

The Theology of Time Regained: Eucharist, Eschatology and Resurrection

Jeremy Worthen

Introduction

But let a noise or scent, once heard or once smelt, be heard or smelt again in the present and at the same time in the past, real without being actual, ideal without being abstract, and immediately the permanent and habitually concealed essence of things is liberated and our true self which seemed—had perhaps for long years seemed—to be dead but was not altogether dead, is awakened and reanimated as it receives the celestial nourishment that is brought to it. A minute freed from the order of time has re-created in us, to feel it, the man freed from the order of time. And one can understand that this man should have confidence in his joy, even if the simple taste of a madeleine does not seem logically to contain within it the reasons for this joy, one can understand that the word 'death' should have no meaning for him; situated outside time, why should he fear the future?¹

These words written by Marcel Proust, and proceeding from the mouth of the narrator, Marcel, in *Time Regained*, the final volume of *Remembrance of Things Past*, may appear somewhat foreign to the proper concerns of Christian theology. The language as such is hardly alien, deploying as it does the imagery of Christian liturgy and mysticism: the awakening of what seems dead, the transcending of time, the overcoming of the fear of death—and all this through a form of 'celestial nourishment' first introduced into the narrative through the memory of the madeleine once tasted on Sunday mornings by the young Marcel before attending Mass. Yet this very proximity to Christian imagery, including eucharistic imagery, sets theology at a distance, for Proust signals explicitly that he is borrowing the language of faith, but in order to translate it into his own essentially aesthetic creed. Aesthetic in a double sense: for it hinges on perception, as the passage quoted shows, but it finds its consummation and fulfilment only in the work of art. His is a religion without prayer, and a salvation without God.

Nevertheless, the very translation that Proust effects of theology into aesthetic categories may be susceptible to a further retranslation

back into more properly theological form, and such an exercise may be of some interest from the point of view of contemporary reflection on the sacrament of the eucharist. At the heart of Proust's novel stands a relationship between time and eternity (that dimension which Proust also refers to as 'extra-temporal'), founded in memory and expressed through the labour of art. At the heart of Christian existence lies the eucharist, and here too we trace a relationship between time and what lies beyond time, and we ground this relationship in an act of remembrance, remembrance articulated through the work of the church's liturgy. The eschatological dimension of eucharistic worship is clear enough in early sources, and the eucharist remained for the Eastern Church the fullest participation of the creature in the eternal life of the creator.² Although that focus has not been so clearly preserved in Western Christian traditions, particularly as they have been shaped by the polemics of the Reformation, the reorientation of doctrine in the twentieth century around the categories of eschatology and the efforts of the liturgical movement to restore the fullness of the Patristic inheritance have ensured that here too the eucharist cannot be discussed only in terms of its relation to the past event of the crucifixion but must also be considered as the anticipation of God's reign.³ Yet the simple recognition that for our forebears the eucharist possessed this eschatological character and that we have lost something by neglecting it is not sufficient to ensure its authentic return. There are serious problems for such translation: problems which it would be foolish to underestimate, and which are bound to make us question both the adequacy from our perspective of the discourse of the pre-modern church and also of the categories which lie for us perhaps too easily to hand. For instance:

[1] There is a question about the nature of the *eschata* to which the eucharist relates—whether this pertains to a real, historical future, or an eternal, divine "now," or some form of conjunction of them both. This is a question about *eternity and time*.

[2] There is a question about the role of remembrance in 'actualizing' eschatological time—whether our remembering simply provides the occasion for some action of God, or whether this human act itself is integrally related to the presence of Christ. This is a question about *remembrance and presence*.

[3] There is a question about how to understand the object of eucharistic remembrance—the death of Jesus from Nazareth—as truly eschatological, and therefore ultimate and universal, without thereby swamping its historical actuality in the boundless waters of cosmic symbolism. This is a question about *eschatology and particularity*.

