

of specialization specialist literature is called for. Yet, by the same token, there is all the more need for a continued expression of the wide yet integrated outlook for which BLACKFRIARS was designed. In the years that have passed since its first number those of us who have had the honour and responsibility of its editorship have been concerned, in our various ways, to pursue the enlightened policy outlined for BLACKFRIARS by its founder. The measure of our success is for others to estimate. But at any rate, notwithstanding the material difficulties of wartime and the post-war years, the Review has happily survived to a still vigorous five-hundredth issue.

HILARY J. CARPENTER, O.P.

### BETWEEN THE WARS

Hopes that had been confident in the twenties were tuned to the different mood of the thirties, and between the lines of BLACKFRIARS you can see that the English Dominicans shared in the change of the times. The early death of Fr Bede Jarrett deprived the rising generation of support and encouragement. Moreover the lot of a monthly review was becoming more difficult. In the effort to maintain and increase circulation our numbers became plumper, double the present size and a shilling a copy, and here we should acknowledge our debt to Sir Basil Blackwell. His generosity and tolerance were constant, and he was often missed during our later more freelance methods of production and distribution.

Some of the difficulties of the period were caused by the stirring of new life, or rather of fresh adaptations to environment of a venerable yet vital tradition; of a rational philosophy faithful to St Thomas but more lissom and vernacular than the textbooks, of a theology more sensitive to the echoes of Revelation in profane experience, more open to problems raised outside the schools, less juridical than many of the received authorities belonging to the Baroque, both high and low, and to the revival of the Gothic; of a social thinking which allowed for the respectability of the people in possession but was not over-impressed by it.

Two controversies were typical; it is now possible to look back on them with more humour and sense of proportion than one showed at the time. One concerned the insistence—now common form—that marriage was a sacramental companionship of persons and that procreation could be too primitively recommended. A piece of bad staff-work here, and a whole number was consigned to the central-heating

furnace at Blackfriars, Oxford. The fires were banked—but still they burn. The other was that sword of division, the civil war in Spain. And it was here, because we could not make a crusade out of the mixture of causes, that we were accused of being pink, or worse.

Yet we were not political. Some of us were post-communists, some had Tory heads and Labour hearts, some applied Labour tests with Tory tastes, the acting editor thought of himself as a Catholic Whig, a valued regular contributor signed himself 'Jacobin', and another 'Penguin', both for Dominican reasons, for this was before Sir Alan Lane's famous paperbacks. We stood for an establishment, but it was not one that a sociologist would have recognized, though had he also been literary and philosophically minded he would have noticed the burden of humanism.

How old fashioned it all seems now. Those were the days when divines who wrote for us took D. H. Lawrence seriously but not solemnly, and perhaps Mr Aldous Huxley solemnly but not seriously; when liturgists were rubrical rather than evangelical; when poetry began its lines without caps; when the ecumenical were beginning to be good-mannered on both sides about the Petrine Claims and the nature of Church authority. Those were the days when the French Catholics were beginning to discover the Bible, but the word kerygmatic was not yet heard. Those were the days, and Hitler was not the only locust to eat them up.

THOMAS GILBY, O.P.

## THE FUTURE PROSPECT

In the course of its relatively long life BLACKFRIARS has evolved—its process of growth, as in biological evolution, has shown occasional deviations indeed, but also an effective progress, gradually and in spite of difficulties fulfilling the pattern of its true nature and making its aims more clearly evident.

This is not the place to speak of the struggles necessarily involved in keeping a small review alive and vital, fulfilling its purpose on limited resources both material and intellectual, of money and man-power. Those who have been engaged in past years on this work know what effort and sacrifice that entails. They are surely entitled to our genuine gratitude and commendation. It is the place, I think, to look to the future and what we hope for in going forward to and reaching our thousandth number.