

# EVELYN WAUGH STUDIES

Vol. 50, No. 1

Spring 2019

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## NEWS

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## **“Huxley’s Ape:” Waugh in Scandinavia (August-September 1947)**

Jeffrey Manley

Between his first two trips to the USA (Spring 1947 and Fall 1948), Evelyn Waugh made a two-week tour of Scandinavia. This was proposed and sponsored by the *Daily Telegraph*, publishing two articles about the trip afterwards. Unlike his earlier postwar journeys to Spain and the USA, this one produced neither a novel nor a travel book. Nor do his biographers spend much time considering either the motivations for the trip or the newspaper articles it produced.

The trip is of interest to Waugh readers, however, because it took place at the peak of his popularity as a novelist, between the publication of his two best-selling works. *Brideshead* had been issued in 1945, and he had just completed *The Loved One*, that would be published in 1948. During the tour he was extensively interviewed by reporters and asked about these two books, as well as those written previously and what new works he had in mind. In addition, he had recently returned from his trip to Hollywood and discussed his impressions of the USA and the film industry as well as the burial practices at Forest Lawn. His reactions were mostly candid and informative. They were widely reported in the newspapers of all three Scandinavian countries and are translated here for the first time. The reporters manifested a keen interest in his answers about the USA.

Another factor that is mentioned as a motivation was the opportunity it gave Waugh to spend royalties from his books published in the Scandinavian countries, without paying what he considered confiscatory UK taxes.<sup>1</sup> As it turned out, it also enabled him to gain publicity for increased sales of existing translations of his books already in print and to promote translations of those in process. The post-war conditions may also have been less austere in the Scandinavian countries than in the UK; this seems to have been true in the case of food service, in any case.

He met with the local correspondents of the *Daily Telegraph* in Stockholm and Copenhagen, and they probably provided some orientation, but his local Scandinavian publishers

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<sup>1</sup> Stannard, Martin. *Evelyn Waugh: The Later Years*. New York: Norton, 1992. 200-01. Hereafter “Stannard II.”

in all three cities (Oslo being the other) also became involved in the planning and made the most of his presence to publicize his books. To give some idea of Waugh's popularity there at the time of this trip, the extent of the availability of his books in translation can be used as a guide. In Sweden, his first stop, by 1947 various publishers had issued translations of *Black Mischief*, *Brideshead*, *Put Out More Flags* and *Scoop*. In Denmark, all of his novels up to and including *Brideshead*, plus a volume of short stories, had been published in Danish by that year.<sup>2</sup> In Norway, *A Handful of Dust* had been published in late 1947, after his trip; this was followed by *Brideshead* and *The Loved One* in the following years. In both Sweden and Denmark, combined editions of the translations of *The Loved One* and *Scott-King's Modern Europe* were also published shortly after his visit.

### **Stockholm (17-25 August 1947)**

Waugh leaves a fairly detailed description of his stop in Sweden (the longest of the trip) in his diaries and letters. He also wrote about it in his articles for the *Daily Telegraph* (see below, beginning on page 21), and wrote another story several months later about being interviewed by one of the Stockholm newspapers. This had its genesis in a proposal from the *Strand* magazine, unconnected with the Scandinavian trip and several weeks after the *Daily Telegraph* articles had been published. The magazine wanted a short story from Waugh about being a celebrity. He felt, however, that would be immodest, so instead he proposed to write an article about being interviewed.<sup>3</sup> This turned into his essay first published in the New York edition of *Vogue* (July 1948, 68) as "Let My Pulse Alone." It was apparently not what *Strand* had in mind, and an

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<sup>2</sup> Most of these Danish editions were published during the Nazi occupation, and one wonders how the rights and royalties were worked out by Waugh's British agents during that period. One result, however, may have been the accumulation of unspent royalties in Denmark, as mentioned by Martin Stannard (*supra.*).

<sup>3</sup> EW to A. D. Peters (hereafter "ADP"). Unpublished APCI, dated 13 February 1948. ADP Collection, *Evelyn Waugh Papers*. Harry Ransom Center, University of Texas Austin; hereafter "HRC."

abbreviated UK version appeared in *Nash's* magazine for Winter 1948-9 entitled "The Gentle Art of Being Interviewed."<sup>4</sup>

The essay is in effect a fictionalized version of an incident that occurred in Stockholm. Waugh had also described the incident and its factual details in his diaries. The interview itself, taking up roughly half the essay, could just as easily have been deemed a short story. The newspaper *Dagens Nyheter* wanted to interview him (no doubt encouraged in this regard by his Swedish publisher) and a reporter was sent to meet him. As Waugh describes it:

After luncheon [on 19 August 1947] a dull young woman, fat, came to interview me. Later when the interview appeared it was headed: 'Huxley's Ape makes hobby of graveyards.'<sup>5</sup>

His "celebrity interview" article in both published versions starts with Waugh's consideration of how celebrities frequently make fools of themselves by mishandling press interviews. He then softens his disdain for such hapless victims and recounts an example of how he himself mismanaged one. In his magazine account, he changes several facts. He says the interview took place on the day of his arrival (17 August) and that the reporter had entered his hotel room unbeknownst to him while he was napping after a tiring journey. He also relocates the site of the interview to "Happiland," described as a "small, friendly country, never much visited by the English, and last summer quite deserted by them..." (*EAR*, 357). This fictionalization of the setting may have been thought prudent in view of his publishing arrangement with the *Daily Telegraph* or he may have wished to avoid problems with *Dagens Nyheter* and its reporter over his restatement of the facts.

In any event, what follows is a humorous narrative, inhabited by numerous linguistic and cultural misunderstandings between him and the purportedly chubby woman reporter. She begins by calling him "Mr. Wog" and referring to herself as representing "our great liberal newspaper,"

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<sup>4</sup> This is the version collected in *Essays, Articles and Reviews*. Donat Gallagher, ed. London: Methuen, 1983. 356. Hereafter *EAR*.

<sup>5</sup> Waugh, Evelyn. *The Diaries of Evelyn Waugh*. Michael Davie, ed. London: Weidenfeld, 1976. 696. Hereafter *Diaries*.

whose name sounded to Waugh like the utterance of “some deep Happilandic gutterals.” He professed to being groggy from his sleep at the start, but regained his self-possession when this exchange began:

“Mr. Wog, are you a great satyr?”

“I assure you not.”

“My editor says you have satirized the English nobility. It is for this he has sent me to make a reportage. You are the famous Wog, are you not?”

After further misunderstandings, which Waugh likens to a game of “Snakes and Ladders” (with some answers an advance for him and others, a fall back), the interviewer concludes that Waugh is scorned by other English writers because he is a proletarian and announces “Oh, Mr. Wog, how I will satirize them in my reportage! It will enrage my editor [...] Mr. Wog, you have come here to satirize Happiland?” Waugh replies “Certainly not” (*EAR*, 358-59).

The Swedish article based on the actual interview appeared on 20 August 1947, the day after it was conducted. This was in *Dagens Nyheter*,<sup>6</sup> which is indeed the liberal voice of the Swedish press and continues to publish to this day. The headline is accurately translated by Waugh in his diary and the story opens thus:

Evelyn Waugh, called Aldous Huxley's ape and famous for his acrid cynicism and conversion to Catholicism, is in Stockholm and is looking at graveyards. It's his hobby -- he says that with an enigmatic smile -- and Hollywood's cemeteries have recently inspired him to write a new book, *The Loved One*. In Sweden he is struck by the high suicide rate and the need to legislate in order to avoid creating alcoholics. (“Kyrkogård hobby för Huxleys apa, här på besök.” *DN* 20 August 1947, 6)

It is not clear whether it was Waugh himself who made the connection with Huxley or someone at *DN*. The reference is to Aldous Huxley's 1939 novel *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan*, in

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<sup>6</sup> Hereafter *DN*.

which one of the main characters is the owner of, *inter alia*, a graveyard that is based on Forest Lawn Memorial Park in Glendale, California. This is the same cemetery memorialized by Waugh as “Whispering Glades” in *The Loved One*, which he had just finished writing before departing for Scandinavia. It had not yet been published anywhere.

Waugh had read Huxley’s novel before embarking for Hollywood in early 1947, but became obsessed with graveyards only after several visits to Forest Lawn, to which he was introduced by his friend Sheila Milbanke. Huxley featured the cemetery, which he called Hollywood Pantheon, less prominently in his novel than did Waugh and could not fairly be described as “obsessed” with graveyards to the same extent. Huxley’s novel may itself have been familiar to the *DN* journalists, however, since a Swedish version was published in 1940 under the title *Efter många somrar* (Stockholm: Wahlström & Widstrand, 1940). So, it is possible that it was they (and not Waugh) who made the connection between the two writers’ interest in graveyards.

Once the subject was introduced into the interview, Waugh seems to have made rather a meal of it and, in doing so, may have inadvertently created publicity for a Swedish version of his new novel. The *DN* article continues:

It's hard to know if Evelyn Waugh should be taken seriously, jokingly, or with a pinch of salt. During his visit to Stockholm, he is a lovely gentleman who relates how he managed to avoid having his latest book, *Brideshead Revisited*, filmed in Hollywood. He went there this Spring, found that Metro-Goldwyn tried to make too many changes to the story and went on to spend most of his time in the graveyards. What fascinated him were the young girls who had the job of putting ‘make up’ on the dead that were on parade in front of them; one of them, Aimee, is the protagonist of his new book. She is completely absorbed by her profession and nothing but suicide can stop her. She abandons her lover when she finds out that he is employed at a pet cemetery. The book is not yet printed, but is likely to come out this fall, says Mr. Waugh.

