GRAHAM GREENE: THE LINK TO FANTASY

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ABSTRACT

Graham Greene has stated that he believes there to be an undercurrent of fantasy running through all of his work that has largely gone unnoticed by his critics. Within the context of any discussion on Greene can be found a starting point for an evaluation of his work in terms of the fantastic and fantasy. Eric S. Rabkin defines fantasy as the inverse of reality. In a fantasy world, the ground rules, expectations, and perspectives of everyday experience are reversed, or diametrically opposed, and the effect is a sense of hesitation and wonder. All of Greene's fiction describes worlds divided. He constructs borders that continuously separate people, places, situations, motivations, perspectives, objectives, and states of mind. Each side of the border describes a world that is the opposite of the other. The reality of one side is turned over on the other side, and life on the border is unpredictable and uncertain. The concept of alternate realities and other worlds which characterize fantasies, can be applied to all of Greene's works in general, and more specifically to a particular group of the fiction which exhibits a much higher degree of fantastic content.

RÉSUMÉ

Graham Greene affirme qu'un courant de fantaisie parcourant ses oeuvres demeure en grande partie inaperçu par ses critiques. Tout discours à propos de Greene peut servir de point de départ pour une évaluation de son oeuvre relatif au fantastique et à la fantaisie. Eric S. Rabkin définit la fantaisie comme étant l'inverse de la réalité. Dans un monde fantastique, les réglements de base, les attentes, les perspectives de l'existence quotidienne sont inversés, ou directement opposés, et le resultat est un sentiment d'hésitation et d'émerveillement. Tous les romans de Greene décrivent des mondes divisés. Il construit des frontières qui séparent continuellement personnes, places, situations, motivations, perspectives, objectifs, et états d'esprit. Les deux côtés de la frontière décrivent deux mondes qui s'opposent. La réalité d'un côté est l'inverse de celui de l'autre, et la vie sur la frontière est imprévisible et incertaine. Les concepts de réalités alternatives et de mondes multiples qui caractérisent la fantaisie peuvent être appliqués à l'oeuvre de Greene en général, et plus spécifiquement à un groupe particulier de ses romans qui manifestent un contenu beaucoup plus important de fantaisie.

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1. INTRODUCTION

In a 1981 interview with Marie-Françoise Allain, Graham Greene remarked on the critics' "general refusal to grasp the importance of fantasy in [his] books. No one's ever questioned [him] about it or really commented on it": "This propensity towards the fantastic, towards fantasy has remained a subdued undercurrent in my work."[1] Eric Rabkin defines fantasy as being the other side of common reality. It is an alternate world, an other world, which portrays a 180° inversion of the accepted perception of reality. A fantasy takes the ground rules, perspectives, and expectations that characterize everyday life, and reverses and contradicts them to produce a different world. Graham Greene's work reflects this concept. In his autobiographical piece The Lawless Roads, he describes an attitude which can effectively be used to link all of his fiction to fantasy:

> The border means more than a customs house, a passport officer, a man with a gun. Over there everything is going to be different; life is never going to be quite the same again after your passport has been stamped and you find yourself speechless among the money-changers. The man seeking scenery imagines strange woods and unheard-of mountains; the romantic believes that the women over the border will be more beautiful and complaisant than those at home; the unhappy man imagines at least a different hell; the suicidal traveller expects the death he never finds. The atmosphere of the border - it is like starting over again; there is something about it like a good confession: poised for a few happy moments between sin and sin. When people die on the border they call it 'a happy death'.[2]

Greene's writing consistently deals with this border. His subjects describe people, places, and existences eternally divided. Each side represents a different perspective, a different reality, an alternate world, against which the other one can be critiqued. Although certainly not all of Greene's works can be considered fantasies, a sense of fantasy or the fantastic can be found in the quality of otherness or strangeness that does affect the novels and short stories in one way or another. Greene is loyal to his position of "disloyalty" and his borders are filled with the uncertainty and hesitation that characterize every fantastic experience. In novels such as The Quiet American, A Burnt-Out Case, The Comedians, and The Heart of the Matter, the far-off, exotic settings, and the realities they describe, provide obvious contrasts to the

