

(p. 257-60). In all charity—for Mr Blok sounds a kindly person with whom one would hate to quarrel—we can only recommend him to read a little about Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia—or, perhaps, since he is in the U.S., have a look at one or two of the beams in U.S. eyes.

D.N.

SCOTTISH BORDER COUNTRY. By F. R. Banks. (Batsford; 12s. 6d.)

THE HEART OF SCOTLAND. By George Blake. (Batsford; 12s. 6d.)

THE HEART OF ENGLAND. By Ivor Brown. (Batsford; 12s. 6d.)

To say these are Batsford books is sufficient guarantee of their worth. The publishers, with justifiable pride, speak warmly of *Scottish Border Country*, the latest addition to their *The Face of Britain* series, and in an appreciative comment on the author they do not exaggerate the merits of his book. They claim that the combination of the illustrations 'with the author's full and attractive text, has produced what is undoubtedly the best book on the Scottish Border Country so far to appear'. It is not an over-bold claim.

The bewitching dust-jacket with Brian Cook's painting of the Border County, the photographs, the engravings and the assured and well-informed text combine to make this a most satisfying book. It contains, as well as learned, though by no means dull, accounts of Roman remains and Border warfare, a rich collection of out-of-the-way information such as where to find Grace Darling's grave, of how James II of Scotland's curiosity proved fatal, or that the Battle of Flodden was not in fact fought on Flodden Field. And, of course, the great publicist of the Borders, Sir Walter Scott, is not neglected. A lyrical description of the little-known beauties of Northumberland is unexpected and pleasing.

The appearance of a third edition of Mr Blake's general survey of Scotland is sufficient proof of its popularity. Fifteen years have passed since its first appearance, and the changes and chances of that time find their record in a revised text and rearranged illustrations. Mr Ivor Brown's companion volume for England appears, too, in a new edition, and remains a model of vigorous topographical writing.

UNLESS SOME MAN SHOW ME. By Alexander Jones, S.T.L., L.S.S.
(Sheed and Ward; 8s. 6d.)

These pages 'written for the average person' are made up of articles which appeared in the *Catholic Gazette* during the years 1948-50. An immense amount of scriptural lore is conveyed in a style and with colloquialisms which may sometimes surprise the over-fastidious. Plainly apparent throughout is an understanding and respect for the

everyday teaching and directives of the Church. And very rightly, a stress is laid on the importance of the literary forms of various books.

If only this lively little book can help to break down that stolid indifference to Scripture which is no credit to so many 'average' Catholics in this country, then it will have more than justified its production.

R.D.P.

D. H. LAWRENCE AND HUMAN EXISTENCE. By William Tiverton.
Foreword by T. S. Eliot. (Rockliff; 12s. 6d.)

In effect this is a Christian defence of Lawrence, an assertion of the religious value of his work. Fr Tiverton (the pseudonym of a member of an Anglican religious order) mixes literary criticism and biography with his reflections on the course of Lawrence's life and writings, but fundamentally he is concerned to discover points of contact between Lawrence and Christianity. And so doing he is certainly asking for trouble. Most of Lawrence's interpreters—Murry, Kinsmill, Leavis, etc.—heartily disagree among themselves; but they would probably unite against this new-comer. And one wonders what Lawrence himself would say. . . . This question of course is, in a sense, irrelevant; but the doubt it implies returns persistently despite Fr Tiverton's persuasiveness. For this book is after all one-sided. It is special pleading. Not that it is useless; on the contrary, it is decidedly useful; the work of a critic possessed of considerable talent, writing with intelligence as well as sympathy. Only, the sympathy slightly out-weighs the critical intelligence.

It is hard to be judicious about Lawrence. He was so vulnerable as a man, and even as an artist. And he has been so sentimentally admired. Both spite and sentimentality have been lavished on him. Yet it is better to give him sympathy, at the risk of sentimentalising, than merely to enjoy a laugh at his expense with Kinsmill or Wyndham Lewis. For without sympathy Lawrence's peculiar gift cannot even be recognised, much less appreciated; since it consists, not in any technique, but in an original, passionate intuition. He had many gifts, but his peculiar power lay in apprehending reality *un*-rationally; in being extraordinarily aware of non-rational modes of being—the life of plants, animals and human feeling. Hence, in part at least, his obsession with sex. Hence, too, his religion with all its truth and all its falsehood; the religion of the blood, the assertion of the sacredness of the non-mental. 'We can go wrong in our minds. But what the blood feels, and believes, and says, is always true.' This is the fundamental statement, rightly and (what is more) sympathetically stressed by Fr Tiverton. The greatness, the real nobility and tragedy of Lawrence