

'In Cambridge the students are more and more imbibing Catholic opinions, but considering the constant changes in these universities this causes no surprise. Where before the masters were in the habit of reading the *Institutions* and other works of Calvin, as well as Zwingli, Bucer, Zanchi and other heretics, now they read the Master of the Sentences, St Thomas and the scholastics and other Catholic authors; so much so that if the booksellers were not allowed by the bishops to sell these books they might just as well shut up shop.'

There is room for a companion thesis on the Catholic reaction at Cambridge, but it will not be awarded the Cranmer Prize.

GODFREY ANSTRUTHER, O.P.

POPE JOHN XXIII. By Andrea Lazzarini. (Nelson; 12s. 6d.)

WE HAVE A POPE. By Mgr Albert Giovannetti. (Geoffrey Chapman; 10s. 6d.)

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE PAPACY. By Hans Kühner, PH.D. (Peter Owen; 35s.)

The first two works are slight in comparison with the solid scholarship of Dr Kühner's history of the Papacy. They, however, have an immediate, a contemporary interest, for all the world is interested in Pope John XXIII. Signor Lazzarini's brief life of the Pope is told against the evolving history of modern Italy; Mgr Giovannetti's is more a straightforward narration with many extracts from the Pope's addresses. They both serve their good purpose of telling us more about the present Pope.

Dr Kühner looks much further back. He is blunt, absolute, forthright in his judgments. Somehow, though, the disreputable Popes seem to loom larger in a short encyclopedia. Fortunately the reader can relax when reading of the more recent Popes. And it is reassuring to turn to these new biographies and read of *il Papa simpatico*, John XXIII.

KIERAN MULVEY, O.P.

A SECULAR JOURNAL. By Thomas Merton. (Hollis and Carter; 15s.)

These selections from a twenty-year-old diary are advertised by the publishers as 'private thoughts and reflections on art, literature and life of the young man who is now one of the greatest living spiritual writers'. The setting is the 'shifting and hectic background of New York intellectual life', and there is a 'finely observed episode in Cuba'. It ends, where one would expect, at the gates of Gethsemani. The book contains, we are told, the raw material which was eventually presented as *Elected Silence*, and so one is tempted to presume that the publishers, if not Merton himself, are presenting the Journal as if it were his *Jean*

*Santeuil*. But the preface makes it quite plain that the only reason for publishing it is because the manuscript of the diary belongs to Catherine de Hueck, who will be using the proceeds for Madonna House, Combermere. Few of us would grudge fifteen shillings for Combermere (those of us who have read *Tumbleweed* might be happy to subscribe even more). But the question remains, is this diary worth reading when we already know *Elected Silence*? Father Merton's superiors obviously think not, and they have asked him to make it quite plain that they are not enthusiastic about having it published. One imagines they would have preferred something a little more *distingué*. One should not be too critical about the Journal, of course. It is an excellent exercise, as one approaches middle age, to remember the hard and cheap judgments of one's own youth. Perhaps one felt this way about Dante and Dylan Thomas oneself, and *Brighton Rock* has given most of us the reactions that Merton records here. Perhaps we were not all quite so disgusted by the vocabulary of George Eliot. (What is wrong anyway with 'Ill flavoured gravies and cheaper Marsala'?) But if the reflections on literature tend to be dull, those on 'life' are much more interesting, if one gives due credit to the Merton outlook as being part of a very important current phenomenon, both religious and secular. Indeed, if Jimmy Porter had burst upon us at the same time as *Elected Silence*, we should have coupled the two equally angry young men with no difficulty. New York, Havana, the Nazis, the English, all these and much else are experienced with a degree of loathing that verges on unbalance. The humourless streak in Merton's writing is traceable here to its source, but it makes for joyless reading.

GEOFFREY WEBB

A SENSE OF THE WORLD. By Elizabeth Jennings. (André Deutsch; 10s. 6d.)

SELECTION. By A. S. J. Tessimond. (Putnam; 7s. 6d.)

The poetry of Miss Jennings needs and repays careful reading. It is everything the world we live in is not; where the world is noisy, slapdash and conventional, Miss Jennings is quiet, careful and personal. A poem of great tenderness begins

'I visited the place where we last met . . .'

and a poem on a magnificent Roman basilica closes

'I cannot quite forget the blazing day,

The alabaster windows or the way

The light refuses to be called abstract.'

It is, however, not fair at all to quote isolated pieces. Miss Jennings avoids the obviously poetic line and anything else that suggests mere trickery with words—the kind of thing which is useful for the titles