Much has been written about such questions from within Christian theology. The first two issues, however, also surface in the secular investigations of *Remembrance of Things Past*, while there are hints in Proust that may bear on the third, and clearly each one is intertwined with the others in any Christian reflection on the eucharist. This short paper, therefore, will endeavour to suggest what a retranslation of various texts from Proust into theological terms might yield for a sacramental theology itself seeking adequate translations of its precious historical inheritance. It will consider each of the three interlocking pairs of concepts listed above before drawing together some emerging themes to illuminate the relationship between the eucharist and the nature of Christian hope.

1 Eternity and time

For Augustine, the desire for happiness contains within itself the desire for eternal life.⁴ Proust, perhaps, would not disagree, and in the passage quoted at the outset liberation from the constraints of linear time bestows inexplicable joy. Yet a profound paradox emerges from *Remembrance of Things Past*: while we are driven to desire the overcoming of time, participation in eternity, by our own desire for happiness, it is far from clear that any kind of eternal life is in fact desirable, that it could bring happiness or peace. At a relatively early stage, Marcel rules out a purely spiritual, disembodied form of survival after death, as preached by the novelist of genius whom he admires so much, Bergotte: he has difficulty imagining

a form of survival such as Bergotte used to promise to mankind in his books, a survival in which I should not be allowed to take with me my memories, my frailties, my character, which did not easily resign themselves to the idea of ceasing to be, and desired for me neither extinction nor an eternity in which they would have no part.⁵

Yet if a survival bereft of memories is simply irrelevant to human life and its desire to escape from death, what kind of eternity could actually accommodate the persistence of those memories that constitute our human identities? The question is given further urgency by Proust's acute insight into the continual process of death and resurrection within the human person—that human identity knows no unchanging constant, no element that sits aloof from time. And so he presents the other horn of the dilemma also, much further on in the course of the work:

We passionately long for there to be another life in which we shall be similar to what we are here below. But we do not pause to reflect that,

even without waiting for that other life, in this life, after a few years, we are unfaithful to what we once were, to what we wished to remain immortally. Even without supposing that death is to alter us more completely than the changes that occur in the course of our lives, if in that other life we were to encounter the self that we have been, we should turn away from ourselves as from those people with whom we were once on friendly terms but whom we have not seen for years.... We dream much of paradise, or rather of a number of successive paradises, but each of them is, long before we die, a paradise lost, in which we should feel ourselves lost too.⁶

For Marcel, then, the human desire for eternity cannot be satisfied by participation in either an eternity wholly removed from human history or an eternity actually embracing our persistent mutability; we cannot be ourselves in eternity without our memories yet neither could we truly bear to live with our memories in eternity either. The dilemma is real, and the mere invocation of theology, or the timeless philosophical now, will not suffice to overcome it; it will only recur in variant guises. In the penultimate volume of the work, *The Fugitive*, the sudden death of his lover, Albertine, finally confirms for Marcel the futility of all dreams of life after death, for his response, over time, shows that even the deepest of human loves must one day die:

Our love of life is only an old liaison of which we do not know how to rid ourselves. Its strength lies in its permanence. But death which severs it will cure us of the desire for immortality.⁷

This harsh renunciation of any eternity beyond time paves the way for the revelation depicted in *Time Regained*: within human time, the experience of 'involuntary memory' (wholly separate, for Proust, from remembrance as a deliberate act) exposes the phenomenon of the presence of the past in the present—yet without its destruction or eclipse. By encompassing through such memory two moments which the flow of time holds apart, we temporarily overcome time in 'the contemplation... of eternity.'⁸ But this is no longer an eternity after this time (which is what we so easily suppose we desire), or an eternity removed from this time (which is what Bergotte and many other philosophers have endeavoured to wean us towards): this is an eternity defined by the conjunction of times, or, put more precisely, by the full—the real—presence of a past moment within the 'now' of present time. Here alone is time regained, the human desire to overcome the transitoriness of time satisfied, indeed exultant, and paradise lost restored even as it is recognized as lost for all time, that is, restored as a fragment of past existence, not a present and open possibility. 'The true

paradises are the paradises we have lost:⁹ the earlier insight reappears in a new, now more hopeful key, for while we cannot repossess them, once lost they can be regained in a moment where past touches present and ignites it with the fusion of times.

