

own analyses of separate poems are expert and rewarding, more so than most of his excursions into the fiction. And, in spite of the reservations one may have about this study in relation to its goal, one must assure the newcomer to Lawrence that the book is a valuable guide, especially in its perhaps accidental reflections of the best which has already been thought and said on the subject.

**LAWRENCE ON WRITING:** With the publication of "*D. H. Lawrence: Selected Literary Criticism*" edited by Anthony Beal (Viking, \$5) we have available enough of his critical writing to judge and enjoy it. Its main fault, as it can be seen cutting through so much in this volume, is his obsession with the animal in man; and even if one accepts this doctrine, one tires of his hammering at it so dogmatically and repetitively.

Lawrence's best-known essay "Pornography and Obscenity," reprinted here, persuades at first, but ends by overselling its message. The virtues are, of course, greater: his incisive probing to get at the essence of a book or a writer, the pungent language, and the sheer vitality of his mind.

Mr. Beal's job as editor is admirable. His introduction is brief and informative and does not sharpen any axe of his own. We first have some of Lawrence's autobiographical pieces, then pieces about modern "puritanism," criticism of verse (which shows him at his funniest), then critiques of English contemporaries, and finally of Continental and American writers. In this last group there are extracts from "Studies in Classic American Literature." As a selection the book's value lies in its rescuing some of Lawrence's writings from forgotten

(Continued on page 29)

## THE DISTAFF SIDE

# The Yankee She

*"The American Woman," by Eric John Dingwall (Rinehart. 309 pp. \$4.50), is a "historical study" by a British anthropologist. Philip Wylie, our reviewer, studied the American phenomenon known as Momism in "A Generation of Vipers."*

By Philip Wylie

THE blurb on the jacket of Eric John Dingwall's "The American Woman" reads as follows:

"More enlightening than any previous attempt to spotlight mom and diagnose the American sexual neurosis." It's signed "Philip Wylie." I will stand by the statement—which was not, however, my whole opinion—formed after reading the English edition.

I gave Dr. Dingwall, the well-known British anthropologist and author, those high marks for tracing the evolution of our sex attitudes. His analysis of the values of Puritanism for Puritans—which have been discarded as obsolete—and of our retention of what he calls the "husk" of Puritanism—is very revealing. He shows how the nineteenth century next reduced to unrealistic absurdity a concept of "purity" held by a folk far more tolerant and earthy than they are now imagined to have been. The same century produced scientific information which outmoded Puritan philos-

ophy; it could and should, Dr. Dingwall implies, also have outmoded current concepts of sexual "morality."

Instead, something we Americans call Victorianism (which was here more pernicious and prissy than the toxic pretense of innocence of the Queen's subjects) put woman on a pedestal, taught her to swoon before mice, sanctified motherhood, and further ensaccharined the ladies by proclaiming males beasts. Paradoxically, woman thereupon began her struggle for "independence" and "equality." At the same time, too, the industrialization of thitherto agricultural nations brought into view the possibility of furnishing Everyman with luxuries and leisure previously reserved for royalty and the rich.

American men rushed into that technological rat race with near unanimity. "Business" became their love; they swiftly defaulted the functions of fathers. They also virtually vanished as teachers of the young, and were replaced by females. Generations of American males have since been reared without direct and constant relationships, through childhood and youth, with adult males.

Finally, in our era, these contradictions and defaults produced a womanhood whose freedom, though real, was vengefully expressed by a tyranny over men. For men have not only abandoned woman for "business" but men now exploit female physical sexuality (within certain rabid limits retained from Cotton Mather) as a means to create marketable "entertainment" in all media, and as a means to sell goods, via all media. Americans are thus, Dingwall says, sexually the most self-titillated, self-stimulated, yet self-inhibited and antisexual people on earth. The liberated ladies are sore because—so to speak—the males are mere machine-age mannikins, de-sexed sex salesmen—and, even more horrible, because American men are afraid of women as men have never been, anywhere, before.

All lamentable; all too true! Dr. Dingwall might have added that the concerns which give males dignity, integrity, authority, and true appeal—concerns of intellect, art, music, letters, scholarship, personal independence, and colorful individuation—are today generally regarded in the



—From "Women Are Wonderful" (Houghton Mifflin).

Clara: "He is so obstinate." Maude: "In what way?" Clara: "It's the hardest thing in the world to convince him that I'm always right."

USA as egg-headed and sissy. The American avalanche of anti-intellectualism only discloses, however, that the males who compose it have lost sight of the meaning of masculinity itself. No wonder their disappointed opposite numbers, though they share equally in the cause, are aghast, outraged, rebellious, or vengeful over the result.

A second reading of this book, in its much-edited American version, is less exhilarating than the first. Its author has already been criticized by fellow anthropologists for his use, as reference material, not only of sedate and classic authority, but of our tabloid and pulp press, of utterances of Dorothy Dix and the like. I hold here, somewhat, against his critics. For if the same anthropologists were examining a primitive culture, instead of the American, they would eagerly collect and collate just such material, equating the effect of cha-cha-cha with that of quantum mechanics at the least.

