

dramatic consequences: in II 8 *quidni* is translated “why” instead of “why not”, and in III 81 half a double negative has vanished (“does not apply” should be “does apply”). There is a curious mistake, resulting in strange nonsense, in I 14: “let such businessmen embarrass you” should be “be embarrassed by you” (*erubescant vultum tuum*), and similarly in II 23 *te latere nolim* oddly becomes “I do not wish you to conceal”. There is a peculiar bit of nonsense towards the end of II 20, and in two places where Bernard’s language obviously derives ultimately from Parmenides there is an evident reluctance to translate straightforwardly (I 10 and V 29). And it is very misleading to put “My God is universal” in V 16 for *meus Deus ipse catholice est* (my God is totally himself), and the note does not really help matters. There are one or two other places where the translation is not quite felicitous. These blemishes are surprising and distressing in what is otherwise a first class piece of translating.

The introduction is useful, though brief; the notes, many of them comments on the latin style, are of mixed quality; one, in particular, on Bernard’s use of scriptural echoes (p 199) is frankly fantastic. If we are meant to interpret Bernard seriously in the light of the scriptural context of his echoes, what would we make, for instance, of his delightfully mordant *dies dei eructat lites* (I 4)?

CF 9 is one of the delayed volumes. It is, in effect, a new edition of William of St Thierry’s *Enigma of Faith*, by John Anderson, on the basis of his doctoral dissertation; and it really needs the latin text to complete it. It is a difficult and often technical work, an important monument of twelfth century speculative theology, concerned specially with epistem-

ology and theological use of language; on the whole Anderson has served us very well. The translation is usually excellent, once again one is surprised to meet a number of strange errors, some of which seriously upset the sense: for instance, four times on pages 38-9 the relationship between vision of God and likeness to him has been reversed; on p 56 William preposterously claims to know “what it is that the Father is”, whereas all he really said was “that he [God] is, and that he is Father etc”; the construction is misunderstood on p 74, in the middle of section 42 (the paragraphs are different from those in Davy, and there is unfortunately no concordance provided); on p 88 *quomodo-cumque* is nonsensically translated “in some way or other”, on p 101 the curious statement “the Word is said to have been made in time, because God is with God” is due solely to taking a relative *quod* as meaning “because”. The charming “beautifying grace” of p 68 is, alas, merely a misprint for “beatifying”.

The most exciting feature of this edition, however, is the claim made in the introduction and cogently substantiated in the notes, that, contrary to the prevailing opinion, William cannot be shown unambiguously to display any direct knowledge of the Greek fathers, but does draw on a wider range of Latin fathers than had previously been supposed, and can be shown to depend on previously unnoticed latin sources for ideas generally ascribed to Greek influence. I cannot pronounce a verdict, but it certainly looks as if there is a strong case here to be answered; and if Anderson is right, then our picture of William must become significantly different.

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THE CHURCH OF IRELAND 1869-1969, (Studies in Irish History X) by R.B. McDowell. Routledge and Kegan Paul. London and Boston. 1975. 157 + xpp. £3.75.

One thing immediately strikes the reader of this short history of the Church of Ireland during the first century of its existence as a disestablished church by Dr R.B. McDowell and that is the proportions of its parts, a long account of the prelude to disestablishment in 1869, of that traumatic experience itself and of the readjust-

ment necessary afterwards, and what seems a brief account of the next hundred years. Dr McDowell in his introduction justifies this brevity by commenting that it is “the peaceful and uneventful history of a church which has been neither rent asunder by schisms nor distressed by heresies”. He contends that it has been a

unifying force in Irish life as the church of all thirty-two counties, centred firmly on Dublin, which leads perhaps to an archaic view of the church's position. Its peaceful life through the political turmoil of modern Irish history is surprising, and yet perhaps understandable in the light of the conservative tendencies in Irish life till recent times. However one wonders whether Dr McDowell could have kept his opinions had he dealt more fully with the sixties and continued after 1969. There is evidence of considerable tension between the sections of the church in Northern Ireland and in the Republic, especially since the beginning of the present troubles in 1969. The different social and economic contexts of the church in the two areas cannot leave it unaffected.

The coincidence of social, economic and political divisions with religious is one of the marks of Irish society. Dr McDowell's examination of the spread of membership of the Church of Ireland socially and geographically gives one the impression that we are dealing with a class or party, rather than a church. He has indeed considerable justification and his work is intriguing and revealing. We see the organisation of the church, its machinery, its finances, its general decrease in numbers in the south and west and its concentration in and around Belfast. It also shows us the almost miraculous generosity and loyalty of its members, especially at the time of disestablishment. Perhaps that loyalty explains why, as Dr McDowell says, the church's "spirit was not very venturesome. It did not need to be". It is significant that only recently have Irish churches distinguished between nominal membership and church attendance.

