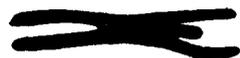




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ana: Marjorie Barnhart (*Ft. Wayne News-Sentinel*) and Mary Rennel Snyder (*Gary Post-Tribune*)... Ernest Cady (*Columbus Dispatch*) won the prize hands down for exhibiting most snapshots of his grandchildren. He produced sixteen. Margaret Parsons (*Worcester Telegram*) was runner-up with eight... Tennessee Paul Flowers, no fool he, kept having his picture taken with Emily Hahn... Alice Dixon Bond (*Boston Herald*) and Fanny Butcher (*Chicago Tribune*) were so spry they were mistaken for sub-debs by the Hotel Comodore photographer.

"Publishers quickly learned not to mention J. B. Priestley in front of Decherd Turner (*Dallas Times Herald*), who still hasn't forgiven the Englishman for his cracks at Texas in 'Journey Down a Rainbow.'... Luther Nichols (*San Francisco Examiner*) silenced a heckler with 'I just got off the plane, and my mind, like my suit, is still rumped.'... Most inveterate pipe smokers were Harry Weissblatt (*Trenton News-Advertiser*) and Robert Perkin (*Denver's Rocky Mountain News*), who had trouble keeping his pipe going at the lower altitude... Spotted in front of the Irish Tourist Agency: Bill Hogan (*San Francisco Chronicle*) and Phil Auer (*Los Angeles Mirror-News*), probably trying to find Bridey Murphy's telephone number.

"John Cook Wyllie (*Richmond News-Leader*) stopped John O'Hara cold by asking whether Gibbsville in 'Ten North Frederick' was really Richmond... And Max Herzberg (*Newark News*) won a special award for the out-of-town reviewer coming the shortest distance. His prize: one token good on Sundays on the Hudson Tubes." Private Eye, we thank you!

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB has announced two additions to its Board of Judges: Basil Davenport and our own John Mason Brown—wonderful choices both. They join Clifton Fadiman, Gilbert Highet, and John Marquand.

Only drawback to this distinguished quintet is that the woman's point of view is not represented. Dorothy Canfield Fisher was one of the BOMC's original judges, and when she retired the late Amy Loveman took her place. Admittedly, ladies of that calibre are few and far between, but likely candidates occur to me from such widely scattered localities as New York, Boston, Chicago, Houston, and Beverly Hills.

Actual names and supporting arguments will be cheerfully furnished upon application from qualified sources.
 —BENNETT CERF.

The Literary Sampler

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN: You may be hitched to one of these creatures we call "Western man," and I think part of your job is to keep him Western, to keep him truly purposeful, to keep him whole. In short—while I have had very little experience as a wife or mother—I think one of the biggest jobs for many of you will be to frustrate the crushing and corruptive effects of specialization, to integrate ends and means, to develop that balanced tension of mind and spirit which can be properly called "integrity."

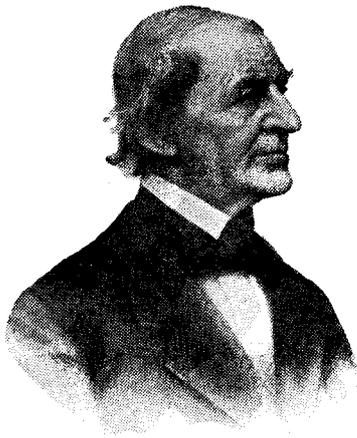
This assignment for you, as wives and mothers, has great advantages. In the first place, it is home work—you can do it in the living room with a baby in your lap, or in the kitchen with a can opener in your hands. If you're really clever maybe you can even practise your savings arts on that unsuspecting man while he's watching television. And, secondly, it is important work worthy of you, whoever you are, or your education, whatever it is, because we will defeat totalitarian, authoritarian ideas only by better ideas; we will frustrate the evils of vocational specialization only by the virtues of intellectual generalities. Since Western rationalism and Eastern spiritualism met in Athens and that mighty creative fire broke out collectivism in various forms has collided with individualism time and again. This twentieth-century collision, this "crisis" we are forever talking about, will be won not on the battlefield but in the head and heart.

