



**“Snobbery, sin and salvation\*” –**

## **Why Should We Bother Revisiting Brideshead?**

(\*with apologies to Henry Mount)

**(APE THEME: The Danger of a Single Story)**

### **PAMELA NEETHLING (EPWORTH HIGH SCHOOL)**

Arthur Evelyn St John Waugh was born on October 28, 1903, the second son of a more than respectable middle class, High Church Anglican British family with some distinguished ancestors. His father, Arthur, was a literary critic, publisher and author, and Waugh’s older brother, Alec, also enjoyed a respectable career as an author – although according to his nephew, Auberon, his uncle “wrote many books, each worse than the last”! After the devastating infidelity of his first wife, also called Evelyn, with one of their best friends, Waugh would persevere on a spiritual journey which probably began at Oxford and convert to Catholicism. This conversion would inform everything he did, and was, for the rest of his life, not least of which his writing.

During the course of his prolific writing life, despite Waugh’s “untenable opinions” (as George Orwell put it), which unfortunately appear to have included anti-Semitism and xenophobia, he would go on to be described by Orwell as “almost as good a novelist as it is possible to be” and by novelist Graham Greene, shortly after Waugh’s passing in April 1966, as “the greatest novelist of my generation”. Heady praise for a man who has variously been described as a cynical churl; a misogynist, possibly a “permanent adolescent” (by Cyril Connolly, referring to a “certain type of Englishman doomed to relive school days”) and famously mean, cruel and hurtful to his family and friends – so much so that when Nancy Mitford challenged him on his behaviour, he retorted that nobody could imagine how horrid he would be if he weren’t a Catholic. Waugh was often criticised for the very obvious contradiction between his extreme nastiness and his rather ostentatious piety.

In order to put *Brideshead Revisited* into the context of when it was written, as well as contextualise it as a meaningful novel choice for South African students very far away, in both time and place, from its author and its motivational core, it is necessary to explore something more of Evelyn Waugh’s life and experiences before he wrote the novel whilst on leave from the Royal Marines in 1944.

Although later in his writing life, Waugh would angrily reject the notion that his novels reprised or fictionalised the key moments in his life-time, writing in an essay that, ““Nothing is more insulting to a novelist than to assume that he is incapable of anything but the mere transcription of what he observes”, it would be irrational to ignore the many, helpful, connections between his life and his literature that can be drawn by a reader who is familiar with the landscape of this curious man’s life. His defensive outburst seems to be somewhat misplaced - Ann Pasternak Slater describes “Waugh’s meticulous observation of his contemporary world”, which praises his ability to take careful note of the quirks and characters around him and to use them to people his novel; these are qualities which are both useful and evident when studying *Brideshead Revisited*, *the Sacred and Profane Memories of Captain Charles Ryder*. In April 2014’s *European Scientific Journal*, Ladislava Ivancova enhances the value of Waugh’s powers of observation of the world he occupied when Ivancova wrote of “Waugh’s tendency as a writer to borrow inspiration from his immediate surroundings regarding people, places and manners”. Waugh, rather snippily and perhaps snobbishly, acknowledged that he would “reserve the right to deal with the kind of people I know best”.

What were Waugh’s “immediate surroundings”? His formative years were spent in London, where first he was home-schooled by his mother, to whom he was close, before entering a preparatory school. He was a sturdy little fellow, physically robust, who was something of a bully of weaker boys – Cecil Beaton, who became famous as a society photographer, designer and socialite, never forgot his experiences at the hands of young Waugh. When the Great War began, Waugh and some of his friends served as messengers at the War Office; Waugh longed to see Lord Kitchener but this dream was never realised. Unlike his brother Alec, Evelyn Waugh was sent to Lancing College in 1917 to complete his education – Alec had caused a scandal by publishing a novel using his school, Sherborne, as the thinly disguised setting and character source for a novel with evident, albeit veiled, homosexual references. Alec was expelled and Evelyn became unwelcome... Despite his reluctant start at Lancing, Waugh was a successful student who embraced particularly the intellectual and artistic opportunities at the school and left in 1921, having won a scholarship to Hertford College, Oxford to read Modern History.

What is especially noteworthy about this account of Waugh’s formative years is the reminder of what an influence the years leading up to and those including the Great War must have been on the growing boy. The structure of *Brideshead Revisited*, book-ended as it is by World War I and World War II, is significant and more will be said about this later.

