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The End of the Affair and the Religious Sentiments of Graham Greene

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THE END OF THE AFFAIR AND THE RELIGIOUS

SENTIMENTS OF GRAHAM GREENE

by

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Michael Gallagher was born in Cleveland, Ohio in 1930. He attended St. Ignatius High and John Carroll University, graduating from the latter in 1952. He entered the Society of Jesus at Milford in September of 1954 after two years of military service. In September of 1957 he began his graduate studies at Loyola University. He is currently teaching English and history at St. Xavier High School, Cincinnati.
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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

"The Catholic novel is essentially a novel of the supernatural vocation
of man, the tragic story of his hard won success or of his disastrous failure.
And this, in a most particular way, is the novel of Graham Greene."¹ These
words of Paul Rostenne describe the work of a writer who is perhaps the most
controversial novelist of today. Many Catholic critics would disagree with
Rostenne's statement, and Greene himself would seem to have contradicted it
in a letter to Elizabeth Bowen. There he said that he would prefer to be
regarded as a novelist who was a Catholic rather than a Catholic novelist.²
If certain disapproving Catholic critics have been heartily in favor of
honoring this preference, the majority, believers and non-believers alike,
have not minimized in any way the Catholic element in Greene's works, but
have accorded it a primary importance.

¹Paul Rostenne, Graham Greene: Tesoin des temps tragiques (Paris, 1949),
p. 55. All French quotations throughout will be translated by the author,
unless otherwise indicated. The original texts are included in the appendix
beginning on page 182.

²Graham Greene, Elizabeth Bowen, and V. S. Prichett, Why Do I Write?
This essay will consider a single novel of Greene, *The End of the Affair.* This book, published in 1951, has been rather far from being his least controversial; therefore a study of it must entail a careful examination of those characteristics which distinguish Greene as a novelist and more particularly as a Catholic novelist. There will be an analysis of the main characters of the story for the purpose of judging both their artistic integrity and their probable significance as expressions of Greene's religious sentiments. Sarah Miles, the heroine of the story, will be the focal point of this study. All the other characters, even Maurice Bendrix, the ungracious hero, will be considered insofar as they relate to her.

*The End of the Affair* has been epitomized by Michael de la Bedoyère as "this mystical-Catholic theme evoked straight from the dregs of contemporary paganism and corruption." It is the story of a love affair, and all the illicitness and deceit implied by the word *affair* have part in it. However, it is an affair which is distinguished not only by the intensity of its passion but more so by the strangeness of its conclusion. The affair ends when one of the partners gives herself to God, altering not only her own life and that of her lover by this consecration, but also the lives of the other characters

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3. *The End of the Affair* (New York, 1951). All further references will be incorporated in the text.

4. Michael de la Bedoyère, "From My Window in Fleet Street," *Catholic World,* CLXXIV (October 1951), 60.
of the novel and, it is implied, the lives of others, not mentioned in the novel, in an ever-widening circle of influence.

In wartime London, Sarah, the wife of a high ranking, mild-mannered civil servant named Henry Miles, has been having adulterous relations for five years with Maurice Bendrix, a slightly sour, highly competent, but not popularly acclaimed novelist. The exact date of the end of this affair is given, June 16, 1944, the night of the first V-1 raid on London. The two lovers are together in Bendrix's apartment; and as the attack of the rockets becomes more concentrated, Bendrix leaves Sarah and goes towards the front of the building to investigate just as a V-1 strikes in that area. Terrified by the explosion and by a premonition she has had, Sarah goes frantically in search of Bendrix and finds him buried beneath a pile of debris, his arm protruding like the lifeless limb of a corpse. She is certain that he is dead: "I touched his hand; I could have sworn it was a dead hand. When two people have loved each other, they can't disguise a lack of tenderness in a kiss, and wouldn't I have recognized life if there was any of it left, in touching his hand? I knew that if I took his hand and pulled it towards me it would come away, all by itself, from under the door" (pp. 115-116). She finds her way back to Bendrix's apartment, and there, half unaware at first, she begins to pray, to pray to a God in whom she hardly believes. She pleads desperately with Him to give her back her lover. She swears that she will believe in Him. But then she realizes that "It doesn't hurt to believe" (p. 116). If Bendrix
is to have his life back, she feels that she must pay a higher price than that of mere belief. Finally, she casts aside all reserve and swears to God that if He will give Bendrix his life once more, she will give up what is most precious to her—which of course is Bendrix himself. "I love him and I'll do anything if You'll make him alive," I said very slowly, I'll give him up forever, only let him be alive with a chance" (p. 117). Then, looking up—she had thrown herself down on her knees beside the bed—she sees Bendrix entering the room, torn and bleeding but alive. And as she later would write in her journal, "I thought now the agony of being without him starts" (p. 117).

It was an agony which was to last some two years, but gradually it becomes transmuted into something else. From such an unstable beginning—a frantic and superstitious vow to all appearances—Sarah makes a tortuous but determined progress toward a full religious conversion.

Bendrix in the meantime, having no explanation for her mysterious behavior, becomes enraged with jealousy—a fault to which he was prone throughout the affair. Always suspicious of Sarah, even when he was most sure of her love, and provoked by an interview with Henry, who was himself unsettled by Sarah's recent conduct, Bendrix hires a private detective. The detective is a meek little man named Parkis, who, despite his shyness and inefficiency, has an acute sense of professional pride and is initiating his twelve-year-old son Lance into the rudiments of his craft during the boy's school holidays. Parkis steals a journal from Sarah, and from this Bendrix learns that his suspicions
were far better grounded than he had ever imagined, and yet, paradoxically, for the first time since he began to love Sarah, he becomes utterly certain of her love for him. "It's a strange thing to discover and to believe that you are loved, when you know that nothing is there for anybody but a parent or a God to love" (p. 107).

The "other man" is God Himself; a rival, nevertheless, whom Bendrix begins to hate as bitterly as any conventional one; more bitterly, because he is infuriated by the thought that this rival is not even concerned with him, or perhaps not even aware of his existence: "Sometimes I think he wouldn't even recognize me as part of the picture, and I feel an enormous desire to draw attention to myself, to shout in his ear, 'You can't ignore me. Here I am. Whatever happened later, Sarah loved me then.'" (p. 64).

As soon as he learns the truth, Bendrix decides to force himself upon Sarah, convinced that he can vanquish a rival who, as he desperately tries to convince himself, is non-existent. He phones Sarah, announcing his intention in rather definite terms, and Sarah, to avoid him, leaves the house immediately, though she is suffering from a high fever and the night is cold and rainy. Bendrix, arriving just as she is going out, follows her to a church; and there they have a final scene together. Bendrix tells her that he has found out everything from her journal, and he begs her to leave Henry and marry him. But she will promise nothing, and such is the emotional intensity of her protestations that Bendrix is unnerved and gives in, leaving her alone in the
empty church before the "hideous statue of the Virgin." Nor is he able to avoid returning her "God bless you." This is involuntary on his part, "but," as he writes later, "turning as I left the church, and seeing her huddled there at the edge of the candlelight like a beggar come in for warmth, I could imagine a God blessing her or a God loving her" (p. 181).

It was Bendrix's last sight of her; within a week Sarah was dead. The aggravation of her cold had been too much for her. Her death, however, was not the end of her influence but in a sense the beginning of it. Not only the two men most closely concerned are affected, but also Richard Smythe, a rationalist preacher whose otherwise handsome face is disfigured by a birthmark. Sarah, acting mainly out of pity for the zealous and unsuccessful Smythe, had listened with a pretense of attention to his arguments against the existence of God, at the same time with the faintest of hopes that he would be able to convince her that her vow was nonsense. The result was rather the contrary. She became all the firmer in her belief, finally confessing this to Smythe.

Instead of becoming angry, Smythe asked her to marry him, telling her that he did not care what she believed: "You can believe the whole silly bag of tricks for all I care. I love you, Sarah.... I love you more than I hate all that. If I had children by you, I'd let you pervert them" (p. 149). Smythe thus allowed his bitter faith to be superseded for the first time. But when Sarah refused him, he told her angrily that he knew why she would not marry him and furthermore that it was easy for someone as beautiful as she to believe in
a god. Touched to the heart with pity for him and going against her repu-

gnace, Sarah kissed him on his scarred cheek. Now, after Sarah's death,

Smythe is cured of this disfigurement, the source of much of his hatred for
God. Similarly, Parkis' young son who had been won over by Sarah's charm in
the course of the investigation, is cured of a painful and dangerous intesti-
tinal disturbance under circumstances which imply miraculous intervention.

The grief-stricken Hendrix, still trying to maintain the illogical pose
of hatred and disbelief, has become in the meantime the confidant of Henry,
both men having been drawn together by their sense of loss. On Hendrix's
insistence, Henry follows his original plan and has Sarah's body cremated
against the protest of Fr. Crompton, a Redemptorist priest from whom Sarah
had been taking instructions preparatory to becoming a Catholic. The victory
over God turns out to be a hollow one for Hendrix, however. At the funeral,
he meets Sarah's not altogether respectable and much-married mother, who, he
learns, is a lapsed Catholic. Over a third glass of port, Mrs. Bertram
confides to Hendrix that, when Sarah was two years old, she had her baptized
secretly to spite her philandering non-Catholic husband.

Smythe's cure and subsequent change of heart is the final blow to Hendrix's
pretense. Hendrix can no longer disbelieve in God. He recognizes Sarah's
presence behind the cures, but he refuses to yield. At the end of the book,
his senses that he himself is becoming engulfed in the same tide which over-
whelmed his mistress, and with all his power he struggles against it, striving
too to "protect" Henry, for whom he has a genuine fondness and who is only vaguely aware of the consequences of the recent events. But Bendrix is very tired of the struggle, and the book concludes with a prayer which he makes to the God whom he had refused to acknowledge before. It is a prayer, he says, which suits his winter mood: "O God, You've done enough, You've robbed me enough. I'm too tired and old to learn to love. Leave me alone forever" (p. 240).

The End of the Affair, then, will be the general subject of this essay. More particularly, it will be concerned with an analysis of the principal actors in the story—especially the heroine Sarah Miles. The method of procedure will be the following: there will first be a comparison of Sarah Miles with the main female characters in other novels (and plays) of Greene. Such a comparison should uncover some interesting points which will shed much light on The End of the Affair. It is somewhat startling to note that Sarah Miles, by far the most appealing of Greene's female characters, has much in common with the least appealing of them, the notorious Ida Arnold of Brighton Rock. Furthermore, the latter book is generally considered to be Greene at his most grim, whereas The End of the Affair seems to represent him at his most optimistic. These matters will be further examined and substantiated in the detailed examination of Chapter III.

The next chapter will be devoted to an examination of the character of Maurice Bendrix. This will be accomplished mainly by studying the relation-
ship between him and the heroine. Bendrix, however, will also be considered under another aspect; that is, he will be analyzed as a Greene hero and compared to other Greene heroes. The concepts of the "hunted man" and the "double man," terms continually recurring in Greene criticism, will be studied in this section. The intriguing question of Greene's alleged identification with Bendrix (and with his other heroes) will also be considered.

Next, in Chapter IV, Sarah Miles will be studied from two aspects: as she appears to herself, and as she affects others. This section will draw heavily from Book III of the novel, which consists of Sarah's personal journal, a very moving document whose spiritual tone recalls St. Augustine's Confessions. Her effect upon others is a matter of great importance. By examining the impressions of others, it will be possible to objectify, not only the evidence presented in Sarah's journal, but also the violently prejudiced first person narration of Bendrix, which constitutes over two-thirds of the End of the Affair.

Finally, the last chapter will summarize all that went before and present some conclusions with regard both to the artistic validity of the characters in the story and also their probable significance as representations of Greene's religious sentiments. It is important at this point to say a word about what is not within the scope of this essay. There will not be any judgment passed as to the validity of the author's religious sentiments. The task will be rather to interpret these sentiments as faithfully as possible
as they are embodied in the characters of *The End of the Affair*. Therefore, there is no question of branching off into a treatise on ascetical theology. This essay is nothing more than a study of some fictional characters, who must be allowed to remain fictional characters, even though the story in which they appear happens to have been written by Graham Greene.

Such a cautionary note is necessary because many of the critics who will be quoted seem to have forgotten the very elementary principle that fiction is so-called because it narrates events that have never actually occurred—at least not in the manner in which they are related. To put it another way, critics of Graham Greene, favorable and unfavorable, seem hard put to retain their objectivity—a point which will be lucidly apparent in more than one of the quotations offered. It seems that the penchant for taking Greene altogether too seriously (it is possible, after all, to take even Aeschylus too seriously) is due to a particular aspect of Greene's work. It seems to have a reality all its own; that is, according to some critics, the action of his novels runs its course in a world which is under a sort of special dispensation. The critics, with the unrobust but kindly intended humor proper to scholars, have given this universe the name of "Greeneland"—a designation which will not recur in these pages.

Before entering into *The End of the Affair* itself, then, a preliminary step will be most helpful. The following chapter will be devoted to an examination of Greene's other works focusing upon the world which he has
constructed in them. Like the comparison of Sarah Miles with Greene's other heroines and of Bendrix with his other heroes, this analysis of Greene's world as it is built up novel by novel will be helpful for a deeper understanding of the world of The End of the Affair. The differences brought to light in this analysis will be as striking as the similarities.

Finally, this next chapter will also provide a convenient opportunity to include some of the more representative and picturesque adverse criticism of Greene, since the greater part of this criticism is directed precisely against the world-image which he has fashioned in his novels and plays.
CHAPTER II

GREENE'S WORLD AND ITS CRITICS

In the third and fourth chapters, there will be a more thorough examination of character. Here the focus will not be upon Greene's people or their actions, but rather upon the world in which they act, the world in which they love or hate, or listlessly do neither. This is the so-called "Greeneland" of the critics. Some, perhaps the majority, of the critics would deny this "Greeneland" what Scholastic philosophy would term a "foundation in the real order." If they are correct, the charge implied in such a denial is a serious one.

While it is true that every artist's vision of the world must be a subjective one, since interpretation is essential to art, his view, however, must also have something in common with the world as it appears to other men—to his readers, for example. Otherwise, one would be rightly inclined to doubt its validity. For in such a case there would be no communication, no sympathetic action and reaction. For if a writer's world is alien, his characters will also be alien, and their actions and thoughts will be more or less incomprehensible. If Greene's vision of the world, then, is not a valid interpretation in the sense indicated, it is necessary to deny that
Greene's work has artistic merit.

The most striking terrain feature in the world of Graham Greene is its complexity. Things are never altogether what they seem to be at first glance. There is a pervading undercurrent, an undercurrent much more powerful and of infinitely greater importance than the flow immediately discernible. Paul Rostenne resorts to another figure to describe Greene's technique in fashioning this sort of world: "He possesses to an extraordinary degree the talent of presenting human existence as a game played in two registers, or a piano the visible movement of whose keys causes the invisible movement of the hammers which are the real source of the instrument's tone. Greene has perceived with acute clarity and expressed in a most persuasive manner that it is the supernatural harmonies of our actions which determine the quality of our existence."¹

Many critical studies of Greene choose as their point of departure, not a selection from his fiction, but the opening passages of a travel book. The Lawless Roads, however, does not content itself with providing the conventional vicarious tour. In a context which promises nothing of the sort, Greene startles the unwary reader with a rare glimpse into his usually enigmatic personality. In this often quoted section appear many of the

¹Rostenne, p. 93.
characteristic landmarks of Greene's world:

I was, I suppose, thirteen years old. Otherwise why should I have been there—in secret—on the dark croquet lawn? I could hear the rabbit moving behind me, munching the grass in his hutch... I was alone in mournful happiness in the dark.

Two countries just here lay side by side... One was an inhabitant of both countries... How can life on a border be other than restless? You are pulled by different ties of hate and love. For hate is quite as powerful a tie; it demands allegiance. In the land of the skyscrapers, of stone stairs and cracked bells ringing early, one was aware of fear and hate, a kind of lawlessness—appalling cruelties could be practised without a second thought; one met for the first time characters, adult and adolescent, who bore about them the genuine quality of evil... Hell lay about them in their infancy.

There lay the horror and the fascination... One became aware of God with an intensity—time hung suspended—music lay on the air; anything might happen before it became necessary to join the crowd across the border. There was no inevitability anywhere... faith was almost great enough to move mountains... the great buildings rocked in the darkness.

And so faith came to one—shapelessly, without dogma, a presence about a croquet lawn, something associated with violence, cruelty, evil across the way. One began to believe in heaven because one believed in hell, but for a long while it was only hell one could believe with a certain intimacy—the pitchpine partitions of dormitories where everybody was never quiet at the same time... The Anglican Church could not supply the same intimate symbols for heaven; only a big brass eagle, an organ voluntary...

Those were primary symbols; life later altered them; in a midland city, riding on trams in winter past the Gothic hotel, the supercinema, the sooty newspaper office where one worked at night, passing the single professional prostitute trying to keep the circulation going under the blue powdered skin, one began slowly, painfully, reluctantly, to populate heaven. The Mother of God took the place of the brass eagle; one began to have a dim conception of the appalling mysteries of love moving through a ravaged world—the Cure d'Ars admitting to his mind all the impurity of a province, Peguy challenging God in the
cause of the Damned. 2

The occasion for this remarkable passage was, on the surface, merely the recollected musings of Greene as a young student at Berkhamsted (his father was headmaster and his home adjoined the school), supplemented by later observations made while an apprentice journalist on a Nottingham newspaper. For the insight which it provides this passage is invaluable: its implications go deep and are of far more than biographical interest. As might be expected, it has been provocative to critical comment. So provocative, in fact, that it is rather imperative to recall at this point a prudent observation of Edward Sackville-West who cautions against concluding too readily and too much from Greene's rare disclosures. He uses an apt and amusing metaphor, comparing the relationship of Greene and his critics to that between the electric hare and the racing dogs. The dogs, after all, are not meant to catch this particular hare. 3 And even the extremely unperceptive John Atkins, in a muddled and frivolous full-length study, attained judiciousness at least once when he noted that Greene "is a difficult person to understand." 4

With these cautions in mind and passing over for the moment some of the more spectacular aspects of the passage, one might pay special attention to a single phrase. This is a sentence which Walter Allen and many others have taken as an epitome of Greene's work: "How can life on a border be other than restless?" As Allen puts it: "In that passage you have the primary symbols of Greene's fiction: the awareness of evil; the awareness of two worlds side by side--heaven and hell--yet with how many leagues between them; the awareness, too, of all the possibilities of betrayal between them."5

In all of his books, despite their wide range of settings and variety of characters, Greene has been faithful to portraying the constant struggle which is the lot of those who live on a border. The End of the Affair, for example, though it differs considerably from the earlier novels, is nevertheless consistent insofar as it, too, is set in an atmosphere of discontent and instability. And his first novel, The Man Within, despite its romantic overtones, finds its resolution only when its desperate hero, Francis Andrews, the first of Greene's long line of "hunted men," is on the point of leaving this border life.

As Allen observed, the awareness of evil is necessarily concomitant to the awareness that this life is a border existence. Rostennie notes this

also, but he goes quite beyond Allen's depth in his perception of the passage's significance. He says of it: "what is remarkable about this evocation is the way which it penetrates to an awareness of the supernatural by means of a descent into the deep bowels of wretchedness, chaos, and fear. No doubt but this requires the especially receptive sensitivity of a child (or of a saint)--this awareness of hell obtained from observing human dereliction, this certainty of its presence in a manner so concrete and so intense, this vision of the supernatural founded so intimately in the natural."6

In a much more recent work, a volume of essays called The Lost Childhood, Greene has made further personal revelations which corroborate those in The Lawless Roads. Although it was precisely these disclosures which prompted Sackville-West's figure of the electric hare, they may, nevertheless, be helpful if one does not attempt to draw too much from them and to construct a detailed portrait of Greene's personality.

In one of these essays, he tells how at the age of fourteen (therefore a little after the meditation on the croquet lawn) he decided that writing must inevitably be his career: "I took Miss Marjorie Bowen's The Viper of Milan from the library shelf . . . and the future for better or worse really struck. From that moment I began to write." It was, he said, "as if I had

6 Rostenne, p. 90.
been supplied once and for all with a subject."7 The Viper of Milan was a romantic pageant of the highly-colored but savagely cruel intrigue of sixteenth-century Italy. And the subject it supplied the young Greene was a twofold one: the terrible reality of evil and the transitory quality of human fortune, "the sense of doom that lies over success."

He readily accepted this as an authentic statement of reality, but it was not an exceptionally bookish nature that so inclined him. On the contrary, he accepted it because he saw that the estimate of life dramatized in this violent novel had a real basis in the day-to-day world about him. He was only a schoolboy, but a schoolboy of deep sensitivity: "I read all that in *The Viper of Milan* and I looked around and saw that it was so.... One had lived for fourteen years in wild jungle country without a map, but now the paths had been traced and naturally one had to follow them." Miss Bowen had given him his pattern, and as he adds, "religion might later explain it to me in other terms."8

Greene seems to have received much of this explanation in other terms from the works of Cardinal Newman. He frequently quotes the Cardinal at length and on one occasion expressed this exceptionally unqualified tribute: "I've always been devoted to Newman. I read him before my conversion and I still

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7 *The Lost Childhood and Other Essays* (New York, 1952), pp. 15-16.

do frequently. I have a great admiration for him." Greene's childhood vision, a vision which became more detailed as he grew older, a vision of a world ravaged and disordered, plagued by threat of dissolution, found a thorough verification in a Catholic dogma which Newman was eloquent in expressing: the doctrine of Original Sin. Greene prefaced The Lawless Roads (a report on the persecuted Church in Mexico and the prototype of The Power and the Glory) with this quotation from the Cardinal's Apologia:

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprise, their aimless courses, their random achievements and requirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens, so faint and broken, of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers of truth, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words: "Having no hope, and without God in the world"—all this is a vision to dizzy and appall and inflict upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.

What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? I can only answer, that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence. . . if there be a God, since there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. 1

9"Propos de Table avec Graham Greene," Dieu Vivant, No. 16 (1956), 123-130.

and so the English schoolboy aning on the croquet law eventually found the
acknowledgment of his mystery and its partial solution in the teachings of
the Catholic Church.

But is this the whole picture? When one has surmised "awareness of evil,"
is there nothing more to be said of Greene's world except by way of further
delineation of this single aspect? Such a conclusion seems inaccurate.
Greene's world-view is not a negative one, even though in the early novels
the emphasis is laid most strongly upon the impermanence and disrupted quality
of life and the terrible dominance of evil within it— to such an extent,
perhaps, that the hope of obtaining any sort of permanence other than dam-
nation seems unlikely. But even in these early novels, heaven has its part
though only hell is pictured with "a certain intimacy." After all, there
could be no border if there were only one country. Holy Week would be a
meaningless term if there were no Easter. And if Original Sin is the
explanation for the world's condition, the incarnation is its remedy.

These positive factors must be borne in mind even during the hours which
belong to the powers of darkness. Many critics insist that Greene has lost
sight of them: there is passage across the border, all right, but only in
one direction. Their opinion is at the heart of most of the adverse
criticism of Greene, and after a resume of his more important works, it will
be treated in detail.

Where love joins together, hate cuts apart and drives men into isolation.
Hate is in the world like a subtle poison which flows through the body and destroys its unity, its power of coordination. Hate even in its mildest forms will inevitably be manifested in mistrust; and this mistrust, aggravated only slightly, will in turn express itself in betrayal. A single case of betrayal, no matter in how remote a corner of the world, increases the general mistrust of man for man and prepares the way for further betrayals. The result is a world tragically divided, not into two or three armed camps, but into as many as there are men and women who have surrendered to the power of mistrust. They constitute a world in which, according to Rostenne's phrase, it is impossible to count upon anyone.11

Stamboul Train describes such a world, a world peopled by men and women of this sort. All of the main characters in this story (with a single exception of significance) not only mistrust one another, but have the most excellent reasons for so doing. Each judges the others in his own image; and since each is out to make the maximum use of the others to the degree that opportunity allows, each assumes, quite correctly, that all his fellow passengers cherish similar ambitions. The exception is Coral Musker, a young chorus girl who has preserved a childlike quality of innocence despite an appalling environment and the twisted moral precepts which are part of it. She almost succeeds in winning Carleton Nyatt, a young Jewish

11 Rostenne, p. 86.
businessman, from his private universe of mistrust; but the effort fails. 

Lyatt, when he arrives at Constantinople, belongs, like the other passengers on the Orient Express, as fully to the world of sectors and hostile fronts as when he boarded the train at Ostend. But although Coral has failed, her very presence in the story is like a cryptic message of hope. Though she lacks spiritual stature, her innocence is an affront and contradiction to the cynical worlds of mistrust which the other characters in the novel have constructed around themselves. She is a witness, albeit a confused and lonely one, that there is something beyond the grasping, egotistical struggle for dominance; that it is, after all, merely a border existence.

The very title of Greene's next work, *It's a Battlefield*, expresses the same theme of isolated conflict. The source of the title is a quotation from Kinglake's *Lothen* with which Greene prefaces the novel:

In so far as the battlefield presented itself to the bare eyesight of men, it had no entirety, no length, no breadth, no depth, no size, no shape, and was made up of nothing except small numberless circlets commensurate with such ranges of vision as the mist might allow at each spot. . . . In such conditions, each separate gathering of English soldiery went on fighting its own little battle in happy and advantageous ignorance of the general state of the action; may, even very often in ignorance that any great conflict was raging.

The setting of *It's a Battlefield* is London during the period of social unrest in the early thirties, the time of Communist agitation and the General Strike. During a street disturbance, a bus driver has killed a policeman who had been about to strike the bus driver's wife. He has been
sentenced to death, and as the book opens, there are appeals from many quarters that he be given a reprieve.

Greene takes up in turn the lives of all the people concerned: the wife, her promiscuous young sister, the neurotic and insecure younger brother of the bus driver, a sour newspaperman who is unable to face life as it is, the Assistant Commissioner who lives only for his work but who is nevertheless haunted by the thought that there is a more encompassing duty laid upon him which he is not fulfilling, a wellbred Communist leader whose idealism has withered, and, finally, an influential old lady whose faith is nonetheless formidable despite its wild eclecticism.

The worst of these is not entirely bad. All of them have at least a measure of altruism in their natures, but not enough to enable them to establish communications with one another. Each is bound in a single sector. They are almost entirely taken up with their private struggles. Those who are motivated by considerations at least partially unselfish, such as the Assistant Commissioner and the old eccentric Caroline Bury—with her icons of the Virgin and her statues of Buddha—are powerless to intervene because of the all-pervading air of egotistical mistrust. One is reminded of a Chekhov drama in which the characters speak out intermittently, obliquely expressing what is innermost; and this to the general disinterest. Each of the characters in It's a Battlefield is committed to a personal combat; and all of them, with varying degrees of ignorance, are unaware of the real, the
essential conflict of their border world, the common struggle against evil.

If some of the characters are well-intentioned in *It's a Battlefield*, if some of them at least attempt to communicate with those fighting alone in other sectors, Greene's next novel, *England Made Me* has no alleviation. All of its people are rootless exiles, homeless wherever they are. The setting of what is probably Greene's most pessimistic story is Stockholm, modern, efficient, hygienic--sterile and heartless. (More recently, Greene has had occasion to speak of a certain northern country with an excellent standard of living and a splendid and enlightened social program; a country in which there could be found neither God nor the adversary of God; a country, furthermore, which had a high suicide rate.12) The principal characters are all English except for Krogh, the Swedish industrialist, one of the richest men in Europe. But Krogh's nationality is of little significance; he has no sense of security from it. He is an internationalist and is as much an exile in Stockholm as Kate Farrant his tough-minded mistress and her brother Anthony. Anthony is much like Andrews in *The Man Within*. He is an incurable and immature romanticist, but unlike Andrews, he finds nothing which implies a deeper reality before he is overtaken by the tragic death which his heedless nature had made almost inevitable.

