

# Graham Greene Journey Without Maps



GRAHAM GREENE

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JOURNEY WITHOUT MAPS



PENGUIN BOOKS

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## JOURNEY WITHOUT MAPS

Graham Greene was born in 1904 and educated at Berkhamsted School, where his father was the headmaster. On coming down from Balliol College, Oxford, where he published a book of verse, he worked for three years as a sub-editor on *The Times*. He established his reputation with his fourth novel, *Stamboul Train*. In 1935 he made a journey across Liberia, described in *Journey Without Maps*, and on his return was appointed film critic of the *Spectator*. In 1926 he had been received into the Roman Catholic Church and was commissioned to visit Mexico in 1938, and report on the religious persecution there. As a result he wrote *The Lawless Roads* and, later, *The Power and the Glory*.

*Brighton Rock* was published in 1938, and in 1940 he became literary editor of the *Spectator*. The next year he undertook work for the Foreign Office and was sent out to Sierra Leone in 1941-3. One of his major post-war novels, *The Heart of the Matter*, is set in West Africa and is considered by many to be his finest book. This was followed by *The End of the Affair*, *The Quiet American*, a story set in Vietnam, *Our Man in Havana*, and *A Burnt-Out Case*. *The Comedians* and twelve other novels have been filmed, plus two of his short stories, and *The Third Man* was first written as a film treatment. In 1967 he published a collection of short stories under the title *May We Borrow Your Husband?*

In all, Graham Greene has written some thirty novels, edited 'entertainments', plays, children's books, travel books, and collections of essays and short stories. Among his latest publications are his long-awaited autobiography, *A Sort of Life* (1971), *The Pleasure Dome* (1972), *The Honorary Consul* (1973), *Lord Rochester's Monkey* (1974), *An Impossible Woman: the Memories of Dottoressa Moor of Capri* (edited; 1975) and *The Human Factor* (1978). He was made a Companion of Honour in 1966.

## PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

SIX years after this book was written I found myself living in Sierra Leone – a writer should be careful where he goes for pleasure in peacetime, for in wartime he is only too likely to return there to work. It was odd flying up from Lagos, following from the sky the line of surf along the Liberian coast, seeing the huddle of tiny shacks which called itself Grand Bassa, where I had dismissed my carriers, passing over the small white isolated building which was the British Consulate at Monrovia. It was odd too retracing my steps from Freetown to Kailahun, travelling in the same tiny lamp-lit train, staying in the same rest-houses.

I can look back now with a certain regret at the hard words I used about Freetown, for Freetown is now one of the homes I have lived and worked in through all the seasons. I have been able to recognize in myself after a year's sojourn the inertia which as a tourist I condemned so harshly in other people. But if there are fallacies into which the passing visitor falls, there are fallacies too which come from a close acquaintance. After a little while there is so much one ceases to notice, and if I were writing of Freetown now, how unnaturally rosy would my picture be, for I begin to remember mainly the sunsets when all the laterite paths turned suddenly for a few minutes the colour of a rose, the old slavers' fort with the cannon lying in the grass, the abandoned railway track with the chickens pecking in and out of the little empty rotting station, the taste of the first pink gin at six o'clock. I have begun to forget what the visitor noticed so clearly – the squalor and the unhappiness and the involuntary injustices of tired men. But as that picture is true too, I let it stand.

