

Vaishnava school of thought', and immediately following it is said that 'The samhitas are one of the three principal categories of the Vedas'; a *post-Upanishadic* scripture cannot be a category of the Vedas at all; under 'Ananda' (p. 364) the phrase 'when applied to the god Krishna' is an unwarranted inclusion; under 'caritas' (p. 370) regarded as Christian love it is quite wrong to equate it with the Sanskrit 'kama' (as has been implied): the closest Sanskrit equivalent is 'bhakti'. The note on 'Hinduism' (p. 376) as a religion having 'a pantheon of many thousands of gods' is grossly misleading; indeed many scholars (both Indian and Western) would argue (and I would endorse their view) that from earliest times the predominant theme in the majority of Hindu religious sects, certainly by way of a systematised theology, is a staunch monotheism. The quotation under 'Mogul' (p. 388) seems to have been misquoted: there is no sense in the statement that Akbar's empire occupied 'the vast territory from

Afghanistan south of the Godavari river' (sic); p. 402, under 'Sikhs', the number given as making up the community is about half that of the true total (the same can be said for the Jain figure, p. 377). Nor will the Sikhs take kindly to the largely inaccurate statement that their tenth Guru, Govind Singh 'welded the Sikhs into a military community which adopted the caste practices and the polytheistic beliefs typical of Hinduism'.

To sum up: this book might offer profitable reading for a number of reasons: for the rehash of learned sources and quotations it presents (especially in part II); for indications of the possibility of true inter-religious dialogue between Christianity and Eastern religions at both the discursive and contemplative levels; but, so far as the evolving and coherent development of the final stages of a profoundly spiritual Christian thinker is concerned, beyond an intriguing yet uneasy and partial insight into the workings of a creative mind it does not go.

JULIUS LIPNER

PRAYER by Simon Tugwell OP. *Veritas Publications*, Dublin, 1974. 2 vols. 144 pp + 152 pp. 90p each.

DID YOU RECEIVE THE SPIRIT? by Simon Tugwell OP. Paperback Edition. *Darton, Longman & Todd*, London, 1975, 143 pp. £1.

Many readers of Fr Tugwell's new work will compare it with *Did You Receive the Spirit?*, some no doubt exaggerating the difference between them.

There is no doubt that the mood is different; whereas the earlier book conveyed a sense of excited rediscovery, *Prayer* evinces a more sober form of encouragement. *Did You Receive the Spirit?* struck an unfamiliar note and claimed it was deeply traditional; *Prayer* emphasises the unchanging; that taking God seriously always makes the same demands, poses the same problems, uncovers the same needs. Whereas the basic thrust of the former was 'We should pray to receive the Spirit, not simply as a pious duty, but with the eager expectation that things will happen' (p. 93), the message being insistently rammed home in the latter is 'No God but God' (heading of Chapter 3 in Volume 1). Some of the distinctive emphases in *Prayer* were already present, however, in the earlier book, particularly in the later chapters (e.g., that on 'Icons and Idols').

Although *Prayer* occasionally betrays its oral origin (in the Introduction Fr Tugwell thanks those sisters whose

retreat provided the occasion to 'build up the material for this book', p. xii), it is much more systematic than *Did You Receive the Spirit?*, it is less repetitive and has less loose ends; in this way *Prayer* contains a body of spiritual teaching that may well prove to be more durable than its predecessor. Despite the changes in mood and thrust, there is a high degree of consistency between the earlier and later works; both manifest that sureness of touch and an instinct for God that grounds an inner authority. Again, the numerous references to past authors (particularly Desert Fathers and early Dominicans) convey that sense of being put in touch with the sources of perennial wisdom, and in the new book this style somewhat deceptively hides Fr Tugwell's own distinctive contribution: I see this to be his working through in practical detail the many consequences of the absolute dominion of God, with a relish for the paradoxes that must involve.

