FANTASY AND REALITY
CHAPTER VI

Fantasy and Reality

The satirist often tells the truth with mock and jest. His is to reveal the evils and absurdities that distort the normative and homogeneous pattern of life and manners. Individual follies and social inadequacies are revealed through sardonic smiles and mockery. The satirist is concerned with the real as he sees it. From Juvenal to Evelyn Waugh satirists always assailed the unpleasant realities. The satirist's chief motive is to reveal or expose the grotesque and the absurd in order to recover order and decency, his normative standard. Thus his penchant for criticism is determined by his revulsion to the outward life of chaos and unreason. The manipulation of technique and methods in a satire is determined by the satirist's inmost purpose and motivation.

Fantasy in satire is an aesthetic device to actuate criticism and disgust. When a satirist shifts his social perspective from the immediate world of experience to the remote world of imagination he is generally guided by his awareness of the alarming inadequacies and follies of mankind, rather than of a particular society. For, as we have repeated, satire is topical, has a particular victim in view. Though there may be occasions in a satire to display the romantic mind in works like Don Quixote, Candide or Dunciade the general effect it produces tends to be anti-romantic. In fact, through fantasy and distortion we are brought closer to reality and order.

In the social satires of Evelyn Waugh fantasy is not only
an object of entertainment but also a strategy leading the
author from this life of unreason to the life of faith and order,
a satirical stance leading ultimately beyond satire. Thus in
Decline and Fall, Vile Bodies, Black Mischief and The Loved One
the satirist's experience and simply imaginative experience with
remote and the bizarre, provide him occasions for the criticism
of life and at the same time promote a definite moral standpoint.
From the outward life of chaos the satirist gradually tends to
the inward life of contemplation. Fantasy, as instrument of satire
served the satirist in his dual purpose of criticism and quest.

Apparent however, in his early satires such as Decline and
Fall, Vile Bodies and Black Mischief the general impression of
of unreality or fantasy is obtained through exaggeration or
distortion of ordinary human experiences and proclivities. Paul's
misadventures in the hedonistic, almost permissive society of
Margot BesteChevynte and his later misadventures at Llannaba
and Egdon Heath are almost incredible. The world of experience
is removed to such attractive distance and depicted in such
chiaroscuro and colour that it appears fantastical and funny. In
his world of macabre morbidity the flippant characters, the motley
humanity, appear almost absurd. The ridiculous events and situations
though rooted in the society and are dominated by the satirist's
persistent concern with the reality, are distoed to the extent
of unreality. Paul's experience with the Llannaba boys, the
enfant terrible, is an example of such distortion. The comic
and the real co-exist in an atmosphere of fantasy. Fagan's assertion
of discipline of his boys appears fantastic.
Grimes leads Paul to his classroom. 'That's your little mob in there,' said Grimes; 'you let them out at eleven.'

'But what am I to teach them?' said Paul in sudden panic.

'Oh, I shouldn't try to teach them anything, not just yet, anyway. Just keep them quite.'

Paul's experience inside the classroom is almost terrifying.

'Paul watched him amble into his classroom at the end of the passage, where a burst of applause greeted his arrival. Dumb with terror he went into his own classroom.

Ten boys sat before him, their hands folded, their eyes bright with expectation.

'Good morning, sir,' said the one nearest him.

'Good morning,' said Paul.

'Good morning, sir,' said the next.

'Good morning,' said Paul.

'Good morning, sir,' said the next.

'Oh, shut up,' said Paul.

At this the boy took out a handkerchief and began to cry quietly.

'Oh, sir,' came a chorus of reproach, 'you've hurt his feelings. He's very sensitive; it's his Welsh blood, you know: it makes people very emotional. Say "Good morning" to him, sir, or he won't be happy all day. After all, it is a good morning, isn't it, sir?'

'Silence!' shouted Paul above the uproar, and for a few moments things were quieter.

'Please, sir,' said a small voice - Paul turned and saw a grave-looking youth holding up his hand - 'please, sir, perhaps he's been smoking cigars and doesn't feel well.'

'Silence!' said Paul again.
The ten boys stopped talking and sat perfectly still, staring at him. He felt himself getting hot and red under their scrutiny.
'I suppose the first thing I ought to do is to get your names clear. What is your name?' he asked, turning to the first boy.
'Tangent, sir.'
'And yours?'
'Tangent, sir,' said the next boy. Paul's heart sank.
'But you can't both be called Tangent.'
'No, sir, I'm Tangent. He's just trying to be funny.'
'I like that. Me trying to be funny! Please, sir, I'm Tangent, sir; really I am.'
'If it comes to that,' said Clutterbuck from the back of the room, 'there is only one Tangent here, and that is me. Anyone else can jolly well go to blazes.'
Paul felt desperate.
'Well, is there anyone who isn't Tangent?'
Four or five voices instantly arose.
'I'm not, sir; I'm not Tangent. I wouldn't be called Tangent, not on the end of a barge pole.'
In a few seconds the room had become divided into two parties: those who were Tangent and those who were not. Blows were already being exchanged, when the door opened and Grimes came in. There was a slight hush. 1

Fantasy emerges here as an instrument of criticism. The situation, through its comic overtones, has been made to appear almost fantastic in its ultimate impression. There is nothing preternatural. Only reality is distorted to unreality.

