

effects of incongruity. On p. 105 we read: 'They too are heaven-born, but Artemis overtops them all, and where all are beautiful there is no question which is she.' Excellent. But then on the same page: 'What is this shrill echo in my ears, as though some girls were shrieking? Nymphs, I suppose . . .' Not so good. W.S.

THE COSMOLOGICAL EYE. By Henry Miller (Poetry London, 10s.). 'I want to be read by less and less people,' says Mr Miller. In which case one may wonder why he is not content with the reputation of being the least-read but most-quoted or paper-backed, Paris-published Americans. The present selection (with a generous inclusion of asterisks) of Mr Miller's writings is valuable when words are linked to experience, as in an extraordinarily vivid piece of autobiography, 'Via Dieppe-Newhaven,' or (freed from an inexcusably earnest obscurity) in 'The Tailor Shop' (from *Black Spring*), where the seedy, sweaty world of New York's Bowery comes painfully alive.

A film scenario, literary criticism (including a valuable analysis of Lawrence, Proust, Joyce), fragments of autobiography, chapters of novels—*The Cosmological Eye* is really a writer's bazaar, with a fearless contempt for fashions in literature, politics and the world at large as the trade-mark of all the merchandise. And how he hates industrial capitalism, and America as its incarnation! 'Until this colossal, senseless machine which we have made of America is smashed and scrapped, there can be no hope.'

Often muddled, violent, ugly, Mr Miller is never mediocre. He is never taken in, and behind the phantasmagoria of myth and symbol and esoteric nattering there remains a man who certainly speaks for himself—something in a gramophone age. I.E.

EASTWARD OF ALL. By Frances Wynne. (Dublin: M. H. Gill; 6s.).

Eastward of All behold the true level of Mankind. The title of Mrs. Wynne's book comes from Claudel, and that is as it should be. Accounts of conversion can too often be merely reminiscences with a moral: they end up with the reception into the Church instead of with the Order of the Bath, so to say. But the classics of conversion—St. Augustine's *Confessions* or Newman's *Apologia*—transcend the occasion and the man. And *Eastward of All*, while making no pretensions at being more than a simple record of how one person came to an unconditional surrender to the demands of Truth, has a sustained strength which springs from its single purpose—"nothing short of the Whole Christ will ever satisfy us."

Within this context, Mrs. Wynne's narrative emerges as a delightful account of childhood in an Irish country-house, of life as an art-student in London, of marriage into one of the oldest of Welsh families—and, finally, through the conversion of mother and son, of the restoration to Garthewin of its ancient Catholic heritage. Several "period" photographs, and two of the author's own pictures, add to the interest of a graceful and intelligent book.

ILLIUD EVANS, O.P.