

half-aesthetic," and he states that "The nobilities of Whig society became, for us, what the Arthurian paladins were in the time of Tennyson." Eric Linklater concludes that Waugh's admiration for noble houses and for the aristocracy is not really a matter of snobbery, but at the same time, he grants that "a certain intolerance may contribute to the degree of this bias." Although it is probably impossible to ignore entirely the element of snobbery in this admiration, Linklater is surely correct in insisting that proper emphasis must fall on the aesthetic attraction.

In comparison with the chaos of modern life, the integrated and purposeful existence of a nobleman's estate—up till the reign, at any rate, of Edward the Seventh—had an aspect of order and fulfillment which . . . could surely please that sort of aesthetic conscience which requires design not only in statuary but in living.<sup>1</sup>

And finally it must be granted that Waugh invests this orderly way of life with moral significance, too; the visitors to Anchorage House are pious, honorable, plucky, and responsible. So while it is true that class bias has often narrowed the range of Evelyn Waugh's sympathies, it is also true that he has attached definite moral values to the aristocracy he admires.

From the first novel on, however, these aesthetic and moral values are threatened, and terrible things happen to the great house. King's Thursday, which had remained from the reign of Bloody Mary on into this century as the seat of the Earls of Pastmaster, suffers a particularly awful fate in *Decline and Fall*. This country house is a perfect example of Tudor, unmodified by any of the succeeding styles of domestic architecture:

No wing had been added, no window filled in; no portico, facade, terrace, orangery, tower or battlement marred its timbered front. In the craze for coal gas and indoor sanitation, King's Thursday had slept unscathed by plumber or engineer. The estate carpenter, an office hereditary in the family of the original joiner who had panned the halls and carved the great staircase, did such restorations as became necessary from time to time for maintenance of the fabric, working with

the same tools and with the traditional methods, so that in a few years his work became almost indistinguishable from that of his grandsires. Rushlights still flickered in the bedrooms.

Visitors to the superb building drive away "in their big motor cars to their modernized manors," and some of them feel that they "have been privileged to step for an hour and a half into the leisurely, prosaic life of the English Renaissance."

But, as expenses mount and servants weaken, it becomes less and less possible to maintain such purity of style. "Modern democracy" calls for "lifts and labour-saving devices," and so Lord Pastmaster, who can bring himself neither to make the changes nor to suffer the discomforts, decides to sell. The purchaser happens to be his sister-in-law, Margot Beste-Chetwynde, who proceeds, as one of the more awful acts in a "many ways disgraceful career," to raze King's Thursday to the ground in favor of a modern house, the creation of Otto Silenus. Given Margot's request for "something clean and square," Otto operates on the assumption that the problem of all contemporary art is "the elimination of the human element from the consideration of form," and produces a factory-like horror. No doubt Waugh satirizes contemporary architecture as one who detests abstract art, admires Pre-Raphaelite painting, and collects Victorian genre paintings; nevertheless, his satirical observation of the dehumanization of certain kinds of "modern" architecture is perceptive. He forces us to recognize, perhaps even against our wishes, that the abstract and the functional can be as lifeless and cold as machinery.

Less damage is done to Hetton Abbey of *A Handful of Dust* than to King's Thursday, but the irony of the Abbey's history wrenches the reader's sensibility more savagely. Hetton, one of the notable houses of the country, had been rebuilt in 1864 in the gothic style. Despised by the country guidebook, by Brenda Last (who is bored with life there), and by visitors who suffer from the discomforts of its Victorian beds, Hetton

The Satiric Art of Evelyn Waugh, James F. Cozens (1966)

is a kind of religion to its master, Tony Last, for he devotes his life, his income, and his projected future to the upkeep and improvement of this house. "The lines of its battlements against the sky; the central clock tower where quarterly chimes disturbed all but the heaviest sleepers; the ecclesiastical gloom of the great hall, its ceiling groined and painted in diapers of red and gold . . ." all these he cherishes, as does the author who describes them. The stained glass, the sudden blasts from the ancient furnaces, the glooms and chills of the corridors, the bed chambers, "each named from Mallory, Ysult, Elaine, Mordred and Merlin, Gawaine and Bedivere, Lancelot, Perceval, Tristram, Galahad, his own dressing room, Morgan Le Fay, and Brenda's Guinevere," create for Tony a whole gothic world. Unfortunately, Brenda, after seven years of marriage, is restive and wants a different world. Indeed, it is doubtful whether she can even understand the value that Tony places on his inheritance. She says to him:

"Well it sometimes seems to me rather pointless keeping up a house this size if we don't now and then ask some other people to stay in it."

