

One of Coval's fundamental mistakes is, I think, to suppose that the position which claims to see an asymmetry between self- and other-ascription is necessarily a sceptical position. This may be due to a misunderstanding of Strawson's doctrine which becomes apparent as early as the introduction (p. x, 'His view that . . . the criteria (what I feel "in" myself and what I see, etc., of you) must differ'). Strawson is represented as saying that my ascription of experiences to you lacks a basis which my ascription of them to myself possesses. In fact Strawson is careful to say not that I ascribe experiences to myself on a different basis from that on which I ascribe them to others, but that I ascribe them to myself 'not on this basis'. The asymmetry is therefore seen by Coval as consisting in my having less good grounds for saying you are depressed than I have for saying I am. His arguments—bad as they are—for saying that my grounds in each case can in principle be as good as the others are, therefore, beside the point.

Miss Powell, by contrast, allows us a clearer view of her tactics than of her strategy. Indeed, a proper understanding of her strategical purpose has so far escaped me. She argues that not every action has a motive; that more knowing *that* is involved in knowing *how* than Ryle allows; that sentences of the form 'Do *x* in order to achieve *y*' state matters of fact; that how the world is as well as how *x* behaves is to be consulted before we attribute knowledge to *x*; that it is inappropriate for me to ask her how she knows what she is doing, not because she is never, but because she is seldom, ignorant

of such matters. With some of these contentions it is possible to agree. Where it is not possible it is usually easy to locate the stage in the argument where disagreement sets in. On any given page it is, as a rule, not difficult to have an idea what Miss Powell is up to: the contrast with Coval is striking on this score. But since it is less easy to make out what Miss Powell is up to in the book as a whole, it is not easy to make any overall criticism. Perhaps my main complaint would be that she has failed to take sufficiently to heart the many things that have been said recently about the different levels at which an action can be described. When I do something unintentionally there is usually some description of what I do under which I *can* be said to have intended to do it. 'They know not what they do' was said not of men who were in a coma, or acting absent-mindedly, but of men who knew of the man they were crucifying only that he was an alleged rebel against the civil power.

As with Miss Powell's arguments, so with her style: by contrast with Coval it is clear and easy to follow. Coval's style is so unnatural as to be distressing. His departures from accepted standards are, one supposes, attempts to introduce the liveliness or sophistication achieved by Ryle or Austin. He would have done better to aim at a more pedestrian clarity. I shall not tire the patience of readers by attempting to list his infelicities. It is easier to notice the rare slips of Miss Powell's pen: page 18, lines 32, 33 and page 83, line 17 seem to contain examples of a double negative; the last line but one on page 105 seems to show dittography.

C. J. F. WILLIAMS

HOPKINS: SELECTIONS, NEW OXFORD ENGLISH SERIES, ed. G. Storey. *O.U.P.*, 1967. 206 pp.

This is an elegantly produced selection of the poetry and prose of Hopkins, chosen by Graham Storey who completed the editing of the Journals and Papers of the poet. There is an Introduction to Hopkins, as man and poet, a select bibliography and some notes on the Text.

The extracts from the letters are useful and entertaining, full of Hopkins' off-the-cuff remarks on literature and authors. There is the amused-hurt letter to Bridges complaining about the latter's adverse criticism of *The Wreck of the Deutschland*—'You drew off your criticisms all stinking'; the informal explanations to Bridges and Dixon of the secrets of Sprung Rhythm, so much clearer than Hopkins' official utterances on the subject; the long

letter to Baillie on the kinds of language a poet uses, notably 'Parnassian', Hopkins' coinage for the style a good poet may adopt when he is cruising along, in between bouts of authentic inspiration. There are some penetrating remarks on English authors: on the 'rich and nervous poet' Marvel (*sic*), on Tennyson, whom Hopkins even then saw to have 'vogue, popularity, but not the sort of ascendancy Goethe had, or even Burns'; on the 'frigid bluster' of Kingsley 'which is all a kind of munch and a not standing of any blasted nonsense from cover to cover'; on Wordsworth's high inspiration but lack of technique. There are signs that Hopkins' letters, like those of Keats, are on their way to classic status.

