

Back to the Jungle

WHITE MAN RETURNS. By Agnes Newton Keith. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 310 pp. \$4.

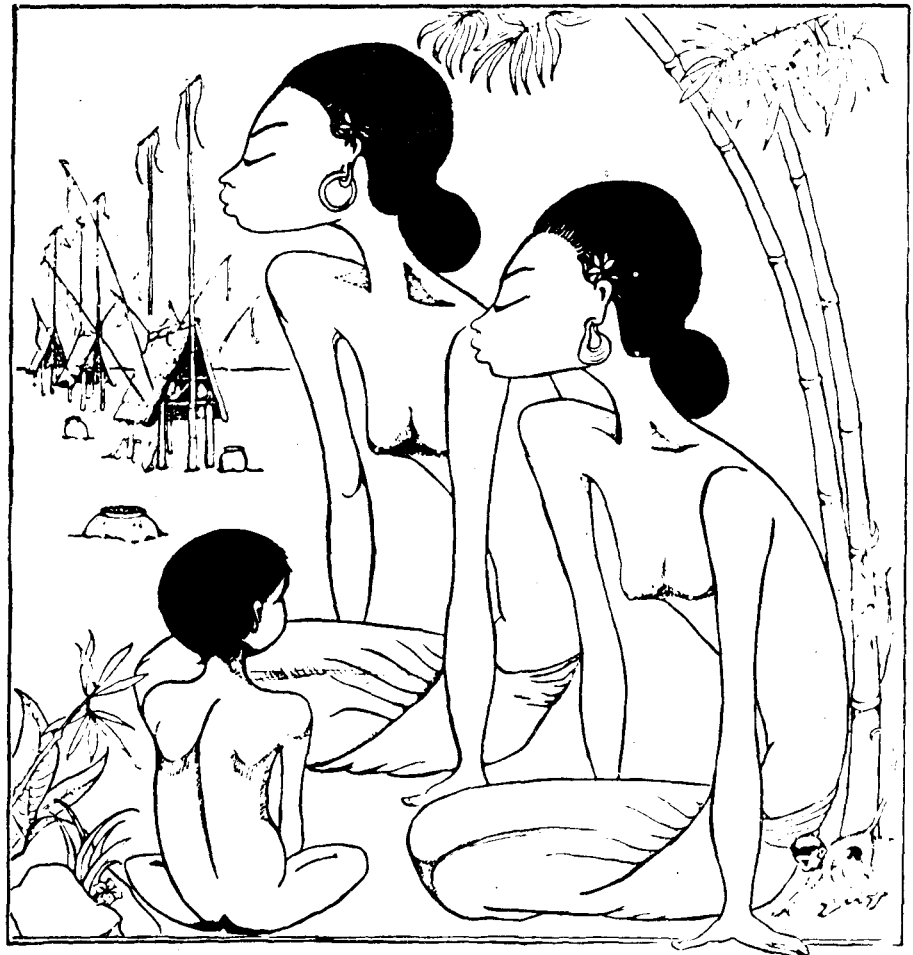
By DOROTHY VAN DOREN

ONE MIGHT think that after nearly four years in a Japanese prison camp, which Mrs. Keith wrote of unforgettably in "Three Came Home," the Keiths would have had enough of the East and particularly Borneo. But this is far from the case. Still in poor health from his prison experiences, Mr. Keith returned six months after he came home. His wife and son followed him a year later. Not because they wanted to go back but simply because war-shattered Borneo needed them!

This is the most splendid and most pathetic aspect of the White Man's Burden. A conscientious administrator of a primitive colony will renounce home, tradition, comfort, decency, will undergo the most severe hardships and even agonies of deprivation and self-sacrifice to bring the amenities of Western civilization to a native people—and this is not enough. The native people do not understand the West or do not like it or are afraid of it. Over hundreds of years the West has learned to prolong life, to cure certain diseases, to improve diet, to increase crops. The native of Borneo—or the Malay, the Chinese, the Filipino, the Hindu—suddenly confronted with this strange knowledge in the form of a clean hospital or a new way of planting rice is likely to run for his life, back to the jungle and the comfort of his ancient superstitions and time-honored ways.