1. Ibid., pp. 76–78
In Decline and Fall the element of fantasy emerges as the
dominant quality of the characters so as to effect criticism.
Comic overtones and fanciful distortions help the satirist to
actuate his criticism of the levity in human behavior. Philbrick,
Grimes, Prendergast, Sir Wilfred Lucas Dockery and even Paul
Pennyfeather and such human marionettes are made to appear almost
unreal in their motley appearances. The mysterious life of Philbrick
and his sordid escapes seem rather fantastic. Peter BesteChetwynde
said to Paul:
'You know that man Philbrick. Well, I think there's something
odd about him.'
'I've no doubt of it.'
'It's not just that he's such a bad butler. The servants are
always ghastly here. But I don't believe he's a butler at all.'
'I don't quite see what else he can be.'
'Well, have you ever known a butler with a diamond tie-pin?'
'No, I don't think I have.'
'Well, Philbrick's has got one, and a diamond ring too. He showed
them to Brolly. Colossal great diamonds, Brolly says. Philbrick
said he used to have bushels of diamonds and emeralds before
the war, and that he used to eat off gold plate. We believe that
he's a Russian prince in exile.'

The satirist's awareness of the comic situations and his
natural bent for fun and irony tinge his characters with an air
of absurdity. Philbrick, for instance, appears as such a character.
The objectivity however, serves as a leaven for criticism and
comedy in the satires of Waugh. One feels that the serried phalanx

1. Ibid., p. 40.
of his apparently absurd characters are not fanciful altogether. In fact, they are Waugh's concentration of criticism. Fun and farce are fused in such medley that one senses the sustained realism beneath the grotesque surface. The element of fantasy is used only to make the real appear unreal. This method of indirection and satirical detour enabled the satirist to express his indictment incisively. In *Decline and Fall* where characters lead an absurd life of dramatic appearance and furtive disappearance, fantasy emerges as a part of life. In fact, they are conditioned by the incoherent and chaotic forces of the society. Waugh uses fantasy for the purpose of criticism.

Philbrick and Grimes, truly fantastic in their flippant manners and chaotic gambols, reveal the inconsistent nature of life in *Decline and Fall* in a very consistent manner of course. In the beginning we see Philbrick quite penitent for his present condition.

'Me, a butler,' said Philbrick, 'made to put up tents like a blinking Arab!'

'Well, it's a change,' said Paul.

'It's a change for me to be a butler,' said Philbrick. 'I wasn't made to be anyone's servant.'

'No, I suppose not."

'I expect you wonder how it is that I come to be here?' said Philbrick.

'No, said Paul firmly, 'nothing of the kind. I don't in the least want to know anything about you; d'you hear?'

'I'll tell you,' said Philbrick; 'it was like this -'
'I don't want to hear your loathsome confessions; can't you understand?'

'It isn't a loathsome confession,' said Philbrick. 'It's a story of love. I think it is without exception the most beautiful story I know.

'I daresay you have heard of Sir Solomon Philbrick?'

'No,' said Paul.

'What, never heard of old Solly Philbrick?'

'No; why?'

'Because that's me. And I can tell you this. It's pretty well-known name across the river. You've only to say Solly Philbrick, of the "Lamb and Flag", anywhere south of Waterloo Bridge to see what fame is. Try it.'

'I will one day.'

'Mind you, when I say Sir Solomon Philbrick, that's only a bit of fun, see? That's what the boys call me. Plain Mr Solomon Philbrick I am, really, just like you or him,' with a jerk of the thumb towards the playing-fields, from which Mr Prendergast's voice could be heard crying weakly: 'Oh, do get into line, you beastly boys,' 'but Sir Solomon's what they call me. Out of respect, see?'

Philbrick remains a mystery figure, a man in disguise however. Apparently a vulgarian and exploiter, fun and fantasy are fused in the grotesque life of Philbrick in order to effect criticism of the basic incongruities and fraudulence of the decadent society of the sophisticated bourgeois. Fantastic stories are known about him past life. Exaggeration and distortion of the

1. Ibid., pp. 51-2.
levity and manners not only add colour to his apparently fantastic characters but also provide consistency to Vaughan's inner motivation and purpose. The fantastic life of Philbrick reveals the inward force and tendency of the society immersed in amoral and blase sophistication. Paul, Grimes and Prendergast tell three different stories about him, quite surprising stories of course. 'I don't remember very clearly all that happened, but I walked back to the Castle with Philbrick, and he told me all about his life. It appears he is really a rich man and not a butler at all.'

