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REVIEWS

NEWS

Bibliographical Confusion Surrounding the First UK Edition of *Scoop*

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In 1988 the New York bookseller Glenn Horowitz and G. Heywood Hill, the well-known Mayfair bookshop, produced a joint catalogue of rare books entitled *Evelyn Waugh & Others: From the Library of Michael M. Thomas*. Item 218 was catalogued as follows:

> Waugh, Evelyn. *SCOOP.* A Novel about Journalists. London: Chapman & Hall (1938).
>
> 8vo., original black and red cloth, stamped in gold; the dust jacket is in the first state but is worn, seams split, few mends. Despite these flaws, an attractive jacket. $500
>
> First edition, 'possible first issue' with the 's' in 'as,' the final word in the last line on page 88, dropped. In the eight other first editions of *Scoop* we recently examined the 's' was present, and of those all were either without a dust jacket or wrapped in an example of the second state. (The 's' in 'as' is present in the proof copy offered one entry earlier.) In addition to lacking the 's,' our copy is also wrapped in a first state dust jacket with *The Daily Beast* logo in black letters on the front cover (apparently Lord Beaverbrook found nothing amusing in the parody of *The Daily Express* logo – nor of Waugh's spoof of him as Lord Copper the press baron – and his threat of a lawsuit persuaded Chapman & Hall to eliminate the design from later jackets). We hesitate to make a claim for priority based upon the presence, or lack, of a dust jacket, but the coincidence of the missing letter appearing in a copy that is also wrapped in the suppressed jacket is too great to go unremarked upon.

This seemingly innocuous cataloguer's note opened up a bibliographical can of worms. The intention of the present article is to cast a spotlight on some of the worms in the possibly forlorn hope that they will shrivel up and plague us no longer. Readers who are bemused and/or bored by the minutiae of bibliographical niceties will probably wonder what all the fuss is about, but to collectors of first editions the matter of precedence – of which version came first – is a subject of some importance.

One question that needs clearing up is the bibliographical difference between a "state" and an "issue." This is the kind of subject that has non-biblionerds rolling their eyes in boredom and contempt, but if you have managed to get this far without keeling over in a state of catatonic tedium you may wish to persevere. Somewhat regrettably, the cataloguer quoted above seems to use the two terms interchangeably, or seems to think that "state" should be applied to dust jackets whereas "issue" should be applied to books; however, he or she is by no means alone in being confused. Cataloguers working for British auction houses and dealers in rare books frequently get their states and their issues in a horrible muddle, and in one way this is perhaps hardly surprising: it is an inherently confusing subject.

The widely-accepted authority on bibliographical terminology is John Carter. The following excerpt comes from the seventh edition of his *ABC for Book Collectors*, revised by Nicholas Barker in 1994:

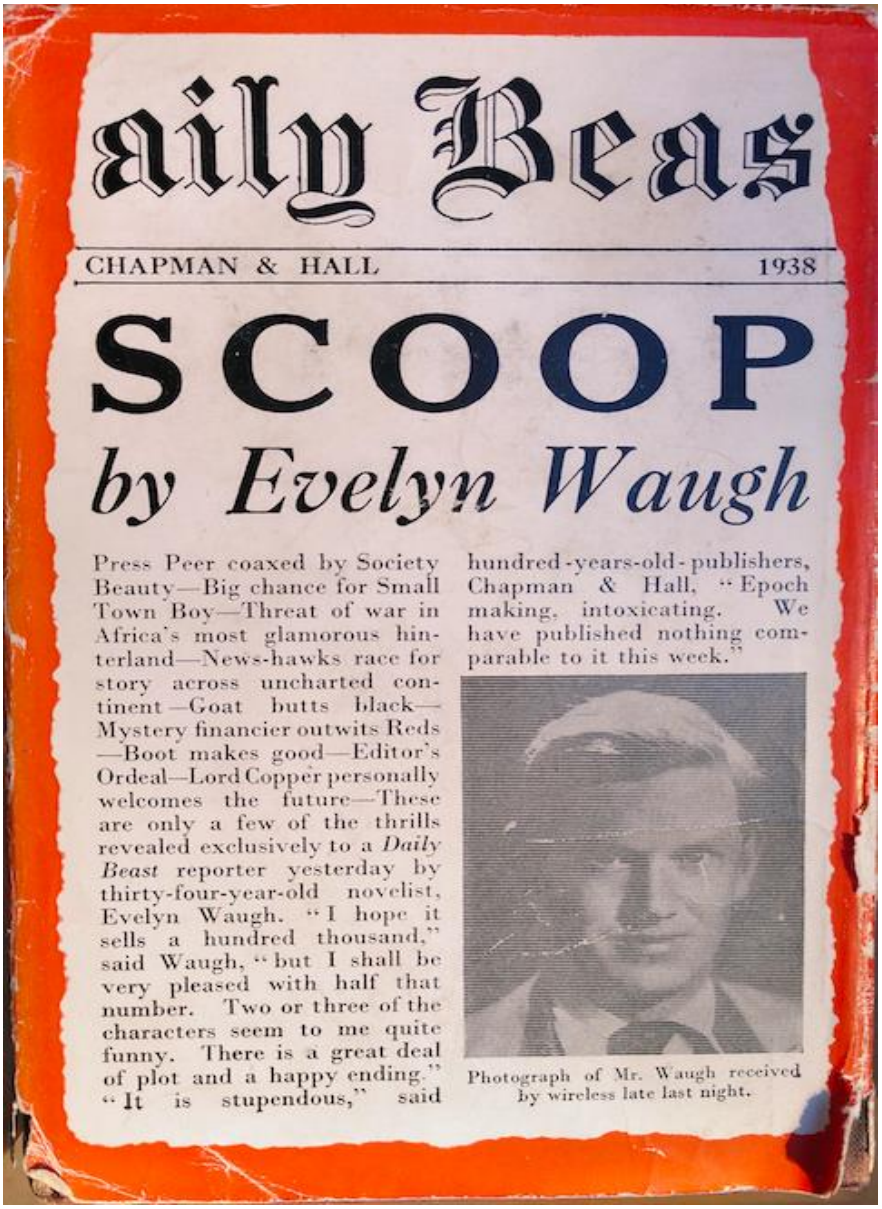
> ISSUES AND STATES
>
> When alterations, corrections, additions or excisions are effected in a book during the process of manufacture, so that copies exhibiting variations go on sale on publication day indiscriminately, these variant copies are conveniently classified as belonging to different *states* of the edition […] It may or may not be possible to determine priority of manufacture between them, but any priority of publication must be deemed to be accidental. When similar variations can be clearly shown to have originated in some action taken after the book was published, two (or more) *issues* are distinguishable. (128)

A famous (in book-collecting circles) instance of variant states is the first UK edition of George Orwell's *1984*, which may be found in a red dust jacket as well as in an otherwise identical green dust jacket. If, as appears to be the case, they were released simultaneously on publication day, one can refer to the "red state" or the "green state," but neither is very obviously the "first" state. Sometimes it may be possible to determine what Carter calls the "priority of manufacture," but this generally relies on the account of the printer or somebody who has acquaintance with the manufacturing process. The question of *issues*, on the other hand, only arises, as Carter suggests, if a change occurs after publication. Suppose for example a novel is

published and reviewers point out that it is riddled with misprints. The embarrassed publishers withdraw the first version, thereby creating the first issue, and replace it with a corrected version, the second issue. When Macmillan made their first attempt at releasing *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* in 1865, John Tenniel objected to the quality of the printing, arguing that it did not do justice to his illustrations; the publishers withdrew their first attempt, the first issue, and printed the whole book again, the second issue. 2,000 copies of the first issue were printed, of which more than 20 are known to have survived.

Even this apparently useful distinction, using the publication date as the cut-off criterion, might not be quite so straightforward as it seems. Many publishers announce official publication dates, but release advance copies to reviewers ahead of these dates so that reviews can be printed in newspapers and magazines to coincide with publication. What if a problem arises in this intervening period, i.e. between the advance copies being sent out and the official publication date – would any resulting changes constitute new states or new issues? A case in point might be *Stamboul Train*, the Graham Greene novel first published by William Heinemann in 1932. As Greene later recalled (in *A Sort of Life)*, one of the advance copies landed on the desk of J.B. Priestley, who thought he spotted in the character of Q.C. Savory, a faintly ridiculous popular novelist with a penchant for pipe smoking, an unkind caricature of himself. Priestley threatened to sue the publisher for libel and Heinemann, not wanting to upset one of their star names (by coincidence, Priestley was also a Heinemann author), capitulated. Under pressure from his editor, Greene reluctantly turned pipe-smoking Q.C. Savory into cigar-smoking Quin Savory. Whether the 13,000 copies featuring Q.C. Savory that had already been printed and bound, and had to be destroyed, comprised the first state or first issue under the terms of Carter´s definitions is unclear. Technically the book had not been published, in the sense that it had not hit the bookshops, but some copies had left the publisher's offices and were in circulation: a bibliographical grey area.

