

COMMUNITY JOURNEY. By George Ineson. (Sheed and Ward; 10s. 6d.)

Although this book is written in the main by one person, it is aptly named; not only is it the account of the journey of a community towards the most perfect community of all, the Mystical Body, but it was the idea of community which dominated the conscious search; though Eastern mysticism and Western psycho-analysis played their part in easing the way, in making and revealing the pattern, what is now a community of Benedictine Oblates began as a practical experiment in socialism. Other members of the community have contributed short notes of their own personal and interior progress, but it was in the experience and solution of communal difficulties, material and spiritual, that human wisdom and prudence, themselves developing found their need to be complemented by, transformed by, the divine wisdom and prudence which come with grace. For example, the community began by making no distinction between families and unmarried members, all lived in common; now a balance has been found between the equally God-given units of family and community.

This was no doubt a difficult book to write since the intimate life of so many others beside the author is involved. One feels that the full story has not been given, but then, how can it be? And the prominence given to the author's dreams tends to baffle a reader who has not been trained to interpret them; one would like a series of notes by the psychologist who befriended and guided the community. But all in all, this is a very interesting book, and the last chapter in which the community is seen at Easter Mass is very moving.

BENET WEATHERHEAD, O.P.

NEW LINES. An Anthology edited by Robert Conquest. (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.)

It is a measure of the interest aroused by the nine poets collected in this volume that one would wish to write an individual review of each. Is Mr Amis really as lacking in ear as the selection here reveals?—even the technically clever 'Against Romanticism' is not pleasant to read aloud. Does Miss Jennings ever cease her honest but over-intricate self-examination? does her quiet music ever fail her? Does Mr Holloway often produce a poem as fine, faultless and traditional as 'The Shell'?

But they are collected here less as individual than for what they have in common as evidence of a new attitude, as indications of a new climate in poetry. Mr Conquest, in his Introduction, admits that 'the standpoint is not new, but merely the restoration of a sound and fruitful attitude to poetry, of the principle that poetry is written by and for the whole man, intellect, emotions, senses and all'. This