In fact, the book first appeared in Cyril Connolly’s magazine *Horizon* the following year, taking up the entire February 1948 issue. It was first issued in book form in the USA in July 1948. UK

book publication was delayed until later in the year to avoid a marketing conflict with *Scott-King's Modern Europe*. The Swedish version also appeared in 1948, in a combined edition with *Scott-King* entitled *Den käre bortgångne och Scott-Kings europeiska resa*.

Waugh also used the occasion of the *DN* interview to promote yet another future project. He told their reporter that he

... also plans to write about his impressions from the war, in which he served as a British captain. It will be about a young man who goes out to war with the ideals of a knight, but leaves it disillusioned -- not with the ability of individuals to maintain their ideals, but with the whole nation's.

This may be the first time Waugh mentioned (in public, at least) his idea for writing a war novel. He also refers to it at his stops in both Oslo and Copenhagen and again in two newspaper interviews over a year later during his USA lecture tour in early 1949. The first installment appeared later that year in the form of a short story entitled "The Major Intervenes" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, subsequently expanded for UK publication as "Compassion" and adopted as part of the conclusion for the war trilogy, *Sword of Honour*.

The *DN* article concludes with some of Waugh's views on Sweden after his first few days in the country:

Mr. Waugh is very fond of Stockholm, which he finds to be the least American city he has ever seen. He is staying here for a week. He finds the Swedes to be individualists, but he has difficulty understanding how our healthy appearance can hide high statistics of suicide and a compulsion to legislate about alcohol consumption. He wants to study conditions more closely during the week he remains in Sweden.

These remarks will reappear to some extent in his own *Daily Telegraph* articles.

The day after publication of the *DN* article, Waugh was interviewed at his hotel by another Stockholm paper. This was *Svenska Dagbladet*,<sup>7</sup> and their article appeared in the paper's 22 August 1947 edition: "Göra bok för filmen lönar sig knappast" (7), ("Making a Film from a Book is Not Worthwhile"). The headline refers to Waugh's recent experience in Hollywood with the aborted attempt to agree film rights for *Brideshead*. He goes on to say that he is *not* currently working on another book, forestalling a repeat discussion of graveyard obsessions. He does, however, mention the earlier article in *DN* and asks rhetorically whether the *SD* reporter thinks he looks like an ape. He concludes the discussion of his writing with an opinion based on his recent experience:

'I also think that it's not a very good idea to make a book into a movie. This art form requires specially written manuscripts. The French have understood this and, therefore, their films are the best in the world.'

He also refers to his impressions of Sweden, elaborating somewhat on those he gave in the earlier interview:

'My strongest impression from Sweden is of the Old Town in Stockholm, which is more beautiful than I ever imagined, and the Swedish girls. They all look like brides, as satisfied and contented as if they had nothing else to wish for. But how is it that you have the highest suicide rate in the world?'

After explaining that he lives in the country rather than in London because "in London, I would not be able to work," Waugh ends the interview with a brief summation of his WWII career:

'During the war I put authorship on the shelf and was just a soldier. My longest service was in the Commandoes, but I also was trained in parachuting, and at the end I was liaison officer between our forces and Marshal Tito's in Yugoslavia. He was terrible.'

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<sup>7</sup> Hereafter *SD*.



According to the *SD* article, the last bit was expressed “with feeling and emphasis.”

In his diaries and a letter to his wife, Waugh mentions in some detail those with whom he met in Sweden. These included the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, socialite friends of both Randolph Churchill and Victor Mallet (former British Ambassador to Sweden), a Swedish Foreign Office official (“a pansy in a bungalow full of art”), and his Swedish publisher (“a dull fellow”), as well as two poets the publisher introduced to him: “They call themselves the ‘40 group,’ admire Kafka, Sartre.” He also made an excursion to Uppsala where he met the Chancellor of the university. In addition, he did considerable sightseeing around Stockholm (which he told his wife wore him out) and was invited to several dinner parties.<sup>8</sup>

He took the opportunity to tell Laura in his letter from Stockholm that he had decided not to move the family to Ireland. His biographers seem to consider this announcement the most important event of the trip (e.g., *Stannard II*, 201; Patey, Douglas. *The Life of Evelyn Waugh*. Oxford: 1998, 252).

### **Oslo, Norway (25-29 August 1947)**

Waugh flew from Stockholm to Oslo. This was a smaller place, more affected by the war than Stockholm. He found “the food poor, the noise of trams under my window intolerable, the city ugly.” His Norwegian agent (“a midget female socialist”) took him to meet his publisher (“who hasn’t published anything yet”). They had, however, organized a press conference. This was apparently convened in the early evening of the day he arrived, although his chronology is not entirely clear. It consisted, according to Waugh, of “half a dozen journalists [...], of whom two or three knew no English” and one of whom was drunk. There was also “a communist who walked out when I answered a question about Tito [...]. One man drew an offensive caricature of me. The journalist who did all the talking & seemed the most cultured was the representative of a paper devoted to the Merchant Navy.” The press attaché from the embassy is also said to have done most of the talking, probably meaning from Waugh’s side of the table; *i.e.*, introductions

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<sup>8</sup> *Diaries*, 686-88; Waugh, Evelyn. *The Letters of Evelyn Waugh*. Mark Amory, ed. London: Weidenfeld, 1980. 258. Hereafter *Letters*.

and translations<sup>9</sup>. Despite being virtually unknown to Norwegian readers, Waugh received respectable press coverage.

The Oslo newspaper *VG* (an abbreviation for *Verdens Gang*, literally “The Course of the World”) published a story the next day that opens with a description of Waugh’s literary output and an announcement that two of his works were about to be published in Norwegian translations: *A Handful of Dust* in mid-October and *Brideshead Revisited* in the spring of 1948. The story then segued into what is apparently a partial transcript of the press conference (translation by Ivar Dale):<sup>10</sup>

Q. The book that will now be published in Norwegian, what is it about, Mr. Waugh?

A. The setting is fashionable society and the main character is a rich landowner, his wife and a young man with whom the wife betrays her husband. The young man goes to South America on an expedition, he gets lost and perhaps it’s not worth telling any more.

Q. Is it true that you have just been to Hollywood, what is your sincere opinion of the place?

A. Oh, it’s a beautiful place to holiday with your wife.

Q. But what about the film production?

A. It aims to satisfy millions of people at once, and that leads to artistic demands being neglected.

Q. And what about books turned into movies?

A. Most are re-worked until they are destroyed. I don’t believe much in films based on books. Film and literature are two entirely different art forms, and it’s difficult not to harm a book during its re-working into a movie script. I could mention that I watched Chaplin’s latest movie in Hollywood, it’s called Monsieur

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<sup>9</sup> *Diaries*, 688. *Letters*, 258.

<sup>10</sup> The story appeared in the *VG* issue of 26 August 1947, 8: “Evelyn Waugh endelig på norsk” (“Evelyn Waugh is Finally in Norway”). *VG* had the second largest circulation in Norway at the time of Waugh’s visit and is still published today.

Vercour [*sic*]. I liked it. But Chaplin isn't exactly popular in Hollywood. A lot of communists gather in his home, but I wouldn't dare to say that Chaplin is a member of the Communist Party.

Q. How do you view English literature today?

A. There is a clear tendency among English writers today, those over 40, to put more emphasis on style. Most are apathetic towards Christianity, but there are religious writers, especially Catholic. They aren't so many that they are noticed...  
[garbled digital text.].

Finally we must add that Mr. Waugh was very interested also in Norwegian conditions, especially those relating to literature. But he also wanted to get as thorough an impression of the Norwegian people as is possible on a 'French visit.'<sup>11</sup>

The following day *Arbeiderbladet* (now *Dagsavisen*) published a similar story, mentioning the Chaplin remarks and the assessment of contemporary English literature. This had the headline "40-åringene dominerer engelsk litteratur" ("40-Year-Olds Dominate English Literature;" 27 August 1947, 2). Their report on the latter may help clarify the foregoing report in the *VG* for which the digital text was garbled:

'Many English writers now consider it their task to keep the English language free of American influence,' said Mr. Waugh. 'One can therefore detect a stronger stylistic interest than before. It is the people in their 40s who dominate. Few of the younger ones have so far shown themselves as possessing significant talents for fiction.'

The *Arbeiderbladet* story also added a bit about Waugh's war experience liaising with Tito's forces in Yugoslavia: "In fact, I would rather have become a parachutist, but I was too fat."

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<sup>11</sup> In Norwegian, this refers to a quick, superficial visit.

*Aftenposten* (Norway's newspaper of record and with the largest circulation) also had a story on page 1 of its 27 August 1947 edition accompanied by a photograph and the headline "Shakespeares vitser forferdelige, sier Evelyn Waugh" ("Shakespeare's Jokes Are Awful, Says Evelyn Waugh"). This included some topics not mentioned by the other two papers:<sup>12</sup>

Q. What is your first impression of the Vigeland Park, Mr. Waugh?

A. The best cities have something unique to show. When I saw Vigeland's work I immediately thought: This belongs to Oslo and no other city in the world. It is absolutely unique. In the days to come I will study there more closely, to write about it. It is the most pagan thing I have seen in Europe.

Q. Is the last thing meant as a compliment?

A. Not from my side, because I'm a Christian.

Q. Are you also an existentialist?

A. No, you can't be both. Søren Kierkegaard was, but now the leaders in Paris have taken the old beliefs out of the existential slime.

Q. Kierkegaard mocked what he called Sunday Christians. What do you think of them?

A. If Kirkegaard had lived in a Catholic country, there would be no need for such a distinction.

Q. Are you Catholic?

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<sup>12</sup> The news conference seems to have been conducted in a restaurant in the Vigeland Park following his visit to the artistic exhibits. The *Aftenposten* article refers to Waugh sitting at a table in a restaurant with a book about Vigeland in front of him.

