the second with a preliminary survey of the Order in space and time, he takes the major systems of the body in turn and gives detailed accounts of the comparative anatomy of each. The concluding chapter deals with the evolutionary radiations that are to be detected in the group as a whole.

It is in keeping with the general plan of the book that the history of the emergence of the family *Hominidae*, of which *Homo sapiens* is the only surviving member, is restricted to the last seven pages of the book, apart from brief references in the systematic chapters. Perhaps the story of the *Hominidae* is being saved, to provide a book on its own: there are still some curious gaps in the fossil sequence, but *Australopithecus* has been a discovery of the very first importance in recent years, and *Oreopithecus* promises to be even more exciting. But the method adopted here, of presenting the Order in all its variety, is bound to give the impression (possibly intended by the author) that Man is no more than an aberrant offshoot from the general primate stock, an epiphenomenon of no more, if of no less, interest than any of the others. Despite all the careful marshalling of facts, then, and the brilliantly succinct descriptions of anatomical variations between living (and extinct) tree-shrews, lemurs, tarsiers, monkeys, apes and men, an air of futility sits depressingly over the book. By the scientifically orthodox this will be commended as a virtue, and for non-scientists it will serve as an excuse for not reading it. This feature makes the book both 'scientific' and 'safe'. It takes courage, these days, to run the risk in biological circles of being thought of as 'anthropomorphic' in outlook. This, to some of us, is an absurd situation, for what is science if it is not an affair of men? Sir Wilfrid has taken care to avoid any such charge, but in shirking all consideration of the problems of teleology and of meaning (in the wide sense) he has introduced a certain randomness into the book itself: the last page happens to be fully occupied with text, and it was a tremendous shock, on turning over, to realize that this was the end both of a chapter and indeed of the book.

At the price, this must be the best value in scientific books for a long time—the many excellent line-drawings alone make one think in much more expensive terms. The author says that 'publication has been assisted by a generous grant from the Munro Lectureship Committee'. It must have been munificent.

BERNARD TOWERS

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF THOMAS ERNEST HULME. By A. R. Jones. (Gollancz; 25s.)

THE CREATIVE ENCOUNTER. By David Bulwer Lutyens. (Secker & Warburg; 27s. 6d.)

THE CHARTED MIRROR. Literary and Critical Essays. By John Holloway. (Routledge & Kegan Paul; 25s.)

T. E. Hulme, who died in 1917 at the age of thirty-four, was one of those thinkers and critics who are felt more as a vague presence in other men's work than as a literary personality in their own irght. We all know that he was the inventor of 'Imagism', yet it is in Pound that we see Imagism at its most scintillating and suggestive. We know, too, that many of Eliot's

critical principles were first defined by Hulme but, in spite of Eliot's repeated attempts to enthrone Hulme, most of us have forgotten the source of those principles.

Hulme talked incessantly but wrote remarkably little. *Speculations*, the volume of papers and essays which Herbert Read collected and edited after Hulme's death, is a crystallization of all his ideas. Taken with his few poems, which now seem curiously outmoded, oddly Georgian, *Speculations* forms Hulme's testament and apologia. Despite its comparative brevity it is a formidable book.

In *The Life and Opinions of Thomas Ernest Hulme*, Mr A. R. Jones has attempted to place Hulme's thought in the context of his life. The attempt has, I think, proved successful, since Mr Jones is willing to let Hulme's ideas stretch and relax, to take possession, as it were, of his short life.

Most of Hulme's philosophical and critical ideas arose from his passionate belief in original sin. He was impatient both with the high humanism of the Renaissance and with the inspired melancholy of Romanticism. For him, man was a broken creature but a creature who had the will and the intellect not only to accept his maimed condition but also to do something about it. Art, Hulme believed, like religious experience, occurs when man becomes conscious of the gulf between himself and God. 'The fright of the mind before the unknown', he thought, was more likely to produce great poetry and painting than the sense of power or man's mistaken belief in his own autonomy. Out of this fearless confrontation with the problem of pain and suffering, Hulme evolved his own theory of aesthetics. And it is here that we come to one of the contradictions in his thought. Eagerly accepting Bergson's concept of 'intuition' and firmly eschewing the cool rationalism of the humanists, Hulme nevertheless based his own aesthetic on the absolute validity of reason. Dividing art into two kinds, the vital and the geometric, he saw the former as Romantic and illusory, the latter as real and abstract. Art, for him, was never an excuse for indulging in the pathetic fallacy but was, on the contrary, the expression of man's 'urge to abstraction' and 'feeling for form'. Man was a maker and it was out of his sense of deprivation, of incompleteness, Hulme believed, that he fashioned works of art. As he wrote in one of his own poems, called simply *The Poet*,

> 'He had been to woods, and talked and walked with trees.
> Had left the world
> And brought back round globes and stone images,
> Of gems, colours, hard and definite.'

Hulme's Classicism, his belief both in the potentialities and the restrictions of art, should be a useful corrective at a time when literary criticism has either tended to be afraid of generalizations or else elevated art to the status of a religion.

