

Editorial : *Corrigenda*

'Finally, I would thank, had I not lost his name and address, a gentleman in America, who has generously and gratuitously corrected the punctuation, the botany, the entomology, the geography, and the chronology of previous works of mine and will, I hope, not spare his services on the present occasion.' Virginia Woolf's acknowledgment in the Preface of *Orlando* records an experience familiar to all authors and editors, even to those who cannot name Eliot, Keynes and Forster among their benefactors. *Philosophy* and its editor have reason to thank several readers who have written to add *addenda* or correct *corrigenda* in the pages of the journal. Professor D. M. Armstrong has pointed out that besides *Second Order*, described in the editorial of January 1974 as the first and only English-speaking philosophical journal in Africa, there is also *Philosophical Papers*, published at Rhodes University, Grahamstown. The Librarian of Exeter College Oxford was not the only reader to remind us that Lord Crowther-Hunt used to be Mr N. C. Hunt and not Mr J. C. Hunt (October 1975).

The latest and most welcome response to our imperfections is a set of the three issues of *Why?*, sent from the University of Western Australia by courtesy of Professor Julius Kovesi. It is gratifying to see that the quotations given in the April editorial were not seriously astray, though one of them was misattributed and slightly improved. We look forward to further help from friends new and old. In particular it would be delightful to receive a copy of *Mind!*, which is now even rarer than *Why?*

Meanwhile, drawing some comfort from the inescapability of the paradox of the preface, we return to our necessarily unsatisfiable aspiration after unqualified correctness. At least we can supply one omission of which no reader can have been aware. At the end of the last editorial it was intended, until exigencies of space made it impossible, to include a further paragraph. It now appears as the last paragraph of this editorial.

The most extensive and elaborate philosophical joke of all is accessible only to the traveller from San Francisco to Eugene, by Highway 101. Somewhere in Northern California or Southern Oregon the road crosses Whitehead's Creek, and then a little later comes Goodman's Creek, soon to be followed by Quine's Creek. So far the story is not without parallel, since near Melbourne there is to be found at least one Anderson's Creek. But the West has the last word: the creeks of Quine and Whitehead and Goodman, for all their fluency and force, all by various distances and in varying directions bypass the township of Riddle.