
Michael Meeuwis

I dedicate this study to the memory of Lucy Hill (14 December 1976 – 27 July 2019), dearest friend in so much more than literature.

1. Introduction and statement of purpose

Graham Greene’s *A Burnt-Out Case*, first published with The Bodley Head in January 1961, is set in the Congo, which was a colony of Belgium until 30 June 1960. As usual, Greene went on location in advance to find inspiration for a dramatic plot and characters for his new novel and to collect contextual and technical information to compose its background. He spent about five weeks in the Belgian Congo between 31 January and 7 March 1959. During these weeks Greene also kept a diary, which was published eleven months after the novel. It appeared as “Congo Journal” together with a reprint of “Convoy to West Africa,” the diary Greene had kept during his voyage in a cargo boat from Liverpool to Freetown, Sierra Leone, between December 1941 and January 1942. The entire volume was given the title *In Search of a Character: Two African Journals*.

This widely available published version of “Congo Journal” however, differs strongly from the original manuscript of Greene’s diary. In fact, Greene subjected the manuscript not to one, but to at least five revisions before allowing it to go to print. The revisions involved, among other things: the addition of a whole set of footnotes providing explanations and knowledge Greene gathered after returning from the Congo; deletion of passages of an erotic nature; omission of references to his extramarital affairs in Europe; modification of originally depreciative portrayals of persons he had met in the Congo (some of these portrayals he turned into squarely opposite, positive ones); putting his host Dr. Lechat less in the foreground; and other types of significant alterations.

My aim in this study is threefold. First of all, in light of this large discrepancy between the original manuscript and the eventual publication, it is, plainly, to offer a readable presentation of the original text (first column in section 4), as I deem it in itself of particular interest for scholars interested in Greene’s truest experiences while in the Congo and his general state of mind, heart, and soul at this particular point in his life—the first half of 1959.

Secondly, it is to identify the manifold, successive changes to which Greene submitted the text in the process toward publication. I will describe them in two columns to the right of the manuscript. For the sake of readability, I have chosen not to focus on the purely orthographic and illegible phrase and paragraph in Greene’s handwriting. My gratitude also goes to Richard Greene of the University of Toronto, Honoré Vinck of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart (the congregation of missionaries with whom Greene spent time in the Congo), Edith Dasnoy, and Felix Deckx of KU Leuven, for having helped me find invaluable biographical information on persons mentioned in Greene’s diary.

---

1 A first version of this paper was presented as “The Five Lives of the Congo Journal” at the 19th International Graham Greene Festival, Berkhamsted, UK, 20–24 September 2017. I wish to thank the participants at this Festival for their useful feedback. I am also particularly indebted to Mike Hill, Jonathan Wise, Chris Hull, Richard Greene, and Elizabeth Garner (Harry Ransom Center, Texas, USA) who helped me enormously in deciphering many an
grammatical corrections Greene made, nor on changes of a minor, sentence-level stylistic nature, but rather on the modifications (and all of those) that are somehow pertinent to the content of Greene’s perceptions and experiences with persons, places, events, and himself.

In section 3 I provide general descriptions of each of the successive versions of the text in detail. This, in brief, is an overview. First (section 3.1 below), there is, evidently, the original manuscript, which in fact already displays some changes Greene applied in ink at a later stage than the original moment of writing. Second, the manuscript was typed out by his secretary Josephine Reid, a process during which quite a number of passages were already omitted or changed (see 3.2). Third, Greene then thoroughly corrected Reid’s typescript in longhand (3.3), adding the battery of new footnotes mentioned above but also altering many parts in the text itself. The fourth version are the galley proofs (3.4); these are not an exact reproduction of Reid’s typescript-cum-Greene’s-revision, but in fact also contain (a minor number of) new elements. The fifth “life” of the diary consists of a much longer list of corrections Greene made on the galley proofs (3.5), again in longhand. Many of these, as I will explain, were demanded from him by Dr. Michel Lechat, the leprologist who was Greene’s main medical informant in the Congo. Greene had sent the galley proofs to him for additional comments and feedback. Finally (3.6), there is the eventual printed version as “Congo Journal” in In Search of a Character.

My third but not less important aim is to clarify and contextualize a whole variety of persons, locales, events, etc. that Greene mentions in the journal. By means of an apparatus of footnotes of my own, added to the manuscript itself, I provide historical-contextual information on (Belgian, Congolese, or European) persons Greene met and mentions throughout this text, some of which served as models for characters in A Burnt-Out Case; clarify the French terms he uses; geographically situate the places he is visiting; identify the books he says he is reading; etc.

2. Chronological overview of Greene’s trip to and travels in the Congo

The general idea for A Burnt-Out Case came to Greene during and after finalizing Our Man in Havana (1958). At that point he only envisaged to set his new novel in a leprosy hospital somewhere in the tropics: “a new novel [was] already beginning to form in my head by way of a situation—a stranger who turns up in a remote leper settlement for no apparent reason.”2 In September 1958 he contacts his Belgian friend Baroness Johanna “Hansi” von Reininghaus-Lambert (1899-1960), asking whether she would know of such a leprosy settlement in the Belgian Congo.3 Hansi Lambert immediately forwards Greene’s letter to her friend the Belgian doctor Michel Lechat in the Congo, adding a note requesting him to write to Greene directly. A correspondence between Greene and Lechat quickly ensues.

Michel Lechat (1927-2014) was the only qualified physician working in the Congo,” Graham Greene Studies, Vol. 1, ed. Joyce Stavic and Jon Wise (Dahlonega: University of North Georgia Press, 2017), 56-81.

---

leprosery of Iyonda. Iyonda (then often spelled “Yonda” or “Ionda”) was a small Belgian missionary station of the Catholic congregation of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart (henceforth “MSC”: Missionarii Sacratissimi Cordis Iesu), situated 15 kms south of the province capital Coquilhatville in northwest Congo (see Map 1), right on the equator line and some 600 kms north of the Congo’s capital Leopoldville (today Kinshasa).

Iyonda’s leprosery—composed of a hospital, technical buildings, houses for the missionary Fathers and Sisters, and a secluded settlement for leprosy patients—was founded in 1945; Lechat had been working there since 1953, living in a house on the compound together with his wife Edith Dasnoy (born 1932) and their two small children Marie (born 1954) and Laurent (born 1956).

Map 1. The Congo River, Leopoldville, Coquilhatville, and Iyonda. (Information added by the author to a base-map from the Belgian Royal Academy for Overseas Sciences publicly available on http://kaowarsom/en/online_maps.)
Lechat, at first reluctant, in early January finally agrees on Greene’s visit. He starts making arrangements with the missionaries of Iyonda and in particular with their Bishop in Coquilhatville, Hilaire Vermeiren, whose congregation also runs other mission stations with leproseries in the region. It is decided that Greene will occupy a room in the house of the missionary Fathers in Iyonda and will also have most of his meals with them, that Greene will be free to observe Lechat’s and the Fathers’ daily routines without them having to adjust course of work too much, and that the Bishop will also help Greene visit the MSC’s other mission stations with leproseries.

Greene leaves London on Monday 26 January 1959 for Brussels. He travels together with a young woman whom in his diary he nicknames “Tony” and with whom he is having a brief affair (see 3.1 below). Greene and “Tony” spend five days together in the Palace hotel in Brussels, making excursions to Belgian sites of interest such as the city of Bruges. On Friday 30 January he boards, from Brussels international airport, an airplane to the Congo, arriving in its capital Leopoldville in the morning of 31 Saturday, the date of his first diary entry.

Greene stays three days in Leopoldville. He unenthusiastically does press interviews with journalists, has dinner with businessmen and officials, and is taken around the city.

On Monday 2 February, Greene leaves Leopoldville on a domestic flight to Coquilhatville, in those days abbreviated to “Coq” in Belgian colonial parlance (which would become “Luc” in A Burnt-Out Case). Greene is collected at Coquilhatville’s little airstrip by Dr. Lechat, who immediately drives him to Iyonda and introduces him to the Fathers, who show him to his room in their house.

Greene’s daily routine until 12 February is to do his reading of the novels he has brought with him in the morning on the bank of the Congo River. The rest of the day Greene spends walking around the mission and the leprosery, conversing with the Fathers, very occasionally with a leprosy patient, and observing Dr. Lechat’s medical activities and asking him technical questions. He is often taken to Coquilhatville for protocol meetings with officials and dignitaries such as the Province Governor, the Bishop, the Burgomaster, and others.

Between 12 and 26 February, Greene travels the Ruki-Momboyo, a tributary of the Congo River (see Map 2), as a passenger on board the “Theresita,” the Bishop’s steamer frequently used by him and his missionaries to travel between their network of mission posts. Greene’s only fellow passengers are three MSC-missionaries: captain Father Georges Léonet, Father Henri Vanderslaghmolen, whom he had already met at Iyonda and who was the only one with some knowledge of English, and Father Pierre Van den Cruyce. The steamer calls, among others, at the MSC mission stations of Bokuma (where they stay two days, 12-13 February), Ingende and Flandria (14 February), Imbonga (15-17 February), Lusako and Waka (17 February), and reaches its final destination of Wafanya on 19 February. Imbonga and Wafanya each house a leprosery—the one at Wafanya is called “Lombolombo” (see Map 2). Greene visits both, bringing, together with Iyonda, the total of leprosies he will have visited in the Congo to three.

---

5 Detailed biographical information on each is provided in my footnotes to the manuscript.
On Saturday 21 February, the Theresita turns around, leaving Wafanya to head back to Coquilhatville. The voyage this time being downstream, they travel much faster. On 22 February they moor at Besow, and the next day they are able to stop and go on land at Waka, Lusako, and Imbonga in the span of one day. On 24 February the passengers spend the entire day at Flandria, Greene being hosted by the English palm oil plant manager Chris Lipscomb and his wife, whom he had already met on his way upstream (14 February). Obliged to speak French all the time in the Congo, i.e., in his conversations with Dr. Lechat, colonials, and all the missionaries (except Henri Vanderslaghmolen), and never understanding a word of the Flemish the missionaries used among themselves, Greene particularly enjoys “the sheer pleasure of talking English” with the Lipscombs. On 26 February, the steamer is back in Coquilhatville, from where Greene is immediately driven to Iyonda.

Back in Iyonda, Greene picks up his former routine of reading novels in the morning, except that he no longer goes to the riverbank and instead chooses the loggia of the Fathers’ house where he has his room. The rest of the day he spends with the Fathers and especially with the Lechat couple, for whom his appreciation continues to grow, resulting in a deep and lasting friendship with Michel Lechat in particular. Greene especially esteems Lechat’s professional wisdom, humaneness with leprosy patients, perspicacity, judgment of character, cultivation and taste, and intelligent discretion. Indicative of this friendship is the fact that Greene dedicated A
Burnt-Out Case to him, in a long preface. A correspondence between the two would continue after Greene’s return to Europe and until at least 1988. Michel Lechat also more than once visited Greene in Antibes. He strongly supported Greene in the context of the negative review of A Burnt-Out Case by the leprologist Dr. Robert Cochrane. In a personal letter to Cochrane, Lechat took up Greene’s defense, arguing that a novelist has the right to choose any subject he likes, including leprosy, which is no one’s prerogative territory, for “leprosy is part of human life in the same way as war, corruption, scandals, lost hopes, hate and love.”

During his second “term” at Iyonda, between 26 February and 5 March, Greene is again several times invited for duty drinks in Coquilhatville and is once more bothered by amateur writers. In the morning of Greene’s last day in Iyonda, Thursday 5 March, Father Paul Van Molle, an amateur cameraman, realizes that neither the Lechats nor the priests have taken any photos or other kind of visual record of Greene. With Greene’s departure imminent later that day, Father Paul hastens to make a recording of Greene on his 8mm camera.

Greene leaves Iyonda after lunch of this day, 5 March. He is driven to the Coquilhatville airstrip by the Lechat couple, accompanied by their two small children and Father Henri Vanderslaghmolen. Four other colonials meet them at the airstrip to see him off.

He arrives back in Leopoldville in the afternoon, where he spends two days. In the morning of 7 March, he traverses the Congo River by boat, leaving Leopoldville and the Belgian Congo behind and entering the directly opposite city of Brazzaville, situated in French Equatorial Africa. He stays there only one day, boarding a plane to Libreville (now the capital of Gabon) on 8 March, the evening of the same day traveling on to Douala, Cameroon. He spends his days in Douala with Paul Boucarut, an old acquaintance from Indochina, and his Vietnamese wife Hô. As Richard Greene explains, it is here that Paul and Hô introduce Greene to Yvonne Cloetta. Greene visits Dibamba, a leprosery situated near Douala, which brings the total number of leproseries he visits in Africa to four. Greene will later discuss the differences between this leprosery and the ones in the Congo in an exchange of letters with Lechat. He leaves Douala traveling back to England on 13 March 1959.

3. The Journal’s successive versions
3.1 The manuscript
The original manuscript, which I have typed out literatim in the first column in section 4 below, is in possession of the Harry Ransom Center in Austin, Texas. Figure 1 shows the first page of Greene's

---

8 This five minute “home video” can be viewed online at http://rozenbergquarterly.com/?p=6141 with a discussion in Michael Meesuwa, “Tiny Bouts of Contentment: Rare Film Footage of Graham Greene in the Belgian Congo, March 1959,” Rozenberg Quarterly (December 2013).
10 Harry Ransom Center, Graham Greene collection, box 19, folder 4. I purchased scans of the relevant archive documents from the Center in 2015 and obtained their kind permission to use them for the present study in a mail of 2 March 2021.
journal, giving an impression of the physical characteristics of the text.

Figure 1: Page 1 of the manuscript
These are some general observations of importance to be made about this original text. First of all, the Harry Ransom Center has confirmed to me that the pages containing the 9 February entry are missing from the holograph. They must still have formed part of the diary when Greene handed it over to his secretary Josephine Reid for typing out, as her typescript contains a full entry for this date.

Secondly, Greene already made some changes to the text in longhand. We can detect that from the different ink type he used or from a different freshness of the ink type. In the January 31 entry (Figure 1), for instance, we can see how he added “is that a practical possibility.”

Third, there is the date and title on top of the first page. Greene wrote “JOURNAL Feb – March 1959” in the right top corner, and the title “In Pursuit of a Novel” in the center. Telling from the positioning (and the ink) of both, they are clearly later additions. As these two lines do not appear in Josephine Reid’s typescript of the manuscript, Greene probably added them much later, for instance when at an advanced moment in his life he was sorting out his archives. Either way, as I will explain in 3.3, when correcting Reid’s typescript in longhand, Greene would come up with yet a different title, the definitive one, namely In Search of a Character: Two African Journals.

Fourth, the most intriguing changes Greene made in ink in the original diary have to do with a young English lady whose real name he already at this stage decides to blot out and replace with the nickname “Tony” (Figure 2).

*Figure 2: Examples of original name blotted out, and replaced with “Tony”*

In the diary manuscript, Greene describes “Tony” as “a girl of 29, married two years to a man of 28 whom she loves, the first affair since marriage. [...] The mystery that surrounds her motives and character—the mixture of juvenility and the sophisticated, even corrupt surroundings attract one like fire. Whatever her motive how ready and how sweet she was” (15 February entry). Greene had an affair with this “Tony” when his affair with Catherine Walston was coming to a close. Tony’s
one-year younger husband apparently served in Cyprus: “One letter from C. and one from Tony. The good news from Cyprus may have put an end to that relationship—I’m sorry even though I know it’s for the best. For once there will be only pleasant memories. Not even one quarrel in that week [i.e., the week in Brussels, prior to Greene’s departure for the Congo, MM]” (26 February entry). As I explained elsewhere, letters from Greene to his friend and confidant John Sutro make it clear that the affair had already started in England before Greene and left for Brussels and then the Congo. In a letter to Sutro of 13 January 1959 Greene writes: “My own appointments are getting congested owing to the extreme developments due to a certain reckless move.” This “reckless move” probably refers to the beginning of the affair with Tony. It is from a letter of Friday 30 January that we know, as mentioned above, that Greene and Tony traveled together from London to Belgium (Monday 26 January 1959), spent the week together in the Palace Hotel in Brussels, made excursions to Bruges, and that on the night of Friday 30 January Greene boarded a plane in Brussels for the Congo after having “seen my companion off by train.”

Who may this Tony have been? The blotted-out characters suggest the name “Antonia,” but then this, too, may have been a pseudonym, one that Greene chose to use when first writing his lines. In her notebook Gillian Sutro, wife of Greene’s friend John Sutro, copied down guesses that Yvonne Cloetta, who apparently also was in the know, had suggested as to the real identity of Tony. These are:
~ Leslie Caron, French-American actress who played Gigi in the 1958 eponymous movie;
~ Heather Sears, award-winning British actress;
~ Samantha Eggar, British-American actress who began her career after 1960;

The following facts corroborate or contradict these different hypotheses. Leslie Caron was indeed 28 or 29 years old in January 1959. In favor of the Heather Sears hypothesis speaks the fact that in 1959 she was two years married to the production designer named Anthony “Tony” Masters, which could have been the reason for Greene’s use of the nickname Tony. Yet in January 1959 she was only 23, not 29 as Greene writes, and her husband was 39, not 28. An argument against the Samantha Eggar hypothesis is that in January 1959 she was only 20 years old, and she did not marry until 1964. Allegra Sander, finally, was 30 in January 1959, which is close to the age Greene mentions for his Tony. The order in which I have reviewed these possible candidates is not meant to imply a preference for one or the other hypothesis. More research is needed to establish with certainty the true identity of Tony. At this point I would like only to suggest that there is some likeness between

---

15 See R. Greene, 252.
Greene’s description of Tony in his diary and the character of Marie Rycker in *A Burnt-Out Case*, Rycker’s wife. She too, is juvenile, lowly educated, and invents an affair with Querry.

These are the editorial principles I will apply in presenting the manuscript. In my presentation of the manuscript (first column), normal parentheses are Greene’s, while square brackets (at times including a question mark) are my own and indicate words or phrases difficult to decipher in Greene’s handwriting. In his manuscript, Greene often used the symbol “⁻” for “and.” For ease of reading, I have changed these instances to “and” (as they also appear in the final publication). Also, as mentioned above (the example of “is that a practical possibility”), in some places Greene crossed out a word or phrase inserting a replacement, of which in fact there are only few cases. I will not copy the original, crossed out text, but only retain the replacement. Apart from these minor interventions I make for the sake of readability, I will maintain as many typographical characteristics of the manuscript as possible. Greene’s own organization of the text in paragraphs, his (inconsistent) use of underlining, his abbreviations (e.g., “The P. and G.” for “The Power and the Glory,” “Feb.” for “February”), capital letters, spelling mistakes (rare, but particularly present in the spelling of African names) will all be respected and are explained in footnotes of my own.

### 3.2 Josephine Reid’s typescript (JR)

The second column in section 4 below contains and identifies, by means of the code JR, the changes that Greene’s secretary Josephine Reid made when typing out the author’s handwritten diary.

Reid’s typescript is not a verbatim transcription of the diary. It contains important shortenings and omissions, most probably requested by Greene when he handed her over his manuscript. The shortenings mostly apply to the many reflections Greene made on the extramarital affairs he had had, or was still having, in Europe; the omissions are mostly passages of an erotic nature, as well as the references to his affair with Tony. It is indeed in this process of Reid’s typing out Greene’s original diary that Tony disappears from the text.

Another significant difference is that there is now a two-page introduction, which, with some modifications, would become the Introduction of the published version *In Search of Character*. Again, Greene must have given it to Reid in long hand together with his diary manuscript. I copy this introduction below (to the right, the codes GGJR, GGgp, and fp signify, respectively, Greene’s correction on Reid’s typescript, Greene’s revision of the galley proofs, and the final publication).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>JR. Adds:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Introduction</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I have set two of my novels in Africa, <em>A Burnt-Out Case</em> in the Belgian Congo and <em>The Heart of the Matter</em> in Sierra Leone. The circumstances were rather different: I went to the Belgian</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Congo in January 1959 with a novel already beginning to form in my head by way of a situation - a stranger who turns up in a remote leper colony. I am not as a rule a note-taker, but on this occasion I was bound to take notes so as to establish an authentic medical background. Even making notes day by day in the form of a journal I made mistakes which had to be corrected at a later stage by my friend Dr. Lechat. As a journal was forced on me I took advantage of the opportunity to talk aloud to myself, to record scraps of imaginary dialogue and incidents, some of which found their way into my novel, some of which were discarded. Anyway for better or worse this was how a novel started, though it was four months after my return from the Congo before I set to work. Never had a novel proved more recalcitrant or more depressing. The reader had only to endure the company of the character called here X and in the novel Querry for a few days, but the author had to live with him and in him for eighteen months. As one grows older the writing of a novel does not become more easy, and it seemed to me when I wrote the last words that I had reached an age when another full-length novel was probably beyond my powers.

The second journal was written for my own amusement at that period of the war when life and a future seemed uncertain for all of us. I had no book in mind, although during the voyage to West Africa so recorded I remember reading a detective story of a fantastic kind by Michael Innes which set my mind moving in the direction of The Ministry of Fear, which I wrote in what spare time from work I could allow myself in Freetown. It was my second visit to West Africa - the first had been in 1934 when I went up through Sierra Leone to the Liberian border and then walked

---

16 Capital of the British colony of Sierra Leone in West Africa.
across that strange country to the sea at Grand Bassa. My purpose now was work - government work of rather an ill-defined nature. During two months in Lagos and a year in Freetown I kept no journal for security reasons, and so I have no record of this bizarre period of my life, which included such episodes as a Police Commissioner driven out of his reason by well-meaning spy-hunters and my own quarrel with my superior officer, two thousand miles away who ceased to send me any money to continue my work. God rest his soul: He is dead now and I was a sore trial to him.

I did not realize at the time that a novel would emerge from those years, and when five years later I began to write The Heart of the Matter I regretted my lack of notes. So many small details of life in Freetown had sunk for ever into the unconscious.

Neither of these journals was kept for publication, but they may have some interest as an indication of the kind of raw material a novelist accumulates. He goes through life discarding more than he retains, but the points he notes are what he considers of creative interest at the moment of occurrence.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>There is a small number of purely technical changes made by Reid that I will not draw attention to. For one, Reid took the initiative to write certain abbreviations in full, such as replacing “Mme” by “Madame,” “Mlle” by “Mademoiselle,” and others. There are a very low number of words or phrases Reid was not able to read and for which she left a long blank, which Greene filled in later by hand to help her, namely in his corrections on Reid’s typescript. Finally, Reid also took the initiative to correct or change a (very low) number of spelling choices Greene made (“dreamt” instead of “dreamed,” and other examples).</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **3.3 Greene’s revision of Reid’s typescript** (GGJR)

In section 4, second column, Greene’s revisions of Reid’s typescript, which he did in longhand, are indicated by means of the code GGJR.

Greene carefully reread Reid’s typescript, in the process correcting typing mistakes she had made, filling out the blanks she had left, etc. But he also applied a large number of new additions and modifications. In fact, he left not one page, and hardly a paragraph, untouched. This can be appreciated from the example reproduced in Figure 3. |
On any great occasion he was made to parade wearing his father's medals, and he hated this and at last refused and was punished.

"That is why now I try to be hard and rough."

Names of Africans. Henry with a y, Attention, Dec Gratia.

Visit with L. to dispensary for an inspection of hands. He made sure he saw the fingers in certain exercises. Treatment: paraffin wax, compression, splints. The typical monkey-hand due to a damaged median nerve. Surgical treatment when the nerve is being stretched by a thickening of the sheath, the cut through the sheath and let the nerve free.

Haircut from Father Paul.

Men playing mysterious game altering the number of beans that lie in rough troughs on a home-made board.

A ball of caterpillars brought home by a leper to sell or eat.

Dinner at the governor's. Madame de V. who has published two books at her own expense talked interminably of a writer's method and vision.

