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**EDITORS’ NOTE**

_Evelyn Waugh Studies_ 45.3 represents the last number produced under the editorship of John Howard Wilson, Jr., who passed away on December 11, 2014. His loss opens up a tremendous void not only in Waugh studies and the work of the many scholars with whom John worked but also in the hearts and lives of all those who knew him as friend and ally. A fuller tribute to John will be forthcoming in these pages. In the meantime, our interest was in seeing the present issue through to publication without too much delay. Our own impact on it has been minimal. The Editorial Board has agreed that the two of us will act as interim co-editors until a vote may be taken on a permanent editorial arrangement, likely at the April _Complete Works of Evelyn Waugh_ conference in Leicester, UK. We are grateful for readers’ patience as we make the transition. Not even two of us could fill John’s shoes, but we will do our best to ensure that _Evelyn Waugh Studies_ carries on his work and does some justice to his legacy.

Jonathan Pitcher, _Bennington_

Patrick Query, _West Point_

**NEWS**

**Destroy After Reading: Selected Correspondence of Hugh Trevor-Roper and Lord Birkenhead**

Introducted and Edited by Jeffrey A. Manley

In 1944 Birkenhead (1907-1975) was briefly posted to Topusko, Yugoslavia, where Waugh and Randolph Churchill were stationed, and his memoir recalls that assignment.\(^1\) He was also the author of several books, including notably a biography of Rudyard Kipling. In 1964, as chairman of the Royal Society of Literature, Birkenhead asked Waugh to try to induce Graham Greene to accept a companionship. Greene refused; Waugh referred to Birkenhead as a “decent old buffer” (*Letters of Waugh* 619-20). Trevor-Roper (1914-2003) was an academic who first came to public attention with his book *The Last Days of Hitler* (1947). He went on to become Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, against the wishes of, *inter alia*, Evelyn Waugh (*Letters* 610; *Essays* 537). He and Waugh locked horns in the national press on at least three occasions, once in the *Tablet* and twice more in the *New Statesman*, each time regarding religion.\(^2\) Waugh also seemed to be prime mover in a Roman Catholic cabal aimed at removing Trevor-Roper from his academic posts.\(^3\) In 1979 Trevor-Roper was created Lord Dacre of Glanton, and a year later he retired from his Oxford professorship to become Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge. He thereby fulfilled Waugh’s 1954 pronouncement in the *New Statesman*: the only “honourable course” open to Trevor-Roper was to “change his name and seek a livelihood at Cambridge.”\(^4\)

In his essay “Fiery Particles” in the 1973 collection, Birkenhead explains that he knew both Randolph and Waugh to be difficult characters. He had known Randolph (his fag at Eton) since childhood and Waugh since Oxford. He believed “perhaps with optimism” that Waugh liked him, but their meetings were “intermittent” (138). His description of the Yugoslav sojourn focuses on animosity between Randolph and Waugh rather than Waugh and himself. His assessment of Waugh seems more balanced, even more positive, than that of Randolph. Comparing their courage, Birkenhead found Randolph to have been “stimulated by danger to a delicious excitement which accentuated a natural tendency to hysteria” while Waugh “remained calm, glacial and unmoved” (142). Waugh is described as “polite” to Birkenhead and relations were “happy.” Although Waugh exhibited “occasional disloyalties” to Birkenhead, these were

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\(^3\) Trevor-Roper describes this plot in a letter to Alasdair Palmer in *Standpoint* magazine.

\(^4\) *Letters of Waugh*, 644. According to his biographer, when Trevor-Roper delivered his farewell address at Oxford, he regretted that Waugh “was no longer alive to savor his little victory.” Sisman, *An Honourable Englishman*, 485.
“trivial and amusing” (150). Toward the end of Birkenhead’s stay, Waugh became “quiet, courteous and a trifle melancholy, and my affection for him deepened” (162).

The correspondence between Trevor-Roper and Birkenhead culminates in a letter from Birkenhead describing relations with Waugh in Yugoslavia in less flattering terms than he had used in the memoir. Birkenhead may have changed his mind after reading Waugh’s diaries describing the 2nd Earl’s drunkenness and lack of conversational skills, published in the Observer on 22 April 1973. Trevor-Roper seemed to cherish Birkenhead’s letter as a point against his rival and years later sent a copy with a letter to a colleague, Alasdair Palmer. He described his troubled relationship with Waugh, citing Birkenhead’s letter in support. Trevor-Roper considered the Birkenhead letter embarrassing to Waugh, and he asked Palmer to destroy it after reading lest it fall into the wrong hands, possibly those of Auberon Waugh. The letter to Palmer, dated 23 October 1986, was recently published in One Hundred Letters from Hugh Trevor-Roper, along with an edited version of Birkenhead’s 1973 letter. Trevor-Roper’s letter also appeared as an excerpt in Standpoint magazine, January/February 2014; Birkenhead’s was not included. Birkenhead’s letter about Waugh is reproduced in full below and, although less restrained than his essay, it seems milder than Trevor-Roper thought it was.

Those interested in Waugh’s mission to Yugoslavia may want to read a new book by Donat Gallagher and Carlos Villar Flor, In the Picture: The Facts behind the Fiction in Evelyn Waugh’s Sword of Honour. One chapter is devoted to Yugoslavia.

Lord Birkenhead to Hugh Trevor-Roper

Charlton, Banbury
29th April 1973

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

My dear Hugh,

Thank you so much for your letter.5 I was very glad to hear from you. I do not know exactly where you are now so I am sending this Oriol [sic] with a request to forward.6

5 Trevor-Roper had probably written to Birkenhead regarding publication the previous week of the selection from Waugh’s diaries relating to wartime Yugoslavia. That letter was not found in the Dacre Archive.

6 Trevor-Roper was Regius Professor of History and ex officio a Fellow of Oriel College, although he continued to reside at 8 St. Aldates in a house owned by Christ Church.
I was interested to hear what you had to say about the Evelyn Waugh diaries. This document is something of a scandal. Whatever you and I may think about the little swine, we cannot deny that in all matters relating to literature and to composition he was most fastidious. It is therefore impossible to believe that he ever intended these diaries to be published, certainly in the form in which they appear, many of them written when he was obviously drunk. His son, almost as odious as himself, but lacking in all his genius, has stated that he had nothing to do with it. One can, therefore, assume that his widow, Laura, was responsible, and I have been told that she received £13,000 for making herself so. It seems likely to me that she had never read these diaries because, if she had, she would have realised the injuries they inflicted on a great many of her own friends who, after about thirty years, were suddenly confronted with hideous misdemeanours, real or invented, of their youth, which they had every reason and right to expect had been long forgotten. I must say that I hope Laura did not read these diaries because if she had and still published for filthy lucre, she should be flogged round the Fleet.

