

- 8 J. R. Brown, in his Arden edition of the play (rep. 1961), speaks of Shakespeare employing the language of commerce for the exchanges between Portia and Bassanio “Consciously or unconsciously” (Introduction, p lvi). It seems to me a fully conscious adoption of a usage he must have long been familiar with in *Proverbs*. He employs it also in *Romeo and Juliet*, II.ii.82-4.
- 9 Cross-references are given in brackets where they appear to be either necessary or helpful.
- 10 This verse provides one of only two echoes of *Proverbs* Noble found in *The Merchant of Venice* (at III.ii.88-9). The other is even more doubtful – a distant echo of *Proverbs* 17: 28 (at I.i.95-7), where in fact the whole exchange (picked up again at II.ii. 165ff.) is based on *Ecclesiasticus* 20: 1-8.
- 11 There seems to be some play upon Old Gobbo’s myopia too. He is “gravel-blind” (a Shakespearean coinage), but – perhaps anticipating Gloucester’s seeing blindness in *King Lear* – he seems like Bassanio in being able to make value-judgments confirming that “golde is but a little grauel in respect of” Wisdom (*Wisdom*, 7: 9).
- 12 The fact that *Wisdom* is not in the Jewish canon of scripture (assuming that Shakespeare knew this) is of much less importance here than the fact that it reflects specifically Jewish thinking.
- 13 Noble, p 96.
- 14 He notes only three echoes of *Ecclesiasticus* (see Note 3 above), only two very doubtful echoes of *Proverbs* (see Note 10 above), and none at all from *Wisdom*.

## Stories of the Soul

Fergus Kerr O P

When it comes to the crunch, how does one know what other people are thinking, feeling etc? One way – the classical modern-philosophical way – of dealing with this question is to say that one knows what others are thinking etc. from analogy with one’s own case. Another way, however, is to go back to the Aristotelian conception of the soul as form of the body – which rules out radical scepticism about other people’s minds. In comparison with the Platonic story, at any rate, Aristotle’s view seems like plain common sense. On the other hand, the imaginative power of the Platonic story is so immense that liberation from it cannot be easily achieved. It is possible to read Wittgenstein’s *Philosophical Investigations* as an intervention in this long debate. By resorting to St Augustine’s picture of how (why) an infant acquires language, as

he does at the beginning of the *Investigations*, isn't Wittgenstein inviting his readers to learn to tell a different story about the soul from the one that is so entrenched in the Christian spiritual tradition?

## I

Scepticism about our knowledge of other people's minds, feelings, etc., may thus be met by the argument that one infers the existence of such hidden entities from analogy with one's own case.<sup>1</sup> But this concedes far too much to scepticism. This argument remains under the spell of the myth of the homunculus peeping suspiciously through the eyelet-holes of his face-mask at the surrounding horde of similarly masked creatures, all no doubt engaged in equivalent inferences. One alternative to this radically paranoid-solipsist conception is to return to the relatively 'physicalist' approach to be found in Aristotle (and perhaps, by qualified extrapolation, in Thomas Aquinas).

Aristotle's philosophical psychology was never free of a *certain* body/soul dualism. For Plato (we may say, without elaborating the matter here), body and soul constitute independent substances or entities which never settle down happily together. For Plato, in effect, the soul exists before ever it enters the body, which is its *prison*, and from which it longs to *escape* – and, by travelling the way of knowledge (of the Ideas), the soul is able to begin to make its escape. According to Socrates in the *Phaedo* (79 ff.), the soul is invisible and belongs to the invisible world. Consider such a passage as the following one:

“Were we not saying some time ago that the soul when using the body as an instrument of perception, that is to say, when using the sense of sight or hearing or some other sense (for the meaning of perceiving through the body is perceiving through the senses) – were we not saying that the soul too is then dragged by the body into the region of the changeable, and wanders and is confused; the world spins round her, and she is like a drunkard, when she touches change”.

It is all said already. The soul *uses* the body when 'she' (Benjamin Jowett's translation anyway) wants to go in for a bit of perceiving. The soul is evidently pictured as having a prior independent existence upon which such activities as perceiving supervene. It seems entirely at the soul's command, whether to perceive or not. When the soul leaves her redoubt and uses the body to touch the region of the changeable then she is dragged down. The soul is soon lost –

“But when returning into herself she reflects, then she passes into the other world, the region of purity, and eternity, and immortality, and unchangeableness, which are her kindred,

and with them she ever lives, when she is by herself and is not let or hindered; then she ceases from her wandering, and being in contact with things unchanging is unchanging in relation to them”.