Palsy and mutilation alternatives. A man goes on working with dead nerves and injures his fingers because they feel nothing; palsy where the nerves react to some sort of protection.

February 11th Yonda

Everyone quiet and depressed after last night's dinner.

The leper tribunal outside a house - three men, representatives of their tribe, listening to the witnesses. They can hear small cases of theft, abuse, stealing a man's wife, and they cannot sentence for short term in the prison near Yonda. But the prisoners are allowed out for work and treatment; they only spend the nights in the prison.

Shopping for the beat. - .NET bombs, cam-de-cologne, papflakes, ten whiskies, thirty-six sods. Gave the L's dinner in the hotel. The
Some general observations about this stage in Greene’s reworking of his diary are these. First of all, it is at this stage that he adds, on a separate sheet, what would become the eventual title for the entire volume, *In Search of a Character: Two African Journals*.

*Figure 4. Sheet added by Greene when revising Reid’s typescript. First appearance of the final title In Search of a Character: Two African Journals.*

It is evident that Greene had his original diary at hand when revising Reid’s typescript and carefully compared each phrase, sentence, and paragraph in the typescript with his originals. We can deduce this from the fact that some of his corrections are corrections of parts that Reid copied wrongly, thus re-establishing the journal. For instance, in the 5 February entry, Reid misread “the warning sun” for “the warming sun,” which Greene at this stage corrects back to the original. Or, in the 7 February entry, Reid had written “for a” instead of
“but with” in the sentence: “It seems to me impregnated with nothing so strong as spiritual pride but with spiritual vanity,” a mistake Greene changes back to “for a.”

In 3.2 above I mentioned how when Reid was typing out the manuscript, and probably on Greene’s instructions, she removed or shortened many references to his affairs with women in Europe as well as passages of erotic thoughts. When revising Reid’s typescript, Greene’s takes this intervention one step further. For instance, he now crosses out “that relation in which both of [us] hoped so much and which failed us both” (6 February), which is about his relationship with Anita Björk. Another example is that he now deletes the two very last sentences of the diary: “One girl of great beauty with sad and humane eyes. I would have liked to have gone with her but for the fear of infection” (6 March).

Incidentally, Greene at this stage also adds one passage with erotica overtones. In the 1 February entry, to the passage “I was woken by somebody knocking on the door. I put on a mackintosh and opened it on a young woman with so bad a stammer that for long I couldn’t understand what she wanted,” he now adds: “She was a complete stranger, I wore nothing but a towel, and it was several minutes before she could complete a sentence inviting me to dinner at her home.” This passage will not survive in the published version (see 3.4 below for an explanation of its removal).

The final published version contains no less than fifty-eight such footnotes, a considerable number given the relatively short length of the journal. Almost all of them were added precisely at this stage of Greene rereading and amending Reid’s typescript (a small number of others he added later, when correcting the galley proofs and revising as suggested to him by Dr. Lechat; see 3.5 below). Greene clearly flags his new footnotes as “new” insights he gained after returning from the Congo. He does so by using the past tense when referring to his stay in the Congo as well as to the publication of A Burnt-Out Case, or by using clauses such as “I later learned that” and the like. An example is the footnote “Not grass as I learned later, but water-jacinth” (3 February) that he adds to a passage in the diary in which he believes to see “grass” floating on the Congo River. Another example is the footnote: “Inaccurate. Corrected later” that he adds to the sentence “Cortisone for reaction cases, Sulfane daily through the mouth ordinary treatment” (4 February).

Of particular interest are the numerous footnotes that pertain to the gestation process of A Burnt-Out Case. When rereading some of the thoughts he was developing for the novel while in the Congo, including plot lines, characters, but even a few draft try-outs of sentences, he realizes that some of them did not survive. He now uses footnotes to occasionally inform the readers of In Search of a Character about this, offering us a window into the process of thinking out and rethinking a novel. He adds a footnote, for instance, admitting that “The economy of a novelist is a little like that of a careful housewife, who is unwilling to throw away anything that might perhaps serve its turn. Or perhaps the comparison is closer to the Chinese cook who leaves hardly any part of a duck unserved. This story—placed in Dr Colin’s mouth—helped me to bridge a gap in A Burnt-Out Case” (2 February) or tells us that “I don’t know why X, who later became Querry, lost half his English nationality” (4 February) or that
“these ideas were abandoned or completely transformed” (12 February). In the same vein, on February 13 we learn in a footnote that “the book was coming nearer. Indeed the second sentence was very like to this: ‘The captain in a white soutane stood by the open window of the saloon reading his breviary,” and on 21 February that “the dreaded essential opening sentences have almost arrived. The actual one: ‘The cabin-passenger wrote in his diary a parody of Descartes: “I feel discomfort, therefore I am alive,” then sat pen in hand with no more to record.’

In this respect, I wish to draw attention to one fascinating development, namely the changes in how Greene conceived his main character, whom he first simply called X, then C, and finally Dr. Colin. In the novel, Dr. Colin is portrayed as a sympathetic, wise, and composed man, relaxed in his convictions. But from the diary and the footnotes Greene adds at this stage we learn that this was not his conception of the character from the start. Initially, he planned on characterizing the doctor as a bitter, discontented man, a married and jealous husband. In the novel, Dr. Colin is a widower, and is far from a bitter or discontented character. Greene tells us, for instance in the footnote added to the 14 February entry, that this conceptual evolution was due to the fact that as the story developed in his mind, the initial negative characterization did not fit in with the drama and psychological layers of the plot. Greene’s growing strong appreciation in real life of Dr. Lechat, the model for Dr. Colin, may have influenced this adjustment.

A final important revision, in fact an addition, that Greene carried through at this stage is related to the following event. Not later than the day after Greene’s arrival at the leprosy hospital of Iyonda on 3 February, a Belgian schoolteacher by the name of R. Van den Brandt, who taught English at a school in a nearby American Protestant mission and had written a novel of his own, disturbed Greene at the end of his siesta, seeking advice on literary agents. Greene gave him a few names, hoping to have brushed him off for good. But the next day Greene received a note from him, begging for another meeting in order, this time, to discuss spiritual matters. In the original diary text Greene reports on this, only writing: “Pursued by the schoolmaster who now tries to exercise a spiritual blackmail. I am replying that I am not competent in matters of faith: he should apply to a priest” (see 4 February). But while revising Reid’s typescript, he now decides to quote the schoolteacher’s note in full (see 4 February entry, second column) in view of sharing it without reserve with the readership of In Search of a Character. Maybe Greene did so because Van den Brandt served as one of the models to compose the character Rycker in A Burnt-Out Case. In the novel, Rycker is a former seminarian and devoted Catholic, who refuses Querry’s silence about his loss of belief and insists on forging a meaningful spiritual bond with him. As I explain in 3.5, while correcting the galley proofs Greene will again remove Van den Brandt’s note.

As for the other revision stages, as for this one too, I will only indicate Greene’s changes if they have implications for a proper understanding of the content and Greene’s perception of persons and events. For the sake of readability, I will not identify minor typographical mistakes which Reid had made and Greene now corrects. Nor will I draw attention to purely formal
linguistic corrections or minor stylistic changes he makes.

3.4 The galley proofs (gp)

The few differences between the galley proofs and Greene’s revision of Reid’s typescript are indicated with the abbreviation gp in the third column. The galley proofs reflect all the corrections (modifications, removals, added footnotes) Greene made in the previous stage in longhand on Reid’s typescript; all were respected when the galley proofs were set. Yet the proofs also contain three new footnotes that Greene had not written down in the GGJR stage but do appear in printed form on gp. I have, as yet, found no evidence as to when and how he slipped these into the process. Also, there is one footnote he had added in longhand when revising Reid’s typescript, but which is no longer in the galley proofs, namely the footnote in the 1 February entry: “She was a complete stranger. I wore nothing but a towel, and it was several minutes before she could complete a sentence inviting me to dinner at her home.”

3.5 Greene’s revision of the galley proofs (GGgp, GGgp (ML))

In June 1961 Greene receives, from The Bodley Head, the galley proofs of In Search of a Character. In the third column of my edition, these corrections will be identified by means of the code GGgp. (Again, my edition only indicates corrections that have an impact on substance and on Greene’s experiences, not banal editorial changes such as comma’s, typos, and the like).

Immediately upon receiving the proofs, Greene sends a letter to Dr. Lechat asking him whether he would be willing “to look through the typescript of the Congo Journal which is not very long and tell me anything that you would like me to leave out or anything which I have got wrong. I am leaving room for footnotes to correct any errors so as to leave the journal intact.”

On 19 July, he sends another letter saying: “There’s a great rush over the printing of this Journal. I have asked the printers to airmail you a copy of the Congo Journal as soon as it is ready and would you be kind enough to airmail me any comments or changes you want made or omissions you want made to the Villa Rosai, Anacapi, Capri, Italy so that I can incorporate them in my proofs. I’ve promised to try to get the proofs back to the printers by August 18th. On errors I’d be inclined to put [them, MM] in footnotes so as to leave the original mistakes intact.”

Thus, Greene and Lechat corrected the proofs independently of one another, at roughly the same time. We learn from the correspondence between the two that Greene apparently mainly wanted Lechat to spot technical-medical errors and was planning on adding those in new footnotes. In my edition, I will identify the changes that Greene applied upon explicit or general request by Michel Lechat with the code GGgp (ML) to distinguish them from the change he made on his own initiative (simply identified by GGgp).

In reality, Dr. Lechat corrected much more than simply technical-medical issues to go in footnotes. In his

---

17 Letter of 21 June 1961 from Greene to Lechat, Michel Lechat archives; author’s possession.
18 Letter of 19 July 1961 from Greene to Lechat, Michel Lechat archives; author’s possession.
unpublished memoirs he wrote: “the Congo Journal is in fact a text carefully expurgated by me” (my translation from the French). What Lechat means is that when he sent his corrections of the proofs back to Greene in the first days of August, he attached two separate lists: one was indeed a list of medical issues to correct, with references to page numbers, but the other was a four-page long plea and admonition urging Greene to delete certain passages in which persons were described in unfavourable terms, persons who were still living and working in the Congo. Lechat writes that these descriptions are unnecessarily offensive and that they would also embarrass him, as he was the one who had introduced Greene to them. Lechat’s verdict was far-reaching and merciless, saying that the Congo Journal was utterly unpublishable as it was. He went as far as to put their friendship at stake: “Since you have been confident enough to send me the proofs, I should tell you that I make of that a real question of friendship between us.”

Greene was very impressed by Lechat’s severe admonition. On 13 August 1961, in a handwritten letter from Tunis, Greene apologizes to Lechat for all the trouble caused. He emphasizes that everything Lechat has suggested has been changed. Nine days later he again sends a telegram to Lechat, repeating “all changes made and more besides.”

The “more besides” is of interest: Greene indeed made more changes, eliminating embarrassing or hurtful comments, than Lechat requested. One can indeed say that, in order to make absolutely sure their friendship was safe, Greene hypercorrected the proofs. I have found not one correction, omission, or change suggested by Michel Lechat that was not heeded by Greene. Also important to note is that the changes Greene made did not just consist in omitting passages Lechat had disapproved of, but that in quite some cases he completely turned a negative depiction of a person into a fully positive one.

The changes demanded by Lechat are of different types. First of all, some show how Lechat wanted to protect himself and his own reputation. In his accompanying letter, Lechat wrote “Also, I should prefer to be less in the spotlight as giving you so many references. It seems a little repetitive. It would be nothing for the printer if you replace from to time ‘L’ or ‘Lechat’ by ‘Has been told’ or ‘One told me ...’.” Greene in effect anonymized Lechat in many (not all) places. For instance, in the 7 February entry, he changes “L. tells me that at any gathering ...” into “I have been told that at any gathering ...”

Secondly, and more frequently, Lechat’s admonitions were meant to protect others in the Congo. He wrote “some of the people you are talking about are still in the Congo, living under the same routine. For others, some sentences in the Journal will deeply grieve them, unnecessarily so I think. One may not jeopardize the work of an individual, his hopes, or his loves, even early August. Michel Lechat archives; author’s possession.

---

19 In possession of Lechat’s widow Edith Dasnoy; copies in author’s possession.
20 Cover letter from Lechat to Greene accompanying his corrections of the proofs. Undated but judging from a letter from Reid to Lechat of 8 August 1961, acknowledging receipt of Lechat’s proof corrections, it must have been
21 Telegram from Greene to Lechat, 22 August 1961. Michel Lechat archives; author’s possession.
22 See note 20.
if it is stimulating to the minds of millions of readers.”

When seeing, in Greene’s 4 February entry, his disparaging depiction and citation of the Belgian schoolmaster R. Van den Brandt, who was pursuing him for spiritual advice, Lechat reacted: “he bothered you much at Yonda, spoilt part of your stay there, and the letter of him that you are publishing is not in his favour. But is it really necessary to make the man recognizable, for anyone [sic, means everyone] knows him. The only Belgian and the only Catholic teaching in the only American Protestant School in a city of less than one thousand. He should be still more recognizable, since he became bankrupt and the Bishop is godfather of his elder son. He has a charming wife and nice children. What will they think of the [illegible] confession and the black-mail of their father. I feel strongly about the contents of this letter, and I do not feel it should be published. Furthermore, it is dangerous because this man may become seriously affected by your writing and nobody knows what could happen.”

Lechat fears no less than a possible suicide of the mentally unstable schoolmaster. Greene fully takes Lechat’s reprimand to heart. Not only does he omit the schoolmaster’s letter from the galley proofs, he also makes a new footnote in which the irritation is rather caused by himself, or by the heat, than by the schoolmaster.

Greene’s account of the chief Medical Officer (see 10 February entry) is another example. Lechat warned Greene that “when, coming back from Coq, I told you this story, I thought it was between us. This man would be humiliated and embarrassed.” Greene is impressed and crosses this out completely.

Lechat is also annoyed by Greene’s unfavorable, even belittling, depictions of the Province Governor Alphonse De Valkeneer and his wife Suzanne De Valkeneer-Briard, herself an amateur novelist as seen, for instance, in the 2, 5, 10 February and 4 and 5 March entries. Lechat sermons Greene, giving him lessons in compassion, empathy, and respect for people not as intelligent or intellectual as himself:

You seem to be very sensitive to the fact that authors publish at their own expense. I understand she irritated you giving lessons on how to write! But it is another aspect of the human problem. This simple and kindly couple spent some twenty-five years in the Congo, almost always in the bush. But years ago, without boat, without mail, and more, without children. They were walking in the forest twenty days a month (that was the duty), resting the ten other days in small stations like the missions you visited. Going to teach the Congolese how to cultivate manioc or rice, or to supervise the building of dispensaries, or to inspect the native tribunals. Frustrated by European life, perhaps doubtful about the value of their work, the wife was taking notes in order to relate her “experience” and thus to give some importance to her routine. [...] No matter if the book is good or bad, it belongs to another sphere of writing. What she gave to you, through the book, was not literature, even if she thought it was. It was a kind of tribute of her own past. You cannot belittle or banalize the past of such people and make them lose

---

23 See note 20.

24 See note 20.
confidence towards each other. Please drop that.\textsuperscript{25}

Greene decides not to simply to remove all mentions of this couple from the galley proofs, but instead turns his evaluation of them around from a belittling to an appreciative one. He drops the “not very intelligent,” the “awful,” and the “she gave me lessons on how to write a book,” and adds a laudatory footnote (see 5 February entry) in which he literally copies words and sentences from Lechat’s letter.

Greene applies the same strategy to his original negative portrayal of the Bishop of the MSC-missionaries, Mgr Hilaire Vermeiren (see for instance the 11 February entry). Lechat’s retort was:

The Bishop: he has recovered from his broken hip and this man who liked to play cards during the smooth colonial days proved himself in the present difficulties. He is doing very good work, has the confidence of the Congolese, is helping the white people there and stands firm through all the troubles. The “curé” is still there, standing with him, and also his “second in command.” You can easily imagine how life must be uneasy for them and the consequences of your two sentences of page 47. I think you should drop 6 lines as indicated in the text, or at least change them. Furthermore, I think I told you the story of the second in command but I would prefer that to be kept between us.\textsuperscript{26}

On the galley proofs, Greene rephrases the passage, adding a footnote very similar to Lechat’s words in his letter to him.

\textbf{3.6 Final publication (fp)}

By means of the code \textsuperscript{fp} in the third column, I will signal differences between what is in the final publication but not part of Greene’s revision of the galley proofs.

“Final publication” refers not only to the 1961 edition with The Bodley Head, but includes later ones. The United States edition with New York Viking Press of the same year is identical to the one by The Bodley Head. In 1968 Penguin published a re-edition of \textit{In Search of a Character} (with a number of reprints until into the 1990s). This Penguin edition shows only minor, typographical changes as compared to the one by The Bodley Head; French words that were first set in normal font are now italicized, a few words are now written with a hyphen, the footnotes receive other leading symbols, and the like. I will not make particular mention of these. In 2000 Vintage Classic of London published a new edition (with at least one reprint, in 2011), which also shows no characteristics relevant to the purposes of my study.

\textsuperscript{25} See note 20.

\textsuperscript{26} See note 20.
4. The Text and its Revisions

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The manuscript</th>
<th>~ Josephine Reid’s typescript (JR)</th>
<th>~ Greene’s revision of Reid’s typescript (GGJR)</th>
<th>~ The galley proofs (gp)</th>
<th>~ Greene’s revision of the galley proofs (GGgp)</th>
<th>~ The final publication as <em>Congo Journal in In Search of a Character</em> (fp)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>JOURNAL Feb - March 1959.</td>
<td>JR. this line omitted</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Pursuit of a Novel.</td>
<td>JR. this line omitted</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>January 31st.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All I know about the story is a man “who turns up,” and for that reason I find myself on a plane between Brussels and Leopoldville.27 The search for my character cannot end there – X must have known Leopoldville, come that way, but the place where he emerges into my semi-consciousness is a leper station, many hundred miles up the Congo.28 Perhaps Yonda,29 perhaps one of the smaller stations four days away. I know no more about him yet, than do his involuntary hosts. I cannot even picture the scene – or why should I be here? He is a man of means – perhaps he turns up by car, perhaps by a paddle steamer, even perhaps by canoe. He flings himself with abandonment into the life of</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

28 The Congo River.
29 As mentioned in my introductory sections, “Yonda” and “Ionda” were common spelling habits during Greene’s days. Today its official orthography is “Iyonda.”
the leper colony, – is that a practical possibility? but what his motives are I know no more than the priests and the doctors at the station. The novel is an unknown man and I have to find him: a situation that I cannot yet even vaguely imagine: a background as strange to me as it was to him at his first entrance.

Feb. 1. Sunday. Leopoldville. I am taken in charge at once by many strangers but not the ones I had been warned to expect.\footnote{Greene is referring to journalists and other political observers with sensationalist objectives considering Greene to be a secret agent sent out to cover the tense atmosphere in Leopoldville. These had resulted from violent pro-independence demonstrations that had taken place early January in the Belgian Congo’s capital Leopoldville, leaving fifty Congolese casualties and more than two-hundred injured. Greene may have drawn inspiration from this type of journalists for his character of the sensation-seeking journalist Parkinson in A Burnt-Out Case, for which otherwise no individual model in real history has been found so far (see Norman Sherry, The Life of Graham Greene, Vol. 3: 1955-1991 (New york: Viking, 2004)).} A brand new city with miniature skyscrapers – I lunched fourteen floors up. Only outside the airport was there the smell of Africa – I smelled it first at Dakar and found it again, not only in the West but on the airfield at Casablanca and the road beyond Nairobi. Heat? Soil? Vegetation? The smell of the African skin?

Lay down after lunch naked in the Sabena\footnote{Société Anonyme Belge d’Exploitation de la Navigation Aérienne (“Belgian Public Limited Company for the Operation of Aerial Navigation”) the Belgian public airline company.} resthouse, but almost immediately I was woken by somebody knocking on the door. I put on a mackintosh and opened it on a young woman with so bad a stammer that for long I couldn’t understand what she wanted. When she had gone the press arrived in relays.
could complete a sentence inviting me to dinner at her home. GGJR. to press arrived in relays adds footnote There had been bad riots\textsuperscript{32} in Leopoldville two weeks before and nothing could persuade the journalists that my journey planned months ago was not occasioned by them.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The streets of Leo\textsuperscript{33} outside the central area patrolled by tanks and lorries and black troops in single file reminiscent of the Indo-China war.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dinner with a business man. Inevitably he spoke of women and inevitably I encouraged him. The “method” here seems to be to drive around the native town until a likely girl is seen and then to send the chauffeur with an offer of money. If she is married she will never consent without her husband’s consent. For birds in passage like myself a taxi driver will always fetch a succession of girls, but it is necessary to be particular in description. There are a few “free” women who receive men at home. Very low statistics of venereal disease. A black woman takes more care about the cleanness of her parts than a European. She is far more “pudique,”\textsuperscript{34} but on the other hand she is uncomplicated and in a relationship will never deny her man.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

\textsuperscript{32} See note 30.

\textsuperscript{33} Short for “Leopoldville.” Belgians in the Congo commonly used the abbreviation “Leo” (in French spelled Léo) to refer to the city in their everyday speech.

\textsuperscript{34} French for “discreet.”
The man who gave me dinner drove me around in the morning. In the native city – but one should talk here of cities, Leo 1 and Leo 2, the old, the new – he told his chauffeur to take off his cap to be less conspicuous. Up to the new University – Lovanium – a sense of great emptiness: will it ever be finished? Then round to the Stanley Memorial – a thick hideous huge statue where Stanley made his camp with a view of the Congo and the Pool. In the distance the skyscrapers and the new apartment houses.

“‘And this also,’ said Marlow suddenly, ‘has been one of the dark places of the earth.’”

Lunch with the Information Officer on his fourteenth floor apartment. Talk of the Kibongoists, who believe in the divinity of Kibongo who died in prison in the forties in Elizabethville. Some attribute the troubles to them. A B.B.C. type whose wife and child are in Brussels, fanatically keen, neurotically keen.

After the intrusion of the Press, one of the rich young aristocrats of Leo - gentle and simple compared with. The beautiful young wife – the long crossed thighs in her tight blue jeans – the wife of a middle-aged man in riding things, very rich.

| The man who gave me dinner drove me around in the morning. In the native city – but one should talk here of cities, Leo 1 and Leo 2, the old, the new – he told his chauffeur to take off his cap to be less conspicuous. Up to the new University – Lovanium – a sense of great emptiness: will it ever be finished? Then round to the Stanley Memorial – a thick hideous huge statue where Stanley made his camp with a view of the Congo and the Pool. In the distance the skyscrapers and the new apartment houses. | GGJR. to take off his cap to be less conspicuous adds footnote This sounds a little sensitive to African feelings – it was not that. He was afraid that stones might be thrown. |
| “‘And this also,’ said Marlow suddenly, ‘has been one of the dark places of the earth.’” |  |
| Lunch with the Information Officer on his fourteenth floor apartment. Talk of the Kibongoists who believe in the divinity of Kibongo who died in prison in the forties in Elizabethville. Some attribute the troubles to them. A B.B.C. type whose wife and child are in Brussels, fanatically keen, neurotically keen. | JR. After the intrusion of the press to the house of one of the rich young aristocrats of Leo. The beautiful JR. riding things becomes riding clothes |

35 Quote from Joseph Conrad’s *Heart of Darkness* (1899).
36 Correct spelling “Kimbanguists,” followers of Kimbanguism, a Congolese religious and anti-colonial movement with ethnic roots in the southwestern Congo and drawing on the teachings of their prophet Simon Kimbangu (1887-1951). The Belgian colonial authorities considered the movement subversive, outlawing it (until December 1959, when it was reluctantly recognized) and prosecuting its followers.
37 Simon Kimbangu (1887-1951), preacher and founder of Kimbanguism (see note 36). Imprisoned in September 1921 and sentenced to death (commuted to life imprisonment). Died in a prison in the eastern Congolese city of Elizabethville in October 1951.
38 Square brackets indicate insertions by me. Words or phrases followed by a question mark: my best guesses of cases where Greene’s handwriting is difficult to decipher.
and self-made who makes crushers for the road, but with an intelligent eccentric face: [M. and Mme Binod?].