'I know,' said Paul and Grimes simultaneously.

'You both knew? Well, it came as a great surprise to me, although I must admit I had noticed a certain superiority in his manner. But I find almost everyone like that. Did he tell you his whole story - about his shooting the Portuguese Count and everything?'

'No, he didn't tell me that,' said Paul.

'Shooting a Portuguese Count? Are you sure you've got hold of the right end of the stick, old boy?'

Yes, yes, I'm sure of it. It impressed me very much. You see Philbrick is really Sir Solomon Philbrick, the shipowner.'

'The novelist, you mean,' said Grimes.

'The retired burglar,' said Paul. ¹

Philbrick appears again at the Hotel Metropole, a luxury hotel in the north of Wales. Grimes can't control his curiosity about him.

'Philbrick, old boy,' said Grimes, 'me and my pals here have

¹. Ibid., pp. 89-90.
been wanting a word with you for some time. How about those
yarns you spun about your being a shipowner and a novelist and
a burglar?"

'Since you mention it,' said Philbrick with dignity, 'they were
untrue. One day you shall know my full story. It is stranger than
any fiction. Meanwhile I have to be back at the Castle. Good night.'

'He certainly seems quite swell here,' said Grimes as they watched
him disappear into the night escorted with every obsequy by the
manager and the head-waiter. 'I daresay he could tell a story
if he wanted to.'

Reality in the satires of Waugh is revealed through suggestions.
For obvious reasons he never resolves the fantasy which holds his
pentrant for comedy and criticism in an effective manner. The
dominant feeling in the world of Waugh dominated by unreason, is
one of strangeness and wonder. Philbrick’s appearance for the last
time is not only fantastic but also indicative of some deeper
reality, a social levity. Disillusioned Paul returned to Oxford
after his fantastic gambols in the perplexing society of Beste-
Chetwynd. He was quite forgetful of his past life. But a fortuitous
meeting with Philbrick, the spirit incarnate of his secular
existence, and profanity, provided him an occasion to understand
the fantasy and the reality of his life in the social imbroglio.

"One day at the beginning of his second year, as Paul and Stubbs
were bicycling down the High as from one lecture to another, they
nearly ran into an open Rolls Royce that swung out of Oriel
Street at a dangerous speed. In the back, a heavy fur rug over
his knees, sat Philbrick. He turned round as he passed and waved
a gloved hand to Paul over the hood.

[1. Ibid., p. 99.]
'Hello!' he said; 'hello! How are you? Come and look me up one day. I'm living on the river - Skindle's.'

Then the car disappeared down the High Street, and Paul went on to the lecture.

'Who was your opulent friend?' asked Stubbs, rather impressed.

'Arnold Bennett,' said Paul.

'I thought I knew his face,' said Stubbs.

Waugh's concern with the element of fantasy is determined by his awareness of the reality and inner motivation. This is however explicit in his method. Fantasy in the novels of Waugh, we repeat, is an instrument of satire, his strategy for criticism and quest. The slap which marks the personality of Philbrick and Grimes in Decline and Fall, however funny, is quite consistent to Waugh's satirical stance. This is clear in Paul's realisation after he meets Philbrick in a fortuitous manner while going to his classroom. The incident had a deeper impression on the development of Paul's moral life. The lecturer's exposition of the heresies of the second century was illuminating for him in the context.

"Then the lecturer came in, arranged his papers, and began a lucid exposition of the heresies of the second century. There was a bishop of Bithynia, Paul learned, who had denied the Divinity of Christ, the immortality of the soul, the existence of good, the legality of marriage, and the validity of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. How right they had been to condemn him!" 2

Thus it is clear that in Decline and Fall Waugh's use of fantasy not only expresses an attitude but also reveals his

1. Ibid., p. 212.
2. Ibid., p. 212.
concern with the deeper reality inherent in the human situation in the contemporary malaise. His distortions do not however distort the face of reality. On the contrary, they reveal the painful situation of the human existence in more explicit terms. Through fantasy, then, we are brought closer to reality. Waugh sees life from within.

Reality, however, is neither an abstraction nor systematization of the general impression of the visible objects or events. It includes all those conscious and unconscious states of existence and motivation which determine the present activity and the future possibility. Modern knowledge about human psychology has come out strikingly in contemporary literature. Fantasy in the present context has emerged as an idiom of expression of one's attitude to the reality.