A book is coming out in September, published by Weidenfeld, called *Evelyn Waugh and his World*. Chapters are contributed by various members of the *Brideshead Revisited* family and also by Father D’Arcy at whose hands I so narrowly escaped rape.7 I have also written a chapter which I venture to think describes the Yugoslav episode in a more vivid and accurate manner than Evelyn did in his diary. I will send you an advance copy and I hope that, if you have occasion to review the book, you will say something nice about my contribution, whether you think so or not.

I hope to see you hear [sic] again for lunch when you return—that is to say if you are away. In any case, I will get in touch with you shortly.

Yours ever,
Freddy8

These diaries have been a hideous anxiety. Those of us who knew him have waited for each Sunday with a shudder of terror for what the next installment of the feuilleton is going to contain!9

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7 This reference to Fr. D’Arcy is quoted by Trevor-Roper’s biographer; the incident might account for the abrupt and otherwise unexplained end of Trevor-Roper’s flirtation with Roman Catholicism in 1937. Sisman, *An Honourable Englishman*, 54.

8 Birkenhead’s full name and title: Frederick Winston Furneaux Smith, 2nd Earl of Birkenhead.

9 Excerpts from Waugh’s diaries appeared in the *Observer* newspaper in weekly installments from 25 March to 13 May 1973.
Lord Birkenhead to Hugh Trevor-Roper

Charlton, Banbury
18th October 1973

My dear Hugh,

I am sending you, under separate cover, the new book on your old friend Evelyn Waugh which has a contribution by me. I hope you will enjoy it—not the book but my contribution—and if you see a chance of saying anything about it in public, I should be extremely grateful. If you like it, that is.

Yours ever,
Freddy

Hugh Trevor-Roper to Lord Birkenhead

8 St. Aldate’s, Oxford
26 October 1973

My dear Freddy,

You are the only person who has ever made me—for a time and at a distance—like E. Waugh. I don’t think I shall read any of the other articles in the book you so kindly sent me. I see no point in reading Alan Pryce-Jones, Peter Quennell, Fr. D’Arcy, et al. But your essay is splendid: a nightmare in substance, related in perfect style. I have read it twice, savouring the dreadful details, and also the lapidary form. How well you write! The whole concept of you, E.W. & Randolph in Yugoslavia is to me a splendid literary fantasy!

I wish I could extol your essay loudly and publicly, but alas I fear that the book has already been reviewed everywhere, or do you know some laggard of the Press where I might still contrive to utter a squeak? I only wish that you kept better company, or appeared, as you deserve, alone.

I fear that there were wide areas of disagreement between me and E.W., but I have always venerated his resolute use and defense of our language, in all its power and subtlety, and shared his contempt for those wishy-washy writers who claim him as one of their miserable literary coterie. How sound he was on Parsnip and Pimpernel! (But how unsound on Fr. D’Arcy and the Pope!)

Yours ever,
Hugh
Lord Birkenhead to Hugh Trevor-Roper
Charlton, Banbury
29.10.73

My dear Hugh,

Thank you so much for your kind letter. After my three months with E. Waugh at really close quarters, I came to the conclusion that he was an odious, indeed a psychopathic character. It must always be anxious work being incarcerated in a pig-sty in an enemy-occupied Balkan country, but to be so in the company of two such Freudian characters is authentically gruesome. It must be seldom that you can find simultaneously a couple so totally divorced from all human kinship, both born without the bowels of compassion. There is less excuse for Evelyn, for he was not so clearly insane. I much appreciated what you have said about his writing. I think we have always had the same views about this.

As I said in my telegram, I feel that *Encounter* offers the best chance for comment. I need hardly say how much I should appreciate it. The other essays are mostly contemptible—all stressing the charm and innate loyalty of E. Waugh, who had not the slightest comprehension of either. I should have dealt far more hardly with him had his widow not still then been with us,10 & had I not wished to avoid, perhaps cravenly, the insane malice of his repulsive son. Off to Cannes tomorrow for a week, but would like so much to discuss this with you. Do try & do something in *Encounter* or *Spectator*.11

Yours ever,
Freddy

Waugh by Friends and Colleagues: Angus Wilson

For a program entitled *A Profile of Evelyn Waugh*, Canadian broadcaster Nathan Cohen interviewed a dozen people, either friends of Waugh or fellow writers. The program was

10 Laura Waugh had passed away on 17 June 1973, a few days short of her 57th birthday.


In each of the next several issues, *Waugh Studies* intends to publish the comments of one person interviewed for the program. The fourth is Waugh’s fellow novelist Angus Wilson:

I first read Evelyn Waugh when I was a schoolboy of fifteen. His novel *Vile Bodies* came out and this with the earlier book *Decline and Fall* simply swept the sophisticated youth of my time, about 1930. Phrases like *bogus* and *shame-making* were the things that we used everywhere. Now, these early novels of Evelyn Waugh have been described as satires, and so they are, but the first two are very different in kind from the later novels. This was before he was converted to the Catholic Church. And in those novels he was really anarchic in his attitudes to society, and his satire was much more wildly funny, much more completely comic than it ever was later. I think most of us who grew up on those books really prefer them. In those books you will find this extraordinary element he had, almost like Kafka, of an attitude to society in which strange things happen to people, quite unjust things, and strange persecutions, and awful misfortunes, and they are wildly comic. All the time malign chance pursues people, and it’s wildly funny. Now when Evelyn Waugh was converted to Catholicism it was obvious that there was no longer malign chance ruling the world, and from that time on the books have a much more formal shape, they’re much less anarchic in their attitude, they’re still often very funny indeed, but what was grotesquerie becomes perhaps more tragedy. His style was always cool and very classical, very controlled, it was never flowery except in one novel, *Brideshead Revisited*, and he invented a particular kind of hero, a man who, disliking everything that was going on in the modern world, nevertheless stood by an old aristocratic code of honor—a slightly glum hero, I remember in his last series of novels about the last war, he sent copies to me and said, “I’m afraid you’ll find this book very glum, but I am a very glum man. I am as though I always had frost-bite in the nose.” And there is something about this I think in these books which is like that. But it can reach depths of real tragedy. *Handful of Dust*, in my opinion his best novel, tells of a man who loves his home in the country—it’s out of date, it’s Victorian, people laugh at it. He lives in the old squire way. His wife, under the pretense of having economics lessons in London—it’s typical of Evelyn Waugh that she should have chosen economics, a peculiarly to him depraved modern interest—has a lover who is an interior decorator—a particularly trivial modern kind of character that Evelyn Waugh disliked—

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12 We hope to keep this promise, but there will inevitably be some turbulence until, for instance, the primary materials have been secured by the new editors.

