tolerant; full of fascinating stories of meetings with such people as Woodrow Wilson and Mary Webb, Queen Mary and Rupert Brooke. But he is at home with criminals and large-scale eccentrics as well, and perhaps the most delightful incident in the book is his visit to the 'factory' where the 254 plays of Bacon were being industriously reconstructed by cryptograms and crazy erudition. It is a happy profession indeed that can produce so wise and humane a practitioner. I.E.

THE DILEMMA OF THE ARTS. By Wladimir Weidlé. (S.C.M. Press; 10s.)

In reading Professor Weidlé's first book to be published in English one is reminded of Mr Eliot's essay on 'Tradition and the Individual Talent'. 'No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone'. Professor Weidlé traces the decay of modern art to the triumph of titanism at the Renascence when man ousted God from the centre of the artist's vision. So art and the artist have grown introverted and 'self-expression' is the rule. But titanism had always been a hidden grumbling monster before the Renascence; the flesh and the devil, original sin and the unredeemed world have always been just beneath the surface. It is the one defect of Professor Weidlé's work that he is so concerned by their triumph in the last fifty years that he forgets this and almost sets up an ideal where they would not be allowed even a subterranean rumble. Yet clearly he does not believe this for he quite definitely pronounces his belief in the sacramentalism of art. Professor Weidlé is concerned with the conflict between science and art. Perhaps the terms read a little archaic now but they are none the less applicable if for science and art we read plan and spontaneity and see excess planning as the destruction of life and thus of religion, for 'artistic experience is, deep down, a religious experience'. So art will only live again when religion lives again and that must be through prayer. One of the great merits of this book is that while it includes in its scope the whole of European poetry (and painting and music too) it is rarely guilty of unwarranted generalisations. The translator has done his work well and left only a few angularities. GERARD MEATH, O.P.

'I WANT TO BE LIKE STALIN'. From the Russian textbook officially approved for the training of school teachers. Drawn up by B. P. Yesipoz and N. K. Goncharov. Translated by George S. Counts and Nucia P. Lodge. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)

On the dust cover this book is described as 'rather terrifying'. Yet if we open it at random the chances are that we shall light upon a passage that is remarkable for its insight into the juvenile mind or else one that is highly reminiscent of the rules of a dames' school.

For example: 'Children imitate before they understand. They imitate even in the absence of any deliberate stimulation or direc-

tion.' Or again: 'It is the duty of every schoolchild to bring to school all necessary books and writing materials, to have everything ready before the arrival of the teacher, to appear at school washed, combed and neatly dressed . . . not to slide down banisters'.

Nothing very terrifying (even 'rather terrifying') in this, we shall say; yet the words on the dust cover are true (indeed they state less than the truth) and for a single fundamental reason.

When we read any ordinary book on pedagogy—even by the most fantastic modern educational experimentalist—we almost unconsciously take for granted that the author has the good of the child at heart, that he is basing his theories—however remotely—upon the ethic of natural law. In the book under review this is not so. It is a treatise, sometimes masterly, sometimes trivial, written with the express object of destroying natural and divine law and replacing it by a diabolic worship of a human ruling caste. For love and service to God is substituted 'I want to be like Stalin'.

What is terrifying in this book is the full use it makes of admirable human qualities and a sympathetic understanding of childhood for the sole purpose of chaining the adult to an inhuman system.

Thus we find pages devoted to 'moral' education, patriotism, humanism, character, personal responsibility, courage, etc., but all this instruction has a single goal in view—subordination to a godless tyranny. If the devil can quote scripture for his purposes, we find here that he can go further than that: he can make use of natural virtues to establish vice, and do it with such thoroughness and in such specious language that a cursory reader, unacquainted with the nature of Marxism, might well find little or nothing to complain of. Even a phrase like organisation-minded might pass as little more than the equivalent of the *esprit de corps* that is so lauded in our own Public Schools.

There is no mention of God in the book. That is natural enough in the exposition of a system that is virulently atheist. But unfortunately the absence of reference to the Creator is not confined to Soviet pedagogy. An omission that should astound a European reader is therefore likely to be passed by unnoticed. That is a measure of the danger of the book. Far too many people who accept the general ethic of the Christian revelation are apt to overlook its Source and its Inspiration. They are playing into the hands of those, like the authors of this book, who are working with such energy to destroy the very springs of human life and civilisation.

R. D. JEBB.

MORAL PRINCIPLES. By Alfred O'Rahilly. (Cork University Press and B. H. Blackwell; 2s.)

These eight Radio addresses on such problems as Science and Ethics, Natural Law, Group-Morality, are much more readable than one might have expected. They have the liveliness of the spoken word but—within obvious limits—the fullness of philosophi-