

We may not have seen the full corpus of the *nouvelle vague*, but we have at least now seen enough to know that this is a small revolution in the present-day cinema, and if enterprising young directors here can summon up the courage to make films free from commercial ligatures and alive with a passionate desire to explore human nature and not to exploit it, films as exhilarating could come out of England too.

MARYVONNE BUTCHER

FRENCH OPINION

DANILO DOLCI is the latest title in the admirable *Tout le Monde en Parle* series of paper-backs on contemporary controversies (Editions du Cerf, 330 francs). Jean Steinmann, best known hitherto for his biblical studies, gives an informed account of the Sicilian reformer, with extracts from his writings. He shows how radical a challenge to the corruption and poverty of the South is Dolci's weapon of non-violence. His methods 'have not sprung from a metaphysic, but are born of a moral need: that of bringing the Sicilian people out of a rut. Dolci knows very well that the most perfect planning can easily fail so long as men have not changed. The habit of reading, of work, of keeping clean, of settling disputes by discussion rather than by the knife, can't be improvised. It is the fruit of a personal and social education. In the best sense of the word, Dolci's method is a humanism.' Dolci has broken with the Church, and Abbé Steinmann comments:

'He wants the Sicilian people to give up killing, to free their women folk, to learn to work, to educate their children, to dig themselves out of their Asiatic poverty. He looks in Christian sanctity for the moral life rather than for miracles. It is only in the North of Italy, he says, that moral saints are venerated: the crowds in the South go after miracle-workers.'

COLLECTIVE SIN was the principal subject of last summer's International Catholic Conversations at San Sebastian, and *La Revue de L'Action Populaire* underlines the distinction there made between sin properly so called (always personal) and 'the adhesion of depersonalized masses of people to value judgments which are objectively false and which are imposed by social pressures and systematic propaganda, by the press and mechanised means of communication'. In *Etudes* (November), commenting on the distinction, Robert Rouquette remarks that in this context 'personal fault consists above all in an accepted passivity, in the abdication of the critical sense, in the renunciation of a healthy freedom of judgment'.

INTEGRISME is an almost untranslatable French term for ecclesiastical authoritarianism, and, in the political order, for an identification of national interest with the Catholic Church. In an article in *Esprit*, Madeleine Garrigou-Lagrange (who has a surname renowned in quite different contexts) discusses the revival of views which are substantially those of the former *Action Française*, with its use of the Church as a political necessity and the guarantor of threatened institutions. The tragedy of Algeria has provided integrist propagandists with plenty of opportunity to draw their usual moral, and Mlle Garrigou-Lagrange comments:

'It is the eternal problem of "dirty hands", with the astonishing corollary

(Editions du Cerf, 600 francs), should be a sufficient answer. In it, Père Marcel Ducos, writing from a long experience, discusses the immense obstacles to the Church's mission in an industrialized society. He avoids debates on abstract 'problems', though he is intensely aware of the sociological factors that so profoundly affect the lives of those the Church is seeking. 'The working-class world' is a concept, an idea. You never meet "the working-class" in the street. You meet a working man, who has a name, who has a family and who lives in this street and works in that factory. It's not "the working class" that is hungry or is insecure, but working men whom we know.' Whatever else may be accomplished, personal knowledge and personal love are possible, and Père Ducos pleads for these.

LA REVUE DE SCIENCES PHILOSOPHIQUES ET THÉOLOGIQUES is only one example among many of the wealth of specialized French reviews, having, one must suppose, a very limited public but able each quarter to publish some two hundred pages of articles and surveys which are invaluable for scholars. It is published 'with the help of the National Centre of Scientific Research', and it includes in its latest issue an important study by V. de Couesnongle of 'The notion of general virtue in St Thomas Aquinas', notes on Luther's conception of the Mass and on the present status of apologetics, as well as comprehensive bulletins of recent work in medieval history and dogmatic theology.

At a very different level of usefulness, INFORMATIONS CATHOLIQUES INTERNATIONALES provides each fortnight an invaluable survey of the Church's mission in the contemporary world. From oil in the Sahara to proposals to revise the Index, the documentation is lively and accurate, and preparations for the forthcoming Council give special value to this truly Catholic survey of the world the Church exists to serve and sanctify.

REVIEWS

THE LIFE OF RONALD KNOX. By Evelyn Waugh. (Chapman and Hall; 30s.)

For four hundred years biography has been incomparably the most popular form of English Catholic historiography, but this is the first time since Roper's *Life of More* that one has been written by a master of English prose. Inevitably it is admirably constructed; a superficially uneventful life is given the qualities of a drama. But it is also objective. There was probably a great deal of Mr Purcell in his *Cardinal Manning*, there was a very great deal of Mr Snead-Cox in his *Cardinal Vaughan* and of Mr Ernest Oldmeadow in his *Cardinal Bourne*. There is nothing of Mr Evelyn Waugh in his *Ronald Knox*.

Perhaps there were two elements in Mgr Knox that Mr Waugh might have emphasized. The first was the peculiar quality of his memory, intensely vivid but apparently fed directly from his senses. He had a poor memory for historic dates, as I learnt when I was helping with background work for *Don's Delight*. He asserted that he had no memory for addresses. As Chaplain at Oxford his memory for both Christian and surnames was erratic. Once he had associated a wrong name with a particular face he could seldom rid himself of the error; thus there was an undergraduate named 'Jamie' whom