13 Wilson seems to be confusing Brenda’s lover, John Beaver, with his mother the decorator.
and the whole of this man’s marriage breaks up, his little son is killed rather by chance—again one of these malign chance things in life—and it’s deeply moving when he’s out hunting and then the most grotesque and awful ending, this man who has really nothing left in life goes off exploring, a man who hated the idea of going out of England, nevertheless life is so broken for him and so hates modern England that he goes off to South America and there, in the upper reaches of the Amazon he is caught by an old man who lives there who makes him read to him Dickens, day after day after day; and at one point he comes to having slept and finds that people have been there to rescue him, but the old man’s told them he’s not there and that he has to start rereading Bleak House all over again. Well, that was I think his finest work and once again only did he hit the really top spots, and that was in Ordeal, when he used his own experience, a terrible nervous breakdown that he had when he heard voices and so on and so on, in a wildly funny attack on himself, on all the prejudices, all the things that were ever said against him and everything, this poor wretched man Gilbert Pinfold goes through the same experience Evelyn Waugh had while he’s on a cruise, and really it’s the most savage self-punishment that any writer has ever given himself, and perhaps a monument to disprove things that people have said that Evelyn Waugh was incapable of seeing the absurdities of his own point of view. (pp. 6-7)

Yoshiharu Usui
Seikei University


Japanese translation of Waugh’s A Handful of Dust, the first translation of Waugh in Japan, as the translators mention in the afterword.

Abstract: Waugh depicts the vanity, hypocrisy, and immorality of the English upper class through pungent satire. At the same time, he shows warm humor and creates a religious atmosphere. His style is calm and tight, flexible and graceful, cutting and sarcastic. Waugh is too subtle a moralist to make plain moral points. He lets readers take the part of Tony or Brenda in A Handful of Dust. He does not ignore comedy in the unhappiness of humanity.


Evelyn Waugh’s The Loved One with Japanese annotations for college students who majored in English literature and used it as a textbook.

Japanese translation of *Evelyn Waugh* by Christopher Hollis (1954).


Japanese translation of Evelyn Waugh’s *Black Mischief*, with the translator’s introduction.

Abstract: If Japanese novelists treated the same material, they would raise the problem of racism and deal in abstractions. This novel has no pre-determined harmony. The characters are vivid and unconventional. Second-rate writers create conventional characters. Translators would not like to translate such novels. This novel also has elegance, which contemporary Japanese literature lacks.


*The Creative Element* was originally translated in two volumes, but this edition combines them into one and updates the language. This version also appeared in *Chikuma sosho* (Chikuma library series) as volume 35. “A Theory of Evelyn Waugh” is Chapter IX, 255-84.


Abstract: This book is divided into four parts. The first is “Waugh and His Life” by Kenichi Yoshida. In the second, critics review Waugh’s works. The following are abstracts of each essay.
Decline and Fall by Shigeru Koike: If there is sharp satire in this novel and if Evelyn Waugh is a satirist, he does not satirize the degenerating leisured class but the protagonist of the traditional novel. Waugh poses a large question about man's growth and development.

Black Mischief by Shigeru Koike: Unlike Joseph Conrad, Graham Greene, and Doris Lessing, who describe the problems of politics, religion, and race in Africa, Waugh creates caricatures from beginning to end. There is no satire, only funniness. There is no bottomless laughter as in Decline and Fall. Black Mischief remains shallow and relies on the novelty of Africa.

A Handful of Dust by Kenzo Suzuki: This novel is written according to various conventions, so it can be read as social satire, ethical criticism, or fantasy. The most essential and excellent features are the chapter “Du Cote de Chez Todd” and the complex amusement created by Mr. Todd’s last words.

Put Out More Flags by Kenzo Suzuki: The composition is splendid. It is supported by the beauty of Waugh’s succinct style. Moreover, the composition makes Basil Seal vivid, and he prevents the novel from becoming monotonous. The balance makes this work successful.

Work Suspended by Kenzo Suzuki: Waugh’s formerly gorgeous style turned into a natural one. This style leads to Brideshead Revisited and the war trilogy. Though it is incomplete and short, Work Suspended shows Waugh’s turning point and growth as a writer. In this sense, this novel, as well as Put Out More Flags, is important.

Brideshead Revisited by Kenkichi Yamamato: Charles Ryder represents the rational thought of the modern intellect. This novel describes the powerlessness of thought in relation to the human soul. Ryder does not understand the faith of the Flytes until almost the end.

The Loved One by Satoshi Nakagawa: Waugh not only satirizes modern civilization and snobbery; he also shows what sort of world can be constructed through a foolish story, queer metaphors, theatrical expression, and reference to the ancient Greeks.

Sword of Honour by Akio Kudo: Waugh consolidates various elements that have characterized him, such as yearning for faith, honor, courage, heroism, admiration of the gentry and its traditions, and respect for distinguished Catholic families in Britain. He makes one final arrangement of the concerns that have occupied his mind.

The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold by Satoshi Nakagawa: Waugh experienced temporary delirium due to auditory hallucinations caused by poisoning, but ultimately he suffered from being a writer, and, characteristically, turned the experience into a novel.
When the Going Was Good by Kouji Toki: This travel book is not a mere record of personal experience but a literary work. Waugh describes not only Western culture on the frontier but also its distorted reflection of civilization.

Edmund Campion by Reiji Nakagawa: Waugh’s concise standards support the sharpness of his satire. His contrary and fresh subjectivity is the most obvious trait of this biography.


Waugh’s The Loved One, “Mr. Loveday’s Little Outing,” and “Bella Fleace Gave a Party” translated into Japanese with an introduction by Kimiyoshi Yura.

