

Blackfriars

enterprises as *Cinema Quarterly* welcome, not only to the film-goer, but to the apostle and pastor.

Particularly encouraging in this connexion are the *Quarterly's* reports of the rapid progress of the Film Society movement in Great Britain. Other features include reviews of outstanding 'Films of the Quarter,' of amateur work and sub-standard films, and of cinematographic literature, besides general articles. Two of these are of permanent importance as contributions to the study of the complex problem of film aesthetic. In the first, Mr. Herbert Read applies his general aesthetic theories to the film, and should certainly succeed in convincing those who are still sceptical that 'instead of doubting the aesthetic possibilities of the film as a medium, we should rather doubt the artistic capability of man to rise to the high opportunities of this new medium.' But he takes courage from the conviction that the present supremacy of the technician must soon give place to that of the scenario-writer: 'When the film has exhausted its technical élan, then it must inevitably return to the poets.' Mr. Paul Rotha, on the other hand, argues that the essence of film-technique lies in the selective, dynamic creativeness of the director, whose 'distinct individual dominance' all films demand, but seldom realise.

Pending the appearance of a good Catholic film-bulletin in England, we welcome the promise of a translation of the bulletin of the *Nederlandsche Filmliga*, to appear in subsequent issues of the *Quarterly*.

V.W.

ESPRIT. Revue Internationale. Edition Française. Octobre, 1932. First year, first number. (76 bis, rue des Saints-Pères, Paris, VII. Yearly subscription: France, 65 fr.; postal union, 75 fr.; other countries, 80 fr.)

This new review seems full of promise and is to be recommended to those who would be in touch with an alert and vigorous body of continental writers. The contents are grouped under four sections. *Chroniques*—to register the more important movements of our time, spiritual, artistic, political scientific, financial, and so on. *Œuvres*—to investigate them freely and correlate them. *Les Événements et les Hommes*—to test them as they work out in practice in every sphere of life. Lastly, and perhaps most worthy of attention, *Confrontations*—to establish a relation between the ideas for which the review stands and the thought of other groups, the seizing on the least affinity to establish conversation.

Book Reviews

What are the ideas of *Esprit*? They are not easily determined in the effortless flow of generalities that partly afflicts this as it does most French reviews. The publisher's address gives a hint to strengthen the impression of a veiled Catholicism. The emphasis is on the spiritual dignity of man, the integrity of *persons*, the chances of shaping our present disorders in this light. Admirable, but there is a danger of more fog unless all the ideals implied cluster round that definite, visible, living, fighting, compact nucleus, the Church. How explicitly they should be grouped, that is a question of tactics. Precipitate reference to the Church's solution of modern problems can annoy. Ecclesiastical practice is not always as good as its theory. Certainly *Esprit* is not churchy.

In this first number, the most interesting section is *Confrontations*, which contains a valuable record of a visit to the U.R.S.S. (with an account of an anti-religious show at St. Isaac's—'la religion et Dieu sont knock-out'), complemented by a judicious essay on the communist religion by Nicholas Berdiaeff. Under *Les Evénements et les Hommes* our attention is caught by a laconic showing-up of one aspect of Big Business, its irresponsibility. An entertaining extract from the procès-verbal of the Oustric Inquiry speaks for itself; the director's pathetic ignorance of what the *Omnium industriel* was about, his air of injured innocence. *L'Echo de Paris*, a newspaper with Catholic support, also falls under criticism as a specialist in jingoism. So, too, *Candide*, one of the *laquais de forges*.

Is it mortifying for an Englishman to observe for how little *l'anglo-saxon* counts in a French review that calls itself international? But perhaps this is meant to be a French Number.

N.W.T.G.

JESUS AND HIS APOSTLES. By Felix Klein. Translated by W. P. Baines. With a prefatory letter by H.E. Cardinal Verdier. (Longmans, Green & Co.; pp. xi-363; 10/6.)

Each new book about the Gospels raises the old question of books about books. For the Gospels are almost submerged under an ever rising flood of literature, and after all, as Père Lagrange wrote, 'c'est à eux qu'il faudra toujours revenir.' The question is wholly good, because it forces people to keep things in perspective. It has been said that the purpose of writing about the great authors is the removal of obstacles to an aesthetic experience. It might be said that the object of all books about the Gospels should be to remove obstacles to a religious experience ('les évangiles,' says Père Lagrange again,