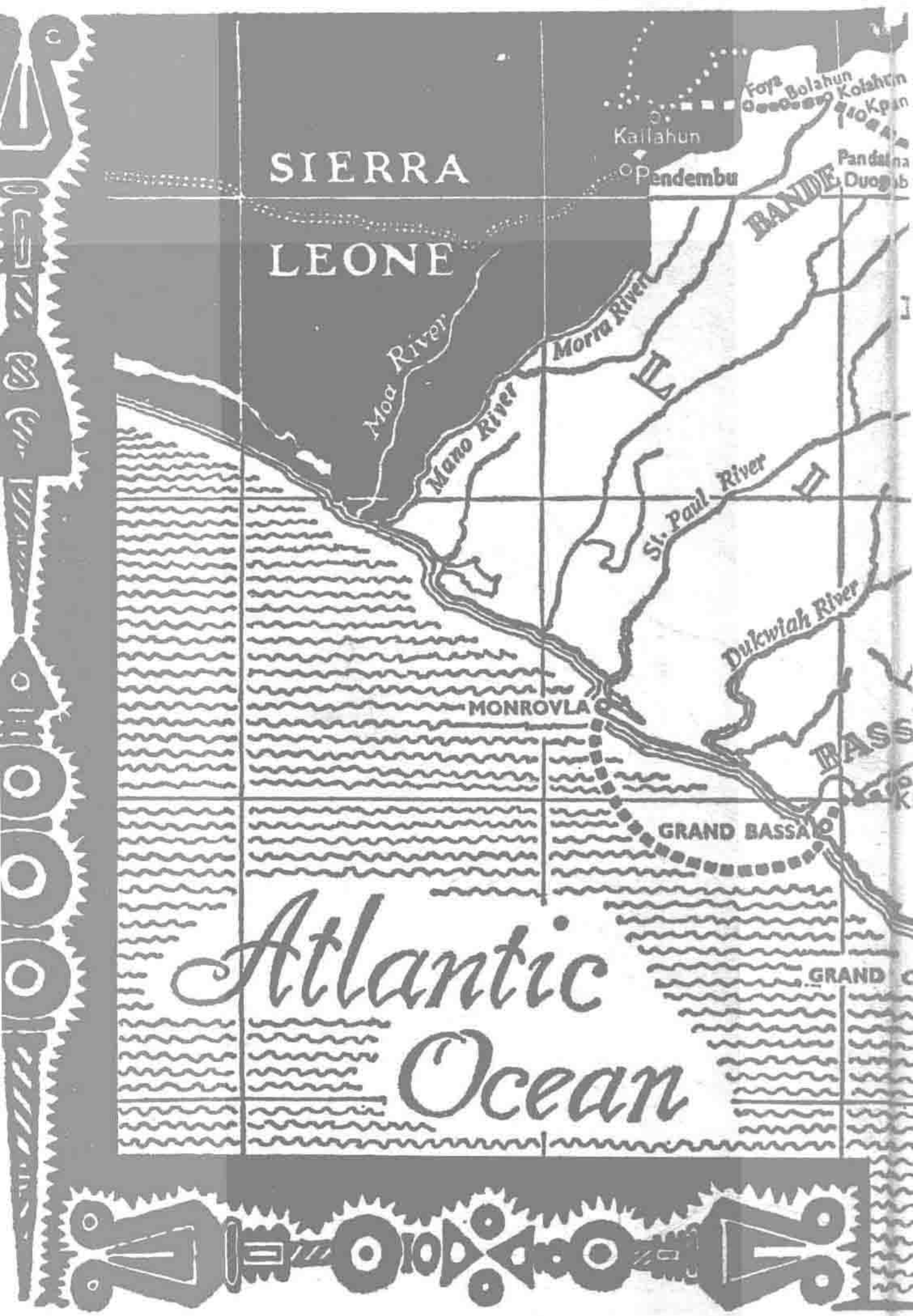
*London, November 1946*

'O do you imagine,' said fearer to farer,  
'That dusk will delay on your path to the pass,  
Your diligent looking discover the lacking  
Your footsteps feel from granite to grass?'

*W. H. Auden*

The life of an individual is in many respects like a child's dissected map. If I could live a hundred years, keeping my intelligence to the last, I feel as if I could put the pieces together until they made a properly connected whole. As it is, I, like all others, find a certain number of connected fragments, and a larger number of disjointed pieces, which I might in time place in their natural connection. Many of these pieces seem fragmentary, but would in time show themselves as essential parts of the whole. What strikes me very forcibly is the arbitrary and as it were accidental way in which the lines of junction appear to run irregularly among the fragments. With every decade I find some new pieces coming into place. Blanks which have been left in former years find their complement among the undisturbed fragments. If I could look back on the whole, as we look at the child's map when it is put together, I feel that I should have my whole life intelligently laid out before me . . .

