

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

he neither states how these polarities are related to each other, nor defines them with any clarifying precision. For Laurens van der Post himself, it is the polarity of masculine/feminine which seems to be the most important one (I have counted at least 33 references to it in one shape or another) and yet is expressed at its worst with such a generalised allusiveness (see, e.g. page 260, *in fine*) as to be empty of meaning.

In regard to the second point noted above, despite frequent insistence by the author on the immense warmth of his humanity, Jung is presented as a heroic figure of gigantic stature. And just one index of the ambiguity, let alone the dubiety, of this claim is the confusion of statements the author makes about Jung's religious position. He is presented now as a convinced Christian, even, in his own words, as 'a determined old Protestant of the left' (page 238), now as a new religious messiah beyond and outside the discredited and outworn religious adherence of past or present (see, e.g. pages 106, 151, 191, 212, 225, 238-239, 266, 272). (The question even these references raise would make the subject of another fascinating and overdue book: Was Jung a Christian? And, if so, of what sort: heretical or gnostic perhaps?)

The book is therefore short on new facts and thinking, long on suggestiveness and intuition, and it will appeal accordingly. It thereby incidentally supports rather than corrects a tendency towards disembodied mystification in the master him-

self by which only too many people nowadays are easily caught. The very warmth and compassionate poetry of the book which is one of its most attractive features may therefore well detract from the real service which Jung's pioneering achievement now arguably calls for, and that is a sustained and astringent intellectual criticism.

In the final analysis, however, what may be the chief merit and truly saving grace of this book is something that lies at its very heart and which for that very reason is as invisible but as pervasive as the most subtle perfume. Laurens van der Post mentions casually that his wife was a patient and pupil of Toni Wolff, and this fact suggests another of those many 'synchronicities' or sympathies between Laurens van der Post and Jung. For the most original and important, as well as the finest because most delicately intuitive and movingly sensitive passage of the entire book is about the relationship between Jung and Toni Wolff in the chapter 'Errant and Adventure'. And Laurens van der Post tells us that Jung's monument to this, his most intimate collaborator, was to carve on a stone the testimony that she was 'the fragrance of the house' (page 178). It is in a surely more than coincidental way that one feels about Laurens van der Post's own book about Jung that his own wife, the disciple of Toni Wolff, is its secret soul, the fragrance that exudes from the very cracks of his imperfect vessel.

MARCUS LEFEBURE O.P.

AQUARIUS, Number 9, 1977, 60p.

Aquarius, the literary magazine enterprisingly edited by Eddie S Linden, has been struggling along for some time now on a shoestring, but this latest issue, with financial support from the Greater London Arts Association, seems to signal the possibility of a breakthrough. It's an interesting, if notably uneven selection of short stories, poems and reviews, all prefaced by a rambling, eccentric editorial which reads less like a polemical position than a series of nebulous disconnected grouches about 'the incredible and disgraceful state of affairs into which the Patronage of English Literature may sink'. If that kind of prose

is anything to go by, the disgraceful state of affairs is already with us. The editorial also has some approving remarks to make about Auberon Waugh, which is hardly auspicious. But then things get rather better: John Molloy contributes a neat little short story with the brilliant title of 'Not another bloody Irish short story', and only a minority of the thirty or so poems which follow are plain bad. Revered names like Seamus Heaney, Norman McCaig and Ted Hughes (whose contribution falls heavily into the plain bad category) are mixed in with less well-known poets; and the issue finishes up with a set of reviews, several of