Abstract: Evelyn Waugh is essentially a dilettante. He understands irresponsibility, which produces modern irrationality, and persists in upholding the elaborate standard of value that supports this world. His attitude contributes to his splendid style, which creates various comedies. This stubborn stylist and dilettante is always in touch with reality because he satirizes the world but does not get angry, nor does he condemn it with humor. The Loved One is Waugh’s small masterpiece in the middle of his career: in this novel his satire harmonizes with
graceful style. Waugh satirized the American burial industry because he considered it the symbol of American materialism and the collapse of culture in the twentieth century. In this novel, through the protagonist, Dennis Barlow, Waugh criticized the ethics of his own Englishness. Waugh had never fundamentally questioned ethics he depended upon. He emphasized the abnormality of funerals, the distance from reality.


Abstract: The common theme of Brideshead Revisited and The Heart of the Matter is belief opposed to love. Waugh uses the technique of memory, as in Proust. Greene uses Virginia Woolf’s psychological portraiture and John Dos Passos’s cinematic technique. Waugh attaches importance to order and the function of churches. Greene depicts Catholic doctrine affecting characters who long for order but end in disorder. Waugh dislikes modern confusion and disorder. Greene is attracted to confusion, lawlessness, disorder, and betrayal. Both writers describe characters that lose to the absurdity of life. Though Waugh depicts extraordinary situations, he adheres to legitimacy and grace. Greene inclines to illegitimacy and distortion.


Abstract: This book includes The Labyrinthine Ways of Graham Greene (1959) and other essays by Francis L. Kunkel, translated by Keisuke Noguchi. Kunkel compares Greene’s and Waugh’s autobiographies and points out that both end with the authors’ failures. Kunkel also finds their novels that describe protagonists’ failures more interesting. In Our Man in Havana (1958), Kunkel claims, Greene shows wit and speed like Waugh’s. Premeditated murder is treated lightly, as in Waugh’s A Handful of Dust (1934). Greene’s protagonist, Wormold, is given the Order of the British Empire, like John Boot being knighted in Scoop (1938). Kunkel suggests that Greene should challenge Waugh by putting out more flags.

**Abstract:** This book includes translations of Evelyn Waugh’s short stories “On Guard,” “Mr. Loveday’s Little Outing,” “Period Piece,” “Out of Depth,” “An Englishman’s Home,” “Excursion in Reality,” “Bella Fleace Gave a Party,” “Winner Takes All,” “Tactical Exercise,” and “Scott-King’s Modern Europe,” along with the translator’s introduction. In Japan, Evelyn Waugh is not familiar. Introducing Waugh’s works is the translator’s prime aim. As Christopher Sykes argues in his biography, the short stories are not important in studying Evelyn Waugh. However, they exemplify Waugh’s various styles. They are also easy to read. The translator used *Mr. Loveday’s Little Outing and Other Sad Stories* (London: Chapman & Hall, 1936), *Work Suspended and Other Stories* (London: Penguin, 1943), and *Tactical Exercise* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1954).

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**Lipstick in the Romanian Army**

**Donat Gallagher**

**James Cook University**

In *To the War with Waugh* (1974), John St John claims that Evelyn Waugh once asked a visiting officer if “in the Roumanian army no one beneath the rank of major is permitted to wear lipstick” (26).

I had taken this story to be remote fantasy and pure tease, but I turned up the following in *A History of the Great War* (1934) by C. R. M. F. Cruttwell: “Eyewitnesses state that all through the campaign [a desperate moment in the war for Romania] crowds of officers were strolling about Bucharest with painted faces, soliciting prostitutes or one another” (293). Though the book was published ten years after he had left Oxford, Waugh may have learned something from his tutor after all.

Further enquiry suggests that knowledge, and disapproval, of the use of lipstick by Romanian officers was more general. For example, when Nikita Khrushchev was still a humble Commissar, he encountered an “Old Believer” at a public meeting who “was using very choice swear words against the Romanian officer class … he cursed them for the fact that these Romanian officers used lipstick; he likened them to ladies of loose morals (although he used stronger language than that).”

Closer to home, Philip Larkin, in the Preface to his early novel *Jill* (1946), writes of friends creating stock characters. One was “David West (‘Romanian Officer’) … attempting to represent a contemporary saying that every Romanian private had a Romanian officer’s lipstick in his knapsack” (5).
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Works Cited

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**Evelyn Waugh: A Supplementary Checklist of Criticism**

**John Howard Wilson**

**Lock Haven University**

This is a continuation of the earlier lists, published in *Evelyn Waugh Studies*. It contains books and articles published in 2013 as well as items omitted from earlier lists.

Alberge, Dalya. *“Lost Evelyn Waugh letters reveal thwarted love for ‘bright young thing.’”* *Observer*, 20 July 2013.
Bustillos, Maria. *“Reading Writers I Can’t Stand.”* *New Yorker*, 16 Jan. 2013.


Conci, Donata. “‘Elena, La madre dell’Imperatore’ di Evelyn Waugh 1 – Una fulva fanciulla affascinante.” CulturaCattolica (Italy), 2 July 2013.


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**REVIEWS**

**California Dreamin’**


New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2013. 201 pp. $85.00/£53.50.

Reviewed by Jeffrey A. Manley

*British Novelists in Hollywood* is a study of several writers, the U.S. film industry, and Southern California. As the subtitle suggests, some paid only short visits but others stayed; some went voluntarily, others out of necessity. Brief visitors include J. B. Priestley, Anthony Powell, John Fowles, and Evelyn Waugh. Extended visitors and even settlers include Aldous Huxley, Christopher Isherwood, P. G. Wodehouse, and Dodie Smith.
Most of the book focuses on the years 1935 to 1950. Isherwood’s tenure was longest, and he essentially became a Californian. Wodehouse remained in the USA until death in 1975 but lived on Long Island, visiting Hollywood when required or when the East was too cold. Dodie Smith was more playwright than novelist. She moved to the USA because her husband was a conscientious objector but eventually returned to the UK. Excluded is Jessica Mitford, who wrote a nonfiction critique of the U.S. funeral industry, *The American Way of Death* (1963). Also missing is Graham Greene, who visited Hollywood in 1948 and 1952 and wrote extensively about the USA and American films.

