

the books. There is a good discussion of architecture as an image of the cosmos, and of the building process (and renewal) as cosmogony (Eliade's approach). What is lacking is a view of ritual as itself designed time which occurs within, and moves through, a space designed for that ritual. By and large, architecture is seen as "context" (in the third set of priorities): a theatrical backdrop, or a place set apart for contemplation or sanctuary. What is even more lacking is a view of social structure (and social passage) as a design congruent to that of space and time; for Jones, the connection with social structure is seen largely in relation to political power, either as legitimization or challenge. This latter view is, of course, often neglected. Another weakness is the connection between epic narrative and space/time design.

I would suggest that the emphasis be on connection between spatial design, temporal (ritual) design, social structure and narrative. What is that connection, and how is it made? How and why is the sacred set apart? How is a people created? Jones does not quite make those connections, though he dances around them. Further, I think that the original (social and ritual) situation of sacred architecture should be more privileged than Jones suggests; even if they are not well known, they still provided the context for interpreting the architecture.

*Our Lady of Guadalupe*  
*Peña Blanca, New Mexico*

*Hilaire Valiquette* O.F.M.

*The Journals of Father Alexander Schmemmann, 1973–1983.* Translated by Juliana Schmemmann. Crestwood, N.Y.: St Vladimir's Seminary Press 2000. Pages, ix–353. Paper, \$19.95. ISBN 0-88141-200-7.

During the last ten years of his life Alexander Schmemmann kept a journal, filling eight notebooks by the time he succumbed to multiple brain tumors at the age of sixty-two. The content of those pages is, as Schmemmann's son Serge notes in his forward, "highly personal and private" (vii). In editing and translating the material Schmemmann's widow Juliana has made available the innermost thoughts of a theologian whose work engaged multiple publics. Schmemmann's entries bustle with accounts of his academic, administrative, and pastoral activities as dean of St Vladimir's Seminary, his weekly broadcasts on Radio Liberty to the people behind the Iron Curtain, his constant travel around the globe as a theological lecturer and ecclesial consultant, his selfless availability as a priest to people who regularly sought him as counselor and confessor, and his ongoing struggles as a widely read and translated theologian subject to writer's blocks.

Schememann's accounts move from audiences with popes to encounters with local church members to his on-again, off-again friendship with Alexander Solzhenitsyn. In the process, his theological inquiries, political reactions, and social commentaries are marked by a deep restlessness if not, at times, agitation. His relentless criticisms of Orthodox piety and nationalism, clericalism, academic theology, popular spiritualities, capitalism, communism, consumerism, liberalism, and psychotherapy constitute one pole of what appears, at least to this reviewer, to have been the ongoing dialectic of not only his theology but his entire life. His thoughts move steadily between disaffection with religion and society and the sheer joy of his participation in Orthodox liturgy and the life of his family. Schememann's journals thus provide a penetrating view into the world behind his theological books and articles.

While Schememann's reflections exhibit a character of genuine, humble self-scrutiny, still, no small measure of irony emerges across the hundreds of pages. Pointedly clear on why efforts to preserve old Russian Orthodox customs and traditions for their own sake defeat the church's mission in the contemporary world, Schememann nonetheless found himself at a loss to explain just what the church is positively called to do: "The other position is ours. But what is it? In practice, in life, what does the *meaning* that we find behind the *form* demand of us? . . . how should we act in this real world? . . . The orthodox world scares me with its provincialism, narrow-mindedness, deadening of thought and vision, growing decline of culture. The West is collapsing. If prophecy is needed, then what? About what?" (144, 164). Eventually Schememann arrived at an answer both indisputable in its orthodoxy and vague in its content: "Prophecy must be about *Christ*" (165). Yet for all his railing against the religiosity of feelings and emotion, Schememann was only able to convey the positive content of "Christ" when recounting how joyful the celebration of various liturgical feasts and hours made him *feel*.

The problem becomes all the more disconcerting in the face of Schememann's consistent denigration of efforts to articulate the Gospel's mission in relation to human rights and social justice. "The West has decided that Christianity is calling us to fight against poverty, or to replace it with relative riches, or at least economic equality, etc. The Christian appeal is quite, quite different: poverty as freedom, poverty as a sign that the heart has accepted the impossible (hence tragic) call to the Kingdom of God" (122). Schememann wrote these words from the comfortable economic position of the bourgeois Christianity he so regularly excoriated. They are the words of a man with little credibility to defend them, a man who enjoyed the comforts of a home in Westchester County and an apartment in Manhattan, annual summer vacations on a lake in Quebec and

## Book Reviews

New Year's holidays in Paris. Never in his journals does he once mention seeking out or serving the poor. Schmemmann reports walking in New York and Mexico City and Paris without ever noticing the poor, while musing about the varieties of nationalities, or the expressions on businessmen's faces, or the "cozy" (a favorite adjective) domestic scenes along the wintry evening streets of Westchester.

That Schmemmann was immeasurably grateful for the deep love he shared with his wife and family rings clear through the very last entry in his journals. He experienced a realized eschatology in not only the divine liturgy but also his domestic bliss. That such divinely-given joy might compel its recipients to seek out those with no seeming possibility of knowing it in their concrete circumstances, that a lived dialectic of mysticism and social ethics might be the key to a prophetic Christian faith, seemed utterly to evade him.

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*Bruce T. Morrill*

*Hidden Gospels, How the Search for Jesus Lost Its Way.* By Philip Jenkins.  
New York: Oxford University Press 2001. Pages, 260. Cloth, \$25.00.  
ISBN 0-19-513509-1.

This is a book that should be helpful to those who have heard of the Jesus Seminar and are curious as to why it gets the notice it does in the press, and why the national bookselling chains in their religion sections carry one or two titles deserving of a place at supermarket check-out counters while not stocking a single serious book about the New Testament. The "hidden gospels" of the title are the apocrypha so called, those second and third-century writings produced under gnostic influence or else harmless enough romances that purport to tell what the canonical four fail to tell about Jesus' boyhood or his adult exchanges with a variety of disciples. In the first category and partially the second, his human birth and his death on the cross are denied because of the gnostic contempt for matter and its exclusive concern with spirit. The outright fictional gospels have the double purpose of satisfying a natural curiosity about Jesus' personal relations with his men and women friends but at the same time mask some theological agenda such as attempts to prove that Jesus even in childhood possessed the fullness of divine power.

Professor Jenkins, who is a member of the history and religious studies departments of the Pennsylvania State University, carries on a muted polemic against contemporary proponents of the sayings collection *The Gospel of Thomas*; the teachings of Jesus in near-identical wording in Luke and Matthew known as Q; and other writings like *The Gospel of Peter*, as



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