

LAST CHANCE IN AFRICA, by Negley Farson. (Gollancz; 15s.)

This book, that of a visitor in Africa, like every such book, naturally contains much with which any resident in Africa will more or less violently disagree, as indeed he will disagree with other residents' views. The non-African reader must be warned that there are many things which the visitor cannot possibly appreciate, and that even his account of the views of those living in Africa will give a different impression from that which they intended. But this book of Mr Farson's has the merit of drawing as far as possible on local opinion, which he appears to have had abundant opportunity to hear from the best sources; he allows it to stand even where it is divergent. The book gives a fair idea of the confusion of Africa at the present day, and of the confusion of minds, white and black, in face of it. In addition it is a highly readable book of travel. It will do good service if it dissipates out-of-date notions about Africa, and by its great variety of facts and opinions stimulates to further study. As a corrective to this traveller's view, the reading of W. M. MacMillan's *Africa Emergent*, the work of an expert long resident in Africa, might be counselled: it is available as a 'Pelican'.

OSWIN MAGRATH, O.P.

OUTLINE: An Autobiography, by Paul Nash. (Faber; 30s.)

This seems to be an age of biographies and autobiographies. Perhaps the deadening effect of State control, casting its cloak of uniformity over our civilisation, makes men cling so passionately to the personal and individual element and creates a wish among highly developed individuals to write their own lives, and among the general public to read them. Be that as it may, here is an autobiography of the first order which shows the development of an artist from childhood to recent war years. The latter part Paul Nash did not finish before he died in 1946, but it has been published as he left it in outline, and 'Outline' he wished to be the title of his book.

His early years he creates for us very completely. His memory of small incidents which express not only the facts but the feelings of his childhood is remarkable. The house, the winding flight of stairs up to the night nursery, the sinister corner where the black dog might jump out, Aunt Gussie and Mr Dry—all create for us such a vivid scene of his early days that one wonders if his writings will not rank equal in creative quality with his pictures.

As he grows up his descriptions inevitably change from place to persons, and it is refreshing to read his numerous descriptions of people and parties and to have conjured up for us life in Chelsea between the two wars. Here we meet Gordon Bottomley, Sir William Richmond, Professor Tonks, Ben Nicholson, Will Rothenstein, Gordon Craig and