worlds from which the English characters have come. Through the eyes of Yusef, Scobie's servant in The Heart of the Matter, we can see the British wives on their way to the club and feel the displacement and distance of all that was known and familiar. From commonly known and accepted realities, Greene creates worlds turned around, over, and up-side-down, and in doing so, forces a closer inspection of both sides. He moves through the looking-glass and back again, identifying with the essence of the relationship between reality and fantasy. Without a perceived set of ground rules fantasy could not exist; but once on the other side, the perspective of reality is entirely different. Greene's numerous comparisons of Europe and Africa, where two worlds operating according to opposing ground rules, providing each with a new point of reference, effectively complements this attitude. The war in The Quiet American, the leper colony in A Burnt-Out Case, and the "reign of terror" in The Comedians, intensify the quality of otherness that the landscape has already provided. The images and experiences that the characters live through contradict the ordinary concept of reality and challenge the perspectives learned in everyday life. In The Power and the Glory the foreign setting provides a backdrop for the manifestation of a completely different kind of Catholicism. Travelling through Mexico during the persecution of the Church, the whisky priest witnesses challenges to faith and the spirit that are unlike any he has known, and consequently shape the religion itself. In novels such as The End of the Affair, A Gun for Sale, and Brighton Rock the battles are fought closer to home; nonetheless, the characters struggle uneasily on different sides of the border. Sarah and Bendrix, Anne and Raven, Ida and Pinkie, are bound by their own dilemmas, but their realities are never fixed or secure and they are never entirely separate from the other. These atmospheres crackle with tension and offer little reassurance regarding the world around them. Greene's characters continuously face places and situations that challenge all their expectations, and even in their own backyard the known and familiar acquire a certain strange and uncomfortable nature.

In addition to the principles of fantasy described by Rabkin, and other complementary attitudes regarding the manipulation of reality suggested by critics such as Tzvetan Todorov which can be applied generally to all of Greene's writing, a

selection of his works can be examined separately in terms of their direct relationship to fantasy. Travels With My Aunt, Monsignor Quixote, "The End of the Party", "The Second Death", "Proof Positive", A Little Place Off the Edgware Road", "The Destructors", "The Overnight Bag", Doctor Fischer of Geneva or the Bomb Party, and from A Sense of Reality, "A Visit to Morin", "Dream of a Strange Country", "A Discovery in the Woods", and "Under the Garden", are all structured more tightly around the concept of contrasting and alternate realities that marks the fantastic and fantasy, and generates a more pronounced uncertainty or hesitation that is an essential component of the fantastic experience. The inversions and challenges to the ground rules and commonly held perspectives that are outlined in these works are more constant and complete, and, therefore, more successful in their creation of alternate worlds and realities, and in producing a quality of otherness in their presentation of realities turned over or up-side-down.

To effectively trace the undercurrent of fantasy that Greene remarks is a significant but unrecognized component in his work, this paper will begin by presenting an overview of Greene's attitudes and those of his critics to establish a basis and a rationale for such an approach. This will then be tied into a specific approach to fantasy itself and Greene's works in general, before examining in-depth the core group of fiction which finally establishes Graham Greene's link to fantasy.

2. THE GREENE BAIZE DOOR: THE LINK TO FANTASY

The subject of Graham Greene outside and inside fiction is beset by the concepts of opposites, contradictions, inversions and reversals. The border, the frontier, the other country, the dangerous edge - these images defined Greene's life from the beginning:

> Two countries just here lay side by side. From the croquet lawn, from the raspberry canes, from the greenhouse and the tennis lawn you could always see - dominatingly - the great square Victorian buildings of garish brick: they looked down like skyscrapers on a small green countryside where the fruit trees grew and the rabbits munched. You had to step carefully: the border was close beside your gravel path. From my mother's bedroom window - where she had borne the youngest of us to the sound of school chatter and the disciplinary bell - you looked straight down into the quad, where the hall and the chapel and the classrooms stood. If you pushed open a green baize door in a passage by my father's study, you entered another passage deceptively similar, but none the less you were on alien ground. . . .
>
> One was an inhabitant of both countries: on Saturday and Sunday afternoons of one side of the baize door, the rest of the week of the other. 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. . . .
>
> There lay the horror and the fascination. One escaped surreptitiously for an hour at a time: unknown to frontier guards, one stood on the wrong side of the border looking back - one should have been listening to Mendelssohn, but instead one heard the rabbit restlessly cropping near the croquet hoops.[3]

