

Evelyn Waugh's Welcome to Modern Europe Some Seventy Years Ago

Epigraphs

“Scott-King was an adult, an intellectual, almost a poet In 1946 Scott-King had been a classical master for twenty-one years at Granchester Of late years, while barely middle-aged,... [this unmarried man, confirmed bachelor, came to be known] as 'Old Scottie'; [himself] a 'school institution' **whose precise and slightly nasal lamentations of modern decadence** were widely **parodied.**” (Evelyn Waugh, *Scott-King's Modern Europe* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1949)—pp. 49 and 3—my emphasis added)

“The Major [himself “a Neutralian in the uniform of a major of police”] was not a man to argue from first principles. He took men as they came in his humane calling [in the covert evasion-and-escape network also known as the “Underground”]....'My man here will take charge of you and **fit you out** [to help your disguised escape].... We do not encourage talk in my business, **and I must warn you, the strictest discipline has to be observed.** From now on you are **under orders. Those who disobey never reach their destinations.** Good-bye and a good journey.'

“Some few hours later **a large and antiquated saloon car** was bumping toward the sea [“at Santa Maria”]. **In it sat in extreme discomfort seven men habited as Ursuline nuns. Scott-King was among them.**

“The little Mediterranean seaport of **Santa Maria lay very near the heart of Europe.**” (Evelyn Waugh, *Scott-King's Modern Europe*, pp. 79, 81, and 82—my emphasis added)

“The Republic of Neutralia is imaginary and composite and represents no existing state.” (Evelyn Waugh, *Scott-King's Modern Europe*, p. 5)

It was some years ago — in the early 1970s during Graduate School in North Carolina — that a learned and charmingly eccentric Classics Professor unexpectedly showed to me a memorable passage from the conclusion of a modern book: Evelyn Waugh's short 1949 novel, entitled *Scott-King's Modern Europe*.¹ Set in 1946, this vivid and nuanced little book, in tacit support of longstanding Christian

¹ Evelyn Waugh, *Scott-King's Modern Europe* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1949). This novel was originally serialized in a magazine and entitled “A Sojourn in Neutralia.” All further page references, however, will be to the 1949 book, and placed in parentheses above, in the main body of this essay.

Tradition, certainly does **not** propose to us for our imitation any “conforming to the world,” especially not any conforming to the Modern World, as it is perceived and deftly portrayed in the book.

Some seventy years later, however — in 2018 — the optimistic “opening to the world” and an openness to its specious solicitations are even encouraged by, dare we say it?, the Modernist-Occupied Catholic Church — by means of tolerance, diversity, pluralism, dialogue, religious liberty, ecumenism, and de-centralization, and other such openly “non-proselytizing” activities. Indeed, traditionally missionary-evangelical purposes and action are attenuated, often even excluded. The risks of not attaining to Eternal Life (*Vita Aeterna*) seem also to be more and more largely ignored or unacknowledged or treated with lax indifference, and even spiritual sloth. The true and persevering, very robust Adventure of the Faith, under Grace — with its risks of infidelity to God and a final voluntary defection from God—appears to be an altogether unwelcome challenge, and maybe it does not even appear to be so necessary now, much less indispensable, given the growing Naturalism and the all-too-promiscuous and lax interpretations of the purportedly unconditional Omnipotent Mercy of God.

Therefore, I have recently thought to consider anew and freshly how Evelyn Waugh himself once looked at Modern Europe (and the larger Modern World of his time) — both during a world war and also in the turbulent aftermath of World War II, in which war Captain Evelyn Waugh had been himself, for part of the time, a combatant Commando Officer: in West Africa, in Egypt, on the Isle of Crete, and in Yugoslavia, as well as elsewhere in his own preparatory training in Scotland.

Moreover, while recently reflecting upon what worthy niches and nodes, or what more enduring and well-rooted havens, our own young children of 10 and 7 might perhaps with our help soon discover, I thought of Waugh and his children. I also considered more gravely what our own children will so likely now have to face before (or under) the pressures and specious allurements of the current and later Modern World, and I thus came to re-read, and now much more attentively, Waugh's entire 1949 book of only ninety small pages. This time I did not just once again especially consider Waugh's own especially poignant and trenchant ending of the novel.

