

more satisfactory view, to the effect that man is 'eccentric', that is to say basically orientated towards something beyond himself. Feuerbach and Berkeley are criticised, though with a great deal of sympathy and appreciation, for their ultimately misguided though permanently interesting efforts to resolve the dilemma in terms of one of its limbs; Feuerbach reducing mind to a function of body, Berkeley body to a function of mind. The thought of primitive peoples, of archaic Greek philosophy, and of the Biblical authors is efficiently ransacked for a better solution to the problem; and modern physiologists, existentialists, and linguistic philosophers are also laid under contribution. (It is excellent that the inquiry is not confined to 'philosophy' in the restricted sense; this would have been a sure way of getting nothing useful done.) St Augustine, in spite of the strong dualistic element in his thought, turns out to have been on the right lines after all in his conception of man as being in essence *in via* towards God. Once this central characteristic of man, as being through and through becoming, intentional or directed being, is firmly grasped, body and soul may be understood as different aspects of this whole, to be abstracted for certain limited purposes. The doctor, for instance, may well have to understand his patient as a mere

aggregate of organic compounds in prescribing medicine for him; harm is done only when you pose insoluble problems by understanding man as a body, and then trying to work out how the soul is attached; or conceiving him as a soul, and then wondering through what unfortunate mischance and by means of what ingenious linking mechanism he has to lug a body around.

I should like to have had some appraisal of the results of psychical research in their bearings on this problem; though the implications of the findings marshalled, say, in Thurston's *Poltergeists*, Wiesinger's *Occult Phenomena*, and Tyrrell's *The Personality of Man*, are rather alarmingly dualistic – and so as unfashionable as they are inconvenient to take seriously. And how about the very radical and pervasive dualism of Indian thought? Dualism, if an aberration, is by no means exclusively a Western one. But such objections to a book which, considering its brevity, is so astonishingly complete a view of this complex and elusive problem, are perhaps hyper-critical.

I cannot personally judge the quality of the translation, but for an author to commend a translator for actually having *improved* his book (p. vi) must be unusual.

HUGO MEYNELL

URBAN CHURCHES IN BRITAIN, A QUESTION OF RELEVANCE, by K. A. Busia, World Studies of Churches in Mission, London, Lutterworth Press, 1966. 21s. paperback; 25s. hardbound.

Dr Busia's work forms part of a series projected by the World Council of Churches on the general theme of the churches in the missionary situation. His is the first survey in a new series; investigators from 'the Younger Churches' have been invited to lead inquiries in Europe and North America.

He deals with an area of Birmingham, described as Brookton, and the theme of the study is how the Christian operates in an urban environment. Nineteen churches and religious groups, including an Orthodox community, the Society of Friends and various sects as well as Anglican, Nonconformist and Roman Catholic churches, were considered, and details are given of the religious activities centring on these institutions.

One of the most interesting factors in this investigation is the scope it gives to the clergy and members of the churches to express their ideological positions, for instance, on the Christian teaching on the home and the family;

and one of the most disappointing things about the survey is that Dr Busia does not really come to grips with how church members are – or are not – influenced by such views in their ordinary lives.

A great deal of valuable work on the Birmingham churches has been carried out by the author, and it is certainly well worth the attention of those who want to know how churches operate today. But in general I find the book disappointing. First of all, sociologically: although Dr Busia gives details of the methodological approaches adopted, he has made very little use in the book of sociological concepts; nor does he consider the relevance of the findings of other studies of urban churches to his survey. Perhaps it was thought that this would render the book less interesting to the general reader; if so, I think it is a mistake. Secondly, the aim of this new series is to offer an objective analysis from the point of view of a Christian who comes from another cultural

setting. From Dr Busia, well known for his outspokenness in the political life of Ghana, we might have expected more radical comments about the British churches. I feel that there is a chapter missing from this book; I hope that

Dr Busia will write it for us soon so that we may see how our urban churches really look from the outside and can consider some of the implications of such a view for action.

JOAN BROTHERS

THE CAVE AND THE MOUNTAIN: A STUDY OF E. M. FORSTER, by Wilfred Stone. *Oxford*. 55s.

This is, in many respects, a highly impressive book: formidably well documented, engagingly written, and full of acute critical observations. It is, therefore, all the more disconcerting to have to record that it left me with a final impression very different from anything Mr Stone could have wished to convey. There is an initial cause of difficulty in the method he has chosen to follow: without attempting to write a full-scale critical biography of Forster, he has devoted as much space to the man as to his works, and much of what he says about him is exceedingly interesting. I was particularly grateful for what he has to say about Forster's ancestral connection with the Clapham Sect, and for his account of the Cambridge Apostles, and such enigmatic but influential figures as McTaggart and Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson; these early chapters make a valuable addition to the intellectual history contained in J. K. Johnstone's *The Bloomsbury Group*. There is an irresistible charm, also, in the many pages of photographs which trace Forster's personal and literary progress from England to Italy, Egypt and India, showing us, among other things, the view from Forster's undergraduate rooms at King's and the house at Stevenage that was the original of *Howards End*. Yet there is an inevitable danger that so much concentration on background and source material will get in the way of the literary assessment of Forster's books, and Mr Stone succumbs to it rather often. There is, in fact, a basic split between what clearly emerges as his personal devotion to Forster and his admiration for him as the exemplar of a rare and valuable kind of liberalism, and his critical awareness of the failings and limitations of Forster's fiction.

Mr Stone seems, for instance, to be very conscious of the faults of *The Longest Journey*, a peculiarly tiresome and mawkish piece of autobiographical special pleading, and he draws attention to many of them; at the same time, he still finds the book worthy of an excessively detailed discussion extending over thirty pages. In his account of *Howards End* the division

between Mr Stone's critical honesty and his desire to identify himself with Forster's intentions becomes almost grotesque. After devoting several very severe but quite just pages to the ways in which the novel fails, he observes, in an astonishing *volte-face*: 'But as a technical experiment this is an important novel, and perhaps even a great one'. This is a meaningless statement, and Mr Stone should have realised it. No amount of technical interest can give greatness to a novel that patently lacks it. In general, his chapters on Forster's Edwardian novels and stories left me more than ever convinced that those books represent a pretty thin achievement, despite the charm of *A Room With a View* and the genuine thematic interest and local successes of *Howards End*. If this were all Forster had produced I cannot imagine that long books like Mr Stone's would be written about him: Forster's literary output during those years compares very poorly with the work produced at that time by coarser-grained writers like Wells and Bennett. *A Passage to India* is the one assured masterpiece, and Mr Stone gives quite an illuminating account of it, though I can't feel that his lengthy disquisition on Hindu metaphysics is as essential as he implies, and his conclusions about the novel differ very sharply from my own. In the last analysis Forster does not seem to me so important or so successful a writer as is often currently assumed, and as Mr Stone is at such pains to assert, and this fact will sooner or later have to be recognised, even though many of his personal attitudes will continue to make a strong appeal.

As I have said, one of the strengths of Mr Stone's book is the excellence of its documentation, though he can hardly be said to have mastered the valuable art of knowing what to leave out, and I could have dispensed with the choric mumble of commenting footnotes: 'Contrast Jean-Paul Sartre . . .', 'See Shelley . . .', 'Compare T. S. Eliot . . .', 'Consider D. H. Lawrence . . .' If these observations were crucial they should have been worked into the text, otherwise omitted. There are also a few