

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 over-documented 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?

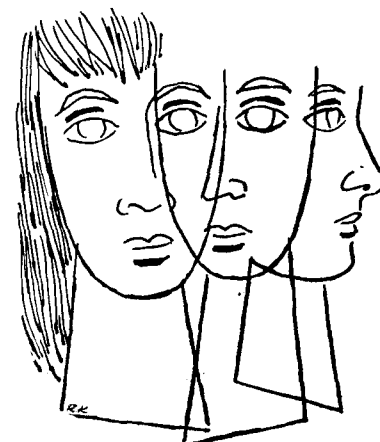
In "The Three Faces of Eve," Dr. Corbett H. Thigpen and Dr. Hervey M. Cleckley have some telling and gently stated criticisms to make of

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."

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The World Next Door

THE CANADIANS were the ones who suggested it.

They thought the story could never be told often enough or widely enough. They said they perhaps should tell it—or the Mexicans could—but that it should be told over and over, everywhere.

It was an informal luncheon at which a group of Canadian business executives and Government officials had sat down with some American colleagues to discuss the changing patterns of tourism between the United States and Canada.

Alan Field, director of tourism for Canada, was there, because Canadian tourists spend more than \$400 million abroad each year, mostly in the United States. U.S. tourists spend some \$300 million a year in Canada. This is important to both economies, and is so regarded in Washington as well as Ottawa.

But even more significant is the fact that more than 30 million Canadians and Americans move freely back and forth each year across an open and undefended border in an otherwise troubled, prickly world. The border is administered to admit neighbors rather than separate them.

It was while commenting on this phenomenon that John W. Fisher, executive director of the Canadian Tourist Association, said:

"There is a story in this that I don't believe is talked about enough. We are a small country living next door to a colossus, but we are not afraid. This is a simple fact, but I think it is unique. Where in the world today can you find a border in which a great, powerful nation lives next door to a small nation and the small

nation is not worried and fearful, is not subjected to either economic or political pressure? In the Middle East? Far East? Eastern Europe? Where? I don't know.

"We have differences with the United States, and Canada, like any small brother, is not always polite or cooperative. But neither fear nor coercion is part of this relationship.

"When the United States is being charged in parts of the world with imperialistic ambitions this story is a towering rebuttal. It should be told in India and Indonesia, Egypt and Russia, China and Poland, and throughout Africa. Perhaps—and properly—you in the United States can't tell this story, but we in Canada can and should. Perhaps we have been remiss. We should tell it everywhere we can. We should have our people tell it when they travel to other countries."

It seemed natural for such a discussion to arise at a meeting of executives and officials concerned with international tourism, for that is what travel is chiefly about—people meeting people, and getting to know each other.

The curious thing is how curious people are about each other. The season is again dawning when the American tourist, like the migratory bird, begins to stir in the midst of his wintry routine and to make plans to visit other parts of the globe.

Despite international political crises, fluctuations in the stock market, and worried talk about deflation out of Washington, the tourists are going ahead with sturdy good sense to prepare to see this exciting world at first hand. This issue of *The Satur-*

day Review reports elsewhere in detail the rush now gathering momentum in the offices of travel agents, air and sea carriers, and tour and car-rental operators as the travelers get ready to go abroad.

This phenomenon is at the heart of the huge "People to People" program of international friendship sponsored by President Eisenhower.

At a White House conference to discuss ways for building a massive network of communication between Americans and the citizens of other lands—to establish lasting two-way relationships from which international friendships and understanding can grow—President Eisenhower told an audience of leading citizens:

"Today we have this problem: that of creating understanding between peoples . . .

"I am talking about the exchange of professors and students and executives, the providing of technical assistance and the ordinary traveler abroad. I am thinking about doctors helping the conquering of disease.

"In this way, I believe, is the truest path to peace."

In his letter of invitation to the conference the President said:

"If our American ideology is eventually to win out in the great struggle being waged between opposing ways of life, it must have the active support of thousands of independent private groups and institutions and millions of individual Americans acting through person-to-person communication in foreign lands."

That is what tourism is about. That is why the tourist really decides to go abroad despite political crises and deflationary alarms. The tourist knows that the whole world is just next door, and that that is too close to live these days without some friendly knowledge of your neighbors.

That is what President Eisenhower was talking about with his emphasis on "the ordinary traveler," an emphasis he has stressed on many occasions. That is what our good neighbors, the Canadians, were talking about.

Our country, our Government, our people have a story to tell around the globe on both sides of every curtain there is. It is in harmony with President Eisenhower's basic and repeated assumption that "all people want peace" and "are laboring to better the lot of their children—as humans do the world over."

The Saturday Review wants to see this story told. Part and parcel of it is what Mr. Fisher was talking about. We hope that both the Canadian and American tourists—and our friends everywhere—will bear it in mind as they sally forth to all points of the compass this summer. —W. D. P.