

good." And have not recent theories in psychopathology been built around the following statement?—"All fear springs from love. Ordered love is included in every virtue, disordered love in every vice."

Although the texts are arranged in the order of subjects used in the *Summa Theologica*, many are taken from other works (nearly 100 could be drawn upon) and are here translated into English for the first time. The book is an "independent prologomenon to belief" for people inside and outside the churches. And Father Gilby, whose understanding appears to be as wide as his scholarship, has a special word for potential readers among unbelievers. "A philosophical attitude," he writes, "may not be enough for health and happiness or for complete adaptation to reality, but it is a sound beginning." It can scarcely be a full beginning, however, unless it includes some knowledge of a man whose influence on Christian theology has been equalled only by St. Augustine. This anthology, beautifully produced, is an invitation to discovery.

—H.

FICTION AND HISTORY

COLONEL OF DRAGOONS. by Phillip Woodruff; Jonathan Cape. English price, 12/6.

READERS who like their literature classified may well shake their finicky heads over this book. Mr. Woodruff himself is not quite sure whether he has written a novel or a fictional biography. Actually what he has done is to substitute a fictitious for a real regiment of dragoons, and tell its story in the historical setting of Peterborough's Spanish campaign of 1705-6. The experiment has its disadvantages. Colonel Awbyn, the hero, is used as a medium for comment on the situation; his concern for his men's welfare admits of more than one dissertation on the details of contemporary regimental economy—a subject on which Mr. Woodruff is an expert. But Awbyn is a dim figure who never really comes alive. In fact, he is not the hero at all. That role is filled by Lord Peterborough, a brilliant amateur general who constantly outwitted his adversaries by extreme audacity combined with a craftiness that would have roused the envy of Ulysses. Based on authentic sources, the tale of his astounding exploits is told with admirable simplicity—admirable because the facts are such as to require no embroidery. Mr. Woodruff is at his best when least imaginative. If fiction has failed him, history has come to his rescue.

—R. M. Burdon

SPIDER'S WEB

CHIEF OF INTELLIGENCE. by Ian Colvin; Victor Gollancz. English price, 12/6.

ADMIRAL WILHELM CANARIS was Chief of the German Military Intelligence Service from January, 1935 to February, 1944, when he was deposed by Hitler and replaced by Ernst Kaltenbrunner, Chief of the Security Police (*Reichsfuehrer S.S.*). It is a foul story that Mr. Colvin unfolds in his account of the activities of Canaris during those nine fateful years. He was deeply involved in the numerous plots to overthrow or murder Hitler and when these failed—they were hesitant and woefully lacking in moral courage—Canaris used his position at the nerve centre of German intelligence to inform his country's enemies of Hitler's plans.

Mr. Colvin appears to have a sort of admiration for the double-crossing

methods of Canaris. His policy of condoning contact with Germany's opponents "supplied the Allies with intelligence of inestimable value." He "did not manage to deter Hitler from his fatal course and he encouraged revolutionary movements rather than led them. His omissions in the intelligence field helped the Allies to achieve surprise and brought their victory mercifully closer." Mr. Colvin offers no convincing evidence in proof of that claim, which is scarcely less extravagant than that "his moderation and humanity prevented the war from taking yet more violent forms than it did," or that his influence with Franco kept Spain out of the war. It is difficult to suppose that, if there had been no Canaris, the course of the war would have been different.

Mr. Colvin has mastered the technique of popular journalism, but his accounts of his numerous meetings with former associates of Canaris and what they told him become wearisome. What does impress one is that Canaris managed to evade the clutches of the Gestapo for so long. But they got their man at last. He was arrested three days after the abortive attempt on Hitler's life in July, 1944, and after the usual maltreatment was hanged on April 9, 1945. Mr. Colvin says it will not be easy for readers to make up their minds whether Canaris was "a German patriot or a British spy, a European statesman or a cosmopolitan intriguer, a double agent, an opportunist, or a seer." One reader at least, has made up his mind.

—S.D.W.

CHANGE IN STRUCTURE

THE WIND AND THE FLAME. by Manes Sperber, translated by Constantine FitzGibbon; Wingate. New Zealand price, 15/-.

MANES SPERBER'S *The Wind and the Flame* reminds one of the work of the pointillistes. Detail, like colour, is put on in small dots. The trouble is that one is forced to concentrate on the dots and never has a view of the canvas as a whole. Perhaps, in a way, that is symbolic of the work of the European Communists in the early stages of the Party's development. They, too, were tied to details, being governed by the Party line, and were never able to see the wider results of their work. Neither were they able to see where they were being led.

The book is more of a thesis than a novel, a thesis on what one might call the change of structure in European Communism. But to the thesis is added, in the way that only a work in a fictional form could add it, the history of the way in which that change of structure affected the idealistic convinced Party members who carried their evangelical Communism through Europe in the early days.

Perhaps the substance of *The Wind and the Flame* can best be summed up in the words of Doino, a Revolutionary Communist who worked sincerely for the Party all his life, only to find himself, in the end, completely cut off from it.

"We'll hide the fraud with lies," he said in the beginning, "and then the lies will become truth and the fraud will be a fraud no longer. If only we remain true to the revolution the crooked will be made straight again."

After his ostracism, when the men who worked with him are dead, and Communism as he believed it to be nothing more than a past dream, he says, "The fraud has ceased to be a

(continued on next page)



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