*British Novelists in Hollywood* emphasizes sensitivity to climate (especially the glare), landscape, vegetation, architecture, history, and commercialization of culture. According to Lisa Colletta, British writers thought “there is no there there,” borrowing Gertrude Stein’s description of her hometown, Oakland. Some worked for studios as scriptwriters: Isherwood, Huxley, Wodehouse, and Dodie Smith. Powell tried but failed to find a scriptwriting job. Others, including Waugh, sought unsuccessfully to sell work (*Brideshead*) to studios or translated work into film (*Fowles* and *The Collector*). Although not discussed in this book, Waugh’s *The Loved One* (1948) was adapted for film without his cooperation. He believed that his agent had let him down (*Letters* 633).

One chapter is devoted to movie stars. All the writers had much to say about stars, and most were negative or satirical. In Charlie Chaplin, the novelists encountered not a shallow celebrity but a genius who had enjoyed great success. Waugh’s article on Chaplin (“The Man Hollywood Hates”) figures prominently in this discussion. Despite Chaplin’s achievement, the film industry rejected him. As Professor Colletta demonstrates, the truth was more complicated than Waugh suggested: Chaplin remained suspiciously left-wing as Senator McCarthy persecuted communists.

Another genius who gets less attention in this book is Walt Disney. Waugh visited the Disney studios in 1947 and paid homage to Disney and Chaplin, “the two artists of the place” (*Diaries* 675).

The concluding chapter concentrates on “British Hollywood Fiction,” primarily by Waugh, Huxley, and Wodehouse, with brief passages on Fowles and Isherwood. Colletta separates British fiction from the pack of Hollywood novels, although she might have said more about Nathanael West, Raymond Chandler, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Budd Schulberg, Gore Vidal, and others. Colletta recognizes this need (143-44) and begins to compare but considers only West’s novels on the American side. British novelists “viewed Hollywood with a bit more narrative distance,” while West “examined the empty dream of Hollywood glamour in rather outraged personal terms—a betrayal of the American Dream….” I yearned for more.
British Novelists in Hollywood compares Waugh’s writing with that of his countrymen. As Colletta shows, The Loved One resembles Huxley’s After Many a Summer Dies the Swan (1939). Before his trip, Waugh read Huxley’s novel, which satirizes Forest Lawn, or “Beverly Pantheon.” Colletta does not suggest that Huxley inspired Waugh. According to another study, Waugh was introduced to Forest Lawn by Lady Milbanke, an Australian he met at the home of Andrea Cowdin in Los Angeles. Waugh learned of the pet cemetery from Marguerite Cullman, an American on the train to California. Colletta concludes with an amusing update on Hollywood cemeteries; Hollywood Forever offers tombstones with touch-pads that replay the loved one’s film career.

Robert Murray Davis’s Mischief in the Sun (1999) is not in Colletta’s bibliography. She consults other secondary sources and relies on David Dunaway’s Huxley in Hollywood (1989). Professor Davis describes Waugh’s 1947 visit, including negotiations with MGM regarding the film of Brideshead Revisited. A summary might have been included.

British Novelists in Hollywood is well written and thoroughly researched. The book may not offer many insights for those already familiar with Waugh, but Colletta compares him with contemporary British writers in an alien setting, as few others have done. Colletta respects Waugh’s work, and she may introduce him to new readers.

In fiction, Waugh mocked Isherwood as part of a team, Parsnip and Pimpernell. No meeting between Waugh and Isherwood in 1947 is described. According to Davis, Waugh admired Isherwood’s books, in particular his novel Prater Violet (1945), about filmmaking in England, and his essay about Los Angeles in Horizon in 1947 (Mischief 106). Davis notes that Isherwood revised the script of Tony Richardson’s film The Loved One (1965), though Isherwood’s contribution is unclear. Colletta chooses to avoid the matter. Waugh met Auden, the other half of Parsnip/Pimpernell, in New York in 1948. He rather liked Auden, though he continued to dislike Auden’s poetry (Letters 296).

14 See Robert Murray Davis, Mischief in the Sun: The Making and Unmaking of The Loved One (1999). Waugh may have known Sheila Milbanke (née Chisholm). She knew the Bright Young People in the 1920s while married to Lord Loughborough, her first husband. She had an affair with Prince Albert (later George VI) and made the gossip columns. She was also a friend of Diana Cooper. See Jane Shilling, “The Sheila who shook up society” (rev. of Sheila by Robert Wainwright), Daily Mail, 13 Feb. 2014, and Mr Wu & Mrs Stitch, 45 (letter dated Sept. 1934).

15 According to Davis, scripts by Luis Buñuel and Elaine May were unacceptable, so Richardson asked Isherwood to rewrite. Isherwood tried to preserve Waugh’s story, but Terry Southern also came in, and Isherwood acquiesced in radical changes. According to Richardson, Waugh sent a “stream of hurt and angry cables to MGM,” to no avail (Mischief 106-25; see also Letters 633). The film was generally panned and the reputations of Richardson and Southern never recovered.
I read *British Novelists in Hollywood* in a few sittings, enjoyed it, and wished for more. An epilogue on the British Hollywood novel since 1965 would have been interesting. Better yet, a sequel might cover the years 1966 to present. Martin Amis’s novel *Money* (1984) involves financing a movie to be produced in Hollywood by the narrator, John Self. Amis was keenly aware of his predecessors in Hollywood. *Money* includes a character named Juanita del Pablo, a pornographic film starlet. The name comes from *The Loved One*: it is one of several applied to a potential star repeatedly remade to fit the needs of the studio. A sequel might also consider *On the Edge* (1998), a novel about the New Age by Edward St. Aubyn. *On the Edge* has recently been published in the USA, and on 24 October 2014 in the *New York Times* David Leavitt compared the novel to *The Loved One*.

*British Novelists in Hollywood* is well produced, but the number of typographical errors is unacceptable in a book of this quality and price. Proofing seems to have been done by a computer program that spotted misspellings and sometimes grammatical errors but not missing or misused words. The “Eaton” Ramblers become, correctly, the Eton Ramblers. In every other respect, the author’s care in researching and writing the book is evident.

**Editor’s Note:** Lisa Colletta gave her inaugural lecture, “*Travelers, Exiles, and Expats: British Novelists in Hollywood,*” on 13 November 2014 at the American University in Rome.

