

statistical procedures,' we have now reported observations on such specifically sexual activities as erection, pelvic thrusts, and the several other characteristics of true orgasm in a list of 317 pre-adolescent boys ranging between infants of five months and adolescence in age."

The crucial item here is the phrase "records from trained observers." The tabular records in this section look remarkably like other tables based on Kinsey's and his associates' own studies. Did they themselves make these sexual experiments? I doubt it very much, because in spite of what Kinsey says, I do not think children have orgasms at all and I am recalcitrant enough to find the idea of a four-year-old having 26 orgasms over 24 hours utterly bizarre. I also still believe, in spite of all of the above and more, that Kinsey was basically honest and that, had he made such direct observations of children, he would not have report-

ed that they had orgasms.

My guess is that Kinsey or some co-worker(s) tried to turn some pederasts—perhaps from their prisoner or ex-con sample—into "trained observers" and that the pederasts either were delusionary enough to believe that their victims enjoyed their victimization (in the same way some rapists believe women enjoy being raped) or they were "putting on" the mad scientists. My hunch is that on this matter Kinsey was hoodwinked by someone in the same way he was taken in by a great many of his sex-talkers. He probably fell into the same trap that caught Margaret Mead in Samoa when she studied love under the palms among Samoan girls, and that journalists routinely step into when they ask politicians, "Do you believe your program will serve the public good?" In short, Kinsey was very gullible in all the ways you would expect an entomologist studying human sexuality to be.

More importantly, sexologists, social scientists, and the general public have been even more gullible in believing that "scientists" were presenting them with the truth about themselves. But this is not surprising. Gullibility is the external sign of the Great Myths of the age. The textbook writers who refer to the "great" work of Kinsey do not remember what bizarre things he actually said, nor do they care. They will likely not read this book, but will probably denounce it, the way anthropologists voted in a general meeting to condemn Derek Freeman's revelations in *Margaret Mead and Samoa* before they even saw the book.

I suggest that sexologists and the University of Indiana have a public responsibility to determine as clearly as possible at this late date what really *did* happen in this famous—or infamous—study. But I have a hunch that this will not be done.



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## Amore Mistico Palese

by Peter Russell

Everyone admires the beauty of the Stars.  
When have the stars known Love as we know  
Whose bodies to each other reveal  
Bodies as radiant veiling inner worlds  
Secretly manifest between the veils?

Children at school we were taught literal truths  
We took for granted like the outer forms . . .

There comes a time though when the moon  
Rises and the stars are dimmed  
And hidden worlds light up in silver light . . .

The old world's nothing but smoky bonfires  
And ugly shouts from end to end the earth.

When She reveals her golden breasts and drops  
Silken and glistening her black mass  
Of jet on the luminous bloom  
Of waxen ivory shoulders,  
In the thoughtful amazing shadow  
Starlight and moonlight fade,  
And brighter light from darkness that is golden  
Issues precipitous in talking silences.

# The Christian Condition

by M. Christiane von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

*"Faith is required of thee, and a sincere life, not loftiness of intellect, nor deepness in the Mysteries of God."*

—Thomas à Kempis

Bernanos Vivant  
by R.L. Bruckberger  
Paris: Albin Michel

This is, in fact, a book about two men, since, due to his strong personality and his close relationship to Georges Bernanos, the author plays an important part in it. "I wanted to draw only a summary portrait," he says, "but I know that even the most successful portrait reveals as much about the painter as it does about his subject. I do not deny the particularly subjective character of this book." Therefore, and because biographical data concerning Bernanos is scarce, both men need to be introduced briefly here.

Georges Bernanos was born in 1888 in Paris and died in 1948 in Neuilly. He was married and had six children; one of his sons fought with Franco in the Spanish Civil War, two with the Allies in World War II. Bernanos left France in 1938 for Morocco, then went to Brazil. He returned to France in 1946. The minor fortune he had made with his early novels was soon spent, but thanks to a devoted friend the family managed to live moderately well. However, the fact that he had been absent from France during the time of her worst humiliation and that he had not been active in the *Résistance* seems to have troubled him in later years, although he never said as much. He was very much a man of the Right, a monarchist who was sent to jail as a *camelot du roi*; but he rejected the "divine right of kings" which, he said, monarchs began to claim only in the 15th century. De Gaulle admired him and wanted him to serve as his minister of education.

R.L. Bruckberger is a Dominican monk, born in 1907 in Murat (Auvergne) of an Austrian father and a

M. Christiane von Kuehnelt-Leddihn writes from Austria.



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Right; in his latest book, *Capitalisme? Mais c'est la vie!*, he describes the New Testament as a message of human inequality.

"I am writing this book," Bruckberger says, "to give evidence on the one who for me was master and friend, to say some of those things which a writer never writes, which he allows to slip obliquely into a conversation and which would be lost if an attentive ear did not catch them." One hopes that it will eventually be translated, but until it is, readers will have to make do with my translations of passages quoted here.

Bruckberger met Bernanos for the first time in 1937, but he had been deeply impressed by his writings since 1926, when at the age of 19 he read *Sous le soleil de Satan*, Bernanos' first book which was then just published. He felt that he had found "the man who would initiate him into the great things of the mind." Their friendship can be said to have begun then, and continued until Bernanos' death.

It irritated Bernanos to be called a "Catholic writer" or a "Catholic novelist" because he considered the term an amalgam of two, by nature different, elements. He felt himself first and foremost to be a Christian, a Catholic Christian, and only secondarily a writer. Though not much of a reader, he greatly admired Pascal, Dostoyevsky and, above all, Péguy. However, the only man who had a decisive influence on his reasoning and his spiritual style was a man who is today practically unknown, Edouard Drumont. Drumont's fierce anti-Semitism, particularly prominent in his *La France Juive*, caused all his books to be banned, although some of them contain a profound and accurate analysis of the deterioration of French society, the failure of the French ruling classes—the higher clergy, the administration, the political microcosm, the intellectuals—to maintain their responsibility to