However, for the purpose of satire or as an instrument of criticism, modern writers and some of our satirists have used fantasy in various methods. The tendency to speed up the social vista to an imaginative future is thus explicit in the novels of Huxley and George Orwell. Huxley's Ape and Essence and Brave New World are visions of a nasty future. In Ape and Essence he takes us forward to the year 2108 and to a land which escaped the lethal effect of the radio-active dust. But to its surprise the expedition party finds that the survivors of this gruesome land of imagination have already reverted to savagery. Similarly, Brave New World is also a fantasy of the technological civilization of the Year of Our Ford 632 in which humanity is conditioned to live in perfect adaptation, a life of the manikin.
In reality these fantasies of the future are a slanted but sharp criticism of the bare and raw and certain terrifying possibilities. Exaggeration of certain tendencies of the modern civilisation in fantasies like Huxley's *Brave New World* or *A Tale of Two Cities*, Orwell's *1984* or *Animal Farm* and Waugh's *Love Among the Ruins* is quite natural. Huxley's method was however, determined by the extremity of his revulsion to the abandoned materialism of the spiritually naively generation, the puppets. A mystic and encyclopaedist Huxley turned to his fictional world, indeed with a jestingly cynical attitude to life, for his natural bent for wit and intellectual curiosity. Therefore, his vision of the ghastly future, his fantasies, appear almost incredible emotionally. Huxley's parody of the civilisation and its tedium is valid only intellectually.

Evelyn Waugh, unlike Huxley, is less witty and lesser still intellectually aware, but more humane and emotionally rich. His fantasies are closer to the reality, the immediate present. In fact, the fantasy in the world of Waugh is a distortion of the reality. He has depicted the society in a state of advanced a-morality and decay. However, the personal experiences of his life equipped Waugh with the materials for study. Like Paul Pennyfeather Evelyn Waugh left without a degree and took a job in a public school for the backward boys. Later for fifteen days he worked on Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*. Afterwards he was taken to the hectic world of Michael Arlen's *Mayfair Group* during which he gaddled among up-to-date savages, the upper ten, politicians and crazy generals. In his youth Waugh was a worldling
who could relish and see from within all the absurdities of the Mayfair life. However fantastical, the early satires of Waugh are born of his real experiences. The world is removed only to a calling distance for effect.

In *Vile Bodies* Waugh presents us with a situation in the near future. But unlike Huxley Waugh remains closer to the present dimensions. Critics like Howard Coxe and Stanely Went insisted that the immediate purpose of setting the action of the book in near future the author was taking a precaution against the displeasure of his contemporaries. In his note, an apology however, Waugh stated his immediate purpose and method in *Vile Bodies*. For the purpose of satire Waugh speeded up the social tendencies, but those tendencies only which had become apparent, in the present perspective. His apology, a satirical mask shows Evelyn Waugh's concern with the immediate reality. In fact, through exaggeration and distortion the satirist has not only achieved the effect of the fantasy but also expressed the actuality, the inner reality.

In *Vile Bodies* fantasy is used to actuate the satirist's notion of the reality. Therefore, the line between the world of scene fantasy and the contemporary/is very tenuous. In fact, the satirist has removed the contemporary scene to a reasonable distance for a clear view of it. This is something unlike Huxley and Orwell. In Huxley's *Brave New World* and Orwell's *1984* satire works through a kind of parallelism. One feels a clear distinction between the fantastic world of macabre morbidity and the world of immediate present, the actuality. Fun and seriousness in *Vile Bodies* are fused in the light of fantasy in such austerity
and this that the irony emerges with unsettling effect. In this
topsy-turvy world where the characters lead an impulsive life
and social propriety has ceased to exist, the line between fantasy
and reality is indeed then Mrs Ape with her party of prostitutes,
Mr Outrage, the previous week’s Prime Minister with his inordinate
sexuality, the Bright Young People and the all pervasive chaos.

The correlation between fantasy and actuality is maintained
through Evelyn Waugh’s satirical device. The comic overtones in
Vile Bodies add to the *exposé*. The novel opens with a note of
unreality.

“It was clearly going to be a bad crossing.

With Asiatic resignation Father Rothschild S.J., put down his
suitcase in the corner of the bar and went on deck. (It was a
small suitcase of imitation crocodile hide. The initials stamped on
it in Gothic characters were not Father Rothschild’s, for he had
borrowed it that morning from the *valet-de-chambre* of his hotel.
It contained some rudimentary underclothes, six important new
books in six languages, a false beard and a school atlas and
gazetteer heavily annotated.) Standing on the deck Father Rothschild
leant his elbows on the rail, rested his chin in his hands and
surveyed the procession of passengers coming up the gangway;
nek face eloquent of polite misgiving.”¹

Fantasy is used to actuate the intrinsic inconsistencies
inherent in the characters and situation. Waugh’s allusions to the
remote and mythical objective correlative are determined by his
unfailing comic sense and sustained awareness of the reality.
His satirical slants and distortions, though funny, are sharp
criticism of the levity in human nature and contemporary scene.

Waugh's description of Father Rothschild is a testimony of his method. He writes:

"Very few of them were unknown to the Jesuit, for it was his happy knack to remember everything that could possibly be learned about everyone who could possibly be of any importance. His tongue protruded very slightly and, had they not all been so concerned with luggage and the weather, someone might have observed in him a peculiar resemblance to those plaster reproductions of the gargoyles of Notre Dame which may be seen in the shop windows of artists' colourmen tinted the colour of 'Old Ivory', peering intently from among stencil outfits and plasticine and tubes of water-colour paint."

