

clear is the relation to that life of Foucauld's secular activities on behalf of his country's interests in North Africa. Mr Bodley has not solved that problem. And many readers will at once question his intimations here and there (notably on pages 160-161) that the White Fathers believed that 'the glory of God and the glory of France were synonymous'. When Cardinal Lavignerie clothed his missionaries in the *gandura* and *burnus*, it was not to facilitate the work of intelligence officers. . . . The book's title has a misleading flavour of 'sensation'; and at least a footnote should have been given to the subsequent development of the Little Brothers of Jesus.

DONALD ATTWATER

AN ANALYSIS OF THE KINSEY REPORTS ON SEXUAL BEHAVIOUR IN THE HUMAN MALE AND FEMALE. Edited by Donald Porter Geddes. (Frederick Muller; 10s. 6d.)

The seventeen contributors to this symposium—psychiatrists, sociologists, an economist, a theologian, an anthropologist, a *materfamilias*, a college president—are by no means unanimous, yet there is a large measure of agreement on the most important aspects of the matter in hand. There are three possible lines of approach. One concerns the accuracy of the Reports' facts and the validity of the method employed; a second deals with the way in which the facts were publicized; the third is concerned with the assumptions underlying the Reports, the conclusions reached, the advice implicitly given.

In this volume there is some criticism under the first heading, but on the whole the judgment is favourable. On the second point opinions range from the extraordinary naïveté of the writer on Sade (incidentally it is not true that Sade's *120 Jours* has never been translated into English) who holds that 'quite obviously Dr Kinsey will corrupt no one, for he is only uncovering what has always existed in all of us', to the more judicious view that a public which 'has been trained to accept heedlessly "what science says"' may very easily be led astray by a Report which, far from being merely an accumulation of objective data, 'makes very positive statements on highly debatable matters' and 'editorializes very freely', and to the factual statement by a college president that many young people now feel they are not 'normal' if they cannot keep up to 'Kinsey standards' of sexual prowess for people of their age-group.

But it is of course on the third count that the gravest criticisms of the Reports bear, and here the psychiatrists, for instance, are in agreement with the devastating essay by Dr Niebuhr. Dr Kinsey's approach to human behaviour is purely atomistic; he takes sex out of its vital context; he falls a prey to the 'fallacy of quantified biology' (that

frequent equals normal equals natural) so that a satisfactory sexual life simply means the *maximum frequency* of orgasm. In view of such assumptions it is not surprising if some of the conclusions reached (ostensibly from objective data) are highly suspicious, e.g. the contention that there is more chance of married happiness if there has been pre-marital intercourse. It is indeed a tragedy that a statistical record of such importance—and, in the right hands, of such utility—should be vitiated by what Dr Niebuhr calls the ‘uncritical character of Kinsey’s moral anarchism, and the vulgar quality of his hedonism’.

Some of these essays are strangely ill-written for people of academic distinction; it is painful to find ‘sex’ used as a verb and ‘embracive’ as an adjective. There are some awkward misprints. G.V.

LEWIS CARROLL. By Derek Hudson. (Constable; 21s.)

Though there have been several biographies on this subject, this book must be regarded as superseding them, since it follows on Mr Mr Lancelyn Greene’s edition of Dodgson’s diaries, of which Mr Hudson has made full and intelligent use. It is a careful and balanced biography, if not sensational. Mr Hudson is sympathetic to his subject. Dodgson, as he sees him—lonely, eccentric, a stammerer, yet at the same time capable of real charity and piety—was not without heroic qualities of courage and faith. It is impossible not to feel that he failed in adult relationships. He does not seem to have been very much liked by his fellow dons, or by their wives; still less by undergraduates. (Mr Hudson has discovered a witty and cruel skit by one of the latter, which led to its author’s rustication.) He solaced himself with photography (which he treated as, and made of, a real art), mathematical puzzles, complicated games (like one called ‘symbolic logic’) and White Knightly inventions (e.g. the ‘nyctograph’ for taking notes in the dark). And, of course, there were his relationships with his ‘child friends’. Mr Hudson is frank but not prurient about these. It’s no good pretending today that the emotional pattern here displayed was not decidedly odd. But after all, no harm seems to have come of them to anyone, but indeed, much good—three works of genius, at least. Mr Hudson has nothing very fresh to say about Lewis Carroll’s writings. He steers clear of the Freudians (whose fun with Alice is a bit *vieux jeu* nowadays, anyway), and the more recent political-ecclesiastical-allegorical school of interpreters (who see the Cheshire Cat as Cardinal Wiseman, for instance). He does, however, show the close link between Carroll the nonsense-writer and Dodgson the mathematician. Though he admits *Sylvie and Bruno* is a failure, he suggests that it has a certain interest in exploring, at a deeper level, some of the metaphysical problems which are always just beneath the surface of Carroll’s writings.

JOHN HEATH-STUBBS