Some of the chapters in *Prayer* develop more thoroughly those comments made more casually in *Did You Receive the Spirit?* on taking human

nature and the Incarnation of Jesus Christ with complete seriousness; this is evident in the chapter on 'The Way of Trust' (strong on the role of the body in prayer), both chapters on 'The Healing of the Passions' and that on 'Forgiveness'. The second volume, on 'Prayer in Practice', starts from a point central in the earlier book, namely prayer as gift, but develops this more in the context of God's absolute dominion—one might say with more reference to the freedom of the Father than to the freedom of the Spirit, gift understood in an apophatic rather than in a cataphatic sense. It would be surprising if all the chapters on prayer were of a comparable quality and I must admit that I found that on 'Liturgical Prayer' rather less weighty than the rest, being too much a reaction against contemporary excesses and not sufficiently acknowledging the proper role of liturgical creativity.

It is clearly not accidental that two topics prominent in *Did You Receive the Spirit?* are relegated to Appendices in *Prayer*, viz. 'Shared Prayer' and 'The Gift of Tongues'. The former seems a very sensible address to badgerers and badgered in religious houses divided

over 'shared prayer' and others who are investing group prayer with undue solemnity, though its relationship to the relevant chapters at the start of *Did You Receive the Spirit?* may puzzle some readers. The second appendix is a more schematic treatment of tongues than appeared in the earlier book, though I still feel that Fr Tugwell's best writing on this subject is the article in *The Expository Times* for February 1973. Whereas the relevant chapters in *Did You Receive the Spirit?* have done much to help the hesitant venture forth into tongues, *Prayer* is more likely to help those who have taken the plunge: the presentation here is entirely in terms of personal prayer without reference to the Pentecostal characteristic (mentioned in *Did You Receive the Spirit?*, p. 77) of the connection between tongues and mission.

Those who make exciting discoveries will also make mistakes; *Did You Receive the Spirit?* is more likely to promote the discoveries, *Prayer* to remedy the mistakes. To be read in that sequence, they are both high priorities among the escalating output in spirituality.

PETER HOCKEN

ELIOT, by Stephen Spender. *Fontana*, London, 1975. 251 pp. 80p.

With his collar mounting firmly to the chin and his features of clerical cut, T. S. Eliot is 'usually thought of as a sophisticated writer, an "intellectual"', effete and even priggish; 'the feeling of primitive horror which rises from the depths of his poetry is overlooked'. Stephen Spender sees Eliot as a poet who 'at his greatest is shocking and outrageous', whose 'ritualist sensibility' was a desperate strategy to salvage decency and order from a world 'Driven by daemonic, chthonic/Powers'. Tradition, the liturgical incantations of *Ash Wednesday*, the redemptive patterns of music in the *Quartets*, all express the same urge to impose a salvatory ritualism upon the inchoate impulses of a savage god. Subtly, Spender demonstrates that even Eliot's 'classicism' is ambivalent, disentangling the cool, imperial *civitas* of Virgil's Rome from the barbarous dark of the Greek *phusis*, whose vengeful deities (the Furies of *The Family Reunion*) crave blood-sacrifice. He points out, too, how Eliot's fear of the Dionysian 'dull tom-tom' is curiously fused with

his hatred of secular, humanist rationalism: even the superficially benign *Mr Apollinax* (usually identified with Bertrand Russell, involved in some not fully defined liaison with Eliot's first wife) brings with his priapism undercurrents of loathing and primitive terror, associated with the 'fingers of surf' which pick the 'worried bodies of drowned men'.

The Dantean *selva oscura* of Eliot's 'middle way' was beset by voices of temptation. If the 'sylvan scene' of *The Waste Land* is a world of rapine and destruction, it is also the home of meaning and beauty, where 'Philomel, by the barbarous king; So rudely forced', is changed into the nightingale which yet 'Filled all the desert with inviolable voice': Sweeney's nightingales sing in the 'bloody wood' where murdered Agamemnon cried aloud; the 'sacred wood' is not only the latently sexual symbol of the unpublished poem *Ode*—a brutal post-mortem on a failed marriage—but the title of his first book of criticism—source of a life-giving creativity as well as a delusive grimpen.