What does all of this have to do with *Scoop?* The dust jacket of the first UK edition exists in two versions. What the Horowitz/Heywood Hill catalogue refers to as the first state dust jacket, and almost all other cataloguers refer to as the first *issue* dust jacket, features a mock masthead for William Boot's newspaper, the *Daily Beast*, although the "D" of "Daily" and the "t" of "Beast" are missing, so it reads "*aily Beas*:"



aily Beas

CHAPMAN & HALL 1938

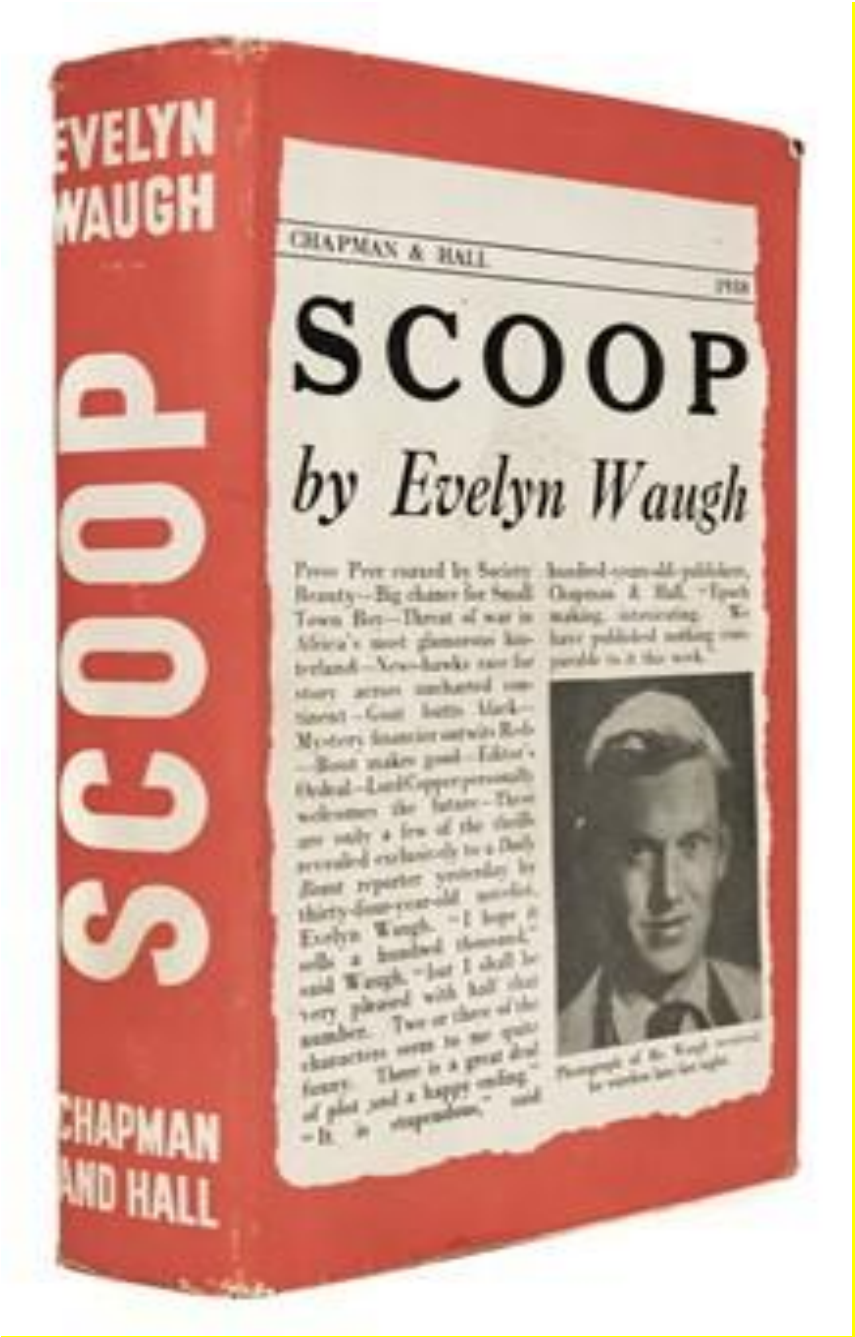
SCOOP

by Evelyn Waugh

Press Peer coaxed by Society Beauty—Big chance for Small Town Boy—Threat of war in Africa's most glamorous hinterland—News-hawks race for story across uncharted continent—Goat butts black—Mystery financier outwits Reds—Boot makes good—Editor's Ordeal—Lord Copper personally welcomes the future—These are only a few of the thrills revealed exclusively to a *Daily Beast* reporter yesterday by thirty-four-year-old novelist, Evelyn Waugh. "I hope it sells a hundred thousand," said Waugh, "but I shall be very pleased with half that number. Two or three of the characters seem to me quite funny. There is a great deal of plot and a happy ending." "It is stupendous," said hundred-years-old-publishers, Chapman & Hall, "Epoch making, intoxicating. We have published nothing comparable to it this week."

Photograph of Mr. Waugh received by wireless late last night.

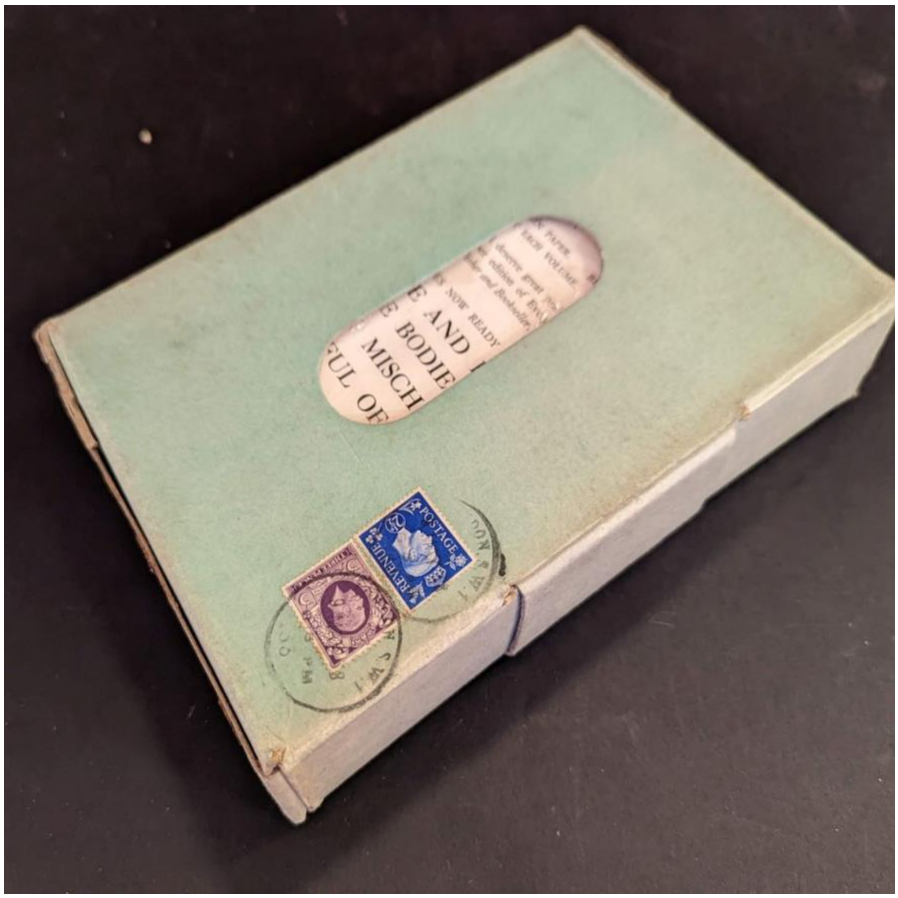
The other version is the same but lacks this masthead:



Why are there two different versions? The story goes that the *Daily Beast* masthead mimicked the typography used by the *Daily Express*. Allegedly, this incurred the displeasure of Lord Beaverbrook, the model for the fictional Lord Copper, whose threat to sue Chapman & Hall induced the publishers to change the jacket to a more inoffensive version, *sans* masthead. This account may seem plausible, especially given Beaverbrook's known egotism and prickliness, but

what and where is the evidence for it? Where is the corroboration in the primary and secondary sources? The incident is not mentioned in the *Diaries* or the *Letters*, as far as the present writer can make out, nor is it mentioned by Sykes, or Stannard, or Hastings, or Eade, or any of the biographies of Beaverbrook consulted. Yet it is repeated so frequently by auctioneers and booksellers that it seems to have attained the status of something that "must" be true by virtue of unchallenged repetition. Possibly there is evidence for it lurking in the archives of A.D. Peters, Waugh's literary agent, held at the Harry Ransom Center in Texas, or the archives of Chapman and Hall, if indeed they survive, but then it seems odd that such evidence should not have emerged into the Wavian pool of common knowledge.

A first edition of *Scoop* came up for sale at Dominic Winters Auctioneers in Gloucestershire in December 2021, described as being in the "2nd issue dust jacket," in other words without the *Daily Beast* masthead. What was remarkable about this particular copy was the fact that it came accompanied by the mailing box in which it had presumably been posted in 1938:



Scoop was chosen by the Book Society as its selection for May 1938, and it seems possible that the box in question was an example of the packaging that the Society routinely used to post its choices out to its members. Even more remarkably, the mailing box still bore the original stamps and these in turn bore the postmarks of the day on which the package was sent: 9 May 38. The official publication date of *Scoop* was 7 May 1938. Assuming that the copy of the book and the mailing box have always belonged to each other, this seems to suggest that so-called second issue jacket was already in circulation two days after the book was officially released. If the "suppressed" jacket theory were true, this would mean that Beaverbrook or one of his minions would have had to get wind of the "Daily Beast" version, presumably by seeing an advance review copy; then they would have had to contact Chapman and Hall to threaten legal action (by way of a solicitor's letter, perhaps?), Chapman and Hall would have had to withdraw the offending jacket, order a new version to be printed and get it into bookshops, all within two days of publication. Now the "suppressed" jacket theory starts to look a little less plausible, although not disproven. If it is not true, we are still in need of an explanation as to why there are two variants of the jacket.

However, the worms start to emerge in earnest with the other claim made in the Horowitz/Heywood Hill catalogue entry, the one concerning the last word on page 88, which the cataloguer suggests may be indicative of a "possible first issue." The sentence in question occurs in chapter 5 of *Scoop* and ought to read, "'When he turns up in a place you can bet your life that as long as he's there it'll be the news centre of the world.'" However, in some copies of the first edition the letter s of the first "as" is missing, so the sentence reads, "'When he turns up in a place you can bet your life that a long as he's there it'll be the news centre of the world.'" The Horowitz/Heywood Hill cataloguer tentatively suggests that the version lacking the letter s, in other words with the misprint, might be a first issue of the book, the evidence being that in eight copies "recently examined" the letter s was present and all either lacked a jacket or had the second issue jacket.