Whatever may be thought of the *arguments* with which Plato is concerned, in the *Phaedo*, to ‘demonstrate’ the immortality of the soul, there can be no doubt that the *rhetoric* of the whole text invites us to envisage death as the soul’s release into that region of purity where alone she is at home. Of course the dialogue culminates with the famous account of the death of Socrates, who has argued that doing philosophy has all along been ‘practice for death’ (67 e). The philosopher is the one:

“who has got rid, as far as he can, of eyes and ears and, so to speak, of the whole body, these being in his opinion distracting elements which when they associate with the soul hinder her from acquiring truth and knowledge”.

Again:

“In this present life, we think that we make the nearest approach to knowledge when we have the least possible intercourse or communion with the body, and do not suffer the contagion of the bodily nature, but keep ourselves pure until the hour when God himself is pleased to release us. And thus getting rid of the foolishness of the body we may expect to be pure and hold converse with the pure, and to know of ourselves all that exists in perfection unalloyed, which I take it, is no other than the truth”.

No doubt the Pythagorean<sup>2</sup> doctrine that the soul has fallen from a state of bliss, to which it may return by assimilating itself to the intrinsic harmony of the cosmos, lies at the back of this passage. But, here again, the philosophical text only raises to the level of articulate theory something that generations of people in several different cultural traditions have felt. The belief that we can be truly ourselves only when we have transcended our bodies seems to be far too deeply rooted in human experience for us to recognise (never mind revise) it. The dominance of the doctrine in much Catholic spirituality needs no illustration here. Aggressively repressive ideals of asceticism have estranged many devout men and women from their bodies, in marriage as well as in religious (celibate) life. Excesses in the direction of polymorphous eroticism only confirm the grip of the myth. To take another example: much that is commonly believed about ‘mental’ prayer seems to continue this Platonizing desire to “get rid of the whole body”. The myth of the body as ‘prison’ has far too much imaginative power

for it to be completely untrue to human experience. That soul and body are really enemies of each other is a thought that plainly articulates what many people have felt.

Aristotle certainly rejected *that* idea. His studies of the physical world led him to, or confirmed him in, a real sense of the unity of body and soul. For him, soul and body are separable only in the sort of way that the shape and the material of an object are separable. The soul is, so to speak, the shape that the material which is the body takes, or exhibits. In fact Aristotle was very much aware of making a completely fresh start in the history of philosophical psychology. It is as meaningless to ask whether the soul and the body are one as to ask whether the wax and the shape given to it by the stamp are one, or generally the matter of a thing and that of which it is the matter (e.g. *De Anima* 412b).

Nevertheless, even for Aristotle, the mind (or anyway part of the mind: the *nous theoretikos*, the 'theoretical intellect') has no *essential* relationship with the body. On the contrary, the theoretical intellect is a purely spiritual activity which, as such, remains independent of the body. It is the element in us which is divine. It exists before one is born, and it survives one's death: "When mind is set free from its present conditions it appears as just what it is and nothing more: this alone is immortal and eternal" (*De Anima* 430a). In the end, then, there is an element of privacy within the mind which can never manifest itself in the body. This is exactly the problem with which Wittgenstein struggles in the *Investigations* – but, before we come to that, it is worth emphasizing how far Aristotle does get from the haunting problem of our knowledge of other people's minds. For all the residual dualism (and it remains to be seen whether it can finally be abandoned by a theologian), it is perfectly clear that Aristotle never felt like the paranoid solipsist who is 'eyed' by masked creatures whose kinship with himself he has to *infer* by *interpreting* the noises and movements that they make.

The modern temptation is to think as follows. I observe bodies around me but I have to interpret their outsides in order to be certain what interior life (thoughts, feelings etc.) they have. I observe your face but I have to interpret what your look means. I see many eyes around me but I cannot be certain even that they see – never mind whether they are looking at me. I am alone – eyed, yes – but never knowing for sure whether I am watched, desired, feared etc. The 'existentialist'-sounding 'depth' of this conception of the solitary 'I' requires little substantiation to make it plausible. Samuel Beckett's compositions, or a visit to the nearest mental hospital, should quickly establish the closeness of the experience to us all.