The eucharist, writes Zizioulas, is 'the image of the "*eschata*" par excellence'.¹⁰ Yet this is a theological insight which can be read in two rather different ways: that the ultimate things are something which we can know about, talk about, do theology about in independent, free-standing terms, but they find some sort of convenient expression, even supreme instantiation, in the eucharist; or that, from the point of view of the church, the eucharist is where we learn what those ultimate things are, the occasion for a fragile insight into what a desire-ending, salvation-bringing eternity would mean for us. A reading of Proust encourages us to consider the second of these two possibilities and also warns us that any conception of what is outside time fixed in isolation from the human yearning for redemption—and the careful interrogation of that desire—is liable to turn into the mask of death, rather than the fountain of life. The particular overcoming of time which we mark in the eucharist and celebrate as the image of divine eternity is an overcoming that springs from the conjunction and fusion of disparate times: in the first place (and this is a point to which we will have to return), that fragment of time represented by Jesus' final meal with his disciples with the passing present of our own assembly at the liturgy. If the eucharist images eternity, it does so not as if eternity were about either the abolition of time or its perpetual continuation, but rather as the gathering up of time precisely through the recovery of that which had seemed lost for all time at Golgotha. In the gracious retrieval of these broken, buried fragments, suddenly transfiguring the present moment to blaze with inconceivable light, there is given a vision of an eternity at once truly open to humanity and truly coming from God. The eucharist, where eternity is glimpsed and grasped as the meeting of times, shows what kind of *eschata*, what kind of end, can give the sense of redemption to the tale of life within time.

2 Remembrance and presence

'In Proustian thought,' wrote Georges Poulet, 'memory plays the same supernatural role as grace in Christian thought.'¹¹ Yet perhaps in even permitting such a statement to be made—by allowing memory to be devoid of grace, and grace to be found outside and away from memory—Christian thought has been less than true to itself. Perhaps it needs to learn a little from Proust about memory as the means of grace.

Memory, for Proust, yields a 'real presence' of the past within the

present. Yet not just any kind of memory: there remains a 'frozen memory,' a 'memory of facts, which tells us: "You were such," without allowing us to become such again,'¹² a form of memory which cannot make present the past, indeed insulates us from it. The memory which makes present, on the other hand, Proust christens involuntary memory, although it invites us to follow, with the strength of our will, the path it has once opened up; but we cannot produce it by effort or formula, nor can we encase it within careful habit. This memory which is the hinge of redemption depends on the cessation of effort, the yielding up of our careful control; it begins as gift, not achievement, whatever the demands it subsequently bestows through the vocation to artistic work.

In the Christian tradition, of course, the presence of Christ (which is a divine action) and the remembrance of his passion (which is a human action) are held together in the one event of the eucharist. But how is this relation understood? Is the human action of remembrance anything more than the prelude or precondition for the miracle of grace which is essentially distinct from it? Surely the answer needs to be affirmative, but exploring stronger versions of the relationship may raise other problems. In the so-called 'mystery theology' pioneered by Odo Casel, remembrance, *anamnesis*, is identified as the point where past becomes present, by virtue of 'the "simultaneousness" of the liturgical-sacramental activities of the church with the "charter event" which brought the church into existence...'¹³ Casel himself linked this understanding of a relationship of 'simultaneousness' achieved through the sacraments with a more general theory about mystery religions in the Hellenistic world, in which—according to him—ritual remembrance was conceived as a form of actualization. 'The mystery,' he writes, 'is a sacred ritual action in which a saving deed is made present through the rite; the congregation, by performing the rite, take part in the saving act, and thereby win salvation.'¹⁴ For Casel, then, the deed recalled is saving in itself, and this intrinsic power is simply broken open in ritual remembrance, which makes present the saving activity of Christ; redemption is completely achieved within his life and death, and the *anamnesis* within the eucharist remains only the supreme form of access to this victory which is attained independently of it.

