

EVELYN WAUGH STUDIES

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Evelyn Waugh: A Housemaster's Report

Jeremy Tomlinson¹

Evelyn Waugh left Lancing 100 years ago this December saying: "I am sure I have left at the right time: as early as possible and with success." He was the 2,862nd pupil of the school. Since then about 11,000 more pupils have come and gone but he remains one of the best known and most distinguished; he even has an annual lecture in his honour. On one of these occasions, the Waugh family gave the College Evelyn's original final report from December 1921. It is a fascinating document, prescient and challenging, and greatly to the credit of Lancing. To almost everyone's surprise, Waugh had just won an open scholarship to Hertford College Oxford to read History. At that time it was much easier for public school boys to get Oxbridge places – of the 400 pupils who were at school with Waugh over five years, 128 did so – but only 14 got academic scholarships; that was the gold standard.

In the report, the Revd Henry Lucas, his History teacher, said "He can write an essay that is fresh and thoughtful. He can think and has the happy gift of finding the right word to express his thoughts." His English teacher and form master, J F Roxburgh, of whom more anon, said "His work has great merit and is sometimes really brilliant;" "I think he has quite unusual ability and a real gift for writing. Congratulations on the first of many successes . . . we shall hear of him again." The Head Master erupts into Latin, quoting the 9th book of the Aeneid: "Behold, that which no god would dare to promise to the most fervent supplicant has been brought about of its own accord by the whirligig of time . . ." (I am grateful to another former Head's housemaster for the attribution). Waugh's own housemaster grudgingly conceded "He deserves success and has performed his necessary duties adequately," but he echoed critical reservations which run through all the reports. When I first arrived at Lancing fifty years ago, that very housemaster was still in touch with the College. He was Frank Woodard, described by the 16-year-old Waugh as "a new parson who people say is related to the misguided old gentleman who founded us."

¹ Former Housemaster of Head's and Steward of Lancing Chapel, Mr. Tomlinson was kind enough to provide *EWS* with the text of this year's Evelyn Waugh Lecture, delivered on April 22: <https://vimeo.com/540567610/cf7ff59099>. He wishes to emphasize that it was intended to entertain a Lancing audience rather than as a contribution to Waugh Scholarship.

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That remark comes from the diary which Waugh kept on and off throughout his life from the age of eight. It was not intended for publication but became a very valuable resource for him. He even had the Lancing notebooks bound. A school diary as good as his is a rarity. It covers the period from September 1919 to December 1921 and tells the story of Waugh's rapid personal and intellectual development during his final seven terms, in the context of an exceptional period in Lancing's history.

The diary is sometimes trivial and juvenile but it is always well written and often stylish. The narrative tone is already distinctive: arch, ironic and self-consciously sophisticated. We know that Waugh was shy and acutely sensitive to criticism and we see him assuming that protective shell of barbed acerbic wit and defensive aggression which lasted a lifetime. He is constantly looking for laughs, jokes and "rags." "A day is wasted on one that has not laughed." The diary recounts his phase of anti-establishment bolshevism (his word) when he attacks everything. Weaker teachers are ragged and petty school rules defied. Unsurprisingly, immediately after the war, the militarism of the OTC – the Corps – is the prime target. He instigates rebellion but agrees to abandon it. In so far as there is a storyline, it is Waugh's fear of failure, respect for his father and calculating ambition in conflict with his anti-establishment, bolshevik awkwardness. He comes to see that if he is to succeed and get what he wants, he needs to toe the line and accept responsibility. The diary is the story of him doing a sort of deal with his housemaster and best teachers so he can gain the promotions which will help to get him to Oxford. He gives up his subversion of the Corps. He even helps dig the War Memorial Cloister foundations, plays in house teams with some enthusiasm, and becomes a house captain, sacristan, librarian, president of the debating society and editor of the school magazine. He responds well to several star teachers and clever fellow pupils - and he works. The creation of the Dilletante Society, which arranged discussions on a wide range of cultural matters, shows him and Lancing in a very strong light. The boys are given freedom and responsibility; the masters engage with them like adults.

As a boy, Waugh was absorbed in art, calligraphy and book design. He was a clever, highly sensitive artist looking for a means of expression. And in writing the diary he was unconsciously finding a creative outlet. Diaries are symptomatic of complex and obsessive characters who are often compulsive writers. They are immediate and of the moment. They

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should be read with scepticism even by their own authors. From any single entry you could prove that Waugh was rapturously happy at Lancing or that he hated it. It is only in a retrospective overview that a diary begins to form itself into a narrative. As you read his now, you can see the diarist becoming a novelist: the entries get longer, he attends to style, introduces direct speech and dialogue, vivid character sketches and long set pieces of action, comedy and scenic description. He shows remarkable perception, self-awareness and a desire to recall things exactly as they are “without the opiate of comfortable retrospection.”

One characteristic of Waugh’s writing is his very observant and exact sense of place and this is apparent in the diaries. It is often possible to visualise precisely where things are happening. When I became housemaster of Head’s forty years ago, it was still a boarding house and the boys’ accommodation was still almost the same as it had been in Waugh’s time. The principal difference then was that the Head Master and his family with the matron and servants occupied the four-storey house above what is now the Head Master’s Office. There were fewer than fifty boys and they all lived in the large institutional south wing – in two dormitories, each with annexes and bathrooms, and a houseroom. There were some individual studies known as pits in the roof space and a resident house tutor who was, in effect, acting as housemaster. Waugh experienced three in his time: Dick Harris, his favourite, who is still fondly remembered as headmaster of St Ronan’s, E B Gordon OL and Frank Woodard, who was indeed the grandson of the Founder.

Head’s was a very manageable and convivial institution but had bare floorboards, stone steps, iron bedsteads, plain oak tables and chairs, open fires, gas lighting, communal ablutions and almost no privacy, though there was hot water. Schools were supposed to be tough, disciplined and conformist environments. Only in retrospect might they seem to have been the happiest days of your life. It is worth remembering that an earlier Head of Lancing had said that the duty of a school is to prepare its pupils for death. Not perhaps a strapline for the Prospectus.

Here are a few vignettes from the diaries to give a centenary flavour:

Last night, waiting for a bath, I had to endure seven solid minutes of the Head’s conversation. He is a bore, though rather an old dear, I’m beginning to think.

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The corps parade this afternoon was awful. Very long and very cold. The attack was really rather a wonderful sight though. All over the face of the downs little knots of men strolling aimlessly about, benignly lost, firing blanks into the air at intervals.

Here his house tutor puts him on the spot:

Ah Waugh. I wanted to see you – sit you down. You see we have got to make another house-captain next term and of course you are the obvious person. You have immense influence in the house, and it really amounts to this, that if you will not accept the attitude of a Head's House official, I shall have to ask your people to take you away.

And that convinced him!

As I have been persuaded to go in for this fives competition, I thought it would be well to take some steps to learn how to play. . . . It was no good however as I was down to play goal for a very senior house game. It was a fearful shock. I had no idea how big a goal is until I started keeping it. After half time I began to lose count of the goals I let through

He undoubtedly means to make us work; a fad I abhor in masters.

Of a future Archbishop:

One Temple who appears to be rather a leading light, came to preach and talked socialism to some purpose but greatly to the disgust of the great washed.

Saturday was Old Boys day. All sorts of quaint creatures in OL ties turned up to feed on salmon mayonnaise at the school's expense.

The more I see of Lancing, the more convinced I become that our generation is a very exceptional one.

He was right. Among his contemporaries were two other writers, two polar explorers, a leading physicist, the athletic Ford brothers, one of whom became Archdeacon of York; the archaeologist Max Mallowan, husband of Agatha Christie, an ambassador, the conservative peer Hugh Molson and John Trevelyan, the film censor.

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Yesterday a longish walk with Carew. He waxed introspective as usual. I had just worked him up into a state of mind to renounce the devil and all his works when he fell into a dyke. It probably did his immortal soul more good than any renunciations.

The school debate on the motion 'the war having ended, the corps should do likewise' resulted in an astounding victory for militarism.

The Dilettanti supper party was an immense success. We were very uproarious. Bolshie Ferguson fell in a cow pat and girt only with a rug continued to fight with Fife all over the hill. Afterwards we soaked each other with water and played a hysterical game of rounders, to return sweaty, wet and dishevelled but wonderfully happy. Ipsissima verba!

I have decided to do my first novel next holidays. I have got a scheme but I never realised what an immense amount of labour it entails.

And later:

I have not time adequately to keep a diary. All my energies are being devoted to my novel.

I know I have something in me but I am desperately afraid it may never come to anything. I feel I must write prose or burst.

And finally:

This morning I came into breakfast rather late to find two letters from Oxford. A formal announcement that I had won the £100 Hertford Scholarship and a private letter of congratulations from the Vice-Principal. I was not a little cheered by this. The good man of the house says, as I supposed, that I got it on my English style.

And with that he went straight up to Oxford.

If I'd known I was only going to get a Third, I would not have wasted my time working.

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Then, like several of his contemporaries, he taught briefly at a prep school, which provided rich comic material; worked as a journalist, which inspired *Scoop*, and once claimed to have sought employment in a blacking factory in order to avoid the fate of being driven into writing. Six years after leaving school he wrote a best-selling novel. And every single Penguin edition proclaims the name of Lancing as though one should have heard of it.

So what did Evelyn Waugh gain from Lancing? From the perspective of the modern Foundation Office he was a disappointing OL. He popped back once or twice while he still had friends here but from the days of his early fame he had nothing more to do with us – or so it seemed. When he was invited to address the Elizabethans in the 1950s he responded with a rude note on a printed rejection card. He seemed to have put school behind him but, as usual with Evelyn Waugh, the truth was rather different.

