philosophical (or even statistical) underpinning. Bartholomew argues (contra Montefiore) that it is equally possible that God did and did not create the Universe, and that evidence from human experience (moral, aesthetic, social, religious...) adds nothing significant to a probability case for God. Bartholomew also rejects Swinburne's approach, here questioning the logical possibility of ever giving a high prior probability to God—something which, if true, would seem to tell against any case for God's existence. The chapter ends by arguing that even if (uniquely) we may not assign God a prior probability, we can still claim his existence is likely, plausible, given the incidence of otherwise incredible cosmic coincidences.

The chapter on the Bible contains little work on probability though much on approaches to Scripture. Bartholomew usefully shows how often Scripture scholars use probability language; finds a circularity problem in Bible interpretation (any biblical arguments used presuppose the Bible is true—which surely holds only for a certain sort of biblical fundamentalist); discusses stylometrics, 'hidden' divine codes and the historical reliability of biblical manuscripts. The very little probability theory has to say here perhaps illustrates the inappropriateness of Bartholomew's discipline for this sort of theological and philosophical enquiry. In general, probability theory takes us hardly any distance at all in matters of faith since it depends on how initially (in)credible you find the proposition that God exists, and credibility here depends on more overtly philosophical, non-mathematical, approaches to reality.

One major defect of this study of the rationality of Christianity is that it never addresses the possibility that faith may itself be rational, an ultimate end or rational requirement of the happiness of the human person. Bartholomew's only possibilities at the book's conclusion are that faith is rational (= has good consequences) or intuitive (= a matter of inner sense). This dichotomy may appeal to readers in certain Christian traditions, but perhaps not to many Catholics. He does show that probability theory gives no more support to atheism than to theism; however, he is quite clear that the book's purpose is to expose the 'weaknesses of those who pretend to certainties that are unobtainable' (p. 268). Painstaking philosophical work laying to rest religious certainty would be required before many of us were persuaded that the slight hope offered by probability theory is the best or only basis for a rational Christianity.

HAYDEN RAMSAY

HANNAH ARENDT — MARTIN HEIDEGGER by Elzbieta Ettinger *Yale University Press*, **1995, £10.95.**

Hannah Arendt (1906–75) was a considerable figure. In *The Origins of Totalitarianism* (1951) she argued that Nazism and Soviet communism were mirror images of each other. In *The Human Condition* (1958) she argued that, contrary to the tradition since Plato, action, not thought, is the summit of human achievement. Her account of Eichmann's trial (1963) stressed that he was a case of the 'banality of evil'—a phrase that has passed into general currency.

What emerges in Elzbieta Ettinger's book, documented from their

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correspondence, is that, as a first-year student at the University of Marburg, from an assimilated Jewish family, she was mesmerized by her thirty-five-year-old professor, a married man with two young sons, who seduced her. The affair lasted for about four years, even after she moved to Heidelberg to study with Karl Jaspers. In early 1928 Heidegger broke it off: *Sein und Zeit* had just appeared, he had been appointed to Husserl's chair in Freiburg, but he was not concerned only about his reputation—there was another woman in his life (also Jewish). The following year Arendt married a fellow student, but as a Jewish journalist he fled to Paris in 1933 and the marriage was amicably terminated in 1937. By that time she too had left Germany and met a refugee communist, with whom she was to have a very happy marriage, at any rate once they got to the United States.

Heidegger's wife, the dominant partner in the marriage, the daughter of a Prussian officer, was a fanatical Nazi from the first; but Ettinger's book adds much more detail to the ugly story of Heidegger's behaviour during the Nazi years. For all the happiness of her marriage, however, Arendt was never going to break free of Heidegger. In 1949, as a research director on behalf of the Commission on European Jewish Cultural Reconstruction, she visited Germany to recover looted Hebraica and Judaica. Having heard from Jaspers something of the dismal story of Heidegger's Nazi sympathies, she wrote to her husband saying that she had no desire to see the philosopher but nevertheless took the initiative in arranging a meeting. From 1950 to 1952, she visited the Heideggers frequently (he told her that he had confessed his infidelity to his wife) and he wrote her a number of affectionate letters. Their fascination with each other revived, but, to this reader at least, it is plain that he was using her as the principal agent of the whitewash of his past that was widely accepted in America. His reluctance to recognize her work and growing reputation does not increase one's admiration of his character.

