

through the streets in a car, I can as a pastor who happens to be on the scene do more than merely console, or bury those who have been run over. I must jump in front of the car, and stop it.'

But if all died gladly, and only some did so because they had openly opposed Hitler, almost all understood why their very existence was a danger to the Fuehrer. It was, as Count Moltke wrote, the struggle of a few men who believed that the morality and freedom in the Christian tradition could not be swept away by some new-fangled, racial 'morality' and a totalitarian system called Nazism. Freisler, the Judge of the men of the 20th June, recognized this in his famous interchange with Moltke, the man condemned for thinking alone. 'Herr Graf', he said, 'we Nazis and Christianity resemble each other in one respect, and one respect only. Both of us claim the whole man. From whom do you take your orders, Herr Graf, from the Fuehrer, or from God?' For all the men and women whose last writings are collected here, there was only one possible answer.

This collection should be read by all, and especially by those of us who feign despair at the 'European Malaise' in what cynical and godless people often call a cynical and godless age. The freedom and happiness attained by people in the knowledge of certain death, their ability to feel joy at the sight of an autumn cloud, at a half-remembered snatch of a Beethoven tune, or the discovery of a laurel leaf floating in the prison soup, and above all, their absolute lack of bitterness, is intensely moving. None of all the letters is more so than the swan-song of Kim, the cabin-boy, as he tells his beloved ones not to grieve for one moment . . . 'my person will soon be forgotten, but the thought, the life, the inspiration that filled me will live on. You will meet them everywhere, in the trees at spring time, in people who cross your path, in a loving little smile.' Though they had to die, their spiritual inheritance, their faith in the ultimate power of the good in life, lived on. Not one of them ever doubted it.

CARLA M. WARTENBERG

MAZZINI. By Gaetano Salvemini. (Jonathan Cape; 18s.)

MAZZINI AND THE SECRET SOCIETIES. By E. E. Y. Hales. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 30s.)

Giuseppe Mazzini, the great protagonist of the Italian people's historic struggle for independence, unity and regeneration, was indeed a noble soul, the word taken in its slightly pathetic Victorian sense, but he was not, in any meaning of the term, a great thinker. All through his life, emotion was the master of his intellect. What he had to say was the outpouring of an overflowing heart, not the product of a calm and controlled mind. In the great slogan which he fashioned

for Garibaldi's legions—'God and the People'—neither the word 'God' nor the word 'people' had a very clear signification. It is true that he always asserted that he believed in a personal god; but his writings show only too plainly that he was in fact a pantheist. By 'the people' he meant at different times very different things: sometimes the nation, at other times the lower classes, then again the middle classes, and sometimes even the intelligentsia. Preaching based on such foggy notions can indeed be quite effective for a while; but it has no claim on the attention of later generations.

Nevertheless, Mazzini's system of ideas is not without lasting interest. We can see wherein this interest consists if we compare it with the kindred philosophy of his greater contemporary, Auguste Comte. Both Comte and Mazzini asserted that man is essentially a religious animal; that he cannot, for any length of time, live without worshipping; but that his religion must now, in the age of science, be rational, whatever it may have been in the past. There is no revelation that is given once and for all, be it in a sacred life, be it in a sacred book; there is only a progressive revelation in and through history, and the historical churches have failed to keep up with it. A new age is at hand in the history of the race, the specifically social age, and this will bring a new faith and a new cult, displacing both Catholicism and Protestantism in one great sweep. A new divine being would be adored in the future—Humanity. Comte meant by this the animal species *homo sapiens*; what Mazzini meant is not quite so clear. But it is not the agreements between Mazzini and Comte that are so interesting; it is rather their disagreements. Comte condemned both democracy and the national state; Mazzini could not think of these two things without feeling a hot wave of emotion passing through his frame.

For Comte democracy is a fatuous system because it assumes that the less enlightened are able to choose the more enlightened for political office—that the blind can pick out those who are less blind than themselves. Mazzini, on the other hand, believed that the people would and could never go wrong. *Vox populi, vox dei*. Comte wanted to wipe the traditional nation-state from the face of the earth. As long as such mighty political structures exist, peace will never be secure. And then the nation-state is too large a unit to allow a political life based on the warmth of neighbourly feelings. Better dissolve the great countries of Europe and replace them by neighbourhood-units comprising only a city and its environment. To Mazzini, the state is everything. It is the holiest of all communities, the one which has a just claim on our love, our life, our all. Indeed—and here we come to the core of the Mazzinian quasi-theology—the nation-state is the

carrier of salvation. And among the states of the *orbis terrarum*, the Italian state is the holiest of all, for it is called to *initiate* the work of salvation; the Italian people is the herald-people. Crucified in the past, it will rise triumphant on a new Easter day, and its rise in glory will be the sunrise for all unredeemed nations.

