

shorter articles to cover minor figures and explain terms. A simple cross-reference system, using bold type, makes the encyclopaedia easy to use.

Clearly it is impossible to attempt a criticism of even the major contributions here. They are, naturally, written from the prevailing English viewpoint, and a similar French or German production would read very differently. But they remain fair and balanced even where the writer has no very great sympathy with his subject. And in some cases, such as the articles on logic and ethics, taken with their cross-references, there is probably no comparable short modern account existing in English. It is to be hoped that first-year university undergraduates will resist the temptation to serve them up to their tutors.

For as Mr Urmson points out, in one sense an encyclopaedic of philosophy is impossible. There are no stock answers and no agreed conclusions of a positive kind, though a few mistakes have finally been disposed of. There are no authorities. The authorities he has called on to write for him have done their best not to contradict him in this.

The appearance of the book is rather alarming: a lurid jacket and endpapers, with a vast number of pictures of philosophers and near-philosophers and places thought to be of interest. But this is probably not the fault of the editor. Within all is plain prose.

LAURENCE BRIGHT, O.P.

A BURNT-OUT CASE. By Graham Greene. (Heinemann; 16s.)

We have been here before, of course, and we recognize the middle-aged traveller in the tropical suit as he sits in the cabin of the river-boat. 'I feel discomfort, therefore I am alive', he writes in his diary. His voyage to the interior is away from success. He was a famous architect, and now he has ceased to believe. Query (and the extra 'r' underlines the ambiguity of the Greenean hero) must be holy, thinks Father Thomas. After all, he has given up so much. He must be going through the dark night, thinks Rycker, the well-instructed Belgian layman. He is, in the language of leprosy, a 'burnt-out case': the disease is dead, but its mutilations remain.

The end of his journey is a leper-colony, and here among the priests and nuns (with an agnostic doctor to offset their faith) he begins to live again. He has come, not to be redeemed through suffering, not even to forget, but simply to be; and after all he can help with the building. But he is discovered, and the irony is that a man who has abandoned love is betrayed by it. He befriends Rycker's young wife: her husband is sure that Query was her lover, and Query is killed.

This is a novel of formidable strength, as spare as Query's own architecture, with nothing irrelevant or added to please. It has a wonderfully comic interlude when Query is pursued by a Sunday-paper journalist, and the life of the Community is observed with the hooded eyes of the trained observer.

The dilemma is not a new one, and its statement this time will give small comfort to those who map the Greenean territory and are determined to

find that the source of the river is grace. It is a much more tangled world than that, but the Superior's words at the end are a clue. "We all analyse motives too much. . . . You remember what Pascal said, that a man who starts looking for God has already found him. The same may be true of love—when we look for it, perhaps we've already found it." The unbelieving doctor is not satisfied. "How persistent you are, father. You never let anyone go, do you? You'd like to claim even Querry for your own." And the Superior's answer is simple, "I haven't noticed that you relax much before a patient dies".

Can implicit charity be the beginning of faith? Certainly faith without love is dead and destructive. Mr Greene's novel must be welcomed for what it is, not for what the apologete might want it to be.

PEREGRINE WALKER

ESSAYS PRESENTED TO C. M. GIRDLESTONE. (University of Durham.)

Collections of essays presented to a retiring master and colleague have become a tradition, and a very proper one too. This book, produced by off-set in King's College (Newcastle)'s Printing Section, makes no exception to the rule of variety which characterizes this *genre*. From Staius to Ortega y Gasset contributions run through topics of philology, musicology and various criticism. But it is the more appropriate as a reflection of the dedicatee's own various interests which led him from an essay on Mistral's poetry to the study of Church Architecture in his adopted region through a lasting love for music and literature. Bound to be unfair and *cavalier*, the reviewer can only hurriedly point out *en passant* at some names of contributors: Professor Lough, Professor Lawton, Dr Delacourcelle, Dr Suckling, etc., and draw attention to some details of this scholarly landscape: Professor Bisson's study of Proust's conception of friendship, Professor Boase's survey of French poetical anthologies, Dr Mossop's revaluation of the theme of Beauty in *Les Fleurs du Mal*, Dr Weightman's reinterpretation of *Candide*, Dr Scarfe's comments on a letter to Chénier, etc. These, amongst many others, may give an idea of the field covered and should, one hopes, bring reward to Professor Girdlestone, though no cause for giddiness.

J.B.B.

NOTICES

SAIGON JOURNEY (Campion Press, 9s. 6d.) is the account of Ann Stafford's visit to the Far East in connection with the United Nations Seminar on the participation of South East Asian women in public life, of which she has already given some account in *BLACKFRIARS* for June 1958. A vivid and sympathetic interest in people and places underlies this glance at the national awakening of Siam, Viet-Nam and Cambodia. She has much to say that is perceptive about the work of the Church in these lands, and her training both as a social worker and as a novelist gives an unusual precision to what might have been merely another traveller's tale.