

times done in archaic language!), nor an illicit transference to an unworthy object of what Freud calls 'oceanic feeling'. Further, the Church's sacramental order is directed to unity in man and society, not in recovering a primordial innocence, but by entering a new order to meet the prospective requirements of a disordered world. The paradise regained in the Gethsemane of Experience is very different from the paradise lost in the Eden of Innocence.

One final caution. The author fails to solve one of the problems he poses, which is generally that of the dissociation of sensibility from the controlling intellect, and of thinking that has forgotten its relevance to life: and the problem of writing or speech (and that not always political or popular) that deadens rather than heightens feeling or that screens thought off from contingent realities. We cannot afford, like the shining lights of the Enlightenment, to lease out 'enthusiasm' to the sects. Feeling should sustain thinking, and reason should not be thought of as negating or tyrannising over emotion: otherwise the division will poison all human society, as it has already to an extent poisoned men's language. We must also be content to know in part: the human One is open to experience, not like the closed One in Plato's *Parmenides*. Obviously these exigencies are not met by an idealistic or materialistic reason or by that scientific outlook that would reduce the universe to algebra and no more: some recent existentialism, knowing only these attitudes, treats the mind as a machine for turning the living flesh of the concrete world into a giant zero. Meissner indeed realises that this is the outcome of spiritual fatigue, and that Europe's war of nerves pre-dated Munich, so that a policy of rest will alone help us on to a new maturity. He does not so clearly see that we cannot rest on the volcano of an established disorder—surely one lesson to draw from the Vienna settlement. The roots of this appear in a statement he makes elsewhere echoing the old 'Salvation is of the Jews, not of Aristotle'. But St Thomas's Aristotle, as Gilson and others have abundantly shown, is a baptised Aristotle: not the impossible post-Christian of later laicisers in the schools, against whom the tide of 16th-century feeling turned. Intelligence and life must mutually support each other, if organisation is again to be harnessed to organic advance, and a new alertness must come if the present confusion of minds is not to be replaced by one standardised mind, instead of by a diversity of minds nourished from common sources and all open to the creative touch of an uncreated fire.

JOHN DURKAN

THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON. With a preface by T. S. Eliot. (Faber; 12s. 6d.)

BEYOND THE URALS. By Elma Dangerfield. With a Preface by Rebecca West. (British League for European Freedom, 66 Elizabeth Street, London S.W.1.)

*The Dark Side of the Moon* is in no sense anti-Soviet propaganda: it is not one of those publications whose purpose is to use human

suffering and tragedy as fuel for political and national hatred. On the contrary it is a singularly simple and straightforward statement with no special pleading and with none of those tricks of rhetoric from which we have had to suffer so much during the last decade. Madame Sikorski in a brief foreword explains that the author is 'a woman of scrupulous integrity and fairness' who was entrusted by the late General Sikorski with the task of collecting and presenting the huge mass of evidence about the fate of the Poles who were deported to Asiatic Russia. At a conservative estimate these numbered about 1,230,000. Rather less than 10 per cent. of these escaped as a result of the short-lived Sikorski-Stalin agreement.

It is, I believe, exceedingly important that the Catholics of England should refuse to listen to those who would like them to forget the fate of Poland; there may be excuses for those who are urging a policy of passing by on the other side, but they are not excuses which can come easily or with conviction from a Catholic. Furthermore there is the urgent and present fact of the thousands of Poles in England today who cannot yet return to their native land. We must face the fact that no inconsiderable number of Englishmen are puzzled at their presence in this country and not at all clear why these Poles have not been able to return to Poland. For such Englishmen *The Dark Side of the Moon* should provide the elucidation which they need. *Beyond the Urals* is mainly concerned with facts, figures and dates. It has an admirable map. Without some such map it is all but impossible for the average reader to grasp what deportation to Asiatic Russia means, and it is a weakness of *The Dark Side of the Moon* that it contains no such map. Numbering just short of a hundred pages, it provides a suitable companion volume to the more important book.

In conclusion, there are two prefaces. They are of great importance and should be read carefully. On the whole Miss Rebecca West's preface should, in my opinion, be read first. She is concerned principally with the reasons why a large number of Englishmen and Englishwomen will purposely avoid reading either of these books. In particular what Miss West has to say may be recommended to men of the type who did not find it odd that 'In an English weekly, edited by a sensitive and upright man who has felt it as a lasting grievance that when a conscientious objector in the first world war he was made to act as a hospital orderly, it was suggested that the Russians deported these Poles in order to teach them how the poor live'.

When both books have been read the reader should then consider carefully Mr Eliot's three-and-a-half page preface. It is there that he will find the kernel of the problem presented.

T. CHARLES EDWARDS.

THROUGH WINDOWS OF MEMORY. By William Francis Brown, Bishop of Pella. (Sands; 15s.)

Most Catholics in England and Scotland inherit a mixture of