

roughly half of the African population live in unauthorized compounds. Furthermore, there are errors in representing the nature of African society. Again, like most other writers in this field of 'race relations', Professor Franck would appear to have practically no personal experience of African society. He writes simply that 'democracy, the universal franchise and social contract' are 'the new fetishes'. He shows no awareness of how vast was the extent of the participation of individuals in pre-European polities in Central Africa, and of the voice of the people which necessarily had to be heard in the selection of new chiefs, for instance. These are both aspects of the value traditionally placed on personal character and achievement, individual dignity and prestige. Indeed, if 'in [the African National] Congress, individual bargaining power alone determines status, and the medium of exchange is cunning, ability, oratory and above all the number of followers a man can produce' this is essentially a continuation of customary values, though in a new context, not a breakdown of them. Sound evidence of this has been provided by the social anthropological research of the Rhodes-Livingstone Institute.

A virtue of the book under review is that it attempts at least a numerical presentation of public attitudes, on the basis of a questionnaire study, principally into the 'factors of European racialism'. But it does not reproduce the questionnaire used, and fortunately the results of two far more intensive studies by other hands will soon be published. The worth of Franck's findings are to be judged by the reader himself, with the same caution with which they are presented. Thus, with respect to the significance of religious denomination in the formation of attitudes toward multiracialism he found that 'Anglicans, Jews, Agnostics-Atheists-Unaffiliates are the most liberal' but 'it is not certain whether the attitude is conditioned even in part by this factor, or is merely coincident with it'.

Such is the tale of injustice and mockery of the concept of partnership this book tells, that its author's own opinion that there is still hope for the Federation is a strange conclusion to offer. The 'failure of the Federal experiment', tilted at by James Callaghan in his Foreword, would seem more apposite.

RAYMOND APHORPE

SOME REFLECTIONS ON GENIUS and other essays. By Russell Brain. (Pitman; 30s.)

In these pleasing essays Sir Russell Brain reveals himself as an erudite and enthusiastic Johnsonian, describing without morbidity the psychological nature of Johnson's habit spasms and compulsive antics, his last illness and its origins. He has spread his net wide to gather this information. He also gives us some of Dickens' remarkable thumbnail sketches of the faces of disease, as he has depicted them in the characters that crowd his books. We cannot but wonder at the acuteness and accuracy with which the novelist has caught and recorded these pictures of human illnesses.

The Johnsonian and Dickensian essays are easily the best in the book. In his analysis of genius the author, perhaps, has had no better luck than his many predecessors in the field. The suggestion that this unpredictable and

rare quality of some minds can be correlated with the infinitely complex network of cells and fibres in the cerebral cortex is over-sanguine, perhaps even misdirected. Not even the electron microscope with its immense powers of magnification can be expected to reveal anything relevant to this question, or to show in the brain of a genius any features outside the normal range of variations from individual to individual. Genius will not be caught in the anatomist's net, even though we allow that the mind's optimal activity demands the integrity of the brain.

Sir Russell believes that Swift's equivocal relations with Stella owe their origin to Swift's emotional immaturity, and he thinks the only mystery about Swift is that there should have been thought to be a mystery. 'Emotional immaturity', like 'sadism' and many other easily used terms out of the lush vocabulary of the psychiatrists, has become a general purpose word, a plaster to conceal gaps in our understanding of human nature in its infinite diversity. It provides a term, but not an elucidation, and Swift remains not less a mystery after it has been uttered.

These essays are charmingly written, and are at their best when the author is nearest to his own subject, clinical medicine. Mr Norman Smith's head and tailpiece drawings are delightful.

F. M. R. WALSHÉ

MÉMOIRES INTÉRIEURS. By François Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 21s. 0d.)

In a memorable little book Romain Rolland showed us that a *Voyage* can be *intérieur*. Could *Mémoires* be *extérieurs*, such as the *Boulevards* which surround Paris? In spite of its puzzling title, which also recalls Hugo's *Mémoires d'une ame*, this book is not an autobiography, not even an account of the writer's inner life.

'To write is to remember, but so, also, is to read.' Mauriac has chosen this winding pathway to tell us about himself. The ageing writer returns to books which have charmed or even repelled his youth and examines his present opinion of them. Through the medium of his successive readings, we are presented with a subtle and moving portrait of Mauriac as a child, as an adolescent, as a young and now as an old man: 'In my written criticisms, I follow, from book to book, the shadowy figure of what once I was . . .'. From chapter to chapter he seems to move constantly between the 'unbearable' pressure of the bustling city and the sweetly tormenting memories enclosed in the country house of Malagar, near Bordeaux, where he spent and still spends most of his summer holidays; yet, as he drives from one place to the other, he is aware of watching the same play 'which has one single character, for, from the very first line, it is myself who is speaking to myself'. Here and there, he is welcomed by books waiting to be read or re-read, and sometimes he feels inclined to leave the new for the old ones.

Thus he boldly compares Baudelaire and Musset, not so unfavourably to the latter, who enchanted him as an adolescent, whereas he came under Baudelaire's spell as a young poet. Amongst Nerval's works, he still prefers *Sylvie* to *Aurelia*. The Goncourts' *Journal* used to please him, yet now he lets drop from his hands the first volume of these gossip-tellers. To Balzac, to