

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED what plays of modern vintage enjoyed the longest runs on Broadway? "Life with Father," according to Variety, tops the list with a whopping record of 3,224 consecutive performances. Close behind comes "Tobacco Road" with 3,182. "Abie's Irish Rose" is a bad third with 2,327. (Incidentally, both "Tobacco Road" and "Abie" were murdered by the critics, and did practically no business for their first weeks. They were saved by producers who simply would not concede defeat.) Rodgers and Hammerstein nail down fourth and fifth spots with "Oklahoma" (2,248) and "South Pacific" (1,925).

Then come the following: "Harvey": 1,775; "Born Yesterday": 1,642; "The Voice of the Turtle": 1,557; "Arsenic and Old Lace": 1,444; "Hellzapoppin": 1,404; "Angel Street": 1,295; "Lightnin": 1,291; "The King and I": 1,246; "Guys and Dolls": 1,200; "Mister Roberts": 1,157; "Annie Get Your Gun": 1,147; "The Seven Year Itch": 1,141; "Pins and Needles": 1,108; "Kiss Me Kate": 1,070; and "The Pajama Game": 1,052. Where the current "My Fair Lady" will end, know only Levin and CBS!

Speaking of Rodgers and Hammerstein, their score for the upcoming TV spectacular, "Cinderella" (due March 31) is just plain wonderful. Don't miss this show!

THIS SEASON serious new plays are having a tough time on Broadway, where slap-happy "vehicles" and sure-fire farce are the order of the day. Two shows, however, have managed to buck the trend: "The Hidden River" and "The Potting Shed." I enjoyed both tremendously, and think SR readers may find them infinitely more rewarding than many of the more publicized "smash-hits" . . . There are three far-above-average movies in the offing, too: Gene Kelly's "The Happy Road" (a mixture of René Clair and old Keystone-comedy routines that had me holding my sides with laughter), "Designing Woman," with Lauren Bacall and

Gregory Peck, and "Funnyface," with nostalgic Gershwin melodies, breathtaking decor, and the incomparable Fred Astaire doing capers with Audrey Hepburn he hasn't dared attempt since Ginger Rogers went off on her own. . . And here is just one more recommendation: Don't miss Bergen Evans's "The Last Word" on CBS-TV. Hear it once and chances are you'll be making a Sunday-afternoon habit of it!

ROOTS . . . Herr Brockhaus, publisher of Schopenhauer's works in Germany, once sent the philosopher a gold watch for Christmas. Schopenhauer said "Thank you—but the watch doesn't go." Brockhaus replied, "I guess it takes after your last book. That's not going either". . . . "At the age of forty-three I was stage struck." recalls Ogden Nash, "and that caused an odd bit of whimsy, 'The Sweet Bye and Bye,' which said bye-bye to Broadway in exactly ten days. At one of the performances, the leading lady, looking through the stage curtain peep hole, murmured, 'The audience appears to be in a nasty mood tonight.' 'Don't worry,' the leading man reassured her. 'We'll probably outnumber them!' . . . William Dean Howells always found time to see aspiring young novelists, and discuss their problems with them. One's head was turned by the immediate click of a carelessly executed but sensational novel. "I'm sure my book has already earned five times as much as anything you ever wrote in your life," he boasted to Howells, "but I have a feeling the literary quality of my work is falling off." "I wouldn't say that," corrected Howells. "You write as well as you ever did. Your taste is improving, that's all." . . . In "Famous First that's all." . . . In "Famous First Facts" (H. W. Wilson Co.) Joseph Kane asserts that the "first book review editor" in America was Sarah Margaret Fuller Ossoli, hired in December 1844, by Horace Greeley for his New York Tribune. In addition to her salary, the contract provided her a home with his family and allowed her the privilege of writing when she



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desired. It was a tough racket, but she stuck it out until August 1846.

IN THE MOOD FOR A little pun-ishment? Writes George L. Kelly, of Athens, Georgia: "There's a good reason why a groom shouldn't see his bride on the day of the marriage prior to the ceremony. Too many looks spoil the troth." Catherine Haughey, of De-troit, describes department store clerks who try to sell her expensive items she doesn't want as "counter irritants." . . . Charles Noble, of Syracuse University, tells of a lad who inherited the stand where his mother sold apples, decided to continue in the trade of the old apple she. . . Mrs. Eric Steine, of Maplewood, rapped her knuckles bare on the door of a friend before she could gain admittance, promptly awarded said friend the No-Bell Prize for 1957.... And Charles Holt, of 745 Fifth Avenue, knows exactly why the Chinese Reds have soured on opium. They're Chou En-lai.