A. Yes, I converted in 1928 (“Ja, jeg hie det i 1928”).<sup>13</sup> There are two million Catholics in England now, and especially among the intellectuals there is a great search for the Catholic Church.

Q. There is humour in your book *Black Mischief*. Have you ever sought to explain the source of that humour?

A. Humour is the most dated (“*døgnpregede*,” literally date-embossed) thing I can imagine. Something that was funny 50 years ago is like a withered flower today. Mark Twain for example. Shakespearean jokes are awful. Humour is not immortal. Also, it is very difficult for one country to accept another country's humour. It's a personal thing. Comedy, irony and satire, on the other hand, are universal.

Q. Are there any humourists you particularly appreciate?

A. Yes, Max Beerbohm and the English writer John Betjeman. Humour is for some men a life philosophy (“*livsanskuelse*”). For me, it is something physical. You feel something in your neck, or you know nothing. Surely, in that sense, humour is very close to tragedy.

Q. Based on your own experience, what do you think of modern American literature?

A. The Americans have to go to Europe to develop their talent. America is a good starting point, but what they get over there is nothing. Even Hemingway had to go abroad for inspiration. There is something in the American climate that makes the seed grow well, but then it must be transplanted.

Q. Do you have specific opinions about politics?

A. I'm not a politician.

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<sup>13</sup> The correct date is 1930.

Q. You have pronounced, sharp views of Tito.

A. I have, because he has made an original, admirable patriotic movement into an instrument of communism.

Q. It seems that you do not fear that war characterizes relationships between many countries?

A. I'm not thinking of war. If war comes, I will take part to the extent my age allows, but I will not let the thought of war intervene in my work and family life.

Q. Those who are Catholic: do you think the atomic age of scientific development will pull many away from the church?

A. In every generation, there is a devil who tempts some away from the faith. Adultery still exists. Of course, science can also be used as an excuse.

It is evident from his diaries and letters that Waugh enjoyed himself less in Norway than he did in Sweden. He mentions fewer social engagements in Oslo. He dined with his publisher at least twice, once after the press conference and later when he was introduced to Norwegian novelist Sigrid Undset: "She never spoke except to ask if I had read 'Julie Noitch' (Julian of Norwich, it transpired), drank a lot, and looked like a malevolent boarding-house proprietress."<sup>14</sup> There is also a record of a dinner engagement with a Mr. Some, to whom Waugh wrote a letter the next day thanking him for his hospitality as well as for the gift of a 5-volume set of books containing reproductions of the paintings of Norwegian artist Edvard Munch.<sup>15</sup>

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<sup>14</sup> *Diaries*, 688. It is somewhat surprising that Waugh took so little interest in Undset (1882-1949). Her novels were popular and had already been translated widely when she converted to Roman Catholicism in 1924. She wrote several novels on Catholic themes as well as saints' lives after her conversion and won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1928 (apparently on the basis of her pre-conversion fiction).

<sup>15</sup> Unpublished and undated letter (ALS) on stationery of the Grand Hotel, Oslo, recently sold at auction. (Forum Auctions, London, 30 March 2017, Lot 206; viewed online, 31 December 2018.)

The one thing that did impress him in Oslo (otherwise dismissed variously as “hideous..., hot, dusty, noisy, shabby, ugly” and containing a town hall then under construction that would be, when completed, the “ugliest building in Europe”) was the sculpture of Gustav Vigeland. Even that he found “preposterously hideous,” but nevertheless interesting, as he elaborated in his *Daily Telegraph* articles.<sup>16</sup>

### **Copenhagen, Denmark (29 August-2 September)**

Denmark more than made up for the relative disappointment of Norway. Waugh quickly discovered that he was “a highly popular writer among the Danes” (*Diaries*, 688). Indeed, unlike Norwegians, who were still awaiting their first translation of any of his works, every novel he had written and even a volume of stories were already available in Denmark by the time he arrived in 1947. Starting in 1942, two Danish publishing houses (Thaning & Appel and Gyldendal) had managed to get eight of his books into print despite wartime constraints and Nazi occupation. The most recent were *Put Out More Flags* (*Flere flag*) and *Brideshead Revisited* (*Gensynet med Brideshead*) which both appeared in 1946.

He was met at the Copenhagen airport by his two Danish publishers and the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent as well as “a dozen journalists and cameramen” (*Diaries*, 688). This must have been organized into a formal press conference, although no one from the British Embassy is mentioned as having been in attendance, as was the case in Oslo. One of the members of the press corps (Svend Kragh-Jacobson of the daily Copenhagen paper *Berlingske Tidende*) afterwards joined the two publishers in escorting Waugh around the sights, which included “Tivoli ... Elsinore, Baroness Blixen and a Catholic rally at Forum” (*Diaries*, 688-89). Baroness Karen Blixen, who wrote as Isak Dinesen, was the author of several books in both Danish and English, including the novel *Out of Africa* (1937). As was the case with Sigrid Undset in Norway, Blixen seems to have made little impression on Waugh.

Given the well-attended press conference, newspaper coverage in Denmark was correspondingly more prolific than in either Norway or Sweden. Major stories appeared on 30 August 1947 in the three leading Copenhagen papers: *Berlingske Tidende*, *Politiken* and

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<sup>16</sup> *Letters*, 458; *Diaries*, 688.

*Nationaltidende*, as well as several others. The most detailed coverage was in *Politiken*, the socialist paper (30 August 1947, 5; 6). This was signed by “Jonal” and carried the headline “Chaplin er for mig en Slags amerikansk Sartre” (“Chaplin Is for Me a Kind of American Sartre”). There is also a prominent photo of Waugh holding up a glass of Danish beer, apparently at the airport. The report of the interview in *Politiken* opens with a statement from Waugh and then carries on in a Q&A format:

But my wife has gradually got used to my books, says Evelyn Waugh. By the way, I've never been able to write a *roman à clef*. All of my figures are free fantasy, even though I have been as inspired by real life as any other novelist.

***Brideshead Revisited***

Q. Which of your books do you like the most?

A. *Brideshead Revisited*, which I hear recently came to Denmark. *Decline and Fall* as well. The British like it best, and *Scoop*, a novel about journalists in the Abyssinian War. The worst thing I have done is probably *Vile Bodies*. It's simply makework!

Q. Do you lay out a careful plan before you start writing a novel?

A. No, I'm just trying to give character to some people, and sometimes I'm quite amazed at what they end up being. *Put Out More Flags* I wrote aboard a troop ship during the war. I thought the chief female character was a strange fish, until one of the ship's crew gave me the advice to make her drink. Then she suddenly seemed clear and became a living being.

Q. The conclusion of *Brideshead Revisited* has been so much discussed throughout the world. Is this on account of the position you hold about Catholicism?

A. Yes. But everything I wrote about Catholicism is serious and honest. I don't want to act as a propagandist, but when you -- as I -- have gone over to Catholicism, you feel it; almost like a calling.



Q. Can we soon expect something new from your hand?

A. Just before I traveled to Scandinavia, I finished a macabre little book about cadavers and embalmers. It's called *The Loved One*. But I will try to write a larger novel about the war and the English soldiers, especially those I followed closely. Like the group I served with in Yugoslavia near the end of the war.

Q. Do you want to return to Yugoslavia?

A. I don't think the Yugoslavs want me back. So that's easy.

Q. What do you think of England's immediate situation?

A. I don't have any opinion whatsoever. I don't want to deal with politics. There are far too many nowadays who believe that politicians can save the world. I do not think so.

### **Is England's Aristocracy in Disrepair?**

Q. Is the English aristocracy in such decay as that you describe in your books?

A. It depends on how you read my books. I'm not saying our aristocracy is in disrepair. During the war, the English nobility made an excellent job of it, along with the rest of the population. The English nobility has always done that when there was war.

Q. Is it not the the aristocracy that has felt the brunt of your satire?

A. No, not at all.

Q. Which authors do you hold in the highest regard?

A. In my younger days, I liked Voltaire a lot, but today there are so many that I do not want to name just a few.

Q. Have you completely abandoned journalism?

A. I recently wrote a couple of absolutely bland articles in the *Daily Telegraph* about my American journey. I traveled with my wife who had not been outside England for seven years.

Q. What was your impression of Hollywood?

A. I think most of the Hollywood movies are dull and sad to encounter. In general, I cannot understand why the life of a Hollywood star should be thought so enviable. They are slipping and dragging from morning to evening and never have time to relax.<sup>17</sup> I greeted Huxley in California and we had a great time together. In addition, I saw the two Hollywood artists I came to admire most: Charlie Chaplin and Walt Disney. The latter has not been so lucky with his last colour film "Song of the South," which in my opinion is simply horrific.<sup>18</sup> Well, he wants to make "Alice in Wonderland," not to mention a real-life Alice and not a drawn figure.

Charlie Chaplin isn't exactly popular at the moment in Hollywood. They scold him for being a Communist, and what do I know? Maybe he is. In all cases he is a great artist. His last movie "Monsieur Verdoux" is actually brilliant. All his enemies have tried to pull it down, but it will probably go its good course anyway. He does not know it himself, but I must remember to tell him when we meet. Like

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<sup>17</sup> *Berlingske Tidende* (30 August 1947, 5) and *Nationaltidende* (30 August 1947, 5) reported that Waugh likened Hollywood personalities to bank assistants: small, worried and boring.