An aura of fantasy envelopes Mrs Melrose Ape and her party of prostitutes, who symbolise social decay and perversion. The irony comes out in her very name and increases with details of the absurdity with which her every move is recounted.

"High above his head swung Mrs Melrose Ape's travel-worn Packard card, bearing the dust of three continents, against the darkening sky, and up the companion-way at the head of her angels strode Mrs Melrose Ape, the woman evangelist.

'Faith."

'Hear, Mrs Ape."

'Fortitude."

'Hear, Mrs Ape."

'Chastity... Where is Chastity?"  

The levity serves a serious purpose. Waugh laughs perhaps because

1. Ibid., p9.  
2. Ibid., pp.9-10.
In his portrait of the Bright Young People Waugh exposes a social phenomenon, an unsettling actuality. In his comic and sometimes fantastic tracts for the times Waugh has depicted the apparently comic and intrinsically tragic aspects of the life of contemporary youth, rather yesterday's youth. Here, as it is always, Waugh exaggerates in order to describe the reality concretely. The cheap hedonism or contemporary cant of youth expressed, especially in their freedom of sexual behaviour, is always a tell-tale sign. The aimless and the unscrupulous youths of Waugh with their usual flippancy and fantastic capers are closer to social realities. Characteristically, the most striking thing about them is their apathy to the painful crescendo of events that determine their life. The fantastic motor race and the painful death of Miss Agatha Runcible illustrate in a horrid mixture of the tragic and the comic, the real nature of the doomed youth.

Thus fantasy, used for the purpose of satire, is gradually developed to actuate the satirist's consciousness of the inescapable situation of the whirling humanity, its apparent gaiety and intrinsic tragedy. In his portrait of the Bright Young People the callow youngsters of the post-war disillusionment Waugh has combined with unusual success, farce with a sense of anguish. In their dizzying gaiety Waugh shows the depth below.

The evils satirised in the early novels of Waugh deal with the society than with the individuals. *Vile Bodies* is a chronicle of the inescapable forces operative in the milieu. Individuals, the victims or the victimisers are seen as puppets rather than
personalities in the boggy. Fantasy in this novel and in
Black Mischief has emerged as the inversion of the reality, though
not a very neat inversion. However, social forces are seen
operative in determining the human relationships and their manners.
The emotional relationship between Nina and Adam, Adam's black-
mailing of Nina and Ginger marrying Nina appear quite unnatural
from a normative point of view. But one feels in their explicit
manners and attitude the influence of quite an active force in
the background. Irony and ambivalence, comic exaggeration and
fantastic distortion of facts reveal the satirist's awareness of
human predicaments. The separation of Adam and Nina, fantastical
though it appears, is a tragic irony on the contemporary situation.
Adam rings up Nina:
'Darling, I've been so happy about your telegram. Is it really
ture?'
'No, I'm afraid not. '
'The major is bogus?'
'Yes. '
'You haven't got any money?'
'No.'
'We aren't going to be married to-day?'
'No.'
'I see.'
'Well?'
'I said, I see.'
'Is that all?'
'Yes, that's all, Adam.'
'I'm sorry.'
'I'm sorry, too. Good-bye.'
'Good-bye, Nina.'

Later Nina rings up Adam:
'Darling, is that you? I've got something rather awful to tell you.'
'Yes?'
'You'll be furious.'
'Well?'
'I'm engaged to be married.'
'Who to?'
'I hardly think I can tell you.'
'Who?'
'Adam, you won't be beastly about it, will you?'
'Who is it?'
'Ginger.'
'I don't believe it.'
'Well, I am. That's all there is to it.'
'You're going to marry Ginger?'
'Yes.'
'I see.'
'Well?'
'I said, I see.'
'Is that all?'
'Yes, that's all, Nina.'
'When shall I see you?'
'I don't want ever to see you again.'
'I see.'

'Well?'
'I said, I see.'
'Well, good-bye.'
'Good-bye. ...I'm sorry, Adam.'

In a world which is no world - with what reticent, monosyllabic brilliance has the artist has drawn the lives of these hollow young men and women, a living hell, this life without faith and the common decencies. Apparently fantastical and free society of Waugh is the domain of the irresistible social forces. Here is no pagan paradise. Fantasy in Waugh is not utopia. It is actuality only if we accept it. Distortion, as a part of his method expresses Waugh's view of reality in logical consistency. Fantasy in the early satires of Waugh is not seen as anything extrinsic. Apparently an instrument of satire, Waugh has developed it, particularly in *Vile Bodies* as reality itself. This is somewhat new in English fiction.