Greene is relentless in this story; there is to be no lessening of the brutal tension between man and man. The woman, who served as a manifestation of hope in the first two novels, does not fulfill that role here. Kate Farrant is in fact the most self-centered of all those involved. Even her love for Anthony is egotistical; what she loves in her twin brother is her own reflection. His presence is merely an assurance of the reality and importance of her own identity. When he is killed, therefore, she is able to survive the loss, her life in the ruthless world of international finance being no more empty nor more sterile than it was before.

In England Made No, a serious Catholic makes his first appearance in Greene's novels (with the possible exception of Elizabeth, the heroine of The Man Within). However, Minty the unlovable little newspaper man is hardly a ray of sunshine. Minty's Anglican Catholicism has been perverted by his sense of inferiority and his defensive shell of hatred. There is no expansive quality to his religion, rather it is completely self-centered. Greene describes him slinking into a church like a debauchee to a private orgy. Love cannot express itself through Minty. It cannot unify those torn apart and isolated by hate and mistrust. And so the lonely exiles of England Made No must each fight his own bitter battle, completely unaware of the general struggle.

The hero, or better the protagonist of Greene's next novel A Gun for Sale is reminiscent of Minty, as he also foreshadows the Lieutenant in The
Power and the Glory and Saythe in The End of the Affair. Raven the gunman also nourishes a hatred for the world which he is convinced has nothing but scorn for him. His harelip marks him as an outcast. Unlike Minty, however, he has found a way to avenge himself upon the world. His power for vengeance rests, not in his body which is as frail as Minty's but in his automatic.

In Raven, Greene has personified in the most extreme terms a type which is frequently found in his work. In fact, this character has been called the "first citizen" of Greene's world. Raven, in other words, is one of the so-called "hunted man." The hunted man responds to the hatred and mistrust of the world. His answer is simply to refuse to submit to the mores of such a world, to declare open war upon it; in short, to become an outlaw.

The hunted man refuses to be of use to those more powerful. He will not compromise with them. He will concede nothing to them to gain a measure of protection. The hunted man is not strong enough to stand up to the mighty of this world in an open struggle; rather he is forced to employ hit-and-run tactics, to strike and then go underground.

Here is an opportune moment to speak of the distinction which Greene makes between his novels and his entertainments—the latter a category of his own creation. On a pragmatic basis, the entertainments were written to make money; and consequently they were composed with a minimum of creative scrupulosity. However, more to the point here is the question of the merit of the product rather than of the method of production. In general, the
thriller technique is much more in evidence in the entertainments: there is melodrama and violence, suspense for its own sake, a precariously joined plot, and little care lavished on establishing motivation. Despite all this, on almost every page of the entertainments there are cryptic references which must be rather unnerving to the average detective story enthusiast; consider, for example, Raven's continual meditation on the betrayal of Christ, the analysis of pity in *The Ministry of Fear*, D's musings on the value of art and on the lives of the saints in *The Confidential Agent*.

As a further consideration, it is rather evident that, whether consciously or not, Greene has sometimes used an entertainment as a sort of prototype for a serious novel. Thus the uncomplicated Raven of *A Gun for Sale* becomes the hotly-discussed character of Pinkie in *Brighton Rock*, and D the confidential agent becomes the hunted priest of *The Power and the Glory*.

In the novels, the thriller technique and its concomitant melodrama are still much in evidence, but they are definitely subordinated. The characters themselves are of first importance, not their actions. As Greene wrote in an essay on Mauriac's *Woman of the Pharisees*, "We are saved or damned by our thoughts rather than by our actions." 13

Yet action is not entirely without value in Greene's eyes—especially violent action. Violence and its passive correlative seediness, the latter

13 *Lost Childhood*, p. 72.
expressing static disorder, have purgative virtue in his eyes. He expresses
this concept most clearly in *Journey without Nana*, an aptly titled travel
book written three years before *The Lawless Roads*. It is a record of a
haphazard safari through a country which ranks some appreciable distance
below Switzerland in tourist appeal—the Republic of Liberia. His purpose
in making this uncongenial tour was to experience close at hand disorder on
the most elemental level, so as to be able to diagnose more accurately the
sophisticated aberrations of a more genteel society. He wished to find, as
he put it, "the point at which we went astray."14 Outright violence, Greene
found, has a purifying effect, as opposed to the stuifying ennui which is
the residue of civilized cruelty—mistrust beneath a surface politeness,
snobbishness, spitefulness, small-mindedness, and all the wearisome corol-
laries. To Greene the seediness of Liberia was more honest, less distasteful,
than the corruption hidden beneath the chromium facade of modern civilization.
Smothered in the incidental luxuries and distractions of refined society,
one is lulled into a false sense of complacency. In the distorting at-
mosphere of a civilized country, the basic issue is blurred; no longer does
it seem so evident that this life is nothing more than a border existence—
a patch of ground continually fought over by two major powers. Settings for
Greene, then, are more allegorical than geographical. Whether his background

is primitive or civilized, he will use it to emphasize the transitory char-
acter of human existence.

Years after this Liberian trip, Greene would change the simile somewhat
but keep the signification. In an address to a group of French Catholics,
Greene compared the world to a prison and the Christian to a prisoner with-
in it. The danger is that the prisoner may get all too well acclimated to
his prison and forget that it is not his proper place. However, in our era,
the era of concentration camps—an era, in other words, in which the enemies
of Christianity have thrown aside halfway measures and have dared an open
assault upon God and God's people—in such a period, there is little danger
of the Christian becoming over fond of his prison.15

Violent and unpleasant incidents will always have a place, then, in
Greene's novels as well as in his entertainments. (The End of the Affair
is a remarkable exception.) Furthermore, since the introspection so marked
in the novels also has a prominent place in the most minor of the entertain-
ments, one should not insist upon a hard and fast distinction between the
two genres. The difference is rather one of degree than of kind. Thus,
though the hunted men of the entertainments are pursued by exterior agents
who have only natural power, there is always a deeper meaning; a more relent-
less internal tracking is implied. Raven is pursued by the police because of

external circumstances, but the compulsion which drives him is not so easily
defined. He hates the world and trusts no one in it. Here is a varia-
tion of the theme which dominates the novels: an instance of the tragedy
which results when there is no love among men, when they are cut off one from
another in lonely, vengeful isolation. In *Steamboat Train*, Coral Musher almost
succeeds in rescuing one of these victims. In *A Gun for Sale*, another girl,
Anne Crowder, nearly saves Raven. But again, such is the strength and organ-
ization of the world of mistrust, Anne's efforts fail also; and she, the first
person whom the gunman had ever trusted, is forced to betray him.

Minty's Catholicism, perverted as it was; Raven's bitter reflections upon
"the poor little bastard," "the little plaster child lying in its mother's
arms, waiting the double-cross, the whips, the nails";¹⁶ the decidedly
religious tone of *The Man Within* as well as countless allusions in other works
serve as a sort of prelude. They set the stage for the clear-cut struggle
between God and the devil in the novel *Brighton Rock*, a contest for the soul
of Pinkie, the undersized seventeen year old killer.

The struggle in *Brighton Rock* is a complicated and confused one. The
battle is twofold. Not only is there a struggle between two worlds, that of
heaven and that of hell, but there is also a clash between two opposed ways

¹⁶ *This Gun for Hire*, 3rd ed. (New York, 1946), p. 145. The original
title was *A Gun for Sale*. 
of life: those who believe that earthly existence is all that is certain—
and those who believe
and hell. The former have a standard of right and wrong, and the latter have
a more subtle criterion, but one which is absolute: they believe in good
and evil.

Pinkie and Rose, the drab little waitress whom he marries to prevent her
testifying against him, are committed to the standard of good and evil because
of their Catholicism. Ida Arnold, the sentimental but relentless "party girl,"
whose companion of the hour Pinkie has murdered, is the exponent of right and
wrong.

Brighton Rock marks a stage in Greene's progress. It was possible to
consider him uncommitted after weighing the vague religiousness of The Man
Within. There was no compulsion to change that opinion after the novels
which followed it. Brighton Rock, however, not only is a clear declaration
of Catholic sympathy, but is a rather devastating assault on contemporary
Protestantism.

Ida Arnold is intended to personify the low estate to which Protestantism
has fallen. She is in a state of invincible ignorance. With no sense of the
incongruity involved, she has bolstered her anemic remnant of religion with
haphazard biblical quotes, random apothegms, "hunches", and ouija board. No
matter what she tries to do she cannot reach the level of existence at which
Rose and Pinkie live. These two waifs with little to recommend them intel-
lectually or spiritually, nevertheless are able to love or hate with a
degree of intensity which Ida can never know. All this is possible simply
because they are Catholics. Not that they are good Catholics—that is not
necessary, Greene says, to reach this superior level of being. What is
necessary is to be aware of one's Catholicism, and that they both are.

Rose has little success in combatting evil, and Pinkie abets its progress
with almost every effort. Both of them, however, are fully cognizance of the
value, either for good or for evil, of their actions. Upon this basis of
self-knowledge rests their superiority to Ida. She is capable of generous
actions and spontaneous affection, but she has no norm of conduct except for
the suitable standard of right and wrong. And for this Greene condemns her,
not as a character, it seems, but as a personification.

For the first time in one of his novels, Greene definitely takes sides.
What effect does this partisanship have upon the world depicted in Brighton
Rock? How does it differ from the hygienic Stockholm of England Made Me,
from which God and the devil seemed equally remote? From the ruthless
intrigue of Stamboul Train? From the sprawling, sectored London of It's A
Battlefield? And finally, from the shabby underworld of Nottingham, the
scene of This Gun for Hire? In Brighton Rock the authentic border atmosphere
is still there; rather, more than still there, it is greatly heightened. If
sensitive to the tightrope quality of human existence, the hero
and heroine of this novel are
some of the characters in the other novels were aware of little else. Heaven
and hell have greater importance in Brighton Rock than do the gaudy environs
of the resort town. In the novels which were to follow, Greene was to be as
vivid and accurate as ever in picturing the border; but after this, his first
so-called Catholic novel, his main concern will be the countries which this
border divides.

Before leaving Brighton Rock, for the moment, it is worthwhile to note
that violence and seediness have here their extreme expression. In no other
work, before or since, has Greene emphasized the note of disorder and cor-
ruption to such an extent. There are razor assaults, acid throwing, suicides,
two murders, and other incidents only somewhat less spectacular. Far more
unsettling than the violence, perhaps, is Greene's attentiveness to the more
common unpleasantries of civilized living--the seedy elements. Thus, there
is a detailed treatment of the unsanitary condition of the boarding house
where the "gang" has its headquarters--dirty soap dishes, crumbs on the bed,
a slattern housekeeper--Ida's aging paramours are fully described; the reader
is made aware that the hall of Rose's apartment stinks because of bad plum-
ing facilities; due notice is given to the cheap, obscene "novelties" sold
at Brighton; finally, Pinkie's fear and loathing of the act of sexual inter-
course is a leitmotif throughout the book. Greene has been severely taken
to task for this technique, as will be amply demonstrated at the end of this
chapter. In fact, critics who insist upon the concept of Greene the Manich-
asean find Brighton Rock a rich mother-lode of quotations. It is not con-
venient to attempt a refutation of such a charge at this point. It will be
sufficient here to recall what was said a few pages back: in Greene's work,
the distasteful is not idly proposed for its own sake; rather, it has a purpose, fulfilling a function analogous to that of the distribution of ashes at the beginning of Lent, or to that of the ubiquitous skull in medieval church art.

Greene's next book, The Confidential Agent, an entertainment, also has a hunted man as its protagonist. Since it is an entertainment, the supernatural element so apparent in Brighton Rock is muted, appearing only now and then in occasional undertones, usually manifested in certain turns of thought in the mind of the hero. D, the agent of an unnamed liberal government fighting a losing civil war against conservative forces, differs greatly in character from the earlier "hunted men." He is not young like Andrews, Pinkie, and Raven; he does not hate the world, even though he has lost his wife in the war; nor is he emotionally unstable, despite the shocking experiences he has undergone. His idealism leaves out God; but, nevertheless, it is genuine in its unselfish dedication. He is hunted, not because he wishes to destroy society, but because, as is the way with this confused world, even well-meaning men violently disagree as to the proper method of saving society and will go to any length to insure the success of the plan which they themselves sincerely believe to be the best one. And as was indicated above, this same set of circumstances recur in the novel which follows, the book which many critics still consider Greene's most outstanding, The Power and the Glory.

Like the hero of the entertainment, the central figure in the novel is an agent. And his side also seems to be on the losing end of a civil war. As a
priest, he's an agent of God; and God, as it appears, has been almost completely defeated in the state of Tabasco. If he has not been driven out, He is certainly not well represented by this the last of his agents. The man is not even given a name, but like the Mountain of Scandal in Old Testament Jerusalem he is designated negatively: he is called simply the whisky priest. In a moment of black despair, at the beginning of the persecution, he had, on one occasion, given way to sexual instinct, and now he has a young daughter by his former housekeeper. Despite this, he has never forgotten he is a priest; and his misfortunes have had the effect of deepening his humility.

As in Brighton Rock, the spiritual struggle is the important one. As also in the other book, the lines are sharply drawn with each of the opposed forces personified. There is a difference, however. Just as the priest is a worthier representative of God than Pinkie, who had the pride of a fallen angel, so also is the Lieutenant, his antagonist, a worthier representative of those who have tried to eliminate God than was Ida Arnold.

The Lieutenant is incapable of romanticizing; he saw the world directly. If the Christian mystic could experience God directly, he was an atheistic mystic and had experienced nothingness directly. What he had to share was his sense of a dying, cooling universe, and this was the truth which would set men free.

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Both men agree, then, as to the state of the world—a confused, disordered, cruel, and generally unpleasant place. More particularly, the world of both is the state of Tabasco: hot, humid, a land in which prohibition is enforced, beetles are constantly detonating against tin walls, and human teeth seem to have a low rate of survival. From identical evidence, as R. W. B. Lewis observes, the Lieutenant has deduced his cooling universe and the priest his all-powerful and loving God. But because the Lieutenant has faced the facts squarely, Greene implies, he is much closer to God than was Ida Arnold.

The world of *The Power and the Glory* is not as tormented as that of *Brighton Rock*. In the latter book only Rose and the old priest who comes in at the conclusion of the story are able to remember that it was mercy that was sought and found between the stirrup and the ground. Pinkie knew the rhyme, but he doubted that it could be completed. To the others in the book, the couplet was without meaning. But in *The Power and the Glory*, heaven's influence, for perhaps the first time in Greene's novels, is more in evidence than that of hell. Not the least of the reasons for this is the presence in the story of an unusually large number of those whom Greene considers closest to heaven; that is, he looks upon childhood much as did Wordsworth, one of his favorite poets. There is Brigida, the priest's own daughter, for the

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19 "Propos de Table avec Graham Greene," p. 134.
preservation of whose innocence he offers God his peace forever; Coral Fellows, the thirteen year-old daughter of an English plantation manager, who saves the priest from capture; the boy Luis, who is disgusted by his mother's story of pious, dull little Juan the martyr, but who welcomes the whisky priest's successor; the Indian baby, shot accidentally by the American gangster; the sleepy boy who arrives in time to summon the whisky priest on a fruitless sick call just as he is about to make his escape to Vera Cruz.\textsuperscript{20} The presence of children—or of those barely out of childhood, such as Coral Muskar in \textit{Stamboul Train} and Rose Cullen in \textit{The Confidential Agent}—always has a softening effect upon the harsh tension so much a part of Greene's border world. Frequently, these children suffer violent death, but in Greene's world the death of the innocent always has an expiatory value.

In the world of \textit{The Power and the Glory}, as opposed to Greene's previous work, men seem to have more ease in communicating with one another. There is not the cruel isolation so characteristic of \textit{England Made Me} and \textit{It's a Battlefield}. Nor is there the irretrievable dichotomy between the two world-views, that impassable gulf which makes \textit{Brighton Rock} so uncompromisingly grim. The Lieutenant and the whisky priest remain opposed, but at the very least they have liberty to sympathize with one another. As hell oversha-

\textsuperscript{20} \textit{The Power and the Glory}, pp. 20, 71, 86, 203, 301.
dowed the bright, vulgar pavilions of Brighton, so heaven infiltrates the humid equalor of Tabasco—though heaven can be sensed strongly only by the children and those like the whisky priest who have lost their sophistication in suffering and have become children at heart: "I was I suppose, thirteen years old . . . faith was almost great enough to move mountains."

The setting of The Ministry of Fear is wartime London. It is an entertainment: a wildly improbably spy story, perhaps the most melodramatic thing Greene has written. Apparently, then, it would have little in common with the profound novel which immediately preceded it, except for the "hunted man" and "border existence," aspects so fundamental to Greene's art. Actually, there is more similarity than that. Two themes which were emphasized in The Power-and-the-Glory—(which will also be prominent in the later Heart-of-the-Matter) are again given special attention in this commercial thriller. The first is the plight of innocence confronted by a corrupt world; the second is pity considered as a means of penetrating the isolation of the individual.

The first theme is expressed in a passage which is undoubtedly one of the most amazing ever included in thriller fiction.\(^{21}\) It reflects in every syllable the passage from The Lawless Roads with which this chapter began. The influence of Wordsworth and Newman is equally evident, especially that of

\[\text{\textsuperscript{21}}\text{The Ministry of Fear (London, 1943), p. 102.}\]
In childhood we live under the brightness of immortality—heaven is as near and actual as the seaside. Behind the complicated details of the world stand the simplicities: God is good, the grown-up man or woman knows the answer to every question, there is such a thing as truth, and justice is measured faultless as a clock. Our heroes are simple; they tell the truth, they are good swordsmen, and they are never in the long run really defeated. That is why no later books satisfy us like those which were read to us in childhood—for these promised a world of great simplicity of which we knew the rules, but the later books are complicated and contradictory with experience; they are formed out of our own disappointing memories—of the V.C. in the police-court dock, of the faked income tax return, the sins in corners, and the hollow voice of the man we despise talking to us of courage and purity. The little duke is dead and betrayed and forgotten; we cannot recognise the villain and we suspect the hero, and the world is a small cramped place. The two great popular statements of faith are "What a small place the world is" and "I'm a stranger here myself."

As for the second theme, that of pity, it pervades the entire story.

However, a consideration of it will be passed over for the present because this theme has far greater weight and can be more easily studied in the novel written after The Ministry of Fear, the highly controversial The Heart of the Matter.

Arthur Rowe, the gentle, introspective hero of The Ministry of Fear, is a lonely exile from society at the beginning of the story, though he is not a hunted man in the ordinary sense. He had poisoned his wife, as he thought, out of pity for the suffering to which she was subjected as the result of an incurable disease. However, he has already served a short term in prison as a "mercy killer"—no one had known quite what to do with him—and apparently has thus discharged his debt to society, as the phrase goes. But like the
whisky priest, he is pursued more relentlessly by his own conscience than he ever was by a mere external hunter. Did he kill his wife out of genuine pity for her, or did he kill her because he himself could not bear to watch her sufferings? He cannot resolve this question. Also like the whisky priest, through his sufferings he has developed a great capacity for sympathy.

At one point in the story, Rowe loses his memory—a section ironically titled "The Happy Man"—and with it he loses temporarily his power to sympathize. When he asks what he was like before and is told, "you had a great sense of pity. You didn't like people to suffer," he is surprised at this: "'Is that unusual?' he asked, genuinely needing information; he knew nothing of how people lived and thought outside."22 While still under the effect of amnesia, he assists Mr. Prentice, a Scotland Yard man, in rounding up the Nazi spy ring. One of the members commits suicide to avoid capture; and Prentice notices that his death has little effect upon Rowe: "Mr. Prentice burst suddenly out as they drove up through the Park in the thin windy rain. 'Pity is a terrible thing. People talk about the passion of love. Pity is the worst passion of all; we don't outlive it like sex.' . . . Mr. Prentice looked at him oddly, with curiosity. 'You don't feel it, do you? Adolescents don't feel pity. It's a mature passion.'"23 Greene's implication is, 

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22 Ibid., p. 131.

23 Ibid., p. 206.
of course, that the middle-aged Rowe is an adolescent insofar as he, because
of his amnesia, retains none of that benefit which is obtained at such cost
from experience and suffering. Five years later, however, Greene would deal
with pity in a less explicit but far more profound manner.

Paradoxically, Greene, the champion of the "hunted man," the supporter of
the outcast who rebels against society, has always preserved an unmistakable
sympathy and affection for the hunter, the man who has the hard task of pre-
serving society—the policeman. The elderly customs officer and Sir Henry
Merriman in The Man Within, Mather in This Gun for Hire, the inspector and
the policeman who make brief appearances in Brighton Rock, the friendly
detective who aids D in The Confidential Agent, the Lieutenant in The Power
and the Glory, Prentice and Major Stone in The Ministry of Fear, and, most
significantly, the unnamed Assistant Commissioner in It's a Battlefield—
none of these characters have anything in common with the "cops" of conven-
tional detective fiction. They are all recognizably human, men whose sym-
pathy has been sharpened by years of contact with the more unhappy and sordid
elements of human society. They harbor no illusions and are not capable of
being scandalized. And they are invariably portrayed as conscientious, hard-
working, and ill-paid, both in money and in appreciation.

In The Heart of the Matter Greene has combined the hunter and the hunted.
Major Scobie, its hero, is a policeman, a very competent policeman, in charge
of the enforcement of law in Freetown on the West Coast of Africa during the
second World War. At the beginning of the book, he is a mediocre Catholic, despite a reputation for honesty which has gained him the more than half scornful appellation of "Scobie the Just," and he is living with a neurotic, self-centered wife for whom he is incapable of feeling any other passion than pity. Scobie's pity is all-inclusive. It extends to the Negroes living in a wretched environment of hovels and crime in Freetown, to the exiled English with their pitiful attempts to establish a social life worthy of "home" on the hills overlooking Freetown, to his own slovenly, inefficient assistants, to the Portuguese Captain in whose cabin he finds a contraband letter, to Wilson the bitter, immature agent who is sent to report on him, to Father Rank, the clumsy, ungifted priest who hides his misgivings and his desire to help beneath a loud, vulgar exterior. In a special way—and this is reminiscent of The Power and the Glory—his pity includes the innocents who must suffer because of the sins of adults. There is as large a collection of these as in the other novel: the twelve-year-old Negro girl who is raped and murdered by a sailor; the little English girl who endured forty days in an open boat only to die a painful death after her rescue; the boy who survived the same shipwreck and for whom Scobie (in one of the most charming and amusing incidents in all of Greene's work) alters the edifying tract about the bishop among the Bantus into a bloodthirsty pirate story; Scobie's own daughter, Catherine, who has been dead some years but who is important in the story; Pemberton, Scobie's boisterous assistant who commits suicide in the
face of responsibility which is too mature for him; Ali, the faithful servant for whose death Scobie would be responsible; finally, Helen Bolt, the girl barely out of childhood who was to become his mistress. And at the end of the story, Scobie, the mediocre Catholic, is at last able to extend his pity even to God—God against whom he has sinned as grievously as a Catholic may: by the sacrilegious reception of the Eucharist.

It is Scobie's sense of responsibility more than his pity, however, which leads to his downfall. He is acutely aware of the disorder of the world about him, and as a policeman, it is his job to preserve and restore order. He can never bring himself to shift any of this responsibility. He will not even yield it to God. And to resolve what is consequently an insoluble problem—the untenable situation brought about by the conflicting claims of his wife, his mistress, and his God—he commits suicide, and, in an incredibly daring passage, offers his damnation to God for the benefit of those whom he pitied. In so doing, he gives up what is most precious to him: throughout his life he had longed for peace, and now at the end he was foregoing it forever.

Even more than The End of the Affair, The Heart of the Matter has provoked heated controversy among critics of every shade of belief and disbelief. Since almost all of the charges leveled against the latter book have also been applied to the former (slightly altered, perhaps), there will be occasion to discuss them in greater detail in the proper place. For the present, Father Raymond Jouve's observation about the controversy might be profitably con-
sidered: "The problem, it seems, must be acknowledged as beyond solution. However, it is certainly not the least of merits to have posed it in such terms that the entire Anglo-Saxon world (Catholic, Protestant, believers and unbelievers) ... is eager to debate it." 24

The world of *The Heart of the Matter* differs little from that of *The Power and the Glory*. Hell threatens here, more so than in the earlier novel, but it never regains the power it had in *Brighton Rock*. There is little doubt, in this writer's opinion at least, that heaven is finally victorious in the struggle for the soul of Major Scobie. Pity and the suffering of the innocent are more strongly emphasized in *The Heart of the Matter*, but it has another characteristic which distinguishes it more readily from the story of the whisky priest: the paradoxical element. While it is true that this was in evidence in the other novel—in the days of egotistical and ambitious "innocence" the whisky priest was much further from God—Greene did not insist upon it to the extent that he does in this book. It is evident that Scobie's very sins are the means which serve to rout him from his mediocrity until he attains an intense spiritual sensitivity. Another paradox, which on the contrary was expressed in more extreme terms in the first novel and also present in *Brighton Rock*, is also manifested here: the dignity of the priest—

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24 Raymond Jouve, "La Damnation de Scobie?" *Studia*, CCLXIII (1949), 170-171.
hood put into a clearer light by the far from extraordinary qualities of those who hold that sacred office. Finally, there is a further paradox—this one latent in everything Greene has written since he became a Catholic, but which is expressed most boldly in *The Heart of the Matter.* Greene ruthlessly distinguishes between the externals and the essentials of Catholic worship. He has scant reverence for ugly statues and clerical jokes, for example. Not that he has any great dislike for them—indeed, as Mauriac well observed, he takes a sort of complacency in these unattractive surfaces—but he speaks of such things in terms so plain that he has aroused more bitter criticism from Catholic sources in this way than by any other. He expresses himself very clearly on this point in a recent essay on Henry James: "No one can long fail to discover how superficial is the purely aesthetic appeal of Catholicism; it is more accidental than the closeness of turf. The pageantry may be well done and excite the cultured visitor or it may be ill done and repel him."^{26} 

The paradoxical element is of no less importance in *The End of the Affair,* and an analysis of it will constitute one of the most fruitful approaches to an understanding of that novel.

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The Third Man is an entertainment, a very slight one, most notable because of the verisimilitude of its atmosphere: that of Vienna in the early days of the four-power occupation. There are no important developments in Greene's world; all the fundamentals are here, at least latently. But the book has, nevertheless, furnished Allott and Farris a useful symbol in their wellbalanced study of Greene.\textsuperscript{27} Rollo Martins, a good contender for the title of most unheroic of Greene's heroes, first encounters Harry Lime, "good old Harry," who is to dupe him for the rest of his life, in a school corridor "with a cracked bell ringing for prayers."\textsuperscript{28} (There is also a reference to "cracked bells ringing" in the passage from The Lawless Road.) The authors take this cracked bell as a general symbol of the disordered element typical of Greene's world. Anthony Bertram, however, has interpreted it further, thus indicating his deeper understanding of Greene. He sees the bell as symbolizing the demands which heaven makes upon men. God's precepts must be observed even though their mode of expression--through the visible Church--will frequently be harsh and discordant, a paradox never far from Greene's central theme.\textsuperscript{29}

\textsuperscript{27}Kenneth Allott and Miriam Farris, The Art of Graham Greene (London, 1951).


\textsuperscript{29}Anthony Bertram, "The Stirrup and the Ground: Graham Greene's Optimism," The Tablet, CMCVII (May 26, 1951), 417.
Greene's next novel was *The End of the Affair*, and he followed it with another novel, an entertainment, and two plays. None of these greatly alter the concept of his world which has been reconstructed in these pages. The play *The Living Room*, a deeply moving piece which fails to compromise with the inferior dramatic taste of the present, has for its theme the by now familiar one: the anguish which innocence suffers in trying to find a place in a disordered and cold-hearted adult world. Greene makes the point, more explicitly than in his novels, that what is required more than anything else to effect this hazardous transition is an atmosphere of warm, living faith—an environment infused with charity.