This is surely hokum. Problem number one is that, as noted elsewhere in the selfsame catalogue entry, the letter "s" is present in the proof copy. If the first edition was printed from the same setting of type as the proof copy, as seems likely, why would a proof reader delete a letter that does not need removing and renders the resulting sentence ungrammatical? Problem number

two concerns the eight "recently examined" copies. We are not told how many of these had dust jackets, but the ones that did *not* have jackets are neither here nor there – the fact that they all contained the letter "s" at the end of page 88 tells us precisely nothing about the priority of the misprint. That an unknown number *did* have the second issue jacket is at most interesting but hardly conclusive. Perhaps if we had enlarged the sample we would find some books with the second issue jacket plus the misprint and others with the second issue jacket and no misprint. And thirdly, how we can be sure that we are not dealing with a state rather than an issue? In other words, how can we be sure that if we clambered into a time machine, set the dial to 7 May 1938 (the day on which *Scoop* was published), wandered into a bookshop (Heywood Hill, for example) and examined the copies of *Scoop* on display, we would not find that some of them had the misprint and some did not? Either way, the onus of proof lies squarely with what Carter calls the "issue-monger:"

> ISSUE-MONGERS
>
> The issue-monger is one of the worst pests of the collecting world, and the more dangerous because many humble and well-intentioned collectors think him a hero to whom they should be grateful. He may be a bibliographer (usually the self-styled type), or a bookseller, or a collector, and his power for harm may be rated in that order […] He is the man who, if he cannot construct a bogus point out of some minute variation he himself has discovered between two copies of a book, will pervert the observations of others to the same purpose. Show him a misprint or a dropped numeral, and he will whip you up an 'issue-point' in no time. (129)

But the worms, having been released from the can in the 1988 Horowitz/Heywood Hill catalogue, have since taken on a life of their own. In an extraordinary development, booksellers and auctioneers' cataloguers, for reasons best known to themselves, took it upon themselves to turn the Horowitz/Heywood Hill proposal on its head: now, according to the overwhelming consensus, the so-called first issue of *Scoop* is the one that has "as" at the end of page 88, not the one with the misprint. What such cataloguers never explain, satisfactorily or otherwise, is why a misprint should have appeared in a *later* issue of the book; a more logical scenario would seem to involve the misprint appearing in early copies, this being spotted and brought to the attention of the publishers, and *later* copies being corrected. Or – and indeed this seems the most likely

explanation – we are dealing with a "dropped letter" (see below for Carter's description of dropped letters), and consequently any attempt to determine chronological priority is doomed.

Dominic Winter Auctioneers listed the following item as lot 611 in their sale of printed books, maps and documents on 25 June 2020:

> Waugh (Evelyn). Scoop. A Novel About Journalists, 1st edition, London: Chapman & Hall 1938, *1st issue with the '8' in the publication date indistinct, and 'as' to the last line of p.88, faint offsetting to endpapers, original snakeskin pattered cloth, 1st issue dust jacket with 'Daily Beast' masthead, spine faded and chipped at ends, a couple of short tears and a few nicks, small stains to rear panel, 8vo*

(Hammer price, in case you are interested: £2,800.)

The cataloguers at Forum Auctions take a similar view. Lot 39 in their sale of fine books and works on paper of 13 July 2021 was described as:

> Waugh (Evelyn) Scoop, first edition, first issue *with 'as' in last line of p.88, very faint creasing to prelims, light browning to endpapers, original cloth, spine faded, spine ends and corners a little bumped, first issue dust-jacket, price-clipped, spine very slightly faded, spine ends and corners a little chipped, a few short closed tears to head and foot with accompanying creasing, a very good copy overall, preserved in a custom slip-case, 8vo*, 1938.

(Hammer price: £2,200.)

Both the above copies rather undermine the Horovitz/Heywood Hill suggestion that copies lacking the misprint (i.e. with "as" present) are associated with the so-called second issue jacket.

However, the same auction house in its sale of 25 March 2021 was rather hedging its bets with lot 188:

> Waugh (Evelyn) Scoop, first edition, *issue with raised indistinct '8' in publication date but 'a' to last line of p.88, bookplate of Frederick Baldwin Adams Jnr. to pastedown, first issue dust-jacket with 'Daily Beast' masthead, light fading to spine,*

> *spine ends and corners chipped and creased with faint remains of tape-staining, a few small chips or short tears to head and foot, light surface soiling to lower panel, rubbing to extremities, but a very good copy overall, 8vo,* 1938.

(Hammer price: £2,000.)

Bonhams, too, sat on the fence in its sale of 19 August 2020 when it referred to a "mixed issue" (whatever that might be, but full marks for originality) in its description of lot 258:

> WAUGH (EVELYN) Scoop: a Novel about Journalists, FIRST EDITION, SIGNED BY THE AUTHOR *on title page, mixed issue with raised indistinct 8 in publication date but 'a' to last line of p.88, publisher's cloth, spine very slightly faded, first issue dust jacket with 'Daily Beast' masthead, jacket taped on verso along head and foot, spine panel faded and extremities chipped, 8vo,* Chapman and Hall, [1938].

(Sold for £1,275 including premium.)

Meanwhile, in characteristically seigneurial fashion, Sotheby's simply ignored the controversy about what should or should not appear on page 88 but was still supremely confident it had got hold of the first issue when it sold the "library of an English bibliophile" on 28 October 2010 (lot 133):

> Scoop. *London: Chapman & Hall, 1938* 8vo (184 x 118mm.), <u>first edition, first issue</u> with '8' in publication date indistinct and slightly raised, original black and red patterned boards, original pictorial dust jacket, *endpapers slightly browned, extremities of jacket slightly worn and creased, lower cover slightly discoloured,* <u>otherwise a fine copy</u>.
>
> The first issue dust jacket with the original masthead of the 'Daily Beast.' This was later altered after Lord Beaverbrook threatened to sue due to his perception of it being too reminiscent of the masthead of the *Daily Express*.

(Hammer price: a distinctly seigneurial £5,000.)

Many cataloguers cite the indistinct and slightly raised 8 in the publication date as a crucial issue point, the thing that really clinches first issue status (despite the fact that it occurs

with both variants of page 88), but in the opinion of the current writer this is even more spurious than the page 88 misprint, which is only marginally spurious. After all, which copies of the first edition of *Scoop* do *not* have a raised and indistinct 8 in the publication date? If there are any, they never seem to be described. It would be interesting if a cataloguer's claims regarding the first issue of *Scoop* were one day tested in a court of law. Presumably a defence of "we are simply regurgitating what everybody else says" would not stand up. As so often, the sage words of John Carter seem uncannily prescient and apt:

> DROPPED LETTERS AND NUMERALS
>
> Among the minor accidents to which type on the printing press is prone, none is commoner than that the inking apparatus pulls out or askew a loose letter (or numeral). The result, on the printed page, is called a dropped letter. Sometimes the fault is not noticed, so that the first copies printed off are perfect and later ones faulty. Sometimes the fault is noticed during the run, the machine stopped, the type replaced: making three states of the impression, the first and third being probably indistinguishable. In other cases the loose type falls out before printing actually starts. This means that the first copies run off will show a dropped letter, while later ones, if the fault is noticed and rectified, will be perfect…. It follows that anyone – bibliographer, bookseller's cataloguer or collector – who thinks to determine priority between two states of an impression or edition solely on the evidence of dropped letters is (to put it charitably) an optimist. And when the collector sees, as he often will, some modern first edition described as 'first issue, with the dropped letter on page 163,' he may be excused for demanding chapter and verse not only for this but for any other bibliographical *dicta* in the vicinity. (81)

So, come on Dominic Winter Auctioneers, come on Forum, Bonhams, Christie's, Sotheby's: give us your chapter, give us your verse. Proof is required that your alleged issue points appeared only after publication, or you are not entitled to describe them as issues. If you concede that they may be states, in other words that they may have appeared before publication, but you still want to make a claim about priority, proof is required that your alleged first state copies left the printing presses first. In the absence of such proofs, honesty and caution entitle you to use only the term "variants."

Of course, it is not only auction houses that make claims about first issues. At the time of writing, the following book is being advertised for sale on the website of the bookseller Jonkers Rare Books:

> WAUGH, Evelyn Scoop A Novel About Journalists
>
> *Chapman & Hall, 1938*
>
> First edition, first issue with 'as' in the last line of page 88. Original marbled cloth in scarce suppressed first issue dustwrapper with the remains of 'Daily Beast' on the front panel. With scarce wraparound band. A fine copy in a very good dustwrapper indeed which just shows a little wear to the head of the spine and upper corners, but is generally very bright and crisp.

(Yours for £8,000.)

Part of the problem lies in the fact that there is no descriptive bibliography of the works of Evelyn Waugh. The 1986 bibliography compiled by Davis et al. is an impressive feat of scholarship and particularly good on commentary and criticism of Waugh but, not being descriptive, does not go into the intricacies of misprints, dust jackets and print runs. It is greatly to be hoped that when *Scoop* is published as volume 7 of the *Complete Works of Evelyn Waugh* the editor will cover some of the questions raised in this article and that volume 43, *General Index, Bibliography, and Miscellanea*, will include the full-blown bibliography we have hitherto lacked.

Waugh himself was a book collector and is known to have acquired some of his collection through Heywood Hill, but seems to have been far more interested in the way his books were bound than in exploring the more arcane reaches of bibliography. And in this at least his priorities were surely sound. Were it not for the fact that auction houses and others make such a song and dance about the matter it might reasonably be asked if it is worth getting agitated about what appears on page 88 of the first edition of *Scoop*. And the most reasonable answer is: almost certainly not.