TWO POEMS: The first comes from Joe Shapiro, of Brooklyn, and is called

Evening Picture

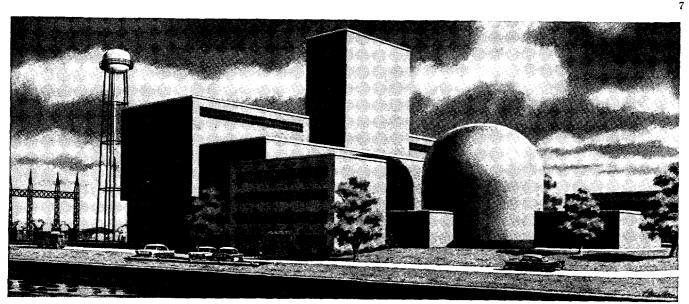
- The wind that howls, the snow that swirls outside
- Are pleasant background for this night within.
- The room is warm with comfort; on the couch
- My wife, engrossed in fiction's ready page,
- Sits legs akimbo. Now telephatized,
- Her eyes meet mine in sudden moment sweet,
- And words unsaid, say all in lingering glance.
- Familiar objects, each with meaning dear,
- Stand silent in the room: the blanket, rich
- With multi-colored pattern, striking sharp
- Through memory's lens a shop in Mexico;
- A small serape, set on armchair stiff,
- Imparts its warmth; a red-gold lacquered tray;
- The book case, modest spectrum in repose,

Solution of Last Week's

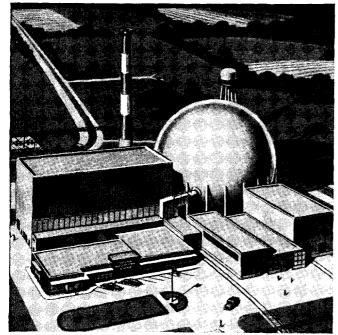
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1198)

JACK HINES: WOLF DOGS OF THE NORTH

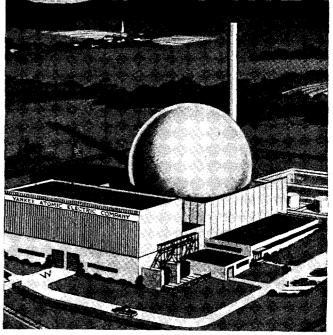
When a wolf dog of Alaska is placed with a mixed team, his strength and endurance coupled with his quick intelligence make him a natural candidate for the place of leader—which post he usually gets in spite of the efforts of jealous teammates.



Enrico Fermi atomic power plant is under way near Detroit through the joint efforts of 18 electric companies. A group of equipment manufacturers and the Atomic Energy Commission are also associated in the project.



Dresden, Illinois, plant is being developed by 7 electric light and power companies, their equipment manufacturers, and with the co-operation of the AEC.



Yankee atomic-electric plant is being developed by 12 New England electric companies. A number of equipment manufacturers and the AEC are participating.

What will atomic-electric power plants look like?

Among the atomic-electric power plants now under way, three will look like the drawings above when completed.

Although they appear somewhat alike, each involves different methods, different materials, a different type of atomic reactor or "furnace." That's because the electric companies, the equipment manufacturers and the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission—who are all participating in atomic development—are searching for the best ways to produce electricity, using atomic energy as fuel.

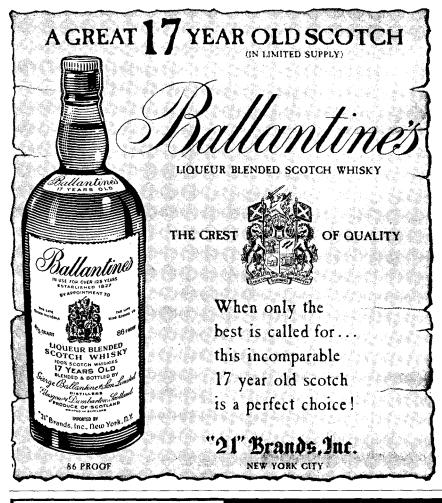
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And on the walls are Gaugin seminudes,

With sensual breasts belied by dove-like eyes;

While Breugel's peasants, joyful and robust,

Dance side by side with Degas's "femmes ballet."