By contrast, scepticism about other people's minds is so remote from Aristotle's way of thinking that he holds, on the contrary, that we know others more easily than we know ourselves.<sup>3</sup> The happy man is self-sufficing: does he therefore need friends? Some have argued from analogy with God:

"Seeing that God, so it is said, possesses all goods and is self-sufficing: what will he do? We can hardly suppose that he will sleep. It follows, so we are told, that he will contemplate something; for this is the noblest and the most appropriate employment. What, then, will he contemplate? For if he is to contemplate anything else, it must be something better than himself that he will contemplate. But this is absurd, that there should be anything better than God. Therefore he will contemplate himself. But this also is absurd. For if a human being surveys himself, we censure him as stupid. It will be absurd therefore, it is said, for God to contemplate himself. As to what God is to contemplate, then, we may let that pass" – "the self-sufficingness about which we are conducting our inquiry is not that of God but of man, the question being whether the self-sufficing man will require friendship or not".

Thus Aristotle dismisses the argument from analogy with God to some notion of how the complete human being might find fulfilment in self-contemplation. The self is not best known to itself – on the contrary. Aristotle goes on as follows:

"Since then it is both a most difficult thing, as some of the sages have said, to attain a knowledge of oneself, and also a most pleasant (for to know oneself is pleasant) – now we are not able to see what we are from ourselves (and that we cannot do so is plain from the way in which we blame others without being aware that we do the same thing ourselves; and this is the effect of favour or passion, and there are many of us who are blinded by these things so that we judge not aright); as then when we wish to see our own face, we do so by looking into the mirror, in the same way when we wish to know ourselves we can obtain that knowledge by looking at our friend. For the friend is a second self".

Knowledge of oneself thus comes, not from looking deeply into one's own soul or mind, by way of introspection, but rather by seeing how one is reflected in the impression one makes on other people. Aristotle has no doubt that we are better able to study our neighbours than ourselves, and their actions more easily than our own. We learn more about ourselves by perceiving our effect on others than we ever do by introspecting the contents of our own minds. Aristotle's philosophical psychology, at least in

principle, is social and interactionist. Compared with the solipsism that haunts the modern era his confidence in our relationships with one another may seem naive and somewhat bluff. His lengthy reflections on the nature of friendship offer a much more complex picture than our quotations may have suggested. In the end, however, something like Aristotle's assumptions have to be retrieved. But it is no use just 'adopting' them; they have to be *won*.

## II

Wittgenstein opens the *Investigations* with a quotation from St Augustine — “not because he could not find the conception expressed in that quotation stated, as well by other philosophers, but because the conception *must* be important if so great a mind held it”.<sup>4</sup> Augustine is well known to stand in the Platonizing tradition; Augustine is also the most dominant figure in the western Christian tradition. To what extent Wittgenstein was aware of how radically he was challenging the deepest and most ancient religious presuppositions in the western tradition perhaps lies beyond anybody's power now to settle. The quotation runs as follows, in Pusey's translation:

“When they (my elders) named any thing, and as they spoke turned towards it, I saw and remembered that they called what they would point out, by the name they uttered. And that they meant this thing and no other, was plain from the motion of their body, the natural language, as it were, of all nations, expressed by their countenance, glances of the eye, gestures of the limbs, and tones of the voice, indicating the affections of the mind, as it pursues, possesses, rejects, or shuns. And thus by constantly hearing words, as they occurred in various sentences, I collected gradually for what they stood; and having broken in my mouth to these signs, I thereby gave utterance to my will”.

The picture here is as follows. The infant Augustine learned to associate names with objects when his elders pointed them out — but he already understood that their facial expressions, gestures, tones of voice, etc. revealed their intention or mental state (*affectio animi*). He learned, gradually, what objects the words stood for, and then, when he had broken in his mouth to these signs, he was at last able to use them to express his desires.

In this text, so Wittgenstein suggests (*Investigations*, No 1), we find, clearly defined, a certain myth (model) about the essential nature of language. Simply put, the story is that the purpose of words is to name objects — and names are taught by pointing. Stripped down, what could be more basic about communication than pointing and naming? Surely *something* must be basic in lan-

guage: what could be more fundamental than pointing to a thing and bestowing upon it a name? Is this not what the man was invited by the Lord God to do in that garden in Eden (Genesis 2: 19-20)? It isn't only common sense; the picture is embedded in the biblical narrative of the origin of the human race.