The other play, *The Potting Shed*, is much more popular in tone, even though its plot might have been evolved in an advanced theology class. Despite some good moments and a highly successful production (compared to *The Living Room*'s failure in this country), it is rather shallow even in comparison with some of the entertainments.

The entertainment *Loser Takes All*, which followed, is the lightest thing Greene has ever done, but even here there are the usual references to innocence and evil, to the ugliness of church architecture, to the dullness of respectability. Furthermore, the characters have a keen sense of impermanence, of time passing swiftly, of nostalgia for an unending happiness—in other words all the customary attributes of those living a border existence but only vaguely aware of it.
Greene's novel *The Quiet American* was advertised as marking a new stage in his career: religion was not to play a part in it, said the dust jacket. If it was a parable, it was a political parable rather than a religious one. But this assertion is at least an over-simplification. It may be true that neither of the conflicting parties—as in *Brighton Rock* and in *The Power and the Glory*, there is a clear conflict between two opposed views—represents the interests of God. Alden Pyle, the quiet American, is a vaguely idealistic young New Englander, whose concept of God extends little beyond that of the Great Sinner who marks, not whether you won or lost, but how you played the game. Pyle, however, also expects to win the game while he is about it. His opponent Fowler is an agnostic. He is a disenchanted English "reporter"—he has too much professional pride to be designated a "correspondent," a name in which his colleagues glory. The conflict is largely between a man who worships generalities (progress, the common man, the self-determination of minorities) and a man who regards himself as zealously uncommitted, but who in reality is deeply committed, because of his pity and his concern for the individual. Even when he attempts to protest the contrary, Fowler reveals the depth of his commitment: "I know myself, and I know the depth of my selfishness. I cannot be at ease (and to be at ease is my chief wish) if someone else is in pain, visibly, audibly, or tactually. Sometimes this mistaken by the innocent for unselfishness, when all I am doing is sacrificing a small good . . . for the sake of a far greater good, a peace of mind when I need think only of my-
self."30 This self-deprecation is a characteristic of Bendix also. It is analogous to a family trait among the hunted men of the novels.

When Fowler realizes that Pyle's heedless plans entail suffering and death for many of these individuals—whom he values and whom Pyle considers expendable for the sake of a greater good—he becomes committed in act and aids Viet Minh agents in contriving Pyle's murder. This is a course of action which he will vainly attempt to justify to himself for the rest of his life.

While God does not come into the story directly, His presence is felt. His agents are glimpsed from time to time in the background: the reader is told that "a small fat priest scampered by" to administer the last sacraments; Fowler speaks of a poor priest toiling day after day to bring God to his people.31 And the adversary is at work too, and his agents are also caught sight of intermittently. The struggle between Pyle and Fowler seems to have been rather a preliminary and inconclusive skirmish. Further commitment is required of Fowler before he will be able to achieve that sense of peace which he longs for—Scobie was dominated by the same longing, as may be recalled.

At the end of the story, he has all that he thought he wanted, including Phuong, the mistress whom Pyle had won away from her: "Opposite me on the bookcase..." which had been a disastrous "bible" for Pyle stood out like a cabinet portrait—of a young man with a crew-cut and a black dog

31 The Quiet American, pp. 120, 213.
at his heels. He could harm no one anymore. I said to Phuong, 'Do you miss him much?' His mistress asks him whom he is talking about; and he continues with his astring: 'I thought of the first day and Pyle sitting beside me at the Continental, with his eye on the soda-fountain across the way. Everything had gone right with me since he had died, but how I wished there existed someone to whom I could say that I was sorry.'  

Walter Allen observes that Fowler manifests the "hallmark of the Greene man, whether presented as Catholic or atheist: the sense of abandonment"—a sense which comes from living in a border world, a feeling of being cut off from one's true home. And this is a feeling which is verified to an amazing degree by the Catholic doctrine of original sin.  

A final quotation concerning The Quiet American is in place here, one which should help to establish that the world depicted in this novel, intrigue-ridden Saigon, does not differ essentially from Greene's world as it has previously found expressed in terms of London, Tabasco, Stockholm, Nottingham. W. N. B. Lewis comments: "Am I the only one who really cared for Pyle?" Fowler wonders in the opening pages. The question may be taken as exactly what the novel is all about—what, with suitable changes of name, Greene's fiction has been mostly all about. For Greene's special concern has always

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32 Ibid., p. 246, 247.

33 Allen, p. 344.
been the question, 'Who cares?'—has been, that is, the lost but recoverable importance of the human act and the human person. . . . The point of view which can do so, which can re-establish the reality as well as the value of fictional beings and their behavior, is for Greene, needless to say, that of the religious consciousness."

In summing up therefore, the world of Graham Greene, as it has been considered in the preceding pages, has the following characteristics. It is not self-contained but is a border between two worlds, both of which exist in a way infinitely superior to it. The inhabitants of the border state are never at rest, because they have an instinctive knowledge that their destiny lies elsewhere, that somehow they have become cut off, even though they do not realize that this separation is due to what Cardinal Newman called "some terrible aboriginal calamity". This restlessness of the inhabitants is manifested in violent actions, either interior or exterior, and in a terrible nostalgia for a peace which will never fail. Greene's is a world in which all the manifestations of impermanence—decay, seediness, vulgarity, dirt, stink, disorder, death—are given special prominence; a world in which God and the devil are never found except in the company of each other. The first citizen is the hunted man—the man who, consciously or not, rebels against the conformists, against those who hold that the standards of the visible world are the only true norm of conduct. As Lewis put it, Greene's

34Lewis, p. 59.
world is "that dangerous ground beyond boredom, between the actual horror and the possible glory."35

Yet, there are further elements in the world of Graham Greene, elements which have been deliberately passed over for the present. If innocence is betrayed, still, even betrayed, it exercises an inexplicable power. If men are torn apart by hate, they are joined by pity. If the "hunted man" is the hero, the hunter is never the villain—in fact, villains are exceedingly rare in Greene's stories. And if the hallmark of his world is the sense of sin and abandonment, the redemptive death of Christ and the hope of salvation are its foundation.

In his Preface to the French translation of The Power and the Glory, Mauriac examines the world of Greene with a comprehension which the majority of the English-speaking critics have so far not attained. He is writing of Tabasco, but his words apply equally well to Greene's world in general:

That state which you describe, which tracks down the last priest and assassinates him, is indeed the very one we see arising under our eyes. It is the hour of the Prince of this world, but you paint him without hatred. Even the executioners, even your chief of police is marked by you with a sign of mercy; they search for truth; they believe, like our Communists, they have found and are serving it—that truth which demands the sacrifice of consecrated creatures. Darkness covers all the earth you describe, but what a burning ray crosses it.36

35 Abid., p. 67.

36 Mauriac, p. 127.
Granted that this is Greene's world, whether it appear darker or lighter according to the taste of the individual critic, an important question remains one which was implied at the beginning of this study: does such a world have artistic validity? Will the discerning reader recognize in reality as he knows it, or does it Greene's world express some exotic phantasms, purely subjective, capable of amusing, titillating, even shocking, but of no lasting import, communicating no sense of that divine urgency which purports to be its entire raison d'être?

Among those who hold the negative opinion, none have done so in as reasonable a fashion as Sean O'Faolain. His homily on the croquet lawn passage from The Lawless Roads is rather thorough-going. O'Faolain is persuaded that Greene's description of Berkhamstead is "a strange picture of a little country town in Herefordshire. . . . I must have passed through, or paused at this rather pleasant-looking town a dozen times before, one afternoon halting at one of the pubs for a drink . . . I realized that this was the hideous town anathematized in the opening pages of the Lawless Roads. Everything in Greene's description of it is in the manner of Joyce's impressions of a Dublin slum." As to Greene's general outlook: "Joyfully he reverses Browning. God's in his heaven, all's wrong with the world. He has to be in his heaven. Conversely, whenever Greene sees people happy in their vulgar, cheery, beery way he is filled with glee. No good, he seems to say, can possibly come of happiness."
As was repeatedly mentioned in the progressive analysis of Greene's world, its most generic characteristic is its status as a border. The hunted men are its nobility and their rebellion is directed against everything that savors of a false permanence. They are against—at their most extreme—everything which would make this border existence what Ida Arnold would term "livable." The more deplorable life is—the less "livable" it is—the more hope there is of men attaining the true permanence which is to be found beyond it. Every successful effort which "earth, the clumsy nurse," as Wordsworth called it, makes to acclimate her charge to an alien dwelling place helps to dissipate the child's spiritual awareness and is consequently evil. O'Faolain is not slow in catching this inference and is not at all pleased with its implications. He ironically comments: "Mauriac has not a finer nose for Satan, Pascal had not a finer ear when he heard the voice of Beelzebub among the Jesuits than Greene hearing the authentic whisper of eternal corruption in the chiming door-bell of the Plough Inn and the inno-
cent flick of billiard balls. This is real tin-chapel stuff. Bunyan suffered the same agonies in the Bedford pubs."

Again as indicated in the analysis, the border state is torn and cut into hostile sectors by mistrust; betrayal is an everyday occurrence. O'Faolain insists that this is altogether subjective: "His persistent theme is betray al under one form or another; treason, unfaithfulness, the double-cross, the letdown, the broken trust. This may be why there is such a strong sug-
gestion of grievance in all his work. . . . Somebody has said that there is 
no use playing a game where everybody cheats. Everybody cheats Greene in 
Greene's world." 38

Finally, O'Faolain, a Catholic, denies that Greene's presentation of 
Catholicism is either accurate or an adequate compensation for his desolate 
portrayal of earthly existence: "Within his philosophy the Redemption of man 
by Christ is perpetually thwarted by innate evil. All he can give to us is 
a final hope not intense, far from heartening, that our immortal destiny may 
be greater than our mortal deserts; but that we have small hope of release or 
even relief from the bondage of sin and the devil here below, the whole 
burthen of his work gloomily asserts. Sweetness and light are hereafter, or 
not at all." He then inserts a name which together with all its connotations 
occurs with monotonous frequency in Greene criticism: "Pascal would have 
sympathised with this sad message. . . ." Previously O'Faolain had asserted: 
"I suggest that the only comparable modern analogy is with Pascal and Jansenism. . . . Essentially its challenge has been felt as a challenge to the 
humanist to deny and to prove, that there is not an impassable gulf between 
pleasure and the virtuous life, between all that we like to enjoy and most 
of the things we pretend to admire." 39

38 Ibid., pp. 79, 84.
39 Ibid., pp. 94-95, 80.
Then after charging that, "Greene tends to reduce man's stature and all his works" and, "Everything he writes is rigged to demonstrate that human nature is rigged against itself," O'Faolain's conclusion is: "Greene is not in the least interested in finding interim or human solutions to any problem that he poses. He wants situations in which (symbolically) there can be no solutions of a purely human nature... Greene is not primarily interested in human beings, human problems, life in general as it is generally lived... what he is writing is not so much novels as modern Miracle Plays." 40

Another Catholic critic, Martin Turnell, would take from Greene what O'Faolain was willing to spare him; that is, his capacity to feel at least a melancholy affection for his characters. With special reference to Greene and Mauriac, Turnell writes: "It is impossible not to be struck by the vast place occupied by hate and the tiny place reserved for charity in the work of contemporary Catholic novelists... They seek not the good points, the redeeming features of their neighbors, but something that will give them the right to hate, the right to exercise that passion which is the most destructive of all human passions and which becomes an excuse for exploiting all the other deadly sins. Once he has conjured up the horrors, the novelist dwells on them with savage glee." Turnell does not object to the Catholic novelist making use of "scabrous subjects," but he does take exception to his "artistic

40 Ibid., pp. 90, 89, 89-90.
and unworthy use of religion to give a specious glamour to sin or, as in *The Heart of the Matter*, in the use of muddled theology to create an entirely spurious *frisson*.

Turnell's censure is rather mild compared to the unqualified denunciation of a third Catholic critic. Elizabeth Sewell's attack upon Graham Greene is so violent, personal, and emotional in tone that it can hardly merit consideration as objective scholarship. However, her remarks might be taken as tangible proof of the provocative quality of Greene's work and as an accurate expression of the sentiments which it has aroused in certain quarters. Miss Sewell begins her critique by a detailed enumeration of every instance in which Greene refers to either decaying teeth or gold teeth in *The Power and the Glory*. She admits that this is not a "sober" approach but she promises that it will provide certain advantages. Expanding upon this theme, she writes that "the flesh in general is dealt with in such the same terms of detail and revulsion, and the more flesh the more the revulsion, so that one could draw from Mr. Greene's work the curious deduction, 'all good people are slim.' . . . The revulsion does not end here. Rats, vultures, beetles, are to be met with frequently. Pinkie defines life in terms of worms, cancer, cataract, childbirth. . . ." As to Greene's Catholicism, she feels that the "situation of Mr. Greene has been much confused by critics of different per-

susions. The Point as I see it is that Mr. Greene does not write as a Catholic at all, but as a late neo-Romantic. 42 He has not displayed the excesses of DeQuincey, Poe, or Hoffman, but he has replaced their aberrations "with a laconic style and a tendency toward seediness rather than melodrama in the subject matter, but the framework otherwise fits well. In each case the relationship with Catholicism follows the same pattern. Originally seen as picturesquely attractive or repulsive, the Church now appears as essentially seedy, and in those terms the attraction and repulsion manifest themselves. . . . He will have the Church on his own terms. . . ."

Of rather special interest is the effect which Greene's use of the paradox has had upon Miss Sewell. After asserting that Greene's work is essentially decadent, she clarifies this statement by saying: "For my purpose here, decadence may be defined as inversion, the ambivalence of attraction and repulsion, as inside-outness which gives it a strange likeness to the Looking-Glass world. In it the following characteristics may be found: The body is seen as corrupted, yet sensuality is sadly pursued and given almost a religious significance. . . . Next, God becomes an object of hatred or becomes interchangeable with Satan. . . ." Finally, after charging categorically that "Mr. Greene hates happiness" (O'Faolain, it may be recalled,

42 Elizabeth Sewell, "The Imagination of Graham Greene," Thought, XXIX (Spring 1954), 53, 54, 55.
prudently qualified his similar charge by limiting it to a "cheery-beery"
brand of happiness), she concludes that "the writer Greene, of course hates
the body—he is himself one; he detests the English and the middle class—he
is himself English and middle class; he abhors the Public Schools—he was at
one; he rebels at much of Catholicism—he is himself a Catholic." At this
point, she comes perilously close to saying something favorable about Greene,
acknowledging that these faults in Greene are common to many of her generation,
but, admonishing once more, she says that they must be overcome and transmuted,
"for the hatred is self-hatred and the pity is self-pity, and their end is the
sterility one sees in Mr. Greene's work, the self-love and preoccupation not
of the poet who moves outward from loving himself to all created things, but
the terrible consuming passion which springs from the conviction of one's own
worthlessness." "

Miss Sewell's extreme position is not without its supporters. Vernon
Young's words seem an authentic echo: "Mr. Greene is obviously not in touch
unless he is embracing a leper. His flights across the threshold of the
occult or of the theological are impelled by fear of physical being rather
than by visions of the power and the glory. In his world, large-breasted
women are always indices of gross and unhappy desire." Then, in a phrase which

43 Ibid., pp. 57-58, 55-56, 59.

44 Ibid., p. 60.
reveals how much even contributors to scholarly journals are able to let slip the restraints of common decency, he adds: "One feels that Mr. Greene always undresses in the dark." 45

Nathan Scott strikes a similar chord when he charges that Greene seems "bent on using his art for the espousal of a romantic diabolism, one just as perverse and morally problematic as the dandyism of the late 19th century decadents of whom he puts us once again in mind." Scott, however, has an explanation of Greene's motivation which differs noticeably from that proposed by Miss Sewell: "That he should have been overtaken by this kind of eccentricity may itself, however, be only a paradoxical indication of how tremendous is the expense . . . for the artist's imagination of upholding an orthodox religious position in our heterodox world." 46

As might be gathered from this opinion of Scott, most non-Catholic critics of Greene, when they are adverse, invariably take exception to what they consider his orthodoxy. (Miss Sewell, of course, would consider them in error on this point.) Speaking of writers who are converts as opposed to those who were born Catholic, Morton Zabel observes: "Faith becomes for such men the most deadly-serious 'vested interest' of their existence. If it does not


assert itself in the form of a didactic or inflexible logic, it does so in the
form of a perversely ingenious one." Of Greene in particular, he says,
"Greene's plots from the first showed a tendency to enforce absolutes of moral
judgment—a kind of theological via inertiae."47

John Atkins goes a bit wide of the target, but he is still speaking of
Catholicism as represented in the novels of Graham Greene when he somewhat
impatiently exclaims: "The pursuit of truth is not as simple as Protestant
simplifiers tell us, nor as superficially complicated as Catholic complicators
tell us. We are invited to praise Pinkie[1] and Scobie and the whisky
priest and Sarah's confessor for their forays into obscurity. But they do not
dissipate the obscurity, they breathe it in. What is worse is that they tend
to believe they have some understanding of it. . . . Catholics linger among
the delightful exorcizations of ordinances they proudly do not understand.
One hesitates to blaspheme by referring to them as satisfied clubmen. Perhaps
there is some merit (I make the suggestion very humbly) in coming away with
what we can know instead of settling in the mangroves of mysterious 'certainty-
ties.' "48

47 Morton Dauwen Zabel, "Graham Greene: The Best and the Worst," Craft

48 Atkins, p. 100.
Similarly, Kathleen Nott, in a book in which she adversely criticizes most of the important Catholic writers in England--Anglican as well as Roman--charges that the priest is always of first importance to Greene: "He is a devil on machine. He supplies the answers, dogmatic ones, not artistic."

And further, "the refined agonies of conscience which Catholicism may induce in the more sensitive do not bear impressive fruit of charity or even greater understanding of fellow sufferers and fellow sinners. For pathological types like Pinky [sic] in Brighton Rock, it [sic] only provides a certain security of vaingloriousness and self-satisfaction which is deeply offensive to a merely humane and ethical conscience." 49 The "merely humane and ethical conscience" is of course the direct bane to Greene, based as it is upon the standard of right and wrong which was championed so lustily by Ida Arnold.

Derek Traversi presents a far more thoughtful but no less critical analysis of Greene than any of the above. Greene, he says, "has always tended to see religion as a kind of joyless appeasement of the obscure forces which harry the individual through life." After implying that The Heart of the Matter is not a "genuine tragedy" but a "sentimental exploitation of religious motives," he specifies more exactly the fault of the novel in terms which might as easily have bearing upon The End of the Affair:

It is scarcely going too far to assert that the spirit which underlies the whole novel—the heart of the matter, so to speak—is implied in the persistent ambiguity with which Greene handles the word 'love.' 'Love' is, on the one hand, physical appetite, and as such—in Greene's eyes—profoundly and subtly degrading of man's actual nature; but the 'love' in the wide sense of humanity, of God, which is called in to counterbalance the deficiencies of passion is ultimately itself something very like a deception, an evasion sought less for its own sake than as an excuse for by-passing the human reality in the name of the shadowy religious sentiment.50

Traversi's contention is that the religious element, so vitally a part of Greene's world, lacks validity, that it is merely a verbal sleight-of-hand perpetrated upon the reader. He denies not the reality of religious experience, but the reality of Greene's presentation of religious experience. In the same way, he rejects Greene's appeal to the doctrine of Original Sin. The disorder of Greene's world does not have a basis in the real world, but is wholly subjective: "The 'wound' exists, indeed, but was inflicted by some particular and personal circumstance, not upon man (not Original Sin, therefore), but upon the author, who even converted his inability to close it into something which does indeed inflict suffering, but is also an 'ache' not without its pleasant side. The 'wound,' in short, is something fundamentally less serious, more personal than that which Christian doctrine, to which

50 Derek Traversi, "Graham Greene," Twentieth Century Review, CXLIX (April, 1951), 325.
Greene appeals, postulates in human nature."51

(A word in Traversi's last sentence points up the opposition which necessarily exists between those who take religion seriously and those who consider it a pleasant but not very necessary adjunct to society. Christian doctrine does not "postulate" Original Sin; rather, Christian doctrine demands that the believer accept Original Sin as a fact of life which may not be called into question.)

O'Faolain, considerably more blunt than Traversi, in yet another observation on Greene's distasteful portrait of Berkhamstead, comes to the same essential conclusions, namely, that Greene's world is unreal: "Obviously, common sense tells us, all this exists, or for hell's sake is made to exist, only in his own lacerated imagination. One sympathises sincerely. The place is evidently associated with some deep, unhealed traumatic wound."52

Following a dictum of St. Thomas Aquinas, one must allow that there are elements of truth in all of what has been adversely proposed, even in the most extreme of these hostile opinions. Surely there can be no question here of a direct refutation of them. The matter of Literature excludes mathematical certainty one way or another in most disputes. The method which will be employed will consist of a positive exposition of the matter which pertains

51 Ibid., p. 328.
52 O'Faolain, p. 73.
more directly to *The End of the Affair*. In the course of this, three points will be implicitly developed, a proper understanding of which should make a direct refutation of the above charges unnecessary. Greene should be understood (1) as a realist, (2) as an eschatologist, and (3) as a man concerned. The third point is of particular importance because it seems to be the one most often misunderstood: Graham Greene is very far from being the "hater" he is often alleged to be.
CHAPTER III

SARAH MILES AND GREENE'S OTHER

FEMALE CHARACTERS

Allen Gore has expressed some displeasure with Greene's depiction of women. The impulse behind Greene's creative energy, he says, is hatred for a world which the war destroyed. So hating the world, Greene, he contends, has little love for those who inhabit the world. Gore charges further that Greene portrays the unfortunate objects of his hatred with "highly specialized peculiarities of his own devising. There is for example, the nightmare procession of thin girls. Foreshadowed in the early thrillers, their emaciation later on becomes sufficiently grotesque to be recalled by the name of Coral . . . Rose . . . Helen Holt--the girl for whom we are forced to believe a decent middle-aged policeman would imperil his soul . . . . These living scarecrows possess no physical attraction (for Greene the Flesh which we renounce at baptism and the material with which our bones are covered is exactly the same thing). . . ." Then charging that Greene is "enamoured of the sterile, the aseptic, the unripe," Gore contends that he never portrays human society under its more favorable aspects: "Never once--in the most subsidiary of contexts--does he envisage a home as more than a lodging-house for occasional boarders. Very
often, of course, it is a mad-house for perpetual inmates.\footnote{Allen Gore, "The World of Graham Greene," \textit{Irisch Ecclesiastical Review}, LXXI (January 1949), 44-46.}

Gore seems to have taken the rather ungenerous but common course of blaming a writer for not accomplishing something which the writer never intended. It is true that Greene has not yet cheered the souls of his readers with a warm and intimate portrait of a happy family; nor is it especially likely that he ever will. The task of criticism, however, is to take what a writer has done, but in itself. Greene has chosen to portray the world precisely as a border world. Were he of a sunnier mood, he might have chosen to examine it from some other angle, but the simple truth is that he did not. Since he views this apparently substantial life as a mere intermediate zone, he will naturally emphasize those aspects which point up the temporary, the transient feature of it. Passing over the characteristics enumerated in the previous chapter—those which pertain to the world of Greene considered in itself—in this section will be considered more closely the people themselves, the citizens of the border world.

The first citizen is the hunted man. It is the hunted man who, instinctively recognizes the impermanence of his environment and refuses to compromise his freedom by placating the mighty of this world in order to gain a pitiful measure of protection. If the hunted man represents the dominant
male element in Greene's world, one would naturally suppose that this circumstance would necessitate some limitation with regard to the type of woman found there. Obviously, Greene cannot be taken to task for not portraying his heroine as "happily married and fulfilled in bringing up her children," as Gore would insist.\(^2\) The contented matron would hardly be able to find a convenient niche in the Greenian underworld.

The heroine of a Greene novel or entertainment, with rare exceptions, has invariably been very young, rather thin, and not very sure of herself. Sometimes she is described as pretty, but always with such qualifications; usually qualified to such an extent, in fact, that the reader is liable soon to forget that she was ever described as attractive. However, it does seem rather harsh to say that all of these girls are as downright unappealing as Gore alleges. All of them have one characteristic which not only makes up for a multitude of faults, physical or otherwise, but which also has an important significance for the role which is theirs in Greene's world. All of these heroines have in an unusually large measure the virtue of faithfulness. It is this ability to remain faithful in the face of all adverse circumstances which makes them fit companions for Greene's heroes. The "hunted man" has torn himself away from the world because he does not trust it. While it may be well for a man

\(^2\)Ibid., p. 43.
to be detached from the world—that is, to have no dangerous illusions about it—it is never good for a man to live in isolation. For if a man cuts himself off from his fellow men, in the same act he cuts himself off from God.

"If you do not love your neighbor whom you see, how can you love God whom you do not see?" The role of the woman in Greene's novels, therefore, is to restore the "hunted man" to his brothers and by this act to restore him to God also. She does this by teaching him once again to trust. As Jacques Madaule observes, "The worst thing is to be alone. All of the heroes of Greene who have achieved salvation have been successful because they were not alone. And most frequently, it is a woman who breaks their solitude."  

There are few critics who have fully understood the role of women in the work of Greene. Most of them, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, have been so taken with the unattractive features of his women, that they have assumed that women occupied a primary place in that extensive catalogue of creatures which impress Greene unfavorably. Overlooking as they do the note of hope and optimism fundamental to Greene, it is not remarkable that these critics have not noticed that most frequently the woman personifies this vital quality. And it is when she fails to do so that Greene's novels are at their most somber. Madaule writes that in Greene "the beings of intercession are almost

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exclusively women. . . . The 'hunted men' would not be as they are, if always there were not some woman to accompany them, to comfort them, to damn them, or to save them."

Rostenné strikes the same note when he writes: "The theme of fidelity, of the promise made and kept, is the central theme of Greene's work. The depth of evil which is omnipresent in the world of Greene--this is an infidelity . . . which envelops humanity in an atmosphere of torpor, of distrust, and peril in which no one can count on anyone else." What is required to break through this heavy atmosphere, to put an end to this vicious circle, is someone who is willing to trust someone else and thus get that person to trust in return. The priest in _The Power and the Glory_ is one of these who is not too proud nor too fearful of others to trust them. The whisky priest seems to be unique in this respect among the male characters of Greene. Much more often the role of the one first to trust is fulfilled by a child or by a woman--and usually by a very young woman, not long out of childhood herself.

If salvation comes to the hunted man, then, its occasion must be someone

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4 Ibid., p. 219.

5 Rostenné, p. 166.
other than himself (since he himself is weighed down by a lack of trust); and
most often this vessel of grace combines youth and innocence. Something was
said in the first chapter about the importance of children in this role of
intercessor; now, Greene's heroines will be studied with regard to their ful-
filment of it. This evaluation can be accomplished by examining the characters
of some of the more prominent among them. Of special importance, of course,
will be Sarah Miles—her conformity or her non-conformity.

Chronologically, then, the first of Greene's heroines is Elizabeth of The
Man Within. The time of this story is the early nineteenth century, and its
setting is the wild coast of Cornwall—at that time the center of a flourishing
traffic in contrabands. Elizabeth is an orphan of about eighteen years of
age. She befriends Francis Andrews, a young man who has betrayed his fellow
smugglers and is being tracked down by them. What is most notable about
Elizabeth is her religious faith. It is evident in the following interchange,
after Andrews has been repulsed by her when he attempts to be too forward.

He then accuses her of conventional prudishness:

"You don't understand," she said. "It's not what you call respect-
ability. It's a belief in God. I can't alter that for you. I'd leave
you first."

"What has He done for you?"

Her candour was very evident to him in the manner in which she met
his challenge. She did not sweep it aside in a vague rush of words, as
some pious women would have done. She was silent, seeking an answer.
He saw her eyes sweep the bare room in a pathetic quest. Up and down
they peered, up and down, and at last with a faint note of apology she
brought out the brief reply, "I am alive."  