Or, as the hard-pressed Salter might have said, "'Up to a point, Lord Copper.'"

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REVIEWS

Worth Another Look

A Tourist in Africa, by Evelyn Waugh, *The Complete Works of Evelyn Waugh*, Volume 25, Patrick R. Query, ed., Oxford: OUP, 2021. 308pp. £85/$110.

Reviewed by Jeffrey Manley

This is one of the first two travel books by Evelyn Waugh to appear in the Oxford University Press *Complete Works* series. It was published along with *Ninety-Two Days* (1934). *A Tourist in Africa* is by general agreement not one of Waugh's best or more popular works. Absent the *Complete Works* project, it would probably not be seeing republication at this time. It was last reissued by Penguin as part of their own project in 2011 to reprint all of Waugh's books in a uniform hardback format. That may, indeed, have been Penguin's first edition of the book. Prior to then, both US (Little, Brown) and UK (Methuen) publishers issued paperback reprints in the mid 1980s as well as a library binding edition in 1970, and there has been at least one other non-Penguin UK paperback edition since (Arrow Books/Random House, 1989).

As explained in the book's excellent introduction by Patrick Query (a former editor of *Evelyn Waugh Studies* and professor of English at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point), *Tourist* was one of two books by Waugh that were commissioned by an entity outside the book trade. The other, also a travel book, was *Robbery under Law* (1939). Waugh took little interest in either after he had received his commission payment. When excerpts from other travel books were issued in 1946 as *When the Going Was Good*, *Robbery* was the only book not represented. No one reprinted either book during Waugh's lifetime.

In this case, as Query explains, Waugh was looking for a travel assignment that would take him to a warmer climate as the English winter approached. It was the fall of 1958, just after he had finished writing the biography of Ronald Knox that he had begun after Knox's death in late 1957. As it happened, his agent A D Peters already had in hand a request for a writer who might be interested in a project that seemed to fit in with Waugh's wishes. The Union-Castle Steamship Company was looking for some established author to write a book about travel to

points in Africa served by its ships. They were proposing a book that people would want to read on the strength of the author's reputation.

What Waugh might not have known (although Peters was aware of it) was that he was not Union-Castle's first choice for the project. As again explained by Query, the proposal had originally been offered to a popular writer named Laurens van der Post who was born in South Africa and had recently written a bestseller about the region. Van der Post declined the offer. That was, as it turns out, lucky both for Waugh and Union-Castle. After his death, van der Post's biographer revealed that his works were full of hyperbole and falsehoods. Moreover, on a previous ocean voyage in 1952, he had raped a teenage girl and managed to cover it up. He also made claims, later proven false, to have been heroically involved in the civil war in Southern Rhodesia. As Query succinctly puts it: "If *Tourist* is not Waugh's best book, the possibility nonetheless exists that Union-Castle very nearly got a much worse one" (lii).

Waugh may have hesitated about the project because he had been to Southern Rhodesia (one of the points to be visited) just the previous year, as part of his research for the Knox book. He made a trip to see John and Daphne Acton, who were living near a village called Mazoe, having previously been hosts to Knox for several years in the 1940s at their country estate in England. Knox had moved there from Oxford at the beginning of WWII to serve as chaplain to some nuns whose convents had been evacuated. Waugh's airplane journey was a trip that he did not take for pleasure (nor did he enjoy the travel portion itself as he makes plain in *Tourist*). Moreover, it did not offer him the occasion to revisit spots in East Africa that he had seen and written about previously.

The negotiations over the contract with Union-Castle were not hard fought. The main point of contention was that the company could see and propose changes to the final draft of the book. Waugh agreed to that in principle and wrote the text accordingly, to avoid conflict. He included nothing that Union-Castle could deem derogatory about their steamship services but, perhaps unknown to him, in addition to running steamships they owned hotels in several of the countries they served. This led to some negotiation after Union-Castle received his text.

Query presents the issue quite well, reproducing a copy of Union-Castle's four pages of "suggestions" and explaining Waugh's reactions. He rather pejoratively referred to "trippers"

and “tourists” in two passages but was willing to soften that language. More troubling was his inclusion of a warning that prospective travelers to East Africa should “keep away from hotels run by the British.” Waugh went on to elaborate on this point by describing how the “forbidding young [British] women” (59) who were running these hotels torment travelers. Oddly, the Union-Castle editor raised no objection to that subsequent language. In any event Waugh refused to change the language cited, and the matter was not further pursued by Union-Castle.

Query explains (xxx-xxxi) that Waugh may have self-censored some negative views he had about Union-Castle’s services on the boat trip itself, knowing that those were outside his remit in agreeing to write the book for their promotional purposes. Such grievances appear in letters to his family at several points in the trip. They include criticism of accommodations on the ship that he compares to being on a level of the County Hotel in Taunton, several complaints about the standards of the food, and an allegation that the Captain was a bore. None of this appeared in Waugh’s draft text.

Waugh wrote the text of the book in the form of a travel diary, but he was not apparently keeping a formal diary on the trip, as he explains: “…this is not the diary as I kept it. I am trying to make a book from the notes I took abroad” (2). If he did keep such a diary, it hasn’t survived as such. Nor, for that matter, does Query mention any “notes.” Waugh seems to be starting the text in the summer of 1959 and has it finished by Christmas. How much typescript was available by then is hard to say, as the typescript has gone missing except for one page, but he usually sent out his manuscript to the typists as he went along. According to Query, he normally had typescripts destroyed.

During the period of writing the book, his daughter Teresa became engaged to American academic John d’Arms and the Knox biography was published. Neither of those events seems to have interrupted the writing. Indeed, the critical reception of the Knox biography was overall favorable, so there was little to distract his attention away from the travel book while he defended that publication. It is surprising, given the subject matter, that *Ronald Knox* went into extra printings—three times in England and once in the US.

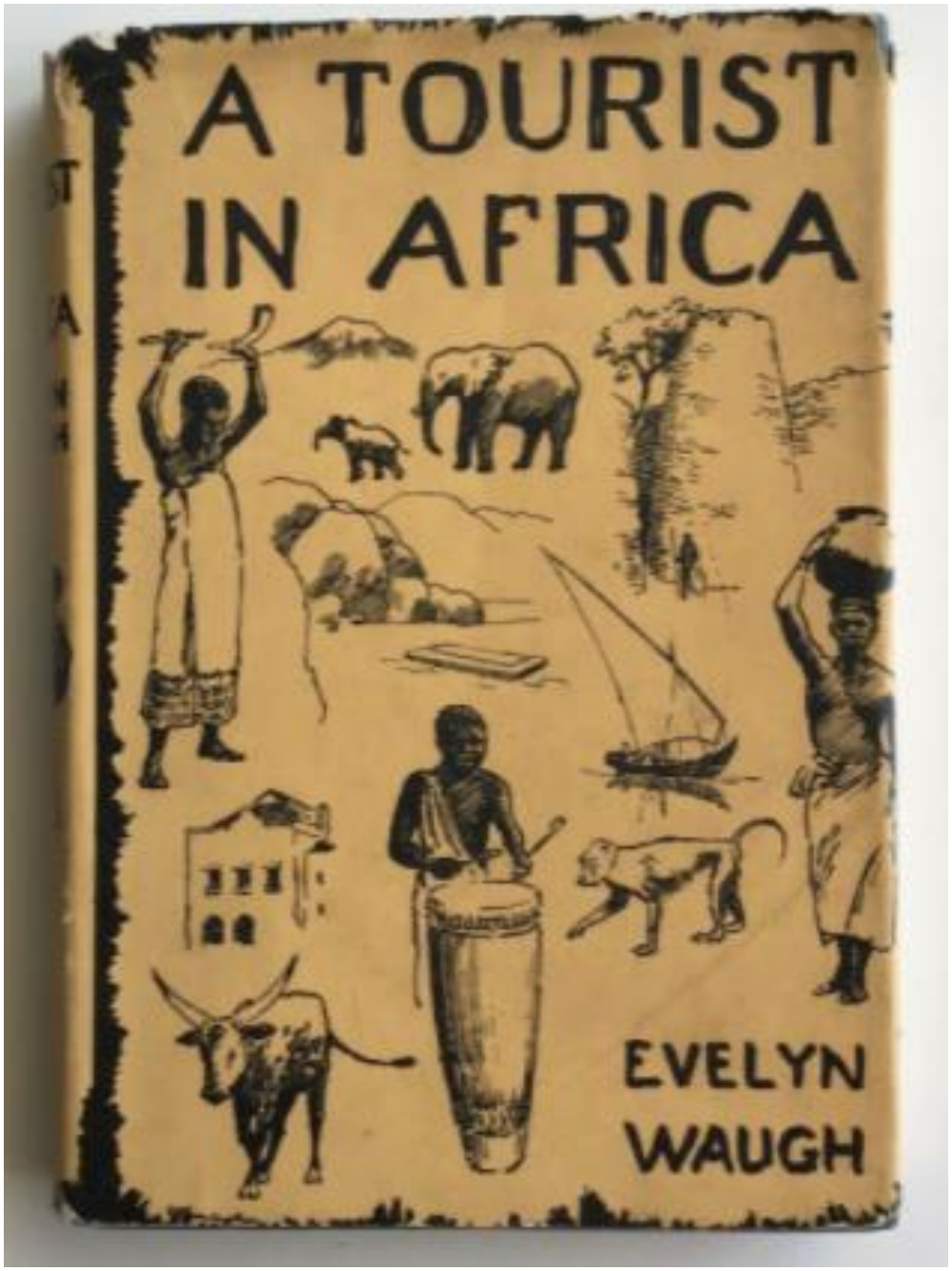
As Waugh neared completion of the *Tourist* draft, there was a discussion with Chapman & Hall about the title. This is detailed in Query’s introduction. Jack MacDougall at C&H had

apparently proposed *Africa Revisited,* with an obvious plug for Waugh's most successful book. Waugh clearly was not happy with that and came back with a long list of suggestions, including both *Tourist in Africa* and *A Tourist in Africa*. Oddly enough, both of those proposals were successful, with C&H choosing the latter, and Little, Brown the former.