It has been said, numerous times, that Waugh participated enthusiastically in what has come to be known as the Jazz Age, beginning with his arrival at Oxford in January, 1922. He boasted to a friend that he was doing no work and not going to Chapel – but it was only in October of that year that Waugh met sophisticated, glamorous, socially connected Etonians Harold Acton and Brian Howard and became entranced by their life-style and their country house roots. The clique became known as the Hypocrites; Waugh flung himself into their artistic, social and sexual activities; he began drinking heavily, abandoned all pretensions of

studying and embarked on a series of homosexual affairs. He continued writing but barely scraped through his examinations and left Oxford in 1925 without a degree because he had not met the university's statutes and thus he lost his scholarship. There are many parallels to be drawn between the story of Waugh's Oxford years and the sacred and profane memories offered by Captain Charles Ryder, the narrator and principal character of our novel.

After university, once penury prompted Waugh to seek employment and cease partying, he experimented with various means of earning a salary (even going so far as to attend carpentry night school); he attempted to teach, unsuccessfully; and continued to freelance as a journalist and a reviewer. In 1925 he felt so desperate about his circumstances that he considered suicide, wading into the ocean only to retreat when a jellyfish attacked him. Things looked up for him when he was commissioned to write a biography of Dante Gabriel Rossetti in 1927, which was the same year that he met his first wife, Evelyn Gardner. Engaged in December 1927, despite profound parental disapproval, He-Evelyn and She-Evelyn (as they became known to their circle) were able to marry in June, 1928 because of the favourable reception of the Rossetti biography and because Waugh's satirical novel, *Decline and Fall* was about to go to print in September of that same year. By December, *Decline and Fall* was on its third edition and Waugh was set up for a life of writing – but within a year, his wife had confessed to adultery and the marriage was at an end when Waugh filed for divorce in September, 1929.

Waugh was utterly devastated by the infidelity of his first wife. He wrote to a friend that he was "miserable"; he didn't know it was possible to be able to live in such a state of emotional distress. In September of that same year, Waugh was received into the Catholic Church, to the astonishment and in some cases, disapproval, of his family and friends, especially given his apparent loss of faith at high school and his rather wild behaviour at university. It is worth adding, however, that his diaries from his Oxford years do allude to him taking an increased interest in religion and becoming a regular church-goer from the mid-1920s. Father d'Arcy, who received Waugh into the Catholic Church, wrote that Waugh "was a man of strong convictions and a clear mind ... he believed in the truth of the Catholic faith and that in it he MUST save his soul."

Waugh would write, "In my future books there will be two things to make them unpopular: a preoccupation with style and the attempt to represent man more fully - which, to me, means only one thing, man in his relation to God." As Eric on editoreric.com states, "Hardly the stuff of popular fiction that most of us can identify with now." But perhaps we should not be so hasty. College student Barack Obama, in a 1982 letter to his then-girlfriend, Alex McNear on the subject of T. S. Eliot and *The Waste Land*, describes the Europe that the poet envisaged as "moribund" – after the death of God - when he wrote the poem. Obama's letters, published by *Vanity Fair* some years ago, attracted harsh criticism from conservatives who offered his remarks as proof that Obama is "hardwired to be a pretentious snob" – partly because both Eliot and Waugh seem to have, to manipulate the words of Martin Amis, "squarely [identified] egalitarianism as [their] foe". Egalitarianism,

the belief in the principle that all people are equal and deserve equal opportunities, appears to be roundly repudiated both in *Brideshead Revisited* and in Eliot's *The Waste Land*. An extract of the latter forms an integral part of the description of Charles Ryder's narrative of his Oxford years when he has just met Sebastian Flyte and thus seems to have fulfilled his "search of love" because he has found "that low door in the wall ... which opened on an enclosed and enchanted garden".

