to say that I have seldom heard anything more moving than his talk on E.G. as broadcast last year—not only the words but the characteristic utterance unforgettably expressing the veneration of this great man for E.G. as master.

p. 134. St Benedict's *Rule*. In the B.B.C. panel, 'Ariel between Wisdom and Gaiety', the book held by Wisdom shows the first word of the *Rule*, suggested by René Hague in the conventional form *AUSCULTA* and altered at my instigation to the 6th-century spelling *OSCULTA*, which I vainly hoped would excite donnish protests in *The Times*.

p. 152. Eccentricity in dress. Mr Attwater neatly dispels much nonsense. To the eye of reason it was perhaps more remarkable that Maritain when visiting Pigotts should have worn a bowler hat than that E.G. when carving should have worn a square paper cap, called by journalists a biretta but in fact a traditional protection against chips and dust such as Tenniel's carpenter wears in *Alice* and such as I once saw worn in Venice by four workmen around one table. 'Eccentricity' in general implies a 'centre' and the 'centre' assumed by Fleet Street and Threadneedle Street is often accepted humbly by ordinary people; but not quite always. An engineer at Monotype House said of E.G.: 'There didn't seem to be anything "peculiar" about the man. You'd never have put him down as a famous artist. You'd sooner have said he was a good mechanic

—or anyway some good workman who knew his job.'

pp. 167-169. The most ridiculous notion ever entertained about E.G. was that he was habitually uncharitable. A celebrated master of fiction has assured his public that E.G. 'hated his fellow-Catholics'. Mr Attwater gives the evidence of an intimate friend. 'I do not recollect ever hearing him utter a word intended to wound, and time and again I have watched him trying to find a worthy explanation of someone's apparently indefensible action. 'I should add from my own experience that E.G. seemed often to be acting on an admirable old-fashioned Bishop Challoner principle of not letting the sun go down on one's wrath. At lunch, perhaps, he had inveighed against a group of Catholics who had flatly contradicted a social encyclical, and his immediate indignation might have burst out in an intemperate letter posted that afternoon to the *Catholic Herald*; but then at supper he might say: 'You know, all the time they were talking about A and B, they might really have meant C and D, and that would have been reasonable enough'. His judgments on groups and institutions were often severe, sometimes unfair; his judgments on individuals were generous; when, like anyone else, he felt he had a just grievance against a friend, he was careful not to make it public. Let his *Autobiography* be the test. He had had more than one serious disagreement with Fr Vincent McNabb; he had become permanently estranged from Hilary Pepler. But in this final book there is not one word against Pepler; and the affection with which he writes about Fr Vincent is only equalled by the affection with which at his death Fr Vincent wrote about him to Mary Gill.

WALTER SHEWRING

**HOPKINS THE JESUIT, THE YEARS OF TRAINING**, by Alfred Thomas, S.J. *Oxford University Press*, 1969. 283 pp. 65s.

The last agony of fame is for an author to feel the teeth of a doctoral thesis getting into his private life. The days when Gerard Manley Hopkins enjoyed neglect are long past. His work as an artist has been subjected to clinical analysis these last fifty years, and he is now famous. Here we have the doctoral thesis, originally presented at London University under the direction of the late Geoffrey Tillotson, which seeks to worm its way back into Jesuit life in England after the middle of

the last century. The Society has strewn plenty of helpful material on the way, including a novitiate journal which the poet himself kept going from December 1869 to February 1870. With the aid of these contemporary reports and near contemporary documents A. Thomas marshals his material. He has gone to a lot of trouble, even to working out from Bradshaw the possible trains Hopkins might have taken to Richmond on the fateful day he entered the novitiate (p. 24, note 3). A rash statement by