After another gap, dictated by him, she visited again in 1967, when she was warmly received, and again in 1969 with her husband (a great admirer of Heidegger's work). Heidegger's wife now initiated a correspondence, asking Arendt to help them to sell the manuscript of *Sein und Zeit* to an American library . She took a great deal of trouble over all this, insisting from the start however that the manuscript should surely stay in Germany. With his lifelong contempt for 'America' it is ironic that Heidegger ever wanted his most famous manuscript to go there. In the end, for a very stiff price indeed, Heidegger sold all his manuscripts to the Schiller Literaturarchiv.

Arendt's husband died in 1970. The last letters between Arendt and Heidegger were affectionate and (at last on his side too) respectful. She visited him in August 1975 , four months before her death. Five months later, in May 1976, Heidegger himself died.

Whether this is the 'great story of a tragic love' that the wrapper acclaims is another matter. On one reading it might look as if Heidegger used—abused—Arendt very seriously, once when she was a student (very beautiful too, judging by the photograph), once again when he lied to her to make her his principal apologist in the English-speaking world, and finally when he and his wife sought to exploit her standing in American academic

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circles to get them the dollars to build their retirement home. On the other hand, that a woman like Hannah Arendt found him so fascinating all her life certainly reveals a side to Heidegger that readers of his books would not suspect. Whether any of this has any bearing on his philosophy, or on hers, is, again, another matter.

FERGUS KERR OP

CARDINAL HERBERT VAUGHAN: ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, BISHOP OF SALFORD, FOUNDER OF THE MILL HILL MISSIONARIES by Robert O'Neil, MHM. *Burns and Oates,* **London 1995. viii + 520 pp. £20.00**

In 1880 Herbert Vaughan, Bishop of Salford, was in Rome, together with his cousin Bishop Clifford of Clifton, representing the English bishops in petitioning for a new constitution to determine future relations between the English religious and the bishops. Vaughan had just triumphed in a violent dispute with the Jesuits. He resoundingly defeated their claim that a papal privilege allowed them to open schools without episcopal approval. In Vaughan's mind the re-establishment of the hierarchy in 1850 had rendered many of the 'missionary privileges' of the English regulars redundant. In future the English Church was to be run by its bishops in firm alliance with the Holy See. The bustle, drive, and organisation, which characterised so much of Victorian Britain was to replace that Georgian sense of English Catholic discretion and desire for a decent obscurity.

During the protracted negotiations in Rome, Vaughan, ultramontane though he was , chaffed bitterly at the delays to which his cause was subjected by Italian procrastination. After a while, to help expedite matters, Manning came out to join the two episcopal cousins. Vaughan had first met Manning on the journey to Rome where both intended to prepare for ordination to the priesthood. They did not get on. Vaughan was impatient with this 'convert parson' whose principal worry seemed to be that his silk top hat would be crushed in the carriage. Exclaiming 'I can stand this old parson no longer' Vaughan and a companion gave Manning the slip in Lyons and sped on to Rome without him. After this inauspicious start relations grew warmer over the years with Manning becoming almost a father to Vaughan. Nevertheless, the relationship was stormy. Manning regarded the volatile Vaughan as impetuous and undiplomatic. During their time in Rome in 1880 the curial cardinals referred to Manning as the 'diplomat', Clifford as the 'lawyer' and Vaughan as the 'devil'.

Fr O'Neil, in his useful biography, gives a penetrating insight into Vaughan's character and a broad picture of his remarkable work. O'Neil, in almost archaeological fashion, investigates the biographical site with various slit trenches which display the many different facets of his extraordinary subject. Vaughan came from a Welsh border family of recusants, one of whose ancestors had been 'out' with Prince Charles Edward in 1745. Herbert was one of twelve children, ten of whom became priests or religious, including three bishops. He determined at an early age to become a priest. A handsome and energetic man he was ordained in 1854 at the age of 22 in Lucca after very perfunctory studies in Rome. Immediately, he was asked by Cardinal Wiseman to go to the seminary at Ware as part of a scheme to 'reform' the English clergy. It was in these

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