

aside that some Oxford dons 'are apt to believe that the world ends at the Great Western Railway Station', and perhaps, as one who himself seldom went beyond it, like the best of those he served, he never permitted a confined and specialised world to destroy a youthful openness of outlook. The fact that he could be persuaded to leave the gardening jobs of a well-earned retirement to attempt even the pleasant task of writing an autobiography is witness to his place in a noble and alas! fast disappearing generation that saw possibilities where most of us would only see problems.

AN INTRODUCTION TO WELSH POETRY. From the Beginnings to the Sixteenth Century. By Gwyn Williams. (Faber and Faber; 25s.)

This book gives an account of Welsh poetry up to the end of the sixteenth century in eight chapters of narrative and comment and quotation and free translation. There are also appendices on prosody and on the Arthurian legend and there is a competent bibliography. The writer has read widely and has consulted authorities. His story is fairly dependable—least so, however, when he deals with the sixteenth century and Renaissance. It is a work of popularisation, and as such admirable, for it is lively and unpedantic, and the translations are often poetry. They are also often wrong. Yet the happy lightheartedness of the whole work precludes exact criticism. For those English readers who may wish to learn something of the nature of Welsh poetry, this book will be the most pleasant introduction and will beget goodwill.

S.L.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL (The World in Colour Series). Edited by Doré Ogrizek. (McGraw-Hill Publishing Company; 30s.)

This charming book is a tourist's pre-guide to Spain and Portugal. It contains a number of independent sections on Art, Literature, History (too short, these, to be much more than lists of names with a quick, qualifying adjective, but very prettily illustrated), followed by impressionistic accounts of such cities as Madrid and Toledo, and of the various regions of Spain. There is a lesson on the bull-fight. Then parallel offices are performed for Portugal, with a sketch of popular art in that country. The whole is lavishly illustrated (roughly, a picture to every page) in a variety of styles, with water-colour tones predominating. There are some vivid observations, and no one will see this book and not want to visit the reality. It is translated from the French and, occasionally, French forms of Spanish names have been inadvertently retained, which is a pity.

E.S.