—From an address at the Smith College Commencement June 1955 in "What I Think," by Adlai E. Stevenson (Harper).

PERILS OF PROGRESS: Many delight in ticking off the crimes reported in the morning paper to prove that our times are out of joint and that our generation has deteriorated. But they fail to observe that crime has always existed, whereas newspapers are a recent phenomenon. Who can prove that the great virtue attributed to the past does not draw its luster from the anonymity of time? To our unaided eye the gushing water looks crystal clear. But there is an inventor of lenses who puts a drop of it under a microscope, another inventor who makes printing presses to publish what the lens grinder saw, and now everyone knows that the drop of water is swarming with microbes. The water did not deteriorate; our sight improved. Man is not worse; more publicity is given to his faults. The newspaper represents progress.

—From "The Secret of Democracy,"
 By Suzanne Labin (*Vanguard*).

“LADIES & GENTLEMEN, MR. EMERSON”



“He is the world’s eye. He is the world’s heart.” How far our world of Auschwitz and automation, Orwell and Sartre, space-stations and the gray flannel suit has come since that day when Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) could make this praise of man the center of a philosophy. Yet in his own day he stood in the American avant garde, and perhaps a great deal of his teaching about the beauty and humanity of life still solidly underpins a part of the American tradition, where—if it is mostly invisible—it constitutes a steady force for good. Russell Potter is director of the Institute of Arts and Sciences, Columbia.

By RUSSELL POTTER

THE CHAIRMAN of the meeting turned with a deferential bow to the speaker of the evening, a slight spare figure who, courteously acknowledging the introduction and the bow, approached the lectern quietly and unfolded his manuscript.

For a long moment he stood there silent, while all eyes were upon him. The effect, said one reporter, was “at first somewhat startling, and then nobly impressive.” Quietly, but with “eminent *bonhomie*, earnestness, and sincerity,” Ralph Waldo Emerson began reading his lecture.

The day was the last day of December just over 100 years ago: 1855. The place: Davenport, Iowa. Emerson had traveled hard and far to this and other mid-continent engagements. From Chicago he had written home: “I rode incessantly from Salem, Mass., where I took the cars on Thursday morning two days and two nights and was here at nine yesterday A.M. Tonight at eleven or else tomorrow at seven A.M. I go again to the Missis-

sippi & across it to Davenport & then to Rock Island. But it is a little doubtful still as there is no arrival from that quarter whether snow and wind will allow me to reach the river. As for the crossing, once there, there is no difficulty, for it is frozen.” And in his diary of that trip he remarked that he had crossed the mightiest of rivers three times on foot.

In another sense Emerson had traveled hard and far to reach that last day of 1855. He had not planned this life of itinerant lecturer, and, although he resolutely accepted its responsibilities, he was never completely at home on the American lecture circuit—as were many of his contemporaries. He was always a shy man, though never at a loss with strangers; a scholar who was happiest in his study, or on a walk through the woods with a friend, or at a mildly convivial meeting of the intimate friends who formed the Saturday Club. But he recognized the fact that the scholar needs to brush up against the non-scholarly world. In 1843 he had written to Carlyle: “I live so much alone,

shrinking almost cowardly from the contact of worldly and public men, that I need more than others to quit home sometimes, and roll with the river travelers, and live in hotels.” And on his first extended lecture tour he wrote in his journal: “I am greatly pleased with the merchants. In rail car and hotel it is common to meet only the successful class, and so we have favorable specimens: but these discover more manly power of all kinds than scholars; behave a great deal better, converse better, and have inexpressive and sufficient manners.”

Pleased he was, too, with the new hotels and with the railroads. Of the former he wrote to his sister Elizabeth from Philadelphia: “The manner in which water is brought into every chamber, and gas light in every sitting-room gives a new value to cities. Gas light in your parlor is really splendid.” He found the railroad “not prosaic, as people say, but highly poetic, this strong shuttle that shoots across the forest, swamp, river, and arms of the sea, binding city to city.” And again: “Dreamlike traveling on