The only sound within is scratching pen,

Illumined soft by lamplight's orange glow.

But now the moan of sharply rising wind,

The sighing of the trees, the rattling door,

The tap against the pane, the driving snow—

The chorus of the night brings to me now

The warmth, the calmth, the sweet serenity

Of this our room—our insulated world.

From Sidney King Russell, of Palm Beach:

Murder à la Mode

The plot is deviously spun— The crime occurs in Chapter One When members of the upper crust Succumb to luxury and lust, Aristocrats whose hidden flaw Is scornful disregard for law. The situation, we may guess Calls for the utmost in finesse; The murderer, though somewhat lax

And slow to cover up his tracks Goes undiscovered till the clue Of poison in Miss Mary's brew. The characters, vague pawns of fate,

Suspect each other, speculate And waiting for the axe to fall Resent intrusion one and all.

At last the author cracks the case, The pieces gently fall in place, The guilty one declines a plea, Prepares to face the penalty As justice looms, sedate, austere, All riddles solved, all meanings clear.

The jury bows, the judge is courtly--

Expect the reader's verdict shortly.

ROBERT HAAS, noted publisher and dog fancier, acquired a collie last summer with such a high I.Q. Haas decided to send him to college (Collie-rado, of course). The dog came home for the holidays, and Haas asked him, "Well, learned any history yet?" The dog shook his head "no." "Any literature?" Another "no." "Any foreign languages?" The collie barked a hearty affirmative.

Haas registered pleasure, and asked, "What was the first foreign word you learned?" The collie answered "Meow." —Bennett Cerf. The Saturday Review MARCH 16, 1957

THE LIMITATIONS OF PSYCHOANALYSIS-1.

This week and next The Saturday Review will present the views on the modern discipline of psychoanalysis of two scientists who are inside the mental specialties. Dr. Erich Fromm has been a teaching and practising psychoanalyst for thirty years, as well as the world-famous author of "Escape from Freedom," "The Sane Society," etc. In this article he emphasizes the bonds of affection and concern which must link an analyst to his patient before any analytical therapy can work. Next week Professor J. A. Gengerelli of the University of California, a psychologist, will discuss certain practical misapplications of psychoanalytic theory.



MAN IS NOT A THING

By ERICH FROMM

THE growing popularity of psychology is interpreted by many as a sign of our approach to the Delphic ideal: "Know Thyself." The idea of self-knowledge has its roots in the Greek and Judaeo-Christian tradition. It was part of the Enlightenment attitude. Men like James and Freud, deeply rooted in this tradition, helped to transmit it to us. But we must not ignore other aspects of contemporary psychology which are dangerous and destructive to human spiritual development.

Psychological knowledge has assumed a particular function in capitalistic society, a function and a meaning quite different from those which were implied in "Know Thyself." Capitalistic society is centered around the market, the commodity market and the labor market, where goods and services are exchanged freely, regardless of clan and blood relationships and other traditional standards and without force or fraud. Knowledge of the customer is of paramount importance to the seller. With the growing complexity of enterprises and capital, it becomes all the more important to know in advance the wishes of the customer, and not only to know them but to influence and manipulate them. The capital investments of modern giant enterprises are not made by hunch, but after thorough investigation and manipulation of the customer and the whole market.

Beyond "market psychology" another new field of psychology has arisen, based on the wish to understand and manipulate the employe. This is called "human relations." It is a logical outcome of the changed relationship between capital and labor. Instead of crude warfare there is cooperation between the giant colossi of enterprise and the giant colossi of labor unions, both of which have come to the conclusion that it is in the long run more useful to compromise than to fight. In addition, we have also found that satisfied, "happy" men work more productively and provide for that smooth operation which is a necessity for big enterprises. Thus, what Taylor did for the rationalization of physical work the psychologists do for the mental and emotional aspect of the worker. He is made into a *thing*, treated and manipulated like a thing, and so-called "human relations" are the most inhuman ones, because they are "reified" and alienated relations.

From the manipulation of the customer and the worker, the uses of psychology have spread to the manipulation of everybody, to politics. While the idea of democracy originally centered around the concept of clear-thinking and responsible citizens, the practice of democracy becomes more and more distorted by the same methods of manipulation which were first developed in market research and "human relations."

WHILE all this is well known, I want now to discuss a more subtle and difficult problem which is related to individual psychology and especially to psychoanalysis. The question is: To which extent is psychology (the knowledge of others and of myself) possible? What limitations exist to such knowledge? And what