In that unmistakably memorable ending, we find Scott-King himself speaking about some fundamental things with his gifted Headmaster at Granchester. (Both of them had earned a “Greats” at Oxford University, a rare and prestigious attainment in itself.) This conversation, moreover, was at the beginning of the new academic semester at Granchester — soon after the shock of Scott-King's recent

summer journey and his very unexpectedly **indirect** return home from “the turbulent modern state of Neutralia” (5) in early August of 1946. (For, he was even to return to Granchester by way of Palestine!) The Headmaster had then invited Scott-King to his office and was thus the first to speak:

“You know...we are starting this year with fifteen fewer **classical specialists** than we had last year....**As you know I'm an old Greats man myself.** I deplore it as much as you do. But what are we to do? Parents are not interested in producing the 'complete man' any more. They want to qualify their boys for jobs in the world. **You can hardly blame them, can you?**”

“**Oh yes,**” said Scott-King, “**I can and I do.**”

“I always said you are a much more important man here than I am. One couldn't conceive Granchester without Scott-King. But has it ever occurred to you that a time may come when there will be no more classical boys at all?”

“Oh yes. Often.”

“What I was going to suggest was—I wonder if you will consider taking some other subject **as well as** the classics? History, for example, preferably **economic** history?”

“No, headmaster.”

“But, you know, there might be **something of a crisis** ahead.”

“Yes, headmaster.”

“Then what do you intend to do?”

“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.**”

“It's **a short-sighted view,** Scott-King.”

“There, headmaster, with all respect, **I differ from you profoundly. I think it the most long-sighted view it is possible to take.**” (88-89—my emphasis added)

Thus ends the novel.

Now we may better come see how the earlier pages of the book—covering just eight weeks away from Granchester in his journey to Neutralia (from 28 July 1946-5 August 1946)—have prepared the reader for such a well-rooted conviction, for such a long and deeply considered view of things, as a forty-six-year old scholar, and as a man with no wife and no children to protect and to provide for.

Many of us, like my friend John Vennari (R.I.P.), have over the years more and more come to cherish the figure of Scott-King, as is also the case with our affection for the often out-of-step, but forgivingly generous, Don Quixote himself. However, the way Evelyn Waugh first presents Scott-King to us may cause us to pause and be cautious, if not discouraged:

When Scott-King was a boy and when he first returned [to the selective English Public School of Granchester] as a master, the school was almost evenly divided into a Classical and a Modern Side, **with a group of negligible and neglected specialists called “the Army Class.”** Now the case was altered and out of 450 boys scarcely 50 read Greek. Scott-King had **watched his classical colleagues fall away one by one**, some to rural rectories, some to the British Council and the B.B.C., to be replaced by physicists and economists from the provincial universities, until now, instead of inhabiting solely the rare intellectual atmosphere of the Classical Sixth [Form], he was obliged to descend for many periods a week to cram lower boys with Xenophon [in Greek] and Sallust [in Latin]. But **Scott-King did not repine. On the contrary he found a particular relish in contemplating the victories of barbarism** and positively rejoiced **in his reduced station**, for he was of a **type**, unknown in the New World but quite common in Europe, which is **fascinated with obscurity and failure**.

“Dim” is the epithet for Scott-King and it was a fellow-feeling, a blood-brotherhood in dimness, which first drew him to study the [seventeenth-century Latin] works of the poet Bellorius. (4—my emphasis added)

Soon we are to learn more from Waugh's plangent depiction of Scott-King's characteristics:

For the strange thing is that Scott-King was **definitely blasé**. Something of the kind has been **hinted** before, **yet**, seeing him cross the quadrangle to the chapel steps, **middle-aged, shabby, unhonoured and unknown**, his round and learned face puckered against the wind, **you would have said: “There goes a man who has missed all the compensations of life—and knows it.”**² (10—my emphasis added)

Waugh will also further prepare us now by disclosing the analogous “dimness” of a little-known Seventeenth-Century poet whose Tercentenary is in 1946. We are now told more about this late-Latinist poet, **Bellorius** (as distinct from the famous Byzantine Greek General, **Belisarius**³ (d. 505 A.D.)):

