

he neither states how these polarities are related to each other, nor defines them with any clarifying precision. For Laurens van der Post himself, it is the polarity of masculine/feminine which seems to be the most important one (I have counted at least 33 references to it in one shape or another) and yet is expressed at its worst with such a generalised allusiveness (see, e.g. page 260, *in fine*) as to be empty of meaning.

In regard to the second point noted above, despite frequent insistence by the author on the immense warmth of his humanity, Jung is presented as a heroic figure of gigantic stature. And just one index of the ambiguity, let alone the dubiety, of this claim is the confusion of statements the author makes about Jung's religious position. He is presented now as a convinced Christian, even, in his own words, as 'a determined old Protestant of the left' (page 238), now as a new religious messiah beyond and outside the discredited and outworn religious adherence of past or present (see, e.g. pages 106, 151, 191, 212, 225, 238-239, 266, 272). (The question even these references raise would make the subject of another fascinating and overdue book: Was Jung a Christian? And, if so, of what sort: heretical or gnostic perhaps?)

The book is therefore short on new facts and thinking, long on suggestiveness and intuition, and it will appeal accordingly. It thereby incidentally supports rather than corrects a tendency towards disembodied mystification in the master him-

self by which only too many people nowadays are easily caught. The very warmth and compassionate poetry of the book which is one of its most attractive features may therefore well detract from the real service which Jung's pioneering achievement now arguably calls for, and that is a sustained and astringent intellectual criticism.

In the final analysis, however, what may be the chief merit and truly saving grace of this book is something that lies at its very heart and which for that very reason is as invisible but as pervasive as the most subtle perfume. Laurens van der Post mentions casually that his wife was a patient and pupil of Toni Wolff, and this fact suggests another of those many 'synchronicities' or sympathies between Laurens van der Post and Jung. For the most original and important, as well as the finest because most delicately intuitive and movingly sensitive passage of the entire book is about the relationship between Jung and Toni Wolff in the chapter 'Errant and Adventure'. And Laurens van der Post tells us that Jung's monument to this, his most intimate collaborator, was to carve on a stone the testimony that she was 'the fragrance of the house' (page 178). It is in a surely more than coincidental way that one feels about Laurens van der Post's own book about Jung that his own wife, the disciple of Toni Wolff, is its secret soul, the fragrance that exudes from the very cracks of his imperfect vessel.

MARCUS LEFEBURE O.P.

AQUARIUS, Number 9, 1977, 60p.

Aquarius, the literary magazine enterprisingly edited by Eddie S Linden, has been struggling along for some time now on a shoestring, but this latest issue, with financial support from the Greater London Arts Association, seems to signal the possibility of a breakthrough. It's an interesting, if notably uneven selection of short stories, poems and reviews, all prefaced by a rambling, eccentric editorial which reads less like a polemical position than a series of nebulous disconnected grouses about 'the incredible and disgraceful state of affairs into which the Patronage of English Literature may sink'. If that kind of prose

is anything to go by, the disgraceful state of affairs is already with us. The editorial also has some approving remarks to make about Auberon Waugh, which is hardly auspicious. But then things get rather better: John Molloy contributes a neat little short story with the brilliant title of 'Not another bloody Irish short story', and only a minority of the thirty or so poems which follow are plain bad. Revered names like Seamus Heaney, Norman McCaig and Ted Hughes (whose contribution falls heavily into the plain bad category) are mixed in with less well-known poets; and the issue finishes up with a set of reviews, several of

them excessively brief and not many concerned with books one feels a compulsive urge to read, let alone buy.

Despite its slightly incoherent sense of resentment about the State of Letters, *Aquarius* doesn't communicate much sense of having anything as formulated as a 'case'. No doubt the editor would consider that all to the good, preferring to publish work of quality from no matter what stable it emerges. But it seems to me that the proliferation of little magazines is

now such that any relatively new venture like this one needs to stake out a position, in the way that, say, Jon Silkin's *Stand* has done effectively for some years. This issue of *Aquarius* contains some first-rate literary material, juxtaposed with some pretty mediocre stuff; and that seems at once the gain and the loss of the eclecticism to which its editorial policy seems wedded.

TERRY EAGLETON

G.K. CHESTERTON: THE CRITICAL JUDGMENTS Part 1. Edited by D.J. Conlon. *Antwerp Studies in English Literature*, (Rodestrast 12, 2000 Antwerp, Belgium) 1976. £9.00.

A man who probably can't spell 'exhilarated' (p 290, *three* times) and who thinks (p 510) Etienne Gilson is a Benedictine monk has composed a great thick book by copying down all the reviews of the writings of G K Chesterton that appeared between 1900 and 1937. For this he is charging us £9 and we are threatened with another volume that will take us, rather surprisingly, from 1946 to 1974. Maybe not all the reviews are here, but far too many of them are. It will be a useful book, of course, for anyone writing a PhD thesis on Chesterton in the future—and after all let there be many such for he was a great and funny and original man and people should be told to read him. It is hard to see what use the book is to anyone else. There cannot be a whole lot of people who need to know that in 1908 the *Aberdeen Free Press* thought that *The Man Who Was Thursday* was a royally fantastic nightmare, or what *The Daily Telegraph* said about *Tremendous Trifles*. If anyone except one of these patient research students does read the book he will

be reduced to sputtering rage as I was by the fact that quotations from Chesterton within reviews are frequently simply omitted and replaced by a reference—'(Quotes Stanzas I - VI)' for example. If we are going to be as mean and pawky as this, why copy out the review at all? Why not just give the reference to it? None of Professor Conlon's reviews come from obscure unobtainable journals and for the purposes of Chestertonian scholarship he would have done a much greater service if he had simply published as a little pamphlet, say, at 50p, (or as an article in a learned journal like *New Blackfriars*) a bibliography of the reviews. For everyone except scholars, as the man said, the book fills a much needed gap. Speaking, though, of this journal, one thing that does emerge from the book is the startling fact that *Blackfriars* in 1933 carried no review of Chesterton's excellent study *St Thomas Aquinas* ('without comparison the best book ever written on St Thomas'—Gilson). Let us hope that if *St Thomas Aquinas* is reissued, as it should be, the defect will be supplied.

NICHOLAS HATCHJAW-BASSETT