But Dr. Dingwall remains a conclusion-jumper of stupefying poor aim at times. His assumption, for in-

stance, that the so-called "athletic supporter" and kindred garments were foisted on American males by women to "feminize" them by quasi-castration, establishes a new high in pseudo-Freudian abstract. Somebody should have told him that the boys developed the garments themselves to lessen the trauma of rough sports.

There are, besides, numerous undertones in the survey which make it unmistakable that the author has certain neuroses of his own and that Englishmen may not be entitled to so superior a view of male inferiorities hereabouts. Still and all, the overdocumented and sometimes slovenly composition is well worth a reading—by those whose icons can take it. For who will deny that every other movie, billboard, TV show, and magazine romance uses wanton beauty to invite us timid males to fornication—while the pulpit, police, and the very armed forces stand by to stop us if we really try? Who among men can show he is unafraid of woman yet loves her? What woman deeply respects American manhood in the aggregate? And what kind of Way of Life is that?

likable, rather quiet, almost saintly person who was completely unaware of the existence of her alternate self, Eve Black. Eve Black was a shallow, vulgar, high-spirited, irresponsible, rock-n'-roll character disdainfully and disapprovingly aware of Eve White. The third self was Jane, a mature, wise, well-balanced, and compassionate woman recently emerged and sympathetically conscious of Eve White and Eve Black, but of whom the two Eves were unaware. Jane regarded herself as having been born during the period of psychiatric treatment. Which was the real, the principal self of this young woman? Was it the "proper" one of Eve White or the "improper" one of Eve Black? And was Jane the emergent or the product of the two?

Eve Black seriously threatened the dominance of Eve White, and had "she" taken over would she rightly have been regarded as the "real" self of Eve? What was the real self of the patient? Most human beings during the course of a lifetime may be seen trying on various selves as they do clothes, and wearing them only too frequently as obvious misfits. What is a person's proper fitting self—if there is such a thing? Is it the fitting of the self to its proper sphere? What is the proper sphere of the self? "This above all: to thine own self be true." Pretty difficult advice to follow when you are not sure of your own self, and difficult enough when you are, but with several selves to contend with it would seem virtually impossible. Eve White was split in two, for Jane was really working for her, and, indeed, Jane represented the evidence that Eve White was likely to emerge a somewhat enriched personality from the struggle between her varying selves. Thanks to the skill with which Drs. Thigpen and Cleckley guided her through the tortuous labyrinth of her unconscious mind, Eve White happily achieved such an advantaged self.

## The Elusive Eve

**"The Three Faces of Eve," by Corbett H. Thigpen, M.D. and Hervey M. Cleckley, M.D. (McGraw-Hill. 308 pp. \$4.50), is a psychiatrists' study of a woman who developed three distinct personalities. Ashley Montagu, anthropologist and critic, reviews it.**

By Ashley Montagu

WHAT is the self, the ego? How does the self come into being? How does the self function? These are questions to which many brave thinkers have attempted tentative answers, but something of the difficulty of the subject may be gathered from the fact that at this late date there are no scientifically satisfactory answers to any of these questions. Theories there are as numerous as the leaves in Vallombrosa. In error most of them may well be, but let us hope that they may have some heuristic value. Is it not true that the history of science could be written in terms of the history of fruitful error?

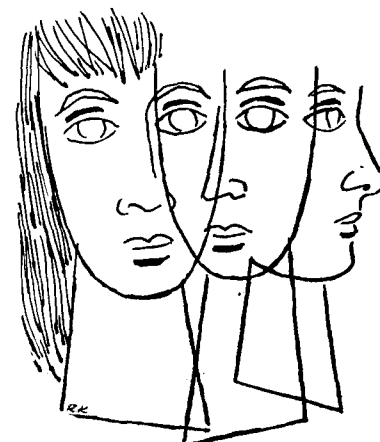
In "The Three Faces of Eve," Dr. Corbett H. Thigpen and Dr. Hervey M. Cleckley have some telling and gently stated criticisms to make of

certain aspects of psychoanalytic interpretation. Such criticism they make, as it were, in passing, for the main purpose of their book is to report an extraordinary case of multiple personality which came under their psychiatric care. It may at once be said that the book which Drs. Thigpen and Cleckley have written, giving an account of the three selves of Eve White, will establish itself as a classic in the literature of psychology.

This astonishing case is rather more carefully and interestingly reported and throws a great deal more light upon the nature of the self than most studies which have been devoted to the analysis of that elusive entity.

The story of Eve White's triple personality reads quite as absorbingly as Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," thanks to the skill with which Drs. Thigpen and Cleckley have told it—a fact not altogether surprising since Dr. Cleckley is also the author of one of the most important and literate books in the history of American psychiatry, namely "The Mask of Sanity," by far the best study of the psychopathic personality in existence.

Eve White, young, married, and the mother of a small daughter, was a



—Jacket design for "The Three Faces of Eve."