No one, except Scott-King, could be dimmer [than Bellorius]. When, poor and in some discredit, **Bellorius died in 1646 in his native town in what** was then a happy kingdom of the Habsburg Empire and **is now the turbulent modern state of Neutralia**, he left as his life's work a single folio volume containing a poem of some 1500 lines of Latin hexameters. **In his lifetime the only effect of his publication was to annoy the Court and cause his pension to be cancelled....**The subject was irredeemably tedious—a visit to **an imaginary island** of the New World [another Utopia?] where in primitive simplicity, **untainted by tyranny or dogma, there**

- 2 Earlier in the book, before Scott-King goes to chapel, we see him “at breakfast on a bleak morning at the beginning of the summer semester. **Unmarried** assistant masters [like Scott-King] at Granchester enjoyed the use of a pair of the collegiate rooms in the school buildings and **took their meals in the common-room....**The breakfast-table was a litter of small pots, each labelled with a master's name, containing rations of sugar, margarine and a spurious marmalade. The breakfast dish was **a slop of 'dried' eggs. Scott-King turned sadly from the sideboard. 'Anyone,' he said, 'is welcome to my share of this triumph of modern science.'**” (8-9—my emphasis added)
- 3 Later in the novel, Miss Martha Bombaum, a rather uncultivated journalist, gets Bellorius and Belisarius unaccountably, but sincerely, mixed up. At one point in Neutralia, she kindly says to Scott-King: “‘Borrow this any time you like,’ said Miss Bombaum, producing Robert Grave's *Count Belisarius*. 'It's sad though. He ends up blind.’” (19)

subsisted a virtuous, chaste and reasonable community. The lines were correct and melodious, enriched by many happy figures of speech....**How they offended [the Court and others]—by what intended or unintended jab of satire, blunted today; by what dangerous speculation—is not now apparent.** That they should have been forgotten is **readily intelligible to anyone acquainted with the history of Neutralia. Something must be known of this history if we are to follow Scott-King with understanding.** (5-6—my emphasis added)

In a slightly different order than ours, Waugh now recapitulates his introduction to Scott-King's actual, and often disturbing, visit to Neutralia as a honored guest:

These, then, in a general, distant view, are **the circumstances**—Scott-King's history; Bellorius; the history of Neutralia; **the year of Grace 1946**—all quite credible, quite humdrum, **which together produced the odd events** of Scott-King's summer holidays. (8—my emphasis added)

By his first giving some larger depictions of the history of Neutralia, Waugh also prepares us for Scott-King's actual days in the heat and disorder in the current state of Neutralia, which is now trying to construct “the New Neutralia,” which is even worse than its earlier historical circumstances. Waugh's depiction will also help us consider and compare and contrast it with the Modern Europe in the Year of Grace 2018:

Something must be known of this history [of Neutralia] if we are to follow Scott-King with understanding [during his arduous time as a distinguished scholarly and literary guest in “the New Neutralia” (45, 47)]. Let us eschew detail [*i.e.*, until later in the novel] and observe that for three hundred years [1646-1946] since Bellorius' death his country has suffered **every conceivable evil the body politic is heir to.** Dynastic wars, foreign invasion, disputed successions, revolting colonies, endemic syphilis, impoverished soil, masonic intrigues, revolutions, cabals, juntas, pronunciamientos, liberations, constitutions, *coups d'état*, dictatorships, assassinations, agrarian reforms, popular elections, foreign intervention, repudiation of loans, inflations of currency, trade unions, massacres, arson, atheism, secret societies—make the list full, slip in as many personal foibles as you will, you will find all these in the last three centuries of Neutralian history. Out of it emerged **the present republic of Neutralia, a typical modern state, governed by a single party, acclaiming a dominant Marshal, supporting a vast unpaid bureaucracy whose work is tempered and humanised by corruption.** This you must know; also that the Neutralians being a clever Latin race are little given to hero-worship and make considerable fun of their Marshal **behind his back.** In one thing only did he earn their full-hearted esteem. **He kept out of the second World War.** Neutralia sequestered herself and, from having been the **cockpit of factious sympathies,** became [perhaps a little like Scott-King?] **remote, unconsidered, dim;** so that as **the face of Europe coarsened** and the war...cast [off] **its heroic and chivalrous disguise** and became a sweaty tug-of-war between teams of **indistinguishable louts, Scott-King, who had never set foot there, became Neutralian in his loyalty...**[thus he also again “resumed with fervor” his earlier]

homage [to the Neutrialian poet, Bellorius]....(6-7—my bold emphasis added; italics in the original: “*dim*”)

