

itself is specially important for priests as a basic principle of the Christian life. In the introduction we are told why: for Fr Hughes the priest is but the Christian writ large. One day, perhaps, we shall have a theology that takes full

account of the distinct and representative function of priests but one in which priests are writ the same size as every other Christian: then we shall have an end of theological clericalism.  
JEROME SMITH, O.P.

**TRAVELLING IN**, by Monica Furlong. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 1971. 125 pp. £1.25.

I'm sure McLuhan would have something to say about Monica Furlong's latest. 'One who knows does not speak', much less does he write books, and as for writing reviews of books . . . Monica Furlong and I are really in the same boat, aren't we, hopelessly condemned by our own favourite texts? *Travelling In* is, I suppose, an instance of the archetypal con, the literary turn-on. It's all there, everyone from e. e. cummings to Lao Tzu (note for next edition: What about Hermann Hesse, or do they have to be in Penguins to qualify?). They've turned Monica Furlong on, they turn me on. And, on the other side, we're turned off by Michel Quoist, and congratulations to the first person I've come across who's dared to say so in public. I'm sure she's put her finger on the basic objection: the kind of complacent guiltiness he encourages us to feel about the world neither helps the world nor liberates me. 'Are we really forbidden to enjoy eating, and if we are, does this encourage us to feed the hungry?' 'The trouble is that once you start feeling sorry for (and guilty about) people as a group, you make them to this image and lose sight of what life looks like to them. Children in Biafra or in Vietnam make the strange demand of us that we give up the luxury of holding them as objects in our imagination. . . . It is a process, bit by bit, of setting ourselves free from the anaesthetics by which we conceal our own inner suffering from ourselves. In the degree to which we can do it, we can withdraw our projection upon Biafran babies and Vietnamese orphans (admitting that it is the inner baby, the inner orphan whose screams ring so

terribly in our ears).'

The rubrical theme of the book is that 'the religious man is the one who believes that life is about making some kind of journey'—a spiritual journey, a journey inwards, withdrawing our projections from the world, interiorizing the struggle of good and evil into the soul, and so, please God, eventually becoming free actually to face reality as it is, and to respond to its real demands upon us.

All this is surely right. But the question still remains: how do we get started? Do we escape from Karl Marx simply into Alan Watts and Lao Tzu? One book to another? It is perhaps the great trap to read and write books about being turned on, to compile anthologies and anecdotes (like the present book)—see how we have escaped from linearity and ideology!—but, when all is said and undone, to be still sitting on the brink, a progressive smile upon our lips, in tender superiority dismissing the misguided earnestness of those who will not take the plunge, and please, Miss, who's projecting now? 'Heaven is about to stir: do not chatter so' (Mencius, who has also just made it in Penguins, so it's O.K.—and I have already pleaded guilty too).

So, in sum, I can't help feeling that we are somewhere between two stools. We have left the zealots; we have even been turned on—but we can't just let it be, we have to prop it up and justify it and go over it again and again. . . . But even so, perhaps there are other things to do with two stools than fall between them—travelling, for instance?

SIMON TUGWELL, O.P.

**GOD'S FIRST LOVE: Christians and Jews over two thousand years**, by Friedrich Heer. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson*, London, 1970. £4.50. Translated from the German by Geoffrey Skelton.

Had Professor Heer entitled his book: *A Psychological Study of Anti-semitism*, the reader would have known what to expect. As it is he soon realizes that the author considers the history of two thousand years of Jewish-Christian relations from the Freudian point of view, to the elaboration of which eighteen pages out of the 444 are devoted. Combining Freudian depth psychology with the Monophysite heresy Heer proceeds to interpret the

entire unbelievably cruel story of Christian anti-semitism as being rooted in a deviation from the original message of the Man Jesus, the Jew, which resulted in a repression of the necessarily arising doubt of the later proclaimed divinity of Christ, and thus engendered a subconscious hatred of the Man Jesus and his brothers in the flesh in the soul of the Christian from the fourth century onwards to this day.

In Heer's opinion, the villain of the story is