If one is looking for the feel of the church as a believing, worshipping, loving community one finds it in somewhat incidental points made by the author. For example, there is in the Church of Ireland "a great respect for order and decorum". It had "a distaste for extremes". Since the majority of the clergy received their training in the Divinity School of Trinity College, Dublin, that school, "whose intellectual climate changed slowly", was a strong unifying influence. Of Archbishop Gregg, who dominated the Church of Ireland for many years, Dr McDowell refers to his

high church sympathies after an evangelical upbringing and to his "Anglo-Irish distaste for ceremonial exuberance". There is a strong tradition in the Church of Ireland of a high church ecclesiology combined with an almost Victorian anti-Tractarian hatred of certain forms of ritualism. Yet its worship is often ritually formal. The result is a tension. One can see it in an interest in the Caroline Anglican fathers. Dr McDowell notes how long it took to allow a cross on or near the altar. He does not remark that one still can only use candles to give illumination.

The time of disestablishment in 1869 has marked the Church of Ireland. Its organisation is parliamentary. Archbishop Trench was afraid of the Irish laity. In every ecclesiastical body there are still two laymen to one cleric. Protests prevented Fr Dolling and Charles Gore visiting Derry. Dr McDowell does not mention how Bishop Moorman could not visit Belfast—though perhaps there the main opposition was from outside the church. Talking of the non-Roman Catholic episcopal churches in Spain and Portugal Archbishop Knox said that "he could not bring himself to turn his back on any movement which results on coming out from the Church of Rome".

Two main criticisms can be made of this book. The first is perhaps more a query—for whom is it intended? Presumably its publishers do not intend it only for Irish readers, and yet it leaves much unexplained for an outsider. One may quote two minor points. The author refers to the provost's house (with no capitals), which does not convey that it is the Provost's House of Trinity College. He also refers to the "regium donum" and the "Maynooth grant" without explanation. The second is much more serious. There is no account at all of the religious climate in Ireland in the last hundred years. The Church of Ireland could be living in a religious and theological vacuum. That church may well live a self-conscious, self-centred life, but it cannot be unaffected by the overwhelming presence of the Roman Catholic Church around it in its Irish form. Almost the only real reference Dr McDowell makes to relations with that church is to the gift by the Church of Ireland of a small disused church. He does

not mention the Glenstal meetings which began inter-church relations, nor the disastrous public meeting in the sixties in the Dublin Mansion House. In a very real sense the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland and the Church of Ireland are marked by a common Irishness and they affect one another by action and reaction. In the index there is no reference to any non-anglican church.

One must mention three errors (typographical?). The Spanish rite is Mozarabic, not Moza rubric. The great bishop of Durham was Hensley, not Henley, Henson. Presumably (p 138) it is Gregg's pulpit, not pupil, style, which is referred to. Perhaps one can draw attention to the claim of the Church of Ireland Board of Educa-

tion that English is the language of the Bible.

The Church of Ireland was, and still is, a small, closely knit, uniform branch of the Anglican communion, proudly conscious of its character and ethos. Through its members, clerical and lay, who have gone overseas, it has exerted great influence. Dr McDowell's book gives us an explanation of its structure and history, but its character as a church is less clear. A future historian, too, will need to deal in the detail with which he covers the period a hundred years ago with the period leading up to the present turmoil and questioning.

F. E. VOKES

JUNG AND THE STORY OF OUR TIME, by Laurens van der Post. *Hogarth Press*, London, 1976. xii & 275 pp. £5.50.

A book about Jung with so much about Laurens van der Post himself? This might be the reaction of many readers of this book. Yet to feel the author's presence like this would be to misunderstand both the spirit and the structure of the book. Its spirit is that of a personal encounter and friendship between two kindred souls who happened to be men of great human stature, whilst its structure is that of Jung presented as the response to the dire questions and necessities of our time, with Laurens van der Post as the interpreter of our time—whence the title.

On this view, the book forms a coherent whole: beginning with a self-introduction by the author and the articulation of his own intimations, intuitions and deep disquiets about our time, the book follows on with an evocation rather than an exposition of what the author sees to be the similar but also more compellingly comprehensive and sustainedly pursued insights of his friend and subject, seen first in his geographical and historical setting and then in the inner adventure and quest of his personal holy grail of ideas and discoveries. The book is therefore first and foremost an exercise in sympathy, in which we are all invited to share, and this is why the book is what it is: not scientific and systematic so much as intuitive and empathetic. It is an interpretation of Jung in the spirit and sometimes in the very terms of Jung, but only in so

far as the author is pre-attuned (pre-associated, he might say himself) to Jung as a human being.

Granted this approach—which makes for a book refreshingly free of jargon and the clutter of technicalities—one cannot justifiably quarrel with either the pervasiveness of Laurens van der Post himself or with his perspective on Jung. What one can on this basis quarrel with, however, is as it were, the two polar terms of this study: the author's interpretation of the 'story of our time' and his estimate of Jung's response to the needs of our time. And personally I should find matter to quarrel with in both respects.

In regard to the former point, my quarrel would not be so much with the author's thesis but with the inadequacy of his formulation of it. To the extent that I catch it, I find it momentous and searching, but I can only catch at it as one might catch at a fly, since the author suffers from a tantalising but often infuriating lack of rigour of thought, of which the often defective syntax (see, for instance, the first two sentences of the last paragraph of page 113) and the overblown style are but two tell-tale symptoms. To put it more precisely, he suggests vividly enough a sense of the death-dealing dislocations of our time, and he does so in terms of three vital polarities—the polarities of primitive/civilised, masculine/feminine, conscious/unconscious. Nevertheless