When a disgraced and impoverished Scott-King is later desperately attempting to escape from “the New Neutrialia” (e.g., 45, 47) so as, finally, to return to England, it is the resourceful aggressive journalist, Miss Bombaum, who tells him, unexpectedly, of a certain covert escape network that could help him get home — but it exists “to make profits” and it is “not a charitable organisation.” (80) She then incisively tells him: “**Go by the Underground.**” (74) Scott-King immediately asked her what that Underground was, and the well-informed Miss Bombaum revealingly told him:⁴

“You've surely heard of **the Underground? It's... 'an alternative map of Europe, like a tracing overlying all the established frontiers and routes of communication. It's the new world taking shape below the surface of the old. It's the new ultra-national citizenship'.**” (74-75—my emphasis added)

Entrusting himself to “the Underground” to get him home eventually, Scott-King had to leave some sympathetic new friends behind in Neutrialia: especially the Croat, Dr. Bogdan Antonic, father of seven children by his Czech wife; and Dr. Arturo Fe, father of six children, who had himself been recently removed from his senior government office at the “Ministry of Rest and Culture” (29) and now is unjustly disgraced. (75) Dr. Fe was also in the “Bellorius Association” as well as, it seems, as an associate or member of the “Ministry of Popular Enlightenment.” (61)

But, Scott-King, who had earlier also been disgraced — even after his well-received Latin-language Learned Address in Simona in a sincere and generous tribute to the poet Bellorius — now wanted to get home and out of the scorching and “fierce heat” of a Neutrialian summer.

The climax for Scott-King, after many mishaps, was his invited oration at Simona:

So in the end, as was indeed most fitting, one voice only was raised to honour Bellorius....He had...spoken [“on that gracious square”] and his speech had been a success. **He had spoken in Latin; he had spoken from the heart.** He said that a **torn and embittered world** was that day united in dedicating itself to the majestic concept of Bellorius, in rebuilding itself first in Neutrialia, then **among all yearning peoples in the West**, on the foundations Bellorius had so securely laid. He had said they were **lighting a candle which by the Grace of God should never be put out.** (66-67—my emphasis added)

4 However, even after her time there in the New Neutrialia—and in the Latinist poet's own home seacoast village of Simona—Miss Bombaum shows herself also to be somewhat shallow. For, she still thinks Bellorius to be Belisarius (a Greek-Byzantine at the time of Emperor Justinian). With her aggressive, yet ignorant, assertiveness, she said even, at one point: “What is more, Miss Bombaum said **she had just learned from a book in her possession** [*i.e.*, “Mr. Robert Grave's Count Belisarius” (19)] that **Bellorius [the poet] never had any connection with Neutrialia at all**; he had been a Byzantine general.” (60—my emphasis added) Should the gravely impecunious Scott-King now trust such a woman to find him his own escape route home, as well as his very unconventional covert means of evasion and escape?

We may glimpse a little more of the heart of Scott-King (and of Evelyn Waugh, too) if we more closely consider the setting of Simona on the sea:

The town of Simona [Bellorius' hometown] stands **within sight of the Mediterranean Sea on the foothills of the great massif** which fills half the map of Neutralia. **Groves** of walnut and cork-oak, **little orchards** of almond and lemon, cover the surrounding country and grow to the foot of the walls which jut out among them in a **series of sharp bastions, ingeniously contrived in the seventeenth century** and never, **in a long history of strife**, put to the test of assault, for they enclose little of military significance. **The medieval university, the baroque cathedral, twenty churches** in whose **limestone belfries** the storks build and multiply, a [“gracious”] rococo square, two or three tiny shabby palaces, **a market and a street of shops are all that can be found there and all that the heart of man can properly desire**. The railway runs **well clear** of the town and **betrays its presence only by rare puffs** of white smoke among the tree-tops.

At the hour of the Angelus, Scott-King **sat** with Dr. Bogdan Antonic [the melancholy Croat father of seven children] at a café table **on the ramparts**.

“I suppose Bellorius must have looked out on the same prospect as we see today.”
[said Scott-King first and appreciatively]

“Yes, the buildings at least do not change. There is still **the illusion of peace** while, as in Bellorius' time, the hills behind us are **a nest of brigands**.” (52-53—my emphasis added)

Now in his own attempted escape through the Underground, Scott-King will face his own risks and sobering uncertainties—a combination of insecurity and instability and insufficiency.