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>JR. but with an intelligent eccentric face. rest omitted</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Feb. 2. Coquilhatville. Met by Lechat and brought to Yonda. A garden city of 800 lepers. At night the little groups round fires outside the houses. The doctor examining the dossiers, touching the skin, washing his hands in spirit as these are contagious cases. If once the nerve ends are affected, the fingers or toes are lost, though the disease can be checked there.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GGgp (ML). changes lepers to patients</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

As L. told me later many of those cases with mutilations are afflicted with a non-contagious type of leprosy, and even the degree of contagiousness of the so-called open cases is very controversial. The danger of leprosy has been much exaggerated.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GGgp (ML). to checked there adds footnote</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Tired with the heat and too many strangers – the Bishop was at Yonda to celebrate the jubilee of a nun – I felt depressed. My room seemed too bare with nowhere to hang clothes, and five large cockroaches in the communal shower. Why was I here? The

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GGJR. to felt depressed adds footnote</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Hospitably, in the blazing heat of ten in the morning, he insisted on giving me whisky neat.

---

39 The capital of the Equateur province and seat of the Bishop of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart (MSC, see section 2 above). The mission and leprosery of Iyonda was only 15 kms to the south of Coquilhatville. See also my introductory sections.
40 Dr. Michel Lechat, see my introductory sections.
41 As there was only one doctor in Iyonda, “the doctor” as well as “L.” always refer to Dr. Michel Lechat.
42 Hilaire Vermeiren (1889-1967), Vicar Apostolic (titular bishop) of the local diocese of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart with its seat in Coquilhatville. In that capacity formal host of Greene during his stay in the mission stations of Iyonda and others he visited. The Bishop in A Burnt-Out Case, he too vainglorious, unspiritual, fond of Bridge, and “an old-fashioned cavalier of the boulevards” (A Burnt-Out Case, Part III, Chapter I), is very closely modelled on Vermeiren.
Governor and wife came for a drink – a motherly woman who wanted to translate her books. She had written one and published it at her own expense. After dark the mosquitoes bad.

The story of the old Greek shopkeeper who saw his clerk in bed with his Congolese wife. He said nothing but went and spent his savings on an old car – so old that it would only start when pushed. Nobody could understand why he wanted it, and he said he wanted to drive a car once before he died, so they pushed him until the engine started and he went down to his square in Coq and hooted his horn to summon his clerks. He couldn’t stop his car because then it would never have started again. He called to his clerk to wait for him, made the circuit of the square, twisted the wheel and drove over the clerk into his doorway. The clerk survived, but with the legs crushed and the pelvis broken. The old man left the car where it was and waited for the police. It was the first case of the new young commissioner. “What have you done?” he said. “It is not a case of what I have done, but of what I am going to do.” the old man said and shot himself through the head.  

GGJR. to through the head adds footnote The economy of a novelist is a little like that of a careful housewife, who is unwilling to throw away anything that might perhaps serve its turn. Or perhaps the comparison is closer to the Chinese cook who leaves hardly any part of a duck unserved. This story – placed in Dr Colin’s mouth – helped me to bridge a gap in A Burnt-Out Case.

43 Province Governor Alphonse De Valkeneer (1898–1973) and his wife Suzanne De Valkeneer-Briard (1903–1964). The latter had published a collection of colonial short stories in 1950: Au Bout du Sentier: Nouvelles Congolaises (Editions Héraly, Charleroi, Belgium). The character of “the Governor” in A Burnt-Out Case is based on Alphonse De Valkeneer, who was also of short posture and wore thick glasses: “The Governor was a very small man with a short-sight which gave him an appearance of moral intensity” (A Burnt-Out Case, Part III, Chapter 1).

44 Short for Coquilhatville, see note 39. “Coq” was the habitual abbreviation colonials and missionaries used in informal speech. The city returns as “Luc” in A Burnt-Out Case.

45 This scene, recounted to Greene by Lechat, is recycled in A Burnt-Out Case, Part IV, Chapter III.
**Feb. 3. Yonda. Everything suddenly changes.**

Woken in the dark to the sound of prayer and responses in the little chapel next door, then slept again till 7. Bright sunlight and the air still fresh. No cockroaches in the shower. The terribly tired priest – tall and washed out with long elegant hands: teaches in a black seminary – only one other white man, apart from the teachers, in the whole region: the red bearded priest, the stump of a cigar always in his mouth: the tough reserved lay brother who was in a Japanese prison camp. He gives the appearance of enmity, but in my story he begins to come alive as the one who speaks surprisingly

---

46 Henri Vanderslaghmolen (1921-2014), is the MSC-missionary whom Greene mentions most in the journal. He was one of the only missionaries with some knowledge of English, which is why Greene and he spent quite some time together. At the time of Greene’s visit, Father Henri was on leave in Iyonda from his main mission station Bokuma (upstream on the Ruki-Momboyo, see map in introductory sections), to recover from illness. He also accompanied Greene on the steamer to visit other mission stations and leproseries in the region between 12 and 26 February 1959. When Greene leaves Iyonda and Coquilhatville on Thursday 5 March 1959, he is driven to the Coquilhatville airstrip by the Lechat couple accompanied by their two small children and Father Henri as the only missionary. In the five-minute home video footage showing Greene in Iyonda (Meeuwis 2013), we see Greene and Father Henri doing a mock waltz and larking about in many other ways; Father Henri for instance blocking the door of the house to prevent Greene, clutching his whisky flask, from coming in. In *A Burnt-Out Case*, Father Jean is tall, pale, a jester, a self-declared fan of movies, and has a “cadaverous appearance [yet] a Flemish appetite” (Part IV, Chapter I) all strongly reminiscent of Henri Vanderslaghmolen. Also, in Part IV, Chapter I, Father Jean makes a joke referencing the actress Brigitte Bardot, in the same way as Greene hears Father Henri Vanderslaghmolen do on 14 February (see that entry).

47 Petrus “Pierre” Wijnants (1914-1978), MSC-missionary and Superior of the mission station of Iyonda. The important “Father Superior” character in *A Burnt-Out Case* is strongly inspired by Wijnants. The Father Superior in *A Burnt-Out Case* is never seen without his cheroot hindering others with its ashes, mixes languages during mass, mistakes bidets for footbaths (Part III, Chapter II, and Part IV, Chapter I), is a silently responsible man with an “old-fashioned politeness” (Part III, Chapter II), and the discreet confidant of Dr. Colin. All these characterizations exactly match Wijnants.

48 Sigesbrand Werkhoven (1905-1975), MSC-missionary-brother (not ordained as priest). In a publication of 1994, Father Gustaaf Hulstaert of the MSC (see also note 112), identified a number of missionaries mentioned by Greene in *In Search of a Character*. About Werkhoven he mentions: “he had been a missionary in Java, Indonesia. During World War II he had been prisoner in a Japanese camp there. In the harshness of the camp he had been able to obtain a mitigated regime for his fellow missionaries and himself thanks to his inventiveness” (Gustaaf Hulstaert, "Graham Greene et les missionaires catholiques au Congo Belge," *Annales Équatoria* 15 (1994), 499; my translation from French).
at the very end in defence of X. As for the exhausted priest, what a life to take one’s rest in a leper colony.

| at the very end in defence of X. As for the exhausted priest, what a life to take | the idea was not followed. | adds footnote This idea was not followed. |
| exhausted priest, what a life to take one’s rest in a leper colony. | adds footnote This idea was not followed. |
| adds footnote This idea was not followed. |
| The exhausted priest, what a life to take one’s rest in a leper colony. |

Arranged my room better with a coat-stand to serve as wardrobe. It begins to look like home. Walked down to the Congo\(^49\). The great cotton (?) trees with their roots like the ribs of ships. From the plane they had stood out from the green jungle carpet browning at the top like cauliflowers. Their trunk curves a little this way and that giving the appearance of reptilian life. Egrets like patches of arctic snow stand among the small coffee coloured cattle. The huge Congo flowing with the massive speed of a rush hour out over the great New York bridges. This has not changed since Conrad’s day. “An empty stream, a great silence, an impenetrable forest.”\(^50\) From as far as one could see the little islands of grass – no water jacinth – flowed down towards the sea they would never reach – some as small as a bucket top, some as large as a dining table. In the distance coming out of Africa they looked like families of ducks. Two rusting metal boats. Blue water lilies. A family sitting in a pirogue\(^51\): the mother’s bright yellow dress, a girl with a baby on her lap smiling like an open piano.

| Arranged my room better with a coat-stand to serve as wardrobe. It begins to look like home. Walked down to the Congo\(^49\). The great cotton (?) trees with their roots like the ribs of ships. From the plane they had stood out from the green jungle carpet browning at the top like cauliflowers. Their trunk curves a little this way and that giving the appearance of reptilian life. Egrets like patches of arctic snow stand among the small coffee coloured cattle. The huge Congo flowing with the massive speed of a rush hour out over the great New York bridges. This has not changed since Conrad’s day. “An empty stream, a great silence, an impenetrable forest.”\(^50\) From as far as one could see the little islands of grass – no water jacinth – flowed down towards the sea they would never reach – some as small as a bucket top, some as large as a dining table. In the distance coming out of Africa they looked like families of ducks. Two rusting metal boats. Blue water lilies. A family sitting in a pirogue\(^51\): the mother’s bright yellow dress, a girl with a baby on her lap smiling like an open piano. |
| The exhausted priest, what a life to take one’s rest in a leper colony. |

\(^{49}\) As mentioned in section 2 above, when in Iyonda, Greene’s daily morning routine was to do his reading of novels on the bank of the Congo River.

\(^{50}\) Another quote from Conrad’s *Heart of Darkness*.

\(^{51}\) French for “dugout canoe.”

\(^{52}\) This is indeed (Greene’s later footnote, see gp in right column) the Danish medical historian and paleopathologist Dr. Vilhelm Møller-Christensen (1903-1988), known for his major contributions to the understanding of bone deformity in leprosy. Began excavations of the site of the St. George’s Hospital, near Naestved, Denmark, in 1948, finding a medieval cemetery including the remains of 750 people, many of whom showed...
clear signs of leprosy. Lechat told Greene about this in Iyonda, but the book Greene refers to in the footnote added afterwards (see *gp* in right column) appeared later, in 1961, while Greene was revising his journal for publication. (The correct title, incidentally, is not *Some Changes in Leprosy* but *Bone Changes in Leprosy*, published with Munksgaard in Copenhagen in 1961.)

53 French for “customs officer.”
54 R. Van den Brandt (full first name and dates unknown), not a missionary but a layman working at the school of the Protestant mission of the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission (DCCM) in Bolenge, situated between Iyonda and Coquilhatville. See also notes 75 and 14 February entry (GGJR), as well as my section 3.3 above.
55 Vanderslaghmolen, see note 46.

old cemetery and found skeletons without fingers – it was an old leper cemetery of the fourteenth century. With the help of X rays he made certain discoveries in the bone, especially in the nasal area, previously unknown. Now he is a specialist on leprosy and brings his skull to international conferences: it has passed many a douane in his baggage.

At the end of my siesta came a rather ratlike man, a Fleming and a teacher in the Protestant school. He had written a novel in English and wanted advice about an agent. Is there any part of the world, in the most remote corner, where an author who is known will not encounter very soon one who wishes to be a writer? Do doctors encounter middle-aged men who still have the ambition of becoming a doctor?

Dinner with the fathers: there tiny dart boards: the persiflage between the tired priest

---

gp. in his baggage followed by footnote Dr. Møller-Christensen. He had been a legend to me when he was spoken of in Yonda, but later he was kind enough to send me his book, *Some Changes in Leprosy*.

GGgp(ML). changes Some to Bones
and the ex-prisoner\textsuperscript{56} who has relaxed a little.

A motto of the local tribe: “The mosquito has no pity for the thin man.”

Feb. 4. Yonda. A bad night. I could find no comfortable position on the hard mattress: a touch of rheumatism from the sweat: mosquitoes droning outside my meat cover. Woke at 6.40 to an overcast morning. Wrote to my mother and then took Julian Green’s journal\textsuperscript{57} down to the Congo and found a place to read free from ants on board the rusty metal boat. Always astonished at the procession of grassy islands — no, water jacinth — endlessly in progress at four miles an hour out of the heart of Africa, none, however small, overtaking another.

One priest in charge of constructions, one of education (the universal problem of what to do with the boy who has passed out of primary), the ex-prisoner I think of electricity. Is it possible that X (who is certainly no Olga Deterding\textsuperscript{58} as one imagines her to be) might be an architect?\textsuperscript{59} The drawings of the past he keeps concealed. Perhaps when he came he had illusions that he could work in the hospital. Go back to Europe, he is told, and have a six months

\textsuperscript{56} Werkhoven, see note 48.
\textsuperscript{57} Julien Green (1900-1998). Correct French spelling of his first name is “Julien”—Graham Greene’s error of writing “Julian” remains uncorrected in the final publication of In Search of a Character. Greene is referring to Julien Green’s journal Le Bel Aujourd’hui, spanning the years 1955-1958 and published with Plon in Paris in 1958.
\textsuperscript{58} Olga M. Deterding (1926-1978), wealthy celebrity of London, worked as an unpaid volunteer in Albert Schweitzer’s leprosy hospital in West Africa out of selfless philanthropy.
\textsuperscript{59} First occurrence of Greene’s intention to choose architecture as Querry’s profession in A Burnt-Out Case.
Among the missionaries with whom Greene spent time in the Congo, Henri Vanderslaghmolen was the only one who knew English (note 46).

Reading Julian Green, one wonders whether it is easier for a homosexual to lead a chaste life if he so wishes because of the unfair stigma attached to his desires. Is it easier for Green than for someone like myself to refuse – from a religious motive – an affair which offers itself?

A Japanese Atlas of leprosy: some of the plates resemble the warm thick landscapes of Van Gogh.

Through whose eyes shall I tell my story? It cannot be through X’s, though I can imagine certain letters from women – condemnatory letters which perhaps in one of his rages he shows the priest. I don’t think it can be through the priest’s eyes – I wouldn’t know this father and his daily routine well enough; I am suspicious of several points of view except in so far as like the letters and the dialogue they are ‘contained’ in the story. There remains the author’s eye, but then he should not penetrate

---

60 Among the missionaries with whom Greene spent time in the Congo, Henri Vanderslaghmolen was the only one who knew English (note 46).

61 It is Reid who changes “myself” to “X,” probably, but this is not visible, on Greene’s request. In the original text, Greene first applies his thought that it is easier for a homosexual to refuse an affair that offers itself, regardless of religious conviction, to himself. Now, this thought is transposed to the main character of the novel he is thinking up.

62 Shown to him by Dr. Lechat.

63 This resemblance with van Gogh paintings returns in A Burnt-Out Case, Part I, Chapter II.
into the thoughts of any character – and must be indicated only in action and dialogue. This makes for the mood of mystery which I wish to catch. Title: possibly “The Uncompleted Dossier.” If the priest keeps a Dossier on X, it will enable me to penetrate a little into his mind. The one who must never put up a case for himself is X.

| Red-beard\(^{64}\) never ceases to smoke except at meals: he stands around, bicycles around, strolls around, a veritable overseer. For the convalescent priest\(^{65}\) his breviary is a little like a cigarette, something to have between the fingers. |
| Visit to the dispensary of Dr. Lechat. |
| The circle of leprosy – contagious and non-contagious different diseases, but the non-contagious can develop into the contagious. If caught at the right moment of development the cure of the more serious cases is quicker than that of the non-contagious, but if that point is missed the position is very serious. |

---

\(^{64}\) Wijnants, see note 47.

\(^{65}\) Vanderslaghmolen, see note 46.
and can be very serious – blindness, mutilation etc. Comes from the accumulation of the drugs. Nodules a typical sign of contagious leprosy – on the ears, back etc. The man without fingers (cured) who makes pullovers. Cortisone for reaction cases, Sulfane daily through the mouth ordinary treatment at a cost of few shillings a year. The flirtatious girl who had had a surgical operation on her arms to cut the nerves and who now suffers from a “small palsy.” Her made-up finger nails.

| GGJR. to ordinary treatment adds footnote Inaccurate. Corrected later. |
| gp. cut the nerves followed by footnote No. The sheath of the ulnar nerve. |

Baccili have to be cultivated – you cannot transmit to an animal. The social problem: the husbands are less inclined to follow their wives into a colony than the wives. A husband will set up in his village with another woman, and when his wife finds a lover to look after her in the colony, the husband descends demanding justice and the return of his dot. The Protestant missions allow this to happen, but the Catholic fathers give the husbands short shrift. Short of scandal people here are left alone and there are no moral inquisitions. Two husbands left cured and both wives are now being looked after by one man.

One of the little houses: a bedroom with two beds, very neat and clean under coverlets: the sitting room with radio, bicycle, picture of King Baudouin, both popes, a shop calendar (a girl advertising Singer sewing machines), holy pictures.

---

66 French for “dowry.”
67 Baudouin of Belgium (1930-1993), Belgian King from 1951 until his death.
It is strange how even the African is not acclimatized to this humidity and heat. Today is unusually bad and so there is only a sprinkling of inert patients at the dispensary when otherwise there might be hundreds clamouring for attention.

Read a strange terrible pamphlet “The Social Stigma of Leprosy.” By Dr Eugene Kellersberger⁶⁸ (The Americans are now trying to call it Hansen’s Disease). Dr L’s story of how a cultivated old gentleman in Paris – a friend of Gide⁶⁹ – almost turned him out of his apartment when he heard he was working on leprosy. “You should have told me. I feel responsible to all the residents. How long will it be before I know whether I have caught leprosy?” He was 74.⁷⁰ “Ten years.” “Do you mean that I must live for ten years with this hanging over me.”

? No bacilli have yet been found in non-contagious leprosy.

The case of the leprophils⁷¹ – many volunteer workers but also many victims. The case of a European in Coq⁷² who contracted it

---


⁶⁹ André Gide (1869-1951), French author and winner of the Nobel Prize in literature in 1947.

⁷⁰ Lechat’s unpublished memoirs, held by his widow Edith Dasnoy, reveal that this incident took place in 1950 in the apartment of the brothers Joseph (1876-1952) and Jean (1881-1953) Baruzi, the former a historian and philosopher, the latter a renowned French professor in history of religion at the Collège de France since 1934. Both brothers were present at the incident; Joseph is the one who was 74 at that time, but Lechat writes that it was mainly Jean who furiously threw him out of the apartment, still vociferating curses at him as he was hurling down the staircase in trepidation.

⁷¹ Person inappropriately attracted to leprosy patients and their predicament.

⁷² Coquilhatville, see note 44.
very mildly, but because he boasted of having it had to be transferred. He was told to keep his mouth shut this time, but again he told everyone and he had to be returned to Europe. The vanity of being something special – even in disease. L. would class Father Damien\(^73\) among the leprophils. The difficulty of catching leprosy shown by the 114 people whom a German doctor (the forerunner of the doctors of Belsen) tried to infect at their own desire (they were to be expelled from Damien’s island) with no success.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Vagaries of contagion: the two Texan soldiers of the same company who suddenly, after no contact with lepers became infected. They had both been tattooed by the same man on Hawaii (?) and he had last used his needles on a leper.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The lady of Coq who developed a mild leprosy. No question of her morality. But perhaps it had been enough in her case to handle a ball or some other object which had been handled by a leper.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The bacillus probably to be found in small quantities in healthy people who have spent a long period in certain parts of the world.

The lady of Coq who developed a mild leprosy. No question of her morality. But perhaps it had been enough in her case to handle a ball or some other object which had been handled by a leper.

| Memo to ask Doctor L. about the leprous |

---

\(^73\) Religious name of the Flemish Catholic priest Joseph De Veuster (1840–1889). Missionary in Hawaii from 1864 until his death. Known for his ministry of the colony of leprosy patients on the Hawaiian island of Molokai from 1873 onwards. Canonized as Saint by the Catholic Church in 2009. Patron saint of leprosy patients.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>prone.</strong></th>
<th><strong>In the evening the air was so humid that every now and then one felt it break on the skin like a single spot of rain. After dark storms broke around and there was rain but not heavy rain. We were missed out. L. said that in six years he had known only about 20 days of such heat and humidity.</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **Pursued by the schoolmaster** who now tries to exercise a spiritual blackmail. I am replying that I am not competent in matters of faith: he should apply to a priest. | **JR. When handing the manuscript over to Reid Greene had included the original (typed) letter from this schoolmaster. She types it out as a footnote to the sentence ending in **blackmail**, leaving out the author’s name and address and correcting one minor syntax error. The original letter reads:** **Dear Mister Greene,**

I thank you for the addresses of literary agents you have given me.

I am sure the Fathers and Sisters and especially your work will take most of your time, but if you have still a few minutes to spare I would like to talk to you once more about religion. I have lost mine after the bankruptcy notwithstanding the fact that Monseigneur is the godfather of my older son — and I don’t see how I will ever be able to come back to it. I cannot understand in your book “The**

| **GGgp(ML). drops entire footnote with letter from schoolmaster, replacing it with I would claim not to be a writer of Catholic novels, but a writer who in four or five books took characters with Catholic ideas for his material.”** | **Nonetheless for years—particularly after The Heart of the Matter—I found myself hunted by people who wanted help with spiritual problems that I was incapable of giving. Not a few of these were priests themselves. I can only attribute to the heat my irritation with this poor schoolmaster and to the fact perhaps that I was already beginning to live in the skin of** |

---

74 Van den Brandt, see note 54 and my section 3.3.

76 Throughout his life and career, Greene more than once took a stance against his being identified as a Catholic author. To cite but one example: “Many times since Brighton Rock I have been forced to declare myself not a Catholic writer but a writer who happens to be a Catholic” (G. Greene, *Ways of Escape*, 61).
| Heart of the Matter” how you let your hero commit suicide... |
| I wished I could be of any use to you. I am here since 1939. Could I show you around the American mission, where I am teaching at the Preachers School too (although I am an agnostic for the moment...)? Very sincerely yours, (I am not a reporter !!!).” |
| [signature R. Van den Brandt75 c/o D.C.C.M. Bolenge] |
| Querry, a man who had turned at bay. |

| The atmosphere more relaxed when I had dinner with the fathers, perhaps because I am less shy and beginning to understand better the Belgian accent.77 |
| Feb. 5. Yonda. A very overcast day. The absence of the warning sun makes many people late for work. |
| As I shave a worker goes by in sandals cut to fit feet without toes: already I hardly notice that any more than the singing of the leper who is now painting the exterior of my door. The toeless man puts down his feet as though he were thumping the ground to level it with iron rods. |

---

75 Van den Brandt, see note 54 and the 14 February entry (GGJR). The character of Rycker in *A Burnt-Out Case* is in part modeled on Van den Brandt, who had also lost his faith as can be appreciated from this note to Greene. In *A Burnt-Out Case*, Rycker, a former seminarian and devoted Catholic, also refuses Querry’s silence about his belief and insists on forging a meaningful spiritual bond with him.

77 The missionaries Greene met were all Flemish Belgians. They had a secondary knowledge of French, the language Greene used with them (except with Vanderslaghmolen), but all had a Flemish accent when speaking it.
It is always depressing the first day in a very strange region knowing that weeks are to go by before one returns to the familiar, but after a few days (hold on and wait till they have passed) one has constructed the familiar in the very heart of the strange. One takes to routine as to a pleasure: after breakfast a shave, a letter to be written, perhaps an entry in the journal, then down to the Congo with a book to read on the old tin ship, return, another letter, a book, perhaps as yesterday a visit to the dispensary – it is almost time for lunch at the doctor’s, then the siesta, a walk again to the Congo, the evening glass of whisky, dinner with the fathers, bed, another day rapidly gone. It is almost disturbing that today the routine will be altered, my meals reversed (lunch with the fathers), a visit to Coq for a pique,\(^7\) to make plans for my trip into the bush, drinks with the Governor.