What is relevant to our study of this novel in the context of our APE theme as well as the poetry selection is that Waugh was not alone in his attitude to the blight of the modern world – and interestingly, Waugh had identified the significance of T. E. Eliot's *The Waste Land*. We know that Eliot was deeply distressed by what he considered to be slow, steady decay of post-war Europe. Eliot had also experienced a religious conversion (in 1927) and embraced his Anglican Christian faith with zeal. His poems reflect his search for truth. We read, for example, in *Ash-Wednesday*: "Where shall the word be found, where will the word/Resound? Not here, there is not enough silence..." Both Eliot and Waugh scorned the idea of a liberal humanist ideology. Eliot attacked the idea of a secular framework for the future in *The Ideal of a Christian Society* in which he warned, "The experiment will fail". He was convinced that a dark age lay ahead and that if humankind did not cling to faith, we would be committing "suicide". Both Waugh and Eliot agonised over the loss of moral and cultural identity in the years after the Great War, and although perhaps not specifically alluded to, we see these themes and concerns in other APE texts such as F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*. Eliot and Waugh would have applauded the description of the common man, represented in *Brideshead Revisited* as Hooper, as a symbol of "the foul dust that floated" in the twentieth century's wake. As Eliot wrote in *The Waste Land*, "Son of man, / you cannot say, or guess, for you know only/ A heap of broken images..." Waugh attempted to offer "grace in the face of decaying nature" as the sole possible response to the futility and emptiness of post-Great War culture.

Eliot wrote that *The Waste Land's* Tiresias, the blind prophet, is "the most important personage in the poem"; that he unifies all the rest. Thus it is fascinating to consider why Waugh has Anthony Blanche, "a nomad of no nationality", a character whose "vices flourished less in the pursuit of pleasure than in the wish to shock" grab a megaphone after a boozy lunch with Sebastian, Charles and the boys and bellow a stanza to the bemused world: "(And I, Tiresias, have foresuffered all/Enacted on this same divan or bed; / I who have sat by Thebes below the wall/And walked among the lowest of the dead.)". Does Blanche identify with Tiresias – he certainly suffers the xenophobia and homophobia of the Oxford community of the Twenties and possibly the prejudices of the author – or is he mocking his ostensible friends? Despite his recital taking place at the end of a festive meal, there is much that alludes to death in this scene, and in the pre-Second World War years. We are reminded again and again that the Great War ended relatively recently but before Charles Ryder and his friends could enlist; they are all aware of the cost of the war – and perhaps this makes them alienated and discontented, feeling that they are "the lowest of the dead"? Later on, in 1926 during the General Strike, one of the characters will declare in a maudlin fit of emotion, "We'll show the dead chaps we can fight, too". We must

remember that Tiresias was a famous seer – and with something of a shiver of impending doom we remember, too, the brilliance of the novel’s structure encompassing the Great War *and* the Second World War. The story opens on the bleak perspective of World War II and thus the narrator and the reader both know there is far more to this story than an account of rather silly, debauched, aimless Hooray Henrys living it up at university with drunken orgies and a teddy bear. There is another great reckoning coming for the generation of the Twenties and the Thirties who are simultaneously post- *and* pre-war.

It’s not possible to underestimate how dreadful it must have been to try to come to terms with what Eliot, Waugh, Fitzgerald, Ryder, the Marchmains and others had known in their life-spans. Christopher Hitchens suggests that “the echo of the preceding bloodshed and the premonition of more impending”; what he calls the “suppressed hysteria of the age”, are only successfully matched in writing by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Lunt, Charles Ryder’s servant at Oxford, puts it simply: “it’s all on account of the war”.

It might be easily overlooked, in the midst of the lushly detailed descriptions of Ryder’s Oxford terms once he has met Sebastian, suffused as they are with a golden glow of happiness – but the “chief decoration” in Charles’ room on his table is a skull, with the words, “*Et in Arcadia Ego*” inscribed on it. Usually, this is translated as, “And I am in Arcadia” but as Christopher Hitchens explains, in Paul Fussell’s book, *The Great War and Modern Memory* (the title of which is so relevant to our novel) Fussell offers a very clever and far more apposite interpretation which goes beyond mere translation. He suggests that the Latin inscription means, “Even in Arcadia I (meaning Death) hold sway.” Later on in the novel, when Charles Ryder encounters a prostitute for the first time, she is described as a young woman with a thin, skull-like face.