After a couple of mysterious, somewhat ominous, rides in a cab, Scott-King is dropped off in the night at a more or less “lightless” place (79) in the countryside:

The cab drove off as he [Scott-King] was still stumbling up a garden path. He pushed the door, and entered an empty and lightless hall, heard a voice from another room call “Come in,” went in and found himself in a shabby office confronting a Neutralian in a uniform of a major of police.

The man addressed him in English. “You are Miss Bombaum's friend? Sit down. **Do not be alarmed by my uniform....** You want to go to England, I think. That is very difficult.... Well, we must see what can be done. You have a passport? That is lucky. English passports come very dear just now. **I hope Miss Bombaum explained to you that mine is not a charitable organisation. We exist to make profits and our expenses are very high.... I do love my work but love is not enough.... We help people** irrespective of class, race, party, creed or colour—**for cash in advance**. It is true, when I first took over [as the Chief], there were certain amateur associations that had sprung up during the World War—escaping prisoners, communist agents, Zionists, spies and so on. I soon put them out of business. **Now I can say I have a virtual monopoly**. It is extraordinary how many people without the requisite facilities

seem anxious **to cross frontiers today. I also have a valued connection to the Neutralian government. Troublesome fellows whom they want to dispose of pass through my hands in large numbers.** How much have you got? (80-81—my emphasis added)

Scott-King had a net of only forty English pounds, but in unsigned “travelers cheques,” **after** he would still properly pay his hotel bill of thirty pounds, that is! He said to the Major Chief: “It may seem absurdly scrupulous to you but it is one of the things a Granchestarian simply cannot do.” (81) Therefore, “despite his high training signed [over his overall total of seventy English pounds] and the cheques were put away in the bureau drawer.” (82)

After Scott-King somewhat anxiously spoke about his luggage, the Major-in-Chief bluntly said:

“We do not handle luggage. You will start this evening. I have a small party leaving for the coast. We have our main clearing-house at Santa Maria. From there you will travel by steamer, perhaps not in grand luxury, but what will you? No doubt as an Englishman you are a good sailor....My man here will take charge of you and fit you out....and I must warn you, the strictest discipline has to be observed. From now on you are under orders. Those who disobey never reach their destination. Good-bye and a good journey.”

Some few hours later a large and antique saloon car was **bumping toward the sea. In it** [the saloon car] **sat in extreme discomfort seven men habited as Ursuline nuns. Scott-King was among them.** The little Mediterranean seaport of **Santa Maria lay very near the heart of Europe.** (82—my emphasis added)

We soon learn that “Dominican friars had raised a great church [in Santa Maria] which gave the place its present name.” (83)

Upon arriving at the “warehouse” in Santa Maria which was “The Underground dispersal centre,” there was to be found a somewhat coarse woman-guardian:

She had the face of a *tricoteuse* of the Terror [a woman still insouciantly sowing her own knitting while watching afar off the French revolution's various acts and forms of bloodshed].

“Welcome to Modern Europe,” she said as the seven Ursulines entered [with Scott-King himself in disguise among them still!]. (83—my emphasis added)

“At last on the sixth day [of their confined and tedious waiting] there was a commotion. It began at midday with a call from the chief of police,” after which strenuous discussion and revision of plans, there was another dislocating surprise:

Presently a sea-captain appeared and talked Greek.... All the Underground travelers sat stock-still.... “This guy's got a ship that can take us off..[to] some place. Seems

they're kinda **more interested in finance than geography**"....A bargain was struck [with the Neutrialian covert apparatus]....There had been a **slight dislocation of plan**....

