

true that the early Christians refused to discuss patriotic duties. Origen discussed the question in the *Contra Celsum*. The suggestion that the Church, as a whole, preached a doctrine of pacificism is false. The Muslims were expelled from Spain, if Mr Hollis is referring to the conquest of Granada, about the time of St Ignatius's birth, not, as Mr Hollis says, just before his death. Some years later Don John of Austria waged war against Spanish Muslims. The Avignon Popes were not vassals of the French kings. Avignon was, theoretically, independent. These popes may have been creatures of French power but the extent of their dependence on the French kings is disputed. Mr Hollis seems to think the principle 'cujus regio eius religio' was established at the Peace of Westphalia. It had been recognized, though not incorporated in the text of the treaty, at the Peace of Augsburg, about a century before.

These and similar inaccuracies occur where the author is making a reasonably successful attempt to relate the story of the Jesuits to the contemporary political scene. In this he is fairly successful; but the reader must not expect an austere scholarly history. There are bad misprints. Pope Paul I appears in the sixteenth century. 'Stimmen aus . . .' appears, not once, but three times as 'Stimmer aus . . .'. Cardinal Lavigerie appears twice as Cardinal Lavigeries.

As we have said, Mr Hollis has had to select.

Probably no two men would agree on what should be left out in a short history of an order whose activities cover over four hundred years and many parts of the world; but it seems to be reasonable to warn the reader of some neglected topics. Pascal appears; the Provincial Letters are discussed but there is no discussion of the conflict between the order and the Jansenists, and nothing about the connexion between Jansenism and the suppression of the order.

Acton was convinced that the Jesuits exercised a strong influence on the first Vatican Council. No estimate of their influence on this council is given. Modernism, which was a misguided and misleading attempt to anticipate the work of the second Vatican Council, is not discussed. There were serious troubles in the order at this time; and fear of modernism blighted ecclesiastical studies for more than one generation.

But though his frequent inaccurate and slipshod statements irritate, Mr Hollis has written a good account of the Jesuits. Perhaps the fairest way of summing up the book is to say that it is a just discussion of the main characteristics of the Jesuits, the kind of discussion which well-read people enjoy in after-dinner conversations, where they are content with general knowledge, and are not careful of the accuracy of their data and of the precision of their generalizations. Such conversations are often interesting; so is Mr Hollis's *A History of the Jesuits*.
KEVIN BOOTH, S.J.

ENGLISH FOR MATURITY: English in the Secondary School, by David Holbrook. *Cambridge University Press*, 1967. 262 pp. Hardback 35s., paperback.

CHILDREN'S WRITING: a Sampler for Student Teachers, by David Holbrook. *Cambridge University Press*, 1967. 234 pp. Hardback 35s., paperback.

At the foot of the staircase of the Musée Grimaldi at Antibes is, or was, a tablet on the wall (written by Malraux?) which proclaimed that this was the century in which the image had triumphed over the concept. Since one had just descended from a floor, light and spacious, given over entirely to late Picassos, vast canvases, whole kitchens of ceramics, it was for a moment easy to accept that this might be true, and to interpret it to mean visual images alone. This would be hard on the writer or teacher of a language, trying to maintain his kingdom in Tom Tiddler's ground, raided by the cinema on the one hand and by the semanticists on the other.

Against this, as most literate people know, David Holbrook has long campaigned. His enthusiasm, his inspiration and his principles

have never been better expressed than in the early chapters of the first of these two books, especially in ch. 4, 'The Very Culture of the Feelings', and, by opposition, in ch. 3, 'Some Enemies'. He is, it seems to me, so obviously right, at any rate fundamentally, that criticism is rather limited. But there are one or two ways in which his case might perhaps be made to sound a little more sympathetic, a little less like a Leveller on the subject of Cavaliers, or Jeremiah on the temple authorities!