Waugh's has gradually removed the boundary between the world of fantasy and the world of reality in order to merge them into one uniform whole. This is however quite meaningful. In the Happy Ending of *Vile Bodies* one cannot easily distinguish which is which. Apparently the entire scene is bathed in fantasy. Adam "on a splintered tree stump in the biggest battlefield in the history of the world," the "woebegone fragment of womanhood in the corner", the approaching figure of the General "painfully picking his way among the strands of barbed wire which strayed across the ground like drifting cobweb", the fragments from the same tottered building which calls itself high society today,

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1. Ibid., pp. 183-84.  
2. Ibid., p. 220.  
3. Ibid., p. 222.
are the symbols of a doomed society; a grim reality, however.

A disquieting irony works through the entire book

Black Mischief, a sustained piece of irony, marks a shift; though a meaningful one in Evelyn Waugh's satirical slant. Fantasy, in this novel, is almost in the conventional pattern, with certain attractive touches of Waugh's originality. For the purpose of satire the satirist has gone a few steps backward to the fantastic principality of Azania. Fantasy, used as an instrument of satire, is stressed through parallelism and overt distortion of his vision of reality. In Black Mischief Waugh has tried to hit two birds - the savages and the up-todates - at once and perhaps camouflaged his contempt for both. However, change in the satirist's locale, though marks a significant transition in his satirical slant, is not inconsistent anyway. On the contrary, it adds to his expose, his concern with the reality.

In the Azanian kingdom of Seth, the avant-garde of modernism in the savage land, Waugh has found an appropriate objective correlative for almost the permissive society of the sophisticated few. In fact, they are not seen as too far apart. In this novel, one feels, quite reasonably of course, that the repressive existence of the modern and the inordinate savagery of the savages have merged in a fantastic way of living. Waugh's vision of the modern life is not anything better than savagery. Although its credibility depends on how we accept it, but the satirist is quite consistency in his purpose and motivation. The removal of the setting of life to the world of unrelieved darkness reveal the satirist's attitude to the world of immediate experience. Azania, as the satirist views it, is as real as London or it is not anything other than London itself, the symbol of modernity.
One thinks of Gulliver's Travels. However far Gulliver roams he is never far from home. The fantasies reveal and reach back to his own social reality. Fantasy is a mode of criticism of life.

Developing the comic sequences into a shattering show-down Waugh has underlined the absurdities inherent in society today. Basil's African adventure reaches its climax when he is made to share the cannibal feast with the Hashi Chief. The eating of Prudence is at one tragic and comic. Apparently fantastic, the event indicates the doom of humanity, its painful fiasco. Symbolism in Black Mischief is always a tell-tale sign. The eating of the boots is another touch of the grotesque in which the categories of the savage and the civilized are deliberately equated. Fantasy in Black Mischief reveals the tainted and perverted life of the hollow generation, the reality.

In A Handful of Dust fantasy is used not only as a mode of criticism of life but also the satirist's standard of judgement and value. Satirical slant in A Handful of Dust marks a definite change and transition in the satirist's attitude and ambivalence. Fantasy, the satirist's instrument of actuating reality, is stressed through shifting of locales, irony and myth. Parallelism serves to express sophisticated perversions and prodigality concretel; Du Cote de Chez Todd, apparently a fantasy, is in reality actuality, the intrinsic image of Du Cote de Chez Beaver. Fantasy is an aspect of reality and not an escape from it.

Fantasy in the social satires of Waugh is not only a technical device, it is also a notion of life. The phantasmagoria of Tony in his fever indirectly brings out a deeper reality, the inadequacies
in the Mrs Beaver milieu. Waugh has recorded the disillusionment and pain which subsisted at the core of life in a meaningful snapshot. Utter futility and irresponsibility of Mrs Beaver ensemble, the death of John Andrew and the living death of Tony in the city of loathsome vulgarity and boredom of Todd-reveal the cruelty and sterility of the sophisticated set, the cosmopolitan. The parallelism between the spiritually eroded society of the Beavers, the avant-garde of the new society and the gruesome morbidity of the city of Todd shows that the boredom is pervasive and there is no escape from its tedium. Through inversion the satirist has reached back to his view of ultimate reality.

The fantasy-oom-realism of Waugh in A Handful of Dust shows a tension between the two extremes of life threatening the collapse of the civilized values at any moment. Exaggeration and inversion are used to expose the basic inadequacies of life of the Beavers, the Abdul Akbars and Folly Cockpurses, the savages at home and the helpless plight of the civilized man like Tony. Thus the fantasy of the remote land of macabre morbidity and sustained savagery explain the tedium and turpitude of the world of experience. The realism of content is revealed through fantasy, but fantasy is an aspect of reality as well as its heightened awareness. The sham civilization of the converted native stated in Du Cote de Chez Todd serves as an exposure of the cruelty and chaos of the sophisticated society. Carens has commented about this:

"Superficially, the events of the novel might be taken to mean that it is, for in the midst of the Brazilian jungle Tony Lash
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 Cote de Chez Beaver' reveals the sham respectability of Mrs. Beaver and John; it is paralleled by the penultimate 'Du Cote de Chez Todd,' which reveals the sham civilization of the converted native.  