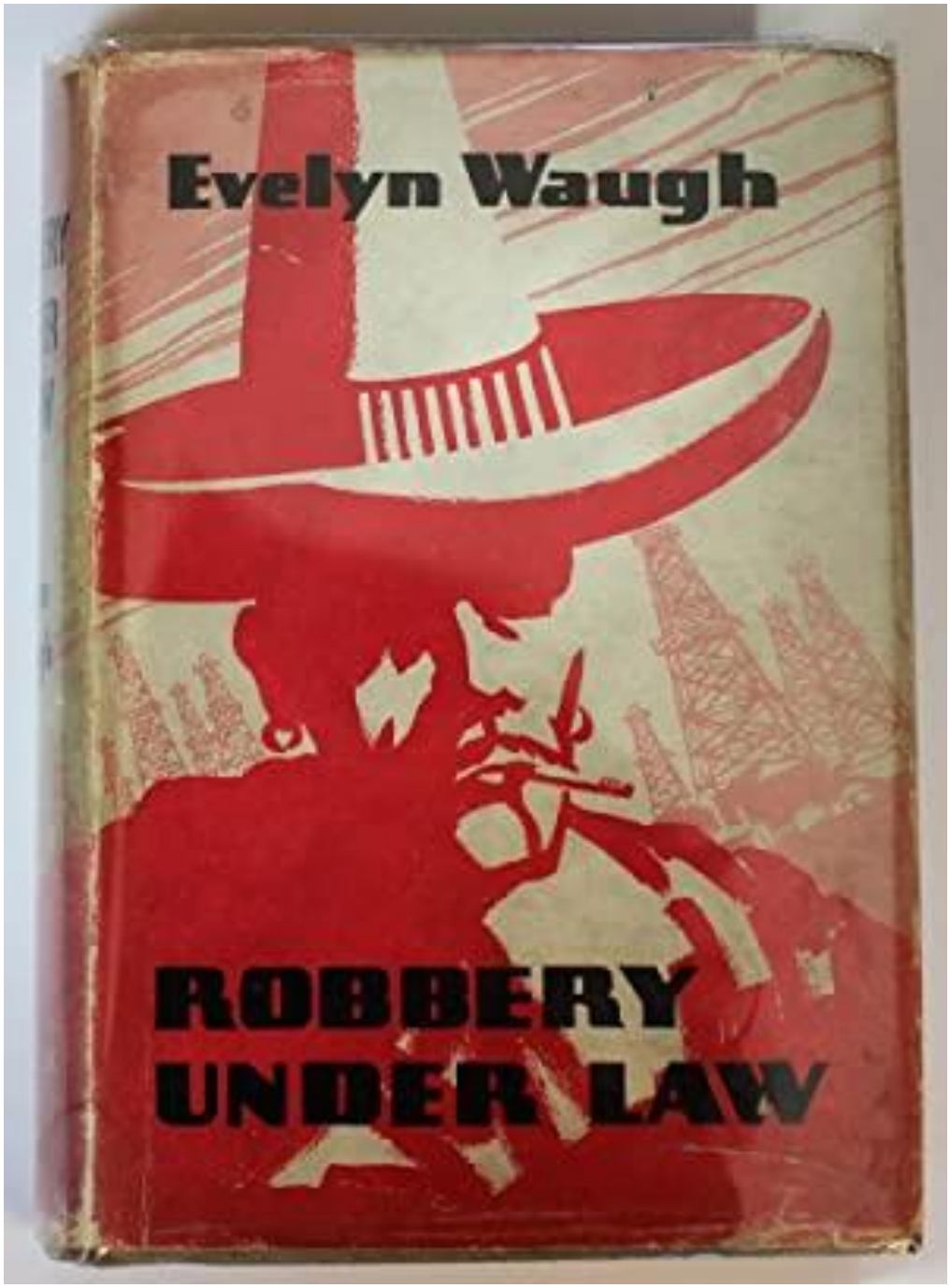
The editing of the manuscript seems to have been fairly straightforward compared to some of his earlier fiction, as well as the later *A Little Learning*. Most of the edits come between the manuscript (AMS) and the first UK and US printings (UK1 and US1). There was an extended version serialized in *The Spectator*, published over six weeks in July and August 1960, with Waugh apparently overseeing its production. Whether these were extracts or a serial of the entire book is not mentioned. It covered about 24 pages in total, and the "MDATV" show that in several instances large deletions of more than a page of text were made, so it might be properly considered an "abridged" or "edited" version.

As noted previously, there were no second printings in Waugh's lifetime. There was, however, a book club edition in the UK. This was issued in 1960 by the Travel Book Club. It is not mentioned in either the 1986 bibliography (22-23) or the *CWEW* edition (lxi-lxv), and whether the book club version included text that differed from the publisher's original is not known. It seems unlikely, since there is no record of any communication with Waugh about any edits or corrections.

There was at least one significant difference in the Travel Book Club edition, where a different dust jacket was produced. This cover would seem more likely to attract attention than the rather dreary versions produced by either of the book trade publishers:



It is similar to the case of *Robbery Under Law*, where the Catholic Book Club issued an edition in the UK with a far more striking dust jacket design than that which accompanied the publisher's "tombstone" version:



As an aside, there does seem to be some inconsistency in the treatment of book club editions. It is unlikely that Waugh would have played any role in editing them. It also may be influenced by the inconsistency of the Waugh bibliography in its treatment of book club editions. The latter's details are sometimes reflected (e.g. *Brideshead*, *Put out More Flags*, and *Robbery under Law*) and sometimes not (e.g. *Tourist*). The issuance of an edition by a book club would be relevant in considering the book's relative popularity, if not perhaps in contributing to its

editorial history, but there should be consistency among the *CWEW* volumes as to whether or not such editions are mentioned or examined.

The critical reception of the book must have been more generous than Waugh expected. In his communications with his friends, he quite consistently referred to the book as his "pot boiler." He sent out relatively few presentation copies and those mostly to people in Africa who had assisted him on his trip. In his *Sunday Times* review, Cyril Connolly saw through Waugh's commercial motivations for writing the book. He also noted that one cannot write a decent travel book without enthusiasm, which was something completely missing from this book. He was also disappointed with what he considered the sloppy writing.

As Query notes, however, there were several other reviewers who were "surprised by the reasonableness of Waugh's views" (xlvi). Indeed, Waugh's "even-handed assessments of the racial, political and cultural dynamics of a changing Africa defeated all attempts to caricature" (xlvi) him as the blimpish figure he used to present in writing about African matters. "Waugh was not, his book seemed to show one critic after another, quite the monster he was constantly made out--and, at times, made himself out--to be" (xlvi).

There was also a review of the book by John Sherry in the US-based *Book of the Month Club News*, as is noted in the Waugh bibliography (265). The book was not a monthly selection but was recommended to members who were given an option to purchase it. What BOtMC were selling were copies of the Little, Brown version, rather than a bespoke edition of their own. Their review contains an interesting opinion of the book that is worth quoting since it is unlikely to have been collected elsewhere (and may well have helped shift some copies in the US market):

> This little record of his trip […] is by no means vintage Waugh and may even have been put together to help pay expenses. Yet it has its moments, for Mr. Waugh is that rarest of things nowadays, a writer with a genuine penchant for the recondite and bizarre -- and furthermore, a writer who refuses to pontificate about the African political scene. […] As might be expected, Waugh the traditionalist finds much of the modern African unrest confusing and deplorable, but he makes no bones at least about his distaste for the present South African regime. The pleasure in his pleasant if uneven book is in following the reactions of a civilized, if rather eccentric mind. (November 1960, 9)

Indeed, I noticed this myself in rereading the book. Waugh no longer satirizes Africans as keenly and frequently he did in the 1930s. He seems to accept that England's empire in Africa is ending and that Africans will be taking over their own governance. He may not be altogether happy about that, but he is not as disturbed by it as he had been in writing about African pretentiousness in Abyssinia. He is now rather dispassionate about what he accepts is inevitably going to happen.[1]

This phenomenon is perhaps best illustrated in the review that appeared in the *New Statesman*. It was written by Basil Davidson (something of an Africa expert) and is discussed at some length by Query. Davidson is quoted as writing: "Waugh has cast himself cunningly, delightfully, in tolerant and expansive mien: the old boy behaves splendidly" (*xlvii*). He does pick out several points where Waugh seems willfully to ignore African reality. One of these is Waugh's humorous historic description of an east African tribe called the Zimbas as they made "a leisurely progress up the coast, eating their way through the inhabitants" (24). When the Turks arrived to battle the Portuguese, the Turks sought out the Zimbas as allies and the Zimbas "came, ate the Turks, and, gorged, shambled their way to the north…" (24).