So, **unprotesting at nightfall**, the strangely assorted party [with the Granchesterian among them] was **hustled on board a schooner**. **Noah's animals cannot have embarked with less sense of the object of their journey**. The little ship was not built for such cargo. Down they went [below decks] into a dark hold; hatches were battened down; the **unmistakable sound** of moorings being cast off **came to them in their timbered prison**; an **auxiliary** Diesel engine started up; **sails were hoisted** [on the schooner]; soon they were on the high seas **in very nasty weather**. (85-86—my emphasis added)

We may well imagine Scott-King below decks, not yet knowing that the schooner was now unexpectedly to be heading east: to the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, indeed to Palestine. Seeing those days “on the high seas,” Waugh's narrator even comes to say:

It would be inappropriate to speak here of those depths of the human spirit, the agony and despair, of the next few days of Scott-King's life. (86—my emphasis added)

Moreover, the narrator continues and compassionately comments:

To even the Comic Muse [the Greek Muse, Thalia],...the adventurous one of those [nine] heavenly sisters, to whom so little that is human comes amiss, who can mix in almost any company and find **a welcome** at almost every door—**even to her there are forbidden places**. (86—my emphasis added)

Human suffering — such as Scott-King's — must not be played with comically or even lightly bantered with and effectively trivialized. Such is the respect and reverence that is fitting for him now.

However, Waugh now approaches his conclusion and thus says:

Let us leave Scott-King then on the high sees and meet him again as, **sadly changed**, he comes at length into harbour. The hatches are off, the August sun seems cool and breathless, Mediterranean air fresh and spring-like as at length he climbs on deck. There are soldiers [Zionist? Or perhaps British?]; there is barbed wire; there is a waiting lorry; there is a drive through a sandy landscape, more soldiers, more wire. **All the time Scott-King is in a daze**. He is first fully conscious in a tent, sitting stark naked while a man [a medical doctor] in khaki drill taps his knee with a ruler. (86-87 —my emphasis added)

Suddenly there is a surprise British voice who says:

“I say, Doc, I know this man.” He [Scott-King] looks up into a vaguely familiar face. “You are Mr. Scott-King, aren't you? **What are you doing with this bunch, sir?**”

“**Lockwood! Good gracious, you used to be in my Greek set!** [Lockwood was also later at Oxford University, before going into the army.] **Where am I?**”

[Lockwood replied:] “**No. 64 Jewish Illicit Immigrants' Camp, Palestine.**” (86—

my emphasis added)

It thus seems that Scott-King had unknowingly traveled with that “bunch” who were trying to migrate into the Zionist parts of Palestine which were still then (in 1946) under the British Mandate and Protectorate. Moreover, somehow, Scott-King was then dispatched home to England in early August 1946, and then to arrive back at his beloved Granchester. And we find him there at the end of the novel, speaking with his headmaster, and exchanging some profound and consequential words and convictions. Waugh had earlier told us deftly, and with a certain understated irony, that:

This is the story of a summer holiday; a light tale. It treats, at the worst, with **solid discomfort** [even travelling incognito, and deceptively, as an Ursuline nun!] **and intellectual doubt**. It would be inappropriate to speak here of those depths of the human spirit, **the agony and the despair**, of the next few days of Scott-King's life. (86—my emphasis added)

However, when Waugh shows us, without much of a transition, the late-September conversation that Scott-King then has with his inquiring colleagues, Scott-King is himself shown to be very understated and he remains largely silent, almost taciturn:

Granchester reassembled in the third week of September. On the first evening of term, Scott-King sat in the master' common-room **and half heard Griggs** [a modernizer and recurrent disparager of the Classics] telling of his trip abroad. “It gives one **a new angle** to things, getting out of England for a bit. What did you do, Scottie?”

“**Oh, nothing much. I met Lockwood. You remember him** [who is, we know, still serving in the British army, as of 1946, and amidst a further-Zionizing Palestine on the way to soon becoming, on 14 May 1948, the Modern State of Israel]. **Sad case**, he was [earlier] a sitter for the Balliol scholarship [at Oxford]. Then he **had to go** into the army.”

“I thought he was still in it. How typical of old Scottie that all he has to tell us after eight weeks away is that he met a prize pupil! I shouldn't be surprised to hear you did **some work**, too, **you old blackleg** [facetiously calling him a swindler or cardsharp!].”

“To tell you the truth, I feel **a little désœuvré** [idle, at a loose end, with nothing to do!]. **I must look for a new subject.**”

“You've come to the end of old Bellorius at last?”

“Quite to the end.” (87-88—my emphasis added)

Scott-King was then to be invited to an interview with his headmaster — the candid interview that is so memorable and momentous. He even dared to say to his headmaster: “I think it would be very wicked indeed to fit a boy for the modern world.” (89)

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