We cannot help but remember, within the context of the novel, that people die – so many young men, particularly, within very recent memory - and they are dying again as the novel opens. Charles’ own mother was a victim of the War. We also cannot help but remember, with the assistance of Charles Ryder early in the novel, that love also dies; innocence dies – what lives on, it seems, is sin. Evelyn Waugh tells us, in the preface to my edition of the novel which he wrote in 1959, that he was in “two minds” about Lady Julia’s outburst on mortal sin and that the passage was never intended to represent “actual words spoken” – but the passage is significant because it foreshadows her decision to change the entire course of her life by leaving Charles, indisputably the love of her life, and not to marry him. She tells him her decision shortly after the death of her father, where on his deathbed he has redeemed himself from the mortal sin of adultery by accepting Last Rites. Lady Julia, in her turn, tells Charles that she couldn’t shut herself out from God’s mercy, which she believed she would be doing as a Catholic, by marrying Charles in a few weeks’ time. There is a significant difference in the Catholic Catechism between *venial* sin and *mortal* sin and it is one which matters hugely in the context of this novel. The 1863 Catechism tells us, “Venial sin does not deprive the sinner of sanctifying grace, friendship with God, charity, and consequently eternal happiness.” Clearly, mortal sin does – unless the sinner is redeemed by repentance and God’s forgiveness, the sinner will be excluded from the

presence of God and doomed to an eternity in hell. The skull becomes a symbol of the very opposite of eternal life.

Interestingly, Julia does not need to explain her decision to Charles because this life-long sceptic, who has rejected the faith of the Marchmains despite his fascination with both it and them; a man who scathingly derided Sebastian's Catholic core with, "You can't seriously believe it all ... you can't believe things because they're a lovely idea," has had his own death-bed conversion which will be reinforced when he returns to Brideshead as billeted officer in charge of troops in World War II. Charles the agnostic previously assured us that "henceforth I live in a world of three dimensions – with the aid of my five senses", which is in direct contrast with the words of St Augustine of Hippo who attempted to explain faith in *Faith in Things Not Seen* by saying that we simply cannot apply our sense to those "divine things in which we believe". That same Charles revisits the chapel at Brideshead to pray – "an ancient, newly-learned form of words". The lamp, which is newly lit, re-illuminates the sacred and extinguishes the profane.

What should we make of these conversions and returns to states of grace? What we wish. The novel can be considered from both a secular and a religious perspective. George Orwell, despite praising Waugh's skills as a novelist, suggested that "One cannot really be a Catholic and grown up" – he clearly found the religious concerns of the novel less compelling and lacking conviction. Perhaps what he and others might have considered to be the twin focal points for Waugh in this novel – snobbery and sin were - less resonant than Waugh's loathing of the modern world? Orwell wrote, in a letter in 1948, that "*Brideshead Revisited* was very good in spite of hideous faults on the surface." John Howard Wilson offered an intriguing suggestion: he suggested that Orwell's *1984* was written partly in response to *Brideshead Revisited* in terms of setting, language, characters and, yes – themes. Wilson suggests that both authors were interested in, inter alia, alienation, memory, marriage, social class, suffering, betrayal and conversion. Wilson goes on to suggest that Orwell's novel has proven perhaps more popular than *Brideshead Revisited* because "Orwell learned to improve his fiction by studying *Brideshead*". Apart from how startlingly fascinating that claim is, Wilson has given us much room for thought and study of this novel and others on our APE list.

Waugh's reputation as a critic of modern life, of *The Age of Hooper*; of *The Era of the Common Man*, is well-established, but his criticism was not simply a reaction to the superficial concerns of the world he observed around him. He wrote, "Civilisation – and by this I do not mean talking cinemas and tinned food, nor even surgery and hygienic houses, but the whole moral and artistic organisation of Europe – has not in itself the power of survival. It came into being through Christianity, and without it has no significance or power to command allegiance ... It is no longer possible ... to accept the benefits of civilisation and at the same time deny the supernatural basis on which it rests."

Hooper, Ryder's new platoon commander in the early 1940s, is Waugh's representation of his criticism of modern life: we are told that, "in sudden frost came *The Age of Hooper*"; the

period of time which will be devoted to the Common Man. Ryder muses as he thinks of the death of Lady Marchmain's three brothers in the Great War: "these men must die to make a world for Hooper; they were the aborigines, vermin by right of law, to be shot off at leisure to make room for travelling salesmen..." The new religion is secular and commercial, typified by men like Rex Mottram, a Canadian immigrant; a modern man who scorns education and appears to be shallow but possesses a native agility and cunning. Julia Flyte, who marries Rex Mottram, tells us that "he wasn't a complete human being after all ... but he was something absolutely modern and up-to-date that only this ghastly age could produce."