All this Mrs. Keith knows very well. She knows, too, from long familiarity, that the East—her part of it—is fetid, dirty, hot, over-populated not only by humans but by flies, mosquitoes, fleas, and other wild life. She knows that the most acceptable forms of Western culture are comic books, the samba, and sweet, fizzy soft drinks. Yet the Sulu Sea is dazzlingly blue, the jungle is deeply green, their garden blooms with oleander, orchids, frangipani, and other lush tropical plants; and the people are like people everywhere, some bad, some good, some mixed: kind, generous, stupid, funny, careless, unhappy or happy, as the case may be.

Mrs. Keith's book is distinguished for her deep awareness of the problem of East versus West, her love for the East's people, and the sense of humor which carries her over the toughest spots. If the "Revolution" is to be avoided, if the white man is to be per-



—From "White Man Returns."

mitted to remain in the East, if the healing and strengthening aspects of Western science and politics are to be accepted there, people like the Keiths will be largely responsible. Meanwhile, her book is memorable for dozens of reasons: the bat-filled caves where birds' nest soup is gathered; the Japanese soldier who did not act like an enemy; what a young Eurasian girl thinks of the Chinese Communists; the cook, Ah San, who longed to make "fine fancy cake with fancy frosting"; the old man with the ulcerous leg who kept guard over the cemetery; and young George whose playmates among others are a macque monkey, a wonk dog, a tree shrew, a civet cat, a Chinese baby named Gung Ho, and assorted Eurasian pals.

A fabulous land, Borneo; wonderful and fascinating to read about—from a safe distance—but ominous! Its future is not clear; and the future of the white man in the East is still less clear. Mrs. Keith, in this book, presents a first-rate introduction to these wonders, these omens, and this cloudy prospect.

Dorothy Van Doren is the author of several novels and a recent book of personal experiences, "The Country Wife."

Not Schizophrenic

FIGHT AGAINST FEARS. By Lucy Freeman. New York: Crown Publishers. 332 pp. \$3.

By MARGUERITE CLARK

THIS IS something new—a candid and intimate account of a young woman's psychoanalytic experience signed with the author's true name. Lucy Freeman, an able *New York Times* reporter, could have written a psychoanalytic novel, as others have done, but, she felt "the deceit wouldn't have fooled anyone." Instead, she eased her "insatiable curiosity to know the reason for everything" by making copious notes after each analytic session. "You couldn't put everything in one or a dozen books," the analyst warned her. But in three hundred pages, Miss Freeman has managed to convey with courage and simplicity how psychoanalysis rescued her from a life of inner terror. In easy-to-read prose, the book removes most of the mystery from the kind of treatment that many people need, others dread accepting, and still others have undergone.

Among Lucy Freeman's friends,

there were two extreme views about psychoanalysts. One set called them pseudo-scientific Satans who spoke strange jargons. The other and smaller group thought they were supermen who freed the troubled spirit with a magic wand. Lucy Freeman's psychoanalyst was neither. She was introduced to him in a bowling alley soon after he left the Army. He agreed to start her analysis at \$10 an hour, three times a week. (Later when her salary was raised, she paid \$15.) The analyst (she calls him "John" in the book) received her in a quiet parlor of an old brownstone house. He had no nurse, no notebook, no files. He represented no particular school of psychoanalysis.

"Many analysts use Freud but add to his findings from their own experiences," he explained. There was a couch in the room, but, he said, she did not have to lie on it. He used no psychoanalytic jargon, not even the word "association." Instead, he asked "What are you thinking about? What comes to your mind?"

The patient, a Bennington graduate with a rule-of-thumb misunderstanding about psychoanalysis, was quick to diagnose her own case. She must be a schizophrenic, she said, because of her "split personality." No, said John, she was more the manic type. "Your flight has been into reality instead of out of it." She was running faster and faster to keep up with her growing unhappiness.