This looked like the return of the old Waugh, as the tribe became one of his running jokes. A few pages later, as he described a historic fort at Gedi, Waugh ponders why it was abandoned in the mid-sixteenth century and suggests: "Perhaps the Zimba paused and sustained themselves there in their course of gluttonous migration" (29). Later, at an abandoned historic settlement called Kilwa, he notes: "In 1598 the Zimba ate all the inhabitants and left a waste that was irregularly reoccupied" (45). In his review, Davidson called Waugh out for unfairly depicting the "dear old Zimba" as ferocious cannibals. Waugh, in an unpublished letter to Davidson (which Query somehow has located), responded, giving Davidson the sources on which he relied, and asked: "Have they [the Zimba] proved to be mythical? If so when and by whom?" According to Query, "Davidson obliged with a cordial reply providing additional sources and archaeological detail" (*xlviii*). Rather than turn the issue into an academic slugfest,

[1] Indeed, this is largely the view reflected in the *Book of the Month Club News* review quoted above.

as was the case with Professor Trevor-Roper and the extended exchange of letters over the Nazis and the Jesuits, the Zimba matter was peacefully laid to rest.[2]

Another tribe subjected to Waugh's satire are the Masai. Unlike the Zimbas, the Masai are, according to Waugh, the "most recognizable people in Africa." He introduces the discussion of his visit to the Masai areas with the following observation about their role in the recent Mau Mau uprising, led by the Kikuyu tribe. According to Waugh, the Masai:

> gleefully pointed out … that it was the English who introduced the supposedly docile Kikuyu into [the white highlands where many of the Masai lived] and they enjoyed their small part in the pacification. For a generation [the Masai] had been punished for raiding the Kikuyu; now they were paid to do so. The story is told that a patrol was sent out with orders to bring in any Kikuyu 'arms' they could find; next morning the commanding officer's tent was surrounded with a heap of severed limbs. (54)

This particular bit of humor seems to have escaped the reviewers' notice, but the two examples of Waugh's comic proclivities show that he was still capable of writing up to his old standards. As Query puts it: "The fact is inescapable that the writing in the book flickers where previous efforts have burned brightly. The moments in *Tourist* when the old spirit shows itself…are welcome but few" (*liv*).

Indeed, a bit more of the sort of wit aimed at the Zimba, the Masai and the Kikuyu might have helped lighten the book a bit. There is some Wavian satire lurking beneath the surface of his descriptions of the infamous groundnut scheme and the Cecil Rhodes gravesite, but Waugh generally seems to have been on constant guard in this book to keep it at a minimum. He avoids taking sides with either the racist settlers or the liberal reformers, even though he fairly clearly sees who will win. After all, his remit was to write a book that would sell travel on Union-Castle, and satire is not a good way to promote travel service.

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[2] Davidson also questioned Waugh's asserted lack of knowledge of the source for the building of the Zimbabwe ruins that are now a major tourist attraction. The reviewer claimed that "every responsible investigator for the last 55 years has found them medieval and Bantu." Waugh's response, defending his description of their construction as a "mystery," was that he found no "trustworthy explanation" and was open to considering whatever Davidson might supply.

Query takes up this issue in the concluding section of his introduction: "Context of Waugh's Other Work and of Literary History." It opens with a comparison of travel works by van der Post (discussed above) and John Steinbeck's *Travels with Charley* (1961). The latter seems so far afield from Waugh's book as to offer little of any use. As for Waugh's own journeys, given the political framework of *Waugh in Abyssinia*, where he was writing in support of Mussolini, that book also provides little by way of comparison. *Labels* is distinguishable for several reasons offered by Query, and *Ninety-Two Days* is not even mentioned, raising the suspicion that its nonappearance may be down to some editorial handiwork.

Remote People, however, comes close to the same original intention (need to escape from England—in 1930 fleeing from the fallout of his divorce and in 1959 from the English winter) and roughly the same itinerary, aside from Abyssinia. According to Query, what is missing from the later book is the "energy of youthful adventure," which "sings" from the pages of the earlier book:

> His depictions of the hardships of travel, his scepticism about social pieties, his taste for the perverse and the morbid, and his construction of himself within the narrative as a Wavian antihero assailed by a baffling and at times self-important world provided effective ingredients for a style of travel writing that, if it didn't produce blockbusters, was always sure of an audience. (*lvii*)

This is followed by a brief comparison of the descriptions in *Remote People* of native art as expressed in traditional Abyssinian religious painting with the equally detailed passage about the contemporary art produced by the native inhabitants at the Serima Mission in *Tourist*. The Abyssinian art comes to life as the modern mission art does not.

As with other *CWEW* volumes, there is a helpful section of contextual notes. These relate to references in the text of the book and are mostly updates to explain to contemporary readers events, places or people that would not have required explanation in 1960. Sometimes they go further and give us mini-essays on a particular reference. They allow the editor some license to discuss issues not subject to elaboration in the text. There are such extended notes on, for example, the Sodom apple (50.54), KCNU (60.476-7), "Nigger," "Kaffir," "coloured," and

"blackamoors" (85.19-28). Another instance is a cross-reference to a 1992 *Spectator* article where one of the Acton children described Waugh's 1958 visit (74.200).

In a few cases, I was unable to find an explanation for an item in the text that confused or eluded me. For example, "uniformed Ashkaris" (57.342) is not explained. Are they a tribe or some sort of police or paramilitary unit? More troubling was a reference to "Col. Rhodes" in the section describing Waugh's visit to the gravesite and homestead of Cecil Rhodes near Bulawayo (94-95). From the context, this looks like it may be Cecil's brother, and indeed that turns out to be the case. He is described as speaking at Cecil's funeral. As explained in *Wikipedia*, this is Colonel Francis William "Frank" Rhodes (1850-1905). Cecil's funeral would have been in 1902. Waugh could have avoided uncertainty by referring in the text to "Col. Frank Rhodes" instead of assuming the reader would know who "Col. Rhodes" was. Or he might usefully have left the text of this section as it was originally written ("MDATV," 218). If he identified "Col. Rhodes" earlier in the text, I was unable to find it (and nor did the indexer).

I won't pretend to have made any detailed examination of the Manuscript Development and Textual Variants ("MDATV") portion except to note that it appeared to be shorter that the previous volumes I have reviewed (*Helena* and *A Little Learning*) and more comparable to that of *Rossetti* (about 80 pages). From what I gather in Query's introduction, there was not a lot of editing and rewriting in the case of this text, and what little there was is relatively straightforward. In addition, it is good to have an index, which is lacking in the case of the fiction volumes published thus far. This one appears to be quite detailed even though I could not use it to identify "Col. Rhodes." The original UK and US editions of the book did not have one.

In conclusion, I think it can fairly be said that Patrick Query has managed what seemed an insuperable task. He made an interesting and entertaining book out of *A Tourist in Africa*. After reading the introductory material, I reread the text and found it overall quite enjoyable and informative. When I first read the book over 30 years ago, it was a struggle to get to the end. Even with Query's help, the Rhodesia chapters were hard going, and I was glad to put Cecil Rhodes behind me. It is probably a bit too much to ask for, but I would have appreciated in the introduction, or perhaps as an afterword, a brief update on where these particular African countries have got to since Waugh's 1960 visit. This could even be capped with a description of how Waugh might have written about the "Rhodes Must Fall" movement at Oxford. If his brief

description of Rhodes in the book is any indication, Waugh is not an admirer. On the other hand, he hardly seems likely to have embraced the Cancel Culture.

If there is a second printing, there are two items that need attention: (1) on p. xxiv the abbreviation given for v. 2 of Martin Stannard's biography is "*NAC"* with the explanation that the subtitle for both US and UK editions is "*No Abiding City*" whereas, in fact, the subtitle of the US edition is "*The Later Years*," and (2) the Actons lived in Southern Rhodesia near a town called Mazoe (73, 112), not in Northern Rhodesia as stated on p. lix.

Domesticated Departures

Ninety-Two Days, by Evelyn Waugh, *The Complete Works of Evelyn Waugh*, Volume 11, Douglas Patey, ed., Oxford: OUP, 2021. 331 pp. $110.

Reviewed by Jonathan Pitcher

At its simplest, this is a republication, as Douglas Patey's suggestive "Introduction" confirms, of Waugh's ninety-two-day trip undertaken on the 2nd of December, 1932, "the most arduous journey of his career: a trek take, often alone, through the back country of British Guiana and into northern Brazil" (xxviii). Suggestive, since although much of the value of this particular edition of a parergon Waugh himself never particularly cared for stems from Patey's contribution rather than the original, Patey's hands are tied by the governing propaedeutics of the *Complete Works*. While I have nothing against contextualized memory, and indeed have spent much of an academic career advocating for it, both in print and in person, that should not come at the expense of denying history, and yet for some reason the team at OUP has determined that each volume "is a 'historical' edition," (viii) by which they mean "providing everything that the reader needs to know about each text's cultural context" while "tr[ying] to avoid anything that will 'date' (e.g. updated figures for sums of money, or editorial critical interpretation of thematic issues)" (viii). So, no cryptocurrency then; fair enough. The idea of pretending that the last eighty-nine years never happened, however, is not only an experiment against reality, but seems to run counter to OUP's gainful employment of the undoubted talents and expertise of their series of Wavian scholars, who are thus censored before even beginning, while demanding an ahistorical, secular, even revolutionary notion of time as occurring between two moments with nothing in between (in this case 1932 and 2021) that I am less than convinced Waugh himself, given that so much of his work depends on tensions between a quite linear past and the present, would have endorsed, and paradoxically ensures a protectionist, falsely analeptic, only more "dated" edition in each case, as if they were behind glass at a museum. You can look but you can't touch.

Touching it now would mean reading most of it as an unintentional parody of an English travel narrative on Latin America, rather than the journalism masquerading as anthropology it purported to be at the time. Patey corrects the record by claiming that Waugh's impetus was not

"to escape the pain and humiliation of his first wife Evelyn Gardner's infidelity in 1929 and the subsequent collapse of their marriage" (xxix), but because "He was being pursued by one woman he was only mildly interested in (Hazel, Lady Lavery, wife of Irish painter Sir John Lavery) while obsessively [and unrequitedly] pursing [sic] another: the beautiful socialite Teresa Jungman (daughter of the Dutch-born painter Nico Jungmann)" (xxx). Either way, it had little to do with his destination. As Waugh himself confesses, when questioned as to his purpose in traveling to British Guiana "I was at difficulties to find an answer, except that I was going *because* I knew so little; and also because it has always attracted me on the map" (4). This ignorance allows him to inhabit several hackneyed paradigms, the fear and desire of the English traveler's gaze, "a fascination in distant and barbarous places" (2), along with frequent complaints and corrections of the map (33, 58, 64, 105, 127, 128) without ever questioning mapping itself as he begins to take hubristic pride in moving beyond or before "civilization," "feeling . . . a little like an explorer" (38), despite either receiving or paying for all manner of assistance. The heuristic, even Freudian quest transcends the mendacious superstructures of a present existence in order to encounter "Missing Links" (28), "an earlier phase of creation" (73), "communities reverting to their primitive character" (105), "primeval integrity" (152), "Indians . . . [as] they wander to and fro across the border exactly as they did before the days of Raleigh" (67). It is an unusual, modern tactic for Waugh, yet one that lends him at least a patina of visceral knowledge, specious, brief kinship with "only those who have some acquaintance with the difficulties of obtaining this evidence" (118), and enough of a hint of authority to laud it over not only his vicariously traveling readers but even his initial hosts in Georgetown, to whom he feels "a little patronizing" (158) upon his return.