Waugh would opine that, "faith needs to be linked simultaneously to the preservation of Catholic identity, a sense of historical continuity, threatened with extinction by the forces of modern culture." He meant that we need to understand our religion, our culture and our history; we need to unite the former and the latter in order to understand from whence we have come and where we are going. This requires education – and Waugh was supremely contemptuous of the uneducated. Waugh's evident dislike for men like Hooper and Mottram may well not be a form of snobbery but a rejection of what their ilk represents to our society. Hooper declares at one point, "I reckon we can learn a thing or two from Hitler" – he is narrow-minded, cynical and opportunistic; neither he nor Mottram seem to have any interest in being responsible to society; to have any reverence to the past or any interest in providing anything of value to the future. They are fixated only on their single stories.

Eliot's *The Waste Land* draws on the writings of St Augustine of Hippo, and James O'Donnell elaborated on some of St Augustine's thoughts in ways which seem, to me, to draw close ties between them and the danger of a single story. O'Donnell writes, "We cannot exist in the world simply as **knower** and **observer**..." He goes on to add that full human life can only develop when "**knowledge** and **observation** are perfectly integrated with **action** and **participation**." Charles Ryder attains full human life by becoming a less detached and more pro-active participant in his story, thus he became able to respond, authentically, even accept those characters and stories he could only initially see as inauthentic.

Inspired by a paper by Dr Matthew Shadle on virtue ethics and the War on Terror, I would argue that there is much we can use in our reiteration that single stories are dangerous. Dr Chimamanda Adichie had an epiphany as a girl when she started to write about things that she recognised – this developed when she started to enhance what she already knew by moving beyond simply observing her "contemporary world" to being an actor and a participant in it. Yes, she encountered obstacles, frustrations and judgement. But our students need to understand that we all bear individual responsibility for making sense of our worlds, by considering our own stories as well as the stories of others. Empathy for other people's stories emerges from our active and participatory interest in our own lives because we become unified by an awareness of our human condition. We will cease to alienate others but rather move to a common, shared understanding. This is not intended to be glib. It's a challenging process, as Dr Adichie emphasises in her TED talk. But we must all make try to make meaning from our worlds and that meaning must be decoded in the

context of it being culturally determined. That is an important stance to accept when studying a novel such as *Brideshead Revisited*. We will have to help our students to immerse themselves in a very different culture whilst being aware that our own cultures will determine our responses – alongside Dr Adichie we will become aware of how dangerous it is to make assumptions about *any* stories and the characters and concerns which inhabit them.

Without wishing to become too convoluted, philosophy studies the basic nature of knowledge, reality and existence as an academic discipline. Virtue ethics is an approach to ethics – or the principles which govern our behaviour – which emphasises our moral character as what matters, rather than our awareness (and fear of) rules and duties or our fear of consequences. Philosophers argue that we search for unity or harmony in our lives. Alasdair MacIntyre, in *After Virtue*, explains that our modern society encourages us to compartmentalise our lives, to separate public from private; work from family; religious from secular – and this is the wrong way of doing it. We need to craft a coherent narrative of our lives; our stories need to have a beginning, a middle and an end. If we are able to identify and live out narratives in our lives then we will be better able to understand the actions of others. MacIntyre goes on to say that, “It is the stories we tell as communities that shape our understanding of character and virtue, of what is important in life.”

Lady Julia, the daughter of the decaying and ill-fated Marchmain family of Brideshead, expressed perfectly the tragic narrative of the time in which this doomed family found itself; “the dying nobility”, as P. G. Wodehouse termed it: “I feel the past and the future pressing so hard there’s no room for the present at all.” The Great War had changed everything: English society had perforce been transformed and a new, modern world with new modern, ways and new, modern interactions had been ushered in, as this new, modern world made its way towards a second global conflagration. Evelyn Waugh tells us that his novel is “steeped in theology” but it also begs a close exploration of the way in which a society governed by tradition responds to the challenges of modernisation and change. Without wishing to belabour the point, *Brideshead Revisited* warns us of the danger of clinging to a single story... By the end of the novel, Lord and Lady Marchmain are dead, Sebastian is an alcoholic outcast, Julia has embarked on a lonely, loveless life with her newfound faith as her only companion, Cordelia is a “plain and pious spinster” and Charles Ryder, by his own admission, is “homeless, childless, middle-aged, loveless”. Waugh admitted that his choice of “the operation of divine grace on a group of diverse characters was presumptuously large” – but interestingly felt that the form of his novel would be more of an issue for readers than perhaps its seemingly backward-looking themes, even in 1945.