Mr David Lutyens's *The Creative Encounter*, a study of four modern American poets, is likely to antagonize some readers with its inflated chatter about 'authentic existentialism', 'emergent pattern of futurity', 'the pulse of the ultimate', and so on. His book, Mr Lutyens explains, is an attempt to

demonstrate that 'Modern poetry . . . is a creative encounter between inner, subjective vision and objective reality'. But hasn't poetry always performed this function? one wants to ask. Whether this is so or not, the reader would be unwise to ignore Mr Lutyens's thoughtful studies of Jeffers, MacLeish, Hart Crane and Robert Lowell, for he is much more interesting when he deals with individual poets and poems than when he tries to evolve theories or formulate principles.

Mr Lutyens sees these four men as poets who, in entirely different ways, have attempted to come to terms with contemporary life. Robinson Jeffers has erected a vast, almost Wordsworthian pantheism in which man struggles helplessly:

> '. . . The beauty of modern
> Man is not in the persons but in the
> Disastrous rhythm, the heavy and mobile masses.'

Poetry is man's one small gesture of defiance, his only defence against horror and oblivion. Archibald MacLeish, on the other hand, makes his final court of appeal the humanist fallacy—the self-sufficiency of human reason, the autonomy of the human mind.

With Hart Crane, the personal solution is different again. Mr Lutyens presents him, in the words of Claudel about Rimbaud, as 'a mystic in the savage state', as a poet who tried to make modern machines not simply useful images for his poems but a complete ideology in their own right. And, as Yvor Winters has perceptively pointed out elsewhere, this attempt led Crane to utter despair. Mr Lutyens's close criticism of Crane's poems is often revealing, but he tends to evade the undoubted fact that what Crane sought was not finally a mystique of machinery but a true mystical experience, a personal and direct encounter with God.

The best essay in *The Creative Encounter* is the one on Robert Lowell. Here, Mr Lutyens confines himself solely and selflessly to the poems; he is not trying to prove anything. He has taken great pains to expose the real conflict at the heart of Lowell's poetry, the tension which gives them their energy and excitement. This conflict is that of a mind divided between inherited New England Puritanism on the one hand, and acquired Catholicism on the other. Mr Lutyens shows how Lowell's best poems arise from his observation and acceptance of his own personal problems. Like all good poets, Lowell generalizes not in a void but always from personal particulars. This essay alone would make Mr Lutyens's book well worth reading.

John Holloway's *The Charted Mirror* is a collection of literary and critical essays which are mainly, but not only, academic in character and interest. Mr Holloway pleads persuasively that this is *not* a collection of random essays but a series of studies, on general and particular subjects, which work on and against each other. The claims which he makes for his own method are not grandiose and Mr Holloway explains the 'mirror' of his title when he says, 'In part, the mirror which the critic must "chart" is that in himself which forms an image of the work he studies. It is no unrelieved or flawless plane, but complex and partly personal. . . .'

If his subjects are eclectic, ranging, as they do, from Skelton to Keats,

from Shakespeare to Hardy, Mr Holloway's critical approach is also eclectic and empirical; he has no wish to align himself too rigidly with any established school of critics. It is refreshing to find a scholar who is prepared to admit openly that there are 'certain writers of distinction whose work is most naturally called criticism, but who, at least in part, . . . have taken the works they discuss less as an end in themselves than as a means'.

The most considerable essay in this book is *The Critical Intimidation*, in which Mr Holloway attacks 'the cult of complexity' as manifested at times in the work of Allen Tate and Cleanth Brooks, and points out the limitations of the kind of analytical criticism which uses the scientific method with an implacable imperiousness. For Mr Holloway, the most truly valuable literary principles are discovered in 'life itself; experience—either our own experience, or real events which are related to us by history or otherwise'. It is, perhaps, a sign of the unhealthy state of much criticism at the present time that it requires courage to make an affirmation such as this.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

A TOURIST IN AFRICA. By Evelyn Waugh. (Chapman and Hall; 16s.)

This is the account of a journey by Mr Waugh to Rhodesia by way of Genoa and Aden, Kenya, Zanzibar and Tanganyika. It is illustrated by an admirable selection of photographs usually contrasting with each other. There is no better introduction to East African travel, and East African problems are touched on incidentally. Technically it provides a very interesting contrast with Mr Waugh's descriptions of East Africa in the 1930s. Both are supremely successful achievements in utterly different genres. In his first group of writings on East Africa Mr Waugh seemed primarily interested in personalities of European or Bostonian stock and portrayed them with the skill of a Goya. Since I knew very well the originals of his 'Professor W' and 'M. Leblanc' and, far less intimately, two of his Kenya hostesses, I can vouch that it was precisely his exaggerations which conveyed most perfectly their personalities. But no one could have learnt to know from *Labels* the background against which they moved.

In *A Tourist in Africa* the personalities have the verisimilitude of good photographs, like Mr James Kirkman and the bartender at Ndola. It is the places in which they live that have now come so alive. There will never be better descriptions of Genoa or of Mombasa. GERVASE MATHEW, O.P.

THE GREAT TERESA. By Elizabeth Hamilton. (Chatto and Windus; 21s.)
THE SCIENCE OF THE CROSS. By Edith Stein. Translated by Hilda Graef. (Burns Oates; 30s.)

Both these books are about Carmelites, but they differ widely. The first is a book on St Teresa into which the author has interpolated reminiscences of her travels to places connected with the saint and elsewhere, which somewhat mar the unity of the work. Miss Hamilton's study is in the main sympathetic, but her judgment is surely at fault when she suggests that St Teresa's self-reproach may have been an unconscious defence against clerical criticism and, in particular, the Inquisition (p. 30), and at times,