

be entitled 'The Tormented'. For the author, though he tries to illuminate and so palliate the minds of the Soviet officials and guards who create these hideous scenes, does not really succeed. One is forced to ask, at the end of the book, why are there enough Russians to be 'The Tormentors'.  
P.F.

THE LAND OF ITALY. By Jasper More. (Batsford; 18s.)

To cover the whole of Italy in 250 pages is a task that should make even Baedeker tremble. But Baedeker solves the problem of travel-books by abandoning style in favour of information. Mr More attempts a compromise. He wants to provide the visitor to Italy with at least a hint of what he may expect to find in every town; but he feels bound, too, to be a commentator, and the resources of style and space alike are inadequate for the purpose.

Mr More has an endearing Englishness that recalls a sturdy tradition of continental travel, which found a ready connection between Catholicism and a lack of hygiene. Indeed, behind his up-to-dateness there lurk the skirts of Mrs Sherwood. An amused tolerance of foreign ways scarcely conceals a conviction that these things are ordered better at home. 'Obliging priests are often not above giving their advice' on local wines; members of religious orders are 'inmates of these institutions', and a list of religious occupations ends with the ambiguous statement that 'Jesuits are given to works of many kinds'. To deal with Italy as though it were a repository of wonderful views and marvellous works of art (with 'foreigners' to provide a human interest) is perhaps inevitable, and Mr More is usually readable enough. But his book raises in an acute form the general difficulty of the book of travel that ambitiously intends to be more than a guide. Too often it succeeds only in being pedestrian in another sense.

But Batsford books are, one supposes, often bought for the pictures, and more than a hundred-and-sixty photographs illustrate the text of *The Land of Italy*. Judged by other than Batsford standards, they must be counted superb. But they seem to lack the originality of selection that made the illustrations to the companion *Land of France* so memorable. Photographs of views and monuments are available at every kiosk: in a book of this sort one looks for something subtler, a glance at the Italy overlooked by Alinari. And they are reproduced in an off-sepia which does less than justice to the clarity of the Italian air.  
I.E.

DUBLIN. A STUDY IN ENVIRONMENT. By John Harvey. (Batsford; 15s.)

*This is a Batsford book.* There this review might well end; for the name Batsford immediately brings to mind all that is best in book production: a handsome turn-out at a reasonable price; illustrations, profuse and of a very high order; vivacious, accurate and intelligent treatment of subject. This Batsford *Dublin*, however,