

in an historical and doctrinal context from which it is difficult to isolate them. If this is the least original part of Canon Kelly's book, at least it must be admitted that he has succeeded in making it not unworthy of the rest of his fine exposition. I am sorry that from this point onwards he has leaned so heavily on classifications which are traditional but misleading. For instance, the distinction of 'western' and 'eastern' traditions is largely artificial. Two pointers to this may be indicated. Novatian in his *De Trinitate* is so close to 'eastern' theologians that often enough his book looks like a translation from the Greek. In the controversies of the two Dionysius, it is amazing to notice how much the problem is approached by both sides according to the same pattern: how to reconcile plurality in the heart of the One. Origen's solution of the transcending unity of the Father alone does not enter as a factor. If Canon Kelly had been critical of such an arbitrary classification, his description of the *Filioque* question would perhaps have been clearer.

However, all the verve of the first chapters is recaptured in the study of the Apostles' Creed and likewise in that of the introduction of the Nicaeno-Constantinopolitan creed into the liturgy. These topics are of the greatest interest alike for the Church historian, the theologian and the liturgist. Here again one notices to what an extent Providence makes contingencies and the human factor plays a part in achieving the greatest good of the Church. After so many dry or aggressive works on the Creed, Canon Kelly's calm Christianity and scientific candour offer an attractive invitation to a consideration in the directly theological order.

HENRI DE RIEDMATTEN, O.P.

TRADITION OF FREEDOM. By Georges Bernanos. (Dobson; 8s. 6d.)

As I read this, the last book of Bernanos, that great modern prophet, the first line of a poem of Henri de Regnier repeated itself in my mind — 'Les grands vents venus d'outremer . . .'. To review Bernanos is to try to catch the west wind in a penny whistle. This book must be read and allowed to sweep the soul clean from the poisonous dust of the Machine Age.

'A world won to Technique is lost to Freedom.' This phrase is the key to the rest of the argument. Bernanos holds that what the modern world means by the word 'progress' is the perfecting of technique and the increasing subordination of man to its requirements. Dictatorship is the inevitable consequence, whether exercised by one man or by a so-called social democracy. Dictators do not drop from heaven. 'They are an emanation of the masses', for 'servitude is a vice that goes as deep into the nature of man as lust.' This lust for slavery is encouraged

by the colossal stupidity which for Bernanos is the 'chief cause of man's corruption', a stupidity seen at its most abject in the modern rootless intellectual. 'Experience taught me long ago that the fool is never simple and very rarely ignorant.'

Like Gill, Bernanos sees total war as the characteristic mark of our time, particularly in its divorce from morality and individual responsibility. 'A collective group has no conscience.' 'We are not witnessing the natural passing of a great human civilisation, we are witnessing the birth of a new, inhuman civilisation which can only be established by a vast, an immense, a universal sterilising of the higher human values of life.'

If this book does not shake our complacency nothing will. The anonymous translator has conveyed the full impetus of Bernanos' mind in an English as pure and vigorous as the original French.

R.F.T.

DREAM AND REALITY. An Essay in Autobiography. By Nicholas Berdyaev. (Geoffrey Bles; 30s.)

This astonishing book fits into no known category. Although it is probably more courageously self-searching and more devastatingly candid than any autobiography ever written, it is certainly no ordinary autobiography, nor even an extraordinary one. Berdyaev sets out to create something *sui generis*, which he describes as 'an attempt to discover the meaning of life within a biographical framework'. Few will put it down without discovering, if not the meaning of life, at least something rather shabby, trivial, and even a trifle dishonest, in most of the self-portraits of the past, and perhaps in any they may have painted of themselves. However much we must disagree with many of Berdyaev's views, and however little we may sympathise with many sides of his personality, we can hardly fail to find this a humbling and cathartic book.

The book, difficult to describe, is impossible to review. We cannot judge the book without judging the man, and perhaps no book shows more clearly that we cannot judge a fellow-man without judging ourselves. It would be easy to dogmatise about his dogmas (so thinly veiled beneath his passionate anti-dogmatism), easy to moralise about his morals, easier still to expose the naive illusions which escape his ruthless self-criticism. Perhaps the profoundest human judgment that could be passed on him is that which he ascribes to 'a reactionary Russian bishop' who called him 'the captive of freedom'. The book is full, of course, of his passion for freedom, but gives us never a hint that he was for a moment aware of the captivity.

It is not only *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* that forbids facile judgment,