"Pointless? I can't think what you mean. I don't keep up this house to be a hostel for a lot of bores to come and gossip in. We've always lived here and I hope John will be able to keep it on after me. One has a duty towards one's employees, and towards the place too. It's a definite part of English life which would be a serious loss if . . ." Then Tony stopped short in his speech and looked at the bed. Brenda had turned on her face and only the top of her head appeared above the sheets.

"Oh God," she said into the pillow. "What have I done?"

Developing one of the most savage ironic contrasts in modern fiction, Waugh plays off Tony's gothic world against the world that centers around the flat Brenda takes when she begins to spend substantial periods of time in London. Mrs. Beaver, the mother of the young man with whom Brenda is becoming involved, is subdividing a small house in Belgravia "into six small flats at three pounds a week, of one room each and a bath." In these flats the "bathrooms are going to be

slap-up, with limitless hot water and every transatlantic refinement; the other room would have a large built-in wardrobe . . . and space for a bed." Mrs. Beaver considers that this establishment will "fill a long felt need." And so that Brenda may enjoy the charms of this building, where "after the first flight the staircase changed from marble to faded carpet," Tony sacrifices some of the improvements at Hetton, but not before Brenda has commissioned Mrs. Beaver, whose vulgarity knows no bounds, to mutilate one of Hetton's rooms and to cover its walls with chromium plating.

At the end of the novel, with Tony a prisoner in the Brazilian jungle whence he has fled his wife's perfidy, Hetton still stands, but its earlier glory has grown even dimmer. The death duties have taken their toll, and Tony's cousins are raising Angora rabbits and foxes; the dining hall, the library, and most of the old kitchen quarters are closed, and the family now lives in the morning room, the smoking room, and the former study. In the final irony of this novel, we learn that Teddy Last, who has chosen Galahad as his room, hopes to restore Hetton to "the glory it had enjoyed in the days of his Cousin Tony."

Subsequent novels reveal variations on this theme of the conflict between the order, calm, and tradition of the aristocratic house and the destructive forces of contemporary society. William Boot, the antihero of *Scoop*, is snatched away from the peace and seclusion of Boot Magna Hall, a domicile that sustains (though the Boots are reputedly impoverished) William, his sister and widowed mother, his widowed grandmother, two uncles, seven invalided nurses and domestics, one nurse who can still manage to get around, and ten servants. After being subjected to the excesses of journalism, as a special correspondent for Monomark's *Daily Beast*, and to the disorders of modern political life in Ishmaelia, an African republic, Boot is only too happy to abjure civilization in favor of Nanny Bloggs and the security of Boot Magna.

ing" at which the Bollinger pranksters were heavily fined and Pennyfeather, who, according to the Junior Dean, had no money, was sent down for indecent behavior. Pennyfeather does not leave, however, until the Domestic Bursar has extracted a fine for "two slight burns" in his room and the Junior Dean has congratulated him on discovering his unfitness for the priesthood. "God damn and blast them all to hell," said Paul meekly to himself as he drove to the station, and then he felt rather ashamed, because he rarely swore." These events establish the nature of Pennyfeather's experience, for the rest of the novel deals with the things that happen to him or are done to him in a confusing world.

Similarly, William Boot is torn away from the blissful seclusion of Boot Magna Hall (which corresponds to Pennyfeather's Oxford) and his weekly wildlife column "Lush Places"; he is forced to go to Ishmaelia as a reporter for the *Daily Beast*; and then fixed upon by Katchen, a young lady who finds him so amenable that at one point she suggests that she might marry him so as to divorce him later and gain citizenship for her German lover.

The fates of Adam Fenwick-Symes and of Tony Last are more serious; neither of these is able to return to such security as Oxford or Boot Magna Hall offers. Indeed, these two antiheroes might more properly be described as victims. Returning from France with a number of books and the manuscript of an autobiography on which he has already had an advance, Adam has some trouble with the Customs:

"You can take these books on architecture and the dictionary, and I don't mind stretching a point for once and letting you have the history books too. But this book on Economics comes under Subversive Propaganda. That you leaves behind. And this here *Purgatorio* doesn't look right to me, so that stays behind. . . . But as for this autobiography, that's just downright dirt, and we burns that straight away, see."

