

TO THE FOUR WINDS. By Clare Sheridan. (André Deutsch; 25s.)

'I suppose I may call myself a diarist', writes Mrs Sheridan at the beginning of her autobiography. She may indeed, and how very fortunate that she is a diarist. *To The Four Winds* has, appropriately, four divisions and never a dull moment in any of them; the purely domestic reminiscence, side-lights on world-famous political figures, Russia in the early days of the Revolution, travel in far-away places, the art of sculpture, reception into the Church; all these and much more are recorded with a fluency that induces a feeling of listening rather than of reading. It is a book that entertains and informs. It has, too, its touching moments of personal grief. Not at all surprisingly, it sometimes startles for this is the work of an original mind, of a creative artist, who has as much skill in the use of words as in the moulding of the clay which has brought her international fame as a sculptor.

KIERAN MULVEY, O.P.