Many of the characters and events in Waugh's novels are taken directly from real life, thinly disguised, and he borrowed real names, especially from Lancing and Oxford. He had an almost Dickensian fascination with names but unlike Dickens he stole them rather than inventing them. It is said that there were people who dreaded the publication of his novels in case their names were used for disreputable or criminal characters. In his first novel, *Decline and Fall*, published in 1928 when he was only 25, the hero, Paul Pennyfeather, is said to have come up to Oxford after "a creditable career at a small public school of ecclesiastical temper on the South Downs" (sounds familiar!) "where he had edited the magazine and been president of the debating society." He then adds "and had, as his report said, exercised a wholesome influence for good in his house." This sounds like a dig at Frank Woodard who had said the opposite. Paul is sent down from Oxford after inadvertently being caught up in a drunken riot. The head porter of his College says "I am very sorry to hear about it, Sir. I expect you'll be becoming a schoolmaster, Sir. That's what most of the gentlemen does sir, what gets sent down for indecent behaviour." Paul is not a self-portrait and the school in Wales where he goes to teach is very far removed from Lancing. Thank goodness! Lancing, I hope to show, is an influence of far more subtle nuance.

In *Decline and Fall*, Paul Pennyfeather goes to an educational agent called Church and Gargoyle who find him a job at Llanabba Castle [Status of school: "school"] "to teach Classics and English to university level with subsidiary Mathematics, German and French. Experience

essential; first class games essential.” “Might have been made for you,” says the agent. “But I don’t know a word of German, I’ve had no experience and I can’t play cricket.” “It doesn’t do to be too modest. It’s wonderful what one can teach when one tries Besides Llanabba hasn’t a good name in the profession. We class schools, you see, into four grades: Leading School, First-rate school, Good school and School. Frankly, ‘school’ is pretty bad.” Please remember those classifications. On the subject of Paul being sent down the agent says: “I have been in the scholastic profession long enough to know that nobody enters it unless he has some very good reason which he is anxious to conceal.” And Paul’s Llanabba colleague Captain Grimes (a Lancing name!) says: “We schoolmasters must temper discretion with deceit.” And

‘It looks like being the first end of term I’ve seen for two years,’ said Grimes dreamily, ‘Funny thing, I can always get on all right for about six weeks and then I land in the soup. I don’t believe I was ever meant by Nature to be a schoolmaster. Temperament,’ said Grimes with a far-away look in his eyes, ‘that’s been my trouble, temperament – and sex.’

Grimes says he had also been in the soup during military service: “A major came over from another battalion to try my case. ‘God bless my soul,’ he said, ‘if it isn’t Grimes of Podger’s. What’s all this nonsense about a court martial?’ So I told him. ‘Hm,’ he said. ‘Pretty bad. Still, it’s out of the question to shoot an Old Harrovian. I’ll see what I can do.’” Grimes, who is one of Waugh’s indestructible rogues, becomes engaged to the daughter of the Headmaster, Dr Fagan, who says of him: “Grimes is not the son-in-law I should readily have chosen. I could have forgiven him his wooden leg, his slavish poverty, his moral turpitude, and his abominable features; I could even have forgiven him his incredible vocabulary, if only he had been a gentleman. I hope you do not think me a snob.”

And, as this is a (virtual) school, here are a few more of Waugh’s educational observations: “There’s a blessed equity in in the English social system that ensures a public-school man against starvation.” And “Anyone who has been to an English public school will always feel comparatively at home in prison.” “There is a natural connection between the teaching profession and a taste for totalitarian government.” And

‘Parents are not interested in producing the complete man any more. They want us to qualify their boys for jobs in the modern world. You can hardly blame them, can you?’

‘Oh, yes, I can and I do. If you approve, headmaster, I will stay as I am as long as any boy wants to read classics. I think it would be very wicked indeed to do anything to fit a boy for the modern world.’

‘It’s a short-sighted view, Scott-King.’

‘There, headmaster, with all respect, I differ from you profoundly. I think it is the most long-sighted view it is possible to take.’

That drunken riot in an Oxford college quad in which Paul Pennyfeather is innocently implicated, appears again, almost the same, in the opening pages of Evelyn Waugh’s most celebrated novel, *Brideshead Revisited*, written sixteen years and a lifetime of experience later. In a brush with what is obviously the Bullingdon Club, Charles Ryder first meets Sebastian Flyte, vomiting scion of a noble Roman Catholic family. In his 1959 preface to a new edition, Waugh says: “the novel’s theme – the operation of divine grace on a group of diverse but closely connected characters – was perhaps presumptuously large but I make no apology for it.” He did apologise for its melancholic sentimentality! Coming from an Anglo-Catholic family with a liking for ritual and a school grounded in the Oxford Movement, Waugh himself was received into the Roman Catholic church in 1930, the witness to the ceremony being Tom Driberg MP who had been a fellow sacristan at Lancing. He became very strict in the faith and it informs the psychology and morality of all his later work. When Graham Greene said he might try to write a novel which did not include God, Waugh observed that it would be like P G Wodehouse dropping Jeeves from the Wooster books. This is more than just a joke, and by the way he regarded Wodehouse as the absolute master of narrative prose. There are many similarities, but Waugh is Wodehouse laced with vitriol – or plum tart, if you will.

Charles Ryder, who is the narrator of *Brideshead Revisited*, reveals a lot about Waugh’s response to Lancing. In the end, he too is twitched upon the thread of Rome. Like Nick Carraway in *The Great Gatsby*, Ryder is the impartial, detached observer who gets caught up in the action. The reader hears quite a lot about his home background and there are parallels with the author. But what nobody knew until 1982 was that Charles is an OL. And that is crucial to understanding him and Lancing. In September 1945, at the time of the publication of *Brideshead*, Waugh noted

in his diary “yesterday I read my Lancing diaries through with unmixed shame.” In late October he mentions writing “my school story” but by December he had started to write the novel *Helena* which he would claim to be his favourite. The thirty extant pages of “Charles Ryder’s Schooldays” were discovered in a publisher’s file in 1981 and published in a volume of short stories in 1983, 17 years after the author’s death. It is always worth checking publication dates. Penguin sent the photographer Chris Yates to take the cover shot for the new edition with its new material. The image shows the Chapel looming ominously above excessively emerald playing fields. In the foreground a schoolboy in a black jacket and boater is seen from behind looking up at the Chapel. The model was in fact Nick Horlock, my then head of house, and, if you will forgive an irrelevant anecdote, he was actually wearing a clown’s red nose because Chris liked to put hidden jokes in his book covers. Evelyn Waugh would have approved.

The story places Charles Ryder specifically in Head’s House in 1919 and places Lancing precisely in the social and educational hierarchy. Lancing was expressly founded to be affordable to the upper-middle classes and it was still true to its purpose. Waugh’s contemporaries were the sons of doctors, lawyers, engineers, military and colonial civil servants and businessmen and more than 20% were the sons of clergy. The Waughs fitted in. Evelyn’s father was a publisher and minor author and there were several parsons among his recent forebears. Clergy children are privileged in having universal social acceptability and an excuse for poverty. It gives them unique access to all classes of society and may explain why so many became novelists. Waugh himself had that adaptable quality. Charles Ryder, like Waugh, is civilised, educated and able to fit in but remain aloof. He mixes in aristocratic circles but retains the detachment that gives the narrator vision and a perspective which cuts across the classes. This he owes to Lancing.

In Julian Jarrold’s rather subdued 2008 film of *Brideshead* there’s a brief scene where Charles is drinking with some Oxford chums of Sebastian’s. “I don’t remember you at Eton,” says one. “I didn’t go to Eton.” “Oh, where did you go – Winchester, Harrow – not *Charterhouse* ?!” “You wouldn’t have heard of it . . . no families, none important . . .” And, yet, he is among them. Lancing is not named but the point is well made. Selina Hastings is interesting on precise social stratifications.

He calls the school Spierpoint, rather infelicitously, and there are other disguises, but Charles’s house is called Head’s and the book opens with evening school in the houseroom. This

is brilliantly described and here is the Lower Quad: “It was now dark. The cloisters were lit at intervals by gas-lamps. As one walked, one’s shadow lengthened and grew fainter before one until, approaching the next source of light, it disappeared, fell behind, followed one’s heels, shortened, deepened, disappeared and started again at one’s toes.” Pupils and staff are drawn from life. The unpopular house captain on duty is called Apthorpe. This is a genuine name and a few years later Apthorpe turns up again as the comic anti-hero of *Men at Arms*, the first volume of the *Sword of Honour* trilogy, described by one critic as “the Waugh to end Waugh.” Apthorpe is blown up by his portable thunder box. I once received a letter from Dr Reginald Apthorpe OL, saying with some pride that he was the original. “Charles Ryder’s Schooldays” has a lot about house politics. The “plot” hinges on an unpopular promotion to the Settle and an ineffectual dormitory captain and it ends with a perfunctory beating in the houseroom. It only works as a prequel to *Brideshead Revisited* and he probably abandoned it because it would not mean much to a reader who did not know Lancing and its arcane vocabulary.