The extracts from the Oxford diaries show

the intense, bright, hyper-intelligent Hopkins storing away words and phrases, and recording in tortuous, nervous phraseology, his peculiar and intense way of seeing natural scenery. He meditates upon a word: 'Altogether "peak" is a good word. For sunlight through shutter, locks of hair, rays in brass knobs etc.'; he stores away, without comment, a phrase—'He shook with racing notes the standing air'; he records a natural scene with his usual visionary oddness—'Hedges springing richly. Elms in small leaf with more or less opacity. White poplars most beautiful in small grey crisp spray-like leaf. Cowslips capriciously colouring meadows in creamy drifts.' Much of the material in his Journal was to appear, some-

times years later in his poems, wrought and 'inscaped' to a high pitch of linguistic intensity.

This book is based upon the recently produced fourth edition of the poems. All the main poems are here, including 'The Shepherd's brow . . .' which is now in the canon. Some early poems are included such as 'Winter in the Gulf Stream' and 'The Alchemist', so unconsciously symbolic of Hopkins' inner isolation. Perhaps 'Moonrise' should have been added to the selection from the Fragments but one cannot have everything. There appears to be a misprint on the note on 'The Alchemist', line 39, but this is a very minor blemish indeed on a scholarly and well-produced volume.

DONALD MCCHESNEY

THE WAY TO UNITY AFTER THE COUNCIL, by Augustin Cardinal Bea. *Geoffrey Chapman Ltd.* 1967. 256 pp. 25s.

The Way to Unity after the Council is a sort of 'oecumenism without tears' for Catholics; it provides a clear, careful and thorough account of the relevant conciliar documents, in simple but theological terms. It is not an adventurous book, but it may well be useful as an introduction to serious oecumenism, for Catholics who have not yet quite caught on. But, for all that, it is a disappointingly unoecumenical book (even Cardinal Bea nods sometimes—and let that be a warning to us all!). Our separated brethren cannot but be hurt by its patronizing and smug tone ('even the non-Catholic oecumenical movement was becoming ever more aware of the necessity of making no concession to religious indifferentism'—after the great stand taken by the World Council of Churches under Dr Visser 't Hooft this is nothing but an insult). There is even a new brand of oecumenical triumphalism ('the first result of our analysis will be the profound joy of knowing that these hundreds of millions of fellow Christians are at least to some extent in communion, even if imperfectly, with the Catholic Church').

But my chief regret is that Cardinal Bea does not really do justice to the ecclesiological revolution involved in the acceptance of oecumenism. Not that this is easy—the Decree on Oecumenism wrestles with a quite inadequate terminological apparatus, we are still only at the beginning of the exploration. But it is symptomatic that the Cardinal reverts to the old phrase 'non-Catholics', which was abandoned by the Council. This is much more important than might appear at first sight, for it typifies the change of attitude demanded of us. We may no longer make a simple equation

between the theological entity which is the 'one, holy, Catholic and apostolic Church', and the socio-political phenomenon of the Roman Catholic Church. (This is a delicate matter, open to misunderstanding; in time we must evolve a fuller terminology to cope with it.) The Church as a theological entity is eternally guaranteed by God's creative and infallible fiat, indefectibly holy, 'without spot or wrinkle' (Eph. 5, 27). The canonical, institutional 'face' of this theological entity is the Roman Catholic Church: that is our claim to be the Catholic Church. But this human society, although in this sense it is the Church, can, and does constantly, fall away from its own theological nature: it must become holy, without spot or wrinkle (*de Oec.* 4). It is *semper purificanda* (*Lum. Gent.* 8). The exact coincidence of what we may call the 'existential Church' with the 'theological Church' will only be achieved in the pleroma (cf. *de Oec.* 4).

The Roman Catholic Church as institution (in the strict sense, not the left-wing pejorative sense) is, we believe, protected against falling away from its own theological nature; it is unfailingly the sacrament of unity. But as a human society it enjoys no such guarantee. It can fail to make real and effective the unity which belongs to it. And *de Oecumenismo* teaches unmistakably that Catholics as well as other Christians are guilty of sins against unity (3). Catholics and other Christians are all involved together in the effort to become truer to Christ's one and undivided Church (4). The Roman Catholic Church needs the separated brethren in order to make effective its own catholicity (4). We must be prepared to join with them on