In the previous section, however, it was suggested that an eternity which could be for us redemption and fulfilment would be the joining of fragmented times, rather than a form of existence beyond them. Such an understanding might treat with caution any talk of the life and death of Jesus as somehow containing salvation, or indeed in themselves touching eternity: salvation is tasted, eternity touched, when through this life and death the fragmentation of time is overcome. And the site for

this overcoming, the site for its actualization among us, is the community's celebration of the eucharist; and this is mystery, not in Casel's sense so much as in that we are graced with a form of remembrance that does not come simply from us, that is not generated by our anxious devotion, but which comes as gift, before our willing. There is, in theological terms, real presence: but a presence inseparable from the action of memory. Or rather: this presence is the breaking in of something akin to Proust's involuntary memory, of a remembrance that we can neither conjure nor control, in the midst of the exercise of deliberate and choreographed voluntary memory which is the liturgical act. And we cannot speak of Jesus of Nazareth as saviour, nor can we acclaim his resurrection, from any other point of view except that of the vision of time regained given repeatable form in the sacrament of eucharistic communion.

This line of thought takes us close to a familiar theological topic: the extent to which the resurrection of Christ is considered to be something objective, a self-standing event, or to be something subjective, the extrapolation of the disciples' experience. Yet it also wants to resist any reduction, in either direction. The resurrection we celebrate is not something that can be abstracted from redemption, and therefore from its relation to human lives and the time of the church. Its meaning resides in the discernment of Jesus as messianic gatherer of peoples and their times beyond the tragedy of the cross, and there is no resurrection apart from this seeing. And yet this seeing of Jesus as Messiah which is the real content of the message of resurrection is a seeing that comes only by way of remembrance that is true gift, real presence; remembrance that is precisely not something made or manufactured by human experience, but something that seizes and surprises believers, seizes and surprises continually and radically, so we are bound to confess it comes not from us, but from God. And therefore we are bound to confess also: God has raised him up. It is God's doing, not ours: but what God has done is not to reveal the autonomous truth that in Jesus the salvation was given, but rather to make salvation, create redemption, through the presence of Jesus Messiah to his friends in their continued remembrance. The eucharist, then, is the site where eternity and redemption meet and are fused together in the recognition of the crucified amongst us.

Proust's fundamental relevance for Christian theology derives from his investigations of the ties between identity and memory. 'The disintegration of the self is a continuous death,' he noted;¹⁵ but through memory, there could yet be resurrection. Indeed, Proust consciously invokes the imagery of resurrection to articulate the power of memory in

overcoming such massive yet mundane chasms as that represented by a good night's sleep:

What is it that guides us, when there has been a real interruption—whether it be that our unconsciousness has been complete or our dreams entirely different from ourselves? There has indeed been death, as when the heart has ceased to beat and a rhythmical traction of the tongue revives us.... The resurrection at our awakening—after that beneficent attack of mental alienation which is sleep—must after all be similar to what occurs when we recall a name, a line, a refrain that we had forgotten. And perhaps the resurrection of the soul after death is to be conceived as a phenomenon of memory.¹⁶

There is no development of the final remark, and we have already seen that all hopes of immortality are finally abandoned in *Remembrance of Things Past*—except one, the one that forms the coda of the text and fictionally accounts for its actual genesis, the fragile hope for the artist's survival through the surrogate immortality of his works. The imagery of resurrection will pepper the account of involuntary memory already discussed that immediately precedes Marcel's recognition of his vocation to be a writer in *Time Regained*, and it will serve again to denote a recovery that is re-creation, negation of the negation, rather than continuous survival. Yet in the final sentence of the passage just cited, Proust for once hints that the process of translation could also go the other way: that his translation of theological imagery into psychology and aesthetics could be reversed, so that his own too human insights might illuminate the gropings of theology. Memory, the place for the gathering of scattered time, tells us more than anything else about the meaning of resurrection—the resurrection we celebrate in the eucharist, which is at once Christ's and ours, bound together, inseparably, in his body, ourselves.

3 Eschatology and particularity

A major problem for any theological appropriation of Proust's work is posed by his virtually exclusive focus on the solitary self; commentators on Proust have even described his mysticism as essentially 'an excessive preoccupation with his ego.'¹⁷ As the dilemma of the desire for eternity and the transcendence of death is posed in wholly individualistic terms, so it is resolved only through the interior experience of involuntary memory and the consequent elite vocation to aesthetic production. If there is any redemption in *Remembrance of Things Past*, it is a redemption of the self alone (and a self of a very particular kind): not a self in communion with other selves, let alone God, and not of society,

or humanity, or history. On the surface at least, these hold no interest for Marcel, and there is no reason to suppose that they held any more for his original creator.