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**Witnessing War, or Not**


Reviewed by Sara Postlethwaite, Lock Haven University

Editor Kate McLoughlin introduces the *Companion* by claiming that there is an “accurate” way to “represent” war. If we find “techniques and tools … to dismantle accounts of war that are distorting or deceitful,” we realize “an act of good citizenship.” That there is an accurate way to represent war complicates the genre and format of the *Companion*, which is largely made up of analyses of war writing in the Poetics section. All the analyses surely distort in that individuals re-vision wars, though whether representations or their revisions are deceitful remains work for those who read them. Perhaps McLoughlin’s “all wars are different and also the same” credo runs unhappily into “five minutes in battle could teach more than any number of texts,” a point that seems to disenfranchise the whole project. If five minutes in battle presupposes accurate representation, then Mark Rawlinson’s essay argues for a much more inclusive version of war writing, one in which Evelyn Waugh figures, however slightly.

Before I get to Rawlinson, let me say that the *Companion* functions well as a resource for students of war writing. It is equipped with a useful chronology that juxtaposes wars and major
texts. *War Writing* is divided into three major sections: Themes, Influences, and Poetics. In Themes, particularly canny is McLoughlin’s “War and Words,” which, in part, argues that art (in this case, poetry) has no effect on war. It is humiliating to find this out now.

The Influences section is somewhat disappointing: an essay on war writing and the Bible and one on war writing and classical literature are simply too abbreviated, I assume because of length constraints.

As for the question of “witnessing” and writing about war, Trudi Tate’s essay on First World War British writing recognizes, for instance, that both combatant accounts and literature by civilians (she cites Virginia Woolf’s essay on Siegfried Sassoon) are legitimate expressions of war, although she notes the draw of propaganda writing in both news publications and popular literature. Analyzing Herman Melville’s “Shiloh,” Sarah Cole notes “a pivotal perspective in war writing, the outside viewer … whose distance from the brute realities and intense loyalties of combat might provide him/her with a perspective that can cut through and across war’s dichotomies.” Then she backtracks; while “the outside viewer” won’t carry the “authority” of a combatant, the account still has “significance.” So much for cutting across dichotomies.

Rawlinson provides a brief review of Second World War British writing by noting two trends: how the war “impacted writers with established reputations” (Waugh was one), and writing that “required the war as its occasion.” One thing Rawlinson does to complicate those five minutes in battle is to argue for the importance of war writing “about” rather than “of” the Second World War. Comparing the writing of the World Wars, he points out that, historically, Second War literature was considered repetitive and inferior to First War writing, “which is still appraised largely in terms of the values and experience of the combatant.” While he provides several examples of revisions of Second War writing, his essay focuses on contemporary writing, which is a bit misleading. But Rawlinson also covers a wealth of well-known and not so well-known fiction, non-fiction, poetry, and films. His assessments are succinct. Partly by citing Waugh’s own preface, Rawlinson acknowledges that *Brideshead Revisited* (1945), like Orwell’s *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949), “critiques the post-war world by asserting its militarist character.” Is that all we need to know about Waugh and war writing? I hope not.

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**Curiouser and Curiouser**

Reviewed by Jeffrey A. Manley
A Curious Invitation is the first book by a transplanted American who became a professional party planner (or “impresario”) in London. Suzette Field started in the Modern Times Club and, in the early 2000s, “paid homage to the parties of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Evelyn Waugh”; in 2006, she became “Tribune” of the Last Tuesday Society, which organizes theme parties. Some of her work can be viewed on the web site A Curious Invitation.

In her book, the author selects the “40 greatest” parties from works of fiction (or “literature” in the UK edition). She applies the same criteria: (1) The Invitation; (2) The Host; (3) The Venue; (4) The Guest List; (5) The Dress Code; (6) The Food and Drink; (6) The Conversation; (7) The Entertainment; (8) The Outcome; and (9) The Legacy. In some cases, one or more criteria are missing. The weakest entries derive from ancient works such as the Bible or classical Greek, Latin, Japanese or Norse texts. Better are The Great Gatsby, The Master and Margarita, The Line of Beauty and Vanity Fair, where the party is central to the story. Best is The Bonfire of the Vanities, where Field summarizes the whole novel in one hilarious party. It is almost as if she had been one of the guests.

Included in her pantheon is Lady Metroland in Evelyn Waugh’s Vile Bodies. This party introduces the rampant party-going of the Bright Young People in the 1920s. The hostess is traced to Decline and Fall: “plain The Honourable Margot Beste-Chetwynde.” The invitation receives no special consideration, but the guest list includes both BYP and “men of state.” Oddly, there is no dress code. Waugh’s familiar recitation, “Masked parties. Savage parties,” etc., is quoted yet again. Absent from the guest list is Simon Balcairn, who crashes the party in disguise. Under “The Venue,” “The Conversation” and “The Food and Drink,” little is offered. “The Entertainment” is to be provided by Mrs. Ape and her “entourage of performing angels,” but they are interrupted by Lady Circumference’s pronouncement of disapproval.

“The Outcome” is the suicide of Balcairn after his unmasking and ejection. The party’s “Legacy” is the demise of the BYP shortly after the 1930 publication of VB, due to their “having been infiltrated by riffraff” such as the “middle-class publisher’s son [who] had to endure the embarrassment of growing up in Hampstead rather than Belgravia.” Field might have placed Waugh’s boyhood home in Golders Green instead. She might also have mentioned Lady Metroland’s subsequent appearances in Waugh’s novels.

While Field accurately summarizes an important passage, those familiar with VB are unlikely to gain new insight. Lady Metroland’s party might have been compared with those of the present day, involving BYP wannabes (or Waughnabes): the Feddens’ 25th Anniversary Party in The Line of Beauty, for instance. Waugh’s party also invites comparison with those of contemporaries such as F. Scott Fitzgerald (The Great Gatsby), Stella Gibbons (Cold Comfort Farm) and Daphne du Maurier (Rebecca). The random organization of the book discourages comparisons, however.
After reading *A Curious Invitation*, one wonders about its point. A lot of time was spent researching parties and writing about them. Is Suzette Field promoting herself as a party planner or literary critic? The writer exudes the expertise of a professional party planner but seldom comments on parties she planned. She has based parties on Satan’s Rout in *The Master and Margarita*, the Onion Cellar in *The Tin Drum* and the psychiatric ward in *One Flew over the Cuckoo’s Nest*. How did literary research contribute to her events? What bits had to be modified or deleted? Were “outcomes” more or less successful than the originals?