It is this religious faith of Elizabeth which gives her a strength which no external occurrence can shake. In this she is in direct contrast with Andrews. He is the first of the "hunted men" of Greene, and true to form he is more intensively pursued by himself than by the smugglers whom he has betrayed. He carries within himself an unending critic to whom he can never justify himself. Unable to trust himself, he is unable to trust anyone else. The world to him is a bleak, uncertain place, filled with people much more competent than he, people who have no respect for him, who eventually find him out for what he is, no matter how desperately he pretends before them.

Elizabeth is a revelation to him. She is willing to take him as he is—unsafe, inadequate together with all the other faults. She is not concerned with his previous failures, nor with the current weaknesses which caused them. It does not matter to her that Andrews is a failure, an outcast both from the respectable, law-abiding world and from the world of the smugglers. Madaule writes: "Elizabeth is testimony that between the world of formal justice and the world of the smugglers, there exists another universe, deeper and more true . . . which is the universe of God." 

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7 Madaule, p. 61.
Elizabeth, then, is a woman in the role of intercessor. Through her Andrews is given the means to enter the true world, to escape the false universe of hate. Greene’s characters can never be taken wholly in themselves, as though they existed in a vacuum. They cannot be understood except with reference both to the present world in which they are being pursued and to that other world to which they owe a more profound allegiance. Thus Elizabeth represents the world of God, and by being what she is she is also a living condemnation of the world which is not of God—and, most important, she serves as a sign to Andrews. As Madsen puts it: "When Graham Greene wrote this first novel, he was not yet a Catholic, but he was already Christian and he understood that an essential element of Christianity is the condemnation of that world for which Christ did not pray. Long years would be necessary before the theme of the hunted man would culminate in the figure of the Mexican priest in The Power and the Glory who is hunted for God. But in the interval it did not cease to haunt Greene."

Supported by the example of Elizabeth, Andrews is at last able to come to terms with himself and act courageously. Not until The End of the Affair over twenty years later, would any Greene heroine display a religious orientation as powerful as she; and Sarah Miles was to have little else in common with

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8 Ibid., p. 61.
Elizabeth, who as might be expected in a first novel, is a little too exemplary to be believable.

Something has been said already about the heroine of *Stamboul Train*, Coral Musker, and her relation to Myatt, the young Jewish businessman. She is unable to save Myatt from the hard, brittle commercial world which he has chosen as his home environment. Since this is an entertainment, it is not possible to estimate Myatt's character very fully; but it seems that Coral fails with him because he has not enough of the "hunted" quality about him. He is too content, becoming disturbed only infrequently and vaguely. He is not goaded into finding his proper place; nor, unlike Andrews, is his inner critic imperative enough to disturb him for other than brief intervals.

Coral Musker is most frequently called up by unassuming critics of Greene as the paragon of his "long line of thin women" at whom Gore took such umbrage. It must be admitted that Greene takes every opportunity to remind his readers that Coral is not on the robust side. However, he is at great pains to enumerate her good qualities, even if he does not pay undue attention to those of them which are physical. He describes her hurrying with her suit case to board the train at Ostend: "Her mackintosh showed the thinness of her body, which even while stumbling between the rails and sleeper retained its self-consciousness. . . . Her face, plain and piquant, her manner daring and
depressed. . . .9 What is striking about this description is the manner in which it reveals Greene's own feelings towards this girl. There can be little doubt of his warm sympathy. At one point in the story Coral faints from fatigue and cold. A doctor named Ciinner, also one of the main characters, helps to revive her; and as she comes around, she remarks how cold it is. Greene's own sentiments can be ascertained in the thoughts of Ciinner: "She had not complained of the cold; she had commented on it as a kind of necessary evil, and in a flash of insight he became aware of the innumerable necessary evils of which life for her was made up."10

Like Elizabeth, Coral merely being what she is is is a rebuff to the world which is not of God. She has a good nature. She has preserved a childlike innocence, though she was brought up in an environment in which the Christian standards of morality had no part—it furnished her only a handful of worn and twisted aphorisms to guide her life. Most important, she has fidelity. It is by reason of this fidelity that she stands most in contrast to the other passengers. Stamboul Train is dismissed by many as a bitter, cynical novel, but there would be far better grounds for this judgment were it not for the

9 Stamboul Train (London, 1932), p. 3.

10 Ibid., p. 23.
presence of this girl who remains faithful and unselfish amid all the egotism and hate rampant in the story.

*England Made Me* is perhaps Greene's least cheering novel. Much of the reason for its dark hue can be traced to the character of the woman in it. Kate Ferrant is utterly unfitted for the role of intercessor. If one intercedes, one cannot intercede for oneself; rather, intercession always implies acting in behalf of another. Kate is incapable of an unselfish action. She has a species of love for her reckless brother Anthony, but it is not real love. It is not the sort of love, therefore, which can save. As Nadaule says, the law of love demands a certain purity.\(^{11}\) Without it, it is inoperative. Kate's love for her brother is most definitely lacking in this purity; not only does it border on the incestuous, but it is egotistical: what she loves in her twin brother is little more than her own image.

Kate is tough-minded, a shrewd business woman; she has poise and charm, but underneath it all, she is weak and desperate. Both her selfishness and her fear are apparent in the parody of a prayer which she formulates when she senses that Anthony is in great danger. This "prayer" is in striking contrast to that which Greene, fifteen years later, would put into the mouth of Sarah Miles under similar circumstances:

\(^{11}\) Nadaule, p. 81.
She knew she might have prayed; the temptation was there to fall back on
eternity, on other people's God, the emotional cry in the dumb breast,
the nudity of confession: I love him more than anything in the world;
no, inexact, go nearer truth: I love no one, nothing but him; there
give me him, let me keep him; never mind what he wants, save me, the all-
important me, from pain...12

(It is interesting to note in passing that Greene's famous conciseness of style
was not always habitual.)

In defense of Kate Farrant, however, it is possible to interpret that
speech much too harshly. True, it is egotistical and lacks charity; but one
should beware of oversimplifying, always dangerous when trying to analyze
character. If she is self-centered and lacks love, there is more than a hint
in this speech that she is aware of these faults in herself and would remedy
them if only she had the courage. It is important to observe this point, for
in The End of the Affair the same type of self accusation of egotism recurs as
a characteristic of Sarah Miles and also of Bendrix. Sarah cries out, "I wish
I knew a prayer that wasn't me, me, me" (p. 146); and Bendrix angrily takes
himself to task for devoting so much of the narration to his own thought and
emotions, "as though this were my story" (p. 40). However, these two had far
less to charge themselves with than Kate Farrant, who is the most untypical of
Greene's heroines.

Ascertaining the central character of Greene's next novel, It's a Battle-

field, is difficult because of the "wide-focus" technique which was described in the first chapter. Milly Drover, the wife of the condemned bus driver, is probably the most significant of the women in the story, at least for the purposes of this chapter. She is more sympathetic than Kate Farrant—in fact, she is almost her direct opposite. Milly is weak in almost every respect. Though Coral Musker seems to be the usual exemplar of the "horrible line of thin women" which so outrages the gallantry of many contemporary critics, it seems that it would be the better part of justice to accord that ungracious title to poor Milly. Allot and Farris have a rather provocative comment on her, in the course of which they take exception to Rostenne's theory of the woman as intercessor, the theory which has been outlined above (incidentally, Madaule seems to propose this theory in a more developed form than does Rostenne whom Allot and Farris designate as its formulator):

Milly is a typical Greene character. She is another edition of Coral Musker . . . thin, pale, not clever, but sensitive, generous and impulsive. . . . Greene's treatment of these women characters reflects his obsession with childhood. Their suffering resembles that of children who suffer without clearly understanding why. The emotions they arouse in their men-folk are more than anything the tenderness and pity felt for what is young and helpless, intensified by compassionate knowledge of inevitable guilt and pain. Paul Rostenne sees his female characters primarily as vessels of salvation and redemption, a view . . . which ignores some of Greene's most fixed obsessions: the nostalgia for the lost innocence of childhood, the usual terror at what life can do to the young.  

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13 Art of Graham Greene, p. 95.
First of all, it seems inaccurate to say that Milly Drover is "another edition of Coral Hunkler." They have much in common, physically and intellectually, but Milly lacks Coral's generous nature and her fidelity, as, all the more so, she lacks the spiritual perception and consequent strength of Elizabeth. Milly is almost completely overwhelmed by circumstances. She loves her husband, but her love lacks sufficient depth to weather the storm. Having insufficient generosity, she yields to self-interest and seduces her brother-in-law, thus setting in motion the main tragedy of It's a Battlefield.

Conrad Drover, the brother-in-law, is the hunted man of the story. Like Andrews, he is insecure and unable to come to terms with himself, desperately seeking a sense of peace which forever eludes him. His relations with the wife of the brother whom he sincerely loves and is trying to save from execution unsettle him completely. Frantically wanting to perform an action which has significance—in order to justify himself to his inner critic—he buys a revolver and rushes out with a crazed plan to assassinate the Assistant Commissioner. Maudle's precept that "the law of love demands a certain purity" is verified here. Elizabeth's love saves Andrews, but Milly's adulterous love is disastrous to Conrad. Maudle gives a brilliant analysis explaining why this is so, once more emphasizing the religious significance of the woman in Greene's works:

Milly would have saved Conrad if she had not been his mistress. What pursued him through the streets was the adultery which he had committed the night before. If there was in his heart so much hatred... it was
because he hated himself. Love thy neighbor as thy self. But what if I hate myself? And how may the sinner not hate himself? Sin introduces us into the world of hate, just as purity and innocence introduces us into that of love. Hate engenders hate and solitude; as love engenders love and companionship, which is the only possibility of men communicating with each other.\textsuperscript{14}

As to Allott and Farris’ assertion that Greene’s portrayal of women is primarily conditioned by an obsession for the lost innocence of childhood combined with indefinite gnawing fears for the future of these helpless creatures: there is probably a good deal of truth in such a thesis, but it seems to this writer that the theory of Nadeau and Rostene is the more profound one. Furthermore, Allott and Farris’ theory of obsession can be adapted to the other. There can be no denying Greene’s nostalgia for the lost innocence of childhood, but nostalgia in itself is unproductive. What Greene has done is to transmute his nostalgia into something positive, accomplishing this by using children (and those who are children at heart) as agents of divine love. More frequently than not, these vessels of intercession might be utterly unaware of their function, but that does not detract from Greene’s purpose in so employing them. To insist upon the obsession aspect, therefore, seems an arbitrary narrowing of scope; and, as will be seen later, this theory is totally inadequate for application to \textit{The End of the Affair}.

A year or two after \textit{It’s a Battlefield}, Greene wrote the second of his

\textsuperscript{14}Nadeau, p. 51.
entertainments, the grim *Gun for Sale*. Ann Crowder, the woman who befriends Raven the gunsan, is a chorus girl like Coral Musker. Like Coral, also, she is an unwilling inhabitant of an environment which is devoid of love. She is more fortunate, however, in being able to escape eventually from the jealous, strife-ridden world of show business by marrying someone whom she loves—Father, the detective, who with his predictable, stolid nature is its antithesis.

More significant, though, are her relations with Raven with whom she becomes accidentally involved. Initially, she is repulsed by him, not so much by his physical unattractiveness (in addition to his barelip he is thin and undersized), but by his coldblooded nature. Gradually, however, she begins to pity him after the story he tells her.

Raven had been tricked into murdering an important minister of an un-named foreign government by munition manufacturers who wished to provoke a war. Then he was paid off with stolen bills which he was unable to pass. From Ann he also learns whom he has murdered and that the minister had come from a background as blighted as his own. Therefore, Raven realizes that he had been duped into killing one of his own for the benefit of the “mighty of this world” whom he hates from the depths of his being. Now his one desire is to revenge himself upon the men who had hired him. Ann is willing to aid him in order that the truth might come out and thus dissipate the gathering crisis which resulted from the minister’s assassination. For the first time
in his life, Raven is trusted, and so he in turn believes in Ann. Finally, half against her will—she had begun to feel a strange affection for the gun-man—she betrays him to Mather. At the end of the story, everything has turned out well for Ann: the plot has been discovered, she has the status of a national heroine, and she is reunited to her fiance'. However, she cannot avoid a vague sense of regret. She loves Mather, but she realises that she has failed somehow. Mather will never need her love and trust as much as did the other—the man whom she betrayed.

Raven was to be the model for Pinkie, the most unsavory of Greene's heroes and the central character of Brighton Rock. Rose, the little waitress who marries him knowing full well how evil he is, probably realizes most perfectly the qualifications of an intercessor.

Pinkie is the leader of a small and not very successful gang whose industry is devoted to selling "protection" to bookies. A rival gang which has a far more extensive scope of operations and is directed by a Mr. Colleoni is crowding out Pinkie's gang as the story opens. Pinkie throws down the gauntlet by murdering a newspaper man who is in league with Colleoni's group.

Pinkie's downfall comes about, however, not through the operations of his rivals, but through the agency of a certain Ida Arnold. Ida had been picked up by Hale, Pinkie's victim, shortly before his murder. Hale's desperate, intense manner made an impression upon her—Hale was aware that Pinkie's gang was after him and sought Ida's company as a safety measure—and she is vexed
when he disappears. Later, she refuses to accept the police verdict of natural
death, and determines to find out what really happened, thus becoming the
personification of nemesis to Pinkie.

Rose, drab and unattractive, is on the job as a waitress for the first day
and happens to find herself in a position to give damaging testimony regarding
Hale's murder. Pinkie, despite his repugnance, marries her to keep her quiet.
She, however, really loves him and is willing to give up anything for him,
even heaven. She is not melodramatic about this consecration of herself but
very matter-of-fact. It is as though she instinctively realized that if
Pinkie was to be saved from the evil in which he had ensnared himself, it was
to be through her.

The conflict of the two standards, good and evil, represented by the
Catholics Rose and Pinkie, and that of right and wrong upheld by Ida Arnold,
was explained in the first chapter. Here the main consideration will be the
character of Rose and her religious significance. She is opposed to Ida
Arnold who represents the visible world, and from this opposition can be de-
duced what Greene is trying to say through her. In the following passage his
message is very clear. Ida has been questioning Rose, trying to get her to
betray Pinkie:

"Gracious," the woman [Ida] said, "I only came here for your sake."
"Woe wouldn't do me any harm."
"You're young. You don't know things like I do."
"There's things you don't know." She brooded darkly by the bed, while
the woman argued on: a God wept in a garden and cried out upon a cross.
"I know one thing you don't. I know the difference between Right and Wrong. They didn't teach you that at school."

Rose didn't answer; the woman was quite right; the two words meant nothing to her. Their taste was extinguished by stronger foods—Good and Evil. The woman could tell her nothing she didn't know about those—she knew by tests as clear as mathematics that Pinkie was evil—what did it matter in that case whether he was right or wrong?15

Rose, then, in contrast to Ida Arnold, represents the kingdom of God in Brighton Rock; furthermore, to Pinkie she represents the sole means of entering that kingdom, for she is the only one who can recall that it was mercy that was found between the stirrup and the ground. As Madaule writes, the most tragic element of Brighton Rock is Pinkie's continual resistance to Rose's love.16 As he resists her love, he resists divine grace, and he plunges himself further into his lonely isolation. Pinkie's pride prevents him from yielding to her: "One does not enter into the kingdom of Mercy unless by the low door of humility. And this is the entrance which the boy rejects. He is shriveled with the pride of a fallen archangel." Thus Rose fails to reach him, and if Pinkie is eventually saved, it is outside of the explicit context of the story.

Greene's next book, an entertainment, contains two women who are vessels of grace, one of them is not only a child at heart, but a child in fact:

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"Little Else, who is scarcely fourteen and who already is ignorant of little which pertains to human sordidness. However, despite this, she has retained her capacity for belief."¹⁷ She believes in D, the unnamed hero of The Confidential Agent. D is a middle-aged professor of Romance languages who has by force of circumstance become a diplomat for a liberal government which is losing a civil war to rightist forces. (The contemporary parallel—it was written in 1939—is obvious.) He comes to England to negotiate for a badly-needed consignment of coal. Else is the young "slavey" who works at the disreputable boarding house where he is lodged. D is the first one who has ever treated her with kindness and she is won to him immediately, eventually meeting her death in his defense.

The other agent of grace is Rose Cullen, the unloved daughter of the rich magnate from whom D must obtain the coal contract. She is about twenty years of age, apparently different in every respect from Else who was raised in an environment of impoverishment. However, despite Rose's attempt at sophistication, she is not very different from Else in her basic good nature, her latent unselfish qualities, and in her need for someone who requires the love she has to give. The similarities of the two women (or two girls, rather) is evident from Greene's descriptions of them. Of Rose he says: "She turned

¹⁷ Madaule, p. 106.
her face to him--a thin, worried face, absurdly young; he was reminded of a child at a dull party. She couldn't be more than twenty. That was young enough to be his daughter." And of Else, "A poxty haggard face looked at him: a child, about fourteen. . . . She was struggling with the bow of an apron behind; sleep was still white at the corners of her eyes; he could imagine the cruel alarm dinning in her ears. He said gently: 'Just give me the key and I'll go up.' She was looking at his face with consternation. . . ." Here once more is seen Greene's depth of sympathy; it seems much too warm and gentle an emotion to be dismissed categorically as an "obsession."

The world of D the confidential agent is as ruthless as that of Stamboul Train. In it there is no one he can trust--no one except this woman and this girl. As in the other book and as in Greene's work in general, these two exceptions are significant.

Coral Fellow, the thirteen year old daughter of an English plantation manager in The Power and the Glory, is the successor to Else, as Else was the successor to Rose of Brighton Rock. Else's character was still fresh in Greene's mind since the entertainment preceded the novel by only a year. And as was mentioned before, D himself is a sort of prototype of the whisky priest.

Coral shelters the whisky priest on her father's plantation and so her

role is similar to her predecessors insofar as she befriends the hunted man of
the story. She is fragile like them and, also like them, she has responsibility
put upon her which is far too much for her years. (Her father is a careless
man, and much of the operation of the plantation depends upon her for
direction.) Like Coral Musker and Else, her religious background is nil,
though she proudly tells the whisky priest that she lost her faith years be-
fore. And she has the capacity to consecrate herself, to give her devotion
where she sees that it is needed. When the priest is leaving—being a child
himself at heart, he had spoken to her as to an equal—she tells him: "If
they kill you I shan't forgive them—ever'. She was ready to accept any re-
ponsibility, even that of vengeance, without a second thought. It was her
life." 19

The case of Coral Fellows, however, is somewhat different from that of
Coral Musker or Rose because her circumstances are different. The whisky
priest is her spiritual superior, and it is she who has something to gain from
the relationship. Therefore, she is probably most similar to Else, though a
far more boldly developed character.

This latter point, the distinction between the roles of Coral Fellows and
Else, on the one hand, and those of Ann Crowder, Coral Musker, and especially

19 Power and the Glory, pp. 53, 56.
Rose of Brighton Rock, on the other, would seem to go against the contention of Allott and Farris that "child" and "woman" are interchangeable in Greene's vocabulary. The two children can minister to the hunted men up to a certain point, but to truly "redeem" them (win them from their isolation), the depth of sympathy and perception--also the strength--which belong to a woman is necessary.

A study of Anna Hilsa, the heroine of The Ministry of Fear through whom AllenRows escapes from his private world of solitude, would reveal little beyond what has been said. The same features are found once more, and Greene's sympathy again is evident: "Very small and thin, she looked too young for all the things she must have seen, and now taken out of the office frame she no longer looked efficient--as though efficiency were an imitative game she could only play with adult properties. . . . Without them she looked just decorative and breakable, but he knew that life hadn't been able to break her. All it had done was to put a few wrinkles around eyes as straightforward as a child's." 20

Again, with Helen Bolt, the young widow who is the occasion of Scobie's tragedy, the same portrait appears. Greene takes great care to emphasize her unattractive features: physical, spiritual, and intellectual. Of all the heroines, perhaps none is less attractive, with the possible exception of

Milly Drover. Unlike Milly, however, Helen Rolt is capable of unselfish action (she is willing to give up Scobie although he represents the only kindness and security which she has in a predatory world) and she is not entirely lacking in spiritual perception. If she does not have the strength to aid Scobie in his struggle, at least she is able to profit by his sacrifice for her. In despair after his suicide, she allows Bagster, the headless young flight lieutenant who had unknowingly precipitated the affair between her and Scobie, to come into her Nissen hut after she had been out with him. Bagster makes advances casually as a matter of course, and she does not resist, because: "Why not? Bagster is as good as anyone else. There's nobody in the world I love, and out of it doesn't count, so why not?" But Bagster is distressed by her apathy and accuses her of still loving Scobie. Then he regrets this indiscretion and attempts nothing further, leaving her to herself. "She was alone again in the darkness behind her lids, and the wish struggled in her body like a child: her lips moved, but all she could think of to say was, "For ever and ever Amen..." She put out her hand and touched the other pillow, as though perhaps after all there was one chance in a thousand that she was not alone, and if she were not alone now she would never be alone again."21

Marcel More comments on this scene: "What a consolation it would have been for Scobie if he could have heard Helen murmur those words of the Catholic liturgy."22

Although Helen fails to fulfil the role of intercessor—again, "love requires a certain purity"—and her influence upon Scobie was far from beneficial, it is nevertheless clear that Greene is implying that God in His mercy took advantage of Scobie's lapse to rouse him from his spiritual torpor. Admittedly this is a delicate hypothesis, approaching as it does the fallacious concept of "sin mysticism." Here it is not to the point to develop this question. What should be noted here is that Greene has come a long way since The Man Within. Any reader could recognize Elisabeth as personifying grace to Francis Andrews, but it is quite another matter to ascertain the significance of women like Helen Holt, Milly Drover, or even Rose of Brighton Rock and Coral Musker. The basic pattern seems to be the same, but with many subtle variations. At their best, Greene's women are the means of effecting the salvation of their men (salvation at least in the broadest sense, that is, freedom from isolation); and at their worst they fail in this role, increasing the desperation and loneliness of their men. Either way, however—and this is the distinctive feature of Greene's work—they are represented as capable of

saving their men; they are capable of being fit companions for them, not 
physically alone, but in a very decided spiritual and religious sense. They 
are at least the equals of their men. In Greene's world women are not, as 
is the case with much of modern fiction, reduced to mere instruments of sexual 
gratification, the reward of the warrior.

In reference to the world of Hemingway, Steinbeck, Don-Possoa, and Mal-
raux, Rostenne writes that theirs is a universe which is overcome with giant-
ism. It is a world full of power and passion on the grandest of scales; a 
world in which the human values count for little: "And this world is a world 
of lone men, of battlers and victors isolated in their sex, for whom the woman 
is nothing more than a prey to ensnare. No longer is she a soul with whom it 
is possible to communicate, but she is merely a body to possess in a night 
of desire which is brief and spectacular."23

Just as Greene's concept of the world differs from that of these men, so 
also does his concept of the role of woman. Because of his faith, he cannot 
take the first too seriously, for he knows that it is transitory; and also 
because of his faith he is profoundly conscious of the value of woman. As 
Madaule writes: "In the Catholic vision of the universe woman has a deter-
mined place. If she is without doubt the mother of life, she is also the 

23 Rostenne, p. 166.
fountain of grace.""24 Madaule's phrase must at the very least approximate Greene's sentiments. In an article written on the Assumption, he referred to the Blessed Virgin as the "one perfect figure of human love. 25

Ida Arnold is in a separate category. She is worth considering by herself because of a certain similarity between her and Sarah Miles, whose character Greene was to fashion twelve years later. This resemblance is rather surprising since Ida is one of the few characters, male or female, whom Greene seems to condemn with little qualification.

As indicated in the first chapter, there is a cleavage in all of Greene's novels and entertainments, either implicitly or explicitly, between those who are aware of the existence of a spiritual universe as the dominant reality and those who are not. Nowhere is the cleavage more apparent than in Brighton Rock. For Brighton Rock, among other things, is an assault upon those who hold the latter opinion. Never before and never since was Greene to be so noticeably condemnatory.

He treats no character as harshly as Ida Arnold in Brighton Rock. He seems, however, to denounce her more for what she stands for than for what she is. And she represents that world for which Christ did not pray. The visible world is the only world for Ida. What is beyond (if there is anything beyond)

24 Madaule, p. 306.

25 "Our Lady and Her Assumption, The Tablet, CXCVII (February 3, 1951), 87.
does not count. Life becomes all important. Therefore, Ida's mission is to maintain life at all costs. She is shocked when Hales is murdered, though she has only the most passing sentimental regard for him. His death reminds her of the inevitability of her own exit from this pleasant life. Greene describes her coming out of Golders's Green Crematory:

She liked a funeral—but it was with horror—as other people like a ghost story. Death shocked her, life was so important. She wasn't religious. She didn't believe in heaven or hell, only in ghosts, ouija boards, tables that rapped. . . . Let Papists treat death with flippancy; life wasn't so important perhaps to them as what came after; but to her death was the end of everything. At one with the One [re-ferring to the spare eulogy given Hales], it didn't mean a thing beside a glass of Guinness on a sunny day. . . . Life was sunlight on brass bedposts, ruby port, the leap of the heart when the outsider you have backed passes the post and the colours go bobbing up. Life was poor Fred's mouth pressed down on her in the taxi [the cautious Hales had told her his name was Fred] vibrating with the engine along the parade.26

Later, after her determination to avenge Hales has grown to the point where she decides upon a definite course of action, she announces her plan and her principles: 'I'm going to make those people sorry they was ever born.' She drew in her breath luxuriously and stretched her monumental legs. 'Right and wrong,' she said, 'I believe in right and wrong,' and delving a little deeper, with a sigh of happy satisety, she said: 'It's going to be exiting it's going to be fun, it's going to be a bit of life . . . .' giving the highest praise she could give anything.27

26 Ibid., pp. 56, 218-219.
She is dealt with in such terms throughout the book. Only once does Greene give some hint of the sympathy which is usually so characteristic of him. Ida awakes after spending the night at Brighton with one of her aging admirers. She has some difficulty shaking her acute discontent: "Fun . . . human nature . . . does no one any harm . . . regular as clockwork the old excuses came back to the alert, sad, and dissatisfied brain—nothing ever matched the deep excitement of the regular desire. Men always failed you when it came to the act. She might just as well have been to the pictures." But then her old confidence and optimism return, and the reader's sympathy does not linger: "But it did no one any harm, it was just human nature, no one could call her really bad—a bit free and easy perhaps, a bit Bohemian. . . . She knew what was Right and what was Wrong. God didn't mind a bit of human nature—what He minded—and her brain switched . . . to her Mission, to doing good, to seeing that the evil suffered." And so in high spirits once more, she plans how to track down the murderers of "poor old Fred."27

For Ida, there is no mystery of faith. As Allott and Farris put it:

"Ida exemplifies the only simple solution—the absence of faith. She is reduced almost to a symbol, a kind of mythological embodiment of an idea rather than a living character. She has the same superficiality as the Brighton she

lmao. She sees nothing of the deep secret truth."28

Ida, then, seems a clear antithesis to all of Greene's heroines, with their perception and sensitivity—for the least perceptive of them is acute enough to be immensely dissatisfied with the world as it is. But Greene pushes the antithesis further, extending it even to physical characteristics. Abundant examples have been furnished to establish the physical frailty of Greene's good girls. In this respect, his description of Ida (through the eyes of Bale as he sees her in a bar at Brighton) is illuminating:

She wasn't old—somewhere in the late thirties or the early forties—and she was only a little drunk in a friendly accommodating way. You thought of sucking babies when you looked at her, but if she'd borne them she hadn't let them pull her down: she took care of herself. Her lipstick told you that, the confidence of her big body. She was well covered, but she wasn't careless; she kept her lines for those who cared for lines.29

Allott and Farris comment: "Her laughter is reassuring and her huge friendly bosom is offered as a hiding-place from all pain and misery. She is life triumphant, a blind force of nature, brooking no resistance, a 'monstrous Cybele,' as Jacques Madaule puts it.... She has all the carnality and sensual warmth of the body and endless vitality."30

28 *Art of Graham Greene*, p. 13.

