

least as a precursor of existentialism. The survey improves as it reaches our own time, and by far the best part of the whole book is the essay on Heidegger. Even here the tone remains that of literary tourism, but the explanation of what is meant by *Dasein* and of how Heidegger uses the term to get out of the snares laid by Descartes in the philosophical discussion of human existence, is the most intelligible account that has so far emerged in English. We are invited to consider thinking as thanking, but this is the only piece of original philosophic thinking that occurs in the book, and it has been anticipated by Heidegger.

This is not enough to save the book from being thoroughly unsatisfactory.

FERGUS KERR, O.P.

LET'S HAVE SOME POETRY By Elizabeth Jennings; Museum Press Ltd; 12s. 6d.

This book is meant for the young, for roughly the thirteen to seventeen year old, and is based on the very sensible view that although you cannot teach anyone to write poetry, you can teach them to appreciate it, that the best way to show them how to appreciate it is to show them how it comes to be written and encourage them to try, and that if they seem to have any real gift or urge you can give them at least practical advice. All these things Miss Jennings does admirably. On the one hand she makes plain the various elements that go to make up a poem, form, imagery, subject, genre, choosing her examples from a very wide area and including young poets of the present day, and on the other, by means of quotations from the reflections of poets themselves and from her own experience, she helps us to understand how poets come into being and how they work, even how being a poet can be a vocation. Perhaps the most outstanding virtue of the book is the sanity and balance of her advice to the young and particularly to the adolescent on the way to go about it, the necessity of hard work and good reading and the kind of help and criticism to look for. Miss Jennings' own standing as a poet guarantees the soundness of her advice and her own kindness shines encouragingly through the book.

B.W.

MEN OF DESTINY By Sir Stephen King-Hall; K-H Services, 162 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1; 18s.

This is the age of the cartoon. Sir Stephen King-Hall now offers us over 200 pages of cartoons in words, with a purpose desperately serious. Readers of his news letters, of his books and pamphlets, all his T.V. fans will want to possess this book, already of historical interest: for it 'guys' pomposity in high places so kindly and effectively that it may prove the nuclear warhead on the missile of his strategic books.

The cartoon figures—Mr Kennix (USA), Mr Mackall (Britain), Mr Buglov (Russia) and His Excellency Etienne Gallique revolve round the sun of Tanya, Olga, Subayova. (Was it not Mr Eisenhower who suggested that governments