

translator evidently gave up in the attributions (which are anyhow extremely capricious and inadequate). No attempt has been made to give equivalent English sources where available. From *The Hound of Heaven* three long sections (twenty-eight lines in all) have been omitted without any typographic sign, which makes one wonder if other passages have been treated similarly.

Father Merton's book is sober, straightforward and well-written, and although addressed to religious is of value to laymen, for, as he and Archbishop Bloom both say, 'we will never be anything else but beginners [in prayer] all our life'. He is concerned to restore the early Christian unity between public and private prayer, the liturgy and contemplation, and although he recognizes a modern split between the two, and traces very clearly its historical growth, sees the healing as implicit in the Benedictine vocation, in the prayer of the heart as the fountain of *all* activity. He goes on to speak of the dangers as well as of the heights of the contemplative life in a manner to inspire the layman with thankfulness for the continued existence of houses of dedicated prayer wherein the battles of the spirit are fought out without quarter for the whole world.

It is therefore saddening to turn to *The Experience of Prayer*, written by two Bene-

dictines who seem to have turned their backs on their inheritance, and to offer us instead of the nourishment we might expect from their calling and the title of their book, very thin gruel indeed. Father Moore gives us ten pages of text on prayer—'remarks that . . . tend to be addressed to young girls'—followed by twenty-eight pages of poetry. Father Maguire gives us twelve of prose, largely about himself, and twenty-nine of poetry, much of it introduced by further autobiographical notes. Father Moore writes, with breath-taking arrogance, 'how little guidance for prayer there is in what has been written on the subject so far', and one must suppose that this book is intended to supply our want.

The authors admit that their poems mean a lot to *them*, but even if they were very good poems, which they are not, poetry is not prayer except in the sense that all honest work is a form of prayer, and all forms of art most especially so. The blurb says that this is the first time the 'actual experience of what prayer is like' has been described. Well, really, I mean to say. . . . The book is subjective, emotional and diffuse. As the blurb again says, in a different context, 'those who don't like it that way will not want this book'.

KATHERINE WATSON

MADLY SINGING IN THE MOUNTAINS, edited by Ivan Morris. *George Allen & Unwin*, London, 1970. 403 pp. 70s.

Many of the first reviewers of Professor Morris's *Appreciation and Anthology* of the work of Arthur Waley have been able to claim personal acquaintance with this unusual and strangely inaccessible man and to add some tiny anecdote to the more memorable store gathered together here, of which the editor's own essay is understandably the longest. It may be doubted if anything more closely resembling a biography will ever be able to be written. The reminiscences of his friends sufficiently explain why, and even Professor Morris, who came to him as an admiring student, confesses that 'for all Waley's warmth and generosity, he struck me as rather intimidating. On occasion his usual affability would give way to an air of dignified remoteness, which made one feel (no doubt correctly) that one was wasting his time.' It is evident that Waley was one of those gifted 'loners' who let no one get really close to certain areas of their being. Among the fine collection of photographs in this volume—a pleasing contrast to

the decidedly ghoulish portrait published with *The Times* obituary—there is one of the young Waley on a lone walking tour in Spain that haunts the mind. There is certainly no physical resemblance, yet one is somehow compelled to note a mysterious affinity of spirit with the character of T. E. Lawrence.

As the preface tells us, a number of pieces, including a long and fascinating BBC interview with Roy Fuller and several Japanese poems, are published here for the first time. Since the book's publication, a letter from the editor to *The Times Literary Supplement* has revealed that the sound recordings of Waley's voice have now been scandalously destroyed, so that it is only as the author of forty books, more than eighty articles and about one hundred book reviews that Waley can still speak to us. It is, indeed, frightening to think that of a scholar of whom it can justly be said that 'in the breadth of his interests and knowledge he was a Renaissance man' a generation may soon be asking, if it

knows his name at all: 'Who was Arthur Waley?' Yet, if some of us in our middle years had to make an anatomy of our minds, surely what Waley did to form our thinking and our sensibility would be singularly significant. *The Way and Its Power* and *Three Ways of Thought in Ancient China* were seed books, and can one remember a time when Po Chü-i was not among one's familiar spirits? It is from one of his poems that the volume appropriately takes its title. It is, incidentally, comforting to find another admirer of Waley besides oneself who 'happened not to like' *Monkey*. But many of the things one would have wanted to see, like *The Lady Who Loved Insects*, are there, and the various extracts will lead one back to the larger volumes.

In his interview with Roy Fuller Waley admitted to being aware of having occurred at the right moment to combine the double gifts of being a scholar and an authentic poet in the distinguished manner he did through a long life of hours of hard and fastidious work every day. As he says: 'I think it can only happen

when scholarship is in a rudimentary state as it was as regards Chinese in the days when I started. As it becomes more and more academically minute, the more difficult it is to combine the two roles. There weren't the same standards about having looked at every single edition and being familiar with every commentary and all that sort of thing. I couldn't now do work which would satisfy the young Americans.' But how long will it be before the methods of the young Americans give us the spiritual equivalent of what Waley gave us? Some concluding remarks in his notes on translation published in 1958 breathe the atmosphere of a period of privilege and individuality that will not soon come again. 'I think it is natural that anyone should prefer his own translations. After all he has made them to the measure of his own tastes and sensibilities and it is as natural that he should prefer them to other people's as it is that he should prefer to walk in his own shoes.' There are fewer of us who know how to make such shoes than there were.

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