She offers a brief analysis in the introduction:

In writing about parties authors are doing more than just giving us a glimpse of the mores of their times. A social gathering is a useful dramatic tool, providing a location where characters can interact. A party can be a scene for a meeting, a snub, a seduction or a murder. It can be an opportunity for social advancement (Roxana, Oscar Matzerath, Alice) or failure (Charles Pooter, Sherman McCoy, Ross Conti). A character can experience triumph (Jim Dixon, Pooh Bear, Rafael de Valentin) or humiliation (Mrs. De Winter, Carrie White, Lord Simon Balcairn).

Exactly! Field might have tied her research and insights from her own experience into a coherent conclusion. *A Curious Invitation* is entertainment, and it succeeds, but it could have been a good deal more.

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**Look Back Without Anger**  
*Levels of Incompetence: An Academic Life*, by Robert Murray Davis.  
Reviewed by Carlos Villar Flor, University of La Rioja

Dr Fagan, in *Decline and Fall*, states that “nobody enters [the scholastic profession] unless he has some very good reason which he is anxious to conceal.” I am not sure this principle applies to Robert Murray Davis, one of the most prolific Waugh scholars worldwide, but if there were any doubts, in this book he does not conceal any of his own very good reasons for having entered the profession. Author of a wide catalogue of academic and creative work, Davis has recently published three books of an autobiographical nature: *Mid-Lands: A Family Album*, recreating his childhood after World War II; *A Lower-Middle-Class Education*, about the educational environment he grew up in; and this third volume, which takes up the longest time span and is meant to conclude the autobiographical narrative.

Unlike Adam Fenwick-Symes in *Vile Bodies*, who wrote his (indecent?) autobiography while still in his twenties, Davis has written his from the vantage point of his late seventies, and
this mature perspective and his looking back without anger accounts for a tone that is serene, measured and also mildly ironical. Davis has run a long race, and his account of it offers an interesting *apologia pro vita sua*, academic and otherwise, with his unmistakable penchant for the ironical twist, the well-timed flash-forward or the effective paragraph ending.

The reader follows Davis’ vicissitudes from early teaching assistantships at the University of Kansas and later Wisconsin, through positions at Loyola and California-Santa Barbara, up to tenure and professorship at the University of Oklahoma, where he remained until retirement. Although memory is by essence selective, Davis’s capacity for recollection is admirable. He is able to reproduce scenes and conversations that took place more than half a century back with vivid detail and a good ear for amusing dialogues.

The book also gives a realistic account of American academia, the vagaries of the job market and the shop-talking at MLA conferences. Being an academic myself, the highly competitive atmosphere recreated here sounds fairly familiar: certain things do not vary so much across boundaries. And though this account may seem highly technical, mostly of interest to those in the profession, Davis rightly points out that “everyone who goes to college has had … to deal with English teachers,” so a wider reading audience must be interested in getting to know them better. Besides, Davis is also a creative writer, and as David Lodge and others have amply proved, the academic ambiance can provide powerful possibilities for comedy, drama and even tragedy (sometimes Shakespearean!). But Davis opts for moderation and discretion, and he does not cross the line that separates fact (though filtered through memory) from fiction. The most excessive or ludicrous characters that emerge from his narrative remain scrupulously anonymous (forever?), and some very personal matters are only discreetly mentioned.

Perhaps the chapter devoted to his travels around Hungary seems too long, and the one about his ancestors appears uneasily placed in a book on academia. But I found the epilogue captivating: Davis emotively reflects on the inevitability of ageing and how to cope with it (especially when you have always led a highly energetic life). And since my readers are all Wavians in some degree, it is always fascinating to learn about the reasons why one of the best Waugh scholars took up his subject.

Davis’s lucid memory brings back to life dozens of lines of dialogue, ridiculous or funny, shocking or illustrative, with Wavian accuracy. Those who have had the pleasure of having met Bob Davis may imagine, while reading this book, his resonant voice enacting some of these conversations. I, having had this privilege, miss one of his funniest quotes, from a student in a creative-writing course who blamed her teacher for her poor B because “he had not taught her how to be creative.”
**Good for What Ails You?**

*The Novel Cure*, by Ella Berthoud and Susan Elderkin.
Reviewed by Jeffrey A. Manley.

This strange book was written by two women: an artist and a novelist. They claim to be “bibliotherapists” who prescribe books to alleviate ailments. They work part-time at the School of Life in Bloomsbury, founded in 2008 by Alain de Botton, philosopher, writer (*How Proust Can Change Your Life*), TV presenter, and self-promoter.

In the U.S. edition, the authors list 751 books “to cure what ails you.” Some recommendations include brief descriptions of prescribed novels, sometimes indicating why they may alleviate particular problems. In many cases, however, *The Novel Cure* merely lists the ten best novels for teenagers, for centenarians, for making you laugh, for making you weep, etc. The book seems like humor or parody, but the authors are at least half serious and not very funny.

Two of Evelyn Waugh’s novels are prescribed. *Brideshead Revisited* is recommended for treatment of nausea. *The Novel Cure* commends Waugh’s “balanced prose”: “More than any other writer, Waugh can be trusted to put you back on level ground. To take you by the hand—gently, demurely—lift you up to your tiptoes, pause, and then bring you carefully down again.” For example, “I had reflected then” is balanced by “and I reflected now.” Alliteration and overlap take over; semicolons and commas carefully “support the fluency of flow and twirl thereafter.” The prose has “steadiness and sureness … that will result in the settling of your tummy.”

If any doubts remain after the opening pages, the authors recommend skipping to Sebastian vomiting into Charles’s room. Charles shows generosity by forgiving Sebastian, charmed by gifts of flowers and food. This moment is life-changing: “Soon he is cast into a world in which hard-boiled plovers’ eggs are offered to guests—a world of beauty, intensity, and dysfunction that will set his youth aglow, then leave him to a lifetime of disappointment thereafter.”

The authors might have warned about side effects (including nausea) if the reader continues to the end of the novel. Lady Marchmain hectors her children, Sebastian succumbs to alcohol, Lord Marchmain reconverts to Catholicism, and Charles and Julia melodramatically split. Waugh’s prose slips out of balance into purplish hues.