Consequently, Adam has to postpone his marriage and accept a new contract with his publisher, a contract that provides

no royalty on the first two thousand copies, "then a royalty of two and a half per cent., rising to five per cent. on the tenth thousand." In addition, the publisher retains "serial, cinema, dramatic, American, colonial and translation rights" and holds an option on Adam's next twelve books on the same terms.

Just as arbitrary and illogical are the events that place an elusive fortune in his hands. A casual exchange with another guest at Lottie Crump's hotel, where the champagne constantly flows, wins him a thousand pounds. Another casual exchange puts the money in the hands of a drunken major, who offers to place it on a horse for him. The appearance and disappearance of the major, whose name Adam never learns and with whom he is never able to establish contact at an appropriate moment to obtain the fortune he has won on the bet, indicate the incoherence of the life the Bright Young People lead, the purely fortuitous nature of events, and Adam's incapacity for controlled action. In the "Happy Ending" with which the novel closes, Adam is found on "the biggest battlefield in the history of the world," surrounded by "unrelieved desolation"; there Adam is threatened by a man with a liquid-fire projector who turns out to be his major, now a general. The general offers him his thirty-five thousand pounds, by then worth the price of a couple of drinks and a newspaper. As the sounds of the battle, "like a circling typhoon," return, the reader can feel little optimism about the fate of Adam Fenwick-Symes.

Tony Last is also victimized by the chaotic nature of his society and by the absurd. Willing to provide an adequate support for Brenda, who has cuckolded him, he rebels when he is expected to sell his family home, Hetton, to provide a substantial income for both Brenda and her lover. But, characteristically, he permits himself to be talked into an expedition to the interior of Venezuela in search of a fabled city with an inexperienced explorer, Dr. Messenger, who is a

"crook doctor" according to the more worldly Jock de Menzies. After the bearers have deserted and Dr. Messenger has drowned, Tony, nearly dead from malaria, stumbles into a native village fathered (quite literally) by Mr. Todd, the less than half-civilized natural son of a Barbadian missionary. Here Tony is nursed back to health. But his final victimization is probably the most absurd and horrifying that Evelyn Waugh's imagination has conceived. When a search party arrives, Tony, drugged by Todd, is assumed dead; virtually imprisoned by his host, he is forced to read aloud the works of Charles Dickens, over and over, over and over again.

The antihero who emerged during the second stage of Waugh's career was Basil Seal, a victimizer who parallels the rogues of Anthony Powell's *Agents and Patients*, the "Snooty" Baronet of Wyndham Lewis, and Anthony Farrant of Graham Greene's *England Made Me*. Farrant, for example, is a charming yet somewhat battered and debauched young man who has failed in everything that he has tried, who has been prepared by his middle-class upbringing for nothing, and who has been corrupted by the false standards of a secondary public school background. Although Farrant has lived off his charm, exploited women, victimized others whenever possible, he is thoroughly weak and incapable of any meaningful action; his most intense relationship, with his sister, has incestuous overtones.

The parallel with Basil Seal is striking, except that Basil is many steps higher on the social scale than Farrant. Surely the appearance of two such similar figures—one in a melodrama, the other in a satire—indicates that both novelists have observed a common type of their times. In fact, the problem of both Farrant and Basil is that their society has not provided them with any means of expressing whatever capacity they do have. However, striking differences exist between the two portraits. Greene regards Farrant as pitiful and damned; Waugh is delighted with Basil Seal, whatever his crimes.

Whereas Greene suggests that Anthony Farrant's society has failed him by filling his head with base illusions about the end and conduct of life, Basil Seal's career seems to imply that his society is too mean and petty for such a washbuckler. Finally, Greene's Anthony Farrant is seedy and wretched; Basil Seal, who certainly finds himself in enough seedy and wretched situations, has qualities of swank, swagger, and pluck that somehow lift him above the seediness.