29 *Brighton Rock*, p. 6.

30 *Art of Graham Greene*, p. 15.
It would be hard to conceive an individual who would differ more completely from the typical Greene heroine. And his denunciation of Ida is as evident as his declaration of sympathy for the heroines. This portrait has brought much unfavorable criticism upon Greene, especially from non-Catholic sources. Most of the more violent critical broadsides examined at the end of the first chapter draw their ammunition from Brighton Rock. It seems that Greene with his unsparing exactness has gathered in Ida Arnold a close approximation of the mores of a large majority of contemporary society—hence the screams of protest at her rather unhappy fate. However, some validity should be granted these protests. There is no denying that Greene is somewhat sweeping in his denunciation. After all, even the standard of right and wrong—though it is the effete product of a society in which the religious sense has lost all cogency—is true insofar as it retains something of the eternal values of which it is an unworthy derivation. And is physical attractiveness to be condemned? Is emasculation (to lapse into the role of devil's advocate) a necessary concomitant of spirituality? Must the "human nature" and "life" which are so dear to Ida Arnold be obliterated? Cannot they rather be transformed? Many critics would say that Greene would give the Manichaean answer to all these questions (for example, O'Paolain's remark about Greene's gloom when confronted with "cheery, beery" happiness), and they would base their testimony almost exclusively upon Brighton Rock.

This writer would agree that a foundation for such charges could be found
in this novel, but it is difficult to see how they could be fully su-
stantiated. Brighton Rock, in a sense, seems to be a toy de force—the work
of a man still experimenting with his technique. It is impossible to take
Ida seriously as a real human being; whereas the typical Greene character
is nothing if not human and individual in his own right. (For example, the
controversy over the ultimate fate of the Freetown police officer is still a
lively one precisely because of his credibility as a human being). The
closest Greene has come to repeating this parable-melodrama technique is The
quiet American. Of the two central characters, Fowler, the Englishman is
altogether believable. And if Pyle, the American, is considerably less so,
at least the reader is able to sympathize with him, something that is rarely
possible in the case of Ida Arnold. In view of these factors, then, it seems
that one should be wary of attempting to conclude too much from Brighton
Rock taking it as a quasi-epitome. (If the critics hostile to Greene would
give serious consideration to The End of the Affair, for instance, and not
use procrustean tactics in drawing examples from it, they might be forced to
alter their statement of charges considerably.) Madeule’s moderate judgment
regarding the excellence of Brighton Rock at once points up the defect of the
novel and foreshadows the positive tack which Greene would take ten years
later when he wrote the story of Sarah Miles. The fault which Madeule finds
with it is that its terms are too unreserved and, “perhaps also, the two
worlds which are manifested are depicted as too completely differentiated
Sarah Miles is by far the most appealing of Graham Greene's heroines. This point will be substantiated later when a more detailed examination of her character is in order. The matter at issue now is the question of how she compares with the other female characters in Greene's fiction. The most remarkable aspect of such a comparison is that Sarah, the most attractive of them, has many things in common with Ida Arnold, the least attractive. Further, in many respects she differs sharply from his other heroines, having many attributes which are unexpected in the typical Greene good girl.

First, Sarah Miles, in contrast to the astuteness and unsureness of most of the heroines, has great charm and is beautiful—this latter fact being mentioned not once but several times in the book. Pandrinx makes a special point of it in his narration. He says of his first meeting with her: "I had no idea whatever of falling in love with her. For one thing, she was beautiful, and beautiful women, especially if they are intelligent also, stir some deep feeling of inferiority in me" (pp. 26-27). Earlier he described her, or failed to describe her, as she appeared to him the first time he saw her since she had walked out of his apartment the night of the V-1 attack two years before: "How can I make a stranger see her as she stopped in the

31 Ledaule, p. 311.
hall at the foot of the stair and turned to us? I have never been able to
describe even my fictitious characters except by their actions. . . . Now
I am betrayed by my own technique, for I do not want any other woman sub-
stituted for Sarah. I want the reader to see the one broad forehead and
bold mouth, the conformation of the one skull. . . ." (p. 17). This physical
attractiveness is obviously a more restrained type than that which was proper
to Ida Arnold. Sarah, nevertheless, is the first of his heroines to whom
Greene is willing to attribute beauty. (Rose Pemberton in the play The
Living Rose is the second.)

In age also Sarah is closer to Ida than she is to any of the others,
being a mature woman in her middle thirties. However, at one point in the
story there is a familiar recurrence of the descriptive method Greene had
used with the younger heroines: Bendrix comes back into the apartment after
regaining consciousness following the bomb blast and he is startled to find
his mistress kneeling beside the bed in an attitude of prayer. Then one of
Greene’s favorite comparisons comes to Bendrix’s lips: “She looked absurdly
young, like a naked child” (p. 86, emphasis added).

What she has most in common with Pinkie’s nemesis, however, is a great
love of life and, at the beginning of the story at least, a lack of a sense
of sin. Bendrix is very far from being the first lover she has taken, a
fact which haunts him with bitter unrest, and to his amazement she has no
qualms about having sexual intercourse with him when her husband is ill with
"Unlike the rest of us, she was unhaunted by guilt, in her view when a thing was done; remorse died with the act. She would have thought it unreasonable of Henry, if he had caught us, to be angry for more than a moment."

Later when she is forced to give up Bonnix, life is sterile and empty for her. She is almost continually tempted to go back to him. In the last lines of her journal she cries that she still wants human love—"ordinary, corrupt human love" (p. 152). As a final note, minor perhaps but one which implies a good deal, her favorite drink is a "big lager" (p. 38). Clearly, Sarah has by nature no unusually prominent mystical or ascetical turn of mind. Also it is somehow improper to picture Greene's former fragile, childlike heroines having a similar taste in beverages.

However, upon a closer examination, many of these differences will appear not to be so far-reaching as might seem at first. Sarah Miles is not by any means a complete innovation; she has much in common with his other heroines in addition to differing from them. For one thing, despite her lack of a sense of sin, she has a latent capacity for spirituality which is evident from the very beginning. And more important, she has in large measure the quality of fidelity and a marked humility. In her ability to devote herself wholeheartedly she surpasses even Rose of Brighton Rock, for the very good reason that she so far surpasses Rose in vitality.

Unlike Ida Arnold Sarah has depth. Ida is easily moved to sympathy, but
it is a sympathy which has no basis other than that of sentimentality—a passing emotion with no staying power. On an impulse she lends an old stranger money and she weeps over "poor Fred" at Golders Green, but it is with difficulty that she manages the latter; and a few days later "Fred" (Hall's real name was Charles) has faded completely from her mind.32 Sarah on the other hand is deeply emotional, but there is no sentimentality about her. Her warm, profound sympathy is not self-centered; she is willing to suffer for others instead of merely becoming smugly over their plight as would Ida.

In short, then, Greene seems to have endowed Sarah Miles with all the good qualities of his other heroines joined to those characteristics of Ida Arnold capable of transformation. As Francis X. Connoley puts it, in The end of the Affair Greene seems to have, "moved away from his old contempt of goodness and heartiness and in Sarah Miles he has pointed out the deep collaboration between human instincts and divine love."33 Unlike Coral Musker, Milly Drover, Helen Rolt, Sarah is charming, vivacious, fully alive—she is able to enjoy life to the full. In this her sacrifice and her eventual surrender to God's love are all the more remarkable and admirable. She does not turn away from human love because of any repugnance for it. Rather, precisely because she is a woman of passion and humanity, she is incapable of mediocrity


33 Francis X. Connoley, "The end of the Affair by Graham Greene," Renaissance, IV (Spring 1953), 186.
and when she gives herself to God she must by her very nature go all the way.
CHAPTER IV

MAURICE BENDRIX

At the opening of The End of the Affair, Maurice Bendrix announces his fitness to be an unpredisposed narrator of the events of the story. Oddly enough he proposes his own hatred of the central characters, of "Sarah, Henry, and, of course, that third" (p. 40), as the sufficient reason for this lack of prejudice: "If I come to say anything in favour of Henry and Sarah, I can be trusted. I am writing against the bias because it is my professional pride to prefer the near-truth even to the expression of my near-hate" (p. 1).

Greene had previously employed the first person technique only in the very slight The Third Man (he has since done it in The Quiet American and Loser Takes All), and consequently it aroused considerable and varied critical comment. Many—it would not be rash to say the majority of the critics—were not adverse to reading "Greene" for "Bendrix" as a matter of course. In his preface to the latter Loser Takes All, Greene took ironic note of this propensity, though it seems he unjustly limited it to his co-religionists. Dedicating the book to a friend and business associate, Greene tells him: "Unlike some of my Catholic critics, you, I know, when reading this little story, will not mistake me for 'I', nor do I need to explain to
you that this tale has not been written for the purpose of encouraging adultery..."

The assumption of such an identity with regard to The End of the Affair is fallacious. As Neville Braybrooks observes: "Greene is writing at one remove." Bendrix, Braybrooks continues, is a fairly successful author but is "second rate." And "that precisely second-rate attraction which he has for the superficial colours his whole account of his relationship with Sarah and her husband; the account is always slightly off balance." Anthony Bertram echoes Braybrooks's sentiments. He says that Bendrix, as the narrator, writes as a novelist, with conscious art, explaining his deliberate technique in the opening pages of the story. But he adds: "It is not a successful device. We see the wheels going around, but that only shows a clock, not the time. We don't, for example, believe for one moment in his hatred..." (Bertram's observation on Bendrix's hatred is a shrewd one, illustrating a point which many critics have missed in taking his hatred at its face value.) While it would surely be valid, then, to say that Bendrix as a fictional creation of Greene has much in common with his creator, and

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3. Anthony Bertram, Review of The End of the Affair, The Tablet, (September 8, 1951), 156.
is used by him to express many of the latter's personal sentiments in more or less explicit form, to assume an identity between the two seems to be going too far. After all, to do anything of the sort with any pretense at accuracy would require an intimate personal knowledge of Greene. It is safe to postulate that most critics are limited in this sphere.

As to Bendrix's general outlook then: it is somewhat "lopsided," but only when his emotions come into prominence. Otherwise Bendrix is an accurate and perceptive observer. Like Fowler in *The Quiet American*, he takes an austere pleasure in being a good craftsman, but, also like Fowler, he has no delusions as to the transcendental value of his work. He tells the officious critic Waterbury, for example, that his opinion is that all his books are failures (p. 180). (This recalls the interchange between Hollo Martine, the hack-writer hero of *The Third Man*, and Colonel Calloway. Calloway tells him that a sentiment which Martine has just expressed sounded like a cheap novelette and Martine matter-of-factly replies, "I write cheap novelettes."  

Bendrix is not as ungifted as Martine nor as down and out as Fowler. While all three men share the feeling of abandonment which Robert Nathan has called the hallmark of the Greene man, Bendrix is the one in whom it has found its most extreme form—perhaps largely due to his having a far more fully drawn character than either of the other two.

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4 *The Third Man* (New York, 1950), p. 27.
Bendrix's goal seems to be nothing more than a moderately comfortable life. His books do not yet bring him the money that their quality deserves (incidentally, Greene himself has been popularly recognized from early in his career), but this does not disturb him. All that he requires is a tranquil atmosphere in which to put in his daily stint of writing—he writes five-hundred words a day, breaking off in the middle of a scene if necessary (p. 163)—and the freedom and opportunity to gratify his desires and passions. His program is altogether Epicurean: he wants regular and moderate gratification, shunning all excesses. However, there is in Bendrix another type of desire which sorts not very well with this unspectacular regimen. Bendrix recognizes this desire for what it is—an excessive desire—and he realizes that if he yields to it, he will lay himself open to pain and suffering far from moderate and by no means easily bearable.

At the opening of the story (which is not told in chronological form), Bendrix has yielded to this desire some years before when he began a relationship with Sarah Miles, falling desperately in love with her. But, as his love was definitely not Epicurean, it provoked the most intense suffering he had ever experienced, as well as the most intense pleasure. Even while the affair was in progress pain was concomitant with his happiness; and after Sarah had inexplicably terminated it, the pain remained, now unmitigated.

Hence the "hatred" of Bendrix which he acknowledges in the opening
paragraphs and reiterates throughout the book. However, one wonders at the
sincerity of this hatred, as Bertram observed. On the same page in which
it is introduced, the very first of the book, it is qualified. For Bendrix
concludes this declaration of conscience in which he tells of his hate by
saying that as a professional writer, he must prefer to express in the course
of the narration the near-truth rather than his "near-hate." Later in the
narration this hatred was to receive further qualification. Bendrix is over-
come for a moment by the spectacle of Henry's misery over Sarah's suspicious
conduct: "And there in that phrase, the bitterness leaks again out of my
pen. What a dull lifeless quality this bitterness is. If I could I would
write with love, but if I could write with love I would be another man; I
would never have lost love. Yet suddenly . . . I felt something—nothing
so extreme as love, nothing more than a companionship in misfortune. I said
to Henry, 'Are you miserable?'" (pp. 9-10). And yet more strongly: "Perhaps
my hatred is really as deficient as my love. I looked up just now from
writing and caught sight of my own face in a mirror close to my desk, and
I thought, does hatred really look like that? For I was reminded of that
face we have all of us seen in childhood, looking back at us from the shop
window, the features blurred with our breath, as we stare with such longing
at the bright unobtainable objects within" (p. 67). In this last speech,
the close relation between Bendrix's supposed hate and this desire of his
is rather apparent.
It is difficult to see how any critic could conclude, in view of these expressions, that "The End of the Affair is heavy with hatred," or "hatred is also one of the emotional portholes through which Greene's genius escapes." Bendrix's hatred—he will insist that it is hatred—seems to be a protective device, a type of insulation which he employs to guard his vulnerability. He has a hard shell of selfishness, but there are certain chinks in it; for example, his pity for Henry is one of them. When he gives in to these sentiments of pity, he no longer is protected from emotional involvement and is liable to that suffering which is his life's goal to avoid. And Greene seems to indicate very definitely that Bendrix, despite his protests to the contrary, despite his alleged desire for the detached life of frugal pleasures, more frequently yields to the "temptation" than not. Sarah sees how God can love Henry or "Maurice, who thinks he hates, and loves, loves all the time—even his enemies" (p. 134).

This concern for others is the redeeming feature of Bendrix. As W. Peters comments on Greene's anxiety to point out the good in his characters: "He is ever on the alert to draw the attention to any white there is to offset the black. For this purpose he fastens with an unmistakable predilection upon the two most typical Christian virtues there are. The first is charity.

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5 Atkins, p. 184.
... It is certainly of interest and very illustrative to notice how much is made of a scar on Bendrix's shoulder 'that wouldn't have been there if once he hadn't tried to protect another man's body from a falling wall'—an act of charity that symbolically engraved itself in the body of a man whose character is almost uniformly unpleasant." Bendrix's sensitivity towards the feelings of others is evident in more ordinary circumstances. For example, there is the matter of his behavior towards Parkis and Smythe. Though he is rude and brusque with both these men, he invariably regrets his harshness and at times shows almost an affection for them. Thus he pities Parkis when he is caught in a foolish mistake at their first interview, and he listens sympathetically to the unfortunate detective's tale of personal misfortune and modest ambition, observing after Parkis has left: "It occurred to me with amazement that for ten minutes I had become nearly human enough to think of another person's trouble" (p. 47). And at his visit to Smythe: "I wondered suddenly from how many deathbeds he had been excluded. I wanted to give him a message of hope . . ." (p. 101).

The only conclusion seems to be that Bendrix tries to hate. He tries to hate—and here is where his blood relationship to Andrews, D. Raven, the whisky priest, and to all the other Greene heroes shows itself in unmistakable

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form—he tries to hate because he is a man who wants to escape. The world of *The End of the Affair* is devoid of melodrama, but its hero is none the less pursued, nonetheless a hunted man. He is pursued as much as the whisky priest or D. He is not an outlaw like Raven and Pinkie, but he is an outlaw in the sense that he has deliberately cut himself off from a society which he senses has nothing to offer him. All he wants of the world is the moderate income which it furnishes him in return for his writings. As for the rest, he prefers to be left alone—as indeed is obvious from his solitary life in his small apartment suite.

He is not much impressed with the talent which he possesses. This devaluation of self extends to many things. In his own eyes, for example, he is not at all physically attractive. In fact, this sense of physical commonness, this sense of inferiority, is one of the principal contributory factors to the misery which he experiences in the course of the affair with Sarah Miles. He can never be sure of her love for him, because he cannot see in himself anything to love. When Parkis brings him her journal he is amazed to discover the truth: "How strange to find that one is loved when one knows that there is nothing there for anyone except a parent or a God to love" (p. 107).

This rather derogatory appraisal of self has been a family trait of Greene’s hunted men. In his first novel, *Elizabeth asks Andrews*: "Why do you always make little of the good you do and much of the bad?" 7

7 *Man Within*, p. 287.
When this characteristic appears at its best it is largely transformed into humility like that of the whisky priest; at its worst, it can be the cause of a bitter hatred for the world, as with Raven whose hare-lip and wretched family background mark him as an outcast. Bendrix is somewhat between these two extremes; at the end of the book, he seems to be verging decidedly towards one of them.

Though Bendrix's feelings of inferiority and, more pertinently, his desire to escape involvement partially explain his cutting himself off from the rest of the world, something more is required for an adequate explanation for his behavior. Why does Bendrix wish to escape, for example? Why does he suppress his naturally sympathetic and affectionate nature beneath a sour exterior? That he is afraid of laying himself open to injury is only part of the reason. He was not afraid to so expose himself when he saw that which was to be gained was worth the risk involved; that is, when he fell in love with Sarah. He was thus willing to take a chance—something which he would under no circumstances have done if he were truly the sort of man suited to the mild plan of life which he had laid out for himself.

It seems that, paradoxically, the reason which motivated Bendrix's severance from society was the same as that which caused him to throw himself back into it so unreservedly. Bendrix, like all of Greene's heroes, is not a man of ordinary ambitions; he has a desire for "everything," though he tries desperately to convince himself he can be satisfied with far less. It is this
all-encompassing appetite which causes him to reject the world, to become a hunted man—hunted by his own desire—because, he senses instinctively, the world does not have the means to satisfy him.

At heart this is a religious desire, though Bendrix has eliminated religion from his mind—that is, he has eliminated it from the forefront of his mind. He still clings to a forlorn hope as he indirectly confesses later to Smythe: "I don't need to be converted, Mr. Smythe. I believe in nothing, as it is. Except now and then" (p. 101). And he must surely have caught the significance of Smythe's rejoinder: "It's the nows and thens we have to deal with." Bendrix could never give up the "nows and thens" because if he did he would thus lose the last hope that somehow, somewhere this desire of his would be fulfilled. No less than did the hero of The Heart of the Matter, does Bendrix long for peace. And in order that it be the peace he desires, it must be the sort which cannot possibly end. Bendrix does not acknowledge this longing, as did Scobie, but he manifests it despite himself. For example, when he is regaining consciousness after being pinned beneath the debris from the bomb explosion, he has a great sense of a happiness until he becomes fully himself once more: "After that, of course, I remember Sarah and Henry and the dread of love ending" (p. 85). The dread of love ending is experienced only by a man who has a desire for a love which does not end. In his more reserved moments, Bendrix would not acknowledge such a desire; but under emotional stress he blurts it out to Henry: "I wanted love to go on and on,
never to get less" (p. 81). That is a phrase which matches rather awkwardly Bendrix's more conscious declaration in another place: "I wanted something very simple and very easy: I wanted Sarah for a lifetime" (p. 239). The first statement is the one which comes from the heart and represents the true Bendrix. The other (it is addressed to God, incidentally) represents Bendrix trying to revert to his isolation, trying to cover himself once more with his protective insulation, by disclaiming any desire which cannot be fulfilled by the ordinary human means.

Yet he cannot disclaim it because, like the scar on his body which is symbolic of the charity which he also attempts to disclaim, it is a part of him engraved far deeper than any scar. Therefore, he cannot be content in a universe which has been disordered by Original Sin, the sign of wrath between God and man, the testament, unfortunately ever-renewed, that man once when the choice was his, deliberately cut himself off from peace and happiness. However, as was proposed in the first chapter, though the "hunted man" is correct in rejecting the world for which Christ did not pray, he is wrong in cutting himself off from those who live in it--those for whom Christ did pray. To the extent that Bendrix succeeded in suppressing his charitable instincts, to the extent that he withdrew into his private universe, to that extent he was removing himself from the sphere of divine love and the everlasting peace which he desired with all his heart. Perhaps as he grew older, his sense of selfcenteredness would have hardened into a reality with the
result that the better side of his nature would cease all attempts to express itself. However, he was not to be left to himself, and from the consideration of the role of women in Greene's novels, it is not at all surprising that his solitude should be broken as it was.

It was somewhat cryptically stated a few pages back that Bendrix's motivation for isolating himself from the world was the same as that which caused him to hurl himself back into it—giving himself as a sort of hostage to fortune. He withdrew himself because he saw nothing in the world worth the struggle. After he fell in love with Sarah, however, the aspect of things changed. The world remained the same as ever—a universe disorientated, full of an infinite number of possibilities for pain and betrayal—but Sarah's love seemed to him to be worth the exposure to all of that.

In his review of The End of the Affair, Evelyn Waugh writes that in the novels of Greene there is great stress upon the relationships between persons, upon, the effect of person upon person. Especially is this true of the relations between man and woman. They are constantly affecting one another either for good or for evil, "reforming or corrupting."  

Whether he likes it or not Bendrix is affected by his relationship with Sarah Miles. The story of The End of the Affair is a record of his

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constant struggle against its effects, such as the greater part of St. Augustine's Confessions is devoted to his own struggle against the imperative and insistent call of divine love and the efficacy of his mother's prayers. Bendrix's struggle is reminiscent of that of Pinkie. He also wants to remain "uncommitted" like Fowler in The Quiet American. Whatever can be gathered of his state at the end of the book, it is certain that he can never go back to being what he was. If once he could rationalize himself into being content with the narrowed horizon of the Epicurean life view, he never can again.

He was attracted to Sarah the first time he met her, at a cocktail party given by Henry at their house. "I noticed Sarah, I think, because she said she had read my books and left the subject there--I found myself treated at once as a human being rather than as an author" (p. 26). And then he adds the phrase quoted before about having no idea of falling in love with her because she was too beautiful. In this description of their first meeting, Bendrix reveals, probably inadvertently, a characteristic shared by him and his mistress, one which has already been mentioned: their charity and affection, not merely for each other but for the world in general. He says of Sarah:

"All I noticed about her that first time was her beauty and her happiness and her way of touching people with her hands as though she loved them" (27).

Then of himself: he describes walking away from the party and out into the Common with Henry whom he had met for the first time. The time was in the early summer of 1939, "one of those bright condemned prewar summers": "I
remember leaving the hot and crowded room, after drinking too much bad sherry, and walking on the Common with Henry. The sun was falling flat across the Common, and the grass was pale with it. . . . It was the hour when you make confidences to a stranger. Henry said, 'How happy we could all be.' I felt an enormous liking for him, standing there on the Common, away from his own party, with tears in his eyes' (p. 27).

Ironically, this moment with Henry on the Common was to be one of Bendrix's last moments of tranquility, much as Scobie's last peaceful moment was when he stood alone in the rain after having checked his guard posts for the night, before he caught sight of the light which was breaking the black-out regulations, the light in Helen Holt's Missen hut.9 In similar fashion, Bendrix's passive calm was to be disrupted forever; for shortly after this evening on the Common, his love affair with Sarah Miles would begin, and he would know intense joy and intense misery. When he writes of it in retrospect he designates his first assignation with Sarah as the "point where pain began" (p. 48). For even in the very joy of his love for Sarah, Bendrix began to know pain as he never knew it before; he had never desired anything so much before—that is, he had not allowed himself to desire before—therefore, he had not experienced the pain of loss or of threatened loss. But then he did experience it, even from the first night of their relationship: "Just as

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9Heart of the Matter, p. 143.
I went home that first evening with no exhilaration but only a sense of 
sadness and resignation, so again and again I returned home on other days with 
the certainty that I was only one of many men, the favourite lover for the 
moment. . . . I could feel no trust; in the act of love I could be arrogant, 
but alone I had only to look in the mirror to see doubt, in the shape of a 
lined face and a lame leg—why me?" (p. 56).

Sarah's declarations of love did not alleviate Bendrix's anguish. He 
can believe her only when he hears her say the words; afterwards he is a prey 
to misery once more: "I have never known a woman before or since so able to 
alter a whole mood simply speaking on the telephone, and when she came into a 
room or put her hand on my side she created at once the absolute trust I lost 
with every separation." Therefore, almost from the first their love is dis-
rupted by Bendrix's bitter jealousy. Partially this is due to his feeling of 
inferiority, but perhaps his desire for unending happiness has much more of 
a bearing upon it. His great dread is that the affair will end, yet, he knows 
that it must. This dread is aggravated by Sarah's "calm assumption that one 
day our relations would be over." She follows this up by telling Bendrix, 
"I have never, never, never loved a man as I love you, and I never shall 
again" (p. 34); and while he is made incredibly happy by this for the moment, 
it is rather the other, Sarah's calm and matter-of-fact realism which affects 
him the more. Recalling his emotions during one jealous quarrel—if these 
could be called quarrels, since Sarah would accept weekly all his charges—
he says: "I had come into this affair with my eyes open, knowing that one
day this must end, and yet, when the sense of insecurity, the logical belief
in the hopeless future, descended like melancholia, I would badger her and
badger her, as though I wanted to bring the future in now... an unwanted
guest. My love and fear acted like conscience. If we had believed in sin,
our behaviour would hardly have differed" (p. 68).

After one such quarrel, Bendrix angrily walks out leaving Sarah in his
apartment. Haunted by the "dread of love ending" and wishing to prove to
himself that he was still "uncommitted," Bendrix picks up a young prostitute
and buys her a drink. But as he listens to the idle chatter of the girl, he
discovers that despite her physical attractiveness he doesn't desire her in
the least: "It was as if quite suddenly, after all the promiscuous years,
I had grown up. My passion for Sarah had killed simple lust forever. Never
again would I be able to enjoy a woman without love" (p. 69). And then as
he continues his narration, his artistic control falters and he is back in
the dreary present with Sarah dead: "And yet surely it was not love that had
brought me into this pub; I had told myself all the way from the Common
that it was hate—as I tell myself still, writing this account of her, trying to
get her out of my system forever, for I have always told myself that if she
died I could forget her" (p. 70). But of course he cannot; just as he could
not rid himself of her while she lived. Once the pursuit has begun, the
only escape for the "hunted man" is surrender.
When Sarah walks out of the apartment the night of the V-1 raid, Bendrix is utterly unaware that he has made love to her for the last time. However, when he receives no phone call and his letters are unanswered (he had to take his pride in his hands to write them), he lapses into a profound depression in the course of which he is tempted to commit suicide. Only the thought that his death might to some extent ease Sarah's conscience—if he were dead she no longer need be concerned about him—stops him from doing this.

The pain of loss is not lessened in the least by Bendrix's previous certainty that the affair must end. Indeed he was sure that he was hastening it towards its conclusion by this harsh, insensitive treatment of Sarah, as seen in the above speech. When he admits to Henry that they were lovers (even the unperceptive Henry had guessed the truth from Bendrix's extraordinary conduct in getting Parkis after Sarah), and Henry, sadly musing, wonders why she left Bendrix also, Bendrix's reply is immediate: "Because I became a bore and a fool too. . . . boring her with complaints and jealousy" (p. 80). He knew what would happen, and when Sarah left him her desertion was only a confirmation of his pessimistic expectation. Pessimism, in many ways, was part of Bendrix's constitution, part of what made him the "hunted man" that he was. But his love for Sarah had made him foolishly—he thought later—hope against hope that his original estimate of life was somehow not all-inclusive, that somehow it would be possible for "love to go on and on, never to get less."