For us, however, the essence of “Charles Ryder’s Schooldays” is a remarkable tribute to Waugh’s Lancing teachers. It starts at the beginning of Charles’s third year in the school: he is in the upper fifth. There has been a change of house tutor. The previous one has become a housemaster. He is called Frank Bates and is clearly modelled on Dick Harris (Frank and Harris go together!). The new one, whom he calls Graves, is based on E B Gordon, another great Lancing character who also ended up in a prep school! The psychological narrative is of the house tutor ingratiating himself with Charles, seeing his potential and bringing him out of himself by enlisting his help with his printing press. Charles, like his creator, is an artist, calligraphic scribe and perfectionist who has an almost erotic obsession with fine books and gorgeous bindings. Graves taps into this and Charles responds despite his own prickly defensiveness. It is a fine piece of schoolmastering and based exactly on real life as witnessed by Evelyn Waugh’s diary – even the dates match. The whole thing is written in Waugh’s terse, elegant, slightly ironic style and the dialogue catches the acid pretentiousness of clever schoolboys. Charles keeps a diary which he writes secretly in evening school and is directly quoted. It is obvious that Waugh is experimenting with narrative technique, mixing a first-person diary with a third person narrator, *Brideshead Revisited* having been his only first-person novel. The variety of techniques and topics in his works is particularly remarkable but they are all about him in some way.

To fit in with *Brideshead Revisited*, Charles's mother has to have died while serving as a nurse in Bosnia during the Great War. This is his memory of the moment when he heard of her death:

Then, as he grew sleepier, Charles's thoughts, like a roulette ball when the wheel runs slow, sought their lodging and came at last firmly to rest on that day, never far distant, at the end of his second term; the raw and gusty day of the junior steeplechase when, shivering and half changed, queasy with apprehension of the trial ahead, he had been summoned by Frank, had shuffled into his clothes, run headlong down the turret stairs and with a new and deeper alarm knocked at the door. 'Charles, I have just had a telegram from your father which you must read. I'll leave you alone with it.' . . . 'It seemed to him that it was not in the uplands of Bosnia but here on the turret stairs, in the unlighted boxroom passage, in the windy cloisters that his mother had fallen, killed not by a German shell but by a shrill voice sounding across the changing room: 'Ryder here? Ryder? Frank wants him at the double.'

When young, Charles, like Waugh, had considered going into the Church but, it says, "his religious phase had passed and lingered now only in a love of Gothic architecture and breviaries." As he matures, he detects in himself a Jekyll and Hyde split and this sheds some light on Waugh's complex personality because Charles is unquestionably a self-portrait though considerably less bolshie and abrasive than Waugh himself who became a byword for beastliness. He claimed to have "kept aloof from bullying, uncouth behaviour and most sexual indiscretions" at school but he had a cruel streak. His frivolity was defensive and he could never resist outrageously offensive put-downs. Of one junior whom he teased mercilessly he later wrote: "He now belongs to the same club as myself in London. We do not bandy reminiscences." He just couldn't help himself (Jane Austen sometimes had the same trouble). But Waugh also shows self-knowledge. "Experience has taught me," he wrote, "that not everyone takes to me at first sight," adding in brackets "(or on closer acquaintance)." The extraordinary self-portrait in his novel *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*, written in 1957, analyses this carapace with grim self-loathing. All through his life you can detect a tension between how Waugh wanted to be and how he actually was. No wonder the chapel looms so large!

Waugh read his Lancing diaries again when writing *A Little Learning*, the first and only volume of his autobiography. For Charles Ryder he had fictionalised them into what he wanted his character and the school to be. Now, aged about sixty, he faced up to himself with coruscating honesty saying: “If what I wrote was a true account of myself, I was conceited, heartless and cautiously malevolent. I should like to believe that even in this private journal I was dissembling a more generous nature; that I absurdly thought cynicism and malice the marks of maturity. I pray it may be so. But the damning evidence is there in sentence after sentence on page after page of consistent caddishness.” And the caddishness he defines as “covert self-seeking rather than cruelty to individual boys:” the pretence that he was not ambitious when in fact he was. It is a sort of expiation but again it is not the whole truth: the diary reveals great charm and sensitivity. He is an unreliable narrator who always adopts a persona – he did so when writing at 17 and when rereading 40 years later. His school friend the writer Dudley Carew said that Waugh, like his father, was acting all the time and hiding behind a protective charade.

At about the same time as re-reading the diary, Waugh agreed to be interviewed by the penetrating inquisitor John Freeman on the BBC’s *Face to Face* programme. You can find it online.² The author comes across as a caricature of preposterous arrogance. But if you watch closely, you can see the shy, clever, naughty schoolboy delighting in scoring enigmatic points. Freeman tries to make him say he was unhappy at Lancing. Waugh wrong-foots him and leaves the alma mater unscathed.

A Little Learning, published in 1964, two years before his death, is a marvellous book. In it Waugh describes his arrival at Lancing in the summer of 1917. This was one of the lowest points in the school’s history: three years into the war; austerity; reduced numbers; the best young teachers away on active service; a daily death-toll of O.L.s; the O.T.C. dominant and, to quote him, “food that would have provoked a mutiny in a mid-Victorian poor-house.” The book is carefully constructed, separating the first two awful war years at Lancing (for which he kept no diary) from the years 1919-21 when he was in the Sixth Form and an amazing recovery had issued in one of the school’s golden eras. It is beautifully written with a characteristic blend of barbed wit, human comedy, self-deprecating assertiveness and vivid description. Again, this

² <https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p04qj22k>

irritable, inverted iconoclast could have done a total hatchet job on his old school, but he cannot disguise his nostalgia or the extent of his debt to his teachers and several of his fellow pupils.

Here he gives us his very first impressions of the College:

Lancing was monastic, indeed, and medieval in the full sense of the English Gothic revival; solitary, all of a piece, spread over a series of terraces sliced out of a spur of the downs. We had been sent some photographs of the buildings, but they failed to prepare us for the dramatic dominance of the chapel which filled the scene before us. Mr Woodard intended all his schools to be a reaffirmation of the Anglican Faith and Lancing chapel was to be the culminating monument of his design, proclaiming his purpose in the clearest tones. I know of no more spectacular post-reformation ecclesiastical building in the kingdom.

I have to admit that last sentence has been used for fundraising!

And here he recounts a surprising return visit in about 1960, which may have been incognito:

At the time of writing I revisited Lancing after an interval of forty years and wandered about with a few tremors of nostalgia. The place has grown considerably. The startling change since my day was in the environs. The austere isolation, deliberately sought by the Founder has, for good or ill – I dare say for good – been entirely lost. I saw a small boy running on the gravel margin of the Lower Quad and as I came into the Upper Quad I saw something which would have been still less conceivable in my boyhood. A car drove through the tower gateway and halted outside what was the entrance to Olds and Sanderson's Houses, and from it emerged a young mother with two pretty children who proceeded to collect a scooter propped against the wall. The monastery has been dissolved. Suburbia had entered and established itself.

Thus Biddie Shearwood, Paul and Vanessa are immortalised and Waugh reveals himself. He dwells affectionately on the library and regrets the cynical disillusionment revealed in his 1921 magazine editorial which contrasted his generation with that of Rupert Brooke. He devotes a whole chapter to his two mentors. First, Francis Crease, an artist who gave him private lessons at

Lychpole Farm in Sompting. He is a subject for another lecture, except to say that Gilbert Pinfold's house is called Lychpole. Lancing is everywhere. Then J F Roxburgh, the Sixth Form Master who was later the first headmaster of Stowe. Roxburgh was a flamboyant dandy, linguist and literary critic given to spontaneous deconstruction of the words of hymns. He features in the final report and wrote to Waugh: "If you use what the Gods have given you, you will do as much as anyone I know to shape the course of your generation," but, Waugh writes, "before I had any claims to notice in the school, I was asked to tea with him in his minute, almost secret retreat – an enormous honour, rarely accorded. I remember as the clock struck half past five he said: 'How delightful. We have nothing to do until chapel but eat eclairs and talk about poetry.' And I remember with shame that I counted the eclairs." He always felt that he disappointed JFR.

At school and throughout life, gluttony was a feature of Waugh's life. From eating blackberries in the Coombes Road and settle teas supplied by the College chef, to sybaritic feasts at Oxford, he wrote lasciviously about food and drink. Here is an extreme example with a characteristic punchline: "Let us see what they have been able to scrape up for luncheon," says a British conman in Africa.

They had scraped up fresh river fish, and stewed them with wine and aubergines; also a rare local bird which combined the tender flavour of partridge with the solid bulk of turkey; they had roasted and stuffed it with bananas, almonds and red peppers; also a baby gazelle which they had seethed with truffles in its mother's milk and a dish of feathery Arab pastry with a heap of unusual fruits. Mr Baldwin sighed wistfully. 'Well,' he said, 'I suppose it will not hurt us to rough it for once. I had hoped for something a little more enterprising.'

And if that has whetted your appetite for dinner, do not despair. We are nearly there.

At the end of the Lancing chapters Waugh says:

To sum up my schooling: My knowledge of English literature derived chiefly from home. Most of my hours in the form room for ten years had been spent on Latin and Greek, History and Mathematics. Today I remember no Greek. I have never read Latin for pleasure and should now be hard put to it to compose a simple epitaph. But I do not regret my superficial classical studies. I believe that the conventional defence of them is

valid; that only by them can a boy fully understand that a sentence is a logical construction and that words have basic inalienable meanings, departure from which is either conscious metaphor or inexcusable vulgarity. Those who have not been so taught – most Americans and most women – unless they are guided by some rare genius, betray their deprivation. The old-fashioned test of an English sentence – will it translate? – still stands after we have lost the trick of translation. In verse the classical metres had been well drummed into us – drummed is the right word. My education, it seems to me, was the preparation for one trade only; that of an English prose writer. It is a matter of surprise that so few of us availed ourselves of it.

Again, this is partly a joke and not strictly true. Early twentieth-century Lancing produced a number of novelists: Stuart Cloete, William Haggard, Tom Sharpe, Adam Diment, and of Waugh's contemporaries Dudley Carew was a writer and the Labour peer Tom Driberg wrote a notorious autobiography. Waugh's closest friend, Sir Roger Fulford (the Liberal Chairman), with whom I was privileged to have a well-lubricated lunch a few days before I came to Lancing, wrote stylish historical biographies. A holiday visit to his parsonage home is a highlight of Waugh's school diary.