When we first encounter him in *Black Mischief*, Basil wakes up on the sofa of a totally strange flat, after a four day "racket" precipitated by the forced withdrawal of his candidacy for Parliament. A few hours later, he decides that he will go to Azania, where the Emperor, a slight acquaintance of his at Oxford, is in trouble. Seal, therefore, crashes a party at Margot Metroland's place. His mission—to obtain money from his sister, who would give it but is unable, and employment from Lord Monomark, who disdains and dismisses him—is entirely without success but not without comment from the debutantes:

He stood in the doorway, a glass of whiskey in one hand, looking insolently round the room, his hand back, chin forward, shoulders rounded, dark hair over his forehead, contemptuous grey eyes over grey pouches, a proud rather childish mouth, a scar on one cheek.

"My word, he is a corker," remarked one of the girls.

The childish pout on Basil's mouth cannot be overlooked, for it associates him with the naïve types of the earlier satires. In Basil, however, the innocence of immaturity leads to complete amorality and to the irresponsible cruelty which permits him to victimize others. So he can first steal an emerald necklace from his mother, without hesitation or sense of guilt, and then accept a sizable check, to finance his expedition to Azania, from his mistress, whom he has been treating rather badly. He knows that "Every year or so there's one place on the globe worth going to where things are happening," and he is determined to go to Azania. Unfortunately, Azania

for their savagery, he seems to admire the savagery of Basil Seal.

At the close of *Black Mischief*, Sonia Trumpington reluctantly admits to Alastair her fear that Basil is going to turn serious on them—the only indication of a positive value emerging from the Azanian experience. However, in *Put Out More Flags*, an account of the opening year of the Second World War, we find the same shameless Seal, older but no less adept as an exploiter of the weak. In this novel, Waugh continues a trend he had begun in *Scoop*, a satire of the newspaper world and of contemporary power politics as they influence undeveloped nations. In *Scoop*, for the first time Waugh adumbrated an alternative to the decadent civilization he despised, as he represented, by means of a framing technique, William Boot's life at Boot Magna Hall and his refusal of an attractive permanent position with the *Daily Beast* in favor of seclusion and order. In *Put Out More Flags*, national revival, the "Churchillian renaissance," emerges as the most ample rejection of the nihilism which dominated the earlier books. Peter Pastmaster appears in uniform and Sam Browne belt and, motivated by dynastic impulses, marries a young woman who recognizes an innocent beneath the exterior of a "rip." Alastair Trumpington, jealous as a schoolboy of Peter's uniform, joins the ranks of enlisted men and, inspired by schoolboy honor, refuses to accept a promotion. He is expiating for the thirties, for, as Sonia explains, "he went into the ranks as a kind of penance or whatever it's called." Finally, delighted by the prospect of knives, Tommy guns, and rope-soled shoes, Alastair volunteers for special service. His associates include Peter and, in his last-minute conversion to patriotism, Basil Seal. That "old booby" Sir Joseph enunciates the meaning of these events: "There's a new spirit abroad."

As much as anything, the new spirit is evident in Waugh's handling of his material in such a way that it no longer ex-

presses futility. For in these two works he opposes what is ridiculed with values that have been his from the very beginning. (The emphasis, which in *Scoop* falls on the nursery as an alternative to disorder and in *Put Out More Flags* on schoolboy enthusiasms as a concomitant of patriotism, permits writers such as D. S. Savage to accuse Waugh of radical immaturity of view.) Two other observations must be made. First of all, one positive alternative to social and personal disorder offered by *Put Out More Flags* is war, indicating the topical and ephemeral quality of this affirmative element in the work; and the rollicking wartime enthusiasm which buoys up the satire did not survive beyond this novel. Secondly, neither of the novels makes an artistic advance over its predecessors, and the satires lack the resonance and the incisiveness of the other early novels. The striking fact, however, is that Waugh has begun to organize and shape his material in such a way that it will both reject and affirm. It was probably inevitable that eventually his deeper religious and social values would emerge as positive elements in his work. *Scoop* and *Put Out More Flags*, which repeat the techniques and devices that Waugh had already mastered, point toward later developments in his career.

Of the early, predominantly negative novels, *A Handful of Dust* is the masterpiece and perhaps also the finest of all Waugh's works. No uncertainty, no ambivalence of attitude mars its perspective; it is a tour de force of irony. Extravagance and absurdity of action have been restrained, and the broader satiric modes have been eschewed in favor of the ironic, which, as the most detached and uncommitted of the tones on the satiric speculum, perfectly coincides with Waugh's early disinclination to make any absolute assertion of positive value. Instead, with classical restraint, precision, and economy, Waugh reveals the baseness akin to evil which exists beneath the surface gloss of the fashionable world. The subtle instrument of evaluation which his irony has become

supplies the means of portraying—without invoking a double standard—not only his hero and heroine but also his villains, the riffraff of the *haut monde*, while at the same time he leaves no doubt as to who is sympathetic and who despicable.