Reality was a world divided. Life was never entirely black or white, but a perilous mixture of the two. Horror and fascination, hate and love, good and evil, hinged on a restless border where "one had to step carefully". Almost without warning the known could turn into the unknown; the surroundings could be "deceptively similar, but none the less you were on alien ground". The border, literal and figurative, is the fundamental image that runs through Greene's personal experiences, what has been written about him, and what he has written himself. The

border separates and connects different sides, different experiences, and different ways of seeing. It is a wall between two countries, it is the difference between childhood and adulthood, and it is the mirror of the mind. "It is the line between the light and the dark, the spurious and the real, the heart and the mind", and it "counterpoints the relationship between the subconscious and the conscious, between ideology and action, thought and commitment."[4] Greene is fascinated by the other side. The realities he describes are complicated by paradoxes and dualities, and infused with dichotomies. Where there is justice there must be injustice, where there is loyalty there must be betrayal, where there is belief there must be doubt, where there is salvation there must be damnation. "In all my books perhaps I return to the duality which has marked my life from the time that I was a pupil in the school at Berkhamsted whose head was my father."[5]

Greene couldn't stand the term "Greeneland". He was intensely opposed to being called a Catholic writer, and wasn't the least bit interested in "the pattern in the carpet". He did not have a lot of patience with critics who tried to reduce his major concerns, or "obsessions" into neat little packages, or insisted on defining him and his work by a specific set of rules:

> I don't believe in it, I can't make it out. So don't go asking me to explain myself. I don't know myself, and I don't want to. Don't try to trap me with some sentence I wrote thirty to fifty years ago, expecting me to think the same way today. I am, remember, someone who changes. Each year I feel different.
>
> In any body of work there's always a pattern to be found. Well, *I* don't want to see it. When a critic discovers certain keynotes, that's fine and may be of interest, but I don't want to be steeped in his discoveries, I want to remain unaware of them. Otherwise I think my imagination would dry up.
>
> Some critics have referred to a strange violent 'seedy' region of the mind (why did I ever popularize the last adjective?) which they call Greeneland, and I have sometimes wondered whether they go round the world blinkered. 'This is Indochina,' I want to exclaim, 'this is Mexico, this is Sierra Leone carefully and accurately described. I have been a newspaper correspondent as well as a novelist. I assure you that the dead child lay in the ditch in just that attitude. In the canal of Phat Diem the bodies stuck out of the water . . .' But I know that argument is useless. They won't believe the world they haven't noticed is like

that.[6]

Greene sees a reality in which violence and seediness have a real and significant place. Many critics perceive these aspects as only part of Greene's own reality. They don't notice anything else. His work is read with certain expectations and preconceived ideas, making it difficult to view the writer and his writing with a completely open mind. Many seem impossibly caught up in the notion of "the pattern in the carpet", which is so often used to define Greene's modus operandi, and more trapped within the borders of "Greeneland" than they accuse Greene of being. The religion, the shady people and places, the evil, the pity, the despair, the innocence and sin, the hunters and the hunted; these are all themes viewed as being part of an easily recognizable landscape which can be found in anything Greene has written. The pattern, elaborate as it may be, has been identified and Greene, they believe, has been figured out. Critics should be cautious, however, about travelling through a literary world with so preconceived a plan, particularly if that world is the creation of someone who preferred to journey through life without maps. The worlds and realities that Greene describes are not neat or organized. They are complicated and messy and filled with contradictions. It seems reasonable to assume that the "truths" he portrays are meant to have implications far beyond the borders of "Greeneland".

Critics have also been notoriously difficult about separating the writer from the writing. They continuously suggest that the key to the fiction can only be found in a study of the author himself. One wouldn't have to be a great detective to find the similarities and connections between Greene and his fiction. The clues are scattered liberally throughout the works and his voice intrudes often enough to keep the lines of the literary world and the armchair world a bit fuzzy. Greene's description of his childhood summer holidays at his uncle's house in Cambridgeshire--the old-fashioned garden, the orchard and the pond with an island, the fountain and the high wall in front of it all--is heard again in Wilditch's reminiscences of his summers at Winton Hall. Wilditch also echoes Greene's boyhood daydreams of great expeditions as an explorer. Greene's fear of birds and children's parties may be seen in Frances in "The End of the Party", and his nightmares about death by drowning afflict Anthony in

England Made Me, and Alfred Jones in Doctor Fischer of Geneva. Greene's feelings about the common to which he often escaped as a child are reflected in Castle's conversations with his son in The Human Factor. Greene admits to using his experiences in Mexico as background for The Power and the Glory, and his journey through Africa is relived by Lever in "A Chance for Mr. Lever". The Wordsworth of Greene's Liberian travels shows up again in the form of Aunt Augusta's comical friend from Freetown in Travels With My Aunt. The author in May We Borrow Your Husband informs us that he has been working on a biography of the Earl of Rochester, something for which Greene could also take credit. The accusations levelled at Mr. Morin of collaboration with the Jansens and the Augustinians, and of numerous other religious offenses, were also directed at Greene. In Travels With My Aunt the sergeant's reference to Mr. Visconti as an Italian and a viper is an obvious allusion to Marjorie Bowen's The Viper of Milan, the great literary inspiration of Greene's childhood. In The Ministry of Fear the good and bad wings of the hospital are separated by a green baize door. In Monsignor Quixote Father Quixote is as aware as Greene that "holiness and literary appreciation don't always go together."[7] The list could go on and on.