There is so much to consider in this richly beautiful novel but there are limits to the time available, both now and in the classroom, so perhaps a few closing comments on Waugh’s choices when he wrote the novel. Orwell criticised the use of the first person but there is much to discuss in terms of its merits. Laura Mooneyham describes Charles Ryder’s character as a “double self”, which is interesting – and of course, the positioning of the narrator beginning his memories from the perspective of another world war before flashing



back to his delayed childhood that he never had, means that, as I have already said, we are inclined towards empathy. Charles Ryder's narrative voice is compelling – I am daring to disagree with Orwell who thought it was too studiously detached – and could possibly be compared with Nick Carraway's in *The Great Gatsby*.

Ryder tells us that just the word, Brideshead, is a “conjurer's name of such magic” – and this led me to read an intriguing film review, also by Christopher Hitchens, exploring answers to the question why the novel has such a compelling hold on our imaginations even if we have no connection to England and its landed gentry. I found the ideas thought-provoking. Apparently, we are able to feel nostalgic for places, spaces and times we have not ourselves experienced – and this can be true of *imagined* times and places as well as real ones. This discussion could lead into one on the simple elements that bind the novel to our South African narrative.

Waugh writes in his preface to the novel that, “It was a bleak period of present privation and threatening disaster”. If that isn't a description not only of aspects of our country but of our global narrative at the moment, I am not sure what is? The author was writing at the end of World War II and thus his present privations and his sense of threatening disaster were perhaps more literal than ours are, currently, in South Africa, but I think there are helpful parallels that could be drawn between his reality and our contemporary one. In terms of the structure of the novel, we too are wedged between a dark past and a dangerous future; there are far too many of us in this country who seem to hearken back to what might have been considered halcyon days, like Ryder's Oxford, and certainly many of us, like Ryder, who are looking for that “low door” into an “enchanted garden”, not least of whom are our students. Our future also feels uncertain; things can change as quickly as they did in the novel.

If we fail to change, not only in our country but in our world, too; if we fail to modernise in the sense of adapting and shifting how we interact with fellow human beings and ourselves, we will be as doomed as Eliot and Waugh believed the inhabitants of the Twentieth Century to be. Waugh forces us to consider issues with which we are wrestling right now in our country and on our continent: xenophobia and homophobia as well as inter-faith paranoia. Charles Ryder could be speaking for many of us when he declares, “Foreigners are tricky.” “Foreigners”, I would argue, does not only have to be taken literally as a resident of another country; it is a nuanced noun which alludes to the danger of applying a single story to the way we are willing to read anyone who we consider to be other than ourselves.

This brings me to conclude by suggesting that perhaps this novel, ultimately, is about love. As we know, the Ancient Greeks had a number of terms for various types of love and it is these more subtle definitions of love with which Waugh tussles through the medium of his narrator. Charles Ryder moves through and beyond *eros* (erotic love) and *phileo* (the affection between family and friends) to *agape* (self-sacrificing love). Whilst *agape* has strong Biblical connotations I do not think we need to teach this novel *only* in the context of it being rooted in the Catholic faith. Maybe I am twisting what Waugh said when he

declared that the novel was “steeped in theology” – but “theology” also references religious beliefs and theories that have been systematically developed, in general. I don’t think it is possible to ignore Catholicism and Ryder’s conversion (or Lord Marchmain’s, for that matter, or Sebastian’s misery because he ignores his vocation, or any other of the issues around what Waugh calls “the operation of divine grace”) but I don’t think we must necessarily make it the *only* focal point.

I do think we can move beyond the deathly despair of two world wars; the failed relationships; the lost friendships; the anxiety about the direction in which humans seem to be “developing” in a modern consumer world, to find a narrator who learns to love and accept himself; who is able to unify his personal story through action and participation and at the very end, is able to look “unusually cheerful today”.

It is for all of these reasons that I believe, passionately, that we must return to visit Brideshead.

Thank you.

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