

trayed is of a child with certain instinctive characteristics finding itself in a totally hostile environment. This is not specifically in reference to the distressing cases which are treated with skill and sympathetic understanding in the latter half of the book. It refers to the experience of all human beings and it is on this evidence presumably that the theory of human motive and behaviour is based. The impression which is received is of an external rigid man-made institution being clamped on to the resisting 'natural' instinctive life of the child.

The theory while claiming to be based on sound biological data entirely fails to give value to or recognition of the inherent drive towards transformation and social adaptation which lies in the instinctive life itself. The picture of the child torn on the one hand by the love of its parents as the source of its well-being, and on the other by the hate of the power and authority that they wield, leaves no place for the mediating principle in the child itself, which can make such a tension creative.

No one reading this book can fail to be impressed by the importance it attaches to family life and this in itself is valuable at a time when the family unit is assailed on all sides.

Although it is feared that the reader may feel a sense of frustration, he will find a good many shrewd and penetrating observations on such matters as the attitude of society (of which he is a member with personal responsibility) towards the treatment of delinquents. Dr Friedlander also has some important things to say about the character of neurosis as distinct from delinquency, although frequently found with it, and the necessity for correct diagnosis and treatment. Her book needs careful reading and repays the time that should be given to it.

DORIS LAYARD.

ART AND LETTERS

LES SANDALES D'EMPEDOCLE. By Claude-Edmonde Magny. (Editions de la Baconnière, Neuchâtel; n.p.)

This book starts a great number of critical hares that cannot be adequately followed up in a short review. Its ambitious function is to enquire into the uses of literature and criticism, and to fix limits to both. As the authoress says, 'Literary criticism seeks all possible alibis for not fulfilling its mission', and she is at pains to discount the ideal of 'scientific' criticism set up by Taine and the standardised attitudes it fostered, while at the same time calling for a 'partiality' that will take definite critical norms for granted while excluding the so-called personal 'heresy' and along with it the impressionism and subjectivism of the literary *causerie* that descends from Sainte-Beuve. Like the sandals that Empedocles left behind before disappearing into Etna, literature is a sign of man's wider life, it 'annexes new continents to human knowledge' in Gide's sense, and the writer is a prospector in the world of experience: for that reason

there are no purely literary merits in literature, which because of its 'mixed' nature cannot therefore be assigned any exact quantitative value, cannot be measured by the pseudo-scientific instruments of the 'impersonal' school of criticism: which, of course, is far from saying that it cannot be measured in any sense at all, as the equally standardised attitudes of the ecstatic school would have it. So far the trend of the book seems unequivocally healthy: it is in the critical studies that follow, on Morgan, Sartre, and Kafka, that certain weaknesses become apparent.

Morgan, we are told (p. 36), is an 'incomparable novelist', whose language is yet vicious (p. 90), and whose attitude betrays a subtle escapism (pp. 88-89). His 'style' can be used to cover up an awkward bit of literary tailoring, but the novelist's language is thought of merely as material to transform, and not as carrying the impression of any 'formal elements', as being the tradition that the novelist respects in the using. This vitiates the whole discussion, and (except where she refers to what Morgan unconsciously says) prevents the critic seeing that there are subtler reasons for Morgan's betrayal of experience than those she adduces. There is an irritating preoccupation with 'le Beau', suggesting not 'le Beau' realised in human experience, as in medieval treatises *De Pulchro*, but something with which literary folk have an innate and privileged acquaintance.

The essay on Sartre cannot be fully discussed in the space available, but a point that ought to be made is that, on the showing of *La Nausée* and *Huis Clos* at least, we have here a throw-back to the super-real of André Breton plus the nihilism to be found in some Turgenev and Tchekov. Briefly the authoress criticises the false partiality of Sartre the anarchist in presenting human acts that have previously been emptied of motive, on the pretext of abolishing the social self and all the traditions it takes over from the past, so that the impact of existence, that is simultaneously super-reality and the void, may annex the new literary continents referred to by Gide. The need to convince us that experience is monstrous results, as is here noted, in a touch of melodrama, indicating that Sartre is more preoccupied in making extra-literary points than in constructing allegories of life.

The chapters on Kafka that follow are more rewarding, if a hint inconclusive. Briefly, Kafka's allegories imply no 'other world', as genuine symbols do, or as are even implied in the catastrophes in Grimm; we are told of their infra-conceptual character, their refusal to have any truck with a transcendental 'Beau', hence to my mind they somehow don't exist in depth, and, in spite of their curious emotional hold, have no beginnings in the root mind of man. Theregaard's desire to emigrate to eternity, as, curiously, Kierkegaard criticised Plato's emigration out of existence into his immutable Idea-world, and as he seems to have shared, too, Kafka's view that

events are metaphors from which no concepts can be wrung. Mdmé Magny discusses the question of the author's place in his work and concludes that the more original a work is the more 'depersonalised' it is, in the sense that the more independent it is of the writer's private neurosis. Kafka's work in fact shows us how thin is the crust of civilisation and reason separating us from the unthinkable barbarism beyond: a better Kafka might have shown also how necessary this crust is. The conclusion is that Sartre and Kafka express what has not been predigested by the human mind and in that way their message is the negation of culture, a subtle anti-humanism.

JOHN DURKAN

PORTRAIT OF HORACE. By Alfred Noyes. (Sheed & Ward; 16s.)

The author has set himself to find the secret of Horace's age-long charm in the belief that 'Horace being primarily a poet' can best be interpreted by a poet, and his book is a contribution to the appreciation of Horace; but it would have been a greater contribution if the whole of his interpretation had been of the quality it is in his last chapter which he gives to Horace's prophecy 'non omnis moriar', and elsewhere when what he writes is the outcome of his practical knowledge of the art and technique of poetry. But from the first chapter he is too much preoccupied with the view of those who consider that Horace's relations with the Emperor underwent such change as to denote loss of independence and consistency; and the manner of his refutation, which bulks large in the book, constantly reminds one of Horace's tragic poet who

proicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba
cum curat cor spectantis tetigisse querella.

The author's thesis is that one of the many colours with which Tennyson says poetry glances is a 'subtle and unexpected irony', and his exposition of this, intended as it is to demonstrate that Horace could 'put no trust in princes', is highly subjective and involves some serious errors of fact. Of this there is a conspicuous instance in the interpretation of the ode 1, 37, written when the news of the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra was brought to Rome. Argument based on supposition of what Horace might have felt if some months later he had seen the triumphal procession or heard of the execution of Cæsarion and Antyllus, is merely irrelevant, but to represent the triumphal procession as evidence of Octavian's cruelty is unwarranted, and still more so is the charge that he was guilty of 'the cruel and cold-blooded murder of Cleopatra's young children'. The facts are that the triumphal procession was the traditional Roman custom, and that Cleopatra's three children by Antony, so far from being murdered, were taken into her home by Octavian's sister, as she had taken the younger son of Antony and his first wife Fulvia, and brought up with the children she had born to Antony before he came under the evil influence of Cleopatra: Cleopatra's daughter was