The laughter of the African: where in Europe would one hear so much laughter as among these leper workers? But the reverse is true: the deep sense of despair one feels in them when they are sick or in pain. (One remembers that too among the carriers in Liberia, my boys in Sierra Leone). Life is the moment. This is their form of eternity.

Scene in the dispensary yesterday when there was too much noise of children crying and the doctor called to his assistant who commanded “Put the children to the breasts,” a command, he says, you hear frequently at Mass.

---

\(^7\) French for “injection.” Remember that Greene spoke French with Lechat (and the Fathers), whose English at that time was still imperfect.
Certainly silence suddenly reigns.⁷⁹

| Sufficiently overcast for walking. To the main dispensary and the new laboratory which is in building. L. showed me complicated apparatus for measuring to 1/20,000 of a second the reactions of the nerves. But what pleased him was a relatively cheap apparatus for taking the temperature of the skin simultaneously in 20 spots. A patch seems to have a higher temperature and he hopes that it will prove possible to forestall a child the formation of a patch and begin treatment before a patch appears. In the same way with the fingers he hopes to be able to foresee mutilation and forestall it. In correspondence with India where the same experiments are being made. |

| The man at the dispensary with elephantiasis:⁸¹ his feet and lower leg gnarled and nodule like an ancient tree trunk which has been carved at the end in the shape of huge toes. |

| If X has been successful architect, isn’t it possible that he has come to the end of his vocation? The love of his art has gone the way of his love of women: a kind of sensual exhaustion has overtaken that too. |

| After lunch went into Coq with the L. family⁸² and had my second T. and B.⁸³ rather painfully at the National Health Service. L. tells me of a doctor there, |

---

⁷⁹ This scene returns in *A Burnt-Out Case*, Part V, Chapter II.

⁸⁰ Dr. Lechat was indeed in correspondence with the Indian leprosy specialist R. Ranchandra Vishwanath Wardekar, see note 321.

⁸¹ Disease caused by worm infection and characterized by at times very expansive tissue swelling of body parts.

⁸² The Lechat family are Dr. Michel Lechat, his wife Edith (née Dasnoy, born 1932), and their two small children Marie (born 1954) and Laurent (born 1956).

⁸³ Vaccine against typhoid and paratyphoid fever.
me that the doctor there, who is officially his chief, is a very scared man. He is continually ringing up the Sûreté\textsuperscript{84} at night to say there are Congolese outside his house who have come to murder him and his wife. A lot of people at Coq now are sleeping with guns beside them – the chief danger is an incident provoked from fear.

Went to the Bishop’s.\textsuperscript{85} A wonderfully handsome old man with an 18th century manner – or perhaps the manner of an Edwardian boulevardier. He will try to lend me his boat for my trip into the bush.

Drinks at the Governor’s: a simple kindly not very intelligent couple\textsuperscript{86} but quite free from the vices of a colon.\textsuperscript{87} After dark an engine passes through the streets spraying D.D.T. so thickly that for a little we were lost in our car as completely as in any London smog: visibility down to a few yards. The Governor’s adjoint\textsuperscript{88} with 20 years experience. His admiration for the African woman. He spoke with emotion of the gentleness of life in the villages, but he too feels – as I cannot – that the tribal framework must be broken and material incentives be given for that purpose. Doesn’t this lead straight to the gadget world of the States? He spoke of the

\begin{footnotes}
\footnote{Correct spelling sûreté, French for “police” or, in other contexts, “secret service.”}
\footnote{Vermeiren, see note 42.}
\footnote{A. and S. De Valkeneer, see note 43.}
\footnote{French for member of the colonial administration or a private colonial entrepreneur, i.e., any European working in the Congo who was not a missionary.}
\footnote{French for “assistant,” “substitute/deputy,” or “acting.” The official title of a Province Governor’s second-in-command was “Province Commissioner” (French \textit{Commissaire Provincial}). In this case, Victor Brebant (1911–?).}
\end{footnotes}

of ... his wife to Told of a man there who is continually ringing up the Sûreté at night to say that there are Congolese outside his house who have come to murder him and his wife.
necessity for a mystique, but is there any mystique in America today, even inside the Catholic church? The letter I have included earlier is relevant.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Feb. 6. Yonda. Slept well for two hours, but then lay awake curiously uneasy – perhaps the effect of the pique, imagining that the distant voices among the leper houses meant danger. Lights flashed: I lost my torch and lay among illusions as thick and disagreeable as the D.D.T. cloud. When at last I slept again I dreamed all the time of Anita. How strange it is that over more than a hundred years Africa has been recommended as a cure for the sick heart.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>They taught the Congolese how to cultivate manioc and rice, supervising the building of dispensaries, inspecting native tribunals. Out of such experiences came the wife’s book of stories which had to be published at her own expense, for we have seen how little interest there was in Belgium for her colonies. This is only one example of the tragic waste of small heroic lives.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

89 French for “mystic.”
90 See note 43.
91 French for “injection.”
92 Anita Björk (1923-2012), Swedish actress with whom Greene had a relationship between roughly 1954 and 1958.
93 Mary H. Kingsley (1862-1900), one of the very few women among the first European travelers (“explorers”) in Africa at the time. Traveled through West Africa (from present-day Sierra Leone to Angola) and wrote down these experiences in her bestseller *Travels in West Africa* (1897). Died in South Africa, nursing prisoners of war of the Second Anglo-Boer War.
of her father and mother “I went down to West Africa to die,” she wrote.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Solphane treatment. DDS(^94) given orally in tablets – two tablets 3 times a week: an interval of one week at the end of a month.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hydrocarpus oil – of social use only in disguising the patches.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The constant conversation, ribaldry and laughter of the workers. If one could understand, how tedious the noise would become, but incomprehensible it makes a kind of cacophonous background music.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| A man whom L. has cured wrote a letter to his sister still in the leproserie\(^95\) urging the death of L. and boasting of what he had done in Leopoldville. The sister was frightened and couldn’t understand and took it to a monitor in the school. Now another letter has arrived and L. wonders what is in it.  

J.R. of what he had done in Leopoldville in the riots.\(^96\) |
| Another man whom he cured and who therefore had to leave the station threatened to burn down the doctor’s house. |
| The wing of melancholia flicks at me today, perhaps because I have learned nothing new here, perhaps because of my bad night, perhaps because of my dreams – that relation in which both of hoped so much and |

---

\(^94\) Diaminodiphenyl sulfone, also known as Dapsone.  
\(^95\) Throughout his journal, Greene uses the French spelling leproserie for “leprosery.”  
\(^96\) See note 30.
which both of\textsuperscript{97} [sic] hoped so much and which failed us both.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>which failed us both.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>JR. omits \textit{Swedish}</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>\textbf{Feb. 7. Yonda. A good night with the help of a pill and only one Swedish\textsuperscript{98} dream. My pique\textsuperscript{99} nearly better and the wing of melancholy removed.}</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A pamphlet speaks of how Europe eradicated leprosy, but was it leprosy and was it eradicated?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Because of a delay in the cleaning of my shoes, I nearly missed the morning half hour\textsuperscript{100} by the Congo. How easily a habit in strange surroundings takes on the character of a magic charm. Against what? Melancholy perhaps, or ennui. |

| Reading the last volume of Julian Green's journal – \textit{Le Bel Aujourd'hui}\textsuperscript{101} with growing irritation. It seems to me impregnated with nothing so strong as spiritual pride but with spiritual vanity. He talks too much of God and the saints. In one passage he talks of the need to eliminate everything which is not pleasing to God. But is God pleased with a succession of pious platitudes on his nature? Wouldn't he give them all for one blasphemous line of Villon\textsuperscript{102}? I cannot help picturing the good God glancing at |

\textsuperscript{97} Both of us. Björk and himself.

\textsuperscript{98} Referring to Anita Björk, a Swede (see note 92).

\textsuperscript{99} French for “injection.”

\textsuperscript{100} Going to the bank of the Congo River to read; see note 49.

\textsuperscript{101} Julien Green, see note 57.

\textsuperscript{102} François Villon (1431 - died after 1463), French poet of the Middle Ages. Known for his criminal and anticlerical behavior and writings.
this book and throwing it aside as an author throws aside one more worthy and how boring thesis on his work by a student for a baccalauriat.\footnote{French name of an exam taken by students who have completed their final year in secondary education. Successful passing of the exam permitted one to proceed to higher education.}

| Perhaps the first argument concerning X will be whether he should be classed as a leprophil. At the moment X stands still in my mind: he has hardly progressed at all. I only know a little bit more about his surroundings. Perhaps it will be necessary to name him – and yet I am unwilling to give him a definite nationality. Perhaps – for ostensible reasons of discretion – he should remain a letter. Unfortunately as I have learned before if one uses an initial for one's principal character, people begin to talk about Kafka.\footnote{Reference is to “Josef K.,” protagonist of Franz Kafka’s *The Trial* (1925).} |

| Leprosy bacillus very similar to that of tuberculosis. Hansen’s bacillus however cannot be transferred to an animal. Appearance: (a) patches with loss of sensation (b) loss of sensation in the limbs without patches (c) thickening of the skin of the face and ears and the appearance of nodules. The last is the contagious. |

| Cleanliness is important to the non-patient: hardly at all to the patient. |

| When one travels far one travels also in time. A week ago at this hour I was still in |

\footnote{French name of an exam taken by students who have completed their final year in secondary education. Successful passing of the exam permitted one to proceed to higher education.}

\footnote{Reference is to “Josef K.,” protagonist of Franz Kafka’s *The Trial* (1925).}
Brussels\textsuperscript{105}, but I feel separated from that time by weeks not days. In 1957 I travelled more than 44,000 miles. Is it for that reason – I began my long journeys in the 30’s – that life seems to have been quite interminably long?

Is there a way in which I can use the dreams of X? As I knew to my cost yesterday dreams can dictate the mood of a whole day and bring a dying emotion back to full life.

The Abokos.\textsuperscript{106} The Bishop\textsuperscript{107} told us two days ago that many were persuaded that with a certain powder they could destroy walls. They pushed the powder under their nails and then they had only to beat on a wall and it would fall. In primitive people as in children there is sometimes a failure to distinguish between dream and reality. This confusion is well illustrated in a huge novel La Gana,\textsuperscript{108} which I am reading now.

The new drug 1906.\textsuperscript{109} Too expensive to be practical when dealing with millions. DDs\textsuperscript{110} cost is only 3f a year. The cure with 1906 takes much the same time.

\textsuperscript{105} Refers to the week from 25 to 31 January, which he spent in Brussels with the woman “Tony,” just before leaving for the Congo (see my introductory sections).

\textsuperscript{106} Correct spelling “Abakos,” i.e., members of the \textit{Association des Bakongo} (“Association of Bakongo”), a political group strongly anchored in the ethnic group of the Bakongo hailing from the Lower-Congo area. The fiercest anticolonialist voice in the late 1950s, Abako pleaded for immediate decolonization and the establishment of a new state based on ethnic federalism. It had a major hand in the anticolonial uprising which took place in Leopoldville in early January 1959 (see also note 30).

\textsuperscript{107} Vermeiren, see note 42.


\textsuperscript{109} Full name of the drug CIBA-1906, based on the chemical compound thiambutosine.

\textsuperscript{110} See note 94.
Colonial protocol. L. tells me that at any gathering – however casual and spontaneous say in a restaurant – one cannot leave until one’s seniors in rank have left. As was the case to my knowledge in Sierra Leone furniture is according to rank. He will soon be in position to have six instead of four armchairs or let his wife have a full-length mirror. The sad story of the man who couldn’t have a second “cabinet” passionately wanted by his wife without passing certain exams and entering another grade. He failed and so out of his own money he built a second ‘cabinet’ in the garden. But the garden belonged to the State and the governor of the time told him to destroy it. L. ignores these rules for leaving a party and it has sometimes happened that the wife of his superior rank has risen quickly and got to the door first to prevent him making a gaffe.

The cure with 1906 takes much the same time.

L. tells me that at any gathering to I have been told that at any gathering

In 1942 outside Freetown¹¹¹ I lived in a house in a swamp used by the natives as a lavatory, a great encouragement to flies. (Once I closed my office window and killed 150 in two minutes.) I sent a demand for a native lavatory to the Colonial Secretary who replied that such a demand must come through the proper channels, but as in my case there were no proper channels I had to remind him of Mr. Churchill’s minute on the subject. I got

---

Father Gustaaf Hulstaert (1900-1990), MSC-missionary and prolific researcher of the indigenous languages and cultures of the region, and whose name Greene leaves blank a few sentences later. Hulstaert recounts this particular event of 7 February as follows:

"Graham Greene had been taken by Dr. Lechat to see me in my mission station in Bamanya. During our conversations, Greene explained to me that he had come to the Congo to find the subject for a new novel: theme, characters, and an authentic African background. In order to give him a taste of indigenous culture, I invited him to join me the next day to the last performance of a local funeral ceremony, very rare and by that time almost extinct, namely the solemn revealing of a coffin carved in the form of a human, whose sculptor categorically refused to produce more copies. It is this scene which Greene recounts in his diary. He was sat next to me, and clearly gave the impression to be less interested by the ceremony than by the members of the audience. It also seemed he was annoyed by the Belgian photographer, a civil servant of the province administration, whom I had invited to film this historical event. I don't know what the photographer did with the film afterwards. At any rate, this very special indigenous rite has never been performed since, and no new copy of this type of sarcophagus has ever been sculpted—the last sculptor, by the way, died shortly after this ceremony" (Hulstaert 495-96; my translation from French).

112 Father Gustaaf Hulstaert (1900-1990), MSC-missionary and prolific researcher of the indigenous languages and cultures of the region, and whose name Greene leaves blank a few sentences later. Hulstaert recounts this particular event of 7 February as follows: “Graham Greene had been taken by Dr. Lechat to see me in my mission station in Bamanya. During our conversations, Greene explained to me that he had come to the Congo to find the subject for a new novel: theme, characters, and an authentic African background. In order to give him a taste of indigenous culture, I invited him to join me the next day to the last performance of a local funeral ceremony, very rare and by that time almost extinct, namely the solemn revealing of a coffin carved in the form of a human, whose sculptor categorically refused to produce more copies. It is this scene which Greene recounts in his diary. He was sat next to me, and clearly gave the impression to be less interested by the ceremony than by the members of the audience. It also seemed he was annoyed by the Belgian photographer, a civil servant of the province administration, whom I had invited to film this historical event. I don’t know what the photographer did with the film afterwards. At any rate, this very special indigenous rite has never been performed since, and no new copy of this type of sarcophagus has ever been sculpted—the last sculptor, by the way, died shortly after this ceremony” (Hulstaert 495-96; my translation from French).

113 Either Pierre Ahrens (1902-unknown), District Commissioner and First Burgomaster of the city of Coquilhatville, or, less probable, Henri Lermusiaux (dates unknown), mayor of only the white city quarters of the city at that time.

114 Greene left this blank as he had probably not properly understood the name. The person in question is Father Gustaaf Hulstaert (1900-1990), see note 112.
indigènes. He made a small speech before this artificial ceremony which had for its purpose only the acquisition of one of these coffins for the museum in Leo. Drums beat, old women danced with leaves, but one couldn’t help comparing this scene with the tubular chairs and the whirr of an amateur cine-camera with the real ceremonies and drums of Nicoboozu and Zigua in the untouched Liberian hinterland. There was only one genuine moment when the organizer and purchaser (for 2000 francs) of the coffin wished to leave it in the village overnight and the people refused – it would bring bad luck. The notable of the district – the heir of the chief – a good-looking young Congolais in a smart European suit arrived hand in hand with his daughter, a beautiful girl in a yellow head-scarf shaped round her head like a crown. She wore ear-rings, a European frock and a necklace, and she sat in her chair with the poise of a young Queen while the wives of the colonists chattered and moved restlessly here and there and fussed with their cameras.

The old priest stayed to dinner. A cheerful amusing old man, but as he was driven home afterwards in the dark he spoke of his fear for Coq, of what the unemployed and the

JR. of the district – with the air of a chief – a good-looking The manuscript clearly says the heir of the chief. On GGJR, GG did not correct it back to heir, probably an oversight. Indeed remains with the air of a chief until fp.

115 Two towns Greene had visited in West Africa in 1935, mentioned in his Journey Without Maps.
117 Hulstaert, see note 114.
jeunesse\textsuperscript{118} might start. We had a drink in the smaller of the two hotels after dropping him (the larger repelled by its yellow lights painted like the moon of a child’s book with human features). Very discreet 1920ish pin-ups, the tiny dart’s board. A man at the bar was impertinent to L. because he preferred to wait and signal the waiter rather than call ‘Boy.’ “Êtes-vous muet?”\textsuperscript{119} Returning the lit windows of the fonctionnaire\textsuperscript{120} who can’t sleep at night for fear.

| GGJR. Returning saw the lit windows |
| L. remarkable young man at 32. When he came out six years ago there was no doctor: only a formidable pair of nuns\textsuperscript{121} living in a kind of native hut with a great reputation for sanctity. It was impossible with them to make any progress so he wrote back a letter of 32 pages demanding their removal within 48 hours and promising to say nothing of his reasons – a promise he still keeps. The mother-superior in Belgium got in a car and drove all through the night to the south of France to catch the General of the Order: a sister was despatched from Louvain at 24 hours notice, and the sisters removed into the bush. There one of them has developed, realized her mistakes and is going to be put in charge of an important station. But they left hating him, and in Coq where they were regarded as saints his promise sealed his lips: a remarkable action at GGJR. crosses out L. remarkable young man at 32. GGJR changes When he came out six years ago there to When L. came out six years ago at the age of 26 there GGgp(ML). crosses out entire passage When L. came out ... remarkable action at 26.

\textsuperscript{118} French for “youth.”  
\textsuperscript{119} French for “are you deaf?”  
\textsuperscript{120} French for “civil servant.”  
\textsuperscript{121} The leprosery of Iyonda had been founded in 1945 by missionary sisters of the congregation Sœurs de la Congrégation des Filles de Notre-Dame du Sacré-Cœur (“Sisters of the Congregation of the Daughters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart”).
Yonda. Feb. 8. Sunday. Mass at 6.30 in the leproserie church: the Africans at the back. Segregation for health reasons? Taken in a bus driven by the beautiful nun whom I had seen in the Foyer Social. Anita very much in mind, and melancholy on the horizon. How everything seems to be dying all the time in the tropics if only a butterfly on the altar steps. What a mountain of debris there must be every day of mosquitoes, cockroaches, cockchafers, moufes, moths.

At breakfast spoke to the convalescent Fr Henri. He would like to come with me on the boat and get off at his seminary on the return voyage. Spoke of the Protestant and Catholic missions. The native was Protestant or Catholic according to the school in the neighbourhood, but he felt certain that they had a stronger credence in the Catholic, partly because of the cult of Our Lady, as the love of the mother is the

| 123 *A Foyer Social* was a sort of community house where Congolese women were given training in housekeeping, cooking, needlework and sewing, etc. Some *Foyers Sociaux* were run by the colonial state administration, others by missionary nuns. In the former, the training sessions were given by female lay social workers from Belgium (called *assistantes sociales*, “social assistants,” or, commonly, *demoiselles*), occasionally assisted by a nun; in the latter, the nuns themselves gave the sessions. There was a *Foyer Social* in Iyonda, run by the nuns, and another one in Coquilhatville, run by the administration. The leprosery of Lombolombo at the mission of Wafanya, which Greene visited on 19–21 February, also had a *Foyer Social*.
| 124 Björk, see note 92. |
| 125 Word not known either in standard or colloquial French, not even in Belgian colonial jargon. My best guess is that Greene was aiming for *mouches*, the French word for “flies.” It remains *moufes* in the final publication. |
| 126 Vanderslaghmolen, see note 46. |
| 127 Vanderslaghmolen, temporarily in Iyonda to recover from an illness (see note 46), regularly worked at a seminary in the mission post of Bokuma, on the Ruki-Momboyo, the river Greene (and Vanderslaghmolen) would travel between 12 and 26 February. |
chief element in the family. The mother is a constant, the children may have many different fathers or be uncertain of the fathers. The seminary course too difficult for the Congolais; apart from French and Latin they are expected to learn Flemish too, with alternatives of German or English – in fact the whole European course of study.

Ride with Doctor L. into the country. The family with a member in three branches of public service who also make money fishing and even collecting caterpillars to sell at 5 francs a handful. The brothers do not live together, but they pool their money. Wives in town: girls in the country.

L. contradicts R. in Leo. Venereal disease among women almost universal: only syphilis rare. Many cases now no longer react to penicillin.

Colonial protocol: L. started driving out to airport to say goodbye to visiting minister but was turned back three kilometres away by police. Only invited officials allowed at airport, those with salary over a certain figure.

At lunch L. called out to give serum to a man with snake bite. He has had several deaths from that cause.

In the evening to Coq to see some native dances arranged in a native bar for a colon who

---

128 French for “the Congolese.”

129 The variety of Dutch spoken in Flanders, the northern half of Belgium. The missionaries with whom Greene spent time in the Congo were all native speakers of Flemish and used this dialect among themselves (see note 77).

130 The “businessman” with whom Greene had dinner in Leopoldville on 1 February (see that entry).
is leaving for Leo. Male dances called athletic, but these athletes would have been put to shame by any second-class music hall troupe in Europe. Nonetheless they were watched by B. the district officer, with smiling proprietorial pride. How often have I seen that smile – like that of a proud schoolmaster watching a school performance of *The Merchant of Venice*, or the faces of British district officers or administrators, in West Africa, in Malaya.... at least it is not the stupidity of the colon.

Returning I found my floor covered with big flying ants. A sign of rain? I remember them falling in showers over my food in Freetown just before the rains.

[9 February entry completely missing from manuscript. This missing was confirmed to me by Harry Ransom Center: page(s) are not in the original. Reid’s typescript of these pages, reads: ]

February 9th Yonda.
The rain came in the night.

I’m worried about my book. It’s possible that for the mis-en-scène I should go back to my memories of Mosambolphun and Ganta in Liberia and my arrival at these places.

The arrival of X has to set the tone, and perhaps what L. would call a more ‘sentimental’ setting is required in this highly organized

---

131 Maybe the Congolese Joseph Bofonge, see note 116. In 1957-1959 Bofonge was member of the Commission of Education of the Province Council and in that capacity very active in the rethink of school education for the Congolese (see Lufungula Lewono & Vinck). Greene’s comparison to schoolmasters elsewhere may have been inspired by this.
garden city. I am worried too by the members of my priestly chorus: they are right for Europe but not for the missions. I have never yet found in a missionary priest either the naivety which I want for certain of them, nor the harshness towards human failing, nor the inquisitiveness. These men are too busy to worry about motives – they are concerned of cement, education, electrical plant – not motives. How can I get rid of this falsity?

A morning with the doctor at the dispensary and hospital. The leaf-like tattoos on the faces of old women: the withered breasts like a pair of small empty gloves: the man without fingers or toes nursing a small child; the man with elephantiasis, testicles the size of a football:¹³² the tubercular women (it seems unfair that if one is a leper one should suffer from other diseases as well): the old man with the sweet face and a gentle courtesy who has retired into the mud hut behind his hut to die (high blood pressure) – legs like a child and the face of a saint: the woman without legs who bore a child: the man who retired to die and was not discovered at the back of his house for days.