So, what does it mean to be a prose stylist? It is a matter of rhythm and precision: choosing the right words and placing them in coherent grammar so that each one counts. A good test is that it should be impossible to cut without spoiling the effect. This he certainly achieves. The aim is to avoid cliché and buzzwords or turn them back on themselves, like Wilde, Max Beerbohm or Ronald Firbank. Ironically, Waugh's image of "a thin bat's squeak of sexuality" is now itself a cliché. He is supremely quotable. "Up to a point, Lord Copper." His descriptions are enriched by tasteful selection of images and onomatopoeic words though he felt his books were "black with purple passages." With scrupulous discipline, Waugh developed his own distinctive voice, notably those little counterpoints of parenthesis, deft punctuation, elegant cadences and the vicious codas.

As an example, here is a final extract from *A Little Learning*: "The Revd Henry Bowlby was then Head Master of Lancing. He was a contemporary of my father's at Oxford. A tall, lean man, distinctly handsome except when the keen winds of the place caught and encrimsoned his narrow nose. He walked with a limp but in youth he had got a blue, in a bad year, for hurdling."

That is the Waugh style: the sentences increasing in length, the striking choice of words – we might have said “aquiline nose” and felt pleased with ourselves. He avoids the cliché and has the slightly comic alliteration of “narrow nose” and the dactylic rhythm emphasises “caught” and “encrimsoned.” Then the blue and that damning parenthetical phrase “in a bad year” ending with the bathos of “hurdlng.”

He said that his formal education turned him into a prose writer. I have suggested that it trained his natural instinct. He was a born writer and we can see the diarist developing into the novelist by creating something out of everyday school life. And those schooldays remained vivid in his mind for the rest of his life.

On one sheet of foolscap, that final report with which we began brilliantly encapsulates Evelyn Waugh and reveals the quality of Lancing. It makes clear that Waugh put work above all else in his last terms but it also contains these perceptive notes of criticism: “Perhaps he is too much inclined to be intolerant;” “he shines more in criticism than in construction” and, says the Head, “for all his brilliance he is curiously young and out of touch with reality; but if he will search diligently and humbly, he will find it and himself.” He then quotes the Virgil in saying a difficulty has been solved and Evelyn can now leave with honour because “he had begun to grate against his surroundings and the friction was bad for him and threw out sparks which made little fires in some of the characters about him that were partly destructive!” This is a remarkably similar metaphor to the one used by Willie Gladstone in admonishing David Hare for similar anti-establishment protest in a similar era forty years later.

The Head concludes: “I had a long and interesting talk with him the night before he left and should like to keep in touch if he does not consider me too much of a traditionalist and a back-number!” Wonderfully, we have Waugh’s own immediate account of that talk in the diary: “I played musical chairs with my dormitory till late and then went to say goodbye to the Head. He talked lengthily and seriously but with considerable reasonableness. We got onto philosophy and religion and he pressed two pious books on me.” The next paragraph records an encounter on the Lower Quad steps with Esther Neville Smith, young and cultivated wife of the predecessor of my inspiring first head of department, Donald Bancroft. “One of the most charming compliments I received was from Mrs Neville Smith, a woman I had never spoken to before. ‘Do let me congratulate you on your scholarship Waugh. I do hope you are allowing

yourself to be a little pleased. Everyone else is you know.' Most gracious I thought." She had absolutely nailed him. And by quoting her verbatim, in his awkward way, he acknowledges this and reveals himself as a leading novelist about to emerge from a first-rate school.

April 2021

REVIEWS

Greene's Life with Waugh

The Unquiet Englishman: A Life of Graham Greene, by Richard Greene, New York: Norton, 2021. 624 pp. \$40; or *Russian Roulette: The Life and Times of Graham Greene*, London: Little, Brown, 2020. 608 pp. £25.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Manley

This is the first comprehensive, single-volume biography of Graham Greene, a major 20th-century British novelist. He was also a close personal and professional friend of Evelyn Waugh as well as a fellow Roman Catholic convert. The previous detailed biography was by Norman Sherry and was published in three volumes during 1989-2004. That was written with Greene's permission and with access to his papers, though the first volume was published in Greene's lifetime and did not meet with his approval because of its "intrusion into his sexual life" contrary to what he thought he had agreed with Sherry. The final volume was, according to the author of this latest version, Richard Greene (hereafter "RG;" no relation to Graham), written during an early onset of Sherry's dementia and is "strangely incoherent" (417).¹ Another shorter book by Michael Shelden entitled *Graham Greene: The Enemy Within* (1994) was affected, as I recall, by a rivalry with Sherry and Greene over access to Greene's papers (which were denied to Shelden) and, while readable and brief, is not usually recommended. RG describes it as "prosecutorial" (xiv).

Greene's boyhood, education and literary history track closely with those of Evelyn Waugh. Their private adult lives, however, sharply diverge. The present book covers their friendship and some of the common issues arising from their published works. There are excellent reviews of the book available for those who want a broader consideration of its contents. The best are those by John Banville (*The Nation*), William Boyd (*New Statesman*), Nicholas Shakespeare (*The Spectator*), and Jeffrey Meyers (*The London Magazine*), all of which

¹ Unless otherwise indicated, parenthetical page references are to the book under review.

are available online. Rather than offer another discussion of the entire book, it is my intention to concentrate on those points of contact between the lives and works of the two writers.

Both writers were from upper-middle-class families. Greene's family may have had a bit more money, based on their ownership of the Greene King Brewery. His father was headmaster of Berkhamsted School in Hertfordshire, which was probably of an equivalent academic and social rank to Waugh's Lancing College, but Waugh's father had no connection to that institution, and Waugh's school career seems to have been much more placid. Greene's position as headmaster's son contributed to a miserable adolescence, resulting at one point in serious bullying by other boys and Greene's attempted suicide, playing Russian roulette with a pistol belonging to his family. Although this incident contributes the title of the UK edition, RG concludes that the pistol was probably either empty or loaded with blanks when Greene played his seemingly deadly game.

Both writers were able to obtain entrance to Oxford; Waugh seems to have been the more successful, winning a full scholarship whereas Greene had only a partial one. Greene was two terms later than Waugh, who started in Hilary Term, January 1922. On the other hand Greene was accepted at Balliol whereas Waugh was at the more humble Hertford. They were aware of each other at Oxford if only through their participation in student journalism, and RG suggests that they met each other at least briefly through Greene's close friendship with Waugh's cousin, Claude Cockburn. Waugh later wrote that Greene rather looked down on him and his artistic friends as "childish and ostentatious" (24), but Greene put down their distant relationship to his own belonging to a "rather rigorously Balliol group of perhaps boisterous heterosexuals while your path took you temporarily into the other camp" (24). Both knew Harold Acton, but Greene took a dislike to him when he gave a bad review to Greene's undergraduate poetry collection *Babbling April*, a position Greene later regretted (34). Greene managed to graduate with a second in history whereas Waugh achieved only a third on his final exams (also history) and had to drop out before fulfilling residency requirements for a degree.

Both published their first novels in 1929. This was after Waugh had struggled at school-teaching and failed to secure a regular position at a newspaper. Greene, on the other hand, worked his way up as a reporter at a Nottingham newspaper and then on to *The Times* where he was a subeditor at the time of the General Strike in 1926. He later concluded that journalism was

excellent training for his career as a novelist. Waugh's novel (*Decline and Fall*) was the more successful, but the reception of Greene's (*The Man Within*) was not too shabby. Waugh won the Hawthornden Prize for *Edmund Campion* in 1929 whereas Greene received that award for his novel *The Power and the Glory* in 1942.

Their postgraduate private lives diverged quite distinctly, however. Waugh made an unhappy marriage (June 1928) that ended in a quick divorce a little over a year later, while Greene made an unhappy marriage that never ended. Waugh joined the Roman Catholic church in 1930, in part to end his first marriage in the eyes of the church, which annulled it after several years. Greene converted to Catholicism in 1926 in order to facilitate his marriage to another convert in July 1927; after they separated in 1939, following Greene's serial adulteries, his wife Vivien refused to divorce him. Waugh lived quite happily with his second wife (also a convert), whom he married in April 1937, and they raised a family of six children. Greene's two children were raised by his wife but, according to RG's book, he remained on amicable terms with both of them and saw them frequently, and was on at least speaking terms with Vivien. He continued to support all of them generously throughout his lifetime.

The two writers each reviewed the other's books, beginning in 1930. Waugh reviewed Greene's second book (*The Name of Action*) as part of a multi-book article in the *Graphic* (25 October 1930; *EAR* 101). The review began by noting that a second book is "a difficult business" and then finds the style of this one "a little repugnant. It is all metaphor and simile" and Waugh wishes that "he would write more freely." Greene apparently agreed, as he never allowed that book or his third (*Rumour at Nightfall*) to be reprinted. At about the same time, Greene reviewed a book by Waugh in the short-lived journal called *Everyman* (30 October 1930). This one seems to have escaped the notice of Greene's biographers and anthologists. It is probably a review of *Labels*, which had been published the previous month, but the title of the article is "Plenty of Good Novels." It may also possibly have been a belated review of *Vile Bodies* that had appeared in January 1930.² Greene also reviewed *Edmund Campion* when it appeared in 1935. This review was published in *The Spectator* (1 Nov) and was combined with his review of a biography of Campion's contemporary, Robert Southwell. With respect to *Campion*, Greene

² The review is cited in R. M. Davis, et al., *Bibliography of Evelyn Waugh* (1986), B196, 165.

concluded that Waugh's "study is a model of what a short biography should be. Sensitive and vivid, it catches the curious note of gaiety and gallantry" (CH 102).