<sup>18</sup> In *Berlingske Tidende* this point was somewhat elaborated as Waugh explained that he disliked Disney's blending in *Song of the South* of his brilliant cartoon characters with the Technicolor live-action footage. Disney cited the cost savings, but Waugh felt it was regrettable ("Jammerskade"). Svend Kragh-Jacobson, "Mine Personers Opførsel forbløffer mig meget ofte," "My People's Behavior Often Amazes Me." *Berlingske Tidende*, 30 August 1947, 5.

Sartre, he blots out his innermost soul and considers it as would an outside spectator.<sup>19</sup>

Q. Is none of your books to be filmed in Hollywood?

A. No, I have let myself down. I don't think you can film a novel. A movie script must be born to film and only that. This is how the French feel, and that is probably one of the reasons why they are making better movies today than the Americans.

### **Cemetery As a Hobby**

Q. They say you love going to graveyards?

A. Yes, it really interests me to get to know graveyards around the world. In America, I saw a very funny graveyard with an artificial nightingale song when you pressed a button, as well as other refinements. It is, of course, sensible to concern yourself a little bit regarding where you will spend your next life; under the earth I mean.

Evelyn Waugh smiles and drinks his glass of beer with all signs of well-being. To a last question about why he has come to Scandinavia, he answers:

A. Honestly, I fled from my house in southern England because my five children have a summer vacation all at the same time, and that brings more disturbance to the house than my delicate nerves can take. And so, I always wanted to see Scandinavia; not least Hamlet's grave. I have visited my publishers both in Stockholm and Oslo, and now the trip has come to Thaning and Appel in

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<sup>19</sup> In *Nationaltidende*, it was reported that Waugh also mentioned meeting the Danish artist Kay Neilsen, whom he remembered from her illustrations of his childhood edition of Hans Christian Andersen, and noted that she was now working for Disney. ("Hollywood er befolket af kedelige Bankfolk;" "Hollywood Is Populated by Boring Bankers." *Nationaltidende*, 30 August 1947, 5.)

Copenhagen. But I stay here only until Monday. Then I'll be back to England, and all the kids.”

*Berlingske Tidende*, the Danish newspaper of record, published two follow-up reports. The first appeared on 31 August 1947 under the headline “Turist i København” (22; “Tourist in Copenhagen”) and consisted of the paper’s catalogue of Waugh’s activity following his press conference on arrival. This was no doubt reported by their correspondent Svend Kragh-Jacobson, who Waugh says accompanied him on these excursions:

The first night, Evelyn Waugh spent in Tivoli, where he competed with his publishers to smash the most glass in a small restaurant. On this trip, he devoted himself to real sight-seeing. He walked through the town, admiring Amalienborg, which he found was the most beautiful place in Europe, sailed through Christianshavn's canals, climbed Our Savior's church tower and drank beer with *Berlingske Tidende*'s reporter in a really small Christianshavner restaurant. Then he made time for both the Round Tower, the Lady Church, the University and, into the bargain, looked into one of the old rooms of the *Regensen* (Regents) College and recalled his own college days in Oxford.

In the evening he was invited by the PEN-club's chairman Kai Friis Møller to a friendly dinner with a few Danish authors, Kjeld Abell, Tove Ditlevsen and Sven Clausen, and the publisher Hartmann, in the Skovriderkroen. Today he is going to Kronborg and Frederiksborg, for he still needs to see what a real tourist must see in Copenhagen.

Three days later, following his departure, this quote appeared (*Berlingske Tidende*, 3 September 1947) under the headline “From the Airport” (“Fra Lufthavnen”):

‘This is a nice little country, and Copenhagen is a lovely city that Denmark has reason to be proud of: clean, friendly, cozy, festive, petty-bourgeois and metropolitan ... this is not the last time I will come ....’

‘Did you find material for a new book during your stay here?’

‘Not for a book, but for an article in the *Daily Telegraph*.’ (22)

**“Northern Approaches:” *Daily Telegraph* / *New York Herald Tribune* (September 1947 / January 1948)**

When he arrived back at Piers Court, Waugh was faced with revising the typescript of *The Loved One*. He also addressed the need to produce the articles promised to the *Daily Telegraph* based on the trip they had sponsored. He foresaw two articles for which they would pay £100 pounds each plus commission. Waugh directed that his fee be donated to the charity St. Charles Society. He sent a handwritten copy of the first article on 10 September to his agents with directions that it be typed. Waugh called it “The Northern Approaches,” but neither paper in which it appeared adopted that title.<sup>20</sup> A few days later, Waugh sent out the second part. In his cover letter, he explained that the first part was “very small beer” and that “all the meat” was in the second part. He also instructed that “for America the two must be combined,” leaving no conditions as to how much or what could be edited out. He also told Peters not to send the *DT* the first article, which had by then been typed, until the corrected version of the second was also ready. This would “lessen the shock at the poor return they are getting from all their expense.”<sup>21</sup>

Peters sent both articles to the *DT* on 29 September. The next mention of the articles is in Waugh’s letter to Peters dated 28 October in which he reports a casual conversation with Seymour Berry, who apparently worked at the *DT* and who told Waugh that they were negotiating with Peters about the articles. Waugh assumed from this that the *DT* did not want them but reminded Peters that they would have to pay the agreed rate anyway.<sup>22</sup> A few days later, Waugh received the proofs from the *DT* and, in a note informing Peters of this, he said that he “also received some advice on literary style from a Mr. Ballantyre.”<sup>23</sup> That may explain the one-month delay. The *DT* published the articles on 11 and 13 November 1947 under the titles

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<sup>20</sup> EW to ADP, unpublished ALS, dated 10 September 1947; HRC.

<sup>21</sup> EW to ADP, unpublished ALS, dated 14 September 1947; HRC.

<sup>22</sup> EW to ADP, unpublished ALS dated 28 October 1947; HRC.

<sup>23</sup> EW to ADP, unpublished ANS, 3 November 1947; HRC.

“The Scandinavian Capitals: Contrasted Post-War Moods” and “Scandinavia Prefers a Bridge to an Eastern Rampart.”<sup>24</sup>

The first article summarizes Waugh’s cultural assessments of all three countries, the effects of WWII on them, and their potential holiday interest to British travelers. He opens with claims that Stockholm and Copenhagen are two of the “most pleasant cities in the world,” while “poor Oslo” is “noisy, inelegant,” and yet radiant with civic pride. He credits Norway with having had a good war, characterized by armed opposition and a feeling of having “fought, suffered and conquered” (*EAR*, 339). This helped the Norwegians shed their previous feelings of inferiority to their neighbors. Sweden was “weary and cynical” and endemically neutral. Its omnipresent state seemed to be the sort of goal the British socialists were aiming for. The Danish war experience was a “bitter” one, with no military opposition and a relatively conservative resistance, bringing “humiliation without tragedy” (*EAR*, 340). The Danes were nevertheless the “most exhilarating people in Europe,” not obsessed with politics, more civilized than the Norwegians and more humorous and imaginative than the Swedes (*EAR*, 341).

In the second article, he concentrates on the Scandinavian response to the threat of Communism and their attitudes toward religion. Denmark is barely mentioned except for its relative lack of interest in Communism. He sees Sweden as having rather capitulated to the Russians in an unfavorable trade pact where it will become a virtual “Russian workshop.” All of Scandinavia is seen as having suffered “a vast apostasy” from the Christian religion (*EAR*, 342). He attributes this to their dependence on state schools (as opposed to Britain where religious training survives in Roman Catholic and “public” schools). For the vast majority of Scandinavians, “the religious conception of life [...] is totally and, humanly speaking, irretrievably lost.” He describes the stark sculptural work of Gustav Vigeland in Oslo as “an expression of Scandinavian piety.” He concludes that it is a “stupendous achievement” in which there is “no hint of any intellectual aspiration, [...] the most depressing spectacle it is possible to encounter; something far more awful than the ruins of Hiroshima” (*EAR*, 343).

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<sup>24</sup> Both reprinted in *EAR*.

The *Daily Telegraph* published seven letters in the week after the articles began appearing. Most defended the Scandinavian countries against claims of neglecting religion, pointing to obligatory religious training in the schools and evidence of active attendance at church services surpassing those in England. The Swedish ambassador, Vilgot Hammarling took issue with Waugh's claims that Sweden had entered into a trade treaty that made them "virtually a Russian workshop,"<sup>25</sup> noting that it has not yet taken full effect and even when effective would result in deliveries worth less than half of those to Britain. He also argues that Waugh's concerns about such things as Sweden's low birth rate, high suicide rate and cynicism were more examples of his own "mental processes" based on a "deep disagreement" with the people he met than statements of observable fact. One writer defended Waugh's article against the ambassador's "sweeping and uncompromising denials" of Waugh's statements "without statistical support."<sup>26</sup> Uncharacteristically, Waugh did not engage in any responses even though several writers on the religious side offered what must have been tempting targets.

Meanwhile, Waugh's US agents had shopped the articles around the national magazines (*Vogue* and *Town and Country* are named) but found no takers. Finally, a magazine called *This Week* agreed to take them for circulation in the New York market.<sup>27</sup> After they were published in the UK, they ultimately appeared over two months later in the *New York Herald Tribune's* edition of *This Week* for 25 January 1948. Consistent with Waugh's instructions, the two articles had been combined into one that was entitled "Dreary Paradise." This was somewhat abridged, with most deletions from what had been the first *DT* article.<sup>28</sup>

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<sup>25</sup> *Daily Telegraph*, "Scandinavia Today: Letter to the Editor," 15 November 1947, 2.

<sup>26</sup> *Daily Telegraph*, "To the Editor," Bernaud, H. C. 18 November 1947, 4.

