be accepted without much further proof. Henri Velu, a talented French veterinary surgeon, repeated the experiments in 1928 in Morocco and found no evidence that they worked, stating that any tissue remaining at the site of the graft was scar or inflammatory cells. Two other major studies on livestock grafting confirmed Henri Velu's work, the first in South Africa in 1930 and the second in Australia in 1931.

Several other characters are referred to and described in this book—usually quacks like Steinach, Neihans, and especially the American, Brinkley, who had no proper medical qualifications but became a millionaire by transplanting goats' testicles into men.

The main story, however, is a very good biography of Serge

Voronoff, whom the author—a well qualified transplant surgeon—presents as an enigmatic character who was 53 years old when he started dabbling in transplantation. He was then at the height of a successful conventional medical career and immensely rich. He rightly ponders on why Voronoff continued to work as he did. (He did not die until 1951 aged 85.)

This is a fascinating story and I congratulate the author not only for a careful review of transplantation in the 1920s and 1930s but also for his reasonable attitude to Voronoff.

The Monkey Gland Affair. D Hamilton. (Pp 166; £10.95.) London: Chatto and Windus, 1986. ISBN 0-7011-3021-0.

An unequal partnership

TONY SMITH

In the spring of 1915 Juliette Baillot, an unsophisticated Swiss girl of 19, came to England to find work as a governess. She went to an agency and was given the names of three prospective employers. The third of these, Lady Ottoline Morrell, interviewed her in the first class waiting room at Oxford Station and offered her the job. Juliette, overwhelmed by the physical and mental impact of Lady Ottoline, accepted.

Within a few months she had met most of the regular visitors to Garsington Manor, including Bertrand Russell, Lytton Strachey, Carrington, Mark Gertler, Virginia Woolf and Vanessa Bell, Katharine Mansfield, and Aldous and later his brother Julian Huxley. She sat at dinner with intellectual conversation crackling around her—and by her own account “never said a word.” She was, however, strikingly beautiful, and Julian Huxley fell in love with her. He began writing to her and met her for lunch whenever they were both in London; and shortly after the end of the war they agreed to marry.

The Leaves of the Tulip Tree is an account of that marriage, and is an honest, appealing description of a relationship that was in many ways similar to others of the Bloomsbury group—but which managed to survive until Julian Huxley's death in 1975.

Within a few months of the marriage, in Julian's first term at Oxford as a university teacher, he had an attack of depression—an illness that returned intermittently throughout his life. On this first occasion he was treated by psychotherapy; in a later attack he responded well to electroconvulsive therapy (recommended forcefully by the impressive pairing of Russell Brain and Lord Horder). Clearly Juliette provided important support on these occasions—though early in the first attack she became guilt ridden by the conviction that Julian's depression was due to their marriage (something he never suggested).

Julian Huxley was amazingly intelligent, and knew it; but like many very clever people he found it difficult to believe that he could be wrong. One of his convictions was that marriage should be open and that both partners should be free to have affairs. In 1930 Julian went on a working trip to east Africa and on the boat met and fell in love with a young American girl. He wrote to Juliette asserting his right to have an affair with the girl and made no secret of their contacts, which continued intermittently for several years. Juliette describes her misery vividly: she lost the ability to sleep and “went for long dreary walks at night, trying to kill the maggots in my brain.” Friends rallied round and sent her for a prolonged visit to Baghdad. A few months later Julian decided to end his affair and the two began the process of repairing what was left of their marriage. They agreed, sadly, that they had lost its romantic core and that in the future that aspect of their relationship would have to be filled from outside. Both took lovers from that time on.

If all that sounds rather bleak it would be to give a false impression of the book and of the Huxleys' life together. Apart from the depression their first 10 years were exciting and happy—with magical interludes such as a winter in the Alps in 1927-8 with Aldous and his wife and son (and governess) and with D H Lawrence and Frieda. That winter saw Aldous Huxley completing

Juliette and Julian Huxley on safari in Uganda (1960).

Point Counter Point and Lawrence finishing *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and the whole group arguing and discussing every possible topic (except science, which led to Lawrence becoming enraged). Juliette travelled widely with her husband and was deeply moved by her experiences in Africa, “that mesmerising land.” Clearly, too, she gained enormously from a close relationship with Aldous Huxley and from the happiness and successes of her children. Nevertheless, the final impression must be that when the heart was knocked out of her marriage life was never the same again for Juliette Huxley.

Leaves of the Tulip Tree. J Huxley. (Pp 256; figs; £12.95.) London: Murray, 1986. ISBN 0-7195-4288-X.