The same temporal leap coupled to a sudden, somatic familiarity with the unknown overflows into his descriptions of nature, bordering on immanence: "The green submarine darkness of the jungle has been described frequently enough but it can never, I think, be realised until one has been there" (29), or, as a yet more emphatic, literal manifestation of the stereotypical dichotomy imposed on the narrative itself, "The surrounding green was of density and intenseness that can neither be described or reproduced; a quicksand of colour, of shivering surface and unplumbed depth, which absorbed the vision, sucking it down and submerging it" (146). Patey, too, is onto such clichés. By the time we hit "The water was deep sepia in colour and absolutely smooth; every feature of the forest wall was duplicated there in minute detail"

(144) the Contextual Note reads "Perhaps no observation has so often been made by visitors to jungle scenery as this" (220).

Such moments of vague, preternatural communing dovetail with more customary annoyance at the necessities of travel and boredom. It ranges from the captious to an inability to understand and therefore see, all too common in such colonial accounts, and yet Waugh nonetheless fills pages with his lack of understanding and seeing, paradoxically, making the process of reading *Ninety-Two Days* somewhat entropic. Superficialities such as "There was nothing to see" (9), "I have never seen a less attractive harbour" (9), "the worst stuffed animals I have seen anywhere" (11), "The country was dead flat and featureless" (27), "It would be tedious to describe the next two days in detail" (92), "no confidence; no possibility of surprise, that urged one up the steepest and most fiery hillside with eagerness to see what was beyond" (125) are again sadly typical, reflective of the descriptions of nature above, and leave the reader wondering why Waugh is even bothering, why we are bothering, and whether maybe his perceptions would have been different if he had not known quite so little before embarking, or had been a tad more curious while there.

The sources are something of a mixed bag, too. As Patey confirms, Waugh owned a copy of Algernon Edward Aspinall's *The Pocket Guide to the West Indies: British Guiana, British Honduras, The Bermudas, The Spanish Main and The Panama Canal* (311), is clearly familiar with Bronislaw Malinowski's *The Sexual Life of Savages in North-Western Melanesia: An Ethnographic Account of Courtship, Marriage, and Family Life among the Natives of the Trobriand Islands, British New Guinea* (111; yes, I know that's not the same as British Guiana, but Waugh initially confused the two), more saliently compares his experiences to Father Car-Elwes', and had reviewed Peter Fleming's *Brazilian Adventure*. Patey also mentions Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*, "itself a retelling of an earlier novel, the first in which legends of El Dorado and the lost world merged: Frank Aubrey's once-popular *The Devil-Tree of El Dorado: A Romance of British Guiana*" (xliii). Neither Conan Doyle nor Aubrey had actually visited British Guiana, which is not a deal-breaker for me (since much of value has been written regarding Latin America *in absentia*) but will be for some. There are no references to *The Lost World* or *The Devil-Tree* in the account, however, and as Patey stipulates "It is not known whether [he] ever read either" (xliv). Rather than bolstering our confidence, therefore, such titles

only serve to hasten our ever-receding descent into meta-nothingness. When Waugh mentions "blanks" (4) on the map of Guiana as part of his motivation for the visit, Patey parlays the word into "similar comments in Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*" (168), which has the real benefit of being true in terms of vocabulary, but Conrad's is itself an ethically questionable novel, and once again unless we are about to equate all alterities (from an English perspective) with each other seems irrelevant beyond literary comparison. By the same token, Waugh himself is keen on comparing this trip to his earlier experiences in Africa, through negation: "You do not in Indian villages find those luxurious old men, common enough in Africa, squatting at ease among a dozen wives and sniffing an ammonia bottle while his hut is piled up with yams and manioc by his subjects" (134; cf. 46, 63, 108, 137). As even the most innocent of readers is surely aware, given the content, this is not about Africa, and no one suggested it would be, and yet the same tactic is intermittently unveiled for other, different parts of the world: "But it was far from being the care-free, idyllic improvidence one hears described of the South Sea Islands" (78), so in a sense British Guiana and Brazil come to be defined by that which they never were and are not.

Of course, Waugh is more at ease with his preconceptions, with the known, generally derived from a pre-established hierarchy of imperialist class, race, and gender, always lurking in the background, undisturbed by the indeterminate exoticism or relative blindness of the journey, and sometimes coming to the fore. In Georgetown, predictably "His Excellency the Governor and Lady Denham" (12) are singled out, who "extended to me so much more than the formal courtesies of their position, that I should like to offer them here my explicit and especial thanks" (12). Father Mather is described as "the kindest and most generous of all the hosts of the colony" (62), and despite some ambivalence towards Mr. Steingler, even he provides "the kinship that one European feels for another in a savage country" (88). At the end of the penultimate chapter, Mrs. McTurk's house is similarly restorative: "But the armchair and the row of old novels, and the caretaker with this white woolly head, his respectful English, and his expectation of a tip, were all symbols of the return to civilisation" (150). Waugh also waxes lyrical on timeworn, basic habits over which he may exercise some control, such as "washing" (101) and "reading" (101), particularly *Nicholas Nickleby* (102) and *Martin Chuzzlewit* (143). He eventually returns to Bath, where "Spring was breaking in the gardens, tender and pure and very different from the gross vegetation of the tropics. . . . . Bath, with its propriety and uncompromised grandeur, seemed to offer everything that was most valuable in English life" (159-60). If travel supposedly

challenges one's own belief system when compared to others', herein the former is only confirmed.

The others in question, unfortunately, again inevitably, and almost invariably, suffer a barrage of glib racial abuse. Patey does mention that for some the book is "marred by prejudice" (l). I have no idea which book everyone else was reading, because from Waugh's arrival in Georgetown, where "The people seemed all black or brown; the black noisy and shabby, the brown subdued and natty" (11), to the "blacker . . . inhabitants, of purer negro type and more cheerful manners" (19) outside of it, to his introduction to Yetto, "a large middle-aged black of unusual ugliness . . . [but] not ugly in the way a handsome negro is ugly" (25), to the "youth of unmistakably criminal appearance" (150) towards the end, the vileness of a predetermined essentialism is impossible to miss[1]. I'm assuming Waugh did actually meet individuals of indigenous heritage, but mostly because he seems to have the photographs to prove it, for they are rarely individualized herein, instead the victims of a series of more or less synonymous ciphers such as "listless" (74, 77, 137), "insolent" (75), "apathetic" (75, 78), "docile" (102), and "frivolous" (137), providing "the often nauseating hospitality of savages" (100) or off "on some unexplained, pointless errand" (67). Waugh himself is admittedly on an equivalent quest, and yet he is either oblivious to the comparison or unwilling to entertain it. This is less of a journey of transformation than a Rorschach test designed to confirm the narrator's *a priori* prejudices, so on the penultimate page his suspect obstinacy is only rammed down the reader's already gagging throat. In Trinidad, the last stop before Southampton, he met "a lady anthropologist with whom I involved myself in acrimonious arguments about Indian character. She would not have it that they were cowards, and she knew much more of them than I did; but I still think I was right" (159).

However, while the claim that the book "accurately conveys a great deal of colonial history" (Patey xlviii) may be sanguine, and commentary on such events as British Guiana's Immigration Act of 1924, Brazil's revolts in the 1920s, its Liberal revolution of 1930, and the Constitutionalist Revolution of 1932 are all missing, historical context is not entirely absent. Waugh is explicitly aware of the 1928 return to Crown Colony governance (5), "the Georgetown

[1] Aside from my quotations, cf. 6, 25, 39, 41, 46, 52, 56, 59, 72, 78, 82, 87, 103-04, 108, 110, 116, 133-35, 142-43, 148-49, 153-54, 156-57.

riots" (43) in 1924, and explains the difficulties of the Boundary Commission's attempt at delineating the borders of Venezuela, Brazil, and British Guinea, regardless of how erroneous that attempt turned out to be. He also "picked up a little of the history of Boa Vista" (78) from a Brazilian perspective, gives an emphatic defense of the Benedictines' "Company" (an ultimately scuppered project to bring "prosperity and self-respect to Boa Vista" [80] through a meat-packing factory), references "The law against black immigration into native reserves" (136), and understands the Guianese government's penchant for the "'opening up' of the interior" (152).