Both men traveled in the 1930s but Waugh did so more aggressively. Greene's trips were mostly to points in Europe (Germany, Ireland, Scandinavia, the Baltic states) where he gathered material for his novels. Waugh made a Mediterranean cruise with his first wife and then, after his divorce, travelled twice to Abyssinia and other points in Africa, and then to British Guiana and Brazil. These trips made contributions to both novels and travel books. RG writes that Greene in 1934 was inspired by Waugh's travels (as well as those of Peter Fleming to Brazil and China) to make a trip to Liberia in West Africa. This was sponsored by an anti-slavery society to which a relative belonged. Greene was accompanied by his cousin Barbara, who was (fortunately for him) trained as a nurse. The trip in late 1934-early 1935 did not go particularly well, according to RG, and Greene became seriously ill in its course. It did, however, provide the material for his nonfiction book *Journey without Maps* (1936), and his cousin also wrote a book of her own about the trip.

When Waugh and Greene first made personal contact in London after Oxford is uncertain. Greene was not one of the Bright Young People (but then nor was Waugh, although he associated with and wrote about them). There is a published letter (estimated date 30 July 1936) to Greene from Waugh in Rome on the way to Abyssinia for the second time; the subject was a fanciful travel contest they had discussed on the phone. By July 1937 they were in regular contact. As RG explains, Greene had hired Waugh as the book reviewer on a new magazine called *Night and Day* for which Greene was literary editor and film reviewer. This was to be a London counterpart of the *New Yorker*. Greene brought the curtain down when he suggested Shirley Temple was a prostitute in his review of her film *Wee Willie Winkie*. The owners were already contemplating closure as it wasn't covering costs, but settlement of the libel suit brought by the film company was the final straw. The last issue was at the end of December 1937 (102-03).

After that, contact was less frequent up to and during the war. By 1938, as well as *Campion*, Waugh had written three more novels and three related travel books: *Black Mischief* / *Remote People*, *A Handful of Dust* / *92 Days* and *Scoop* / *Waugh in Abyssinia*. In that same period Greene had also written seven books (consisting of five "entertainments," including two

of his best in this self-described genre: *Stamboul Train* and *A Gun for Sale*) plus the aforesaid travel book about West Africa (*Journey without Maps*) and finally, in 1938, *Brighton Rock*, a serious novel, which is generally considered one of his best books.

It was about this time that Greene became involved in film adaptations of his novels as well as stage plays. The first film was *Orient Express* (1934) based on his novel *Stamboul Train* that he had sold to Fox for \$7,500 the previous year. For the first time he had enough income to live comfortably, and he and Vivien soon moved from a country cottage in Chipping Campden, where they had lived to economize, into a house in Oxford that was suitable for their expected baby. In 1935, they moved into a house on Clapham Common in south London. RG is particularly good on the film and stage aspect of Greene's work of which I was relatively unaware (except for *The Third Man*). Many, indeed most, of his books were adapted for film, and he sometimes wrote the scripts himself, as well as writing original scripts not based on his novels. In addition, Greene wrote stage adaptations and original plays. This remained an important source of income into his later years. Waugh also dabbled, at one point contracting with Alexander Korda who was also an important source of film work for Greene as well as a close personal friend. Waugh, however, had little to show for such forays and let others do some stage adaptations in this period (e.g. *Vile Bodies*, 1931).

At about the same time, just before the war, both writers decided to make trips to Mexico to see what was going on there. They were both sponsored by non-literary sources, Waugh by an oil magnate whose property had been expropriated and Greene by Roman Catholic organizations that were concerned by Mexican Government interference with and persecution of the church.

Greene did better out of his Mexican venture than Waugh. He wrote *The Lawless Roads* (1939), a travel book, and *The Power and the Glory* (1940), a novel. The latter has come to be considered by some (including RG) as his masterpiece. RG's chapters on the Mexico interlude are well written and among the most absorbing in the book. They also contribute to one's understanding of Greene's later interest in the countries adjacent to Mexico in Central America and the Caribbean that became a major focus of his travels and writings in his later years. Waugh, on the other hand, wrote only *Robbery under Law* (July 1939) about Mexico. It was written under the pressure of his contractual obligations as well as the looming war in which he wanted to participate, and he was not particularly proud of it. It was not reprinted in his lifetime

and no excerpts from it were included in the post-war compendium of his travel works *When the Going Was Good* (1946).

Waugh reviewed *The Lawless Roads*. It preceded publication of his own Mexico book. The review in *The Spectator* ("The Waste Land," 10 March 1939; *EAR* 148-50) explains that Greene was leaving Mexico just as Waugh was arriving and that their trips were quite different. They each visited different regions and their paths "seldom crossed." Waugh stayed in comfort with his wife while Greene stayed in relative poverty, alone and often sick. Waugh writes that Greene visited Tabasco and Chiapas, places that "no responsible traveller has visited...lately, and Mr Greene's account is of great value in confirming the worst of the dark rumours one heard of them in the capital." He goes on to explain Mexico's history of being the most advanced culture in North America from the 16th to early 19th centuries, but then it fell behind due to the "Diaz dictatorship" and rulers like General Cardenas, leaving writers like Waugh and Greene "aghast" at present dictatorial conditions. Greene's descriptions are written with pungency and a grim sense of humor. So far as the author had any purpose in his observations it was to investigate the strength of the anti-religious policy of the governing gang. Waugh's own book was published a few months later in July 1939, but Greene made no reply.

The two writers' wartime experiences were again different, but both provided material for future books. Waugh wanted to see action in the army so that he could write about it. After several frustrating weeks in late 1939, with the help of Brendan Bracken he was able to secure an entry-level posting as an officer in the Royal Marines, reporting for duty in December. He saw little action except for the evacuation of Crete but made the most of what he did see there, as well as in training and a posting to Yugoslavia, to write his war trilogy, *Sword of Honour*. He is also one of the few novelists to write anything memorable about the phony war in Sept 1939-June 1940. This was *Put Out More Flags* (March 1942) that he wrote on board his transport ship from the Middle East back to England in 1941, via the Cape of Good Hope and the West Indies. Greene also wrote a book set in wartime London (*Ministry of Fear*, 1943) but it took place during the blitz and not the phony war. Greene labeled it an "Entertainment," but he thought it his best of that genre. RG agrees and thinks that the distinction between "Entertainments" and "Novels" began to show strain from this point forward (144).

The Army had no use for Waugh when he arrived back in England from Crete, and he finally requested leave in early 1944 to write a novel that became *Brideshead Revisited*. The Army was only too happy to oblige. He finished the draft just as D-Day was taking place and was dreading a return to homeland duty. It was his good fortune that Randolph Churchill asked him just at that moment to join a special mission to Yugoslavia where they were stationed until early 1945.

As RG explains, Greene spent most of the war in intelligence assignments. He knew from his schooldays that he wanted no part of military duty. He had funk'd OTC and had to be excused from participation through his father's intervention. He first had a job as head of the MoI's writers' section that involved desk work in Senate House, London. He did not enjoy it and managed to return to work at *The Spectator*, this time as literary editor, in October 1940. During the war, it was a reserved occupation and so he was able to avoid military call-up. In early 1939 he had managed to complete an entertainment called *The Confidential Agent*. Both that book and the Mexico travel book that Waugh reviewed were published in early 1939. His Mexico novel *The Power and the Glory* was published in March 1940 while he was working at MoI.

Also in this period (1938-39), Greene formed a relationship with one of the three women who were to become his long-term mistresses over the next 50 years. This was Dorothy Glover. RG admits that she is something of an enigma, but she and Greene remained a couple living in London during the war. They lived for a time in a mews flat near the School of Tropical Medicine on Gower Street, and both worked as ARP wardens. Vivien had moved out of their Clapham Common house to live with the children in the country and later, Oxford. Greene was in the mews flat when the Clapham Common house was bombed in October 1940; his wife wryly noted that this meant his life was saved by his adultery. When she had learned earlier that Greene had graduated from the company of casual prostitutes to a full-time mistress, she decided the marriage was over and they separated. Dorothy was a theatrical set and costume designer. Greene continued to support her and her mother long after they had broken off their affair, indeed until her death in 1971 (and afterwards that of her mother with whom she was living when she died).

Greene was still working at *The Spectator* when he was offered an overseas job in MI6 (then called SIS) through the influence of his sister who was already working there. Starting in

July 1941, this required several months of training, some of which was provided by the military, which he dreaded. He was then posted to Freetown, Sierra Leone. On the tortuous journey out, avoiding Nazi U-boats, he followed Waugh's example and wrote a book. It was entitled *British Dramatists*, in a wartime popular series "Britain in Pictures," published by William Collins in 1942.

Waugh (who probably had time on his hands) reviewed it in *The Spectator* (6 November 1942; *EAR* 272). The remit of this series was, according to Waugh, "to interpret the British tradition to sympathetic but ignorant strangers both at home and overseas." This is seen as "a slightly austere task for a writer of outstanding imaginative power [such as Greene]. He fulfills it well, providing a great deal of information lucidly and memorably. I am a little doubtful, however, whether this splendid novelist was a wholly tactful choice for the job." As Waugh sees it, Greene tried to write a history of a theatre intended for "the common man" whereas British theatre "has been pre-eminently the art of the rich." Many other notable writers contributed to the series, including Waugh's friends Elizabeth Bowen (novelists), David Cecil (poets), John Betjeman (small towns) and Edith Sitwell (women), but Waugh was not among them.