<sup>27</sup> Cablegrams between Harold Matson and ADP, 11/12 November 1947; HRC. *This Week* was a national Sunday newspaper insert. In the 1950s, it was distributed nationwide. A New York area edition was carried in the *Herald Tribune*, apparently with some separate editorial content. The story also appeared a few weeks later in the *Milwaukee Journal* (13 February 1948).

<sup>28</sup> The opening and most of the closing paragraphs of the original first article and several paragraphs discussing Norway near the beginning were deleted from the US edition. Oddly, the *Herald Tribune* also

Waugh also requested that his agents see whether there might be any interest in translating the articles for publication in the Scandinavian media. ADP sent out letters but only one response is recorded in their files. This came from the Swedish magazine *Obs* that had already noted its interest in publication back in August during Waugh's visit and to which he had then agreed. But when the articles were sent to *Obs* after London publication, they responded through Waugh's Scandinavian agent that they were no longer interested since the Swedish papers had already commented on them and they "were inferior in quality to what they had expected."<sup>29</sup>

*Aftenposten* in Norway carried a story about the second *DT* article on its front page in the 14 November 1947 edition, the day following publication in the *DT*: "Skandinavia kan ikke lenger regnes til den kristne verden" ("Scandinavia Can No Longer Be Considered in the Christian World"). This is an accurate summary of Waugh's article, without editorial comment.<sup>30</sup> At least one paper in Sweden took up Waugh's articles after they had appeared in the *Herald Tribune / This Week*, citing that article in their headline: "'Ledsamt paradis,' tyckte mr Waugh om folkhemmet" ("Dreary Paradise,' Says Mr. Waugh from the People's House").<sup>31</sup> This appeared in *Dagens Nyheter* (29 January 1948, 1; 3), the Stockholm paper that had earlier

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added a sentence in the first part (7) referring to a Danish "quarrel with America about Greenland" that does not appear in the *DT* version. The contents of the second article, which Waugh had thought the better, largely survived in *Herald Tribune / This Week* without alteration.

<sup>29</sup> A. Grunewald, Bookman Literary Agency, Copenhagen, to ADP, unpublished TLS, dated 15 December 1947; HRC.

<sup>30</sup> The *Aftenposten* article opens with the statement that the *DT* story "continues [Waugh's] articles from his visit to Scandinavia this summer. This time he comes closer to political and cultural conditions." There is no reference to an earlier *Aftenposten* summary of the first article.

<sup>31</sup> *Folkhemmet* is a loaded word in Swedish with considerable political meaning. It refers to the Swedish political program of the 20th century by which everybody should have an equal chance at a comfortable, middle-class life, that is, with a house or apartment, nicely furnished, and with all the amenities, as well as schools, medical care, and shopping. Those were the very features of Swedish life Waugh found objectionable.



labeled Waugh “Huxley’s Ape.” It is mostly devoid of editorial comment except for its ironic headline and its concluding sentence: “But that’s not how it sounded when Mr. Waugh was interviewed during his visit to Sweden. At that point he thought that Stockholm was a charming city and that the Swedes were such individualists [as in ‘free spirits’].” It is doubtful that Waugh was aware of such reports, as no references to them appear in the Peters correspondence files at HRC.

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Acknowledgments

Translations of newspaper articles were prepared in the first instance by the author (except as noted), using computerized versions as first drafts.

These were reviewed and edited: those from the Danish by Annette Rathje, from Norwegian by Ivar Dale, and from Swedish by Ingrid Edlund-Berry. Thanks to all of them for their valuable assistance.

Thanks also to Johanne Fronth-Nygren.

I owe a similar debt of gratitude to Martin Lund and Flemming Hagensen of the Royal Danish Library, Tove Giskeødegård and Julie Nerdal of the Norwegian National Library, and Rick Watson of the Harry Ransom Center at the University of Texas at Austin for their help in facilitating research.

Without the assistance of these individuals and institutions, this article could not have been written.

## REVIEWS

### Reconstruction and Ricochet

*The Bitter Taste of Victory: Life, Love and Art in the Ruins of the Reich*, by Lara Feigel, Bloomsbury, 2016. 464 pp. \$28, £22.

Reviewed by Marshall McGraw

The only italicized sentence in Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain* (*Der Zauberberg*, 1924) is quickly forgotten by the protagonist Hans Castorp. The slanted words, "*because of charity and love, man should never allow death to rule one's thoughts*,"<sup>1</sup> appears in his mind as he reconsiders a blizzard-induced, hallucinatory dream. Mann's resistance to death-oriented thinking comes into clearer light when his diagnosis of post-war Germany is also considered. In a 1945 speech given at the United States Library of Congress, he attested that both the "Pan-Germanism of Bismarck and the death-driven megalomania of Hitler" were the externalized expressions of the inward passion and reverie of (late) German Romanticism.<sup>2</sup> Yet, for Mann, these were not the expressions of two Germanys, "a good one and a bad one, but only one, whose best turned into evil through devilish cunning."<sup>3</sup>

The question of how to expunge odious thoughts from a collective subconscious is taken up in Lara Feigel's *The Bitter Taste of Victory: Life, Love and Art in the Ruins of the Reich*. Feigel's study is a tripartite of historical analysis, literary criticism, and group biography; by working at such a crossroads of genre, its originality provides ample scholastic ground to the genre of "literary nonfiction." She details not only how the occupying forces undertook the

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<sup>1</sup> Trans. John E. Woods. New York: Knopf, 1995. 588. The reverie can be distinguished from that of an outright hallucination as Castorp was in fact asleep during the scene.

<sup>2</sup> Qtd. in Feigel, *The Bitter Taste of Victory: Life, Love and Art in the Ruins of the Reich*. London: Bloomsbury, 2016. 63.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 63.

reconstruction of destroyed German infrastructure in July 1945, but also how they sought to reanimate the cultural consciousness of the German body politic as they saw fit.

Feigel sets out to prove that these processes of denazification, re-education, and reconstruction of post-World War Two Germany by an international group of artists ultimately affected those artists, filmmakers, writers, and actors more so than they did Germany, or the German public, by implicitly questioning the lines between the political, the creative and the personal. The post-war lives of Marlene Dietrich, Thomas, Erika, and Klaus Mann, George Orwell, Stephen Spender, and Evelyn Waugh, among others, show how “the story of a group of writers and artists who found that the encounter with ruined Germany necessitated a period of personal reconstruction” (8).<sup>4</sup>

By the end of the Second World War, one fifth of the buildings in Germany had been destroyed. It was not only the widespread destruction of Germany (which Stephen Spender, a frequent subject in Feigel’s body of work, described as “a reproach to the people who go on living there”) that complicated the question of denazified reconstruction, but the liberation of death camps (93). Confronted with unspeakable horror, not only did the Occupying Forces’ question of whether denazification remained possible persist, but the consideration entered into an even more juridical mode. George Orwell put it the most straightforwardly while working on an assignment for the *Observer*: “It is to what extent can the so obviously simple and gentle peasants who troop to church on Sunday mornings in decent black be responsible for the horrors of the Nazis?” (51). Erika Mann, working as an American war correspondent, was not so confident redemption was possible, unsympathetically writing to her brother Klaus, “in their [the German people’s] hearts, self-deception and dishonesty, arrogance and docility, shrewdness and stupidity are repulsive mingled and combined” (19). Even if denazification were possible, after light was shed on such brutalities, were the German people, who had allowed, by either direct hand or blind eye, the perpetration of the Holocaust, *deserving* of moral rehabilitation?

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<sup>4</sup> The others include W. H. Auden, Martha Gellhorn, Ernest Hemingway, Lee Miller, Rebecca West, and Billy Wilde.

Despite Feigel's aversion to Jean-Paul Sartre -- she describes him as "impossibly idealistic"-- the pages describing the debut of *The Flies*, Sartre's interpretation of the Electra myth, are Feigel at her best, linking literature, biography, and political philosophy to head-on consider the debate of whether or not the German people were deserving of denazification. When criticized by communist academic Alfons Steinberger's claim that *The Flies* "administers a gigantic pardon, a summery general absolution," Sartre insisted on a vision of the future free from the horizons of the past.<sup>5</sup> In a post-Nuremberg Germany, "to wallow in the past, to suffer the torment of is night and day" became "a pointless, completely negative thing;" Sartre asserted that "responsibility ... can lead [me] to something else, to something positive, in other words to an essential rehabilitation, to action for a fertile, positive future."<sup>6</sup> By positing this ever-renewing moral future, Sartre unwittingly offered the German people a means to counteract the occupying forces' narrative of Germany's fixed moral being.

For all of its acuity, its careful attention to the lives and works of so many individuals, let alone the implications of their contributions, *The Bitter Taste of Victory* remains off balance in its attention. Feigel makes her case with ease, no small feat given its scope, but where the evidence of denazification influencing a group of celebrities abounds, any reaction on the part of the wider German population remains largely under-tended by her narrative. Surely it would not confound her thesis if Feigel included the German reaction, beyond that of the German elite, to these star-studded, often embroiled, incursions with similar attention. We begin to see glimpses of these reactions in the book's conclusion, as the Cold War begins, but had the common German reaction to reconstruction been sustained in greater depth throughout, we could have all the better seen salience in Feigel's thesis while divergent ideologies began to stagnate in Berlin.

Regardless, *The Bitter Taste of Victory* revamps our consideration of elevated, historical subjects. The persuasion of her thesis, implicitly humanizing her otherwise demiurgic cast by recounting their hopes, fears, loves, decaying marriages, suicides, patriotism, and confusion,

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<sup>5</sup> Sartre's mantra "existence precedes essence" concludes actions define a subject instead of any pre-ordained nature, among other implications.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* 272.

sidesteps one pitfall potential to biography: the unintentionally myopic consideration of history through the all too precious consideration of one's subject. With such a breadth of material at hand, it would be easy for *The Bitter Taste of Victory* to become muddled, overburdened by sheer volume. Yet Feigel's sharp handling of her material ensures *The Bitter Taste of Victory* remains uniquely insightful in its conclusions, and all the more effectively demonstrates history's effect on towering figures of the 20th century.



