

in whatever form our background and training enable us to appreciate it. For that, too, is an integral part of the human soul'.

HURCOMB

Memories, by Julian Huxley. Allen & Unwin, 63s.

Julian Huxley states in his preface that the reason for embarking on his memoirs is to 'show that an embracing inquisitiveness and widespread curiosity can bring their own rewards'. But it is the penetrating mind behind the curiosity that renders his book of importance in the history of science. Unlike his grandfather, Thomas Henry Huxley, and Charles Darwin, he had not the early discipline and wide experience of a long sea-voyage; there was no equivalent to the 'Rattlesnake' nor the 'Beagle'—though in later life he travelled widely.

His home surroundings provided a great range of intellectual activity; his mother was a granddaughter of Thomas Arnold of Rugby; his father, Leonard, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, was the eldest surviving son of Thomas Henry Huxley. In July, 1909, when Julian was 22, he was invited to Cambridge to attend the Centenary Celebrations of Charles Darwin's birth; and there he became 'deeply impressed by the stream of addresses stressing the importance of Darwin's many-sided work'. He adds, 'This was not so much a turning point in my career, as a crystallisation of my ideas, a clear vision and inspiration which I can truly say remained with me all through my life'. It was not until 1942 that he published his *Evolution, the Modern Synthesis*.

Julian Huxley was never a great experimenter nor a specialist; his wish is to be remembered as a generalist, and his many published works, a list of which is given, bears out the wide spread of his net. These memoirs disclose the man and the manifold aspects of his influence.

NORA BARLOW

Innocent Killers, by Hugo and Jane van Lawick-Goodall. Collins, 45s.

Over 90 excellent photographs, distributed throughout the text, are the obvious strong point of this book, which deals with some of the lesser known carnivores of East Africa; any naturalist and visitor to East Africa would be excited by them. The text consists of four chapters; a general one on hunting grounds and three dealing with wild dogs, golden jackals and spotted hyaenas. Reading them one senses something of the great satisfaction Jane and Hugo must have derived from watching the life of these carnivores.

The first chapter is mostly about the life of this well-known husband and wife team and their small son in Africa, but the others deal with their actual observations and their reactions to them. There are some really interesting descriptions, little flashes of insight into the unknown life of these oft-despised creatures, enlightening in the same way as can be a photograph. But in a way, the book is frustrating because it does no more than this; there is no attempt to give the observations a general biological significance, and one cannot help but feel that this is to some extent a waste of an excellent opportunity to do so. But, as the authors themselves make clear, the book is in no way intended to be scientific.

Most of the observations are on social behaviour and some on scavenging and hunting; these are also the topics covered in the photographs. There are some lovely scenes of parents and pups, and I think that in

drawing attention to these very appealing aspects of their behaviour, the authors have contributed considerably to the conservation of these species. I would have liked a somewhat more concise style—the book reads like an overdone article for the *National Geographic Magazine*, and especially the use of dozens of pseudo-comic names for animals is irritating (Bloody Mary, Lady Astor, Vodka, Cocktail, Yellow Peril, Black Angel etc. etc.). But the photographs more than compensate for any criticism one may have of the text—they are truly delightful.

HANS KRUK

An Artist's Safari, by Ralph Thompson. Collins & Tryon Gallery, £6 6s.

Anyone who has served on a selection committee for an art society knows that submitted works can be divided into three groups. The first and largest by far contains all those pictures that evoke a scattered support and long deliberation, the ones that are finally hung or rejected by a narrow margin. The second is the sad one that sparks off nothing; the third the pictures so immediately compelling that one's hand is raised before the brain seemed to have time to direct it. And more often than not the gesture proves unanimous.

Ralph Thompson's recent exhibition at the Tryon Gallery was this kind of success. It is not often one can see originals and their reproductions for immediate comparison, nor, I suspect, find such a faithful and close facsimile. This was a first impression. But while in the gallery I stayed with the originals, visualising how such work would have riveted the attention of a selection committee anywhere, and lightened a dreary morning.

Since then I have looked through this book a hundred times and sifted a few adjectives that might be used to describe it in a review. I think the only way is to analyse what one artist appreciates and most respects in the work of another. Every painter knows only too well the extent of his own capability and cannot be expected to go overboard for work he knows he could do himself if he believed it worth the doing. So the ones that make the impact are those whose original concepts, dexterity or presentation exceed one's own; the ones that can interpret a familiar scene with the individuality of a new experience, a fluency that offers the true delight of admiration. This book contains such work.

An Artist's Safari is further enriched by a great many field sketches and