This was Mazzini's peculiar *mystique*. It is important to note—though neither of the two authors has done so—that it finds an exact parallel in the doctrine of the Polish patriotic poet Adam Mickiewicz. Polish history has been a pilgrimage; Polish suffering a sacrifice for all mankind; the dismemberment of the Polish state a Golgotha, its coming reconstitution a breaking of the bonds of death. Whence these ideas? Mazzini and Mickiewicz represent, inside the Catholic culture-area, the spirit of that nationalistic messianism—let us say it frankly, of that fake messianism—which has long characterized stretches of, and parties in, Russian and English history. They claimed for their home-lands the privilege, often asserted on the Moskva and on the Thames, to be the seat of the true gospel, of the messianic people, from which the true message will go out to all the nations. They tried to replace the vision of a *pax Britannica* by that of a *pax Italica* or *Polonica*. It is supremely characteristic of Mazzini that, like some Russian theologians, he operates with the concept of the 'third Rome'. To the Orthodox the first Rome was the Rome along the Tiber, the second Rome Byzantium, the third Muscovy; to Mazzini it was always upon the seven hills that salvation centred, but there were three Romes all the same—that of the Caesars on the Capitol; that of the Pontiffs in the Vatican; and the coming Rome of the People whose seat will be in between the other two—in the Pantheon from which the New Faith will shine forth over all the nations of the globe.

It is hardly unfair to Mazzini to call this a caricature of religion. Gaetano Salvemini's book gives us an instructive picture of the man's thought, a thought all aflame, but burning to no purpose. Mr Hales, though he, too, has an excellent chapter on Mazzini's theology, concentrates on another aspect of this curious phenomenon. He shows us Mazzini in action, the conspirator who more than once planned the murder of a king or the invasion of a country. Passionate and inspiring passion on all sides, he collected around him disciples willing to do anything and everything for the cause, to brave exile, imprisonment and even death. A man who could do this must have been of more than common stature. Max Weber would undoubtedly have counted him among the charismatic personalities, the potential saints. And, indeed, he seems to have had, initially, some of the makings of a saint. Yet his personality developed into a caricature of sainthood just as his religious teaching did into a caricature of the sacred science. Why

did he go so horribly wrong? The answer to this question surely is that saintliness in life and soundness in doctrine condition each other: a wrong head will spoil a good heart and vice versa. It was the tragedy of Mazzini's career, such as it is revealed to us in these two excellent books, that in his case the one dragged down the other until in the end there remained little sense in his theory and little charity in his practice. There can be few spectacles more melancholy to behold.

W. STARK

CINÉMA, FOI ET MORALE. By René Ludmann, C.S.S.R. (Editions du Cerf; n.p.)

This is an absorbing piece of work on the influence of the cinema on the world of today; written, it is true, from the French point of view but also, because it is French, lucid and extremely realistic.

Fr Ludmann divides his enquiry into three parts: the cinema and its influence on moral behaviour and, he tells us, what he means by morality is what is generally understood by the term—order, loyalty, goodness and purity—qualities equally, if negatively, asserted by the production code's veto against crime, falsehood, gangsterdom, adultery and so on; secondly, the influence of the cinema on faith (which is so much more important than morality); and finally, and perhaps most fascinating to the ordinary film-enthusiast, he devotes his last section—and illustrates it, too—to what he calls 'type-films': the anti-religious film, the a-religious film, films with spiritual value where we can be proud to find *Brief Encounter* given very high marks indeed, and then the truly Christian film, of which he cites two. One is Bresson's *Journal d'un Curé de Campagne*, and the other is Rouquier's *Lourdes et ses Miracles* which, when I saw it in Lourdes itself, was given an introduction of such unveiled hostility by the priest in charge of the free performance, that I should now very much enjoy hearing a discussion between him and Fr Ludmann on what the really Christian film should be.

From start to finish of his study, Fr Ludmann is eager to emphasize the universality of the cinema; the fact, for instance, that where ten adults may come to Mass in a village, fifty more will turn up to the same priest's mobile cinema-show; that whereas the figures for those practising their religion are reckoned to be something like fifteen to twenty per cent of the population, in France perhaps sixty-four per cent will go to the cinema twice a month. For religion to neglect this potent instrument, to despise or underestimate its hold, or to dismiss it without careful examination would be criminal folly. Though he advances a formidable list of potential moral dangers in the film—some rare, some only too common—he is refreshingly dubious about the