Once settled in Freetown, Greene reported his intelligence findings to his station chief in Lagos. These related primarily to ship movements between Europe and the Middle East/Asia that operated around the Cape of Good Hope due to uncertainties over control of the Suez Canal, then being contested by the Germans and the British. Freetown was a major stop on such routings. Greene set up house in a dilapidated building where he was the only tenant. It was located on a "fecal marsh" and was so run down that, according to RG, "vultures loitered on the tin roof waiting for things to die" (140). Nonetheless, Greene much enjoyed his life in Freetown and the work for MI6 that often involved trips to the countryside. He got into a dispute with his station chief in Lagos who was so enraged by what he deemed Greene's intransigence that he cut off his pay. London rearranged things so he could bypass Lagos, and it was under this new arrangement that he ended up reporting to Kim Philby. It was while in Freetown that he wrote *Ministry of Fear*, mentioned above. RG explains that Greene was so concerned with the uncertainty of the manuscript's transport back to London, that he retyped it himself in Freetown; this took him almost as long as it did to write the book. After the Allies drove the Axis forces out of North

Africa in late 1942, Freetown became a less important intelligence source, and Greene returned to London.

He continued with MI6, reporting to Philby and liaising with agents in Portugal, a post that was active as a neutral location for movements in and out of Europe. He left MI6 around the time of D-Day, just before a promotion would have become available. He wanted to work on a project of part-time scriptwriting for MGM as well as a position as a director at the publishers Eyre and Spottiswoode, responsible for finding new and promising talent. Waugh acted as one of the corporate directors of Chapman & Hall for several years but never had a full-time job there or elsewhere during his peacetime writing career. Greene, on the other hand, seemed to seek the security offered by a salaried job.

As the war was coming to an end, Waugh enjoyed the success of *Brideshead Revisited*, which was published in May 1945 in the UK and January 1946 in the US. It was a bestseller in both markets, and he never reached the same degree of popularity again. Greene wrote to him briefly in thanks for a copy; this was in January 1945, which means he must have been one of Waugh's 50 friends who received an advance copy for Christmas. Greene later wrote that he rather dismissed *Brideshead* when he first read it but later (1950) was surprised to find he thought it Waugh's best book. That was about the time that Greene was approached by producer David Selznick about writing a film adaptation of *Brideshead*; he wrote to Waugh asking whether they might work together on the project, allowing the two of them to exert more control over Selznick (who had strong opinions about the scripts he worked from) than might Greene acting alone. Waugh was at first enthusiastic but then feared losing control, and the project died (190).

Waugh began working on his next novel almost immediately after *Brideshead* was published; this was *Helena*, but by the end of the year he set it aside. In 1946 he didn't publish anything much besides journalism but did find a lucrative outlet for it at *Life* magazine in America, on the bootstraps of the *Brideshead* boom. He was able to enjoy that additional income for about 5 years.

Greene began writing *The Heart of the Matter* just as the war was ending. This was set in Sierra Leone. It was two years before that would be published. Meanwhile, he was active in his

film-making ventures as well as his book-publishing efforts, bringing Mervin Peake and *Titus Groan* to E & S. Waugh also made his deepest foray into film-making in the post-war years. In early 1947 he travelled to Hollywood with his wife to visit MGM and negotiate terms for the movie rights to *Brideshead*. They failed to come to reach an agreement, but the Waughs enjoyed themselves at the studio's expense, and Waugh gathered material for *The Loved One* (1948) and several well-paid articles.

The Heart of the Matter also came out in 1948. Waugh looked forward to the book. He wrote to Greene in May 1948 of all the wonders he would enjoy from Book of the Month Club sales in America based on his own experience with *Brideshead*. Each writer reviewed the other's contemporaneous book on this occasion. Waugh's review appeared in both UK and US Roman Catholic journals and was entitled "*Felix Culpa*." Roman Catholic belief is central to the book (or at least its ending) and one cannot fully understand its religious implications (at least as Waugh and Greene did) without a deeper knowledge than I possess. However, central to the issues discerned by Waugh, over 7 pages, was the death of the hero, Scobie, by suicide (a sin under Roman Catholic belief):

...the reader is haunted by the question: is Scobie damned? One does not worry very much about whether Becky Sharpe or Fagin is damned. It is the central question of *The Heart of the Matter*. *I believe that Mr Greene thinks him a saint. Perhaps I am wrong in this, but in any case Mr Greene's opinion on this is of no more value than the reader's. Scobie is not Mr Greene's creature, devised to illustrate a thesis. He is a man of independent soul. Can one separate his moral from his spiritual state? Both are complex and ambiguous.* (EAR 363; emphasis added)

Greene quickly responded, as RG points out, writing from the United States:

...a small point—I did not regard Scobie as a saint, & his offering his damnation up was intended to show how muddled a mind full of good will could become when once 'off the rails.' (Graham Greene, *A Life in Letters*, 2007, 160; hereafter "Greene Letters.")

Waugh replied in apology and had the italicized language removed from a French translation of the review. He also explained the deletion in a letter to *The Tablet* where the review had appeared in the UK. The debate continued, however, as Greene's novel became an

important feature of Waugh's early 1949 lectures sponsored by several Roman Catholic colleges and universities in America: "Three Catholic Writers: Chesterton, Knox and Greene." In this case, Waugh is reported to have changed the focus from Scobie's "sainthood" to the view of his death as expressed in the novel through the priest who presided at his burial, Fr. Rank.

According to a report of the lecture (Waugh had no printed text):

Waugh suggests that Scobie is almost devoid of self-love and asks 'Can a man be a sinner without self-love?' Greene is presenting, without pontificating upon, the problem. Can love exist in a void? (*Books on Trial*, April 1949, 301)

RG points out that when *The Heart of the Matter* was filmed in 1953, the ending was changed to make Scobie's death ambiguous: Scobie is "on the verge of shooting himself, but then [is] called away on police business, in the course of which he is killed." Greene tried to modify the film's ending but was unhappy with the final result (229).

Greene's review of *The Loved One* generated less controversy. This also appeared in a Roman Catholic journal, *The Month*, in January 1949.³ He began by describing the book as a return to Waugh's more pronounced comic tradition as found in *Decline and Fall*, although in a much darker and less innocent context. The review concludes:

If [the book] were not so funny, how revolting it would be. The grotesque details are pressed firmly, relentlessly, home by Mr Waugh's thumb like sand in a child's pail. Sometimes his diligence seems to go too far, and I found myself questioning the cruel ending—the illicit disposal in the pet cemetery of Miss Thanatogenos after her suicide—much as I questioned the cannibalism at the end of *Black Mischief*, for after all this is a redeemed world and a God died for Mr Joyboy too. But this is a small criticism, for the sand has been very firmly set and this castle is likely to endure as long as any against the sea of time. (*The Portable Greene*, 1994, 472)

³ *The Loved One* first appeared in the UK in its entirety in the February 1948 edition of the magazine *Horizon*. The UK publication of *The Loved One* in book form was in November 1948, behind the US publication in June 1948. This was because the UK publishers wanted to avoid competition with their issuance of *Scott-King's Modern Europe* in January 1948. The US publishers deferred publication of *SKME* until February 1949 for similar reasons relating to their release date of *The Loved One*.

It was about this time (1947-48) that the two writers became much closer and exchanged letters more frequently; they also often met and visited when they were both in London. With their post-war best sellers, they had achieved both financial security and recognition as major British literary figures. This was also the time that Greene migrated from Dorothy Glover to Catherine Walston as his mistress. Walston was a Roman Catholic convert, married and had several children, but she and her husband had a fairly open relationship, with affairs tolerated on both sides. Greene and the Walstons arranged neighboring flats in London. Waugh was invited (September 1948) to meet her at Greene's London flat and while there she invited him to her home at Thirplow near Cambridge. They hit it off quite well, or at least appeared to from Waugh's perspective as described in his *Diaries* (701-02). Waugh even reciprocated by inviting Catherine to accompany Greene on a visit to his home at Piers Court; this was in August 1951 when Laura Waugh and their children were away on holiday. Catherine arrived with Greene in her car (he could not drive); she stayed three nights, while Greene remained for a week.⁴

Meetings with Waugh, however, did not always go so smoothly. Greene recorded the following incident in his memoir *Ways of Escape*:

We were dining at Carol Reed's house and our fellow guests were Alexander Korda and the young girl he was later to marry [Alexa Boycun, who would have been about 25 when they married in 1953]. Suddenly Evelyn leaned across the table and launched an attack on Korda of shocking intensity, killing all the conversation around. Korda bore it with exemplary patience and courtesy. Next day Evelyn and I were sharing a taxi and I demanded an explanation, for I was very fond of Alex. 'What on earth induced you to behave like that?'

'Korda,' he said, 'had no business to bring his mistress to Carol and Pempe's house.'

'But I was there with my mistress,' I said.

⁴ In his memoirs, *Ways of Escape*, Greene mentions having been invited to visit at Waugh's home several times but later recalls regretfully that he had accepted only three of those invitations. This seems to have been due more to conflicting schedules than any intention to avoid prolonged, confined proximity to Waugh.

