

ecclesiological themes published or delivered in the past three or four years (though reworked for this book). The perspective is that of American Catholicism, whether in its own internal affairs (conservative vs progressive) or in its relation with mainstream American protestantism. Topics covered include the mission of the church, doctrinal development, modernity and the church, ideas of church membership, and intercommunion. Each chapter is a thoroughly competent essay, setting out the problem, outlining various proposed solutions (e.g. various conceptual models for the nature of doctrinal development of the church), and proposing a sound solution. The book includes two appendices, giving the texts of the Hartford Appeal (a declaration by an ecumenical group of theologians deploring the over-facile modernity of some attempts to reinterpret the gospel); and of the Cincinnati Affirmation (a pledge by various churches to work for mutual recognition of membership.) It has thorough documentation in footnotes—or rather backnotes. And an Index of 10 pages. It comes out moderate-progressive on questions of ecumenism and church authority (the hierarchy should welcome the creative possib-

ilities of dissent. Optimist); and conservative on questions of Church and World. It's very much from within one institution which has to relate to other institutions in an adaptive but not agonising way, and to a phenomenon outside called the World. I suspect all the chapters were conceived and written in places like the office to which he refers on p. 9. A walk in the hills would have been a help.

Moltmann's work is a collection of meditations written and spoken by him 'not as a pastor or a theology professor but as a member of the congregation'. They are subtitled 'Invitation to a Messianic Life-style', and do indeed invite the Christian congregation to allow Christ to come and break open their exclusiveness and enlarge their capacity for suffering and joy.

Of the three, this is the book I'm most likely to re-read. It isn't scientific theology. But theologians and ecclesiologists would be none the less scientific if they read it. I hope it comes out in paperback, without M. Douglas Meeks' introduction, and with some improvement of the translation (e.g. p. 65, lines 12, 13; p. 70, lines 6, 7).

COLIN CARR O.P.

THE GOSPEL THEN AND NOW by A. M. Hunter. SCM 1978. pp. 87 £1.10

A. M. Hunter has long been popular as a popularizer of Biblical—specifically New Testament—scholarship. Here he comes across more as a preacher and catechist. Part II of this small volume consists of articles he contributed to 'Life and Work', the record of the Church of Scotland. These articles are on the nature of the Gospels, the Cross, the Resurrection (considered as fact, as corporate Christian experience and as hope), and the Holy Spirit: thus far he remains within the realm of what one might call Biblical Theology; the other articles in Part II, on the Church, the Sacraments, the Christian Ethic and the Life to Come are rather more general catechesis, though the author would probably claim that they are biblically based.

Part I has an excellent little essay on Genesis 1-11, and some short expositions, devotional but with scholarly undergirding, on various favourite Old Testament passages (Psalm 23 etc.), and an enthusiastic introduction to Jesus ben Sira.

Part III, 'Christian Corollaries', shows us Hunter the preacher, and should be of interest to anthropologists among others because of what it shows as permissible within one homiletic culture that just wouldn't fit in another. For one thing there's copious quotations from wise men, Christian hymns and poems to give spice and authority to what's being said. This is from the final article, 'The Christ of Christian Faith': "As the spiritual flame burns low, our society degenerates. Predictably so: 'Where there is no vision', said the wise man long ago, 'the people perish', (or, more accurately, 'get out of hand', Prov. 29:18, Jerusalem Bible). When Sir Alec Douglas-Home asked Harold Macmillan at what point the rot had set in, that shrewd old man replied, 'When people stopped going regularly to church on Sundays.'" (p. 83). There are splendid sonorous generalisations, such as this from the essay on the fear of the Lord as the beginning of wisdom: "Should

we, as some would persuade us, look hopefully to Communism? Is Marxism 'in widest commonality spread' the answer? Do we seriously suppose that the religion of economic determinism with its concept of history as the unending anger of class against class, its ruthless disregard of the rights of the individual, its stifling of freedom and its psychiatric prisons for all thinkers who diverge from 'the party line'—that such a system will ever meet our need? If you want an answer, ask Solzhen-

itsyn.

"Well, if not Communism, what about humanism with its specious offer of 'morals without religion'? Will humanism, with its doctrine of man 'the thinking reed' rooted in an unthinking universe, put meaning into meaningless lives and inspire to nobler living? Nay, has not history shown. . . ." (p. 66)

Perhaps the Professor would be better off concentrating on The Gospel Then.

COLIN CARR O.P.

DAVID JONES AND THE ACTUALLY LOVED AND KNOWN by Kathleen Raine. *Golgonooza Press, Ipswich, 1978.*

'There must be no mugging up', no 'ought to know' or 'try to feel'; for only what is actually loved and known can be seen *sub specie aeternitatis*. The muse herself is adamant about this: she is indifferent to what the poet may wish he could feel, she cares only for what he in fact feels'. Thus wrote David Jones in the preface to *The Anathemata* and so provided Miss Raine with the title for this essay in which she explores the relationship that subsisted between Jones and his complex, and for many people, obscure subject matter. Not many can follow his references to the early history of Britain or to the liturgy and theology of the Catholic Church. Even the dreadful experiences of the First World War which provided the starting point of *In Parenthesis* are now retreating from living memory to transmitted recollection. However obscure this background may be for most people it was something immediate, something *felt*, for Jones himself. Any attempt to get to grips with his work therefore must involve a serious effort to comprehend the material that provided the poet with his impetus. Miss Raine suggests that this need not, almost ought not to be so. 'It is not necessary that the reader should share the poet's background of exact knowledge: what does matter is that the poet is writing from such a background' (p. 16). That background mattered to Jones should be sufficient to commend it to his reader's attention. But not so for Miss Raine: 'The reader is aware, even when ignorant of their relevance of certain names and allusions that we take on trust in the knowledge that these are firm foundation

(sic) in a real and therefore in a shared world' (Ib). I can follow neither the grammar nor the logic of this sentence but, as far as I can, Miss Raine seems to be saying that meaningful obscurity is a good thing and David Jones an eminent master of that craft. References to the series of funeral elegies known as The Gododdin or to the antics of the Twrch Trwych had a precise and evocative meaning for Jones, as mixed and interpreted in the light of his own experience. As Miss Raine put it, his knowledge 'was rooted in life: in his own life. This for him was the sole guarantee of its livingness (sic)' (p. 12). But they are not just a series of unpronounceable names and obscure legends which must, well, *mean* something.

Miss Raine's knowledge of the Welsh background, as shown in this essay is uncomfortably vague. She should not be surprised at Jones's fondness for 'those Welsh Methodist hymns which are . . . part of the cultural mythos of Wales' (p. 12). Far from being exponents of an Arminian theology that might be construed as in opposition to the Roman Catholic Church the great Methodist hymn writers (she doesn't mention that there were also great Baptist and Congregational hymn writers) like William Williams Pantecelyn or Ann Griffiths who were imbued with a mystic love of nature that has always been present, to its enormous enrichment, in the literature of Wales. I am sure that Jones would have loved Ann Griffiths' great versification of the Song of Songs (Wele'n sefyll rhwyng y myrtwydd) not only for its own sake but as verse having many of the qualities of mystery and allusiveness that he himself