## Inez, Evelyn, and the Blitz

*Blitz Writing: Night Shift and It Was Different at the Time*, by Inez Holden, edited by Kristen Bluemel, Handheld Press, 2019. 227 pp. Paperback \$11.55, £12.99, Kindle \$3.90.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Manley

The publication of this book in May concludes the long, purgatorial neglect suffered by a writer whose talent was at one time recognized by Evelyn Waugh as well as Anthony Powell, H G Wells, George Orwell, and Cyril Connolly. Inez Holden was also a close friend of Stevie Smith and Mulk Raj Anand. From the 1930s to the mid 1950s she wrote seven novels, two story collections and a memoir, numerous uncollected stories, essays and articles in the national newspapers and magazines.

Waugh first mentions Inez in his *Diaries*<sup>1</sup> as a “charming girl” he met while they were both working at the *Express* (9 May 1927, 284). A few weeks later, she joined him after work at the *Express* for a night on the town: “We sat in the Savoy for a long time then went to a cinema, then to the Gargoyle, then to the Night Light where she spent all my money on a shilling in the slot machine then back to the Gargoyle” (1 July 1927, 284-85).<sup>2</sup> This was the same day Waugh had collected his last pay packet from the *Express*.

Waugh next mentions Inez several weeks later, noting a lunch at the Gargoyle Club with both Inez and Anthony Powell (8 September 1927, 289). He wrote that he paid for that lunch with the proceeds of a sale of some review copies. Powell also recalls in his memoirs that Waugh paid for Inez’s lunch, which he thought was generous given that Waugh was very hard up at the time. Afterwards, Waugh accompanied Inez first to a cinema and then to “her club.” This was in the period when Waugh was at work on *Rossetti*, an arrangement that Powell had facilitated by

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<sup>1</sup> London: Weidenfeld, 1976.

<sup>2</sup> The Gargoyle Club was located on Dean Street, Soho. It was founded two years before Waugh joined, by David Tennant, one of the Bright Young People and the brother of another, Stephen. Waugh joined the same day he started work at the *Express*. The Gargoyle continued in existence until 1955, when it became a strip club.

introducing Waugh to Duckworths, the publishers, where Powell worked at the time. Later in the month, Waugh recorded a dinner with Inez and afterwards a casual visit to her flat in William Street (apparently SW1, Knightsbridge) where he “sat for so long a time...that, for poverty, I was obliged to walk home” (n.d., September 1927, 289).

About a week later, he went back and found her “in bed eating *cachets de faivre*; stayed late with her; next day, she came to luncheon and my parents to dinner” (290). It is not clear whether Inez joined him at dinner with his parents. The following month, he visited her parents in their home at Bromson Hall, Warwickshire, but without Inez. This was a small estate with a stable and stud farm located less than five miles from where Waugh’s friend Alastair Graham lived at Barford. When he told Mrs. Holden that he had seen Inez recently and that she was “living on *cachets de faivre*,” Mrs. Holden replied: “I don’t think I know the de Faivres” (2 October 1927, 291). Waugh mentions that he was accompanied by someone during the visit to the parents; this was probably Alastair’s mother Jesse Graham with whom he was staying at Barford, as is explained by Waugh in his previous diary entry. He also says that there were lots of other people there, including Inez’s unprepossessing brother (“...looking like death. He showed indecent pictures and talked of night haunts.”) It may be that the Holdens were giving a party of some sort to which they had invited their neighbor, Mrs. Graham.

At about this same time, Waugh began carpentry training at art school in Holborn. This may explain the recollection of Inez to her cousin (Celia Goodman) that, when Inez was staying at the Ritz in a flat borrowed from a friend, “she had encountered [Waugh] wandering about in the corridors with a bag of tools.”<sup>3</sup> What occurred during these visits is not mentioned by Waugh but they took place at the same time he was courting Evelyn Gardner.<sup>4</sup> After Waugh married, he

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<sup>3</sup> Goodman, Celia. “Inez Holden: A Memoir.” *London Magazine*. 33.9 (December 1994/January 1995). 36. Hereafter Goodman. Her maiden name was Paget and her first married name was Kirwan. She remarried in 1954 to Arthur Goodman, a diplomat. After his untimely death in 1964, she settled in Cambridge. Obituary, *Guardian* 5 November 2002. Her twin sister Mamaine was the wife of novelist Arthur Koestler.

<sup>4</sup> Inez kept an unpublished diary, but this has not survived prior to April 1941 so she leaves no account of her side of the story behind Waugh’s visits to her flat or to her parents. Kristin Bluemel, who has written

records meeting Inez unexpectedly, apparently accompanied by his wife, on two occasions in late 1928 (23 November 1928, 301).

Waugh reviewed Inez's first book, a novel entitled *Sweet Charlatan*, published by Duckworths. His review appeared in *Vogue* (London), 4 September 1929. He writes that the book

...is a first novel and quite clearly the work of an author of sophisticated sensibility [...] *Sweet Charlatan* is, in a sense, a society novel; that is to say it deals with very fashionable people, but they are not, thank heaven, set down with the gossip writer's idea of social values [...] It is the most 'ninetyish' book I have read in some time, but it is the 'nineties' dressed up in modern clothes. The plot involves magic and is fundamentally inscrutable. The hero is supremely bogus but rather attractive, and a creation of real skill. There are also some good incidental jokes and some excellent proper names.<sup>5</sup>

Another review of the book was written by Waugh as a sample for the *Daily Sketch*, but was not accepted. In it, he mentions that the hero "is an aesthete who, people tell me, has a marked resemblance to a well-known young man in London society" (*Complete Works, supra*, 199). According to Powell, who discussed the same book in his memoir of Inez, this young man was "...that flamboyant figure Evan Morgan (later Viscount Tredegar), and was "...not beyond all hope of identification. Inez was said to have talked of marrying Lord Tredegar. There was no *prima facie* reason for supposing that an ambition easy of attainment, though true that in the

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the most detailed scholarly study of Inez's life and work (*George Orwell and the Radical Eccentrics: Intermodernism in Literary London*. New York: Palgrave, 2004), says that in her diary Inez does not make any references to Waugh. Inez's literary executor, Ariane Bankes (Celia Goodman's daughter), confirms that there are no references to Waugh in Inez's archives. The diary ends in 1960 (*Idem*, 168).

<sup>5</sup> *Complete Works of Evelyn Waugh: Essays, Articles and Reviews 1922-34*. Ed. Donat Gallagher. Vol. 26. Oxford: OUP, 2018. 192-93.

course of his career he married twice, the second venture annulled. This doubtful aspect may not have been entirely a disrecommendation in a husband.”<sup>6</sup>

About a year later, after his divorce, Waugh records another meeting with Inez (*Diaries*, 28 June 1930, 318). This would have been after his success with his first two novels:

Inez lunched with me. I said ‘How bad-tempered Harold [Acton] was last night’ to make things easier. Inez said, ‘He was sweet to me. But then I know him so well he wouldn’t think of being anything else.’ Inez has taken to kissing me lately...

Waugh seems to have lost touch with her after this last entry. Powell, on the other hand, continued to have contact with Inez, and it was through her that he became acquainted with George Orwell during the war. Inez was then working with Orwell at the BBC as well as pursuing several other jobs such as a first aid volunteer, fire watcher and factory worker.

The two short books included in this reprint are both set in and published during World War II, probably Holden’s most productive period. As well as these two books --*Night Shift* (1941) and *It Was Different at the Time* (1943) -- she produced another novel, *There’s No Story There* (1944), and a collection of stories, *To the Boating* (1945). She managed to get them published despite wartime book production restraints and her multiple jobs.

*Night Shift* takes place during the height of the Blitz over one week in the Spring of 1941. Each chapter is named for the work-day it describes. Indeed, the last chapter, “Saturday,” can be precisely identified with the date 19 April 1941 because that is the day, together with the preceding Wednesday (16 April), on which there occurred the strongest London bombardments of the Blitz up to that point. This is explained in the editor Kristin Bluemel’s notes. The bombardments came thereafter to be referred to by Londoners simply as “the Wednesday” and “the Saturday” (188, 194).

The novel has a first-person narrator who has recently come to work in a North London factory (the nearest transport junction is Tottenham) called Braille that makes reconnaissance

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<sup>6</sup> Powell, Anthony. “Inez Holden: A Memoir.” *London Magazine*. 14.4 (October / November 1974). 92-3.

cameras for aircraft. There is probably some irony implied in the name. The first-person narrator takes little part in the action until the final day but is rather the observer of others who work there. The novel is described as concerning itself with the “working class,” and most of the characters fall into that category. We learn something of their lives and more about their concerns with factory pay and work conditions through their conversations on the factory floor and in the canteen. Since the narrator has only recently come to work there, she knows little of their lives outside the factory, with two exceptions noted below.

There is nothing one could call a plot, but the concerns of the workers evolve into a sort of story. They believe that they are being underpaid by not receiving the proper level of compensation for overtime and piece-work bonuses. Moreover, the female workers are all classified as “unskilled,” and this is a recurrent grievance since they are expected in many cases to perform the same tasks as the men. Due to their “unskilled” status, they are paid less for equivalent work and are not allowed to organize into a union. In the short time covered by the story, these issues are not resolved, but one gains a sufficient understanding of them to see the workers’ point of view.