(After deserting her husband, Tony, accepting with relief the news of her son's death (she feared that it was her lover who had died), and suggesting that Tony sell his inherited home to support a new marriage for her, Brenda Last wonders if Tony's expedition to Brazil is safe.) (Jock de Menzies responds: "The whole world is civilized now isn't it?") (Superficially, the events of the novel might be taken to mean that it is, for in the midst of the Brazilian jungle Tony Last encounters Mr. Todd, the natural son of a Christian missionary, who is unable to read but just loves to listen to Dickens. On the other hand, in *A Handful of Dust*, where everything is inverted, it is necessary to turn the side of each coin.) (The terrible irony of Mr. Todd's imprisonment of Tony is that nothing the half-savage does is any worse than what has been done by the near-savages in England.) (The answer the novel gives to Jock's question is: "No, the whole civilized world is turning primitive.") (Even the chapter headings provide an ironic reinforcement of this theme.) (The opening one, "Du Côté de Chez Beaver," reveals the sham respectability of Mrs. Beaver and John; it is paralleled by the penultimate "Du Côté de Chez Todd," which reveals the sham civilization of the converted native.)

Just as Wyndham Lewis in *The Revenge for Love* saw sham at the "false bottom" of the intellectual bohemism of the thirties, so Waugh recognizes it as the basis of the sophisticated London set of the period. (Mrs. Beaver entertains an ill-assorted party, all gossip column "names," at a fashionable restaurant; but she is paid to do so.) (Beaver's club has an "elegant Georgian facade and finely panelled rooms," but its antiquity is "spurious" and the club is of recent origin.) (This hollow and inadequate young man hovers over his tele-

phone awaiting last-minute invitations from disappointed hostesses; and he never refuses an invitation, even knowing that he has been asked only because he is the last man available.)

(The ladies with whom Brenda associates are equally bogus. Polly Cockpurse, on her ascent of the social ladder, has married an insignificant nobleman; working slowly but assiduously she has achieved a position of social eminence which compels guests to call her before arriving with strangers.) (Her friends purchase her used gowns.) (Princess Jenny Abdul Akbar gains access to this set by announcing herself an escapee from a Moulay's harem.) (When Jock de Menzies arrives at Brenda's flat to announce the death of the Lasts' son, John Andrew, Jenny is there to exclaim, with artificial horror, "*Little Jimmy*." Brenda enters this world of sham when, bored after seven years of life at Hetton, she takes as her lover the first available young man and begins the deception of Tony.) (At this she is remarkably successful.) (While Polly's set applauds, Tony, who "had got into the habit of loving and trusting Brenda," remains innocent.) (Finally deserted by Brenda, he finds himself "in a world suddenly bereft of order," wherein all accepted values are dislocated.) (To establish evidence for a divorce to which he has agreed, Tony goes to a seaside hotel with a young woman who incongruously insists on bringing her daughter. The detective employed by his solicitors is shocked: "Most irregular. Sets a nasty respectable note bringing a kid into it.") (Later, when Brenda's demands become exorbitant and Tony refuses to go through with the divorce, most people accept Brenda's view that he has behaved in a "monstrous" way.)

(In view of the treatment he receives at the hands of the "savages at home" and the savage in Brazil, Tony Last, "the civilized" man in a "helpless plight," might easily have been sentimentalized.) (Waugh is too aware of his antihero's inadequacies for this to happen; innocence, attractive in a number

of earlier characters, is here the subject of a searching irony. Tony Last is decent, honest, trusting, affectionate, boyish; he is devoted to his home and everything it signifies in the way of tradition, custom, and ceremony; and he is a regular churchgoer. All this is not enough; ritual observance, an undemanding Anglicanism, boyish innocence, and devotion to the gothic past may be admirable by contrast to Mrs. Beaver's flats and Polly Cockpurse's secondhand dresses, but they fail Tony when he is tested. At the time of John Andrew's accidental death, Tony sends the rector away, admitting that the last thing he wants to talk about at such a time is religion. So he turns instead, as an escape from thought, to a "child's game," the only card game he knows, with Mrs. Rattery:

They each took a pack and began dealing. Soon a pair of eights appeared. "Bow-wow," said Mrs. Rattery scooping in the cards. Another pair. "Bow-wow," said Mrs. Rattery. "You know you aren't putting your heart into this."

