

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,