"I started running in high school, accelerated speed in college, took a greater fury in newspaper reporting," Miss Freeman writes. Her break-neck speed was an office joke. If there was no deadline, she manufactured one. "I attacked the typewriter murderously, venting feelings of hatred on the silent, indefensible mechanism." She rushed into marriage, as she hurled herself into everything else. The marriage did not last.

The faster she ran, the faster the fury was built up within her. She never stopped long enough to ask herself "How do I feel? What do I think?" She was unaware that the important things would remain forever undone until she took time to find out what they were. At twenty-nine, she stood "single and singular."

What made Lucy run? Apparently her childhood had been happy. She had fine homes, tutors, progressive schools, college education, expensive clothes, vacations, cars, and an excellent job. Yet her adult life seethed with unhappiness. A plump brunette in a family of pretty red-haired sisters and a handsome blond brother, Lucy was the one to whom "something ugly always happened." She had acne, bad posture, flat feet, crooked teeth, stom-

ach ache, and sinus. Jealousy of her brother and sisters pushed her into excessive competition at school, but "the medals were little solace for those who sought love." She hated her mother, adored her father. "Why am I so unhappy?" she wailed during one of the early analytic sessions. "Because you do not like yourself. Because you felt that you were not loved in childhood," the analyst explained. "Is that all?" asked the patient, anticipating a more complex Freudian explanation. "That's enough for anyone," said John.

It took Lucy Freeman five years to learn to know herself and other people, to realize that "my mother was a mother, not a rival; my father a father instead of the man I wanted," and the psychoanalyst a doctor, not a father-figure. As she learned, her sinus cleared up, her colds and stomach aches left her, there were fewer nightmares and sounder sleep. She trained herself to move slowly, to speak smoothly, to dress more becomingly. Because she was not eating compulsively, she lost weight. There was time to savor each moment of life, to obey the psychoanalyst's order: "Enjoy what you do, work or play, and relax while you are doing it."

During her analysis, Miss Freeman changed from general news reporting to welfare and psychiatry, covering mental conferences for *The New York Times*. Part of this, she recognized, was an identification with the emotionally sick, "as though by saving them I, in some way, also saved myself."

As Lucy Freeman's book was published, she was ending five years of psychoanalysis. "I have gone a long way," she concludes, "and I have a long way to go. It was expensive, but all the money in the world could not pay for what it has brought me—peace of mind."

A friend told her: "You are no different today from the way you were five years ago except that you are a little calmer." A little calm where there had been no calm at all? "That's quite a lot," Miss Freeman replied.

Journalist Politician

RAYMOND OF THE TIMES. By Francis Brown. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 345 pp. \$5.

By ROBERT S. HARPER

JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S *New York Herald*, impudent but well informed, was sixteen years old, and Horace Greeley's *New York Tribune*, a pulpit for its editor's isms, was making his name a household word after a ten-year struggle, when the first edition of *The New York Times* hit the streets on September 18, 1851.

The editor of the new daily newspaper was Henry Jarvis Raymond, a bewhiskered, button-faced, dwarfish man thirty-one years old, whose journalistic genius was already established and whose political future was assured. This is the Raymond of whom Mr. Brown, editor of the *Times Book Review*, writes in what is described on the jacket as "the first full-dress biography" of the newspaper's founder.

Raymond, born on a farm near Lima, N. Y., was the son of an elder in the Presbyterian Church. Graduated from the University of Vermont in 1840, Raymond entered journalism as a reporter and editor on Horace Greeley's *New-Yorker*, a weekly hodgepodge to which he had contributed verse while a student. A few months later, when Greeley founded the *Tribune*, Raymond became his assistant. Thus Greeley trained the man who later became his chief competitor in both journalism and politics.

Greeley, in a petulant mood, once described Raymond as "the little villain," but in his autobiography, he wrote of him: "Abler and stronger men I may have met; a cleverer, readier, and more efficient journalist I never saw." No single newspaper office was large enough to hold these two, and Raymond left the *Tribune* for the *Courier and Enquirer*, a Wall Street paper, where he later became editor. About this time in 1843 (the