The bacillus in the tubercular variety almost indistinguishable from other diseases such as syphilis, but the bacillus of the lepromateuse a thing of its own. Leprosy drugs can be used in the tuberculosis of the skin, the tuberculosis drugs not valuable for leprosy. Many lepers die

¹³² See note 81. Used in A Burnt-Out Case Part II, Chapter III, and Part IV, Chapter I.
of tuberculosis.

| Into Coq with L. to try to arrange about the boat. A terribly hot afternoon and a sense of despair. A funny little high-built boat needing paint like a miniature Mississippi paddle-steamer. Received by the retiring captain, a tall priest with gold-stopped teeth and a long straggling beard who gave us beer in the saloon with big windows above, I suppose, the bridge. The cupboard with a panel with the nativity. There was a difficulty, it was explained; the boat had for long been in bad condition and now it was dangerous: a hole or a rotten plank (I'm not sure which) in the bottom. (Outside the cabin a life-belt looking like a dried eel all twisted out of shape). Long discussion. A visit to Otraco – all berths to Wafania full as far as Ibongo. Possibility of car to Flandria and canoe to Ibongo and waiting there for the passenger boat's return, or a plane somewhere else and a car to Wafania and return by passenger boat, leaving out Ibongo. All tiring restless incomplete trips. Return to the cathedral. Only Monseigneur could give word for the boat to go, and the day before he had fallen |
| GGJR. to the nativity, adds footnote This was used as an altar for daily Mass. |
| GGJR. to Otraco adds footnote The big trading company which maintained a service of cargo boats with passengers on the Congo and its tributaries. |
| GGJR. crosses out egregious and |

---

133 The “Theresita” steamer of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart. See also my section 2 above.
134 Petrus “Pierre” Van den Cruyce (1908-1994), MSC-missionary. In A Burnt-Out Case, too, there is a change of captain of the steamer on which Querry travels.
136 Correct spelling “Wafanya”; see map in introductory sections.
137 Correct spelling “Imbonga”; see map in introductory sections.
138 Flandria, mission post of the same missionaries; see map in introductory sections.
139 Correct spelling “Imbonga”; see map.
140 Correct spelling “Imbonga”; see map.
Andreas (André) Beke (1912-1970), MSC-missionary in charge of the logistics of the congregation. Tells Greene that due to technical problems the steamer cannot sail for the next weeks or month, but Greene senses that Father André is only trying to thwart his plans.

In his own handwritten memoirs, Father André noted Greene's not-so-positive depiction of him in *In Search of a Character* and defends himself: “this was about whether our boat, which was out of order, would sail or not. Because it was out of order, I didn’t give him [Greene] a straight answer, I still had to wait and see” (André Beke's personal notes; archives of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, Borgerhout, Belgium, my translation from the Flemish). Yet Dr. Lechat’s widow Edith Dasnoy showed me a letter she wrote from Iyonda to her father in Belgium on 11 February 1959, only two days after Greene’s unsuccessful attempt with Father André. It appears that the latter was very skeptical of Greene’s presence among the priests in general, suspecting that he would write scornful things about them in his novel. Father André pretended the boat to be inoperative; distrustful, he wanted to protect his fellow missionaries in the other MSC mission stations from Greene’s observations.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>and broken his hip. Conversation with the egregious and ambiguous Father André. 141 Perhaps the boat could go next week – or next month. Apparently the captain, Father Pierre, 142 is “a captain who hates the sea”. On every trip (about four a year) something is wrong. Father A. agreed to speak to the Bishop. The answer: the boat is to be examined by two employees of Otraco and if they say it is safe it will sail. Otherwise no. I distrust the whole affair. I don’t believe in a favourable decision. We go home and speak to Father Pierre 143 of the leproserie. He feels the same about the captain and says he will go into Coq and see the Bishop.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>141 Andreas (André) Beke (1912-1970), MSC-missionary in charge of the logistics of the congregation. Tells Greene that due to technical problems the steamer cannot sail for the next weeks or month, but Greene senses that Father André is only trying to thwart his plans. In his own handwritten memoirs, Father André noted Greene’s not-so-positive depiction of him in <em>In Search of a Character</em> and defends himself: “this was about whether our boat, which was out of order, would sail or not. Because it was out of order, I didn’t give him [Greene] a straight answer, I still had to wait and see” (André Beke’s personal notes; archives of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, Borgerhout, Belgium, my translation from the Flemish). Yet Dr. Lechat’s widow Edith Dasnoy showed me a letter she wrote from Iyonda to her father in Belgium on 11 February 1959, only two days after Greene’s unsuccessful attempt with Father André. It appears that the latter was very skeptical of Greene’s presence among the priests in general, suspecting that he would write scornful things about them in his novel. Father André pretended the boat to be inoperative; distrustful, he wanted to protect his fellow missionaries in the other MSC mission stations from Greene’s observations.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>142 Van den Cruyce, see note 134.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>143 Not Pierre Van den Cruyce, the captain mentioned a few sentences earlier (and see note 134), but Pierre Wijnants, MSC-missionary and Superior of the mission in Iyonda (see note 47).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>144 11 February 1959.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>145 GGgp(ML). crosses out We go home ... the Bishop.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Just as I sat down to dinner L. came in to say he had had a telephone call: all was well. I go on board Wednesday evening.] 144 |


Leprosy cases whose disease has been arrested and cured only after the loss of fingers  | 144 |


JR. omits Wrote to ... tenderness. |

Leprosy cases whose disease has been arrested and cured only after the loss of fingers  | 144 |

GGJR. to burnt-out cases adds |
or toes are known as burnt-out cases. This is the parallel I have been seeking between my character X and the lepers. Psychologically and morally he has been burnt-out. Is it at that point that the cure is affected? Perhaps the novel should begin not at the leproserie but on the mission boat.

How often people speak of the absurdity of believing that life should exist by God’s will on one minute part of the immense universe. There is a parallel absurdity which we are asked to believe that God chose a tiny colony of a Roman empire in which to be born. Strangely enough two absurdities seem easier to believe than one.

The cows with the elegant snow-white birds – piqueboeufs – which attend them like guardian angels. They are so sleek and smooth that their feathers seem of porcelain. Innumerable butterflies.

The old woman with the palsied eyelids who could not blink. The doctor had bought her dark glasses, but she would not wear them because they were not a medicine – she had trust only in drugs. The problem of shoes. Special shoes were bought for the mutilated but many people would not wear them. They wanted ordinary shoes. Even if they consented to wear shoes it was only on a Sunday, and usually they would accept them only to sell them.

footnote The English phrase is used by the Belgian doctors – there is no French equivalent, and for that reason I had to find quite a different title for my novel in French.

---

145 As Greene writes in a footnote he added in GGJR (see next column), “burnt-out case” was the English phrase the Belgian doctors, as well as the missionaries and colonials, used as a loanword in their otherwise French or Flemish speech.

146 The title of the French translation of the novel is *La Saison des Pluies*; literally “The Rainy Season.”

147 French for “oxpecker.”
The problem of charity. A special leper’s day in Coq produced enough clothes for 400 patients, but there are 800, so 400 more had to be bought – a great expense. Then the 400 given were all different, and this caused infinite jealousy.

The doctor is having six invalid chairs made for those who have lost their feet and can only crawl. But there are ten of these. How about jealousy, I asked him? ‘For something important I will defy jealousy’, he said, ‘but not for a tin of sardines.’

How much of his work is paper work and how much consists of manoeuvres – the refusal even of gifts at certain moments if as a result he can obtain more later on.

The chief Medical Officer, a hard man, who began to weep when L. told him that he would not hold a lepers’ day in Yonda because he did not want his people to be regarded as inmates of a zoo. The medical officer, who had always been his enemy, agreed with him. He explained his tears. His father had been killed in the first war, his mother had died, and from the age of eight he had been brought up in an orphanage. On any great occasion he was made to parade wearing his father’s medals, and he hated this and at last refused and was punished.

148 I have not been able to establish with absolute certainty the identity of the medical officer Lechat’s anecdote is about. The colonial state had “medical officers” at different levels of its administration, and the doctors occupying that post changed quite frequently. The two most important ones in Coquilhatville at the time of Greene’s visit were Dr. J. Van Droogenbroeck (birth and death unknown) and Dr. G. Gerkens (1910-unknown). But Lechat is probably relating an incident that happened in the past, well before Greene’s arrival (maybe years), involving a previous chief medical officer rather than the one in charge at that time.
“That is why now I try to be hard and rough.”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Visit with L. to dispensary for an inspection of hands. He makes them move the fingers in certain exercises. Treatment: paraffin wax, massage, splints. The typical monkey hand due to damaged medial nerve. Surgical treatment when the nerve is being strangled by a thickening of the sheath, to cut through the sheath and let the nerves free.</td>
<td>gp. medial now followed by footnote No. Ulnar nerve.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haircut from Fr. Paul.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two letters from Tony. Long badly written, badly spelt, childlike and sophisticated.</td>
<td>JR. omits Two letters ... sophisticated.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Men playing mysterious game altering the number of beans that lie in rough troughs on a home-made board.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A coil of caterpillars brought home by a leper to sell or eat.</td>
<td>GGJR. to sell or eat adds footnote The coil of pale caterpillars reminded me of the long nails of an old Chinese in the post office at Kuala Lumpur. He carried his left hand under his armpit: the five nails, each a foot long, grey-yellow and semitranslucient, were so intercoiled that they gave the effect of wriggling movement.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinner at the Governor’s. Mme de Valkeneer who has published two books at her method and</td>
<td>GGgp(ML). crosses out Dinner at the ... method and</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

149 Deo Gratias, a Congolese leprosy patient in Iyonda (birth and death unknown). Model for the character by the same name in *A Burnt-Out Case*, the only character for which Greene did not choose to find a pseudonym.

150 Paul Van Molle (1911-1969), MSC-missionary. Father Paul held the 8mm camera with which he shot the film showing Greene in Iyonda on 5 March 1959, to be viewed on http://rozenbergquarterly.com/?p=6141 (Meeuwis 2013).

151 See note 43.
own expense talked interminably of a writer’s method and vision.

Palsy and mutilation alternatives. A man goes on working with dead nerves and injures his fingers because they feel nothing: palsy where the nerves react in some sort of protection.

Feb. 11. Yonda. Everyone quiet and depressed after last night's dinner.

The leper tribunal outside a house – three men, representatives of their tribes, listening to the witnesses. They can hear small cases – of theft, of abuse, of stealing a man’s wife, and they can sentence to short terms in prison near Yonda. But the prisoners are allowed out for work and treatment: they only spend the nights in the prison.

Shopping for the boat – D.D.T. bombs, eau de cologne, soap flakes, ten whiskies, 36 soda. Gave the L’s dinner in the hotel. The terrible bar with steal chairs and man in the moon lampshades. The dinner not so bad. Then whisky on the boat. The Bishop’s cabin very pleasant. The altar in the deckhouse.

---

152 French for “cologne.”
153 Vanderslaghmolen, see note 46.
the Congo was the excellent cheap wine obtainable, even in Coq. I remember in particular an excellent Portuguese rosé. Whisky only cost the equivalent of about 22 shillings. Camemberts flown from Europe were creamy and mature.

The bishop’s accident. In all the years he had never before known illness, and the boredom rather than the pain is killing him. He had been a man who could not stand being alone, who read little and liked cards: as a bishop dignified and immaculate with the big cross round his neck. A kind and courteous man who had never really done anything at all. Now he lies in his pyjamas alone with his intolerable ennui, unable to understand how to be alone. In all the fifty years since his ordination solitude has never caught up with him before. He is even unable to move his head without pain. There is no sympathy for him amongst his priests. The curé is well content that his bishop should at last know what sickness is like. His second-in-command is tired out with him. “I wish I could mail him to Europe,” he says. He is aware of how much he could do if he were left alone to do it.

The bishop’s accident. In all the years he had never before known illness, and the boredom rather than the pain is killing him. He had been a man who could not stand being alone, who read little and liked cards: as a bishop dignified and immaculate with the big cross round his neck. A kind and courteous man who had never really done anything at all. Now he lies in his pyjamas alone with his intolerable ennui, unable to understand how to be alone. In all the fifty years since his ordination solitude has never caught up with him before. He is even unable to move his head without pain. There is no sympathy for him amongst his priests. The curé is well content that his bishop should at last know what sickness is like. His second-in-command is tired out with him. “I wish I could mail him to Europe,” he says. He is aware of how much he could do if he were left alone to do it.

The French for “parish priest.” Josef Calsius Sr. (1915-1920), MSC-missionary and at that time parish priest of the cathedral in Coquilhatville, seat of Bishop Vermeiren (note 42).

Louis Van Der Beken (1905-1969), MSC-missionary and Vicarius Delegatus (substitute/deputy bishop) of Vicar Apostolic Vermeiren.

---

154 Vermeiren, see note 42.
155 French for “parish priest.” Josef Calsius Sr. (1915-1920), MSC-missionary and at that time parish priest of the cathedral in Coquilhatville, seat of Bishop Vermeiren (note 42).
156 Louis Van Der Beken (1905-1969), MSC-missionary and Vicarius Delegatus (substitute/deputy bishop) of Vicar Apostolic Vermeiren.
people who have remained in Equatoria. How often the lives of individual priests reproduce in this way the history of the Church.

GGgp (ML). crosses out the part *There is no sympathy ... alone to do it.*

At the last moment a local mail brings a letter from another local writer and a copy of his book – like Mme V’s¹⁵⁷ published at his own expense. Why should this dream of writing haunt so many? The desire for money – I doubt it. The desire for a vocation in a life they haven’t really chosen? The same instinct that drives some people to desire rather than to feel a religious faith?

GGJR. The desire for a vocation .... a religious faith? becomes The desire for a vocation when they find themselves in a life they haven’t really chosen? The same despairing instinct that drives some people to desire rather than to experience a religious faith?

GGgp (ML). crosses out – like Mme V’s

---

**Feb. 12. On the Bishop’s boat.**

Reading a book which moves me: *La Fête Espagnol* by Rey.¹⁵⁸

GGJR. corrects *Español* to *Espagnole* and adds footnote The author is said to have been clearly depicted as the principal character in the French best selling novel, *Le Répos d’un*

---

¹⁵⁷ S. De Valkeneer, see note 43.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Woken at 5 by the boat leaving and opened my window to see the lights of Coq.</th>
<th>Guerrier⁵⁹.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A lot of vibration from the paddles. The river about 1½ kilometres wide. We keep near one bank.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The control to see that the ship is clear of flowers and plants which will seed and help to close the channels.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A pontoon on either side loaded with logs. The former captain¹⁶⁰ reads his breviary after breakfast. X’s account with his deliberate affair with a young married woman in order to ease his own pain. At the end he tries to go back to sexual love, but rejects it from sheer lack of desire. One leaves him waiting for what may come.</td>
<td>GGJR. to what may come adds footnote These ideas were abandoned or completely transformed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There are three priests on board – and the African hands which seem to include at least one woman. There is Père Henri,¹⁶¹ the convalescent and a former captain who has come for the trip but is longing to reach by daylight his seminary at Bakuma:¹⁶² the former captain, Père Pierre¹⁶³, with his long ragged beard and glasses, who is joining the seminary as a professor, and</td>
<td>GGJR. the new captain – a man obsessed with shooting.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

¹⁵⁹ *Le Repos du Guerrier* (translated in English as *Warrior’s Rest*, 1960), 1958 prize-winning novel by female author Christiane Rochefort (1917-1998). Rochefort had a relationship with Henri-François Rey, a relationship which is said to have inspired the one between the protagonist couple Geneviève and Jean-Renaud in the novel.

¹⁶⁰ Van den Cruyce, see note 134.

¹⁶¹ Vanderslaghmolen, see note 46 and, for the seminary at which he worked, note 127.

¹⁶² Bokuma, see note 127.

¹⁶³ Van Den Cruyce, see note 134.
Père Georges, the new captain – a man who loves shooting. There is a kind of monkey near here which lives on the ground and he boasted of how many he had shot on one round-up – apparently they are very good to eat. Just now we passed a cormorant – long neck and tiny head – sitting on a log and he took a shot at it, but the vibration of the boat made him miss and it flew off the way we had come, keeping always the same distance above the water. Apparently the crocodiles here are long nosed and not man-eating. Bathing is safe. This according to the Fathers: the doctor doubted their dependability.

The first day one watches to see whether a routine will emerge: it is a routine that makes home. You can have moments of excitement, ecstasy, happiness, but you can’t have the sense of peace.

At 11 we had beer and then I taught the fathers 421. After lunch siesta.

Reading Conrad – the volume called Youth for the sake of The Heart of Darkness – for the first time since I abandoned him about 1932 because his influence on me was too great and too disastrous. The heavy hypnotic style falls around me again, and I am aware of the poverty of my own. Perhaps now I have lived long enough with my poverty to be safe from

---

164 Georges Léonet (1922-1974), MSC-missionary. Model for “the captain” in A Burnt-Out Case, equally trigger-happy, cruel with animals, spending his spare time making rosaries (see 18 February entry in diary, and Part I, Chapter I in A Burnt-Out Case), and fond of simple card games (21 February entry).

165 Joseph Conrad’s Heart of Darkness (see also note 35) first appeared in 1899 but later, in 1902, also as one of three short stories in the collection Youth, together with the other short stories Youth and The End of the Tether.
One day I will read Victory again. And The Nigger.\textsuperscript{166}

The colour of the water a polished pewter: the clouds seem to shine upwards from below the pewter surface. Even the green of the woods lies under the pewter. Some fisherman’s houses on stilts remind one of the east. Men standing in pirogues have their legs extended by their shadows into the water, so that they have the appearance of wading. Has some rationalist suggested this as an explanation of Christ walking upon the water?

GGJR. to remind one of the east adds footnote I was thinking, I think, of a particular village on the Mekong river in Laos, not far from Luang Prabang, where the motor of my canoe broke down. It was during the Indo-China war and we were trying to reach a particularly holy Buddhist shrine, there to offer our prayers against the advancing Viet Minh army. I remember with vivid pleasure the meal on the floor of one house on stilts, and how the walls were covered with Paris Match photographs of Queen Elizabeth’s coronation, though our peasant host could not speak a word of French. I do not apologize for such digressions. Memories are a form of simile: when we say something is ‘like’ we are remembering.

More and more worried the last few days whether anything will come of this book. Perhaps I am not accepting the reality but struggling against it, and at the same time frightened of what the doctor calls “sentimental” which is his word for picturesque or dramatic.

\textsuperscript{166} Joseph Conrad, \textit{Victory: An Island Tale} (1915) and \textit{The Nigger of the Narcissus: A Tale of the Forecastle} (1897).
Perhaps X helps with hand exercises and is caught forgetting the obvious precautions of washing with spirit. The priests are more concerned with engineering, electricity, navigation and the like, than with the life of man or God – but that is X’s wrong impression. He has come seeking another form of love and is faced with electric turbines and problems of building, and he fails to understand the priests as much as they fail to understand him.

The water at the bow of the pontoons the colour of burnt sugar.

A first sentence perhaps: “Each day after breakfast the captain read his breviary in the deckhouse.”

The continuous shovelling of wood from the pontoon to engine reminds one of the Atlantic crossing by Phineas Fogg.¹⁶⁷

The approach to Bakomo¹⁶⁸ and the excitement of Père Henry:¹⁶⁹ “My home.” “Not your prison?” “No. Yonda is my prison.”

Arrival. Dinner in the mission and afterwards the fathers played a card game, with three packs which they called Matches. You could deal 5-11-15-20 cards, and the stakes were

¹⁶⁷ Not Phineas but Phileas Fogg, one of the protagonists in Jules Verne’s Around the World in Eighty Days (1872).
¹⁶⁸ Correct spelling “Bokuma”; see note 127.
¹⁶⁹ Henri Vanderslaghmolen; see notes 46 and 127.
made with matches. The total stakes must not
equal the number of cards in the hand, and one
must make exactly the number of tricks staked
neither more nor less. As there are three aces in
each suit etc., they have orders of value
according to the colours of the pack, red white
and blue.

A disturbed hot night in spite of the pill.
Dreamed angrily of Anita\(^{170}\) and yet I have never
thought of her angrily.

Conrad’s Heart of Darkness still a fine
story, but its faults show now. The language too
inflated for the situation. Kurtz\(^{171}\) never comes
really alive. It is as if Conrad had taken an
episode in his own life and tried to lend it, for
the sake of “literature”, a greater significance
than it will hold. And how often he compares
something concrete to something abstract or
vague. Is this a trick that I have caught?

It was curious tonight to think what
professions one would have attributed to these
fathers if one had not known – only one man in
a soutane. Fr Georges\(^ {172}\) the captain, resembles
very closely many young officers of the Legion
one has known in Indo-China; Fr Pierre\(^ {173}\) rather
resembles W.G. Grace or perhaps Huxley; the

\(^{170}\) Björk; see note 92.

\(^{171}\) Main character in *Heart of Darkness*. Interestingly, Greene’s appreciation is remarkably similar to a confession Conrad himself had made about Kurtz fifty-eight years earlier in a letter to Ford Madox Ford’s wife Elsie Hueffer of 3 December 1902: “What I distinctly admit is the fault of having made Kurtz too symbolic or rather symbolic at all” (Conrad cited in Frederick R. Karl and Laurence Davies, eds. *The Collected Letters of Joseph Conrad, Vol.2: 1898-1902* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1986), 460.

\(^{172}\) Léonet; see note 164.

\(^{173}\) Wijnants; see note 47.
others I would have divided between young doctors and dons (in the last category would have come the Austrian\textsuperscript{174} who was a prisoner of the Americans after the war – he cannot talk quite comfortably of Germany. Incidentally Martin Bormann’s son\textsuperscript{175} is somewhere here in the bush). A kind of euphoria among the fathers. Continual jokes and laughter. Only one young man (one of the few beardless) a little quiet and self-contained.\textsuperscript{176} Does this continual badinage and college humour go on through all the years?

| A mission is a little like a consulate. There is always a portrait of the new Pope and a portrait of the bishop. |
| Can I make a value out of this euphoria, the continual jests and laughter around the enigmatic and unresponsive figure of X?\textsuperscript{177} |
| Feb.13. Bokuma\textsuperscript{178} |
| Woken by the sanctus bell from the deckhouse. Breakfast at the mission and then a walk with Fr |

\textsuperscript{174} Ludwig Vogel (1914-1991), MSC-missionary. Not an Austrian but a German from Bavaria. One of the very few non-Belgian priests of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart working in the region.

\textsuperscript{175} Martin Bormann (1900-1945), Adolf Hitler’s private secretary. Greene here refers to Bormann’s son, Martin Adolf Bormann Jr. (1930-2013), godson of Hitler. Converted to Catholicism at the age of seventeen, Bormann Jr. studied theology and was ordained a priest in 1958 in the Austrian-German branch of the congregation of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart. Strangely, Bormann went to the Congo for the first time only in May 1961 (see Martin Bormann, \textit{Zwischen Kreuz und Fetisch: Die Geschichte einer Kongomission} (Bayreuth: Hestia, 1965), which means that he could not have been in the region during Greene’s 1959 visit. An explanation for this anachronism in Greene’s diary is found in the fact that Bormann’s entrance in the congregation in Europe and his being prepared for work in the missions of the Congo had already raised some dust among missionaries and colonials in and around Coquilhatville. Either the priests or Greene himself picked up the news and misinterpreted it, believing Bormann had already arrived.

\textsuperscript{176} Edouard Vanderpooten (1921-1999), MSC-missionary.

\textsuperscript{177} Greene will indeed make value out of this in \textit{A Burnt-Out Case}.

