

EXTRACT FROM

Northampton Wg  
Telegraph

IT is a bit worrying if you read a novel and at the end of it you aren't quite sure what it was all about. I confess that I was deeply concerned at my lack of comprehension when I read "One for the Devil" by Etienne Leroux (W. H. Allen 25s.).

I shouldn't have worried. I read later that the author belongs to an avant garde group of South African writers. I ought to have realised that I ought to have noticed that title and author's name are printed without capitals. That is the way (admittedly now very hackneyed) in which you announce that you are not as other mortals.

The pity is that this is a good story and it comes so near to being a very readable

one. It is a pity that the author wasn't just a little more clear here and there.

But we are being unfair. In fact he sets out to do much more than tell a murder tale. This is an allegory about man's eternal need for a scapegoat or, as the dust cover puts it much more clearly, "Adam's tragic fate, set forth in climatic scenes of agonising power, is presented in an ancient mythological pattern — a pattern that reveals the terrible paradox of human need." So now you know.