Suddenly, moreover, on the first page of the final chapter, as if buoyed by his impending return, the Waugh we know puts in an appearance, finally applying himself, for rather than dismissing the traveled environment as alien or silenced via a string of preordained adjectives there is a nuanced study of both the benefits and threats of modernity, the ebb and flow of different forms of "progress" and nature. It is worth citing at some length:

> With every splash of the puddles we drew nearer to Georgetown; not only in mileage, but in the air and temper of our surroundings; we passed other boats manned by negroes in felt hats, vests and short trousers; we were among people who spoke English and knew the value of money; the buildings were graced with corrugated iron, wire fencing, asbestos and sawn planks. But it was a broken and fugitive civilisation. Not here those firm, confident tentacles of modernity that extend to greet the traveller, no tractors making their own roads as they advance; no progressive young managers projecting more advanced stations of commerce, opening up new districts pushing forward new settlements and new markets; no uniformed law asserting itself in chaos.
>
> Instead we had overtaken civilisation in its retreat; the ground was worked out, the beaches sifted of their treasure, the trees bled to death for ballata, the stores derelict and once busy stations in process of evacuation. It was as though modernity had put out sensitive snailhorns and, being hurt, had withdrawn them. The wounds in the bush – surface scratches negligible to its vast bulk and power – were healing over and the place returning to the solitude and desolation frivolously disturbed. (151)

In addition to misgivings regarding this truncated development, which ring true both then and now, the afterlife of its debris leaving us in the midst of a semi-industrialized, in between place,

Waugh similarly gives the lie to the authenticity of travel, or glorified tourism. He contends that a series of romantic maxims, "*That one felt free*" (100), "*That one was untrammeled by convention*" (100), and "*That one eats with a gay appetite and sleeps with the imperturbable ease of infancy*" (100) are all "fallacies" (100), limited by myriad details, obstacles, and the social mores of his surroundings that do not disappear simply because he is there, if indeed such abandon or reversion is possible at all. Albeit sporadically, and in contradiction to some of the above, he spots "the borderlands of conflicting cultures and states of development, where ideas, uprooted from their traditions, become oddly changed in transplantation" (2), "marble tombs" (6) consigned to oblivion, imported Christmas holly "disassociated from its traditional concomitants" (6), and the renewed value of originally cheap "Woolworth necklaces" (58) depending on context, *inter alia*, a morphed and yet none the less meaningful, concrete hyper-reality.

The book itself is perhaps most renowned for having its own afterlife, its own palimpsestic quality, partly owing to "the fantastic figure of Mr. Christie" (157-58), a self-made, visionary god who brings his own editorial license to the Bible. As Patey explains, travel would become fiction, "first, for the short story 'The Man Who Liked Dickens' (in which the religious fanatic Mr Christie becomes the Dickens fanatic Mr McMaster), then for the South American scenes of *A Handful of Dust*, which Waugh began writing just a month after finishing *Ninety-Two Days*, and in which Mr McMaster becomes Mr Todd" (lii). That is in the body of the "Introduction," but if you check the footnotes, which arguably veer more towards "editorial critical interpretation of thematic issues" (viii), confined to smaller print, "As early as Swan's *The Marches of El Dorado*, travel writers treating the country have consciously walked in Waugh's footsteps (cf. more recently, John Gimlette's *Wild Coast*") (lii). It even has a postcolonial existence, since "in the words of one modern Guyanese, 'For better or worse, *Ninety-Two Days* allows us to count a work by a major English writer as a cornerstone of our national literature;' 'Guyana's bookstores reliably stock copies and children read it in school'" (lii-liii). I wondered how they're reading it, and wanted more, since this would seem to a relevant conflation of the past with the present, and one that shifts the power dynamics. Furthermore, again in the footnotes, there is an "entry on EW in Balkaran's *Dictionary of the Guyanese Amerindians*" (liii), although for some reason the entry itself is not included, and "the clearest testimony to the book's stature in modern Guyana is Pauline Melville's *The Ventriloquist's Tale*,

winner of the first Guyana Prize for Literature" (liii), which is "explicitly built upon *NTD*" (liii). If you're prepared to dig deeper, flipping to "Appendix A: Contextual Notes," on this occasion Patey cites a passage:

> Well, one day this Englishman turned up out of the blue on horseback. He said he was a writer and looking for material. Later we heard that he had come that far because he had trouble with a woman. I remember he arrived on an Ash Wednesday. […] We felt sorry for him. Poor man. He was so out of place […]. Nobody really knew what the hell he was doing there. Danny McKinnon, Wilfreda's brother, was obliged to sit and listen to him reading out loud for hours – Dickens, I think. (199)

The subsequent reference is to Tony Last, but a fuller, circular lineage would be Waugh the traveler reads Dickens, meets Christie, then fictionalizes McMaster/Henty, followed by the re-fictionalized Todd/Last, only to revert to a fictionalized Waugh the traveler meets McKinnon, though from an inverted, re-historicized angle.

Oddly, the copy editing of the additional material, from Patey's "Introduction" to the "Biographical Notes," leaves much to be desired. The entry on Basil Lawrence Hart reads "American-born adventurer, engineer, prospector, and as [sic] proprietor of Good Luck Ranch at [sic] in the Rupununi Savannah of British Guiana" (313), Everard Ferdinand im Thurn's begins with "German-born explorer and colonial administrator, in 1884 to [sic] first European to scale Mt Roraima" (313), and William Kearney's misspells his name as "Keary" (313). Now, you may think I'm being a stickler here, that such negligence is part and parcel of the world in which we live, and that I too am capable of any and all mistakes, all of which are tenable positions. Such slips, however, run counter to the apparent insistence on the editorial protection of knowledge, and the three entries cited above, though by no means exceptional, are all lifted from but a single page. Given these inflationary times, and that as I write this a new copy of the 2007 Serif paperback version of *Ninety-Two Days* is retailing for $10.90 online, you would be forgiven for requesting at least a little of your whopping $110 back.

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 2022. Email submissions to jpitcher@bennington.edu and yuexi.liu@xjtlu.edu.cn.

Konstantin Kvashnin

The editors received the following request from Oleg Tatkov (tatkovoleg1@gmail.com) regarding his research into the "caged ferrets" episode. Here are the specifics from Mr. Tatkov himself:

> I am working on a book about the history of the Soviet Special Forces Aviation Group (Авиационная Группа Особого Назначения - АГОН), which assisted the partisans of Yugoslavia and worked from the Palese airfield in the Italian city of Bari in 1944 together with British and American pilots.
>
> In early June 1944, the crew of the Soviet pilot Shornikov, in cooperation with British pilots, took Marshal Tito and his headquarters from the German encirclement to Bari, as well as members of the Soviet, British and American military missions.
>
> There are recollections of a Soviet intelligence officer whose name was Konstantin Kvashnin (in England and Yugoslavia in 1944 he was known as Major Krassowski and worked in cooperation with the SOE) that he personally participated in the withdrawal from the German environment of the son of British Prime Minister Winston Churchill - Randolph Churchill. In these memoirs and one of the interviews, Kvashnin claimed that

he personally saved Randolph Churchill and carried him on himself during the pursuit of the German commandos.

I have not found confirmation of this fact in the accessible to me segment of the English-speaking Internet, and I would not want to be the creator of inaccurate information or unscientific myth.

It seems to me that this story would be of interest to your readers.

Unfortunately, I still can't find answers to the following questions in any way:

- Were Randolph Churchill and his friend the famous English writer Evelyn Waugh at SOE?

- Is there any confirmation in English historiography (or any mention) of the rescue of Winston Churchill's son by a Soviet intelligence agent named Konstantin Kvashnin (Major Krassowski)?

I would be very grateful for your answer!

Tony Richardson's *The Loved One*

Fred Schneider of the B-52's presented the film at the IFC Center in New York City on November 8th, 2021.

https://www.burlingtoncountytimes.com/story/entertainment/events/2021/11/02/the-loved-one-screening-fred-schneider-b-52-s-ifc-center/8541790002/

Review of Daisy Waugh's *In the Crypt with a Candlestick*

https://www.jacksonville.com/story/entertainment/books/2021/11/21/book-review-in-crypt-candlestick-daisy-waugh/8641815002/

The Duke of Devonshire on Changes to Chatsworth

https://www.inentertainment.co.uk/some-changes-to-chatsworth-upset-my-mother-greatly-the-duke-of-devonshire-shares-secrets/

Tim Stanley's *Whatever Happened to Tradition?*

> Tim Stanley: My argument is that tradition is not just beautiful (cathedrals, coronations etc.) but useful, that it helps us cope with change by rooting us in community and history. I'm not arguing for one particular tradition but rather living 'traditionally' – i.e. mindful of those who came before, those around us and those yet to come, in the hope of curating and passing on wisdom.
>
> Laura Perrins: In your book you say, 'Evelyn Waugh once complained that he couldn't vote for the British Conservative Party because they never put the clock back a single second. This is starting to change.'

https://www.conservativewoman.co.uk/the-perrins-interview-tim-stanley/

Yet More on the Third Adaptation of *Brideshead*

https://www.townandcountrymag.com/leisure/arts-and-culture/a38347386/brideshead-revisited-new-bbc-series-cast-trailer-release-date/

From the *New Statesman*'s Archive: Kingsley Amis on *Decline and Fall*

https://www.newstatesman.com/archive/2021/11/from-the-ns-archive-fit-to-kill

Two Theses on Nineteenth-Century English Catholic Aesthetics

https://theology.nd.edu/news-events/news/oxford-chapels-and-london-buses-researching-19th-century-english-catholic-aesthetics/

Brideshead and *The Secret History* Revisited

In this way, *The Secret History* functions as a curious dark mirror of the classic novel of the 'outsider transformed by posh university friends:' Evelyn Waugh's 1945 *Brideshead Revisited,* among the most obvious of Tartt's influences. In that novel, solidly bourgeois Charles Ryder falls in love with, in turn: 1920s Oxford, aristocratic Oxford contemporary Sebastian Flyte, Sebastian's sister Julia, and, finally, with the uncanny Catholicism that suffuses both siblings' spiritual and emotional lives. Perhaps ironically, given Tartt's own avowed Catholicism, *The Secret History* reads like *Brideshead Revisited* without God at its center: a place where the aesthetic pull of beauty collapses into, at best, the snobbery of upper-class social signifiers and, at worst, a Nietzschean disdain for the dignity of human life itself.

https://www.gawker.com/culture/tartt-for-tartts-sake-the-secret-history-at-30

Patrick Leigh Fermor's Greek Home Restored

https://www.cntraveller.com/gallery/patrick-leigh-fermors-home-greece

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. 3

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