All the same, fantasy in A Handful of Dust says something more than is usually understood. In this novel, we repeat, one feels a marked transition in his attitude to life. The comic extravagances of the early satires is replaced by sustained tragic consciousness and cruelty is replaced by humanity and pity. Cynical rejection of values no longer continues to be his only object of criticism. In fact, the heightened awareness of the reality and its painful inadequacies now added to his criticism a renewed idea, insistence for values. In A Handful of Dust the satirist's penchant for criticism is dominated by his idea of quest for a spiritual anchorage amidst chaos.

Myth and fantasies in this novel are thus used to reinforce the satirist's double purpose - criticism and quest. The satirist's admiration of Hetton Abbey and its association with the mythic

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past is quite meaningful. The mythic world of romance, religion and beauty permeates in the swirling society of moral turpitude and shame sophistication an atmosphere which not only counters the vile and moral forces of materialism but also provides a spiritual mooring. Thus, the myths about King Thursday, Anchorage House, Hutton Abbey and Broom support the satirist in his quest for faith and verities. Myth in the satires of Waugh is an aesthetic pattern and at the same time a vision expressly concretely.

Scott-King's Modern Europe; Waugh's criticism of the post war political tendencies and Love Among the Ruins; a sharp irony of the dehumanized civilization follow the fictional pattern of utopian novels of Huxley. Fantasy in these novels is an instrument of criticism of the topical rather than the fundamental issues of life. In Scott-King's Modern Europe fantasy is used to actuate the absurdities, cruelty and incongruities inherent in the modern tendencies towards totalitarianism. The horrid Neutrallia never existed in the geography of the world. If it existed anywhere it was in the satirist's imagination and of course as a possibility if certain tendencies were not checked in time.

Apparently, Scott-King's Modern Europe is a satire on the political issues present in the totalitarian states of Spain and Yugoslavia. But the particular examples, of Spain and Yugoslavia, however distorted for the purpose of satire, are expressive of wider issues that affect modern history. Fantasy here and in Love Among the Ruins records the attitude of a romantic artist disillusioned by the post-war developments. The experience of Scott-King in the arid bureaucracy of Neutrallia actuates the satirist's hatred
to such political establishments, Scott-King is convinced that modern Europe is not at all worth living.

The tercentenary celebration of the Latin poet Bellorius is quite bogus. Though Scott-King attended the celebration to pay his homage to the poet his experiences in the regimented republic revealed that the land and the people did not provide any occasion for homage. The whole affair in this regardless state was a matter of political manipulation. Mr Bogdan Antonio who actually suggested the name of Bellorius knew nothing of him.

"It is the wish of the Ministry. You see, I am their cultural adviser. They required a celebration this summer. I searched the record for an anniversary. I was in despair until by chance I hit on the name of Bellorius. They had not heard of him, of course, but then they would have been equally in the dark if he had been Dante or Goethe. I told them," said Mr Antonio with a sad, sly, highly civilized little smile, "that he was one of the greatest figures of European letters."  

The tercentenary occasion of Bellorius provided the Neutralian government with a means for high-powered propaganda. The superficialities of the Neutralian government is shown in sharp contrast to the celebrations, the seedy realities counterbalance the phony and pompous lie. In fact, the celebration was occasioned by mutual jealousy and conspiracy. Bogan discloses the secretive motive behind the show:

"You do not find the whole thing a masquerade? You think it is a success? I hope so, for you see my position at the Ministry is

far from secure. There is jealousy everywhere. I imagine it, that any one should be jealous of me. But in the New Neutralia all are so eager to work. They would snap up my little post greedily. Dr Arturo Pe would like it.'

'Surely not? He seems fully employed already.'

'That man collects government posts as in the old days churchmen collected benefices. He has a dozen already and he covets mine. That is why it is such a triumph to have brought him here. If the celebration is not a success, he will be implicated. Already, today, the Ministry have shown displeasure that the statue of Bellorius is not ready to be unveiled tomorrow. It is not our fault. It is the Office of Rest and Culture. It is the plot of an enemy named Engineer Garcia, who seeks to ruin Dr Pe and to succeed him in some of his posts."

The mockery of the Neutralian government reaches its climax at the unveiling of the statue, which is in fact, quite appalling. "It was not Bellorius; it was not the fraudulent merchant prince; it was not even unambiguously male; it was scarcely human; it represented perhaps one of the virtues." Indeed, the nondescript statue of Bellorius is true symbolically of course, a right image of Scott-King's modern Europe. Debasement of Europe embittered him. His illusions dissolved and in despair he returned to Granchester.

"If you approve, headmaster, I will stay as I am here as long as any boy wants to read the classics. I think it would be very wicked indeed to do anything to fit a boy for the modern world." Scott-King's rejection of the modern world reveals Evelyn Waugh's
deeper purpose. Satire and fantasy lead him back to the verities.