‘That’s quite different,’ he replied, ‘she’s married.’ Fornication more serious than adultery? It was not the orthodox Catholic view. I gave the problem up, and we drove on in silence. (1980, 263)

While this latest biography misses what may be one of Greene’s best Waugh stories, perhaps there wasn’t room, since RG is certainly aware of it.⁵

To be fair, Waugh told a similar story about Greene in a 1954 letter to Diana Cooper:

Graham Greene behaved very oddly on Rheims outing. Saw Pryce-Jones’s name (the Welsh journalist...--a most civil and inoffensive fellow) on list and said ‘I won’t go. I can’t meet Pryce-Jones. He’s too negative.’ Luckily P-Jones wasn’t [at] air station, going direct to aerodrome. Then it was too late for G. Greene to desert but he complained bitterly. Well that night owing to frog meanness we all went to bed about 10 o’clock and next morning we all met in the rain at 10 o’clock to drive to the vineyards. G. Greene ghastly. ‘G. what have you been up to?’ ‘Drinking marc until 6.’ ‘Who with?’ ‘Pryce-Jones.’ (MWMS 199)⁶

Both writers continued their travels in the late ’40s and into the ’50s, but Waugh less aggressively than in the past and Greene even more aggressively. Waugh spent 4 months in the eastern United States in late 1948-early 1949 researching and lecturing at Roman Catholic colleges and universities. Greene had never devoted that degree of attention to travels in the United States, although he frequently stopped off there briefly on the way to or from somewhere else. Waugh had nothing to show from his lecture trips except an article on the Catholic Church in America for *Life* magazine, which paid him handsomely. Greene’s next trips were to Malaysia and Indochina where Communist insurrections were under way, as well as Kenya where the Mau Mau uprising was beginning. He wrote the film scripts for *The Third Man* and *The Fallen Idol* in 1948-49, and these were filmed by Korda’s company.

⁵ It was also recited in a 1967 letter Greene wrote to Waugh’s biographer Christopher Sykes. In that letter Greene identified Korda’s companion by name (“Alexa”) and described Waugh’s insulting remarks as “extreme anti-semitic rudeness” (“Greene Letters,” 290; edited by RG).

⁶ A slightly more detailed version appears in *Diaries*, 782.

Waugh's historical novel *Helena* was published in 1950, but, although it sold well in America, it did not do much to improve his literary reputation in either market. Greene was sent a limited edition but would not read it because he was unwilling to mark it up. He later reported that he had acquired and read a regular edition and found the untruncated version a "magnificent book," particularly liking "Helena's invocation to the three wise men" ("Greene Letters," 178-79).

Greene's next novel *The End of the Affair* was published in 1951. This is set in London and was based to some extent on Greene's wartime life. It was well received critically, including a review by Waugh, who again chose Catholic journals (*The Month* in the UK and *Commonweal* in the US), but this time he found no compelling religious issues about which to pontificate (at least in public). He thought it an improvement on Greene's previous works and approved of the decision to have one of the characters as narrator. He concluded that the book was a "fresh achievement." Greene has shown himself to be "suppler" in middle life and is a "writer of real stamina" having "passed the dangerous climacteric where so many artists fail" (*EAR* 405). Greene also wrote articles in the papers in the early 1950s based on his trips to Malaysia, Indochina and Kenya but no new novels appeared until 1955 when two were published. One was more of a novella (*Loser Takes All*) that was intended for use by Korda as the basis for a film; as it turned out, the film was made by a successor to his company, after the latter went bankrupt in 1955. Korda died early in the next year (250-51). In that same period Waugh also wrote two books—the first two volumes of his war trilogy.

The more important 1955 novel by Greene was *The Quiet American*. This was based on his several trips to Indochina and is seen today as a preview of America's later involvement in that area. Waugh reviewed it in *The Sunday Times*.⁷ He mostly liked the book, calling it "masterful, original and vigorous." He provided a balanced and thorough plot description that focuses on the naivety of the American, Pyle, and, more particularly, on the English narrator. This is a journalist named Fowler who, in Waugh's description, sounds as if he was a survivor of the press corps lowlifes from 1930s Abyssinia. Waugh concludes that the "technical

⁷ "Quixote Goes East" (4 December 1955; 4), referring to the novel's American character, not Greene. According to the Waugh bibliography, this review was never reprinted except in an annual collection of *Sunday Times* articles.

accomplishment is everywhere superb.” There are “brilliant scenes of battle and an element of humour that is rare in Mr Greene’s work.” He also wrote to Greene (5 Dec 1955) about the review and thanking him for a copy of the book: “I am afraid my dislike of Fowler ran away with me. What a shit he is! I hope I made it apparent that the book is first rate.” In his diaries he wrote “A masterly but base work.” (*Letters* 455; *Diaries* 747.)

In the later 1950s Greene took up travels to the Congo and to the West Indies. These also resulted in the 1958 “entertainment” *Our Man in Havana* (the last book written in that category) and the novel *A Burnt-Out Case* (1961). RG’s discussion of Greene’s trips to the Congo and Cuba rank with those to Mexico as among the best in the book. Waugh traveled to the Holy Land, Ceylon and Africa. The trip to the Holy Land was reported in an article in *Life* magazine and *The Month* (as well as a limited-print booklet published by Ian Fleming). The Ceylon trip resulted in the psychotic breakdown he described in *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* (1957). The African journey contributed to Waugh’s biography of Ronald Knox (1959) and a final travel book, *A Tourist in Africa* (1960).

There was no review by Greene of *Pinfold* but he did write a letter (7 Aug 1957) saying he read it with a mixture of pleasure and horror and thought it “might be the best of all you have written,” although he later backtracked on that judgment to *Brideshead* (“Greene Letters,” 224). Greene also reviewed the Knox biography in the *Observer*. He thought it reflected “a sense of style which would have delighted his subject and an exquisite tact which Father Knox had obviously foreseen” in choosing Waugh. Greene liked best the early portions where Knox was struggling within his family and himself over the question of conversion and the concluding chapters where he is battling the Roman Catholic hierarchy over acceptance of his writings and translations (*CH* 400-01). Greene also wrote Waugh that he thought the first volume of his war trilogy (*Men at War*, 1951) was likely to be his best book: “Apthorpe outplays Crouchback in this part but C. is such a good starter that one looks forward impatiently to the horses coming around again” (2 October 1952; “Greene Letters,” 199). Greene later acknowledged receipt of the second volume but does not record his assessment. I could find no published record of Greene’s receipt or assessment of the final volume.

Waugh declined a commission from the *Daily Mail* to review the Congo book *A Burnt-Out Case* (1961), but did review Greene’s related travel book *In Search of a Character* that

appeared later that year (“Last Steps in Africa,” *The Spectator*, 27 October 1961; uncollected). The book consisted primarily of Greene’s journal of his Congo trip. In the review, Waugh describes how Greene used the notes to write the details of the novel’s setting and plot, but not its characters. Those came from Greene’s imagination, but Waugh cannot help but mention the main character Query, who is the religious counterpart of a leprous “burnt-out case,” no longer contagious but still suffering from the results of the disease. According to Waugh, Query, who had been a well-known Catholic architect, “had excommunicated himself and was suffering premonitions of damnation.”

There was a considerable correspondence between the writers about the novel. RG discusses this in some detail (336-39). Waugh was most concerned because he thought the depiction of Query would be taken to mean that Greene’s Roman Catholic faith had lapsed. He also thought one of the other characters (Rycker) was a depiction of Waugh himself because Waugh had “given lectures in the United States on the subject of Greene *as a Catholic writer*” (emphasis added), assuming this was no longer the case. Greene responded that Waugh was wrong on both counts but Waugh was not entirely satisfied, at least as to Query.⁸ Although the summary of the correspondence in the biography is accurate and detailed, those wanting to see more of the original will find it in Greene’s *Ways of Escape*, 259-65, appearing in the collection just before his memoir of Waugh.

There is no record of any review or correspondence of Waugh to Greene regarding the latter’s comic novel *Our Man in Havana* (1958), nor of the 1959 film made from it by Carol Reed, who was both producer and director. The lead was Alec Guinness, a friend of both Waugh

⁸ In his previously mentioned American lectures, Waugh had described Greene as a “Catholic writer” along with G K Chesterton and Ronald Knox. Waugh’s reference in this instance to the character Rycker is based on the latter’s dogged insistence that the main character Query remained a Catholic believer despite Query’s equally dogged insistence that his belief had wholly lapsed. Waugh seemed to imply (to Greene at least) that Waugh’s description of Greene as a “Catholic writer” was contrary to Greene’s religious beliefs as reflected in this novel through Query. Greene denied this in his 4 January 1961 response: “Whatever Query may have felt about his Catholic critics, I have certainly not felt at any time about you.” In a subsequent letter two days later, he elaborated that “I suggest that if you will read the book again you will find that...Query’s lack of faith was a very superficial one...If people [e.g. Waugh] are so impetuous as to regard this book as a recantation of faith, I cannot help it. Perhaps they will be surprised to see me at Mass” (“Greene Letters,” 251-53). The stream of borderline acrimonious correspondence ended a few days later with an exchange of postcards in which the two writers agreed to disagree.

and Greene. Waugh's silence seems odd because, in style and subject matter, especially the satirical description of British expatriates, spies and diplomats, it is the work by Greene that most resembles Waugh's own comic novels such as *The Loved One*, *Black Mischief* and *Scoop*. The biography has an interesting discussion of the film's adaptation by Reed and Greene in Havana and Brighton as well as its filming (300-04). This includes a meeting with Ernest Hemingway when he showed up one day uninvited at the film's shooting in Havana. Greene met him on location at Sloppy Joe's but did not accompany members of the cast and crew to a dinner Hemingway arranged at his house. RG thinks this odd because Hemingway was Greene's favorite American author, but suspects that Greene feared the two writers would clash. Uncharacteristically, RG does not mention the film's critical reception.

Many years later, Greene corresponded with Waugh about his autobiography, *A Little Learning* (1964), thanking him for a copy and commenting on his characterization of their relationship at Oxford (*supra*) as well as Greene's adoption of Lancing in place of Berkhamsted when he wanted to make a satirical reference to a down-market public school. Their last recorded correspondence was Waugh's January 1966 letter to Greene thanking him for a copy of his comic novel about Haiti entitled *The Comedians* (1966). Waugh greatly admired Greene's stamina and thought the novel could have been written 30 years earlier by no one but Greene. He gave the same opinion in a letter to Diana Cooper.

