

will have to remember that photography has made great progress, and that very high standards have been set by the art book companies. A useful addition, particularly for the non-English reader of this book (I have the Americans in mind) would have been a map.

GEOFFREY WEBB

WHOM GOD HATH NOT JOINED, by Claire McAuley; Sheed and Ward, 7s.

The arresting title of this book does no injustice to its subject matter. In 160 moving, at times irritating, but always compelling readable pages it unfolds the story of an American couple who found after several years of married life that in the eyes of the Church there was no marriage and their stable loving and extremely happy union was nothing short of adultery. The authoress, who is the wife concerned, takes the reader through her years of trial and tribulation attempting to convince the Church and her husband that a brother-sister vow was possible and, in the presence of an immense love for God and for one another, workable. Her preoccupation with banal details wrapped in a flowery American style is at times irritating but there is never any doubt of her sincerity nor of the genuineness of her account. She demonstrates convincingly, with plenty of humour and poignancy, that although sex is a very desirable channel for love, mutual fulfilment between man and woman can be achieved in its absence. There is neither debasement nor aspersion cast on the intrinsic worth of sexual love; here is a simple but moving declaration that the Christian life implies sacrifice which at times must assume heroic proportions. The publishers can be congratulated for this book which should be on the bookshelf of every priest and married couple.

JACK DOMINIAN

I BELONG WHERE I'M NEEDED, by Elizabeth Reid; The Newman Press, \$4.50

This is essentially a journalist's book, a vivid, fast-moving account of what the author has herself seen, heard and experienced during her work for the Grail in Asia and Africa, beginning in Hong Kong in 1948 and ending in Africa in 1961.

She highlights her account with excellent pen-portraits of people, from obscure peasants to personalities like Tom Mboya, and illustrates her points with true stories, told with an effective and dramatic reticence. The dark background of human misery, of sickness, of starvation, of homelessness is described so vividly that it must surely compel attention. And her appraisal of some Afro-Asian criticisms of the West is very shrewd; every now and then, for an uncomfortable moment, she insists that we see ourselves as others, so unexpectedly, see us. Nor does she spare Catholics, whose 'dynamism is so often smothered'.

The sweep of the book is so wide that the reader is inevitably left with many