*Love Among the Ruins* depicts a dreary future, a utopia of
the ruined souls, the antic and the manikins. Here and in Scott-
Kerr's *Modern Europe* fantasy serves to accentuate Waugh's
criticism of the modern life and its proclivities. Miles Plastic,
the citizen of the Satellite City, is seen as the true image of
the Modern Man.

"No clean-living, God-fearing Victorian gentlemen; he; no complete
man of the renaissance; no gentil knight nor dutiful pagan nor,
even, noble savage. All that succession of past worthies had gone
its way, content to play a prelude to Miles. He was the Modern Man."

In Miles Waugh has depicted a disinherited demon. His conditioned
existence does not recognize the traditional or perennial. The
crisis can lead only to a collapse, the moral, though not openly
stated, is too plain to be missed.

Love is a lost word in the sterile world of Mountjoy. The
relationship between Clara and Miles, in a state of reduced
humanity, is a caricature. Clara, the symbol of conditioned
womanhood in a state of blatant mechanization, is an inversion
of the reality. In fact, determinism has destroyed human dignity
and the freedom of man as a moral agent.

However, unlike his other satires before *Unconditional
Surrender*, *Love Among the Ruins* ends with a relief. Miles Plastic's
burning of the Castle gates, the symbol of new penology. Inevitable
consequences of repression and determinism were realized in
the collapse of the facade. Miles "carried in his pocket a cigarette
lighter which often worked. It worked for him now."  

2. Ibid., p. 214.
This idea of relief - the turning of life towards order and interest from disorder and disgust - is quite consistent to Waugh's development of ultimate purpose and motivation. In *Vile Bodies*, *Black Mischief* and *A Handful of Dust* fantasy always leads to unrelieved pain and agony. Thus Adam in *Vile Bodies*, Basil Seal in *Black Mischief* and Tony Last in *A Handful of Dust* are caged perennially in almost an inhuman state of existence. Fantasy is used to illustrate the doom of humanity. In *Scott-King's Modern Europe*, *Love Among the Ruins* and *Loved One* fantasy ends with a sense of relief. As soon as the fantasy dissolves one feels relieved anyway. Through distortion and exaggeration he is gradually linked with the satirist's sense of purpose and value. The burning of the Castle gates, the symbol of new penology is described with a sense of utter relief.

"No need for oil here. The dry old silk of the drawing-room curtains lit like paper. Painting and panelling, plaster and tapestry and gilding bowed to the embrace of the leaping flames. He stepped outside. Soon it was too hot on the terrace and he retreated further, to the marble temple at the end of the long walk. The murderers were leaping from the first-storey windows but the sexual offenders, trapped above, set up a wail of terror. He heard the chandeliers fall and saw the boiling lead cascading from the roof. This was something altogether finer than the strangulation of a few peacocks. He watched exultant as minute by minute the scene disclosed fresh wonders. Great timbers crashed within; outside the lily-pond hissed with falling brands; a vast ceiling of smoke shut out the stars and under it tongues of flame floated
away into the tree tops.

Two hours later when the first engine arrived, the force of the fiery storm was already spent. Miles rose from his marble throne and began the long walk home. But he was no longer at all fatigued. He strode out cheerfully with his shadow, cast by the dying blaze, stretching before him along the lane.

On the main road a motorist stopped him and asked:

'What's that over there? A house on fire?'

'It was,' said Miles. 'It's almost out now.'

'Looks like a big place. Only Government property, I suppose?'

'That's all,' said Miles.

'Well hop in if you want a lift.'

'Thanks,' said Miles. 'I'm walking for pleasure.'

Thus fantasy gradually leads Waugh to a definite conviction, that this world without faith, humanity and religion is a doomed one, a limbo. The necessity of ultimate surrender to the eternal verities is a must in order to recover and sustain life amidst chaos and confusions. The Loved One which is a travesty of the American way of life and its its inordinate swagger is a brilliant illustration of such a standpoint. The pets' cemetery is an example of the tragic failure of human intellect and imagination. Whispering Glades and the Happier Hunting Ground are only facades, projections of distorted and demonic creativity of a spiritually maimed generation. The violation of the sacraments, the Christian testament of life and death marks the climax of human arrogance and prodigality.

In The Loved One fantasy serves Waugh to assert his moral

standpoint in more explicit and surer terms. The suicide of Aimee
Thanatogenesis, the disillusionment of Dennis Burlov, the fraudulence
of Guru Brahm and the philistinism and futile sentimentality
of Joyboy reveal in a quite persuasive manner the hollowness and
incongruity inherent in the world without God. Fantasy is used
here as an instrument of criticism and assertion of faith and value.
This is however quite evident in the ultimate relief which one
feels with the escape of Dennis Burlov from this ghastly world of
blasé profanity and sacrilege. Indeed, the consciousness of the
moral and spiritual orders is the sustaining force behind the
fantasy and satire in Evelyn Waugh. There is charity behind his
cruelty, beatitude behind the bitterness.