Well, so Wittgenstein now argues (No 2), it's a picture that is at home in a primitive conception of the ways in which our language works. But this "primitive" conception will turn out, in the course of his considerations, to be a highly metaphysical and intellectualist conception. Paradoxically, it's the conception of a language that would be far more primitive than ours (*ibid*)! He then begins to unravel this whole conception. Pointing can always be misunderstood (No 28). You already have to be able to do certain things before naming objects becomes possible (No 30). Augustine's picture suggests that the infant arrives in a foreign land already with its own language but having still to learn to translate the language of the country – "as if the child could already *think*, only not yet speak" – and "thinking", in this context, would mean interior soliloquizing (No 32).

Wittgenstein never wanted his writing "to spare other people the trouble of thinking" (Foreword). A glance at the archives soon shows how he often pared down a remark, leaving out as much as possible. It is certainly instructive to go back to the opening chapter of St Augustine's *Confessions*, to replace Wittgenstein's quotation in its context. It then rapidly appears that, for Augustine, in this text at any rate, the infant does indeed have its own mind and will articulated long before it is able to communicate:

"Thus, little by little, I became conscious where I was; and to have a wish to express my wishes to those who could content them, and I could not; for the wishes were within me, and they without; nor could they by any sense of theirs enter my spirit. So I flung about at random limbs and voice, making the few signs I could, and such as I could, like, though in truth very little like, what I wished".

The problem of "other minds" has surely never been more beautifully stated. The infant already has its own private inner life – "the wishes were within me"; but it cannot yet control its limbs and voice so as to make the signs that would successfully imitate its mental and volitional states – "I flung about at random". And the others, its elders, had no way of getting into the infant's mind.

Augustine then launches out into a magnificent prayer, in the course of which he asks whether he existed before he was born:

"Say, Lord, to me, Thy suppliant; say, all-pitying, to me, Thy pitiable one; say, did my infancy succeed another age of mine

that died before it? Was it that which I spent within my mother's womb? For of that I have heard somewhat, and have myself seen women with child? And what before that life again, O God my joy, was I anywhere or any body? For have I none to tell me, neither father nor mother, nor experience of others, nor mine own memory".

*Fuine alicubi aut aliquis?* Augustine's anguished appeal to be reassured that he certainly existed long before he was ever born of his mother's womb has fascinating psycho-analytical repercussions. But it is enough, for our purposes here, to show how deeply implicated the theory of meaning which Wittgenstein sets out to destroy in the course of the *Investigations* is with a powerfully imaginative version of the ancient myth of the soul that pre-exists the body. Nakedly stated, that myth is soon exploded. The tenacity of the theory of meaning that depends on pointing and naming, on the other hand, shows how the abandoned myth continues to exert a certain power.

The sentence immediately preceding the passage Wittgenstein cites from Augustine's *Confessions* runs as follows:

"It was not that my elders taught me words (as, soon after, other learning) in any set method; but I, longing by cries and broken accents and various motions of my limbs to express my thoughts, that so I might have my will, and yet unable to express all I willed, or to whom I willed, did myself, by the understanding which Thou, my God, gavest me, practise the sounds in my memory".

Thus, before he had gained such control over his limbs and voice as to be able to communicate, the infant Augustine (so he thinks) had been practising the sounds of words *inside his head*. If this picture has a certain charm (as it surely has), then it must be because it connects with deep psycho-analytical themes as well as with the ancient mythology of the soul.

Many readers never get past the first few paragraphs of Wittgenstein's *Investigations*. His aphoristic yet endlessly peripatetic writing was created to slow us down. People accustomed to the quick results of newspaper reading soon give up altogether. Others think that he is offering a theory of meaning, and immediately engage him on that ground. The point of entry, however, is the quotation from St Augustine with which he begins. He was using the quotation as early as the Brown Book (dictated 1934-35). But the agenda had been detailed in a lecture in 1930 (Desmond Lee's notes, p 25):

"This simile of 'inside' or 'outside' the mind is pernicious. It is derived from 'in the head' when we think of ourselves as look-



ing out from our heads and of thinking as something going on 'in our head'."