\textsuperscript{178} See note 127 and map in introductory sections.
Pierre[^79]. People who ran up to him to shake his hands: they could not understand why I did not speak their language[^80] – he had to explain: others who knelt and crossed themselves. A girl with beautiful heavy breasts made me aware of how sex was returning after the satiety of Brussels[^81] slowed by the heat and the strangeness but returning. Another girl with nipples like billiard balls. The strange realisation that at Yonda one was never shaking hands: I had got used to the sick and the contagious.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The almost deserted fishing village where a man and a woman were squeezing the juice out of sugar cane: the sap enclosed in a leaf and then twisted by a piece of wood into a trough. Bees swarming round the fibrous sap, but apparently they seldom sting. The father lifts his soutane and takes a leap over a colony of red ants on the march. Hybiscus flowers.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>From the boat planks are being unloaded and wood taken on board.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I don’t know why but a recurring dream of mine comes back to mind, that my mouth is full of vegetation, which I drag out in great handfuls and there is always more to come.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Longing to get away from this mission station, but now at 11.30 they have only finished unloading the planks and begun on the fuel. This probably means lunch at the mission: another</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[^79]: Van den Cruyce (see note 47), one of Greene’s fellow passengers on the steamer.
[^80]: Lomongo was the local language of the Congolese. The MSC-Fathers had (varying degrees of) knowledge of it.
[^81]: Referring to the week spent with “Tony” in Brussels before leaving for the Congo; see my introductory sections.
[^82]: In order to avoid reference to his affair with Tony; see my introductory sections.
meal of raillery in incomprehensible Flemish\textsuperscript{183} and hardly more comprehensible French.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Melancholy shows signs of returning, perhaps because of my dream. Anita\textsuperscript{184} too much in mind. The relationship with Tony too superficial to act as an anodyne when she is not there, and C.\textsuperscript{185} too far away.</th>
<th>JR. omits Anita too much .... too far away.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The woman on the pontoon washing and pounding her cotton sarong, the sarong she wears catching between her buttocks: a memory of Fotis stirring the pot in The Golden Ass.\textsuperscript{186} Fourteen days since I said goodbye to Tony in Brussels.</td>
<td>JR. in The Golden Ass. Fourteen days since I left Brussels.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The lovely smile of black women and the flirtation of their eyes. What silly prudence has kept one from an African copulation to add to English, American, Anglo-Indian, French, Swedish, German, Russian, Dutch? (I write as though I had really deliberately collected nationalities!).</td>
<td>JR. omits What silly prudence ... collected nationalities!)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At 2.10 p.m. at last away. Terribly hot. Uneasy siesta.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>After an hour and a bit stopped at a village Ikongo\textsuperscript{187} to buy cooking pots. A lovely young woman in green with a fish. Photographs.</td>
<td>GGgp. to a fish adds footnote I asked Father</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

\textsuperscript{183} As mentioned in note 77, all the missionaries Greene met in the Congo were from Flanders, the Flemish-speaking northern half of Belgium. Their native language was Flemish, knowing and using French as a second language only, and speaking it with a (sometimes strong) Flemish accent. That is why Greene calls their French “hardly more comprehensible.” In A Burnt-Out Case, this observation and irritation returns more than once: “This was the moment for talk in garbled French or garbled Flemish if they were going to talk, but they never talked much” (Part I, Chapter I); see also Part II, Chapter I, Part IV, Chapter I.

\textsuperscript{184} Björk, see note 92.

\textsuperscript{185} Catherine Walston (née Crompton, 1916-1978), relation with Greene from 1946 onwards.

\textsuperscript{186} Ancient Roman novel (2nd century), also known as Metamorphoses by Apuleius. Photis is one of the characters.

\textsuperscript{187} Correct spelling “Ikenge”; see map in introductory sections.
Gathering storm. Fr. Henri\(^{188}\) bathes. Thunder and lightning and heavy rain and the steam blew a joint as we prepared to leave. Held up for the night. The captain\(^{189}\) stretched in a deck chair and read his breviary. Fr Henry walked up into the village to tell the people there would be Mass in the morning. The captain went fishing. A lovely fresh evening.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>When the lamps were lit some old woman came creeping in to confession.</th>
<th>Georges(^{190}) whether perhaps I could buy her as a wife for the trip, but he explained that it would be hardly worthwhile. Any child would belong to the mother and for the birth she would return to her family. If I still wanted her then, I would have to put down the marriage price all over again.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The accident to the pipes has happened on Friday Feb. 13(^{th}). Has there been a Friday Feb. 13 since 1942 when I fell down an open drain in Lagos?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 14. On the River Ruki. In the early morning (6.10), as we start after two Masses the river smokes with mist near the bank. Up before light when the siren blew at 5 to signal mass. A lamp lit procession came down from the village. The captain said the first Mass. Men working in the engine room came in for the elevation and went back to work again. Eggs and bacon for breakfast and the captain skinned one of the rabbits Fr Henri brought on board yesterday in a hutch.</td>
<td>The seminary had quite a rabbit farm. Father Henri, who had a touch of cruelty, had named one rabbit Brigitte Bardot(^{191}).</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

\(^{188}\) Vanderslaghmolen, see note 46.
\(^{189}\) Léonet, see note 164.
\(^{190}\) See note 164.
\(^{191}\) See note 46.
The book moves a little. Opening: the doctor and the burnt-out cases: a bitter discontented man, tired of the raillery of the priests, unable to do what he wants to do: a hard smoker of cheap cheroots. This the opening. Query to turn to the boat and X in passage down the river or to carry straight on to his arrival? I incline to the first.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Is the doctor perhaps married? To a foreigner – the same nation as X? As X’s past comes out the doctor becomes obsessed by jealousy. It is he, and not one of the priests who worms the past out of X and misunderstands. If it is to be a choice between X and the doctor, of course the mission have to choose the doctor. Who is, au fond, a good man. Spoiled by frustration, that’s all. So the man who is seeking a new form of love finds a new form of hate.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The African hair which looks as though it will never grow enough to demand any effort in fact needs constant attention. A barber is always at work on the pontoon with comb and safety razor blade, scraping, while his client holds a mirror constantly before him to see the work as it is done.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The boat all the way escorted by butterflies.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

192 See note 145.
193 French for “in essence.”
| Reading The Roots of Heaven, an admirable book if only it were not quite so obviously modelled on the language and method of Conrad. A French Marlow. One searches the forest for a sign of life, other than butterflies, rather as one searched when a child those puzzle drawings in which a human face was concealed. Ingende at lunch time. Walked up with Fr Henri and posted letters. By the beach a notice in French, Flemish and Indigène: “Zone of Sleeping Sickness. Be careful of the tsetse fly.” The photograph above the bishop’s bed – that I now sleep in – of a church or cathedral covered in snow. At the end of ‘The Burnt-out’ we have a jealous husband (without reason for jealousy) who drives X away from his attempt at rehabilitation. But the doctor’s wife pursues him to Coq, Leo, Brazzaville, who knows with the sentimental idea of “atonning”. She understands as little as her husband. She offers herself and of course he doesn’t want what she offers – which to the husband is the worst insult of all. He kills him and she becomes the heroine of a crime of passion in a classic African scene. What cannot be read at the trail for it would destroy the picture is X’s last letter – to one of |
|---|---|---|
| 194 Les Racines du Ciel, French novel (1956, English translation 1957) by Romain Gary (1914-1980). 195 Charles Marlow, the fictitious frame narrator in Heart of Darkness (as well as in some other stories by Conrad). 196 See map in introductory sections. 197 French for “indigenous (language).” In this case, Lomongo; see note 180. 198 Coquilhatville; see note 44. 199 Leopoldville; see note 33. |
the priests at the leproserie, or perhaps to his mother who had never burnt out, or to both. Am I going too far from the original vague idea: am I beginning to plot, to succumb to that abiding temptation to tell a good story? Yet I feel that X must die because an element of insoluble mystery in his character has to remain. Of course he could simply walk off like an early Chaplin.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>the priests at the leproserie, or perhaps to his mother who had never burnt out, or to both. Am I going too far from the original vague idea: am I beginning to plot, to succumb to that abiding temptation to tell a good story? Yet I feel that X must die because an element of insoluble mystery in his character has to remain. Of course he could simply walk off like an early Chaplin.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Arrived at Flandria around three. Two fathers came on board and drove me to Lipscomb’s, the manager of United Africa Factory. Ex-Indian Army officer still young. At first sight something snobbish and overbearing about him - but he grows on me, and there must have been something in the young officer to attract and hold his intelligent and very pretty wife. Two children at Coquilhatville; two small ones who greeted us – it was unfortunately the hour of the Saturday siesta. The small boy’s birthday had been the day before and at once he told of his presents – hammer, saw, nails, and showed with pride what he had made: a doll’s bed, a stool, a bird-house. The small girl stood on her head and was sick. Drank a great deal of beer. A travelling salesman for a beer company turned</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Arrived at Flandria around three. Two fathers came on board and drove me to Lipscomb’s, the manager of United Africa Factory. Ex-Indian Army officer still young. At first sight something snobbish and overbearing about him - but he grows on me, and there must have been something in the young officer to attract and hold his intelligent and very pretty wife. Two children at Coquilhatville; two small ones who greeted us – it was unfortunately the hour of the Saturday siesta. The small boy’s birthday had been the day before and at once he told of his presents – hammer, saw, nails, and showed with pride what he had made: a doll’s bed, a stool, a bird-house. The small girl stood on her head and was sick. Drank a great deal of beer. A travelling salesman for a beer company turned |

---

200 R. Van den Brandt; see notes 54 and 75 above.  
201 See map in my introductory sections.  
202 Chris Lipscomb (?-2003), English plant manager working in the Congo for Unilever.  
203 Coquilhatville; see note 44.
up unexpectedly. We made a rendezvous with the boat and then drove round the estate. The mill – nothing wasted: all that is not crushed into oil is fuel for the furnaces: no other fuel required. A smell of stale margarine. Huge areas of forest clearance like a scene on the Western Front. Platforms have to be built some eight feet up the great trees to cut them off above the big ribs. The cook who had leprosy in the feet and had to be dismissed because of the children and who wept.

The boat punctual at the rendezvous looked very beautiful coming round the bend of the river into the sunset-stained reach.

A very hot night in the deckhouse because we had to have the verandah doors closed for steering in the dark, so I went to bed early and had bad jealous dreams of C. 204 mixed with a sapphorous threesome scene in a bed involving Tony but quite unlike Tony.

A lot of singing in the dark: they sing the events and characters of the journey. It is possible opening to begin with a native song: “Here is a man who is not a father nor a doctor. He comes from a long way away and he goes to [blank]. He drinks much and he smokes and he gives no man a cigarette.”

---

204 Catherine Walston; see note 185.
unconsciousness – the end will be imposed. But if a book is started in the wrong way, it may never be finished. I can remember at least three novels I have abandoned, and one abandonment at least was caused by a wrong opening. So one hesitates a long time before taking the plunge – whether one is to sink or swim depends on that moment.


We travelled all night and I only woke at 6 to find the first Mass nearing an end.

I can never get used to the beautiful even colour of the young African women – the most beautiful backs of any race. Here are elaborate crossroads of partings on the scalp, the hair is twisted in thin cords to form a kind of bird cage. The big toe is often made up.

What Lechat told me our last evening about suicide among leprologists – a common phenomenon. The doctor who soaked his house and himself in petrol and then set himself on fire. The doctor who injected himself with an enormous dose of serpent serum.

The bitter doctor of my story – Dr Colin – breaks out on this subject – “and perhaps you are waiting for me to kill myself.”

No such bitterness was ever shown in the book by Dr Colin – the case of a character who would not conform to...
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The sisters who sometimes resent leprosy being cured. “It’s a terrible thing – there are no lepers left here.”</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Stopped for a quarter of an hour at a village. The maison de passage\textsuperscript{205} with its strange medley of objects: a crucifix, a Catholic prayer book and magazine, a Protestant mission paper, a coloured pin up of Jane Russell\textsuperscript{206} which turned out to be the backing of a looking glass made in Hong Kong.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The healthy-mindedness of the young have now robbed men of their periodic rest: where we used to have four or five days, we cannot now expect more than two.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What a mysterious week that last week in England and Brussels was.\textsuperscript{207} A girl of 29, married two years to a man of 28 whom she loves, the first affair since marriage. (There are technical reasons to believe that). Then why and so easily? The mystery that surrounds her motives and character – the mixture of juvenility and the sophisticated, even corrupt surroundings attract one like fire. Whatever her motive how ready and how sweet she was, and how she lifted me out of the hopeless broken-backed state I was in after leaving Anita.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I missed this morning’s crocodile – of course the first instinct of Fr. Georges\textsuperscript{208} was to</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

\textsuperscript{205} French for “guest house for transit passengers.”  
\textsuperscript{206} Jane Russell (1921-2011), American actress and singer.  
\textsuperscript{207} This entire paragraph refers to his affair with “Tony”; see my introductory sections.  
\textsuperscript{208} Léonet, the captain of the steamer, see note 164.
Bernard W. Griffin (1899-1959), archbishop of Westminster, UK, from 1943.

See map in introductory sections.


Shoot at it as he shot at the cormorant, and I couldn’t detect the fishing eagle he pointed out on a tree stump.

Now it’s a heron and this time the captain’s aim alas is true. It flaps and tries to rise and sinks into the water. The boat is put about. I can’t help remembering Cardinal Griffin at a dinner at Dick Stokes’s opposing a Blood Sport’s bill because the animals were created for man’s pleasure and use.

Remember: the dog at Mass. The captain sitting in the verandah doorway, the dog behind him, chatting to the black crew below.

With the dark we came to Imbonga and another Fr. Henri, with untidy red hair and bloodshot eyes and little red beard. I liked him. Sitting drinking in the deck house by lamplight one touched the right mood. Went on shore to eat and sleep, but slept very badly. Also visited the sisters and the priests insisted on arranging a car to take me to the leproserie 7 kms. away, but I had my own intentions.

Ate Fr Georges’s heron for dinner, but I mistook it for rabbit.

Feb. 16. Imbonga

---

210 See map in introductory sections.
After breakfast walked to the leproserie, with a guide to help me to a fork after 2 kms. of forest. After he left a big monkey, red with a long tail, leapt across the path ahead. The leproserie is 1 hr. 5 minutes which was brisk walking. Three villages saw round them all with the black infirmier and his two assistants. The main village very well laid out with room for three lines of traffic if there had been any traffic with a wide alley of palm trees down the middle. The lepers brushing the dust. There remain even today nightmare cases. Went into one hut divided into two rooms: the inner room completely dark – one could just distinguish a pot and hear the sounds of human movement. Then there emerged an old woman on hands and knees (if you could call them hands), like a dog, unable to raise her head, just crawl towards the sound of human voices. The only word I knew was Ouané – bon jour – a stupid phrase in that context. A cheerful old man at the beginning of the village waves his stumps and lifted mutilated feet. I was dashed eggs for which I paid and had a cheerful leper to carry them and walk back with me – bad lesions on the forehead and one eye nearly closed. Unmarried. He had been six years in the leproserie.

Siesta interrupted by arrival of car and so unwillingly because it was siesta time and I had seen all I wished, back to leproserie (my camera

---

212 French for “male nurse.”
213 In Lomongo, the local language, wâné literally meaning “day.”
214 French for “good morning.”
stuck and I had to leave it behind). It was amazing that a car could get there along the last part of the route – the narrow paths and the narrow bridges, but it did.

| GGJR. to but it did adds footnote I had the forest outside Imbonga in mind when I described Querry’s search for Deo Gratias, mingled perhaps with memories of the deeper forsts of Liberia. |

Later after seeing round the mission a storm broke and out of the rain emerged a regional officer\(^{215}\) and a young doctor\(^{216}\) (with a copy of The Third Man), who had arrived by what they call here a cannot\(^{217}\) as distinct from pirogue – we would call it a motor boat. So people seem to emerge in Africa – out of the vastness for a night, whisky and 421. The captain, Fr. George, became a great bore and suddenly one sees the secret of his gun and his continual hunting: a homosexual disguising himself as a tough, and now (quite innocently naturally) out to impress the young doctor. Back to the boat to sleep, but slept badly. A belief that I had mice in my mattress. And Anita\(^{218}\) back in my thoughts. I suppose she represented a whole way of family life that I was trying to recapture and so she remains the unattained dream of peace.

| GGJR. The captain ... doctor. becomes The captain, Father George, became a great bore with his exaggerated attentions and suddenly I thought I saw the secret of his gun and his continual hunting: a homosexual disguising himself as a tough, and now (quite innocently naturally) out to impress the young doctor. JR. a homosexual first copied, then typed over by her with x’s. JR. omits And Anita back in my thoughts. I suppose she represented a |

---

\(^{215}\) Unidentified.
\(^{216}\) Unidentified. Must be a doctor from another locale than the leprosery at Imbonga, as the latter had no permanent qualified doctor at that time (see also GGJR in 16 February entry).
\(^{217}\) Correct spelling canot, French for “small boat.”
\(^{218}\) Björk, see note 92.
whole way of family life that I was trying to recapture and so she remains the unattained dream of peace.

Fr. Henry\textsuperscript{219} talking of African materialism had a good school story. The master was showing his class a globe and telling them about the earth and the countries on it. Then he asked for intelligent questions. A boy at once put up his hand. “How much did the globe cost?” “I want intelligent questions.” Another boy puts up his hand. “What’s inside it?”

Fr. Henry’s whimsical passion to torment the cat of the mission and the dog in small ways.

Feb. 17. On the River

Off again and glad to be back on the boat. The whole river, much narrower now, steams a foot from the surface. Along one edge the white nenuphars stand like birds. A few small crocodiles lying along the fallen branches and diving as the boat passes.

The Lipscombs lent me The Tiger in the Smoke\textsuperscript{220} – a most absurd unreal story by Margery Allingham. It didn’t even pass the time: it was an irritation.

An ibus to add to my natural history list.

Lusako.\textsuperscript{221} We take on wood. The madman in the red fez and the yellow green robe wearing a crucifix, a dagger and a big plaque and carrying papers with a great air of importance.

\textsuperscript{219} Vanderslaghmolen, see note 46.

\textsuperscript{220} The Tiger in the Smoke, crime novel by Margery Allingham (1904–1966), first published in 1952 with Chatto and Windus.

\textsuperscript{221} See map in introductory sections.
Obviously nothing can go on without his presence. Like ourselves he believes himself to be in control. Once he knelt and crossed himself. Like ourselves too he is in control under God. The pretty young girl who goes ashore and stands alone rubbing her back and buttocks against the tree stump.

The madman gets cross with the labourers and comes on to the pontoon: he hands his papers to the captain – a guide for the use of infirmières, plans of the blood stream and the digestive system. When I try to photograph him he poses at the tiller.

Remember: the innumerable questions on the road Africans exchange and then go opposite ways asking and replying without even turning round, their voices carry so clearly.

The madman gives his last instructions as we prepare to put off, then retires to the hut on the bank, and someone obediently surrenders the one deck chair. He seats himself, crosses himself; thanks to him everything is in order. There is something Parliamentary about him. Then he stands on the point of the shore waving us on. He wears smoked glasses, but there is only one lens left, and as well as his medical handbook and an official envelope, he has a tin box – holding what?

Reading The Cruise of the Nona. I cannot like Belloc. He exaggerates everything.

---

222 Infirmières, French for “female nurses.”
223 This “African habit of speaking” and the way it is copied by the Belgian Fathers sets a scene in Part I, Chapter II of A Burnt-Out Case.
224 The Cruise of the Nona by Hilaire Belloc, 1925.
He talks a lot about Truth, but there is no truth in his feelings. When he exaggerates his hatred he may achieve a rather crude comic effect, but when he exaggerates his feeling for what he loves, we are aware of his fundamental falsity. Certain he wants to believe, but does he?

| After close on three weeks my mind runs too much on sex: of the fifteen “honest” women I have been to bed with: of the fifty odd [tarts?] perhaps half a dozen had some importance. But over the years only two people stay in my blood, though most of the fifteen in my affection: Catherine and Anita. I [fear?] to add Tony to those two. | JR. reduces After close ... Tony to those two to. After close on three weeks my mind runs too much on sex. Over the years only two people stay in my blood. | GGgp. crosses out After close on three weeks my mind runs too much on sex. |

In the evening heard over the radio news of disturbances in Brazzaville: one feels that European Africa is rapidly disintegrating. To hear it 300 miles within the bush is a little like one of the stories by Ray Bradbury.

Went to bed early. We pulled up about 10 for the night at Wako.

Feb. 18. On the river.

A good night thanks to the supponeryl which I had left in the fridge. Stopped at breakfast time and a colon came on board – a little man in glasses who is married (really married) to an

---

225 That is, other than prostitutes.
226 Catherine Walston and Anita Björk, see notes 185 and 92.
227 The woman Greene had an affair with before leaving for the Congo; see introductory sections.
228 Ray D. Bradbury (1920-2012), American screenwriter and author of science fiction and fantasy stories.
229 Correct spelling “Waka”; see map in my introductory sections.
230 Correct spelling “Waka”; see note 229.
indigène\textsuperscript{231} who only speaks her own tongue. Four children and of course all the relatives, but it matters little – he has made his choice of living his whole life in Africa.

\begin{tabular}{|p{10cm}|p{10cm}|}
\hline
At 9.15 we stop again by a beach and the captain rides off into the bush on a bicycle to find if possible a cargo from a colon, for the boat is empty. &  \\
\hline
Belloc’s attack on Parliament\textsuperscript{232}: if one were a man of Belloc’s temperament one would suspect him of having been bribed to attack Parliament for the \emph{wrong} reasons so that people might forget the real issue – which is not the corruption of individual ministers or members. &  \\
\hline
Now started rereading David Copperfield.\textsuperscript{233} Surely the first two chapters are supreme in the novel: untouched even by Proust or Tolstoy. One dreads the moment when Dickens will fail as he always fails – with exaggeration, whimsicality or sentimentality. How perfectly the idyll of Yarmouth is put in, with the menace of Mr. Murdstone in the background. &  \\
\hline
This afternoon has been too hot, with the river narrowing to fifty yards or less. Now at 5 Fr George,\textsuperscript{234} the captain, sits stringing a rosary,\textsuperscript{235} and Fr Henri plays patience. The book stays &  \\
\hline
\end{tabular}

\textsuperscript{231} French for “indigenous person.”

\textsuperscript{232} See notes 224 and 339.

\textsuperscript{233} Novel (1850) by Charles Dickens (1812–1870). The West-English town of Yarmouth appears in the novel; Murdstone is David Copperfield’s stepfather.

\textsuperscript{234} Léonet; see note 164.

\textsuperscript{235} The captain in \emph{A Burnt-Out Case} (Part I, Chapter I) “sometimes, sitting down at the dining-table with a box of beads, [...] would set himself the task of manufacturing cheap rosaries.”
stationary in my mind.

A colon couple with their child came on board after dinner.

Feb. 19. On the river

A lot of tsetse flies with their nasty little jet-styled wings.

Sad dreams last night of Anita. In two and a half years I have not dreamed so frequently of her, but perhaps this indicates the beginning of a cure – because I think of her less with my conscious mind. In my dream I had to visit her on some point of business: she was back in a flat and a man was there whom I was uncertain about: my successor or a brother? We were ill at ease together, and I no longer found her beautiful. I was reminded a little in her eyes of Vivien. Perhaps the association here was in my attempt for the only time since my marriage to settle in a family life. She seemed like Vivien over concerned with the objects in her life – the decoration of the home, and perhaps indeed Anita might have developed that quality if she had not been saved by her vocation as an actress.

Père Georges has just shot – it took two balls – a beautiful fishing eagle. He always shoots a sitting target, never one on the wing. The bird was only wounded. The boats stops. An African swims ashore and finishes the bird off –

JR. entirely omits Sad dreams last ... as an actress.

\[236\] Björk; see note 92.

\[237\] Vivien Greene (née Dayrell-Browning, 1904-2003), Greene’s spouse (married 1927).
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Reading a difficult (for me) odd book La Forêt Veuve by Silvagni about Brazil. Fine description of a kind of country brothel – two women and musicians to each house and an elaborate ceremonial.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>“Il faudrait être le dernier des cons et des salauds pour les appeler putains, les Dames Amies. Ou alors, putain, c’est le plus beau compliment qui peut être fait à une femme, à une vraie femme, par un vraie mâle.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catherine and Tony, bed, putains, Anita not – perhaps that what was wrong.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little birds blue black in colour like swallows.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Into the 8th day and I really feel I’ve had enough. I’d like to be transported into a bathroom in the Ritz in Paris and then to a dry Martini in the bar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arrived about four at Wafanya. One priest, the superior there, the others away.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

238 *La Forêt Veuve* (1958) by Giulio Cesare Silvagni (1900-1984), Italian author who wrote in French. The title would translate literally as “The Widow Forest.” In French the title is a pun that does not work in English, *veuve* meaning “widow,” which Silvagni implicitly contrasts with the French phrase *la forêt vierge*, which literally means “the virgin forest” and which is the standard French term for “rainforest.”