A writer is always a part of the writing and the line between reality and fiction is often a tenuous one. However, in order to truly do justice to the work, one must at some point cross the border and enter into the new world, whatever it may be, with an open mind. In many ways it seems as though Greene taunts his readers to try and see his work from beyond the shadow of his own life, so frequently do the parallels arise. His personal experiences were certainly an inspiration for the issues he would dramatize; ". . . the sense of injustice, betrayal and failure are the obsessive themes rooted in childhood experience which underlie all Greene's mature work."[8] But, if Greene's own words are to be believed, his writing was never meant to be a reflection of his own life:

> It is better to remain in ignorance of oneself and to forget easily. . . . All that we can easily recognize as our experience in a novel is mere reporting: it has a place, but an unimportant one. It provides an anecdote, it fills in gaps in the narrative. It may legitimately provide a background, and sometimes we have to fall back on it when the

imagination falters.[9]

Greene has continuously rejected attempts by others to mitigate the potential of his work by the use of symbolism, allegories, or comparisons drawn with his own life. A humorous explanatory footnote to a letter that Evelyn Waugh wrote to him in July, 1948 underscores this point:

> In his review of *The Heart of the Matter* in *Commonweal*, 16 July, Waugh wrote: 'I believe Mr. Greene thinks him [Scobie] a saint. Perhaps I am wrong in this. . . .' Greene wrote to Waugh, 'A small point - I did not regard Scobie as a saint, and his offering his damnation up was intended to show how muddled a man full of goodwill could become once "off the rails".' Waugh wrote a correcting letter to *The Tablet* and when the review was translated into French he altered it to read 'Some critics have taken Scobie to be a saint.'[10]

Greene seemed to have spent a considerable amount of time making such clarifications or disputing allegations that his characters were speaking his own mind. His characters were to have hearts and minds of their own. In England Made Me he thought the focus of the story "was simple and unpolitical, a brother and sister in the confusion of incestuous love. [He] found it odd to read once in a monthly review an article on [his] early novels in which a critic *disinterred* this theme. He wrote of the ambiguity of the subject, how the author himself feared or was even perhaps unaware of the nature of the passion between brother and sister."[11] Greene explained that it was the brother and sister who were afraid and unaware, and that it was dangerous for a critic to be so technically unaware of the novel. According to R.J. MacSweene, "we can safely say that Querry . . . is Greene in a stance of his later life, weary from years of creation and stress. He would probably repudiate the idea, but what is most alive in the author definitely comes to the surface."[12] Greene probably would repudiate the idea: "Undoubtedly if there is any realism in the character it must come from the author experiencing some of the same moods as Querry, but surely not necessarily with the same intensity . . . If people are so impetuous as to regard this book as a recantation of faith I cannot help it. Perhaps they will be surprised to see me at Mass."[13] "The point is that Greene is not Fowler anymore than he is Andrews or Farrant, Bendrix or Querry, or any of his other unpleasant characters. Fowler is a fictional creation made out of his author's experience and imagination, but neither a

self-portrait nor a mouthpiece."[14] Greene is also the involuntary patient of a hoard of would-be psychoanalysts, which further bogs down the studies of many of his critics. Marie-Françoise Allain concluded after many hours of interviewing Greene for The Other Man, that his ignorance regarding the truth about himself was genuine, and that he was an authentic paradox. Ironically, the majority of critics who have reviewed Greene have ventured their definitive version of Greene's true nature. This in turn seems to have a tremendous impact on how his works are viewed. To support the theory that Greene is a depressed, unhappy man who sees only ugliness and despair throughout the world, which is consequently reflected in his fiction, critics often point to the autobiographical vignette "The Revolver in the Corner Cupboard": "Greene's early life was extremely unhappy. There was loneliness and despair. There was the suicidal flirting with Russian roulette that is so famous and yet so annoying to read about. There is something awful about the story he relates, how he put a revolver to his head and pulled the trigger, and each time he was spared."[15] Greene's early life was actually extremely happy and tranquil. It wasn't until he left home to go to school that he discovered a darker side to reality. Although Russian roulette is not the average solution for every despondent seventeen year old, the essay does not recount a typical suicide attempt. Intensely bored and in a Heathcliffe-like despair over his sister's governess, the young Greene was intrigued by the discovery of the revolver in his brother's cupboard. Reminded of how Russian officers had devised ways to escape their boredom at the end of the revolution, Greene used the gun a number of times to escape what he felt was an intolerable state of mind. It was not death he desired, but the thrill that the game elicited. Boredom played a major role in Greene's life, and his attempts to escape its drug-like effect provided the impetus for many of his experiences.