There are two instances where a “story” is told that extends outside the workplace. One involves a character known as Mabs who is married to one of the other workers. Mabs is a chatterbox and reveals details of her courtship and subsequent marital strife that are recounted by the narrator: “Her talk was like a pump which worked the life up from a well of consciousness through the deep mud of despair” (42). She has a casual attitude toward the truth, speaking in “a half-dead tone [...] as she ploughed back over the arable of lies” (47). This tale of a stressful marriage, however, does not reach any conclusion.

The other “story” relates to a young girl known as “Feather” who has recently started work. She is described as “not working class” and is treated with some deference by the others. She gets along well with them but has insights into their problems that give her a different understanding. For example, when the others discuss organizing a protest against short pay, she sees that this is unlikely to succeed due to certain working-class habits. Instead of uniting and calling out together for changes, she expects that they will behave like “isolated Lilliputians, potting on haphazard with pea-shooters from somewhere well out of range of the fortress” (35). She realizes that, although she too had been poor, “her way of being without money had been

different to [that of the workers]. Feather had had a bad time on not much credit, and they had had a bad time on no cash. It was the difference between restlessness and fatigue” (56).

It soon becomes apparent that Feather’s background is quite like that of Inez Holden. At one point Feather’s childhood is recalled (61-63), where she looks out of her nursery over a “line of trees” to a distant highway. She enjoys playing with her visiting cousins on her parents’ inherited estate, though her mother and father constantly quarrel. This closely matches Holden’s own childhood as described by Celia Goodman in her memoir. The country house sounds like that visited by Waugh when he met her parents, Bromson Hall in Warwickshire.

Feather is the most interesting individual character by quite a long chalk, and one is grateful to have a character who can be described beyond the surface of only a few days’ acquaintanceship, as is the case with the others. Feather shows more than a casual interest in one or two of the boys her own age who have recently arrived from a government training center, and one of the supervisors shows more than routine interest in explaining work-shop matters to her. One suspects a storyline could have developed out of these situations if the book had continued. Indeed, upon reflection, Feather may easily be a Waugh character who escaped from *Put Out More Flags* to take up war work (Poppet Green or one of her friends).

The novel ends rather abruptly in the “Saturday” chapter that takes place on the narrator’s night off. She describes details of the “Saturday” raid on 19 April 1941 that began after her tour as fire watcher when she had returned to her flat.<sup>7</sup> When the narrator awakes the next afternoon and surveys the damage, she realizes as she approaches the Braille factory that it has been hit and is still burning. She doesn’t discover what happens to any of the employees, except for Mabs, who is also approaching the factory for the next shift and explains that she and her husband have survived.

It is somewhat disappointing to have the story thus abbreviated, but it was probably a good literary move. Even though the stories about the workers’ job grievances and love lives may have piqued the reader’s interest in seeing how they would play out, having them end

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<sup>7</sup> The editor argues (based on Holden’s unedited diary) that the details of the raid she describes relate to the one that occurred earlier in the week.

suddenly by bombardment was very much the way things happened at the time. Holden strives to make the workers sympathetic, and she clearly agrees with them on their job grievances, but they are not as fully fledged as Feather. Waugh, on the other hand, made little effort to sympathize with the lower-middle and working-class characters he created for his war novels. They are in many cases quite well-drawn and memorable -- Hooper, the Connolly children, Ludovic, Major Hound, Aphorpe -- but they are used for satirical purposes.

There is not a lot of humor or satire in Holden's novel, but occasionally some comes through. She describes one of her fellow women workers as so thin that "the Government overall [she was wearing] looked awkward as if, in putting it on, she had wrapped herself up into a parcel and then lost interest on the way to the post office" (3). A foreman wonders about Feather's "posh life" before the war, imagining "well-lit restaurants with food at five times its true value, clothes of good material, carpets so soft that you might be walking on kittens, and an endless expensive noise of bands, clattering knives and forks and useless conversation" (7).

The second book, *It Was Different at the Time*, is based on Holden's wartime diaries and dates back to 1938. As explained in the introduction, the original plan was to publish her diary together with that of George Orwell, kept during this same period. As it turned out, Orwell's diaries referred more to news reports and his related opinions than to his personal life, and hers were the other way about. When Orwell was reluctant to allow her to edit his diaries, she proceeded with plans to publish hers separately. Orwell's were published after his death.

Holden begins by describing normal life before Munich, then explains how the Munich Agreement changed things by making it evident that war was likely. In anticipation of war, Holden entered training for work in first aid shelters. Too much time is spent on this training and then her experience on the job at shelters and hospitals during the phony war. This is the sort of "lady-work" the narrator and other characters in *Night Shift* think would be more suitable for the likes of Feather. Frankly, the early entries make rather tedious reading. It makes a point, perhaps, that nothing of note was happening during the "phoney war," but Waugh did a much better job of this in *Put Out More Flags*.

Once the war begins, however, things pick up considerably. Holden was living in a flat on Albany Street near Regents Park. She discusses the neighborhood and the friends she made

there. Among them were an eccentric colonial musician, who turns out to be a conscientious objector, and a lady music teacher in the flat below her. She also describes meeting some Free French servicemen after Dunkirk (which is otherwise not discussed) and is surprised to learn (as was I) that most of them planned to return to France (as in fact, according to the notes, most did).

In her diary entries for September 1940, Holden explains that most of the bombing had shifted to the nighttime. This is consistent with the winding down of the Battle of Britain, as the Germans were unwilling to continue to bear the loss of aircraft and crewmen in daylight combat. The “battle of Britain” (July-September 1940) is mentioned as such only once (72) and does not seem to have been recognized at the time as a victory for the British. In October 1940, in quite vivid detail, she describes the night when her building in Albany Street suffered a direct hit. She had gone down to the flat below occupied by the music teacher:

When I had been about 5 minutes in this room it seemed to me that [...] objects were suddenly made to move around as in a René Clair film. Almost immediately afterwards the lights went out, the walls broke up and fell inwards. Some of the ceiling came down, and the door freed itself from its hinges and was hurled into the centre of the room. The shutters and window frames went on splintering up for some time. The floor, which was probably unaffected, seemed to be moving most of all. (155)

She does not explain what would have become of her if she had remained in her own flat on the floor above. She seems to be most concerned to have been able to retrieve her bicycle from the wreckage. She was unable to reoccupy her room and explains that, when she was having breakfast with some friends the next morning in Regents Park, she encountered H. G. Wells in his dressing-gown; he had been temporarily evacuated from his house on nearby Hanover Terrace by a time bomb that had to be defused. With no further explanation, she writes that she was invited by Wells to move into the mews flat behind his house. It is not clear whether she knew him before this chance encounter. They developed a friendly relationship, and he congratulated her on the publication of *Night Shift* the following year, leaving her a note: “Your book is first rate...Bravo Feather...I admit you can write...HG” (xviii-xix).



Holden notes the increased intensity of the raids as they began to occur nightly. In early 1941, she records taking a technical course at a government training center, which apparently led to the job at the North London camera factory she fictionalized in *Night Shift* later in the year. She was still living in Wells' mews flat in April 1941 when she recorded the major bombardments in the middle of that month. Again, some of this material made its way into her description of the same raids in *Night Shift*.

It was in this period that she was actively seeking work at the BBC. Despite persistent efforts, she was unable to secure any regular position, although she did occasionally receive freelance commission work. The editor explains that, unknown to Holden herself, because of her outspoken left-wing political views expressed in her proposed scripts, much of her work rejected by the BBC was probably due to political censorship, and this may also have contributed to her failure to secure a permanent position.

On several occasions, she travels outside London or meets with people who have just come into London from remote locations. She is surprised at how little they know about the difficulty of living there. By the time of her final entries in summer 1941, she is no longer mentioning bombardments, perhaps failing to realize that the Blitz, as such, had effectively ended in May, in advance of the German invasion of the Soviet Union. Intermittent bombing would continue but nothing on the same scale.

Waugh shows no sign of having read these books. During most of the period when the two books now reprinted were published, he was on active duty in the Army and was not doing much reviewing. His own books and diaries reflect only indirect experience with the Blitz. This is probably because he largely missed it due to being out of range of London during most of the period it covered. In October 1940, on the way back from the aborted raid in West Africa, he writes: "All letters from home were about air raids. Bobbie Longdon blown up at Wellington. Henry Yorke no doubt fighting fires day and night" (*Diaries*, 484). While on leave at Pixton, after his return in November, he mentions "Talk is all of air raids" (485). He travels up to London in an effort to secure transfer to the Commandoes but is more concerned in finding somewhere to sleep than with the bombardment. During his visit on 9 November, he writes that "Pam Chichester has been heavily bombed and wounded" and stays with his parents, noting "Highgate has been heavily bombed. My father fears nothing but my mother was rather more

disturbed. There was considerable firing during the night but no bombs near us.” On the next day, he notes “Much firing at night but no bombs near us,” and the day after, “Air raid warnings all day. [...] The talk was mainly of bombs.” The Ministry of Information was hit, and this was described by Harold Nicolson as more flash than bang (486).<sup>8</sup> The day after that, Waugh left London to rejoin his unit in Scotland. His next entry from London is in December 1941 by which time the Blitz had ended. During the interim, he was with the Commandoes training in Scotland, participating in the Battle of Crete and returning to Britain via Cape Town and the Caribbean.