239 French for “One should have to be the ultimate jerk and bastard to call them ‘whores,’ the Lady Friends. Or else, ‘whore’ is the nicest compliment a real man could give to a woman, a real woman.” Probably a quote from Silvagni’s *La Forêt Veuve.*

240 French for “whores.”

241 Greene is recounting a dream he has had.

242 See map in introductory sections.

big untidy mission and a big untidy man with a cigar. Very very hot. 30° even at sunset. Decided to sleep on boat.

| GGJR. to at sunset adds footnote 86° Fahrenheit. |

The three Assistance Social women\(^{244}\), and Fr Octave\(^{245}\), from the leproserie came for drinks in a Volks Wagen and I said I would spend the weekend with him. A far more sympathetic man of peasant-farmer stock.

| GGgp (ML). changes A far more sympathetic man to A very sympathetic man |

Feb. 20. Lombolumba\(^{246}\)

Lombolumba\(^{247}\) means a clearing in the forest and a leproserie is that, picturesquely studded with rounded hills covered with foliage which are the work of the termites. Drove out early with the fathers of the boat and walked all round till well after ten. Terribly hot. Great sense of width and airiness in spite of the heat. A childrens' home where the children are segregated from birth – the mothers come twice a day to feed them and have little desks with cleaning material so that they can clean them. Neither the women nor the small children in this region attractive. The poor little wasting creature, four years old, without speech, crouched in a womb position on a bed in an empty dormitory, as small or smaller than a year old child, and a permanent unresponding misery on his face. Fathers allowed to visit on Sundays.

| The fathers from the boat departed. |

\(^{244}\) Belgian lay social workers in a Foyer Social (see note 123).

\(^{245}\) Octaaf Everaert (1914-1998), MSC-missionary.

\(^{246}\) Correct spelling Lombolombo, the name of the leprosery near Wafanya; see map in introductory sections.

\(^{247}\) Lombolombo.
obvious loneliness of Fr. Octave\textsuperscript{248} made him very sympathetic. Reads cheap romans policiers.\textsuperscript{249} Caffard\textsuperscript{250} particularly in the evenings. After my siesta we walked again, but it was almost unbearably hot, into the forest, to his favourite pond. He had built a small bench there to sit on. Then the boat fathers turned up again (Fr. Henri\textsuperscript{251} ill from the sun) and there was 421. At 7.15 rosary in a little out of door chapel by the light of candles. Memo: in the church the lepers benches are made of cement to make them easier to wash down.

Supper with the “demoiselles”;\textsuperscript{252} then for my benefit the school band came with torches and the boys put on a kind of show. So much more psychological help given here than at Yonda. Flower gardens planted too. Everything to raise the spirits. All day as we walked around questions shouted as to who I was. The father replied a big fetishist. Played 421 with the father and the demoiselles till after 10. A huge spider in my room and woken by a real tropical storm which did not stop till 6.

To my delight, for I am tired of all this, it was agreed that the boat should start back after lunch at Wafanya.

\textsuperscript{248} Everaert, see note 245.
\textsuperscript{249} romans policiers is French for “detective stories” or “whodunnits.”
\textsuperscript{250} Correct spelling cafard, French word denoting the depressed state of mind. Here it in particular refers to such state of mind occurring among whites chronically stressed by the humidity and heat in the tropics.
\textsuperscript{251} Vanderslaghmolen, see note 46.
\textsuperscript{252} Referring to the Belgian lay social assistants working in a Foyer Social at a leprosery (see note 123).
Feb. 21. Lombolomba. Encouraged by the thought of going. Walked around, taking photographs for the sake of appearances, drinking beer, talking with increasing difficulty (how it adds to the fatigue of a tropical journey to struggle with a foreign tongue), played 421 and lost every game. (It almost makes one superstitious to watch how the priests always win). At last it was 11.30, time to go to Wafanya, the whole company – demoiselles and all. One of the other priests arrived, a fat doctor and his fat wife who have adopted a black child as unattractive as themselves. At last – 12.45 – off with a lot of deck passengers, goats etc. Half an hour later stupidly struck a snag in mid-steam and bent the rudder. Now we are tied up to the bank in the forest, the rudder must be unshipped, a fire lit, and perhaps it will be possible to straighten it. Frustration and heat! The long fingers of the palm leaves quite still which in the smallest suspicion of a breeze begin to play like fingers on a piano.

For Book.
“The passenger wrote in his diary: ‘I am alive because I feel discomfort;’ He was uncertain why he kept the diary. Perhaps – ‘I feel fear, but it is of small things: the cockroach in my cabin....’”

---

253 Correct spelling “Lombolombo.”
254 Greene spoke French with the missionaries and colonials all the time during his stay (except occasionally with Father Henri Vanderslaghmolen, who knew some English, see note 46).
255 French for “secret service.”
Sat for relief from the heat on the pontoon in the dark while the captain fished. The stars became visible one by one and the large vampire bats went creaking over the forest. Difficult to sleep at first because of all the livestock.

Feb. 22. Sunday. On the River

Got off at last about 6.15. Woke with a very sore throat. Mass. A tall rather insolent looking African had a prayer book with small holy pictures, including a film star dressed as a cowboy.

   Today at 9 it is dark and cool and stormy, but to make up there are quantities of tsetse flies. Almost too dark to write.

   The storm broke heavily and has been going on for an hour and a half. Somewhere behind is the Otraco\textsuperscript{256} boat slowly overtaking us.

   11. Still raining. Besow\textsuperscript{257} for cargo. Three old boats, two upturned, on a tiny beach and two women sheltering under one from the rain. The

\textsuperscript{256} The Belgian Congo’s public transportation company, see note 135.

\textsuperscript{257} A place on the Momboyo river, between Wafanya and Waka; see map in introductory section.
passengers come down from the bush. The Otraco boat overtakes us – thank goodness, I’m not on it. The only place for the first class passenger is to sit apart from their small cabins a tiny open portion of deck above the engines and very hot. One Congolais huddles there now. The waiting passengers shelter themselves under the big leaves of plantains. We have to retire and make room for Otraco. The cargo here being a very small one and uncertain we go on to Bokoko\textsuperscript{258} for fear the cargo there might be taken by Otraco.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The three goats in the bow: the little one who is butted backwards and forwards between the others.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mr. Gourmont,\textsuperscript{259} the young planter at Bokabu,\textsuperscript{260} who had his first holiday in Europe after twelve years. Two daughters in Belgium, two small sons with him and a baby in his home. He brought a copy of The P. and G.\textsuperscript{261} for me to sign.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

\textsuperscript{258} Unclear; maybe Makoko, at the juncture of the Loile and the Momboyo; see map.

\textsuperscript{259} Probably René Gourmet (not “Gourmont”; years of birth and death unknown). A Belgian private planter who had his plantation on the Loile (see map in introductory sections) and who fits Greene’s description. May have been en route to Coquilhatville, from where he would board a plane to Leopoldville and from there to Belgium for his holidays.

\textsuperscript{260} Unclear.

\textsuperscript{261} *The Power and the Glory* (1940).
“The doctor said,262 “He was what I would call a burnt-out case.263 There was no contagion left. If we had tests for minds as we have for leprosy the results would have been negative. He was mutilated of course and we don’t spend time and money in arranging for these people occupational therapy. (we know how the sisters have taught Gratias Dei264 to knit sweaters even though he has no fingers.) All the same I think this man had almost found his own, until these fools – these interfering fools.....”

“Aren’t you a little hard on the woman,” the youngest priest asked.

“Am I? She’s the proudest woman in town. And the happiest. I feel tempted to tell her about the letters, they would be a disappointment to her, but then after all my business is only with the lepers.”

Wrote the above final sentences in the middle of the night. I wonder whether I shall ever reach them. The book is changing out of all knowledge. The doctor now is not directly concerned: a bitter commentator. It is a plantation manager, a colon, jealous and stupid, and his wife, pretty and stupid, who bring on the disaster to C.

---

262 Greene is trying out sentences for his novel. Part I, Chapter II and Part V, Chapter II of A Burnt-Out Case indeed contain some reprocessed versions.

263 See note 145.

264 Deo Gratias; see note 149.

265 A Burnt-Out Case, Part VI, Chapter III: Dr. Colin to the Superior: “The fools, the interfering fools, they exist everywhere, don’t they? He had been cured of all but his success; but you can’t cure success, any more than I can give my mutilés back their fingers and toes.”
with surnames, C was the only initial that struck me as possible, since I had already used D in The Confidential Agent. Why none of the other twenty-two letters were possible, I don’t know: C somehow had the only quality possible.

How few letters there are one can use in place of a name. K. belongs to Kafka, D. I have used, X is self-conscious. There remains C. Can I avoid names altogether for the principals as I did in the P. and G.?  

“The doctor looked at C. with astonishment: the man had actually perpetrated a joke.”

**Feb. 23. On the River**

A cool day so far. Still a bad throat and some rhumatism. Somebody last night left on board a copy of Orient Express, for me to sign. We lay at Waka. The colon we were expecting on board was ill with fever. Woken in the night by the noisy arrival of the Otraco boat, and then kept awake by animal noises from the hens,

---

266 See note 104.
267 *The Power and the Glory* (1940).
268 Becomes the final sentence of Part II in *A Burnt-Out Case*.
270 See map in introductory sections.
Dreamed that I was concerned in some kind of Red Indian war. We were supposed to leave the Indians in peace for the night, but the men on guard shot and killed one, so an attack was expected. I loaded two revolvers of an old fashioned kind and felt an odd confidence and peace.

Back to Lusaka and the madman waving the ship on with the help of a looking glass. Then after lunch Ingomba and the same mission. Oh, how quickly tired one gets with the company of acquaintances. I long to be with friends again. But nearly three weeks

---

271 Correct spelling “Lusako”; see map.
272 Correct spelling “Imbonga”; see map.
273 “the same mission”: Greene and his fellow passengers had stopped at Imbonga on the outbound trip, on 15-16 February (see that entry).
274 “acquaintances”: his fellow passengers on the steamer, Fathers Henri Vanderslaghmolen, Pierre Van den Cruyce, and captain Georges Léonet (see notes 46, 134, and 164).
275 Referring to Dr Lechat and his family back in Iyonda.
Worried about Tony. It would be better if she turned wise. I have an awful inability to refuse, and tenderness has crept already into what began as a game I never expected would turn serious before I left England. To risk her marriage and mine (for I feel married to Catherine)\(^{276}\) is absurd, for neither of us are deeply engaged. And after terrible years – and an attempted break with Anita,\(^{277}\) I know just how deeply I am engaged to Catherine. The only person in my life who has given me everything to its height – even unhappiness. Every other relation becomes a shadow.

The Otraco boat catches us up before bed at Imbonga. It had ran on the same snag and injured two propellers.


Just another day of 421 and “jollity” and killing flies. Arrived at Flandria\(^{278}\) around 9 and Lipscomb\(^{279}\) met the boat. After beer on board sat up till nearly midnight drinking whisky and the sheer pleasure of talking English\(^{280}\) to two intelligent people again.\(^{281}\)

---

\(^{276}\) Walston; see note 185.

\(^{277}\) Björk; see note 92.

\(^{278}\) See map in introductory sections.

\(^{279}\) Chris Lipscomb, the English palm oil and margarine plant manager in Flandria; see note 202.

\(^{280}\) As mentioned (see notes 77, 129, and 183), Greene was obliged to talk French all the time in the Congo, with Dr. Lechat, the colonials, the missionaries (except Henri Vanderslaghmolen), which put him under strain after a while.

\(^{281}\) Lipscomb and his wife. Throughout the diary (and the novel) Greene’s disillusionment with what he felt to be the missionaries’ low level of sophistication is a constant.
Feb. 25. Flandria
A wet day and read and talked and drank till after midnight: an orgy of pleasant social life.

Off by car with Fr. Jules.\textsuperscript{282} Stopped on the way – against my will – to see a young administrator who paints pictures\textsuperscript{283} – not very well and has published a volume of verse. Arrived at Yonda at mid-day and it was nice to run at once into Lechat and have lunch with them. He had obtained his new mattresses for the hospital, but the next day he found the patients lying on the floor. They told him that the Sister had told them that they couldn’t lie all day on the mattresses or they would wear them out!

An enormous mail and piles of newspapers. One letter from C.\textsuperscript{285} and one from Tony. The good news from Cyprus may have put an end to that relationship – I’m sorry even though I know it’s for the best. For once there will be only pleasant memories. Not even one quarrel in that week. In my absence I was invited to lunch at Buckingham Palace, but thank God, I was away. The trouble is it may occur again.

Fr. Henri\textsuperscript{287} turned up in the evening.

| An enormous mail and piles of newspapers. One letter from C.\textsuperscript{285} and one from Tony. The good news from Cyprus may have put an end to that relationship – I’m sorry even though I know it’s for the best. For once there will be only pleasant memories. Not even one quarrel in that week. In my absence I was invited to lunch at Buckingham Palace, but thank God, I was away. The trouble is it may occur again. |
| Fr. Henri\textsuperscript{287} turned up in the evening. |

---

282 Jules De Knop (1906-1985), MSC-missionary.
283 Edward Lernout (1931-2019), colonial officer at sub-district (“territorial”) level; painter and poet in his free time.
284 See my note 275. While traveling on the river, Greene had been annoyed by his fellow passengers and had strongly missed the Lechat couple.
285 Catherine Walston; see note 185.
286 It would, namely on 11 March 1966 (see R. Greene, 368).
287 Vanderslaghmolen, see note 46.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dinner in the old routine with the fathers and Fr. H. and I introduced the Superior288 and Brother Joseph289 to the delights of 421.</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A commission on leprosy to meet in Coq290 under the hon. Presidency of the Governor291 which consists of the local Chief,292 a nurse who has had no experience of leprosy and a local doctor ditto. No invitation to Lechat.</td>
<td>JR. omits and a local doctor ditto as well as No invitation to Lechat. GGJR. adds No one invited from Yonda.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Feb. 27, Yonda.

The old routine except that I no longer bother to go to the Congo to read.293

Shopped in Coq and bought some native cottons, and a bottle of champagne for Mme Lechat.294

Lechat spoke to me about the beautiful nun.295 As I would have expected she is a young woman of good birth, family of means, with a university education. He said, “I prefer a sister with some failings. She has none;” I asked

| JR. Lechat spoke to me about the beautiful nun. becomes Lechat spoke to me about one of the nuns remarkable for her beauty. JR. she is a young woman of good birth becomes she is of good birth |

---

288 Pierre Wijnants; see note 47.
289 As Hulstaert noted, the only Brother present in Iyonda at that time was Brother Sigesbrand Werkhoven (see note 48). Greene most probably refers to Father Joseph Jacobs; see note 313.
290 Coquilhatville; see note 44.
291 A. De Valkeneer, see note 43.
292 Probably J. Bofonge; see note 116.
293 During his first stay in Iyonda (i.e., before making his trip on the Ruki-Momboyo), Greene went out every day to the bank of the Congo River to read; see note 49.
294 Edith Lechat’s birthday is 1 March. She turned 27 that day.
295 G. Matthys; see note 122.
whether she was a leprophil. No, he said, she would be equally content to go anywhere and do anything under obedience. Completely efficient too. You can almost tell that from her hands on the steering wheel of the bus. Absolutely free from sentimentality.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>He spoke of a leproserie in French Guiana where the lepers are nearly all old convicts, and of the strange man who helps there who is a burnt-out case psychologically – my X in fact. It is in the wilds and one has to hire a plane and a jeep to reach it. Founded by Mère Javoskey whose life by Georges Goyau I have begun to read.</th>
<th>GGJR. changes – my X in fact to – my C in fact.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I was tempted to delay my book and to visit French Guiana in case it offered a better mise-en-scène, but I realized I would have to stay far longer in an unfamiliar region. Indo-China had cost me four visits which I could only afford by acting as a war correspondent, and I had chosen Africa for the reason that I was already fairly familiar with the West, after three months in Liberia before the war, and fifteen months in Nigeria and Sierra Leone during the war – negro.</td>
<td>GGgp (ML). changes He spoke of ... in fact to Reading of a leproserie in French Guiana where the lepers are nearly all old convicts and of a strange man who helps in another leproserie not far away who is a burnt-out case psychologically – my C in fact.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

296 See note 71.
297 The leprosery of Acanouany in northwest French Guiana.
Africa whether west or central has much in common.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Purchases of equipment for the leproserie. In the catalogue Fr. Pierre\textsuperscript{299} sees the picture of a bidet unknown to him previously. He sees it as the ideal footbath for ulcers and wants to order twelve, telephoning to Coq on the matter. Others had to explain to him that a bidet has other uses.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 28. Yonda.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Visited the leprosy dispensary and (completely empty) hospital in Coq.\textsuperscript{300} A contrast to Yonda, for here there is everything and not a single in-patient. But my main purpose was to meet the “dispensaire,”\textsuperscript{301} Mll. Andrée de Jongh, G.M., a war heroine who is said to have smuggled nearly a thousand allied airmen out of Belgium before she was traced by the Germans and sent to a concentration camp.\textsuperscript{302} She still looks young, though over 40, with humorous pretty eyes. She said she had picked up her accent from having had as English teachers all the British Commonwealth – Canadian, Australian, and some American.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

\textsuperscript{299} Superior of the mission Wijnants, see note 47. Greene uses this scene of Wijnants mistaking bidets, of which he sees pictures in a magazine, for footbaths, twice in A Burnt-Out Case (Part III, Chapter II, and Part IV, Chapter I).  
\textsuperscript{300} Coquilhatville, see note 44.  
\textsuperscript{301} French for “helper at a health center.”  
\textsuperscript{302} Correct spelling “Andrée De Jongh” (1916-2007), legendary member of the Belgian resistance during World War II. Received the George Medal (Greene’s “G.M.”) from the United Kingdom for having led “the comet line,” a resistance network assisting British and other airmen and prisoners of war to escape from occupied Belgium and return to the UK. In total the network helped about 600 soldiers and officers to return to England, 118 of which De Jongh personally accompanied on the trail through France and Spain. She was conferred the title of Countess by Belgian King Baudouin in 1985.
English. I couldn’t help feeling a pride when she said that The Power and the Glory had had a great influence in converting her to Catholicism after the war. (She had put up a crucifix in the dispensary). A mysterious woman – one longs to know the background to her celibacy. There can be no such thing as a secret life in Congo. She is said to have a wild but quickly burnt out temper and a book has been written about her by an Englishman, Airey Neave, called Petit Cyclone.<sup>303</sup>  

| English. I couldn’t help feeling a pride when she said that The Power and the Glory had had a great influence in converting her to Catholicism after the war. (She had put up a crucifix in the dispensary). A mysterious woman – one longs to know the background to her celibacy. There can be no such thing as a secret life in Congo. She is said to have a wild but quickly burnt out temper and a book has been written about her by an Englishman, Airey Neave, called Petit Cyclone.<sup>303</sup> | JR. omits A mysterious woman – one longs to know the background to her celibacy. There can be no such thing as a secret life in Congo. GGJR. to called Petit Cyclone adds footnote The doctor of the hospital who imagined that I was interested in his empty wards treated her like any subordinate: sending her to fetch cups of tea for us and allowing her no opportunity to join in the conversation. I asked L. when we got home to invite her to Yonda.  

---

| White birds are called Piques–Boeufs.<sup>304</sup> | GGJR. crosses out White birds are called Piques–Boeufs.  

---

| The vegetation floating down the Congo is water jacinth. A serious threat to navigation. The army engaged in destroying it by poison, and the poison used is said after a time sometimes to send a man mad. Evening drive with the doctor round a plantation and afterwards to a village, Ikengo<sup>305</sup> to watch the sun set spectacularly across the Congo. Single pirogues pass across its path returning from fishing. The deep blue green of the plantation: ferns growing out of the pineapple bark. | GGgp. crosses out is water jacinth  

---

<sup>303</sup> *Little Cyclone* by Airey Neave (1916-1979), published in 1954 with Hodder & Stoughton. As MI9 officer Neave had been actively involved in liaising with the comet line in occupied Europe.  

<sup>304</sup> French for “oxpecker.”  

<sup>305</sup> Some 15 kms south of Iyonda.
After dinner went out with Raymond Wery, a police officer, round the African bars till 2 in the morning. Polar advertisements. White jockey caps with Polar. The public women – lipsticks that take a mauve tint, and skin under make-up that greys like mourning. The old madman with his torn shirt and woman’s hand bag. The intellectual questioning the good faith of Belgium but confused when I introduced Ghana. No real news of the world for the African. The huge dispute outside the last bar because a woman had drunk the beer in a man’s glass. The two women who solicited: “There is lots of gonorrhoea and syphilis. We are safe.”

Back with Wery for a whisky [and ice?]. He praised the character of Scobie as really representing a colonial police officer. Home at 2.45 and tomorrow’s expedition to a lake cancelled. The young debater in the bar – the thin fine hands of the African. One felt in him an element of trust in the sincerity of the white man’s argument, and a fear and confusion because he did not wish to disbelieve his own theories. Another man might not have listened.

| Raymond Wery (1923-?), deputy police superintendent (sous-commissaire de police) in Coquilhatville since 1956. Unclear why JR (see middle column) changes his first name to “Roland,” as Raymond is correct. Reid’s error remains uncorrected in fp. |
| Henry Scobie, protagonist of The Heart of the Matter. |
| Referring to George Orwell’s rather negative review of The Heart of the Matter in The New Yorker of 17 July 1948 (see also R. Greene, 176). |
The mission station with leprosery Greene visited on 15-16 February and 23 February.

Ikenge on the Ruki-Momboyo; see map in introductory sections.

| took one bizarre form – after a hanging at which he had to be present he could not eat meat for a fortnight (this spoilt for him the Christmas of 1942). |
| Remember: Injections are the same medicine as D.D.S.\textsuperscript{309} conveyed in oil to slow the effect. They are an alternative to the tablets, more expensive and taken less frequently. Once a month. The doctor now gives two tablets two or three times a week, not daily, and there is no need for a monthly intermission. He intermits only at such times as are convenient. The sister’s annual retreat etc. Vitamin tablets (B.12?) were given as at Imbonga\textsuperscript{310} because it was believed that D.D.S. caused anaemia, but the doctor now believes the cause to be such complaints as hookworms. “It is cheaper to give them lavatories.” |
| The town councillor at Ikenge\textsuperscript{311} who seeks work but can’t get any because of his illiteracy. The other councillors say he is a bad man because he can only have been elected because he is a witch doctor and made a medicine (from the bark of trees etc.). The witch with the red bark make-up carrying a bell outside the market. |

\textsuperscript{309} See note 94.

\textsuperscript{310} The mission station with leprosery Greene visited on 15-16 February and 23 February.

\textsuperscript{311} Ikenge on the Ruki-Momboyo; see map in introductory sections.
Cafard, French for depression; see note 250.

Joseph “Jef” Jacobs (1924-2003). Model for the anxious, doubting, egocentric Father Thomas in A Burnt-Out Case, the only priest who annoys Querry with higher spiritual questions and doubts of faith, and “the only priest in the leprosery with whom the Superior felt ill at ease” (Part IV, Chapter I), and of whom Greene himself later wrote that he symbolized “an unsettled form of belief” (G. Greene, Ways of Escape, 195). Greene’s description, here in the journal, of Father Joseph Jacobs has been confirmed to me by other members of the congregation, knowing him generally as prone to complaining and as someone suffering from character instability and from doubts about the meaningfulness of his vocation.