Then she left him and Bendrix had no other course but to call upon this hate
he speaks so much of to restore the balance. He had grown used to love of
the greatest intensity, and now, until he could recover his former shelter in
isolation, he must defend himself while thus exposed.

In time he does regain his equilibrium and creep into his shell once
more. His extreme anguish is mitigated and is resolved into a dull ache which
he is able largely to ignore. His meeting with Henry two years later during
a rainy night on the Common (this is the point Bendrix chooses to begin his
narration) is the occasion of the rekindling of his passion, the passion which
he calls hate. Henry is worried by the strange conduct of his wife, Henry
who had never had the least suspicion in the past, either of Bendrix or of the
lovers who had preceded him. After a drink together the two go back to the
Miles' apartment where Henry confesses his anxiety. Bendrix is drawn two ways.
He pities Henry and would like to allay the fears which Bendrix is quite sure
have a real basis. On the other hand his hatred for Sarah flares up, and he
encourages Henry to call on the private detective whose card had been given
to Henry by a friend. Henry, however, feeling somewhat ill at ease after
his revelation, throws the card into the fire. Sarah comes in shortly after,
and for the first time in two years Bendrix sees her. She has been out walk-
ing in the rain, already afflicted with the cold which would kill her a short
tree months later.

Three days later he receives a phone call from Sarah asking him to meet
her for lunch the next day. He gropes for control of himself—a control
which he had thought would be unnecessary—and puts her off three days. Then
as he puts down the receiver, a moment's consideration is all that is neces-
sary to rout entirely his last shred of pretense: "I sat with the telephone
receiver in my hand and I looked at hate as at an ugly and foolish man whom
one does not want to know" (p. 32). He calls her back, catching her before
she leaves the phone, and tells her that he had made a mistake: he would be
free the next day after all. "And, sitting there, my fingers on the quiet
instrument, with something to look forward to, I thought to myself, I remember.
This is what hope feels like" (p. 23).

Once again, trust comes to Bendrix at the mere sound of Sarah's voice,
and he is again willing to risk the security he has laboriously built up; and
once again disappointment would provoke the sharpest of defensive reactions.
For when he finds that Sarah merely wishes to see him and ask about Henry—
she has been worried about his dispirited appearance—and has no intention of
renewing the old relationship, he angrily does what Henry had refused to do
and goes to the detective agency. And so the chain of events is set in op-
eration which was to reach its climax in three months with the scene in the
church before the "hideous statue of the Virgin."

Before Parks brings Bendrix Sarah's journal, which will prove to him as
Sarah herself never could that she loved him, the detective furnishes other
evidence which increases Bendrix's jealousy to a new pitch of intensity. It
is a scrap of a letter: "I have no need to write to you or talk to you, you
know everything before I can speak, but when one loves one feels the need to use the same old ways one has always used. I know I am only beginning to love, but already I want to abandon everything, everybody but you. Only fear and habit prevent me. "Dear—" (p. 82) and at that point the fragment which Parkis had salvaged broke off. Bendix's reaction is a bitter one. He thinks of all the incidental messages which she had sent him in the course of the affair. He had forgotten every line of these cryptic notes. "Wouldn't I have kept them if they had ever confessed so completely to her love?" he asks. "But this latest love had burst the cage of lines. It had refused to be kept between them, out of sight" (p. 83). The word "abandon" is what unsettles him the most; and his distress over this is pertinent to an understanding of Sarah's character: her inability to be mediocre in anything. As Bendix writes later: "Reading the message to my unknown successor would have hurt less if I hadn't known how capable she was of abandonment" (p. 84).

Later when he has the journal, he is overwhelmed by the two revelations it contains: she loves him exactly as she had told him, and his rival is God. He does not transfer his hatred to God at once, mainly because he underestimates God's power: "She loves us both, I thought, but if there is to be a conflict between an image and a man, I know who will win" (p. 157). And at first Bendix thinks that he has won. With his usual inability to face unpleasant facts, he persists in interpreting Sarah's rebuff of him in the church as the result of fatigue and hysteria. He is confident that she will
call him in a few days. But when the phone rings, the voice on the other end is Henry's, telling him that Sarah is dead: "Now conventionally we behave at such moments I said, 'I'm terribly sorry, Henry'" (p. 185).

Then Bendrix began to hate God. He hated Him so thoroughly and with such intensity that he passed from disbelief to belief. Bendrix's state of mind at this period is best revealed in the scene with Fr. Crompton, the Redemptorist from whom Sarah was taking instructions to become a Catholic. Infuriated by Fr. Crompton's obvious admiration for Sarah and by the conviction that the priest represents the winning side and that he also has a full knowledge of Bendrix's relation to Sarah, Bendrix breaks out in a bitter tirade against his dead mistress: "She could put blinkers on any man,' I said, 'even on a priest. She's only deceived you, Father, as she deceived her husband and me. She was a consummate liar. I wasn't her only lover--"" (p. 226). To Henry's embarrassed apologies, the priest replies that he need not be sorry, because, he says of Bendrix, "I know when a man is in pain." (p. 227)

Fr. Harold Gardiner uses the above scene to illustrate his defense of Greene from the "hater" charge of Martin Turnell which was quoted extensively at the end of the second chapter: "It is pretty hard to discover that Greene hates anything in his novels.... And so far from hating the characters he creates, Greene's most moving characteristic is a deep compassion and understanding. Graham Greene knows when a man's in pain. The pain most of his
Characters are in is the pain of loss of of lack."10 Bendrix, therefore, is in pain. He had given up the mediocre contentment of his isolation in abandoning it for Sarah's love; and having risked all, he has lost all.

But is even this hatred--this hatred for God--true hatred? As the testimony of the miracles begins to accumulate, and his belief in God deepens (an interesting point; on page 229, Bendrix begins to write "him" instead of "him"), his declarations of hate take on a more formal and less convincing tone. This is especially evident in his final "prayer." This consideration, however, will be postponed until the latter part of the next chapter in which the effect of Sarah Miles upon the other characters of The End of the Affair will be analyzed.

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CHAPTER V

SARAH MILES AS SHE APPEARS TO Herself

AND AS SHE AFFECTS OTHERS

In this chapter there will be great dependence upon Sarah's journal, which constitutes Book III of The End of the Affair. In examining this section, the method will not be to take at face value what Sarah writes, but rather to interpret Greene's probable implications. What she says of herself cannot be considered altogether objective, since what Greene wishes to communicate to his readers by having the heroine say what she does may frequently be exactly the opposite. This caution applies most strongly to her deprecat- ing remarks; for example, her frequent reference to herself as "this bitch and fake." However, the interpretation, for the present, will be limited to evidence which she herself presents, and a more objective appraisal of her character will take place in the last section of this chapter, where the question of her effect upon others is considered.

It was indicated in Chapter II that Greene's attribution of more than ordinary beauty to his heroine was a departure for him. It seems almost as though he were giving an indirect answer to the charge of Manichaeanism so frequently brought against him. However, here in this section the focus will
he upon Sarah Mile's opinion of her own attractiveness.

First of all, it is evident that she is aware of her beauty, and it is nonetheless evident that she is not impressed with its value. And as for her charm and attractiveness—for example, the gesture Bendrix noticed the first time he saw her, that of "touching people with her hands as though she loved them"—that to Sarah was merely a "trick you learned at school—a movement of the eyes, a tone of voice, a touch of the hand on the shoulder or the head" (p. 123). And then she reveals what she considers the only value of this "trick" and of her beauty too, a confession which shows at once her dependence upon the love and affection of others and her humility: "If they think you admire them, they will admire you because of your good taste, and when they admire you, you have an illusion for a moment that there's something to admire. All my life I've tried to live in that illusion—a soothing drug that allows me to forget that I'm a bitch and a fake" (p. 123). And here also is the female version of the "double-man" aspect which is so prominent in Bendrix: the illogical yearning for perfect happiness in the face of a pessimistic concept of life. It must be emphasized here that she does not underestimate her beauty in the sense that she thinks it is any less than it is; rather she rejects the value which custom allots to beauty. In the midst of her religious conversion this rejection becomes formulated much more sharply. Thus she recalls her stormy interview with Smythe in which he accused her of not loving him because of his disfigurement: she tells God that she envies Smythe car-
lying around that mark of pain, "instead of this dull human thing we call beauty" (p. 130).

This canvas which marks Sarah's estimate of her charm and beauty is a fundamental trait of her character. She is honest to a marked degree. This honesty seems rather a contradictory virtue for an adulterous wife—one moreover who is no beginner but practiced in deception. Bendrix noticed this at once. The two had returned to Sarah's apartment after having had sexual relations for the first time. As they are taking their farewells of each other, they hear Penny enter the downstairs hall. Bendrix is understandably ill at ease, but Sarah tells him quite calmly that they will know when he starts up because, "There's one stair that always squeaks" (p. 52). Until the moment comes when he picks up her journal Bendrix is unable to forget that "always." Marcel More comments: "This 'loyalty' on the part of a married woman who without the least disturbance listens for the creak of the stair which will announce the approach of her husband when she finds herself in an unsavory situation cannot be explained except by a sort of innocence of heart maintained despite repeated acts of betrayal."¹

Her fault, in other words, seems more due to an unformed conscience than

to a deliberate malice. It must be remembered that Sarah's education was devoid of any solid moral training. Because of this inadequacy, she was unable to feel much guilt for her love affair. Her mother had taken many husbands, and when she herself married Henry, she was determined, as Bendrix despairingly recalls, that her marriage was going to be permanent (p. 206). However, her mother had demonstrated that one man was not sufficient for a lifetime, and when she was no longer physically desirable to the mild Henry, she did not consider herself as betraying him by seeking satisfaction elsewhere.

This quality of moral ignorance has been a common characteristic of Greene heroines with two notable exceptions, both of whom are the only Catholics among them: Rose of Brighton Rock and Rose Pemberton of The Living Room.

These two girls have a strong sense of the distinction between good and evil. Sarah lacks almost this entirely at the beginning of her love affair, but on the few points on which her conscience is formed she is inflexible even before her religious conversion is completed. Thus she will lie to Bendrix about casual matters in order to allay his unreasonable jealousy, but on points which she considers important she behaves quite otherwise. Bendrix recalls that he could never get her to say more than what was true: "She had often disconcerted me by the truth. In the days when we were in love I would try to get her to say more than the truth—that our affair would never end, that one day we should marry . . . . But she never played that game of make-believe" (p. 33).
Most of all, however, Sarah is honest with herself, before God's intervention in her life, but to a far and even greater painful extent after she has turned towards Him. In the preceding chapter attention was directed to Peters' observation that Greene in order to bring out the good in his characters "fastened with an unmistakable predilection upon two of the most typical Christian virtues," the first of which was charity. The second, Peters continues, is humility; and humility has already been observed in Sarah, that is, in the account given of her meek acceptance of all Bendrix's angry and jealous rebukes. Her humility shows up even more in her journal. The appellation "bitch and fake" is the ordinary term which she has for herself. At one point while in the throes of temptation and desolation, the thought of God's love comes to her. She protests and in her protests her charity is as apparent as her humility: "Even a God can't love something that doesn't exist, he can't love something he cannot see. When he looks at me, does he see something I can't see...? It must be lovely if he is able to love it. That's asking me to believe too much, that there's anything lovely in me... But what are you supposed to love, then, in the bitch and the fake? Where do you find that immortal soul they talk about? Where do you see this lovely thing in me—in me, of all people? I can understand you can find it in Henry—

2 Peters, p. 286. See above, p. 109
my Henry, I mean. He's gentle and good and patient. You can find it in
Maurice, who thinks he hates, and loves, loves all the time—even his enemies.
But in this bitch and fake where do you find anything to love?" (p. 124).

Perhaps even more remarkable than this passage is the letter which Bendrix receives after her death, the letter in which she tells him that she
can't come away with him. She was fully aware of his jealous, unreasonable
nature, but nevertheless she tells him that all his accusations were true
and God intended for them to be made just as they were: "Maurice, dear, don't
be angry. Be sorry for me, but don't be angry. I'm a phony and a fake, but
this isn't phony or fake. I used to think I was sure about myself and what
was right and wrong, her "invincible ignorance" referred to above, and you
taught me not to be sure. You took away all my lies and self-deceptions like
they clear a road or rubble for somebody to come along it, somebody of im-
portance, and now He's come, but you cleared the way yourself" (p. 182-183).

Bendrix recognizes the truth of this some days later when he is more reflec-
tive. He realizes wryly that he himself was an agent of his rival: "A phony
and a fake. Was it a description I had used of her in a moment of anger?"
And then once more he gives testimony of Sarah's humility: "She always

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3 See p. 123.
harboured my criticism; it was only praise that slid from her like the snow" (p. 216) Marcel More comments on this: "The saints also, as did Sarah, are ready to undergo every humiliation, from whatever source it may come, as though God were its author. They do not permit themselves to judge those who judge them." It may be argued that such humility in the case of Sarah is merely natural, but such a line of reasoning would not detract from the merit of the spirituality which, under God's apparently harah direction, she was to build upon it. The greatest saints began their ascent to sanctity with gifts which they had by no means merited. "What have you that you have not received" St. Paul's question must always remain a stumbling block to those who attempt to estimate the proportion of human endeavor and divine grace.

If the humility of Sarah Miles is analogous to that of the saints, she also share another characteristic with them: she has a distinctive inability to go merely part of the way. When she decides on a course of action, she must give herself to it without reserve. A little of this is seen in her determination to be loyal for life to her future husband when, as Bendrix says, she saw through the pretense of her mother's numerous marriages (p. 206). More of it appears in her declaration of love to Bendrix: "I have never, never loved a man as I love you, and I never shall again" (p. 34). And finally it appears in the clearest light when she gives herself to God. The

4 Ibid., p. 57.
phrase in the letter is recalled, the letter she wrote because she felt a
need of using the ordinary human means: "I know I am only beginning to love,
but already I want to abandon everything, everybody but you" (p. 62).

Since she possesses this intensity, this ability to commit herself un-
reservedly, God's method of approach to her seems to have been fully in keep-
ing with her nature. Were she not a woman of extraordinary passion, Bendix's
apparent death would never have been able to evoke the reaction that it did.

Then when she sees Bendix come into the room, she knows that she must go
through with her bargain whatever the cost. She has no emotional stimulus
behind her faith as yet, but as she later writes in that final letter to
Bendix: "When you came in at the door with the blood on your face, I became
sure. Once and for all" (p. 132). And despite the "agony of being without
him," she dresses at once, and to Bendix's urging to stay longer, "She shook
her head and walked right out of the room" (p. 87). As Bendix recalls the
incident later, he should have recognized, he says, that "she was already
under a stranger's influence" (p. 82). Then after two wretched years of
desolation, her conversion progresses to the point where her certainty becomes
something more than a bare intellectual conviction. She goes out walking in
the rain, recalling with God the occasion of her vow: "I remembered the time
when I had stuck my nails into my pains, and I didn't know it but You moved
in the pain. I said, 'Let him be alive,' not believing in You, and my dis-
belief made no difference to you. You took it into Your love and accepted
it like an offering, and tonight the rain soaked through my coat and my clothes and into my skin, and I shivered with the cold, and it was for the first time as though I nearly loved You. I walked under Your windows in the rain and I wanted to wait under them all night only to show that after all I might learn to love and I wasn’t afraid of the desert any longer because You were there” (p. 138). When she made her vow, she knew that she had to do something difficult, not merely to say that she believed, because “it doesn’t hurt to believe.” Similarly after she began to love God, she had to do something to express her love; the intensity of her nature demanded that she do something. And one of the first of these actions was the extravagant gesture of standing outside the church on the Common on a rainy January night (the same rainy January night on which Bendrix, with all the reason in the world to avoid Henry, yielded to an impulse and called a greeting to him). This action was extravagant perhaps, but not for Sarah Miles, at least not more so than her other actions. As More observes, it was precisely this ability to abandon herself, this ability to do things extravagantly, which, when transfigured by grace, was the source of her sanctity.\footnote{Ibid., p. 51.}

This abandonment does not necessarily imply a violent action, nor is it opposed to humility, which is usually found in natures which have achieved some measure of peace. Abandonment can take very gentle forms. And it does
so here, as Sarah Miles' conversion moves towards its completion. As More writes, she abandons herself to God as a child into its father's arms. She herself uses this terminology, when, weary and afflicted with temptation once more, she comes into church to cry, and then, under the impression that she is not praying: "I said to God, as I might have said to my father, if I could ever have remembered having one, Dear God, I'm tired" (p. 140). This type of abandonment marks one of the last stages of her movement towards God. It is a far cry from the stormy passion in which it began, when she dug her nails into her palms: "Dear God, I said--why dear, why dear?--make me believe. I can't believe. Make me... I'm a bitch and a fake and I hate myself. I can't do anything of myself. Make me believe" (p. 116). But despite the difference in intensity, the unreserved quality of both declarations is the same.

One who has qualities such as Sarah cannot live in isolation. One cannot practice humility, loyalty, and, most certainly, one cannot abandon oneself unless there are others or another. Something has already been said of Sarah's dependence upon others in the discussion of her beauty: all it was good for, she thought, was to gain the admiration of others. She needed this admiration; it was her whole life: "I have always wanted to be liked or admired. I feel a terrible insecurity if a man turns on me, if I lose a friend. I don't even want to lose a husband. I want everything all the time anywhere" (p. 111). How reminiscent is this last sentence to Baudrillard's declaration to Henry: "I wanted love to go on and on, never to get less" (p. 81)
Then she says something which is enlightening, not only because it expresses her dependence upon others, but also because it shows that even at this period before the war God had a place in her thoughts: "God loves you, they say in the churches; God is everything. People who believe that don't need admiration, they don't need to sleep with a man, they feel safe. But I can't invent a belief" (p. 112). She wrote this only a week before the night of the V-i attack, and it gives some indication of what the bargain with God which she was so soon to make would cost her. She who could not invent a belief, she who could not do without admiration, committed herself, so she thought at the time, to both of those dreaded actions.

If she needed others, if she depended upon them and could be hurt by them, she was acutely conscious that they stood in the same relationship to her: they needed her, they depended upon her, and they could be hurt by her. Sarah Miles was able to enter into the sufferings of others; and not the least of her qualifications to do this was her own capacity for suffering, a necessary part of a warm, charitable nature.

So in the early days of her renunciation of Bendrix, when her pain and anxiety is at its peak, she is able to sympathize with Smythe preaching to a handful of unattentive people in the park, a scattered crowd who did not even care to heckle him. She sees a grey-haired lady (Smythe's sister) distributing cards and she observes with sorrow—forgetting her own anguish—that some of the people refuse the cards and others throw them down on the grass. "It
seemed very sad—the strawberry mark, and talking about something nobody was interested in, and the cards dropped like offers of friendship turned down. I put the card in my pocket and hoped he saw me do it" (p. 119).

Were pity, it might be argued; but Madaule observes: "Pity, after all, is one of the forms of sympathy, the way, the only way in which we enter into communication with other men." Later, however, there would be more conclusive proof that in her relationship with Smythe she was not motivated purely by pity. She starts going to Smythe, taking "instructions" from him, with a partial hope that he can convince her that her vow is nonsense, but mainly because she feels sorry for him. She cannot concentrate on Smythe's carefully worked-out arguments against the existence of God because the mark which disfigures his cheek is constantly setting her thoughts in other directions. Smythe speaks of God as being a beautiful image in a mirror which man has made, and Sarah thinks of all the mirrors Smythe must have looked into as an adolescent trying to extract comfort from the handsome unmarked side of his face (p. 130). Then as she looks at the mark: "I had an enormous wish to touch it with my hand, to comfort it with words of love as permanent as the wound. It was like when I saw Maurice under the door. I wanted to pray, to offer up some inordinate sacrifice if only he could be healed; but now there was no sacrifice left for me to offer" (p. 131). Marcel More comments: "There

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6 Madaule, p. 231.
is something quite other than a mere sentiment of pity about this. By pity we are compassionate to the misery of another, but we give over none of ourselves. The true act of charity towards our neighbor differs from pity insofar that it demands the sacrifice of our "I". 'An inordinate sacrifice,' she stresses this. . . ."  

Here we see a concentration of those qualities noted before: the totality of her action, her affection for others, and also her humility ('but now there was nothing left for me to offer'). And from this composition there emerges a characteristic which is also familiar in the literature dealing with the saints: the denial and the sacrifice of self for the good of others.

This is apparent from the thoughts she expresses as she takes leave of Smythe after their first talk and he asks her if she will be willing to take his course on a regular basis. She sees that it would please him greatly and she thinks: what else have I to do now that there is nothing and 'Myself and my own misery drum in my ears and fill my eyes. For a moment this afternoon I forgot them. . . . 'Yes,' I said, 'I'll come, it's good of you to spare the time,' I said, shovelling all the hope I could into his lap, praying to the God he was promising to cure me of, let me be of use to him' (p. 132). At last, in her final interview with Smythe she does this, though she doesn't

7 ""Trahison de Sarah Miles,"" p. 54.
realize it at the time. After Smythe's angry accusation that she won't have him because of his scar, she leans over and kisses his disfigured cheek to show him that he is wrong. What is remarkable about this sacrifice—and it is a sacrifice, because of Sarah's sensitivity and her confessed fear of deformity—is that it seems to be the occasion of an influx of spiritual strength and is a prelude to Sarah's strongest declaration of love towards God up to this time. She makes it a few days later as she recalls the kiss:

"I felt sick for a moment . . . and he sat quiet and let me kiss him, and I thought, I am kissing pain, and pain belongs to You as happiness never does.

I love You in Your pain. I could almost taste metal and salt in the skin, and I thought, how good You are. You might have killed us with happiness, but You let us be with You in pain" (p. 150).

Her relations with her husband and her thoughts about her former lover during this period manifest the same charity and willingness to sacrifice self for their benefit. She is hurt because Bendrix is hurt. She is tempted to go back to him because she "longed to see him laugh with happiness" (p. 141), this temptation is interesting for here Sarah is drawn by an appeal to those same qualities upon which her spirituality has been constructed. She decides to leave her husband then, but when Henry returns home unexpectedly and she perceives the distress and misery in his face—a distress caused by the interview with Bendrix—she cannot abandon him. In answer to his plea for her not to leave him, she promises she won't. She thinks: "Another promise to
keep" (p. 146), but she is resolved to keep it. Her kissing of Smythe had
been a sacrifice, but Sarah begins to learn that an entire life led for the
benefit of others is a far greater sacrifice—closer to that "inordinate
sacrifice" which she so wished to offer for the cure of Smythe's ravaged cheek.

At last Sarah does make the "inordinate sacrifice." The offering is
foreshadowed in the prayer she makes shortly after she has agreed not to leave
Henry. She buys a crucifix, "a cheap ugly one because I had to do it quickly," and pours out her misery to God. And once again her charity comes to the fore-
front and crowds out the thought of what she herself has to undergo:

I wish I knew a prayer that wasn't me, me, me. Help me. Let me be
happier. Let me die soon. Me, me, me. Let me think of the strawberry
mark on Richard's cheek. Let me see Henry's face with the tears falling.
Let me forget me. Dear God, I've tried to love and I've made such a
hash of it. If I could love You, I'd know how to love them. . . . Teach
me to love. I don't mind my pain. It's their pain I can't stand. Let
my pain go on and on, but stop theirs. Dear God if only You could come
down from Your cross for a while and let me get up there instead. If I
could suffer like You, I could heal like You. (pp. 146-147)

A few days later, she questions the sincerity of that prayer, a doubt
which is characteristically due to her humility: "If I could love a leper's
sore, couldn't I love the barrenness of Henry? But I'd turn from the leper
if he were here, I suppose" (p. 147). But then in another week, she makes
her sacrifice, an offering to God which is reminiscent of the holocaust which
Scobie made at the bedside of the dying child. He had watched the little girl
suffer, her face convulsed with pain, and he prayed that God would give her
peace. And then, following a line of inspiration similar to Sarah's when
she made her vow and so realizing that something more was required of him, to
Sebbie gave his prayer an infinitely more personal tone: "Rather, give her peace. Take away my peace forever, but give her peace."

When Sarah makes her "inordinate sacrifice", she has just come through a period of severe trial and is experiencing what she would later describe as "such a sense of peace and quiet and love--life was going to be happy again." Perhaps she does not realize as much as had Sebbie what she is bringing upon herself; but the terms of her holocaust are just as unreserved as were his, and, as always, she is determined to fulfill them, despite the consequences. Thinking of Bendrix isolated in his lonely bitterness and misunderstanding, she says to God: "You are too good to me. When I ask You for pain, You give me peace. Give it him too." And then with the abandon and charity so much a part of her: "Give him my peace--he needs it more" (p. 151).

As he did with Sebbie, God took Sarah at her word--or He appeared to. She lapsed into the most acute desolation she had ever experienced—which, in turn, was aggravated by external factors; that is, Bendrix's knowledge of the journal and his attempt to win her back. But once more Sarah was faithful, even to the extent of leaving her sick bed on that rainy February night and fleeing the man to whom she was still desperately attracted. She had prayed

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6 Heart of the Matter, p. 130.
the day before: "I'm not at peace any more. I just want him like I used to
in the old days. I want to be eating sandwiches with him. I want to be
drinking with him in a bar. I'm tired and I don't want any more pain. I
want Maurice. I want ordinary corrupt human love. Dear God, You know I want
Your pain, but I don't want it know. Please take it away for a while and give
it to me another time" (p. 133). This was the culmination of Sarah's "in-
ordinate sacrifice"—that is, her willingness to go against all her desires
and fulfill the terms of her holocaust of peace. It was a peace which she had
struggled for for two years and she gave it up for the sake of her former lover.
And, further, she persevered to the end and going against every natural in-
clination, rejected him once more in that climactic scene in the church on the
Common.

All in all, Sarah Miles is very far from being the conventional heroine
of a romantic novel, even if the religious cast of her character were somehow
prescinded from. As is apparent from the nature of her final temptation,
Sarah had decidedly human appetites which she frankly acknowledged. She has
a preference for a "large lager," as was noted before; she feels a constant
need for the reassuring kindness of friends; and most important, she is, at the
beginning of the story, inextricably bound to human love, considering it the
supreme good. (The heroine of a conventional romantic novel would, of course,
live in accordance with the last of these, but she would not admit it in the
terms of humble frankness which Sarah uses.) She is, in other words, an
ordinary woman, extraordinary only in the depth of her passion.

In this essay, much space has been devoted to Sarah's self-sacrificing charity. One might argue, however, that the semblance of charity could be rather easily attained by the average non-religious woman of today if she has at least a minimum of good will. But what of the first theological virtue? Does not that have a more intellectual ring to it, a colder, more masculine tone? How could a woman of Sarah's type, a modern pagan, come to a belief in God? And while it is true that faith without charity is dead, it is equally true that real charity without faith is impossible.

The controversial point of her baptism (which took place when she was old two years--her mother's revenge on her philandering non-Catholic husband) will be passed over for the present. Here the testimony will be limited mainly to Sarah's own words. Much has been said indirectly of her faith in the treatment of her charity, but because of the distinctiveness of the two, a brief independence consideration will be advantageous.

It is evident that Sarah was not totally devoid of a religious consciousness before her conversion. After her death, Bendix discovers some jottings on the margins of the pages of her children's books. In them she expresses a school girl's wonder as to what comes after death. Bendix makes a bitter but perceptive comment: "Even then . . . he came into her mind. He was underhand as a lover, taking advantage of a passing mood" (p. 217). She also brings in a rather extended reference to God in the pages of her journal which
preceded the night on which the affair ended. She writes that she cannot rest content in religious belief but requires tangible admiration. However, there is more than a hint in this passage that she has a faint envy for those who can believe. Then there is the vow itself. She could not really make a vow to a God in whom she did not believe; there must have been a modicum of faith to serve as a basis for that wild, desperate plea for her lover's life. This scanty remnant of Christian consciousness was probably analogous to Bendrix's "nows and thens," which he refuses to give up because, as he tells Smythe, "The odd thing is that those are the moments of hope" (p. 101). It is interesting that Smythe seems to serve as a catlyst to the religious sentiments of both lovers. Sarah sees Smythe for the first time the afternoon before she makes her vow. He is arguing against the proofs for the existence of God, and her reaction is that she was unaware that there were any except for "this cowardly need I feel of not being alone" (p. 113). This was written after she has made the vow, but it is probably an accurate expression of what was in her mind previous to it. Undoubtedly there was a good deal of sharpness to this particular memory added by the events which followed it.