Greene's "post-Waugh" life is well covered by RG. Many of the trips now became focused on Latin America, particularly Cuba, Paraguay, and Panama; he also made several trips to the Soviet Union, during the "glasnost" period of the 1980s, where he visited Kim Philby. The interest in Paraguay is an outlier, and RG covers it well even though there is no related book. Greene soon grew cold toward Castro's Cuba as it morphed into another repressive dictatorship. He found in Panama a more promising possibility for future Latin American development in the person of General Torrijos. He also found a new interest in Spain after Franco died and traveled widely in both that country and Portugal with a Spanish priest (Fr. Leopoldo Durán) who was an ardent fan of his work.

Visits to Panama and Iberia did result in two novels and a travel book. One of these, *The Captain and the General* (1988), was Greene's last novel, and his travels in Spain were used in the novella *Monsignor Quixote* (1982), also a successful TV film featuring Alec Guinness (Fr.

Quixote, recently promoted to Mgr.) and Leo McKern (Sancho, a recently defeated Communist mayor). Oddly, RG doesn't mention this successful adaptation by Christopher Neame, made in 1985 by Thames TV and Euston Films and broadcast in 1987 (US). It was a fine performance by two veteran actors, one of whom (Guinness) had a substantial history with Greene and won a BAFTA nomination for best actor. Greene's travel companion Fr. Durán is credited as "Religious Advisor" on the film.

After Torrijos died, Greene's attention to Latin America waned, as Panama was taken over by Noriega and the regimes Greene chose to follow in El Salvador and Nicaragua proved disappointing. The later chapters on these countries are a bit of a letdown. There are too many different actors and no focus on a story or narrative that develops into a book. Much the same thing happens in the earlier Haiti and Indochina chapters once RG's discussion goes beyond the scope of the books related to those countries. There are too many details regarding the corrupt regimes that ruled them and Greene's efforts to influence a change. But it is a minor complaint, and those chapters are easily avoided by those not interested in Greene's politics, another subject where he differed from Waugh.

Not only was Greene considerably leftish, he also involved himself in efforts to bring about liberalization of several dictatorial regimes. Waugh actively opposed Communism (most notably in Yugoslavia), but rarely involved himself in regime change (a notable exception perhaps being his favorable reporting of Mussolini in his Abyssinian conquests). Both writers were anti-American, and both spoke out against McCarthyism, defending Charlie Chaplin, for example, when the US expelled him in the 1950s.

On the way home from the Congo in 1959, Greene met Yvette Cloetta, then living in Cameroon with her husband. She eventually became his final mistress, and he moved to Paris and later Antibes to live near her and avoid British taxes. He also maintained his villa in Anacapri, Italy (a gift from Alex Korda). As he grew older and became less able to move among these various abodes, Greene and Yvette settled in Vevey, Switzerland, where he died in 1991 at the age of 86. His wife Vivien, from whom he was never divorced, died in 2003, aged 98.

The book is well written and conveniently organized into short chapters with descriptive titles that facilitate reading. It is well-produced and printed (at least in the e-book version that I

reviewed). It has been proof-read, with no noticeable misspelled or misplaced words. There were more numerical typos than there should be, where dates and citations were obviously off by one or two digits and should have been caught. The index is good (except for occasional numerical errors). If there is a second edition, there is an error that should be corrected on p. 448. The Chilean diplomat, Orlando Letelier, was assassinated in Washington, DC, not Massachusetts. The attack occurred on Massachusetts Ave., NW, near Sheridan Circle; the source cited for the story did not make this clear.

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 2021. Email submissions to jpitcher@bennington.edu and yuexi.liu@xjtlu.edu.cn.

Ford Madox Ford and OUP

Further to a recent meeting of the Editorial Board governing a new Ford OUP edition now in preparation, in the attempt to ensure the first phase of the edition (*Collected Letters* in 6 volumes) is as complete as possible, Prof. Sara Haslam and Prof. Max Saunders are hunting out Ford letters, both outgoing and incoming, of which readers in more far-flung libraries, or as collectors, may be aware. They are gathering much of the data for the volumes from the major collections, but know they need to look further and wider.

If readers do have an item to alert them to, they can contact Sara or Max, or both, at the addresses below. Due credit will of course be given in the edition!

With many thanks, and all good wishes,

Prof. Sara Haslam sara.haslam@open.ac.uk

Prof. Max Saunders m.saunders@bham.ac.uk

Allan Massie in *Reaction* on the Pandemic and “the Attlee Terror”

<https://reaction.life/pandemic-big-brother-government-rules-us-by-decree-not-law/>

Combe Florey House for Sale

<https://www.thetimes.co.uk/article/evelyn-waugh-somerset-home-is-on-sale-for-5-5m-2nk2z3dkt>

<https://www.telegraph.co.uk/luxury/property-and-architecture/evelyn-waugh-historic-somerset-house-has-pool-dreams-market/>

<https://www.countrylife.co.uk/property/evelyn-waugh-magnificent-former-home-in-somerset-overlooking-the-quantock-hills-225860>

John Self on Musa Okwonga's *One of Them: An Eton College Memoir*

Or take the case of Evelyn Waugh, the envious outside chronicler of the upper class, who probably wished he'd gone to Eton instead of the humbler Lancing College. And in a typical act of one-up-manship, he sent his character Sebastian Flyte there in his most nostalgic novel *Brideshead Revisited*. 'Thank God I went to Eton,' sighs Sebastian during an obscure philosophical argument between family and friends. Sebastian, significantly, starts the book as the epitome of glamour but undergoes a decline as the story proceeds. (Waugh's mixed feelings about Eton may also have been coloured by the fact that his first wife, also called Evelyn, had an affair with an old Etonian.)

<https://www.bbc.com/culture/article/20210413-the-school-that-rules-britain>

National Geographic Recommends Lobster at Bellamy's

Named for the gentleman's club in Evelyn Waugh's The [sic] *Sword of Honour* trilogy, Bellamy's is inspired by classic Franco-Belgian brasseries. The menu at its Oyster Bar includes brown shrimp croquettes and iced lobster soufflé [sic], the latter involving a generous portion of lobster in a light yet rich chilled soufflé [sic], a layer of lobster gelée and melba toast. £14.50.

<https://www.nationalgeographic.co.uk/travel/2021/04/eight-delicious-shellfish-dishes-from-restaurants-around-the-world>

The Roaring (20)20s?

Life before was a bit like in Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies* when the main man, Adam, sighs to his girlfriend: 'Oh, Nina, what a lot of parties,' and then moans about all the dos they've been to. For better and sometimes for worse, that's how I remember pre-Covid London. Pubs full, parks full, restaurants bulging out on to the street.

<https://www.standard.co.uk/insider/post-lockdown-anxiety-socialising-freedom-fun-b928334.html>

Malcolm Forbes on Inez Holden's *There's No Story There: Wartime Writing, 1944-1945*

<https://www.heraldscotland.com/news/19225142.no-story-author-inez-holden-modelled-augustus-john-worked-alongside-evelyn-waugh-lover-george-orwell/>

The Pursuit of Love on the BBC

<https://inews.co.uk/culture/television/the-pursuit-of-love-bbc1-posh-high-society-characters-lily-james-990973>

<https://www.thetimes.co.uk/article/television-review-the-pursuit-of-love-md0dwmdl7>

<https://www.apollo-magazine.com/pursuit-of-love-mitford-bbc-review/>

Question Number 4 on *Any Questions?*

<https://www.wamc.org/post/any-questions-499-eve>

Rex Whistler Closed

For the best part of a century, artists and art lovers alike have dined happily in the Tate under his Elysian images; the restaurant has always been renowned for its wine list although in recent years the food menu has caught up. In 2013, the whole mural was lovingly restored as part of the Tate's 45 million pound revamp. The BBC still has a reverential report about this on its website although expect that to be taken down soon when it realises that it may be 'vice signalling'.

<https://www.spectator.co.uk/article/why-has-the-tate-cancelled-its-own-restaurant->

Castle Howard in *Anne Boleyn*

<https://www.examinerlive.co.uk/whats-on/whats-on-news/anne-boleyn-channel-5-drama-20720384>

Little, Brown, and Writerly Re-editing

This development is not just discouraging, it's alarming. Little, Brown is one of America's most formidable literary houses, having published Evelyn Waugh, J. D. Salinger, Tom Wolfe, Thomas Pynchon, David Foster Wallace, Gore Vidal, and P. G. Wodehouse. We should shiver at the prospect of rancorous readers now feeling emboldened to pore over everything anyone has ever published looking to sanitize the thoughts and dialogue of every fictional character.

https://www.nationalreview.com/2021/06/the-thought-police-come-for-individual-lines-of-dialogue-in-novels/?itm_source=parsely-api?utm_source=recirc-desktop&utm_medium=blog&utm_campaign=right-rail&utm_content=recommended&utm_term=fourth

Mr. and Mrs. Nobody at Jermyn Street

<https://www.broadwayworld.com/uk-regional/article/MR-AND-MRS-NOBODY-Will-Be-Performed-as-Part-of-Jermyn-Street-Theatres-Footprints-Festival-20210616>

Editorial Checks on Oxford's Newspapers

<https://www.thetimes.co.uk/article/sensitivity-readers-to-vet-oxford-university-student-newspapers-sq5kmkd8n>

Evelyn Waugh Society

The Waugh Society has 190 members. To join, please go to <http://evelynwaughsociety.org/>.

The Evelyn Waugh Discussion List has 78 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/>.

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 and yuexi.liu@xjtlu.edu.cn. 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.

End of *Evelyn Waugh Studies*, Vol. 52, No. 1

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