On the other hand, theology can move too quickly to the universal, to embrace all things indiscriminately. To return once more to the mystery theology of Casel, which represents a great scholar's serious attempt to recover past tradition for modern time, the consequence of the openness of the present moment to eternity through the remembrance of Christ's history at the eucharist seems to be the evaporation of that history into a cosmic and universal drama, to which the tatters of the actual past still cling but only barely, incidentally. In a key passage Casel says of Christ recalled in the liturgy:

His death is no longer the terrible, tortured dying on the horrid wood, a criminal's execution, but the sacrificial death of the god-man, the public service of the one high priest, the Son's devotedness in bringing the only sacrifice worthy of the Father, from which all life was to flow out on the sinful world: the spring of resurrection.

So the mystery reveals to us the real meaning of Christ's saving deeds in time. It takes none of their concreteness from them, but rather places them in their real, divine context, shows them to be a part of God's saving plan, hidden from eternity revealed now in time, and flowing back into eternity.¹⁸

It may at first sight seem absurd if not altogether shocking for Casel to maintain that it takes none of the concreteness from the crucifixion if we no longer behold the anguished death of the man who was murdered and see only the joyful sacrifice of the devoted Son of God; but for Casel the concreteness of the event resides in its reality, and its reality is the hidden and eternal plan of God that touched and transfigured time through the incarnation. It hardly needs to be stressed that this sense of 'real, divine context' for the death of Jesus is not far from a still formally orthodox docetism, in which, though it is not denied that the crucifixion indeed took place, the sweat and the tears, the anguish and darkness, are revealed as only the outer trappings for the truth, the eternal mystery, that lies behind them and beyond them. Yet who would want to deny the cosmic sweep of the vision of Christ's work that Casel is recovering from the early church? The problem is how to see in the cross something that touches the whole creation without simply seeing past or through the cross itself as symbol, gateway of some ultimate mystery; when the mystery is precisely *this*, this death, this blood.

We questioned in the previous section Casel's conviction—which he shares with the main current of tradition that comes down to us from

the New Testament canon and the authoritative Fathers of the Christian church—that redemption is something done and achieved at the resurrection, conceived as accomplished event. It is this assertion of eschatological completion—which may still have its place as theological metaphor, or perhaps more properly theological metonymy—which seemingly requires the universal to be somehow contained within the particular of the life of Jesus from Nazareth, and which therefore makes that particular itself susceptible to transparency, even irrelevance, or more philosophical sublation. We have already suggested, however, that the resurrection itself should be understood not as something finished on the first Easter morning, but rather known in the breaking of bread, where in remembrance the presence of Jesus is recognised as still messianic and this is celebrated as gift to us from God. Such a view has no need to place the universal ‘within’ the particular of Jesus’ life; universal—eschatological—significance comes rather from the limitless power of this real particular through remembrance to draw together all times, all peoples. That such reconciliation remains so glaringly incomplete means that even the confession that Jesus is risen as Christ and Lord remains essentially an expression of hope, not fact; it is a summons to courageous discipleship, not the flat proposition of truth.

What is remembered is the particular: in its full and concrete historicity, which, far from boasting of achievement, speaks of hope dashed, promise unfulfilled, life cut off. Yet through remembrance of *that* particular we see Jesus Messiah even now: and so the hope and promise are renewed, not to be silenced again, and life without end is proclaimed in the face of death. The universality is not within what happened; rather, it arises because the form of eternity that is disclosed through eucharistic presence is an eternity open to all times, is beginning without end.