Before God's active intervention in their lives, then, it seems that both Sarah and Bendrix had at least a basis for faith, and for the same reason: that is, they were disposed towards belief because of the "doubleman" aspects of their personalities. They could not bear not to believe, because such a negation would destroy the hidden, ignored, but much cherished
hope that somehow, sometime their longing for unending love and happiness could be fulfilled.

As she wrote later in her last letter to Bendrix, Sarah believed from the moment that he walked in the door of the apartment with the blood on his face. Her conduct immediately after is adequate proof of this: she left him at once. He hadn't understood what she meant when she said: "You needn't be so scared. Love doesn't end. Just because we don't see each other.... My dear, my dear. People go on loving God, don't they, all their lives, without seeing him?" (p. 82). And to Bendrix's reply that that wasn't their kind of love, her answer is cryptic: "Sometimes I don't believe there's any other kind." Her words frighten Bendrix: "I should have recognized that she was already under a stranger's influence; she had never spoken like that when we were first together. We had agreed so happily to eliminate God from our world." And as he realizes as he writes in retrospect, "She had already made her decision...." (p. 82). But despite this decision, despite her being sure of God's existence from the moment that Bendrix appeared in the door, Sarah was to wage a hard, uphill struggle for two years until finally, in the letter Bendrix received after she had died, she was able to write in the midst of desolation and temptation: "I know one day I shall meet you on the Common and then I won't care a damn about Henry or God or anything. But what's the good, Maurice? I believe there's a God—I believe the whole bag of tricks [Smythe's ex-
pression; there's nothing I don't believe ... I've caught belief like a disease. I've fallen into belief like I fell in love. I fought belief for longer than I fought love, but I haven't any fight left" (p. 132). She follows this with the already quoted accusation that Pendrix himself was responsible for disposing her to believe.

Sarah's relations with Smythe and Henry referred to in the discussion of her charity, also have pertinence to her growth in faith. But the most significant forward step has not yet been considered: this is the beautiful and touching incident of the meditation on the resurrection of the body. This simple scene is one of the most poignant and moving of the entire book. It marks Sarah's first emergence from the gloomy lethargy which had overcome her ever since she had given up her lover the year before.

She goes into the church on the Common, not because she has any desire to pray, but merely because she cannot bear staying around the house any longer, being kind to Henry and receiving his kindness in return—"Two people being kind to each other for a lifetime" (p. 132). This is her first visit to the "dark church at the corner of Park Road." Obviously it could not have had much significance or made much of an impression upon her before because now for the first time, as she looks about at the "plaster statues and bad art," she realizes that it is a "Roman church."

As she looks at the statues, she recalls that "they believe in the resurrection of the body," and recalls ironically Smythe's contention that
it was the habit of people to invent beliefs which pleased them. Certainly such a belief would give her no joy; she is sick and weary of her body, "the body I wanted destroyed forever. I had done so much injury with this body." She muses, "If I were to invent a doctrine it would be that the body was never born again, that it rotted with last year's vermin."

But after this violent surge of emotion, Sarah considers further, and wonders if she would really want such a doctrine. Perhaps for herself, but what of others? What of those whom she loved? And she recalls Maurice's body and the scar which was impressed upon its shoulder—the symbolic mark of charity—the scar he received when he sheltered another man from a falling wall: "He didn't tell me why he was in the hospital those three days; Henry told me. That scar was part of his character as much as his jealousy. And so I thought, do I want that body to be vapour—mine, yes, but his? And I knew I wanted that scar to exist through all eternity. But could my vapour love that scar? Then I began to want my body that I hated, but only because it could love that scar. We can love with our minds, but can we love only with our minds? Love extends itself all the time, so that we can love with senseless nails; we love even with our clothes, so that a sleeve can feel a sleeve" (p. 134).

Then, with her customary frankness of mind, she concedes that Smythe must be correct. It was after all a fairy tale which we have invented to give each other comfort. But as she makes this admission, a significant change
comes over Sarah. She finds that she no longer hates the ugly, realistic art in the church. She says that the paintings were like "bad coloured pictures in Hans Anderson; they were like bad poetry." But, she adds, somebody had needed to write them, somebody who wasn't so proud that he hid them rather than expose his foolishness.

Then she begins to walk up the aisle of the church looking at the pictures and statues. In the front of the Church she sees a middle-aged man praying, some celery which he had bought placed in a bowler hat beside his. The man is kneeling before a particularly unattractive statue: "In front of the worst of all--I didn't know who she was." This is the image which her more cognizant lover would later identify as the "hideous statue of the Virgin" on the rainy night fourteen months later when he would find Sarah huddled in front of it.

What Sarah notices next, after this statue of Mary, is the huge crucifix above the altar. Even to Sarah, the neo-pagan who could not identify the figure of the Mother of God, this is "a familiar body, more familiar than Maurice's." (To live in a culture in which the Christian influence has been dissipated by centuries of infidelity and neglect still carries a remnant of advantage.) She recalls the crucifixes which she had seen when she visited Spain with Henry. He wanted her to admire the twelfth-century pillars, but Sarah was sickened and horrified by the blood "which ran down in scarlet paint from the eyes and the hands." She goes back to examine her original
concept of God as some sort of amorphous vapour. How much more comfortable for everyone that would be: "A vapour couldn't shock you with blood and cries" (p. 136).

This reference to Henry's calm, matter-of-fact approach to the Spanish "superstitions," as opposed to Sarah's instinctively human reaction indicates how much more apt than he she is for religious experience and how much better equipped to serve as a receptacle for the gift of faith. Henry is a successful man of his age, but in order to be successful, he has had to pay a price; he has had to make certain concessions (concessions which the "hunted man" will never make). He had to bow his head to the popular prejudices in order to be accepted. He had to surrender his freedom of thought, therefore, and set up certain fixed categories into which anything that could possibly occur anywhere at anytime would fit some way or another. The image of the torn bloody man on the gibbet fitted into one of these. When he saw the crucifix, he was unable to think how horrible a spectacle it was, how horrible it would be were it actually true that someone had died that way. To Henry it was Roman superstition and that settled the matter. (This recalls the scene in The Heart of the Matter, in which the English emigres are discussing the suicide of young Pemberton over their bridge game, and Scobie is dismayed by their unreflective callousness: "Through two thousand years, he thought, we have discussed Christ's agony in just this disinterested way." 9) As Sarah

9 Heart of the Matter, p. 211.
said of Henry's attitude towards her horror: "Henry was very reasonable—he's always reasonable" (p. 135).

However, even Henry, like Bendix, was of unwitting use to the "third man" on this occasion. He took the opportunity to tell his wife more of the materialism of the Roman faith, particularly about transubstantiation, which even some of the finest intellects—Pascal, Newman—had accepted. Henry is not perturbed by their susceptibility: "So subtle in some directions; so crudely superstitious in others" is his judgment. "One day we may know why. It may be a glandular deficiency (p. 138)." Henry had this data in the proper category, and he was confident that some day, with the progress of man, he would be able to subdivide it further on some equally reasonable but more knowledgeable basis. Sarah, however, retained only the disquieting information and not the reasonable explanation for it:

So today I looked at that material body on that material cross, and I wondered, how could the world have nailed a vapour there? A vapour, of course, felt no pain and no pleasure. It was only my superstitions that imagined it could answer my prayers. Dear God, I had said; I should have said, Dear Vapour. I had said, I hate you; but can one hate a vapour? I could hate that figure on the cross with its claim to my gratitude—'I've suffered this for you'—but a vapour?—And yet Richard believed in less even than a vapour. He hated a fable, he fought against a fable. . . . Why? I looked up at the over-familiar body, stretched in imaginary pain, the head drooping like a man asleep. I thought, sometimes I've hated Maurice, but would I have hated him if I hadn't loved him too? O God, if I could really hate you, what would that mean? (p. 136).

These thoughts have their reaction. What is the matter, Sarah demands, with believing that God existed with a body like this? How, she asks, could
he be loved or hated as he was and is if he did not have a body. "That's coarse, that's beastly, that's materialist, I know—but why shouldn't I be beastly and coarse and materialist?" And in a flaming rage at all the reasonable people, she walks out of the church: "I did what I had seen people do in Spanish churches; I dipped my finger in the so-called holy water and made a kind of cross on my forehead" (p. 137).

It is necessary here to recall the caution proposed at the beginning of this chapter, the caution to avoid taking Sarah's words at their face value. She thinks that she is acting in defiance of the reasonable people, but if the logical process of her meditation is carefully considered, it seems to be rather flawless despite the high emotional quality intermingled. For after all, the will and intellect are part of the same person and are not made to act indepently of each other. It is Sarah, then, who is the reasonable one here, because the "reasonable" people have smothered their reason by the concessions made to custom. Here, by the way, is an instance of one of the advantaged that the convert all too often has over the "born Catholic"; he tends to be "unreasonable" and disturb the tranquility of his new brethren—the somewhat headstrong conduct of St. Paul, for example.

The sequel to this meditation is significant. In Sarah's next entry in her diary, she writes of the incident described before, the extravagant gesture of standing outside of "Your" windows in the rain (for the first time she uses the capital letter in the pronoun). This was the night on which, she
writes: "It was for the first time as though I nearly loved You" (p. 138).

Marcel More comments on the scene in church: "The entire meditation has a strange beauty. One is aware that Sarah is coming to a realization of one of the most moving dogmas of Christianity. And she does so as a woman who senses from the very depths of her physical nature--of her flesh--the truth of Christ." She comes to a knowledge of the mystery of the Incarnation, in other words, and in the dark church in which she had taken refuge she realizes that: "The true Christian sacrifice... is not that of a soul unhappily transfixed in matter for another soul similarly afflicted, but it is the sacrifice of a creature made by God from the slime of the earth for another creature who is like him." As Father Gardiner writes: "Actually, one of the triumphs of the book... lies precisely in the growth depicted in Sarah... She does not become in one leap a tinsel saint, basking securely in the love of God. She is still the passionate woman, who still feels the imperious call of the flesh. Now inevitably Greene recalls St. Augustine to mind." And it was this very call of the flesh--as it was her charity, her whole-heartedness, her humility--which God used as the means of perfecting her in faith. The theme of the resurrection of the body is a favorite with Greene. In the

10 "Trehison de Sarah Miles," pp. 55-56.

11 Gardiner, p. 13.
article on the Assumption, he writes: "The Resurrection of Christ can be regarded as the resurrection of a God, but the Resurrection of Mary foreshadows the Resurrection of each of us."\(^{12}\)

Sarah's Effect upon Others

From a consideration of the effects of Sarah Miles upon the other characters in *The End of the Affair*, some of the most telling evidence regarding her sanctity uncovered. In Greene's past novels, the influence of the central character upon the others in the story has always been very significant. The opinions of these lesser characters expressed in their random words and thoughts often are corrective, either to the introspective observation of the hero, or to the prejudiced observations of a narrator.

This technique of Greene of exacting suggestiveness from the most chance word or event gives his rather concise style rich undertones of meaning. *The Power and the Glory* is perhaps one of the best examples of this suggestiveness. If the whisky priest were to be taken at his word, if his own estimate of himself were literally true, he would be considerably less sympathetic than he is. Through his humility, he tends to detract from his own accomplishments. Indeed, he is subjected to one of the subtlest temptations imaginable: the temptation to consider that everything he did was done out of pride and therefore totally devoid of merit. And as far as the effect of his wretched apost-

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\(^{12}\)"Our Lady and Her Assumption," p. 39.
tolate is concerned, he thinks he has accomplished nothing whatever. Yet, failure though he thought himself, his life and death were not without effects, even readily discernible effects. Tench, the exiled English dentist, is strangely moved by his presence. When the priest is killed he feels deserted. More striking is his influence upon two of the children in the story. Luis is repelled by the sugary, cliche-ridden story of little Juan the martyr, but he is won over by the far less edifying real life and death of the whisky priest. When the new priest comes, it is Luis who receives him and kisses his hand. The effect upon Coral Fellows, though less explicit, is just as evident. She is soon to die when she meets the whisky priest, and the reader feels that her brief acquaintance with him has prepared her for it. He tells her quite simply that, frightened as he was, he could not by any means renounce his priesthood—he was a priest forever, and this makes a lasting impression upon her. As for the priest’s own daughter Brigida, he has no apparent success in his conscious attempt to communicate with her. However, so unreserved are his prayers in her behalf (he makes a holocaust to God, as do Cookie and Sarah) that it is clearly implied his plea will have some result. Finally, there is in his influence upon the lieutenant, he who had abandoned all childlike trust, he who had a mystic who had experienced nothingness and wished to propagate at all costs the truth of the dying, cooling universe. The lieutenant goes as far as to break two rules of the state whose authority he so puritanically upheld up to then. He gets the priest some liquor and he goes to Padre Jose,
the pitiful old apostate, and tries to persuade him to hear the whisky priest's confession. Because of the influence of the whisky priest upon him, as Mauriac observed, even the executioner in the world of *The Power and the Glory* is "marked with the sign of love." 13

Smythe in *The End of the Affair* is the counterpart of the Lieutenant—
even to the awkward love he has for children, a love which he, like the Lieu-
tenant, is unable to communicate to them. And both of them, though more
subtly drawn, are closely related to the simplest and most elemental of the
hunted men, Raven of *This Gun for Hire*. Smythe has the Lieutenant's zeal
against God and Raven's tangible mark of the outcast. This is the sort of man,
then, who is ready, at first, to compromise his faith if Sarah will have him—
"You can believe the whole silly bag of tricks for all I care, I love you,
Sarah" (p. 149)—and then, finally, gives it up entirely. It is Smythe who
is the first to use the detested word "miracle" to the desperate Bendrix (p. 236)

Henry Miles, despite his lack of passion, so prominent among the other
characters of the *End of the Affair*, is in some respects the most likeable
of them. As Bendrix says of him: "Didn't he possess in the end the winning
cards— the cards of gentleness, humility, and trust?" (p. 26). However, as was
indicated before, he suffered a good deal from a failing characteristic of the
age which produced him: he had little spiritual consciousness. At the end of

13 Mauriac, p. 127.
the story, however, there is little doubt that the suffering he has gone through has awakened a deep and perceptive sensitivity. He may not be as aware as is Bendrix of what is ahead in consequence of the apparent miracles, but he has been deeply moved both by his wife’s death and by what he has learned from Fr. Crompton, from Bendrix himself, and, finally, from Sarah’s mother who told him of the baptism in a fit of anger. Henry will never be able to regain his “reasonableness.”

Parkis and his disfigured son Lancelot (Parkis had thought it was Lancelot who found the Holy Grail) are minor characters in the story, but their testimony is of importance. Parkis is not a clown even though Bendrix thinks of him as one in a moment of irritation. He is capable of love and affection. He may be shallow in many respects, but there is nothing wrong with his heart, nor, as Fr. Crompton observes (p. 223), with his common sense. He and Lance, despite the rather extraordinary nature of their relationship to her, are won over by Sarah. Green’s purpose here is apparently to demonstrate that Sarah’s charm, learned at school or not, was founded upon a sweet and generous nature. If it merely a “trick,” it is extremely doubtful that it would have had much of an effect upon Mr. Savage’s man and his sharp-eyed son. Further, the favorable impression which she made on these two illustrates that Sarah did not reserve her charm for those whose admiration would have a flattering effect upon her. And as the story closes, there is every indication that her influence upon Parkis and Lancelot is never going to wane.
The witness of Fr. Crompton to Sarah's good qualities is significant from a number of angles. He makes only a brief appearance in The End of the Affair. However (as Kathleen Mott strenuously protests) he is of great importance, not only with regard to the plot, but also because of the further light which he, as Sarah's spiritual counselor, is able to bring to bear on her character. Bendrix bitterly accuses him of being deceived by Sarah, but his heart is not in the charge. He knows the priest's favorable impressions have a true basis. Fr. Crompton has no illusions about Sarah's past—as his attitude towards the testing Bendrix clearly indicates—but he has the greatest respect and admiration for her nonetheless. He is not, for example, at all surprised by the cure of Parkis's son, though he is very far from being a credulous man.

Here Greene is using a device honored by Homer and Shakespeare. It is the Trojan elders who testify, reasonably and matter-of-factly, to the beauty of Helen—men who of all in the world would have the least inclination to be favorable towards her. And the hardened, disenchanted soldier Enobarbus is Shakespeare's choice to tell his audience of the excellence of Cleopatra. So the Redemptorist, Fr. Crompton, the "haggard, graceless" preacher of popular missions who is not used to dining out and has "limited small talk" (p. 218-19) is Greene's witness to the sanctity of Sarah Miles. It is not a young curate, but an elderly, unimaginative priest who has been won by her holiness.

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14 See above, p. 56.
Finally there is Bendrix himself who "thinks he hates, and loves, loves all the time—even his enemies." This hate of Bendrix has been analyzed at length already, but a few more words on it will be helpful towards an interpretation of that final prayer to suit a "winter mood" with which the story closes (p. 240).

Bendrix leaves Mr. Crompton and Henry and rushes upstairs after his tirade. Then he picks up Sarah's journal and he reads over a passage which was studied above, the one in which she says: "O God, if I could really hate you, what would that mean?" (p. 223). He echoes his mistress' words and he too wonders what it means to hate God. He addresses her:

It's all very well for you to love God. You are dead. You have Him. But I'm sick with life. I'm rotten with health. If I begin to love God, I can't just die. I've got to do something about it. I had to touch you with my hands. . . . One can't love and do nothing. It's no use telling me not to worry as you did once in a dream. If I ever loved like that, it would be the end of everything. Loving you, I had no appetite for food, I felt no lust for any other woman, but loving Him there'd be no pleasure in anything at all with Him away. I'd even lose my work, I'd cease to be Bendrix. Sarah, I'm afraid. (p. 223).

This process is much like that which Sarah experienced two years before: the initial disbelief, then the repugnance towards God because He had taken away what was most desired, then the analogy between human and divine love, a consequent fear, and, finally—in Sarah's case—the surrender to God. Bendrix has not progressed to the final stage, but there is no question of the reality of his fear. And what immediately follows the above scene is also suggestive of Sarah's process of conversion. Bendrix comes back downstairs and
saw Henry sleeping and feels a rush of pity and affection for him, quite forgetting his own misery. And as was the case with Sarah, his pity is not unproductive ("one can't love and do nothing"), "I put two biscuits by his bed in case he woke, and turned the light out" (p. 229).

Smythe's telephone call that his cure was not the result of a new treatment but, he is convinced, of Sarah's intervention is another shock to Bendrix. He resolves to tear up the journal, but is unable to go through with it. He reads again the last page where Sarah's oblation is recorded: "Give him my peace—he needs it more" (p. 238). He tells her that she had failed there; that is one prayer of hers which has not been answered: "I have no peace and I have no love, except for you, you. I said to her, I'm a man of hate." Then with a depth of insight, he examines this hate of his and he considers the sincerity behind his words:

But I didn't feel much hatred; I had called other people hysterical, but my words were overcharged. I could detect their insincerity. What I chiefly felt was less hate than fear. For if this God exists, I thought, and even you—with your lusts and your adulteries and the timid lies you used to tell—can change like this, we could all be saints by leaping as you leapt, by shutting the eyes and leaping once and for all; if you are a saint, it's not so difficult to be a saint. It's something he can demand of any of us—leap! But I won't leap. (p. 238)

Then he tells God that He does not have him yet—a declaration which is a clear echo of Sarah's "Believe me God, I don't believe in you yet" (p. 124). And the circumstances under which she voiced this defiance were similar to those confronting Bendrix. She had begun to realize that the love of God was something that could not be attended to with half a heart, and she was
frightened at the prospect. W. Peters observes: "Once a man admits God's desperate love, nothing will be left for him; for where God loves desperately, the only answer can be loving God desperately. And this means losing one's own life. Upon this truth turns The End of the Affair. Sarah Miles' conversion does not pivot upon her vow. She feels God's love about; she then discovers that keeping her vow for six weeks is not enough... Then comes the first intimations that she has to eliminate everything with its terrible conclusion: 'If I eliminate everything, how will I exist?'" (p. 125). And as Peters adds: "No wonder that she fights love until there is no fight left"—a phrase which equally applies to Bendrix at this point at the end of the story.15

Then after the above declaration to God, Bendrix goes out with Henry; it was their habit to go for a walk in the evening and get a glass of beer: "We walked side by side over the Common... The lights were out, and lovers met where the roads intersected, and on the other side of the grass was the house with the ruined steps where He gave me back this hopeless crippled life" (p. 239). And it was there, "walking there beside Henry towards the evening glass of beer," that Bendrix finds the one prayer which serves his "winter mood": "O God, You've done enough, You've robbed me of enough. I'm too tired and old to learn to love. Leave me alone forever" (p. 240).

15 W. Peters, p. 288.
This is hardly the type of ending one would expect to find in a "religious novel; on the other hand, it is far from "the anti-God fulmination" which one of the critics considered in the first chapter labeled it. No less caution must be used in interpreting Bendix's words than was used with those of Sarah. If taken quite literally, this final "prayer" would be nothing less than a declaration of despair. If it is such, however, it hardly expresses what is in Bendix's heart. Allott and Farris, in connection with this, quote a passage from Georges Bernanos' *Diary of a Country Priest*. It is taken from the powerful scene in which the young cure converts the countess from her sin of prideful despair by telling her what hell is:

Hell is not of this world. . . . The lowest of human beings, even though he no longer thinks he can love, still has in him the power of loving. Our very hate is resplendent, and the least tormented of the fiends would warm himself in what we call our despair, as in a morning of brilliant sunshine. Hell is not to love any more.16

As long as Bendix lives, at least that long, he will be able to love; and so his wintry prayer cannot be his final word. In one of his early novels, Greene indicated that it was not possible for a man to deal with God as does Bendix and expect the matter to end at that. At the conclusion of *It's a Battlefield*, the prison chaplain tells the Assistant Commissioner that he intends to hand in his resignation because he is dissatisfied with the incomprehensible course of human justice. The Assistant Commissioner replies that

he does not wish to be blasphemous, but is not divining justice of a similar nature? The chaplain answers: "Perhaps, but one can't hand in a resignation to God." And he makes an addition characteristic of Greene: "And I have no complaint against His mercy." 17

Rendrix, too, is unable to break off his relationship with God merely by willing to do so. He was pursued by love when Sarah lived, and he is pursued all the more now that she is dead. But now he is aware that all the time there was another love. He has discovered at last whose was the relentless love that lay in hiding behind that of his mistress, waiting the opportunity to overtake him as it had her.

CHAPTER VI

SARAH MILES AS AN EXPRESSION OF
GREENE'S RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS

In some respects the furor which greeted the publication of The End of the Affair was greater than that aroused by the appearance of The Heart of the Matter. With the latter, the dispute was largely a Catholic intramural affair. The End of the Affair, however, presented a different aspect. Evelyn Waugh makes this distinction: the earlier books showed Catholics to themselves, whereas this novel is "addressed to the gentiles, for the purpose of showing them the Church in their midst". 1 It does not attack Protestantism, as did Brighton Rock in such violent terms, but it is an unqualified avowal of the Catholic faith. Greene seems to be saying here—much more cogently than in The Power and the Glory—that the love of God is all that matters and that the best way to love God is to become a Catholic. Sarah Miles, unlike the whisky priest, is a type familiar to the world of the gentiles. She is in fact a respected citizen of it. Hence the universality of the message of this story—a universality forcefully in Bendix's words: "If you are a saint, it's not so

difficult to be a saint. It's something that He can demand of any of us--"

(p. 238).

Catholics, however, were not without exception pleased with The End of the Affair, and they have added their fair share to the adverse criticism. Many have objected to the sexual atmosphere of the book. Others protest that the sanctity of the heroine is not convincing. Then, there is such disagreement over such points as Sarah’s vow, the infant baptism, and, above all, the apparent miracles. Non-Catholics, for different reasons, attack the story on such the same lines.

These various objections are stimulating because they focus attention upon points which distinguish Greene as a writer. In this concluding chapter, therefore, all of them will be considered. The purpose of this examination is not to introduce new matter: actually, all of these factors have been dealt with implicitly, at least, throughout. They will now serve, however, as a good basis upon which one may synthesize the material already considered. Thus, finally, it will be possible to ascertain Sarah Miles’ significance as an expression of Greene’s religious sentiments.

Again, the same caution is apropos: no judgment will be passed with regard to the theological validity of these sentiments. What is at issue here is their interpretation as they find expression in the characters—especially the character of the heroine.

The sexual atmosphere of the book, first of all, has stirred acute dis-
comfort in many sensitive Catholic critics. There is nothing to be gained by slighting this aspect of the novel. Nor can there be any pretense about offering this book to all without serious qualifications. It is not a story for the immature of any age. However, designating the proper class of readers for *The End of the Affair* is a delicate task and not the one at hand. Rather, the point to be considered here, is that the book can be understood only if its sexual aspect is fully appreciated. Sex is the highest of natural pleasures—at least the most intense of them. Its sacrifice in the religious life, for example, is perhaps the greatest that can be asked of the average man or woman.

Therefore, when Greene portrays his heroine giving up the only man whom she loves, he obviously means it to appear as a sacrifice of great significance.

Sexual love, after all, is a type of love. It is not opposed to the love of God, despite the persistent heresies on this point. Sexual love has its source in the creative and conservative power of God. In some ways it is a mysterious living metaphor of divine love, as Old and New Testament examples illustrate, as do also the writings of the saints and the Fathers of the Church—especially the great St. Augustine. If sexual love is properly practiced, it is holy and leads to an increase of sanctifying grace. And if abused, the renunciation of its abuse can lead to one's return to God. For one's renunciation of it in the prime of life—probably the most celebrated of such renunciations being that of St. Augustine—is an almost certain testimony of the sincerity of the sinner's repentance.
But here rises the old dilemma which was given its first formulation upon the lips of Christ, in His words to Simon the Pharisee concerning the woman who had bathed His feet with her tears: "She has loved much because much has been forgiven her. He loves less who has less forgiven." Can one become a great saint only by first being a great sinner? What is Greene's answer? Would he unhesitatingly endorse Tisse's charming homily on The End of the Affair: "Adultery leads to sainthood?"

The theological facets of this question are innumerable; here, two quotations must suffice, both of which pertain to the problem only as it relates to Greene's work. Fr. Illtud Evans, C.P., comments on a statement of Allott and Farris in The Art of Graham Greene: "It is disingenuous of the authors... to find in Mr. Greene's sympathy with Peguy's 'Le percheur est au coeur mame de la chretiente' a mood 'only a step from Luther's 'pecca fortiter.'" The two ideas are a universe apart. For Peguy (as for Mr. Greene and all writers in the Catholic tradition) the sinner is significant because he is capable of redemption. Indeed, his very sin, once known, once wept for, is the providential way to his release. Here is no sanction for sin, but rather the declaring of what blessedness repented sin may lead to."

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2"Shocker," Tiss, LVIII (October 23, 1951), 98-104.

3Illtud Evans, C.P., Review of The End of the Affair, Blackfriars, XXXII (October 1951), 499.
While Fr. Evans statement should be enough to clear Greene of the charge of "sin mysticism" in The End of the Affair, Nadaule is more penetrating in his analysis of the providential place of sin in the progress of a saint. He has the whisky priest in mind, but his words apply also to Sarah Miles:

The same problem always arises. Must one gravely sin in order to come to love? The gift of the saints certainly consists in their venial sins, their light imperfections, or merely the keen sense of their status as creatures being enough to stir up in them this humiliation and this contrition which God will not turn away. It is a different matter with ordinary men. The knowledge of the saints is not open to them except when they are humiliated and mortified by faults which they are unable to recall without burning with shame.