The second novel is *A Handful of Dust*, one of the ten best novels for “Fortysomethings.” There is no explanation of why these novels are “best.” Perhaps *HD* was deemed a cautionary tale.
Most of the prescribed books were published in the last twenty years. From Waugh’s generation, the novelists most prescribed are Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and John Steinbeck. From the nineteenth century, the most prescribed are Leo Tolstoy and Jane Austen. Many novels are listed only in the “10 Best” categories. Anthony Powell’s *A Dance to the Music of Time* is for pregnant women, George Orwell’s *1984* for treatment of hatred, and Graham Greene’s *The Heart of the Matter* for lack of empathy.

The U.S. edition is nicely produced and carefully edited. I would, however, rather rely on the recommendations of a friend or pull out books I enjoy rereading, such as *Sword of Honour*.

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**NEWS**

**Sale of Waugh Letters**

On 12 November 2014, Bonhams in Knightsbridge sold three autograph letters signed “Evelyn” and addressed to Eleanor Watts. Two are undated but circa March-April 1938 and sent from Cornwall Terrace in London and Piers Court. The third is dated 25 March 1930 and written on a card from the Spreadeagle at Thame. Also included was an autograph letter by John Heygate, Eleanor’s former boyfriend, who fell in love with Waugh’s wife, Evelyn Gardner, in 1929. The estimate was £2000-£3000. For more details, please visit Bonhams or Fine Books and Collections.

**Waugh’s Oxford Union Offices**

In response to “Evelyn Waugh, Solomon Bandaranaike, and the Oxford Union Election of June 1923” (EWS 45.2, Autumn 2014), Donat Gallagher adds: “From 2 February 1922 Waugh spoke at the Union regularly, but he was modest about his performance: ‘I was no success as a speaker and never rose above the lowest rung in the ascent to office’ (*Little Learning* 182). Union minutes reveal that Waugh was Teller for the No’s on 9 February and 19 October 1922; he failed to be elected to the Library Committee on 7 December 1922 but succeeded on 15 March 1923. Some who heard him thought more highly of his contributions than he allows.”

**Deborah, Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, 1920-2014**

Deborah Cavendish, Dowager Duchess of Devonshire and the last of the six Mitford sisters, passed away at age 94 on 24 September 2014.

“Debo,” as she was known, married Andrew Cavendish, second son of the 10th Duke of Devonshire in 1941. The elder son, William, was killed in action in 1944, and when their father
died in 1950, Andrew became the 11th Duke. He and Debo inherited Chatsworth, a stately home in Derbyshire.

Evelyn Waugh knew the Devonshires and sometimes stayed at Chatsworth. Debo is often mentioned in his letters to her sister, Nancy Mitford. Waugh’s relationship with Debo was strained, however. In 1957, he claimed to have found an unemptied chamber pot, dubbed the “strange Trove of Edensor” after a village near Chatsworth (Letters of Waugh 493). In 1962, Waugh thought that Debo considered him a “counter-hon” (Letters 583; Letters of Mitford & Waugh 448). As daughters of a baron, the Mitfords were styled “The Honourable,” or “Hon.” Waugh also complained that Debo had “turned on the television at dinner” (Letters 585; LM&W 450). He shared Nancy’s joke that Debo was illiterate.

In later years, Debo wrote several books about Chatsworth, along with memoirs and essays. She is survived by her son, the 12th Duke of Devonshire, two daughters, eight grandchildren, and eighteen great-grandchildren.

Several obituaries are available online: the Independent, the Telegraph, and the New York Times.

The Inaugural Dead Meet Up
The Dead Meet Up – The Loved One and the Reality of Embalming convened at Barts Pathology Museum in West Smithfield, London on 26 November 2014. Ann Pasternak Slater, Associate Editor of Waugh Studies and Honorary Vice President of the Waugh Society, addressed Waugh’s novel The Loved One. Registered embalmer Kevin Sinclair explained how accurately the novel describes procedures. Dead Meet is a dating and networking site for those who work in death-related professions.

Septimus Waugh, the Garden Fête, and Gilbert Pinfold
Duncan McLaren has added three illustrated essays to his web site, Evelyn! Rhapsody for an Obsessive Love: “The Septimus Letter or Evelyn Through the Looking-Glass,” “A Weekend with Waugh,” and “The Ordeal of U-Know-Who.”

Crippling Sadness and Evelyn Waugh
The New Republic republished John Banville’s “Here’s How to Understand the Crippling Sadness that Overtook Evelyn Waugh” on 28 October 2014, Waugh’s 111th birthday. The article originally appeared on 8 May 1995.

The Conversion of Evelyn Waugh
Reading Waugh in Leicester
The Waugh Book Group sponsored a cocktail party with readings from various works. Photographs are available on the blog, Waugh and Words. The group read *Men at Arms* in November. The Literary Leicester Festival opened on 12 November 2014 with a session entitled “Decadence, Diaries and Discovery: A Year on the Complete Works of Evelyn Waugh.” Martin Stannard, Barbara Cooke, and Rebecca Moore all presented.

Required Reading: *Scoop*
The *Daily Telegraph* on 4 September 2014 listed Evelyn Waugh’s *Scoop* as one of the “100 novels everyone should read.” The *Guardian* followed on 10 November, with *Scoop* listed by Robert McCrum as number 60 in the “The best 100 novels.”

Mark Amory Retires
Mark Amory, literary editor of the *Spectator* since 1985 and editor of *The Letters of Evelyn Waugh* (1980), announced his retirement in “Mark Amory’s diary: Confessions of a literary editor,” published in the *Spectator* for 20 September 2014. In “Bidding a fond, and drunken, farewell to the awe-inspiring Mark Amory,” published on 8 November 2014, Jeremy Clarke recalls asking Amory what Waugh was like. Amory said, “He wanted you to please him; and he made you want to please him.”

Evelyn Waugh Society
The Waugh Society has 151 members. To join, please go to http://evelynwaughsociety.org/. The Evelyn Waugh Discussion List has 81 members. To join, please visit http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Evelyn_Waugh.
The Evelyn Waugh Society is also on Twitter: https://twitter.com/evelynwaughsoc.
The Waugh Society is providing an RSS feed: http://evelynwaughsociety.org/feed.
And the Waugh Society’s web site has opportunities for threaded discussions: http://evelynwaughsociety.org/forums/.

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