‘Fragments of existence withdrawn from Time: these then were perhaps what the being three times, four times brought back to life within me had just now tasted, but the contemplation, though it was of eternity, had been fugitive.’¹⁹ For Proust, it is the taste of the fragment that yields the touch of eternity: in altogether different idiom, an adequate eschatological theology of the eucharist would not want to say anything else. It truly is a fragment that is tasted, something in itself incomplete, broken off: and therefore its recovery becomes a place of fulfilment, which fulfilment itself invokes the embrace of eternity in the regaining of time that was lost, lost—it had seemed—beyond hope in the dead silence of a new-cut tomb. Of course, Proust’s fugitive glimpse of eternity remains a self-centred sort of vision; but here we return to a point touched on earlier, that although the Christian eucharist recalls in

the first place a particular moment, the breaking of bread on the night before he died, this moment itself cannot stand in isolation. For it is a moment that is rich with memories: of other meals shared, of hopes for the reign of God, of feasts with outcasts and sinners, of the passover meals of Jews through the centuries, of the exodus from Egypt... What is recalled is not some private memory annexed to an individual's experience but a moment which itself constituted at once the remembrance of time past (it took place in the context of passover), the prophecy of time lost ('as the bread, so will my body too be broken') and the hope of time regained ('until I drink it made new in the kingdom of the Father'). Time gathers in this single point, and those who dare, after all, to remember it risk letting into the still open present a fragment whose broken shape evokes both the unfulfilled promise of the past and limitless hope for the future.

Conclusion: The Eucharist and Hope

The sentences from *Time Regained* quoted at the beginning of this paper proclaim the triumphant good news that through the involuntary memory of sensory experience the self can be re-created and humanity 'freed from the order of time,' so that even death need not be a source of fear, as it loses its meaning of destruction. In the pages that follow, however, the fear of death returns, for its threat overshadows the work of art that Marcel wants to create in order to reflect and hold the light shed in such moments of liberation from time.²⁰ True redemption would require the resurrection of the body, for if identity is bound to memory, then memory in turn is bound to bodies, the fragile, particular bodies that 'contain thus within themselves the hours of the past... they contain the memories of so many joys and sorrows already effaced for them;' ²¹ yet for Marcel, there remains only the secular and temporary resurrection of an artistic work that will be appreciated for a while beyond one's death—hence the renewed race against time, bearer of age, illness and in the end death, to complete his book. This was, indeed, the sole form of immortality he could earlier concede to Bergotte when he learnt of the novelist's death:

They buried him, but all through that night of mourning, in the lighted shop-windows, his books, arranged three by three, kept vigil like angels with outspread wings and seemed, for him who was no more, the symbol of his resurrection.²²

Those whose hope is shaped by eucharistic celebration can hardly disdain the weight Proust places on perception as the hinge around

which memory turns in its encompassing of time in eternity. For all the refinements of ritual, there is no sacrament without the bread that must break on the teeth and the wine whose strong smell suddenly invades the nostrils. Yet the good news proclaimed and grasped through this act is not only, or even primarily, about the re-creation of self or some solitary, interior liberation: desire wells up rather for the redemption of all people, all history, all time, as was stressed in the third section of this paper. For Proust, any resurrection of the dead apart from the quasi-resurrection of art is unthinkable because what gives identity, selfhood, to the body and the memories inscribed on it is desire, and our desires are necessarily transient; hence his point, mentioned above, that each of the paradises of which we dream 'is, long before we die, a paradise lost, in which we should feel ourselves lost too,' and hence also his argument, forcefully reprised in these closing pages, that at the end of desire lies a death of the self, with the accompanying recognition 'that dying was not something new, but that on the contrary since my childhood I had already died many times.'²³ In the eucharist, however, in the real presence of the Christ through remembrance, a desire is aroused that is, in its horizons, infinite; although it touches us it does not begin with us, nor can it end with us, but can only carry us beyond ourselves in proper ecstasy, the *epektasis* of Philippians 3 elaborated and celebrated by Gregory of Nyssa.²⁴ Such a desire can neither forsake the material and the particular for the sake of an empty eternity, nor relinquish all claim to eternity to rest content with even the totality of time; for it is compelled to go out to seek that which has been lost within this temporal order and hope to bear it with and within itself, its body, that if possible it may attain the resurrection from the dead. Yet not for its own sake, not for itself, the limit which renders Proust's novel ultimately a work of antitheology. 'Only for the sake of the hopeless are we given hope.'²⁵ Walter Benjamin, Proust's German translator, is here nearer to naming the eschatology of hope and desire that is nourished through the food of the sacrament, showing the place for theology to begin.

