

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