That succinctly gathers the criticism of the whole soliloquizing soul tradition which Wittgenstein put so much effort into elaborating. The trouble is, as he goes on to say in this lecture, that "we forget the picture and go on using language derived from it". He explicitly makes the comparison with soul: "Similarly, man's spirit was pictured as his breath, then the picture was forgotten but the language derived from it retained". He then goes on to discuss thinking: "Thought is a symbolic process. It does not matter a damn where it takes place, provided the symbolic process happens". In the next lecture he immediately raised the question of whether we might "read" one another's thoughts without having to have resort to language – but of course this won't do either:

"The idea of reading a thought more directly is derived from the idea that thought is a hidden process which it is the aim of the philosopher to penetrate. But there is no more direct way of reading thought than through language. Thought is not something hidden; it lies open to us".

The contrast with the solipsistic tradition is obvious. The great difficulty, however, was to create the methods which would enable us to get really free of that tradition. As this passage goes on:

"What we find out in philosophy is trivial; it does not teach us new facts, only science does that. But the proper synopsis of these trivialities is enormously difficult, and has immense importance".

The *Investigations* was one final attempt at such a "synopsis of trivialities". That it shows how "enormously difficult" the task proved may be uncontestable. Exactly why the work "has immense importance" is a much more obscure question. The suggestion being made here is that the question answers itself when it is recognized that the demolition of the "words name things" doctrine of meaning cuts the ground from under what is left of the ancient myth of ourselves as isolated homunculi "looking out from our heads". Wittgenstein's motive, as Stanley Cavell says (*The Claim of Reason*, p 207), "is to put the human animal back into language" – but he had no illusions about how hard a task this remains, even when Platonizing spirituality has been officially rejected (or especially then!).

Given some such perspective for reading the *Investigations* it becomes intelligible why Wittgenstein should go to such lengths to make us remember what understanding really is like: if there has to be something "behind" what I say for it to make sense then it is

the *surroundings* (social and temporal) which justify my saying it – and not occult goings-on in the privacy of my mind (No 154). In fact signs are something to which we are trained to react – and we go by them only because there is a regular use, a *custom*, of doing so (No 198). The whole set of 693 remarks published as Part I of the *Investigations* culminates, with a detectable sense of delight, in the thought that “nothing is more topsy-turvy than to call meaning a mental or spiritual activity”! That is getting it all back to front. If meaning ever is an activity concealed inside one’s head it is only because meaning is ordinarily one of the ways in which we act together in the world. The final paragraph thus links up with the opening one. It is when we go shopping – “in this and similar ways that one operates with words” – that one “acts”.

Of course the whole argument would have to be retraced. There is no space to attempt that here. It takes weeks. But, if successful, Part I of the *Investigations* would cure one of the temptation to think of meaning as some occult incorporeal state or process in one’s mind, inaccessible in principle to anybody else. As Waismann wrote, in what remains a very useful exposition of Wittgenstein’s work in the early ’thirties (*The Principles of Linguistic Philosophy*, p 248):

“What we object to is the idea of the contents of different people’s minds as shut off from each other by insurmountable barriers, so that what is experienced is eternally private and inexpressible – the idea that we are, so to speak, imprisoned behind bars through which only words can escape, as though it were a defect in language that it consists wholly of words”.

We have surely said enough to suggest how hard an idea it is to expel.

Part II of the *Investigations* begins almost at once with the question of the relation of body to soul. Imagine a human being whose bodily expression of such deep inner feelings as sorrow and joy altered with the regularity of a pendulum: what should we make of such a disjunction of ‘inner’ and ‘outer’? Such a being would not be one of our kind at all: “here we should not have the characteristic course of the pattern of grief or of the pattern of joy” (p 174). Could you feel deep grief *for a second*? If you could, wouldn’t you be outside history? Wouldn’t you be outside the body? When I tell you that I am frightened does that mean that I am reporting my sensations? If I tell you that something makes me shudder does there have to be a wordless shudder at the back of my words? But it is a few pages further on that Wittgenstein begins to open up the question of the soul (p 178).

Are other people automata? What is it like to suppose that other people might be mechanical and mindless creatures whose minds one has to infer or deduce from their outward behaviour? Do I conclude, by some process of inference, no doubt one that takes place almost instantaneously, that I am right to view you as a human being like myself? As Peter Winch says:

“Both behaviourists and dualists do . . . think that to regard another man as a conscious being with thoughts, feelings, emotions, hopes, intentions, etc. is to have certain beliefs about him – though they differ of course about the nature of these beliefs”.<sup>5</sup>