- 1 *Time Regained*, III. 906. All references to Proust's text are to the three-volume version of the translation by C. K. Scott Moncrieff, Terence Kilmartin and Andreas Mayor, *Remembrance of Things Past* (Penguin 1983).
- 2 Cf John Meyendorff *Byzantine Theology: Historical Trends and Doctrinal Themes* (Fordham University Press 1979), pp. 201–211.
- 3 See, for instance, the summary in J. D. Crichton, 'A Theology of Worship,' in *The Study of Liturgy*, ed. Cheslyn Jones, Geoffrey Wainwright, Edward Yarnold and Paul Bradshaw, rev. ed. (SPCK 1992), pp. 17–20. For an evaluation of the recovery of the eschatological dimension in twentieth-century theology from one of the writers who has been most involved in this attempt, see Jürgen Moltmann, *The Coming of God*.

- Christian Eschatology*, trans. Margaret Kohl (SCM 1996), especially the opening chapter.
- 4 Cf chapter 1, 'La béatitude,' in Etienne Gilson, *Introduction à l'étude de saint Augustin* (J. Vrin 1943), and also Augustine's argument that the desire for happiness requires immortality for its fulfilment in *De trinitate* XIII.iii.6–viii. 11.
 - 5 *Within a Budding Grove*, I.721.
 - 6 *Cities of the Plain*, II.888.
 - 7 *The Fugitive*, III.660.
 - 8 *Time Regained*, III.908.
 - 9 *Time Regained*, III.903.
 - 10 John D. Zizioulas, *Being as Communion. Studies in Personhood and the Church* (DLT 1985), p.19.
 - 11 Georges Poulet, *Studies in Human Time*, trans. Elliott Coleman (Johns Hopkins Press 1956), p.297.
 - 12 Quoted in Poulet, *Studies in Human Time*, p.298, from Proust's *Pastiches at mélanges*. In the opening chapter of the book, Poulet traces the idea of the overcoming of time as succession through the phenomenon of memory back into the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; see especially pp.23–29.
 - 13 Theresa F. Koernke, art. 'Mystery Theology,' in *The New Dictionary of Sacramental Worship*, ed. Peter F. Fink (Gill and Macmillan 1990), pp.883–891; the passage cited is from page 889.
 - 14 Odo Casel, *The Mystery of Christian Worship and Other Writings*, ed. Burkhard Neunheuser (ET Darton, Longman and Todd 1962), p.54.
 - 15 Quoted in André Maurois, *The Quest for Proust*, trans. Gerard Hopkins (Constable 1984), p.178.
 - 16 *The Guermantes Way*, II.86.
 - 17 Margaret Mein, *Proust's Challenge to Time* (Manchester University Press 1962), p.127, discussing the views of Lester Mansfield.
 - 18 Casel, *Mystery of Christian Worship*, p.67.
 - 19 *Time Regained*, III. 908
 - 20 On the relationship between the notion of the extratemporal and the production of literary fiction in *Remembrance of Things Past*, see the discussion of Paul Ricoeur in *Time and Narrative* vol. II, trans. Kathleen McLaughlin and David Pellauer (University of Chicago Press 1985), pp.130–152.
 - 21 *Time Regained*, III. 1106.
 - 22 *The Captive*, III. 186. It has been claimed that the death-scene of Bergotte, which closes with these words, was revised by Proust as his own death approached; see Mein, *Proust's Challenge to Time*, pp.100–102.
 - 23 *Time Regained*, III.1094.
 - 24 On the origins and subsequent reception of this concept, see Placide Deseille, art. 'Epectase,' in *Dictionnaire de spiritualité* IV. 1 (Beauchesne 1960), cols 785–788.
 - 25 Cited in Richard Wolin, *Walter Benjamin: An Aesthetic of Redemption* (University of California Press 1994), p.56, from Benjamin's essay on Goethe's *Elective Affinities*.