The closest Waugh comes in his novels to a description of the Blitz is the direct hit on Turtle’s Club across the street from Bellamy’s (more a farce than a disaster) in the opening scene of *Officers and Gentlemen*. This occurs just after Guy’s Marine unit has returned from Africa: “‘Most exhilarating,’ said Guy.” Ian Kilbannock responds: “‘Ah, you’re new to it. The bore is that is goes on night after night. It can be pretty dangerous too with those fire-engines and ambulances driving all over the place [...]’ On the pavement opposite Turtle’s a group of progressive novelists were squirting a little jet of water into the morning room” (1-2). The timing of that scene could coincide with Waugh’s own trip to London in November 1940 during the Blitz, as recorded in his *Diaries*, but it seems unlikely that he witnessed anything of the sort since he wrote that he was never near any actual bombing.

The V-1 and V-2 flying bombs were yet to come. Waugh was in Yugoslavia during most of that campaign (V-1/V-2: 13 June/6 September 1944 - 29/27 March 1945) but includes a diary reference to the very beginning of the V-1 attacks on 19-20 June 1944, which he witnessed while in London: “I heard one flying near and low and for the first and last time in my life was frightened” (*Diaries*, 568). In a letter to his wife written about the same time from his military post in Scotland, he explained:

The danger is negligible but the annoyance grave and almost incessant. The bombs make a noise like a motor-car and then stop & fall with a pop. One gets

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<sup>8</sup> Waugh also wrote a letter to his wife about this same visit to London, providing a bit more detail about his sleeping arrangement but less about the bombs and his placement with respect to where they were landing. *Letters*, 140-42.

into the habit of listening to motor-cars & wondering if they are bombs, which distracts one from rational pleasure during the day and keeps one awake at night.<sup>9</sup>

He left for Yugoslavia on 4 July.

In *Unconditional Surrender* (253-60) the deaths of Guy's wife Virginia and his Uncle Peregrine are caused by a flying bomb, and Waugh also describes how these weapons affected the work in the *Survival* magazine offices of Everard Spruce. He returned to London on 15 March 1945, just in time to witness the final attacks of the flying bombs during the following fortnight in London: "Rocket bombs fall two or three times a day within hearing distance; one took out the windows of our sitting room [at the Hyde Park Hotel] on Sunday morning falling at Marble Arch" (*Diaries*, 623).

Waugh wrote a passage in *Officers and Gentlemen* based on what must have been his first-hand witnessing of the air attacks on the British troops in Crete during their evacuation. In addition, his description of the crash landing of Ian Kilbannock's flight into Yugoslavia in *Unconditional Surrender* (274-75) has the same sort of immediacy about it as Holden's passage describing the direct hit on her flat in the Blitz. The Dakota carrying Waugh and Randolph Churchill into Yugoslavia also crash-landed. Never one to miss an opportunity for ironic humor, Waugh has Kilbannock, as he is recovering from shock on the landing field after evacuating the smoldering aircraft, think that he is still witnessing the burning of Turtle's Club a few years earlier.<sup>10</sup>

Both Holden and Waugh sense in their wartime books that, after the war, things will be better for the working class. Holden mentions it in *Night Shift*, as early as 1941, seeing a

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<sup>9</sup> Letter to Laura Waugh, dated 23 June 1944, qtd. in Stannard, Martin. *Evelyn Waugh: The Later Years*. New York: Norton, 1992. 111.

<sup>10</sup> Waugh describes the plane crash in much the same terms but with less fictional embellishment in his *Diaries*: "... I was conscious by my ears that were descending and circling the airfield, then we suddenly shot upwards and the next thing I knew was that I was walking in a cornfield by the light of the burning aeroplane talking to a strange British officer about the progress of the war in a detached fashion..." (16 July 1944, 573).

“glimmer of sunlight through a partly opened door” (32) and, at the book’s conclusion: “there showed a chink of light through which I could see the start of a more hopeful life, a future in which the courage of people could also be used for their greater happiness and well being” (85). Waugh, on the other hand, looks forward to the future with considerable misgiving. He sees in 1944 when he writes *Brideshead* a world run by Hoopers, where the improvements for the working class will come at the expense of the way of life enjoyed by the upper classes.

Holden’s books have been reset digitally from the original editions and the new edition has quite a good appearance on the page. It is also nicely bound in a handsome cover and printed on high quality paper. The book is recommended for those who enjoyed Waugh’s war novels (or war novels generally). It is to be hoped that the publishers will be encouraged to undertake further reprints of Holden’s work, including the Duckworth novel reviewed by Waugh as well as her other war novel and short stories.

## NEWS

### **John H. Wilson Jr. Evelyn Waugh Undergraduate Essay Contest**

Submissions are welcome for the John H. Wilson Jr. Evelyn Waugh Undergraduate Essay Contest. Essays (normally limited to 20 pages or 5000 words) are invited on any aspect of Waugh's life or work and will be judged by the *Evelyn Waugh Studies* editorial board. The winning essay will be published in the journal, and the author will receive a prize of \$500. Deadline: 31 December 2019. Email submissions to [jpitcher@bennington.edu](mailto:jpitcher@bennington.edu) and [yuexi.liu@xjtlu.edu](mailto:yuexi.liu@xjtlu.edu).

### **Frank Bowling's Revision of *A Handful of Dust* at Art Basel and Tate Britain**

[After Decades of 'Appalling' Institutional Neglect, Museums Are Now Clamoring for Artist Frank Bowling's Work \(2019\)](#)

[Highlights from the 50th edition of Art Basel \(2019\)](#)

'It would be tragic for Frank to just become a commodity before he is given his rightful place in the canon,' Hedge tells artnet News. He reveals that he and his colleagues have also been kept busy reading Evelyn Waugh's tragic-comic novel *A Handful of Dust* ahead of Art Basel this week because of Bowling. Why get up to speed with Waugh's satire of the English upper classes, which was published the year Bowling was born, in what was then British Guyana? 'Frank's reaction was all about the way Waugh described the Guyanese jungle,' Hedges says. 'He really took exception to that.' As a result, Bowling painted a series of 'Cathedral' paintings in 1987 that Hales is presenting in its solo booth at Art Basel.

[Britain's Best Picnic Spots \(Violet Hudson in \*Spectator Life\*, 30 May 2019\)](#)

Book: *Brideshead Revisited* by Evelyn Waugh

'I've got a motor-car and a basket of strawberries and a bottle of Château Peyraguey,' announces Sebastian Flyte in Evelyn Waugh's classic – which sounds like the perfect picnic to us. Although you may want more than strawberries to soak up the wine if you're driving. Oxford's Port Meadow, common land beside the river Thames (or Isis, as it is here) is as dreamily romantic a picnic spot as you can find: long grass, wild horses and the dreaming spires in the distance. The Perch is a 17<sup>th</sup> century tavern by the water with an outdoor bar and a huge garden, a twenty-minute stroll from the town centre.

## OED Declares “Brideshead” an Adjective

## Michael Lindsay Hogg: *Inside the Making of Brideshead Revisited*, the Original British TV Obsession

## Orwell, Waugh and Religion

Evelyn Waugh was one of the first readers to realize what was wrong with Orwell's novel and, after finishing this depressing book, thought that his friend deserved a sermon:

The book failed to make my flesh creep as presumably you intended. For one thing I think your metaphysics are wrong. You deny the soul's existence (at least Winston does) and can only contrast matter with reason and will. It is now apparent that matter can control reason and will under certain conditions. So you are left with nothing but matter. . . I think it possible that in 1984 we shall be living in conditions rather like those you show. But what makes your version spurious to me is the disappearance of the Church. I wrote of you once that you seemed unaware of its existence now when it is everywhere manifest. Disregard all the supernatural implications if you like, but you must admit its

unique character as a social & historical institution. I believe it is inextinguishable, though of course it can be extinguished in a certain place for a certain time. Even that is rarer than you might think.

‘One cannot be really a Catholic & grown-up,’ wrote Orwell among his notes for an essay that he was preparing on, precisely, Evelyn Waugh. These few words were his commentary on Lord Marchmain's religious conversion at the end of *Brideshead Revisited*.

Bias blinded Orwell to any possibility of the Church's survival. The revival of religion, at the very least as a powerful factor in the cause of freedom and human dignity, would have left him stunned: Poland, the Philippines, Central America. . . . Had Orwell lived another 30 years, would he have written *Homage to Poland*? In that country, he would have seen a people whose heroic struggle for freedom and justice is largely sustained by the Creed of the Catholic Church. Perhaps Orwell would have had to remember what Evelyn Waugh said in his letter: ‘Men who love a crucified God need never think of torture as all-powerful.’

## **Evelyn Waugh Predicted the Collapse of Catholic England**

## **Brexit and the Afterlife of Satire: Evelyn Waugh, a Fictive Seer**

## **Evelyn Waugh Society**

The Waugh Society has 196 members. To join, please go to <http://evelynwaughsociety.org/>.

The Evelyn Waugh Discussion List has 79 members. To join, please visit

[http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Evelyn\\_Waugh](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/>.

## **Submission Guidelines**

Essays as well as notes and news about Waugh and his work may be submitted to *Evelyn Waugh Studies* by mail or email to [jpitcher@bennington.edu](mailto:jpitcher@bennington.edu) and [yuexi.liu@xjtlu.edu](mailto:yuexi.liu@xjtlu.edu). Submissions should follow MLA style and be no more than 5000 words in length. Since most readers will be familiar with Waugh's work, authors should minimize unnecessary quotations and explanatory references. All submitted essays are first screened by the Editors and if deemed acceptable for publication are then sent to Associate Editors for further review. Authors should expect to be notified of the editor's final decision within twelve weeks of submission.

Call for Papers: At present, given the impending 75<sup>th</sup> anniversaries of its serialized publication in *Town & Country* and subsequently as a novel, the editors are particularly interested in any and all essays and news pertaining to *Brideshead Revisited*.

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**End of *Evelyn Waugh Studies*, Vol. 50, No. 1**

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