Georges Michielsen (1911-1958), MSC-missionary. Hulstaert adds this information on him: “In actual fact, [he drowned] on 30 July 1958 while bathing in the Congo river at Iyonda, a daily routine. [...] He sent many items to the Africamuseum in Tervuren. To say that he did nothing at the mission is a great exaggeration” (496-97).

March 1st Yonda, Sunday.

The doctor in the novel: “Occasionally he became conscious of the smell of the Africans around his table, and his heart moved quickly as it had done on his first day in Africa.”

---

312 Cafard, French for depression; see note 250.
313 Joseph “Jef” Jacobs (1924-2003). Model for the anxious, doubting, egocentric Father Thomas in A Burnt-Out Case, the only priest who annoys Querry with higher spiritual questions and doubts of faith, and “the only priest in the leprosery with whom the Superior felt ill at ease” (Part IV, Chapter I), and of whom Greene himself later wrote that he symbolized “an unsettled form of belief” (G. Greene, Ways of Escape, 195). Greene’s description, here in the journal, of Father Joseph Jacobs has been confirmed to me by other members of the congregation, knowing him generally as prone to complaining and as someone suffering from character instability and from doubts about the meaningfulness of his vocation.
314 Jacobs; see note 313.
315 Georges Michielsen (1911-1958), MSC-missionary. Hulstaert adds this information on him: “In actual fact, [he drowned] on 30 July 1958 while bathing in the Congo river at Iyonda, a daily routine. [...] He sent many items to the Africamuseum in Tervuren. To say that he did nothing at the mission is a great exaggeration” (496-97).
316 See note 315: Greene refers to what at that time was called the Royal Museum for the Belgian Congo, located in Tervuren near Brussels. After independence it was renamed “Royal Museum for Central Africa,” and since 2018 “AfricaMuseum.”
Yet a resembling sentence in *A Burnt-Out Case* is “in all the years he [Doctor Colin] had never become quite accustomed to the sweet gangrenous smell of certain leprous skins, and it had become to him the smell of Africa” (Part I, Chapter II).

**Footnote:** A sentence which does not seem to have been used in the book.\(^{317}\)

---

**Hangover:** stayed in bed till nearly 8: cup of coffee: lunch with the fathers: a long siesta: reading *The Wilder Shores of Love*\(^{318}\) – a terribly overwritten book: down into Coq\(^{319}\) with L. and a beer at the smaller restaurant. The man married to a mulatteress\(^{320}\) who had lost his little girl in an air crash because she hadn’t got the necessary stamp of the health service in her passport and had to follow on a later plane. Mass (of a most unreligious kind): everybody turning their chairs and themselves as in a dance, so that one felt a partner of the woman in front. Most unattractive colonial types, I should add. The usual low benches a few inches high, for the Africans.

**Footnote:** Story of a customer there married to a

**GJR.** changes The man married to a Story of a customer there married to a

**Footnote:** The man married to a

**GJG.** crosses out Story of a customer there ... on a later plane.

**JR.** omits I should add

---

Discrimination has taken a turn the other way. The white man pays more than the black for his radio licence: in the courts unless there are witnesses the word of the black – that a white man has struck him say – is always taken against the white, which leads to a kind of blackmail. L. speaks of the masochism of Europe – the letters many nuns received even from fellow religious in Europe on learning the events in Leopoldville – “we have brought it on ourselves.” No realisation of the work selflessly done for the

**Footnote:** The masochism of Europe – many nuns received letters from Europe on learning the events in Leopoldville – “We have brought it on ourselves.”

---

\(^{317}\) Yet a resembling sentence in *A Burnt-Out Case* is “in all the years he [Doctor Colin] had never become quite accustomed to the sweet gangrenous smell of certain leprous skins, and it had become to him the smell of Africa” (Part I, Chapter II).


\(^{319}\) Coquihatville; see note 44.

\(^{320}\) *mulâtresse*, French for “woman of a black and a white parent.”
Africans.

The bustles of the black women: these are partly caused by a sort of necklace of plastic rings they wear round their hips next to the skin. The richer they are, the more their necklaces. A sexual significance. Do they wear them during intercourse?

Birth control here not the problem. The African a dying race owing to the sterility of the women due to gonorrhoea. The doctor recently had a girl of 8 with gonorrhoea.

March 2. Yonda.

“Within limits of normality, every individual loves himself. In the cases where he has a deformity or abnormality or develops it later, his own aesthetic sense revolts and he develops a sort of disgust towards himself. Though with time, he becomes reconciled to his deformities, it is only of the conscious level. His sub-conscious mind, which continues to bear the mark of the injury, brings about certain changes in his whole personality, making him suspicious of society. Even if we strip leprosy of all its stigma, a leprosy patient will develop all these complexes arising out of the disfigurement.”

R.V. Wardekar

Within limits of normality becomes
Within limits of abnormality

GGJR. to R.V. Wardekar adds
footnote This quotation from an essay

---

321 R. Ranchandra Vishwanath Wardekar (1913–1996). Indian doctor and leprosy specialist, founder of the Gandhi Memorial Leprosy Foundation. Wardekar and Lechat would later become close colleagues, and in 1990 they jointly received from the same Foundation the International Gandhi Price for their groundbreaking research on leprosy and leprosy treatment (see Meeuwis, “Lechat”). This quote is from a pamphlet on leprosy by Wardekar that, as Greene adds in a later footnote (see GGJR in the next column) he found in Lechat’s library in Iyonda, and which he used as an epigraph to A Burnt-Out Case. Neil Sinyard wrote about Greene’s choice of this epigraph: “This seems to be more than a comment on the leper or...
even on the central character, Querry; it is nothing short of an expression of the tormented state of mind of the author as he embarked on that novel, alluding to his self-disgust, his social alienation and a perceived psychological, rather than physical, deformity in his own personality.” See Neil Sinyard. *Graham Greene: A Literary Life* (Houndmills: Palgrave, 2003), 81.

322 Jacobs; see note 313.
323 French for “male nurses.”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>I read at Yonda in the doctor’s library provided met with an epigraph for A Burnt-Out Case.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Père Joseph speaks of the row which started between one of the infirmiers and his wife at 5:30 this morning. These rows can often be heard all round at any hour of the night. They are partly the results of a virtual enslavement of women. As secondary education has only been started for girls in the last few years an educated African can find no woman of equal education to marry. But the resentment to the slave imposes also a kind of slavery on the man. As the woman does the heavy work she can make life very unsupportable for her master.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JR. Père J. speaks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The dispensary: the burnt out case: no toes on one foot, two on the other: both thumbs gone. Treatment for psychological reasons only.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The child brought in with fever. The doctor exposes on the breast the mark of where a knife has been used to cut the skin and insert native medicine. He is angry with the woman and she puts the blame on the grandmother.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paraffin wax baths for palsy: temperatures must be just right – patient cannot feel the heat. Danger of fire. Wax used over again because of expense.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GG JR. cannot feel the heat owing to the atrophied nerves.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

208
| Palsy of the eyes: can be treated by having the eyelids stitched up, but the patients often refuse. |
| Back to dispensary after short siesta: the man who had had leprosy in the testicles and one breast dangled like a woman’s. He was being treated very satisfactorily with 1906, but the sweet baked smell of sloughed leprous skin filled the dispensary. |
| In the evening Mlle de Jongh and a friend in for drinks. The Little Cyclone was quite ready to talk about her war experiences and much came out that was not in the book. She and her organisation were betrayed by two American pilots who were told by the Germans that they would be shot as spies if they did not prove they were officers by reconstructing every stage of their journey from the plane. Americans in general she found very lack luster in escaping: they all thought that there must be some easier way of getting to Spain, and none of them knew how to walk. She said the Americans would say that it was impossible to go further: the British that they were very tired but would go on until they could go no further – which never happened. The same applied to Canadians. She obviously preferred the British. Her two worst escapees however were Belgians who had to be carried two hours at a time by her contrebänder. |

---

324 See note 109.
325 Andrée De Jongh; see note 302.
326 French for “smuggler.”
while she and three airmen (two American and one British) were holed up in a farmhouse waiting for his recovery they were spotted by Vichy police. She owed her life to the fact that she was handed over under an assumed name to the German Air Force police who did not realize that she was the notorious de Jongh for whom the Gestapo were searching. As a result of the American betrayal the whole escape route was destroyed, several people were executed including her own father, and more than a hundred went to concentration camp.

The characters Geoff (Australian) and Jim (British) who had a friendly bickering rivalry. Jim was wounded and G. insisted that he jump first. He hadn’t fastened his parachute properly and it was whirling away from him when he caught it with one hand. Jim was baby-faced and Geoff tough. Geoff carried Jim and said that never again would he carry an Englishman. Jim said that he would never allow himself again to be carried by an Australian. A doctor gave Jim an injection which he said would enable him to walk the two miles to Waterloo. But at Waterloo they were given bicycles and told to straight on to Brussels. At Brussels two railway tickets intended for two men who had been captured were ready for that

---

327 Town near Brussels, Belgium.
night, so poor Jim had to be off again. The guide was told to take a camp stool and to see that the wounded man sat on it if the train was crowded, but as Geoff had got a burn on his face the guide thought that he was the wounded man and made him take the seat. Neither Geoff nor Jim could speak French so that they couldn’t put the mistake right, and every time Geoff tried to give up his seat he was ordered down onto it again. Only in Paris outside the station when Jim fainted did the guide understand his mistake. Within a week of being shot down they were back in England and Geoff was killed on his next sortie.

She spoke always as though all had been a joke and these happy years – only once did she refer to nervous strain. She was funny even about the concentration camp where five people were allotted 80 centimetres of space for sleeping, so that they had to fit themselves together sideways and when one turned all turned. One night she heard a very bourgeois Brussels voice saying indignantly, “Look at her. Sleeping on her back like a queen.”

The noise of the insects outside: “There is never any silence in the Congo, except for an hour in the afternoon when it is too hot to enjoy it.”

Then she spoke of the wonderful silence of the Pyrenees at night.

---

328 In *A Burnt-Out Case*, Greene will draw twice on this observation made by De Jongh: “As usual there was no silence. Silence belonged to cities” (Part II, Chapter I) and “there was no silence [...] Only for an hour or so, in the midday heat, silence fell, the siesta of the insect” (Part II, Chapter IV).
I asked her why she had come to the Congo. “Because from the age of 15 I wanted to cure the lepers. If I delayed any longer it would be too late.”

She became a Catholic in 1947.

March 3. Yonda.
D.D.S. sometimes has the effect of making a patient temporarily mad. The patient who asked to have his hands bound because of his desire to attack people “I told him that at eight o’clock you will feel worse. At eleven o’clock worse, but a few more hours and you will feel as you do now, and after that less....” The patient was able to hold on.

The new ointment which has a very quick effect: there have been cures in a few months: but so abominable a smell that it makes people sick. The cures have to be reinforced of course with D.D.S.

The man without toes and with one testicle the size of a large ball who cohabits with an ex-polio patient who has only tiny paralysed legs and can only crawl. They have a healthy child. He is a Catholic catechist.

The man with no nose, a terrible claw hand and mutilated feet.

The child from the bush who had lost a toe from jiggers.
Lepromime used to determine the resistance of an undetermined patient to see which course the disease will take. | GGgp(ML): corrects Lepromime to Lepromine
---|---

March 4. Yonda.

- Tomorrow start for home. A little disappointed by the silence of T. The doctor after reading La Gama has a bad night and dreams we all have an accident in the car.
  - JR. omits Tomorrow start for home. A little disappointed by the silence of T. fp. La Gama is corrected to La Gana
- Drive to Lake Bukaru Drinks with the second man at the botanic station and then on and had lunch with a huge fat old colon with a beautiful child, a retired veterinary officer.
  - GGJR. crosses out entire paragraph Drive to ... veterinary officer.
- Felt a bit tired with sun and atmosphere very heavy. Awful duty drinks with the Governor and his wife. Mme V. gave me lessons in how one should write a novel, showing her method of taking notes for her next work. Then with them to the burgomaster and his wife to sign their “Golden Book”, bought a bottle of champagne and relaxed with the L’s.
  - GGgp(ML). crosses out the word Awful
  - GGgp(ML). crosses out Mme V. ... next work.

---

329 Correct French spelling *lepromine* (see also GG in right column), in English “lepromin.” It is the name of a skin test, performed by injecting an inactive leprosy bacillus under the skin, to determine the patient’s type of leprosy.
330 Tony; see my introductory sections.
331 *La Gana*, 1958 novel by Douassot; see note 108.
332 Lake Bikoro, also known as Lake Bikoro-Tumba or Lake Tumba. About 110 kms south of Coquilhatville. See map in section 2 above.
333 Albert Jussiant (1898-1971), a retired veterinarian who published some articles on tropical veterinary medicine. As Lechat wrote much later in what he called his “tardy exegesis” of *A Burnt-Out Case*—an unpublished but noteworthy new analysis he made of the novel in 1996—it is during this visit to Jussiant and his much younger wife on 4 March 1959 that the latter recognized Greene from his picture on the cover of an issue of *Time Magazine* (issue of 29 October 1951) the Jussiants had in their home library. This scene is revived elaborately in Part II, Chapter II of *A Burnt-Out Case*, where Querry is recognized exactly by Rycker’s equally younger wife Marie from a photo on the cover of *Time*.
334 See note 43.
335 S. De Valkeneer, the Province Governor’s wife; see note 43.
336 See note 113.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A terrible thing about these officials if one is tired is that the drinks are never ready. There is always a pretence that one has come for sheer sociability. After five minutes the hostess gets round to suggesting a drink, but it is a quarter of an hour before glasses and bottles are found.</th>
<th>GGgp(ML). crosses out entire paragraph A terrible thing ... bottles are found.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>March 5. Léo.</strong></td>
<td>JR. changes Léo into Leopoldville GGJR. crosses out Leopoldville</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A quiet morning, spinning out The Road to Rome which I don’t dislike as much as when I was a boy (it is more forgivable than The Voyage of the Nona, for he was a young man who may be allowed to cut a dash): I have to be careful, since I am running short of books.</td>
<td>GGgp. changes The Road to Rome to The Path to Rome</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The number of bicycles possessed by the young Africans. They are stacked outside the dispensary as they are stacked outside a Cambridge college.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seen off by Lechat family, an awful woman from the Service Social whom I had been avoiding, the Governor’s wife whom I had hoped I would never see again, Père Henri and the charming Andrée de Jongh</td>
<td>GGgp(ML): crosses out entire paragraph Seen off ... Very hot.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>337</strong> Short of “Léopoldville,” the Congo’s capital; see note 33. <strong>338</strong> In the morning of 5 March, Greene was still in Iyonda and Coquilhatville, from where he took a plane to Leopoldville in the afternoon. <strong>339</strong> The Path to Rome, by Hilaire Belloc, first published 1902. <strong>340</strong> The Cruise of the Nona, by Belloc; see note 224. <strong>341</strong> See note 82. <strong>342</strong> Service Sociale, French for “social service,” the public office which organized, among others, the Foyer Social; see note 123. <strong>343</strong> S. De Valkeneer; see note 43. <strong>344</strong> Vanderslaghmolen; see note 46. <strong>345</strong> Resistance member Andrée De Jongh; see note 302.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
and her girl assistant. Very hot.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>and her girl assistant. Very hot.</th>
<th>and her girl assistant. Very hot.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Arrived Leo.346 Met at terminus by [Mannagen?]347 who took me to hotel. The longed-for bath, disturbed only by two telephone calls and a written message. Driven out by a friend of M’s to dinner there and found him heavily engaged in killing two puppies out of a litter of nine. The usual interminable Belgian delays before a drink and they never seem to have ice laid in, even in the best and most friendly households. A young professor of economics with his 22 year old Irak wife whom he treated relentlessly (she looks about 35) and the lovely Mme [Binod?]348 and her husband. Home after reckless driving at midnight.</td>
<td>JR. Arrived Leopoldville. Met at terminus by M who took me to hotel. JR. entirely omits Driven out by ... reckless driving at midnight.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lunch with [Barons?] Griendl.349 Danish consul350 and his wife. A local pederast. My hostess a bien pensant351 who likes Charles Morgan352. I did my best to shock her a little. Usual trouble with a journalist. Made an appointment for tomorrow evening when I shall</td>
<td>JR. entirely omits Lunch with ... her a little.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

346 Leopoldville; see note 27.
347 Same person (“one of the rich young aristocrats of Leo”) Greene had met in Leopoldville on 1 February; see that entry.
348 The “beautiful young wife—the long crossed thighs in her tight blue jeans” whom he had also met on 1 February; see that entry.
349 Probably Baron Albert Greindl (1914-1991), Director of l’Office Belge du Commerce Extérieur pour le Congo Belge et le Ruanda-Urundi (“Belgian Office of Exterior Trade for the Belgian Congo and Ruanda-Urundi”). Greindl had written a letter to Dr. Lechat on 19 February 1959 while while Greene was travelling on the Ruki-Momboyo, asking him to request Greene to have lunch with him and maybe other guests on his way back through Leopoldville (Letter in archives Michel Lechat, folder 6).
350 Greindl is not the Danish consul. This Danish consul and his wife (names unknown) must have been present at the lunch, too, in addition to Greindl.
351 Bien pensant, French for “right-thinking person.”
be gone.

O the would-be writers. Out to drinks with a pathetic tired man, the head of the Govt. library called Dr [Deude?]. He had once written me a fan letter about his son and The Little Train. Married strangely enough to the third most attractive woman I’ve seen in the Congo. I invented a date at the hotel for 9.30 and driving me back he opened as they say his heart. It was his ambition to write – something creative if only a page or two, but now he was tired, sick and middle-aged.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>March 7. Brazzaville(^{353})</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Forced to give the interview I thought I was going to dodge, and caught a boat at 9.30. The tiny little port of Leo with the ticket kiosque, a douane(^{354}) who only looked at Africans, and a white immigration officer for whites. On the opposite side all black and no examination [either? even?] for whites. What opportunities even today for the white smuggler between African territories.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

\(^{353}\) Capital city of French Equatorial Africa, on the opposite bank of the Congo River, just across Leopoldville (Belgian Congo). Today the capital of the Republic of Congo.  
\(^{354}\) French for “customs officer.”
village and not a dull city.

Possible epigraph: “There are doorways and dust-heaps for such deaths, and such despair.” Dickens.

A quiet day. Took a taxi in the evening to a bookshop and bought the first vol. of the complete Goncourt Journals. Whisky by myself in my room. It’s nice, for a while, being alone.

Hinduism is a tropical religion: a reaction from indiscriminate slaughter, which only happens in the tropics. For every insect one kills in Europe, one must kill a hundred at least in tropical countries. One kills without thinking – a smear on one’s napkin or on the pages of one’s book.

Gave myself a good dinner and perhaps that caused the bad night which followed.

March 8. Brazzaville

Finishing David Copperfield. Is a picture missing or is my memory wrong? Surely there was once a picture of Steerforth on the wreck, or was the picture in my mind only?

---

355 Diaries kept by the brothers Jules (1830-1870) and Edmond (1822-1896) de Goncourt, totaling 22 volumes and relating literary and artistic life in Paris in the 19th Century. The de Goncourt brothers were writers and literature and art critics. The Prix Goncourt, a prestigious annual prize awarded in French literature, still bears their name.

356 By Charles Dickens; see note 233.

357 James Steerforth, character in David Copperfield. Handsome and disdainful young man.
Steerforth always attracted me, and just as when a child I was stirred by Mr. Murdstone\footnote{See note 233.} and his cane, perhaps the death of Steerforth helped to fix in me my fear of death by drowning.

The court of the hotel is haunted by poor young Africans whom some wretched European has taught to turn out “decorative” pictures of dancers on black paper – all the same designs. I suppose they sell some to tourists. This man was admired by the librarian in Leo who proudly showed me one of his pictures – no better, no worse, in fact indistinguishable except in size, from these pictures by the students. I suppose of his atelier. When one compares what he has done with the genuine art movement started by an American in Haiti, one is appalled at the waste and corruption.

I wonder who it was reading David Ogg’s \textit{England in the Seventeenth Century}\footnote{David Ogg (1887-1965), Scottish historian. Greene must be referring to his \textit{Europe in the Seventeenth Century} (first published 1923), or else to his \textit{England in the Reign of Charles II} (1934) or his \textit{England in the Reigns of James II and William III} (1955).} in Brazzaville airport?

English papers of March 7 on the plane.

\textit{Libreville}:\footnote{City in French Equatorial Africa, now the capital of Gabon.} pretty little airport all trees and water like a country railway station. Back in the West in sight of the Atlantic. A big party going on to see an African going off to Paris. Complete mixing, not only of black and white, but men and woman. Contrast here to Belgian Congo where women are still uneducated. A black priest. Black girls – very pretty ones – in
European clothes and short balloon skirts. Too great a cordiality and shaking of hands and noisy affability. Colonialism in hurried and undignified retreat. Cf. the official retreat in B.C.\(^{361}\) and the orders not to “tutoyer”.\(^{362}\) One had the feeling though of the worst whites mixing probably with the worst blacks. Great number of half castes. A Swiss sharing my table pointed out one called Mackenzie. His father had made his money in timber, but his son had dissipated it. Wearing a white sporting cap. Nearly everybody drinking whisky at 4:30 in the afternoon. The stringy wet sweaty hair of white women. Inter-tribal trouble here too.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>At Douala(^{363}) met by Boucarut,(^{364}) Drinks with him and an American in the bar, and then with B. to my hotel. A nice genuinely air conditioned room with a lovely view of palms, forest and water. B. spoke of the Communist organisation which is fighting in the maquis – the leader was killed recently and B. has his lighter. The U.P.C. – Union Peuple Cameroun (?(^{365}) Representative in Moscow, Warsaw, Prague etc.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>JR. At Douala met by B.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JR. omits B. spoke of the Communist ... Prague etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GGgp. expands At Douala met by B. to At Douala met by B., an old friend from Indo-China.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Dinner (picnic kind) at the Beach Club. |
| JR. omits Dinner (picnic kind) ... leaving for France. |

\(^{361}\) Belgian Congo.
\(^{362}\) French verb, meaning to address someone using the informal \textit{tu} and \textit{toi} pronouns rather than the formal, polite-deferential pronoun \textit{vous}. 
\(^{363}\) City in French Equatorial Africa, now the largest city of Cameroon.
\(^{364}\) Paul Boucarut (1928–2013), French veteran of war and secret service officer. Greene had met him as a police officer in Indochina in the early 1950s. Boucarut was now a secret service agent in Cameroon, where he had moved with his Vietnamese wife Hô (see section 2 above).
\(^{365}\) The question mark is Greene’s. Correct name: \textit{Union des Populations du Cameroun} (“Union of the Populations of Cameroon”), Marxist pro-independence organization in Cameroon.
Mme Boucarut, a beautiful sight in her Indo-Chinese dress. Very pretty wife of a surgeon who spoke English well. Then on to a boat for more drinks, seeing off a couple leaving for France. A sense of pretty woman, dancing, gaiety, unknown in an English colony. Sensible clothes, good make-up. Then with Boucarut and another man to the Fregate – black prostitutes and a tiny dance floor. Young sailors standing drinks and dancing. One girl of great beauty with sad and humane eyes. I would have liked to have gone with her but for the fear of infection.

JR. Then with B. and another man to GGJR. Young sailors standing drinks and dancing, becomes Young French sailors standing drinks and dancing with the prostitutes cheek by cheek. GGJR. crosses out I would have liked ... infection.

JR. omits the 9 March entry entirely

gp and fp end with the 8 March entry.

---

366 Hô Boucarut, Paul Boucarut’s Vietnamese wife.
367 Frégate, French for “frigate.” Name of a bar-discotheque in Douala.