

should be neglected by nobody who is concerned with the majority of trends in contemporary psychotherapy. V.W.

ST THOMAS AQUINAS. By M. C. D'Arcy, s.J. (Clonmore & Reynolds; 18s.)

THE MIND AND HEART OF LOVE. By M. C. D'Arcy, s.J. (Faber; 25s.)

It is nearly twenty-five years since Fr D'Arcy's study of St Thomas and his work first appeared; and it is good to have it thus made available again. He has left the work substantially unchanged; but there is a fresh introduction and an additional bibliography. To re-read the book after a lapse of years is to be struck again by its combination of lucidity of thought and suavity of style; at the same time the earlier impression also remains, of viewing thomism as it were through the wrong end of a telescope—an impression not wholly to be accounted for by the fact that Fr D'Arcy is treating of St Thomas's philosophy in isolation from his theology. The ominous word 'system', with its suggestion of something closed and inorganic, occurs frequently and heightens this impression. But his treatment of the principal themes in the thomist metaphysic (being, analogy, matter and form, essence and existence, *actus* and *potentia*—but could there be a less illuminating translation for these last than 'act and potency'?) remains as helpful as ever. It is a pity that for this new edition the Latin and Greek quotations were not translated; and a number of quotations remain without references. There are an irritatingly large number of misprints.

The Mind and Heart of Love, Fr D'Arcy's important discussion of the problem of the two loves, Eros and Agape, under various forms, has, besides a new preface, a number of additional pages; these are designed partly to give greater clarification, partly to meet criticisms levelled at the book as it first appeared, but here too there is no substantial change. The book was reviewed at length in BLACKFRIARS on its first appearance. GERALD VANN, O.P.

IN THE TRACK OF THE GOSPEL. By Aloysius Roche. (Burns Oates; 15s.)

Fr Roche's modesty almost disarms criticism, for on page 17 of his book he claims to have only 'a superficial acquaintance with the subject matter of this book', and in the preface he states that his sources for the greater part of it are 'second-hand ones, the manuals, that is to say, of Church History'. These are severe limits; perhaps Fr Roche is too severe towards himself, for the middle portion of the book is a fairly successful popular account of the Church's missionary work down the centuries, and shows that he has only occasionally been content to rely simply on manuals. But the main criticism to be made is that the book is not sufficiently interesting, because there is no commanding theological idea to unify and give meaning to the mass of detail. The first

chapter, beginning with Pentecost, instead of being the story of the building up of the body of Christ, is a record of the external spread of Christianity. If you prefer to think of the seven deacons in terms of the Converts' Aid Society, as Fr Roche does, rather than in terms of chapter eleven of the Book of Numbers, naturally you will be puzzled by their activities. If you think that the Twelve Apostles are twelve because that is the product of Trinity times the four winds of the earth, not because they are Princes in the new Israel, you will be able to conclude by dissolving the missionary Church into a welter of statistics. You will be able, finally, to deduce the need for missionary work from the mere number of the unconverted, not from the fact that we live in the age of Christ, an age marked by the messianic signs of the preaching of the Gospel to the poor (cf. pp. 22-3!), and the coming up of the nations to worship in Jerusalem.

J.S.

UNDER THE NET. By Iris Murdoch (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.)

One might have feared the worst, A first novel by an Oxford philosophy don, and a woman at that, dealing with literary hacks in London (and including an excursion to the Paris Left Bank) could so easily have been pretentious: an existentialist cautionary tale with clever trimmings. The enthusiastic reception which *Under the Net* has received is perhaps due to its being so unlike what might have been expected, and indeed so unlike the anguished pattern of the contemporary English novel. It is written with spirit and an unflagging sense of the ludicrous, and if the conversation betrays (even as a joke) the linguistic preoccupations of Oxford common rooms, it is soon lost in the elaborate adventures of the narrator, a down-at-heel Irish translator and general literary odd-job-man, which involves him with film tycoons, performing Alsatian dogs and left-wing pubs and politics. It scarcely matters that later recollection will probably conclude that Miss Murdoch's novel has been overpraised, its freshness and picturesque enthusiasm too highly regarded simply because so unlooked for. In the meantime one can welcome with pleasure a new novelist of excellent invention and unusual wit.

P.W.

NOTICES

THE BOOK OF MARGERY KEMP, when it was rediscovered in 1934, was at once acknowledged as a most important addition to English literature, though its position in the stream of English spirituality was necessarily more ambiguous. It now achieves the canonization of being included in *The World's Classics* (Oxford; 5s.) and the modernized version prepared by Colonel Butler-Bowden is once more used, with a valuable introduction by Dr R. W. Chambers.