A final word in connection with this question of sexual misconduct: the graphic quality of certain sections of The End of the Affair should not be interpreted as sensationalism. Rather, a point which was alluded to previously should be recalled: namely, Greene must be understood as a realist— as the incisive and gifted author who presents the truth as he sees it with no convenient paraphrases. His people express themselves in terms which Greene believes appropriate to their personalities. Maurice Bendrix, the character Greene has chosen as his narrator, in addition to being a "craftsman," is a rough, yet sensitive man, tortured almost beyond endurance by passionate jealousy and the most unnerving kind of uncertainty. It is only in keeping with his character—therefore, artistically accurate—that some of his expressions should shock. They are meant to shock—thereby to express accurately

Nadaule, pp. 206-207.
what is going on inside the man as he writes. It is important to note that these expressions do shock and by no means titillate.

The place of Sarah's vow has already been dealt with at length. Interpreting it more generally, now, it seems to be a challenge flung by Greene in to the teeth of a secularistic age; and as such it follows the general line of his thought as seen in other novels: that is, amid all the betrayal, hate, and sordidness which he portrays someone is always faithful; someone is always ready to renounce the world for the sake of his or her love for another person. Rostenne's observation is an apt one: "The theme of fidelity, of the promise made and kept, is the central theme of Greene's work," and Rostenne wrote this some time before the publication of the story of Sarah Miles.

But what about the credibility of the vow: does it seem reasonable that a neo-pagan such as Sarah would have thought of such a thing? It seems to this writer that, as Greene presents it, the vow is psychologically acceptable. To corroborate this opinion, one could be referred to all that has been said of Sarah's latent faith and generous, self-sacrificing nature in the preceding chapters.

As for Sarah's baptism, even many Catholic critics have questioned the necessity of its inclusion. The secularist critics have of course been less reserved in calling it out of place. Is it merely a fortuitous event? stric-

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⁵ Rostenne, p. 186.
tly speaking, it does not seem to be necessary either from the aspect of plot or of theology. As Fr. Crompton says, "We recognize the Baptism of desire" (p. 223). The question, therefore, concerns Greene's purpose.

It seems to this writer that Greene has included this incident of Sarah's baptism as a little girl, because of his personal conviction of the value and efficacy of the sacrament. For example, in Lawless Roads, he laments the situation of the infants who are cut off from the sacrament because of the decrees of an atheistic government.\(^6\) Sarah is not--from the viewpoint of Catholic theology, nor indeed from the viewpoint of any theology which makes some pretense to being Christian--she is not "lucky" in being baptized. Greene indicates in the clearest manner that this baptism occurred in God's Providence, working through the serviceable if unstable agency of Mrs. Bertram. God, it would seem, is going to extraordinary lengths for one soul; but one must admit that Greene has a sufficient number of precedents for attributing such "excessiveness" to the action of God in the lives of men. The Blessed Sacrament is one such precedent. Scobie observes while serving himself for his sacriligious Communion: "How desperately God must love to so expose Himself."\(^7\) Furthermore, Sarah's soul is not the only one which is at stake; her


\(^7\) Heart of the Matter, p. 235.
good influence—that is, her power to draw other souls to God—is still widening in scope as the story closes.

Finally, Sarah's baptism is testimony of Greene's regard for the agency of the Catholic Church. His priests may not be attractive, at least in the line of social graces, but they certainly do not block the path between their people and God. They are God's instruments: they help to purify the intention of the honest seeker, often by their very unattractiveness, and they furnish men a practical, everyday access to Him whom they serve.

The miracles, or the seeming miracles, in The End of the Affair have stirred more unfavorable criticism than anything else in the novel. The critical argument contends that artistic integrity was sacrificed by their inclusion. A second, less temperate argument is that Greene has sold out to the party at this point in his story. The second accusation is rather uninspired. Greene is acknowledged to be a master of technique. It seems hardly likely that he would carefully construct his book four-fifths of the way (the critics with hardly an exception are unanimous in their praise thus far) and then cold-bloodedly reduce it to a theological tract. Devotion could scarcely exact that from him.

With regard to the first charge, the failure in artistic integrity, the question is a moot one. Some critics say one thing, others are of another opinion. Fr. Gardiner, for example, thinks that the miracles are the one weakness of the book; he feels that they do intrude. On the other hand, Gardiner, p. 18.
rather surprisingly, Anthony West, the critic for The New Yorker, a publication whose renown is not owed to its ascetical-theological bent, concludes an understanding and appreciative review with this unqualified praise:

The narrator sets out, inspired by hatred and dislike, to discover a petty sexual wrong, and finds himself faced with a saint and a saint's knowledge of love. Saints have been crowding onto the literary scene lately, talking their heads off in the work of Mr. Eliot and mumbling dim intimations of an awareness of a greater something in Mr. Faulkner's, but none of them has done much to bring home the reality of mystical experience or the power that goes with it. Greene's saint does that and the closing section of the book, which deals boldly with the miraculous, is one of the most convincing things that he, and perhaps any other modern writer has written in attacking this problem. Where it approaches the effect, in particular, of discovering what she was and that she knew upon the narrator himself, it is deeply moving. The book is undeniably a major work of art, and even those who cannot agree that the search for truth can be pursued in the neighborhood of the miraculous and the supernatural will find in it rich aesthetic satisfactions.9

(West's analysis, incidentally, also corroborates what was said in previous chapters of Sarah's effect upon Bendrix.)

As far as the present writer is concerned, there is no falling off of interest in the last section. Some of Bendrix's most eloquent bits of self-revelation are found here. Greene himself seems to be entirely aware that "naturalism" is being violated by the inclusion of this last section, but he does not feel that truth is so violated. In fact, he portrays his narrator Bendrix as being constrained to continue the story in the interest of truth--

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the deeper truth, not the natural realism. After coming home from the Miles' residence the day of Sarah's death and after having read that last letter of hers which greeted him there, he writes: "if I were writing a novel I would end it here; a novel, I used to think, has to end somewhere, but I'm beginning to believe my realism has been at fault all these years, for nothing now in life ever seems to end." (p. 183) Perhaps Greene could have written his story without the miracles, but if he did, it would have been some other story. He could have also chosen some other heroine, if he wished, and not attempted the difficult task of portraying a saint in a modern context.

Another point which has a bearing upon this question of the miracles is the universality of Greene's sympathy. At the end of the first chapter of this essay, Greene's concern for his fellow men was proposed as one of his principal characteristics and one of the key approaches to a richer appreciation of his work, as opposed to the erroneous and stereotyped concept of Greene the hater. If one realizes that Greene is anxious for the salvation of all his characters and not merely his heroine, the miracles in The End of the Affair take on new significance. For it is not merely a matter of Sarah reaching God, or even of Bendix and Henry, but also of Smythe, of Parkie and Lance, of the man praying before the "hideous statue of the Virgin," of Sarah's maid, and all of the others who constitute the world of this novel and, by the strongest of implications, of all those who make up the actual world also. For as Christ used the testimony of miracles to corroborate His claims to
divinity, so also does He still employ them to substantiate the claims of those
who represent Him in a special way and to put His seal upon their lives.
Little less than an extraordinary event, for example, could have impressed
the desolate Bendrix or the conventional Henry.

Greene himself believes that miracles are very much a part of modern life.
In a speech to a group of French Catholics, the man who is popularly supposed
to be obsessed with the bleak side of life and to be an inveterate pessimist,
looked with optimism upon the current threat to Christianity presented by the
militant atheism of Soviet Russia. The strength of Russia cannot prevail
against those who are of God; indeed, the assault of Communism will leave
Christianity more powerful than ever because its attack will clarify the
issues involved, the petty and not-so-petty compromising with the world for
which Christ did not pray will no longer be possible, and thus the hard crust
of secularism which smothers the fire of charity in the days of false peace
will be purged away. Greene quotes Newman frequently in this speech, drawing
from the Cardinal's attacks upon the hollow complacency which passed for Chris-
tianity in Victorian England. "Now," Greene says, "we are where Newman wished
to see us—in an age of miracles"—a sentiment clearly embodied in the novel
which followed this speech by less than two years.

One of the arguments against the miracles is that Sarah's sanctity does not seem to be of such a high order that the reader is prepared for so unqualified a manifestation of divine approval. Fr. Gardiner is of this opinion: "The weakness of the book lies, I feel, in the introduction of the 'miracles.' . . . I believe that they do intrude, for we are not prepared for them by a sufficient portrayal of Sarah's saintly life."11 A French Jesuit, Fr. Louis Beirnaert, argues in a manner somewhat similar against the high quality of Sarah's sanctity, though he does not refer to the miracles. He considers The End of the Affair a powerful work, but regards it as the story of a conversion which was not altogether complete. He bases this estimate upon the final lines of Sarah's journal, where she says that she wants "ordinary corrupt human love" that she wants Maurice just as before (p. 182). Fr. Beirnaert comments that Greene has made the situation the most difficult imaginable. If Sarah had lived, he says, she would be tempted just as before.12

An American Jesuit, Fr. William Lynch, using the more obvious aspects of the same argument, is rather severe in his criticism of The End of the Affair. Fr. Lynch's objection is reminiscent of Sean Ó Fátháin's charge that Greene is not interested in human situations with human solutions, but is a writer of

11 Gardiner, p. 18.

modern moral plays. Fr. Lynch writes:

But The End of the Affair was meant by Greene, we feel, to be a more formally Catholic novel than The Heart of the Matter and was meant as a solvent to the condition of nature and our contemporary problem of the failure of love. Yet in it we have a more subtle display of the Manichaean way. I would briefly suggest that in this last novel there are two decisive halves, one of which represents the failure and breakdown of human love, the other its achievement on the divine plane and without any relation to the human. The divine love is in no way achieved in the same act as the human: the latter does not lead to the divine; the divine, once achieved does not fortify the human. 13

These three critics, in varying degrees, seemed to have overlooked what seemed to this writer to be one of the crucial points of Sarah's spiritual progress and the factor which determines to a large extent the final outcome of the story; namely, the holocaust of peace which Sarah makes in favor of Bendrix, the sacrifice which was considered in the previous chapter. Sarah does achieve stability and peace after her long, wearisome struggles, but she is willing to sacrifice it: "But You are too good to me. When I ask You for pain, You give me peace. Give it him too. Give him my peace—he needs it more (p. 151; emphasis added)." This entry is dated February 12; two days later she is in the midst of desolation and temptation and she records the cry of the heart quoted before: "Please take away your pain and give it me another time," and goes on to write that she still wants human love as before (p. 152). This seems to the present writer an indication that Greene wants the reader to

realize that God has taken her at her word and that this crisis, therefore, marks an advance in her spiritual life and is certainly not a sign that her conversion is incomplete. For when temptation does arise, a bare week after this last entry, she does not follow her heart. Rather, she leaves her sick bed, goes out into the rainy night and finds her way to the church on the Common. The scene of her first perceptible advance in spirituality thus becomes the setting for her last great temptation, when Bendrix, with the desperation born of the pain of loss, tries to win her back from God. His failure is a complete one. In the face of Sarah's inner strength, even the passionate Bendrix is helpless.

The contention that in *The End of the Affair* there is no relation between the human and divine loves and that the divine does not fortify the human and divine loves and that the divine does not fortify the human is a charge which is in no way borne out by the events of the story. Much was said in the preceding chapter of the manner in which Sarah's sanctity was built upon her natural virtues. In the same way, from a consideration of her holocaust of peace for the sake of Bendrix's conversion, it is apparent how close is the interplay between human and divine love in Sarah's nature. The solution to Sarah's problem is not on the purely human level; but for no human dilemma of consequence is there a purely human solution.

It is quite true that Sarah is not at peace until she dies—and that she actually prays that she die in order to escape further temptation—but how is
this contrary to Catholic tradition? Does even the sanctity of the greatest
saints preclude temptation? Madame comments beautifully:

The Christian is not outside the world; on the contrary, he is at its
very center—there where the struggle of Powers is the most sharp and the
most uncertain. He does not participate in the heavenly harmony. If he
aspire with vehemence towards peace, as do so many of the heroes of
Graham Greene, it's a peace which is not of this world and which is in
no way the kind which the world gives. It is a peace outside of time.
And in another place he writes: "We are wanderers on the way towards the
heavenly Jerusalem. The immense merit of Graham Greene is that he has recalled
to us the precarious nature of the human condition, and that harmonious peace
is not of the order of time, but of eternity."

The temptation of Sarah Miles, therefore, should not be taken as evidence
of an imperfect conversion. One must penetrate far below surface appearances
when attempting to make an analysis of characters drawn as subtly as those of
Greene.

The holocaust seems to have great personal significance with Greene, since
he has used the same device in The Heart of the Matter. The Power and the Glory
and in other works, most recently in the play The Potting Shed where the
sacrifice of the priest grounds the entire plot and theme. In a letter to
Marcel More, Greene comments on an article of the latter's in which More
traced this theme of the holocaust through The Heart of the Matter, singling

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14 Madame, pp. 379, 380.
out as Scobie's first holocaust his offering of peace at the bedside of the
dying child. In a previous interview with More, Greene had passed over this
lightly, saying that it had no special significance. Now in the letter, he
confesses that, out of the embarrassment caused by the discussion of his book,
he had been rather hasty in dismissing this action of Scobie as something which
anyone would have done under the circumstance: "Obviously one did have in mind
that when he offered up his peace for the child it was genuine prayer and had
the results that followed. I always believe that such prayers, though obviously
God would not fulfil them to the limit of robbing him of a peace forever, are
answered up to a point as a kind of test of a man's sincerity and to see whether
in fact the offer was merely based on emotions."15

In *The End of the Affair* there is good evidence that Sarah Miles is sub-
mitt ed to many such tests and responds admirably. It is hard to see how she
could have done anything more difficult. She gives up Bendix, she tries to
love a God who, as far as her emotions are concerned, is a mere phantom. She
eventually gains peace of soul, and then she sacrifices it for the good of
the throes of desolation, she is severely tempted once more--
another. Finally, in a temptation which she resists even to death. Her sanc-
tity is marked by a strong faith, an ardent love for God, trusting and child-

15 "Lettre de Graham Greene," *Dieu Vivant*, No. 17 (1950), pp. 151-152; the
article of Marcel More and the interview are respectively: "The Two Holocausts
of Scobie," *Cross Currents*, 11 (1951), 44-66; "Propos de Table avec Graham
like, and by a zeal for a similar love of God in others; for she wants hap-
iness for everyone, wanting to put an end to the pain and suffering of every
human being. And, surely not least of all, her sanctity is permeated with
humility.

Conclusion

The End of the Affair is a remarkable accomplishment. Its characters,
Sarah, Bendix, Henry, Smythe, and Parkis are the most human and appealing
that Greene has ever drawn. Of special note is the character of Henry, a
type, neither hot nor cold, who, according to most critics, Greene is supposed
to despise. An examination of this story should dispel that idea.

Greene's outlook in The End of the Affair seems more expansive than in
past novels. His view of human nature is certainly sunnier and more charitable
than in Brighton Rock, or even in The Power and the Glory and The Heart of the
Latter. For example, there appears in this novel a variation on theme which
is characteristic of Greene, that of youth coming into contact with evil and
pain, in this case, the illness of young Lance. However, here, as More ob-
serves, there is a more optimistic turn: Parkis' young son is delivered from
his pain—and by the agency of Sarah Miles. In the same articles, More makes
a fine appraisal of The End of the Affair and its significance as an advance
in Greene's thought: "Not only is The End of the Affair one of the most beau-
tiful of Graham Greene's novels, but it also, we believe, reveals an evolution
towards a Christianity less tormented, more radiant."16

In The End of the Affair the main actors are the heirs of a non-Christian tradition. In a recent essay on Havelock Ellis, Greene revealed his concern for men and women so berefit. Greene pities Ellis and his common-law wife, with their dutiful attempts to put into practice their enlightened principles, frustrating, as a consequence, all their normal human emotions. Greene observes: "One mourns for them . . . that they weren't born in the Christian tradition."17 This pity seems to have had some influence upon the form of The End of the Affair, as though Greene were pointing out to the secular world of today that no one need be cut off from God by an accident of birth. Even modern pagans can reach God, perhaps using the very occasion of repentance to set themselves upon the path which leads to Him.

The lesson of the story is that human love, even corrupt and imperfect human love can lead to God. Our natural instincts need not inevitably betray us; God may bring us to Himself by making use of them. The End of the Affair should be enough to dissipate the notion that Greene can only be understood as a spirit kindred with Pascal.

The Theme of the book seems to this writer to be a rather clear and uncomplicated one: God is the fulfilment of all love. In the Apocalypse, the

16 "Trahison de Sarah Miles," pp. 61, 67.

17 The Lost Childhood, p. 136.
sacred writer speaks of uncounted numbers before the throne of the Lamb, but each of these blessed carries a stone upon which is written a name which is known only to him or her and to God. By this is symbolized that the love of God for man, no matter to how many men and women this love is extended, is above all a love which is infinitely personal in nature. Similarly, Jesus cured huge crowds of the sick, but never as crowds, never as depersonalized masses. He cured them as individuals, laying His hands upon each of them in turn.

The theme of God's personal love for the individual is the heart of the end of the Affair. Like Augustine, Sarah Miles was in love with love. She had not the least wish to forego human affection; but when she finally did so, a new horizon was opened to her—a new horizon of love—at the precise time when she thought her life had become desolate.

St. Augustine had asked what it was that he loved when he loved his God. The answer which he discovered was that when he loved God he loved everything, everything and, paradoxically, much more than everything. Ultimately, there is no giving up of anything when one loves God, though in this present existence we cannot fully understand this, nor, much less, are we able to feel it.

When Sarah Miles gave herself to God, she received everything. Death to her was, Greene implies, a release from the restrictions of material existence; not that the body is evil, but the body as it exists in the present life is a source of limitation, especially does it limit one's power to love.
Sarah's capacity for loving and being loved was created by God in order that He Himself could fulfill it. And by the inclusion of the miracles, Greene wishes to indicate that this fulfillment has taken place. After the trials of her life, God has taken Sarah into His own love and by so doing has not destroyed her power to love others, but has in fact increased it. The miracles should be interpreted as signs of the continuance of her love and care for those whom she loved while on earth.

At the close of the story, Bendrix is still struggling with God, much as was his mistress before him, but the outcome seems to be one easily forecast. Bendrix, too, will learn that the only happiness (the only respite for the hunted-man) lies in surrender. After all, Bendrix, too, is a man of desires; and though he pretended to himself that a lifetime of love would have contented him, every impulse of his nature cried the contrary. The old charge against Greene should be recalled here, the charge that he is not interested in merely human problems—and, in all justice, the cogency of the charge must be acknowledged: Greene's outlook is nothing if not eschatological; his whole concern is with the final destiny of his people.

But what outlook is more sensible—or more practical? For the highest of human joys is human love. And human love—The End of the Affair, our daily experience, and all of Catholic tradition testify—cannot be satisfied on the human level. The observation of the Bishop of Hippo is a familiar one but apparently only imperfectly comprehended by many critics of Greene: "You have made us for Yourself, O God, and our hearts are restless until they rest in You."
APPENDIX

THAT OF FRENCH FOOTNOTES

CHAPTER I

1Paul Rostenne, Graham Greene: L'espion des temps tragiques (Paris, 1949), p. 53: "Le roman catholique est essentiellement le roman de la vocation surnaturelle de l'homme, l'histoire tragique de sa difficile réussite, ou de son catastrophique échec. Et c'est là, d'une manière particulièrement éminente, le roman de Graham Greene."

CHAPTER II

1Rostenne, p. 95: "Il possède à un degré peu commun l'art de présenter l'existence humaine comme un jeu qui se joue dans deux registres ou semblable au piano dont le mouvement visible des touches déclenche le mouvement invisibles des marteaux qui sont les véritables agents du timbre de l'instrument. Greene a sent avec la lucidité la plus aigue et exprime avec l'art le plus adéquat comment ce sont les harmoniques surnaturels de nos actes qui déterminent le timbre de nos existences."

6Rostenne, p. 96: Ce qui est remarquable dans cette évocation, c'est la manière d'arriver à la conscience du surnaturel par une descente dans les profondeurs viscérales de la misère, de la meurtrerie, et de la peur. Et sans coute fallait-il la sensibilité particulièrement vive d'un enfant, à défaut de celle d'un saint, pour présenter ainsi l'enfer dans l'expérience de la désillusion humaine, pour en enproférer la présence d'une manière aussi concrete et aussi intense, pour voir le surnaturel aussi intiment fondu dans la nature."

Raymond Jouve, "La Damnation de Scobie?" Études, CCLXIII (November 1949), pp. 170-171: "Le problème semble donc devoir rester définitivement insoluble. Mais ce n'est par un mince mérite que de l'avoir posé en termes que tout l'univers anglo-saxon (catholique et protestant, croyants et incroyants) ... s'est attaché passionnément à le débattre."

CHAPTER III

3 Jacques Madaule, Graham Greene (Paris, 1949), p. 230: "La pire des choses, c'est d'être seul. Tous ceux des héros de Greene qui se sauvent réussissent à n'être pas seuls. Le plus souvent, c'est une femme qui rompt cette solitude."

3.1 Madaule, p. 219: "Les êtres d'intercession, qui sont presque uniquement des femmes ... Les hommes traqués ne le seraient pas comme ils le sont, si toujours quelque femme ne se trouvait là pour les accompagner, pour les reconforter, pour les perdre ou pour les sauver."

4 Rostenna, p. 186: "Le thème de la fidélité, de la promesse faite et enne est le thème central de l'œuvre greenienne. Le mal profond qui ronge l'univers de Greene, c'est une infidélité ... qui enveloppe l'humanité d'une atmosphère d'inattendu, de méfiance et de menace ou personne ne peut plus compter sur personne."

6 Madaule, p. 61: "Elisabeth démontre que, entre le monde des justiciers formalistes et le monde des contrebandiers, il existe un autre univers, plus profond et plus véritable ... qui est l'univers de Dieu."

7 Madaule, p. 61: "Au moment où Graham Greene écrivit ce premier livre, il n'était pas encore catholique, mais il était déjà chrétien et il avait compris qu'il l'exigence essentielle du christianisme est la condamnation de ce monde pour lequel le Christ n'a point prie. Il faudra de longues années pour que le thème de l'homme traqué aboutisse à la figure du prêtre mexicain de La Puissance et la Gloire, qui est traqué pour Dieu. Mais il ne cessera, dans l'intervalle, de hanter Greene. ..."

13 Madaule, p. 81: "Milly aurait sauvé Conrad si elle n'avait pas été sa maîtresse. Ce qui l'a chassé à travers les rues, c'est l'adultère qu'il a commis la nuit dernière. S'il y a dans son coeur tant de haine ... c'est parce qu'il se hait lui-même. 'Aimez votre prochain comme vous-même.' Mais si je me hais moi-même? Et comment le pêcheur ne se haurait-il pas? Le péché nous introduit au monde de la haine, comme la pureté et l'innocence dans celui
de l'amour. La haine engendre la haine, et la solitude, comme l'amour, engendre l'amour et communauté, l'unique possibilité pour les hommes de communiquer entre eux."

15. "Madame, p. 154: "On ne pénètre dans le royaume de la Miséricorde que par la porte basse de l'humilité. Telle est l'entrée que le Caimin refuse. Il est crispé dans son orgueil d'archange déchu... ""

16. "Madame, p. 105: "... a petite Elsa, qui a à peine quatorze ans et qui, dejà, n'ignore rien des turpitudes humaines. Pourtant, à travers tout cela, elle a préservé son innocence et sa faculté de croire."

22. "Rostende, p. 166: "Et ce monde est un monde d'hommes seuls, de lutteurs et de conquérants isolés dans leur sort et pour qui la femme n'est aussi qu'une proie à conquérir. Non plus une âme avec laquelle communier, mais un corps à posséder dans la nuit fulgurante et brève du désir."

23. "Madame, p. 304: "Dans la vision catholique de l'univers la femme a une place déterminnée. Elle est, sans doute, la mère de la vie mais elle est aussi la source de la grâce."

30. "Madame, p. 312: "On le voit, le seul défaut de Rocher du Brighton, c'est peut-être que les choses y sont trop parfaitement dites, et peut-être que les choses aussi que les deux mondes dont il est ici question sont trop nettement différenciées et opposées."

CHAPTER V

1. Marcel More, "La Trahison de Sarah Miles," Dieu Vivant, No. 28 (1952), p. 51: "Cette 'loyauté' chez une femme mariée qui, sans sourciller, entend craquer la marche qui annonce l'approche de son époux, lorsqu'elle se trouve dans une situation scabreuse, ne peut s'expliquer que par une espèce d'innocence du cœur, conservée malgré l'expérience de la trahison."

2. "La Trahison de Sarah Miles," p. 57: "Les saints, eux, à la manière de Sarah, sont prêts à subir toutes les humiliations, quelque soit le canal par où elles leur parviennent, comme se c'estait Dieu que en était l'auteur. Ils ne se permettent pas de juger celui qui les juge."

4. "Madame, p. 231: "Mais la Fitié, qui n'est en somme, qu'une des formes de la sympathie, est aussi le moyen, et le seul, par lequel nous entrons en communication avec les autres hommes."
5 "Trahison de Sarah Miles," p. 54: "C'est là bien autre chose qu'un pur sentiment de pitié. Par la pitié, nous compatissons à la misère d'autrui, mais sans qu'il soit prêté atteinte à ce qui constitue notre intégrité. Le véritable, acte de charité envers nos semblables diffère de la pitié en ce qu'il réclame le sacrifice de notre 'moi.' 'Un sacrifice extraordinaire,' souligne-t-elle. ... ."

8 "Trahison de Sarah Miles," pp. 55-56: "Le véritable sacrifice chrétien. ... ce n'est pas celui d'une âme tombée malencontreusement dans la matière pour une autre âme affligée du même malheur, c'est celui d'une créature faite par Dieu du limon de la terre pour une créature semblable."

CHAPTER VI

4 Madoule, pp. 206-207: "c'est toujours ... le même problème. ... Faudrait-il donc gravement pêcher pour accéder à l'amour? ... Le don des saints est sans doute que des pêchés veniens, de légères imperfections ou seulement le sentiment aigu de leur condition aiguë de leur condition aiguë d'eux cette humiliation et cette contrition que Dieu ne meprise pas. Il en va différemment pour les hommes ordinaires. Ils ne s'ouvrent à cette science des saints que quand ils ont été humiliés et broyés par des fautes qu'ils ne peuvent se rappeler sans bruler de honte."

5 Rostenne, p. 186: "Le thème de la fidélité, de la promesse faite et tenue, est le thème central de l'œuvre greenienne."


14 Madoule; p. 373: "Mais le chrétien n'est pas hors du monde; il est en plein cœur du monde, au contraire. Là où la lutte des Puissances est la plus apre et la plus incertaine, il ne participe aucunement à l'harmonie céleste. S'il aspire avec véhémence à la paix, comme le font tant de héros de Graham Greene, c'est une paix qui n'est pas de ce monde et qui n'est point telle que le monde la donne. C'est une paix hors du temps." P. 386: Nous sommes des nomades, en route vers la Jerusalem céleste. L'immense mérite de Graham Greene est de nous avoir rappelé la précarité de la condition humaine, et que la paix harmonieuse n'est pas de l'ordre du temps mais de celui de l'éternité."

16 "La Trahison de Sarah Miles," p. 57: "The End of the Affair est non seulement un des plus beaux romans de Graham Greene. Il révèle en outre, croyons-nous, une évolution de sa pensée vers un christianisme moins tourmenté."
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The thesis submitted by Mr. Michael Gallagher, S.J., has been read and approved by three members of the Department of English.

The final copies have been examined by the director of the thesis, and the signature which appears below verifies the fact that any necessary changes have been incorporated, and that the thesis is now given final approval with reference to content, form, and mechanical accuracy.

The thesis is therefore accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

April 15, 1947
Date

[Signature]
Signature of Advisor