*Oliver Wendell Holmes*



SIERRA

LEONE

Moa River

Mano River

Morra River

St. Paul River

Dukwiah River

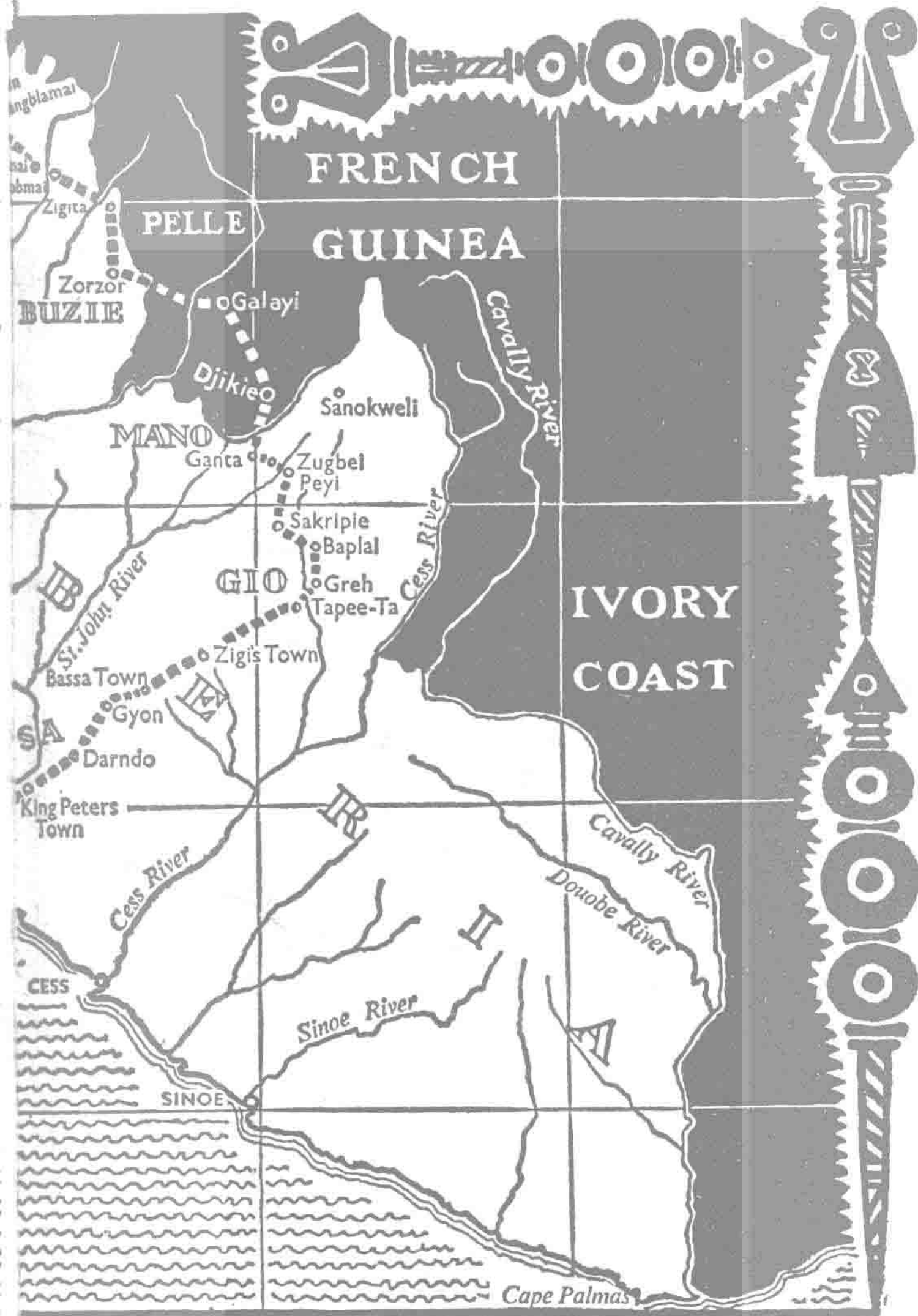
MONROVIA

GRAND BASSA

GRAND C

Atlantic  
Ocean

BANDE





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