

human person in the presence of another human person', and it is certainly essential to keep always in mind the body-soul unity of man. This being said, I believe however that the art in medicine will always have to supplement scientific knowledge, and that pathology will ever and essentially remain somatic. So long as we are aware that pathology furnishes but part of the 'explanation', psychosomatic medicine will be well able to thrive with somatic pathology as one of its foundations. Such psychosomatic medicine (the term used in its full anthropological sense) is indeed not something to be hoped for in the future, and it is certainly not to be considered as yet another speciality in the making. Psychosomatic medicine is medicine itself, as it is and must be practised by the true family doctor at all times.

In spite of these arguments with their conclusions, the book appears to me most highly commendable. It is eminently thought-provoking, and, as Dr E. B. Strauss says in the foreword to it, it makes fascinating reading in its brilliant outline of the evolution of medical thought. In this I found two points of particular interest: the history, through the ages, of the relationship attributed to disease and sin at various periods, and secondly the quotation from Plato's *Charmides*. The words 'And the treatment of the Soul, my good friend, is by means of certain charms, and these charms are words of the right sort', seem to me to shed new light on the importance of 'the doctor's bedside manner' which it has become fashionable to ridicule in an age that does not any longer appreciate its importance.

On the technical side an index and more consistency in giving dates and in the numbering and lettering of paragraphs would make for easier study of the book. These however are minor details in a book which is otherwise excellently produced.

K. F. M. POLE

D. H. LAWRENCE: NOVELIST. By F. R. Leavis. (Chatto and Windus; 21s.)

As the earlier decades of the twentieth century recede and belong increasingly to literary history, it is becoming obvious that D. H. Lawrence was one of the great English novelists. Mr E. M. Forster made this claim for him as early as 1930 but his opinion has been a minority one, and too often consideration of Lawrence's work has been made an occasion for asserting the critic's moral or technical superiority. A gifted English regional writer, producing one fine novel, *Sons and Lovers*, and then assuming the mantle of prophet and lapsing into incoherence and boredom and dealing with themes which invited the attention of Bow Street—it is a depressing reputation and it will

need all the strength of Dr Leavis' new book to combat it. The great merit of *D. H. Lawrence, Novelist* is that, almost for the first time, it shows us how Lawrence should be read; what, in fact, is *there* in the novels. In spite of the personal note that sounds throughout this book there is an intentness in the critical approach, reflected, to quote a recent critic, in the 'anxious precisions' of the style, which makes most novel criticism appear jejune and remote from its subject.

Dr Leavis' claim for Lawrence—'a major novelist of the English tradition'—is based on an examination of *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love* and the Tales. He is concerned to stress that he is not attempting to write a comprehensive study of Lawrence but rather to show why Lawrence should be worth reading today. The heart of the book lies in the analyses of the short story 'The Daughters of the Vicar', *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*. Apart from their value as Lawrence-commentary, these analyses seem to me admirable essays in the business of novel criticism, and in particular pages 75-93 should surely become a 'locus classicus' of the critic's art.

Few things are more impressive in this book than the way in which Dr Leavis refuses to abstract 'a message' from Lawrence, how continually successful he is in substantiating his dictum that Lawrence matters only because he was an artist. Nevertheless perhaps one might conclude a review in a journal such as this by saying that it is precisely because of Dr Leavis' rigorous exclusion of extra-literary considerations that he is able to show the way in which such a quotation as the following (taken from Lawrence's 'Apropos of Lady Chatterley's Lover') is *implicit* in the art.

'Perhaps the greatest contribution to the social life of man made by Christianity is—marriage. Christianity brought marriage into the world: marriage as we know it. Christianity established the little autonomy of the family within the greater rule of the State. Christianity made marriage in some respects inviolate, not to be violated by the State. It is marriage, perhaps, that has given man the best of his freedom, given him his little kingdom of his own within the big kingdom of the State, given him his foothold of independence on which to stand and resist an unjust State. Man and wife, a king and queen with one or two subjects, a few square yards of territory of their own: this, really, is marriage. It is a true freedom because it is a true fulfilment, for man, woman and children.'

Criticism of the range and quality in *D. H. Lawrence: Novelist* is clearly a great deal more than literary, and it ought to become 'necessary reading' for anyone seeking to understand the spiritual *malaise* of our time.

IAN GREGOR