"Oh," said Tony. "Coop-coop-coop."

Presently he said again, "Coop-coop-coop."

"Don't be dumb," said Mrs. Rattery, "that isn't a pair. . . ."

They were still playing when Albert came in to draw the curtains.

... They stopped . . . when they found that Albert was in the room.

"What must that man have thought?" said Tony, when he had gone out.

("Sitting there clucking like a 'en," Albert reported, "and the little fellow lying dead upstairs.")

Albert has a point.

Just as ironic is the treatment of Tony's search for "a City." When his gothic world comes to grief, with Brenda's departure, when the glittering armor, the "embroidered feet," "the cream and dappled unicorns" have "fled," he foolishly flees his unhappiness, accompanying Dr. Messenger in search of a fabled city in the jungle, which begins, in his imagination, to take on the gothic appearance of Hetton. But if Mrs. Beaver's flats are not comparable to Hetton's gothic, neither

is Tony's Gothic City comparable to the City of God, a search for which, Waugh hints, might have saved him. When at last the "gates . . . open before him and trumpets" sound "saluting his arrival," when he sights the "gilded cupolas and spires of alabaster," the trumpets and cupolas are the hallucinations of malaria which mock his entry into the village of Mr. Todd. And in another delirium resulting from his fever, Tony is finally forced to recognize that he has been living on an illusion, that a retreat into the gothic past is impossible: "There is no City. Mrs. Beaver has covered it with chromium plating and converted it into flats. Three guineas a week with a separate bathroom. Very suitable for base love. And Polly will be there. She and Mrs. Beaver under the fallen battlements."

Tony Last is perhaps the most sympathetic character in Evelyn Waugh's entire canon. He demands our sympathy because he alone among the hollow men and women of the novel is devoted to some kind of purpose and some kind of order, but even more because, however attractive his allegiances are, in a chromium-plated world they are not strong enough to permit his survival.

Two perceptive writers, Edmund Wilson and Stephen Spender, have described, in somewhat different terms, the quality which they find in this work. Wilson speaks of the pervasive sense of terror "which is the whole motivation of the book but of which the characters are not shown to be conscious and upon which one cannot put one's finger in any specific passage."<sup>8</sup> Spender notes "incipient tragedy" and argues that "within a situation where people act ruthlessly and selfishly, tragedy, as it were, may be distributed over their lives, though each may be incapable of feeling its intensity."<sup>9</sup> That both critics should have similar reactions to the novel, though one speaks in terms of "terror" and the other in terms of "tragedy," can perhaps be traced to the quality of the irony, which produces not laughter but pain.

Little has been written about the relation between the irony of satire and the irony of tragedy, perhaps because there are variable and shifting borderlands which cannot easily be plotted. David Worcester, in his book on satire, seems to assume that the irony of tragedy is satirical, and he points out that "If irony injects an element of comedy into tragedy, no less does it inject tragic feeling into comedy."<sup>10</sup> Another writer questions Worcester's assumption and argues that "dramatic irony occurs often without any satirical implications," but he does not go on to explore the question.<sup>11</sup>

It would seem to be the case that the irony of the Greek dramatists or of Ibsen is altogether different in quality from the irony which is one of the principal elements of satire. That marked distinction is due in part to the fact that the irony of tragedy involves fatal and terrifying consequences, but also to the fact that the impulse to criticize or ridicule, always present in satire, is not a dominant element of the tragic spirit. The pervasive sense of tragicality or of terror which the reader feels in *A Handful of Dust* may perhaps be attributed to the approximation of its irony to the irony of tragedy. In themselves the characters do not approach the tragic. Nor is the novel, of course, a tragedy. *A Handful of Dust* moves somehow in the direction of the tragic as the satirical impulse to criticize and ridicule shades into that irony ordinarily associated with nonsatiric expression. Standing in the midst of the shifting borderlands between two modes of expression, it is, nevertheless, perhaps the best product of the whole satirical tendency in the modern novel. Waugh has created a masterpiece of its kind, a brilliant example of the satirical "no," unaccompanied by any positive affirmation.)

#### *Part Four*

### AFFIRMATION AND APOLOGY