

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND PERSONALITY. By Joseph Nuttin. (Sheed and Ward; 16s.)

When this book by the Professor of Psychology at Louvain first appeared in French it was rightly welcomed as an attempt to lift psychoanalysis from the level of pathology to that of what one has to describe as the 'normal'. We in England have reason to be grateful to George Lamb for giving us a very smooth translation of the book that will doubtless have as much success as the original.

The first part of Nuttin's work is a straightforward and clear account of Freud's psychoanalytical theories. The author does not, however, confine himself simply to Freud's own writings but also takes account of modifications and discoveries made by followers of Freud such as Karen Henrey, and the American schools. As each key-concept is introduced we are given an assessment of its validity, especially in the light of experimental psychology, which has too long been divorced from depth-psychology.

But it is the second part of the book that is most valuable rather than the first (where the treatment of sublimation, to give one instance, is nothing like so illuminating as Fr Plé's paper in *Dominican Studies*, 1952). This second part is entitled *A Dynamic Theory of Normal Personality*, and in it Nuttin shows how to transfer Freud's ideas from their pathological context into a normal context when they can be still more fruitful. One example of how he does this will suffice: 'According to psychoanalysis, the adult continues to carry in him the longing after the infantile state of being "secure" and protected by the warm sphere of motherly care. In our opinion, however, the fact that infantile elements are found to exist in the adult longing for security does not justify the explanation that this adult need is a derivation of infantile needs in man. . . . The desire for protection in the normal adult is by no means longing for the infantile state; it is the need of the mature personality for "integration" and "nourishing" contact—a need rooted in the very way of being of man.'

An appendix on Adler and a judiciously selected bibliography add to the value of the book.

DONALD NICHOLL

PSYCHIATRY FOR PRIESTS. By Dr H. Dobbelstein. Translated by Meyrick Booth. (Mercier Press; 6s.)

The Mercier Press are to be congratulated on publishing yet another valuable work on the problems confronting Catholics in the realm of psychology. When Dr Dobbelstein's work first appeared in Germany during 1952 it was warmly welcomed by Catholics as a useful guide for priests who find themselves dealing with the mentally ill—even

more useful, perhaps, because it enables them to learn when they are, in fact, facing such people. Dr Dobbelstein illustrates the sad results brought about when priests do not recognize the symptoms that call for a psychiatrist.

But the value of *Psychiatry for Priests* does not only lie in its technical accomplishment; for the author's own deep religious convictions prevent us from losing the sense of the sacredness of all the human beings he discusses—no matter how hopeless, idiotic and meaningless their lives may appear in the eyes of the mere technician. The only part of the book which made me feel unhappy is the title. It might give the impression that the book is a priest's short-cut to psychiatry; the original German title did not allow such ambiguity.

D.N.

DAS MÄDCHEN VON ORLÉANS. By Sven Stolpe. Introduction by Ida Friederike Gorus. (Verlag Josef Knecht; n.p.)

Those who know of Sven Stolpe as a leading Swedish novelist and convert to the Faith may be a little surprised at the appearance of a work by him in German on St Joan of Arc. The answer is that he has long been fascinated by the story of St Joan, and that Oswald von Nostitz rightly considered the story he tells worthy of translation from the Swedish.

Rarely do we come across an author with such a combination of qualities for holding the reader's interest as he threads his way through complex questions of historical evidence, psychological theory and the workings of grace. To begin with, Stolpe has the true novelist's capacity for evoking scenes and atmospheres and plunging his reader into them. With his very first words we find ourselves beside him in a drowsy library down the Rhône valley, till almost without knowing it we are back in the same valley during the bloody, cruel, superstitious years of the early fifteenth century. And Domrémy is as familiar to us as an English village. This same power of evocation is again displayed in his description of St Joan's part in the battle of Patay—how in the midst of the slaughter she swung herself from her horse to protect a dying English soldier, holding him in her arms, calling a priest for him, and consoling his last moments. Such deeds, as Stolpe reflects, make up the stuff of history; usually, however, they go unmarked by historians and will remain unmarked until the last judgment.

But Stolpe does not succumb to the temptation so insistent in a person with his imaginative intensity, that of side-stepping critical questions. On the contrary, he wrestles manfully with Cordier's skilful debunking work, *Jeanne d'Arc, sa personnalité, son rôle*, and emerges the victor in St Joan's cause. And in the course of doing so he provides