Let me take first of all a quotation from ch. 3: 'we are teachers of responsiveness to the word, in an age when it is possible for even quite intelligent people to believe that a concern for words, for language is "out of date". The new illiteracy of the cinema, television, comic strip, film-strip and popular picture paper they

accept as the dawn of a new era.' I think, though I find it hard to believe, that Mr Holbrook has been carried away by rhetoric here. For, first, it is more than merely crude to lump together cinema and TV on the one hand and comic strip and popular paper on the other. Cinema and TV are capable of profound and sensitive re-creations and explorations of experience (and how much it is possible to do without using words at all was shown by the brilliant miming of *Silent Song*). Even if Mr Holbrook's illiterates do not watch these elements of cinema and TV, it is perhaps easier to guide them towards such elements, and so towards fresh awareness through them, than it is to get them to read difficult or 'difficult' books and so achieve the greater maturity which is the desideratum.

Secondly, I think that, hurrying too fast down his chosen path, he has fallen into a pit. Just what is literacy? It is an ability to read certain signs and understand them and make elaborate and subtle signs of the same kind in return. But—always granted that the word, written or spoken, i.e. verbally conveyed concepts and images, remains the subtlest and most useful of all signs—words are not the only ones. In terms of the electronics engineer and his diagrams, Mr Holbrook may be, I certainly am, illiterate. These are signs I cannot read and use, even if they are signs which operate within a very small field compared with those which operate on the printed page from Chaucer to Auden. Equally, it seems to me, there is a possibility of a literacy of other visual media (assisted to a greater or lesser degree by

the spoken word) open to those who have been irremediably damaged by bad teaching in conventional literacy. It may not help them to fill in forms, but it may assist them along the road to maturity, which, *vide* Mr Holbrook's first title, is the more important goal.

Those are fortunate who have been taught by Mr Holbrook, or at Bassingbourne, or by teachers trained in the spirit of these two books. The second book under review is an excellent practical help for the student teacher: it is a series of exercises, largely based on children's writing, designed to bring the student teacher face to face with the reality such as he or she will find it in the classroom and the exercise-book, the scrawl, the mis-spellings, the ludicrous grammar and the real creative push conveyed by them, and to help him or her to establish some methods and concepts for dealing with these efforts.

It is with the less fortunate that I have had recently to deal—the drop-outs of secondary education, those who never got within sniffing distance of even an O-level or C.S.E. ('you're joking, sir'), the day-release technical students, apprentice bricklayers, plumbers, electricians, in whom an insuperable (I mean this literally, I tried very hard to overcome it) hostility to book-literacy has been built up. Mr Holbrook's principles remain valid, but I shall not try to make these pseudo-adults write. I want first to make them speak.

I should add, perhaps, that I greatly admire the Levellers, Jeremiah and Mr Holbrook.

ANDREW WEATHERHEAD

A MIND AWAKE, An Anthology of C. S. Lewis, edited by Clyde S. Kilby. *Geoffrey Bles*, London, 1968. 252 pp. 25s.

The river of Lewisiana just keeps on rolling along. Now that almost all the fugitive pieces have been reprinted comes the anthology tributary, and Mr Kilby does for C.S.L. on a large scale what C.S.L. did for George Macdonald on a small one. He has ranged through the whole of a daunting bibliography, from *Arthurian Torso* and the *Bristol Diocesan Gazette* to *Sobornost* and *World Dominion*. He orders his selections sensibly and progressively under such heads as 'The Nature of Man', 'The Bible', 'Love and Sex', and 'The Post-Christian world'. Inevitably there is a certain amount of repetition; but most devotees will find something new (excluding the implicit attribution to *The Pilgrim's Regress* of a *sententia* found in fact in *Macbeth*: p. 164), and the most

hardened sceptic must admit that many of the apophthegms still strike home.

Filleted in this fashion, Lewis's prose, like his theology, looks more Chestertonian than ever: 'We have had enough of Hedonism! the gloomy philosophy which says that Pleasure is the only good'; 'Some people when they say that a thing is meant metaphorically conclude from this that it is hardly meant at all. . . . They reasonably think that hell "fire" is a metaphor—and unwisely conclude that it means nothing more serious than remorse'; 'To study the past does indeed liberate us from the present . . . but it liberates us from the past too'. Even the planetary and other fictions perhaps owe something to the author of *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* and *The Man who was*