It is precisely this idea that we have *beliefs* about one another’s human status that Wittgenstein fastens on. There are problems about translating his key remark, but it runs as follows: “My attitude towards him (a friend) is an attitude towards a soul. I am not of the *opinion* that he has a soul” (p 178). One of the difficulties about this is that the alternative to one’s *opining* that the other has a soul (as the result perhaps of some deduction) seems to be that one takes up an *attitude* to him or her. That makes it sound rather arbitrary, subjective, and “existentialist” – as if one makes an act of faith in the other man’s humanity. It may seem that an attitude is something that may be taken up or abandoned almost at will. It would need more room than we have left to show that what Wittgenstein has in mind is rather an *unreflective reaction*, more primitive than judging others to be human or whatever. The other difficulty about translating the remark is that, in the original, Wittgenstein says that one’s unreflective reaction to the other is an unreflective reaction to the soul, *zur Seele* – which opens the way to the famous remark a few lines on: “The human body is the best picture of the human soul”. In other words, my reaction to the other is already a reaction to the soul. There is no delay (ordinarily) between my observing his body and judging it to have a soul. One sees the soul as one meets the other. We don’t *have beliefs about* one another’s humanity; we *interact with* one another.

But that is easy enough to assert. It doesn’t follow that we have actually freed ourselves of the dualistic story of the soul – or that we have considered the implications for Christian piety and theology. In fact, in the Dublin manuscript from which Part II of the *Investigations* was selected,<sup>6</sup> Wittgenstein followed up the remark about my relationship to the other man as a relationship to the soul, and not merely as the view or theory that he has a soul, with *this* remark:

“Now of course a picture forces itself upon us irresistibly –

the picture of the incorporeal reality which animates the face (like a shimmering breeze)”.

The myth of the soul as the divine spark within, which, on occasion, lights up the face, reappears ineluctably. Right to the end, Wittgenstein remained in search of the way to tell a different story of the soul.

*To be continued*

- 1 Cf “On the Road to Solipsism”, *New Blackfriars*, February 1983.
- 2 Pythagoras who may well have discovered the Theorem, must have died by the close of the 6th century BC: he taught a doctrine of the transmigration of souls, but is in other ways also the legendary figure with whom Plato has to come to terms.
- 3 The quotation comes from the *Magna Moralia* (1213a) but those who doubt if it was written by Aristotle himself will find the same idea, in much the same words, in the *Nicomachean Ethics*. The essay by Richard Sorabji, ‘Body and Soul in Aristotle’, in *Philosophy* 49 (1974), is very illuminating.
- 4 The quotation comes from the Malcolm Memoir, p 71.
- 5 Cf “Eine Einstellung zur Seele”, the Presidential Address by Peter Winch, in *Aristotelian Society Proceedings 1980-81*.
- 6 *Last Writings on the Philosophy of Psychology*, Volume I p 45.

## Reviews

**LIKE BLACK SWANS: SOME PEOPLE AND THEMES**, by Brocard Sewell.  
*Tabb House, 1982, pp xviii + 232. £11.95.*

The publication of *Like Black Swans* coincided with the author’s 70th birthday. The volume is made up of nine essays on varied individuals and two on current topics. In most of those about whom he writes, Fr Brocard has observed something that was not seen by others. For himself, these are rare birds in our world, like black swans. Perhaps such unlikely companions as R. S. Hawker of Morwenstow and Baron Corvo, or Vincent McNabb and Montague Summers, or Lady Alfred Douglas (Olive Custance) and Hilary Pepler, are seen by the author as united by the never-failing stretch of the divine atonement. In his observation of each, Fr Brocard sees evidence of redeeming mercy. They are ‘extraordinary’, or ‘remarkable’, or ‘distinctive’, or ‘agitated’, and sometimes ‘difficult’; but they are all redeemed.

For readers of *New Blackfriars*, the chapters on the Cardinal of Norfolk, Vin-

cent McNabb and Hilary Pepler will be perhaps of special interest. There are some errors of fact, but that doesn’t seem to matter.

In the last two pieces, ‘Monasticism Today’ and ‘Catholic Spirituality, Anglican and Roman’, the author himself makes his appearance writing from his position, as he has explained, at the ‘Extreme Centre’. He manages to combine a firm dislike of many manifestations of post-conciliar catholicism with a radical stance on ecclesial matters. He is an apostle of the other point of view, of the outsider; he quotes Bishop Michael Ramsey’s description of R. S. Hawker as ‘a beyond man in a beyond place’. Fr Brocard is at home with such men and women; it is a valuable experience to accompany him.

BEDE BAILEY O P