

*Fire in the Blood*, by Irène Némirovsky, translated by Sandra Smith, Alfred A. Knopf publisher, 2007.

Here is another book (see my book report on *Suite Française*) that shows that Némirovsky is a writer worthy of being classed with the great. It deals with plots in the souls of men (like Jane Austin's action). However, there's no redemptive value. When one does sacrifice herself for another, it's to get back at another person, not nobility of character. Dissimulations are inadvertently peeled away when the past intrudes into the present, and only clay feet and sort of a Tamar/Ammon level in the intrigues remains.