The subject of Greene's conversion to Catholicism and his Catholicism in general is another area of his life that has been dwelt upon, and abused, in studies of the author and his work. Greene himself explains that "[he] had not been converted to a religious faith. [He] had been convinced by specific arguments in the probability of its creed."[16] The woman that Greene was to marry was a practising Catholic and he

thought it only reasonable that he should understand what she believed. At the time, religion for Greene "went no deeper than the sentimental hymns in the school chapel."[17] During his instruction he became convinced that the theological arguments for Catholicism came closer to the truth than those of other religions. His conversion was an intellectual decision. For the critics, however, Greene became a man obsessed; a Catholic writer filling his pages with theological persuasions and doctrine that distinctly controlled his way of seeing. "The popular image of Greene as a master technician with a crucifix hidden behind his back (or up his sleeve) obviously will not do."[18] "Many times since *Brighton Rock* I have been forced to declare myself not a Catholic writer but a writer who happens to be a Catholic." Greene found that until Brighton Rock he "had like any other novelist been sometimes praised for a success, and sometimes condemned with good enough reason. . . ."[19] Then all of a sudden he was a Catholic writer with only one story to tell. Following this thought, Francis Kunkel in The Labyrinthine ways of Graham Greene divides Greene's novels into three groups: the pre-Catholic; Catholic; and post-Catholic. The "entertainments" are dealt with separately, where he also uses neat packages to evaluate the work. The central characters of the entertainments, he says, "always fall into one of two categories. The hero and the heroine are invariably loyal and unselfish. Those characters who oppose the hero and heroine are invariably opportunistic and selfish."[20] He gives as an example Anne and Raven in A Gun for Sale to support this idea. The only problem is that Anne betrays Raven at the end of the story. As Greene has said, there is no black and white; categories and packages simplify and therefore ignore the grey area. Greene also notes that many reviewers have inaccurately referred to Brighton Rock as the first novel after his conversion. It was, he points out, only the first time he used obviously Catholic characters. Greene has also found it necessary to explain repeatedly that the ideas of his Catholic characters, including their ideas about Catholicism, were never necessarily his own.

It is generally possible to find two opposing points of view regarding anything about Greene and what he has written. "The explorers [of Greeneland] have brought back conflicting reports."[21] Kunkel calls Travels With My Aunt "little more than an

extended visit to "My Most Unforgettable Character," courtesy of the *Reader's Digest*. As it is, Greene's "unforgettable character" actually is almost as easily forgotten as the *Reader's Digest* species."[22] R. Miller describes the novel as "a brilliant comic tour de force" in which "Greene has created two of his most memorable characters. . . ."[23] On one side is a large group of critics who are completely unsympathetic and see Greene as fundamentally dark, gloomy, negative, and religious to a fault. They accuse him of being obsessed by certain ideas which make his writing predictable. The critics' tendency to focus on the negative influence of religion becomes an obsession in itself. The Catholic church is described as looming darkly and oppressively in the background of almost all of Greene's stories: "Catholicism entered his spirit permanently, a strange disturbing kind of Catholicism. It seems always on the edge of heresy, prone to see monsters where angels should be, a lush land of wild flowers and crippled men."[24] Greene seemed to be only too aware of how he was being perceived. In "Under the Garden" Mrs. Wilditch saw a dangerous degree of "religious feeling" in her young son's story 'Treasure on the Island'. The description of a jewelled crucifix felt the wrath of her blue pencil as did the point at which Wilditch's hero thanked Providence for helping him find the treasure map. Perhaps Greene felt that he too was being taken out of context as critics dove into his texts, like Mrs. Wilditch, looking for tell-tale signs of dangerous religious feeling.

On the other side are those critics who have been able to focus on Greene's exploration of the human condition as a whole, in which religion has always played an important role. "There is a good deal of evidence, internal and external, that in Greene's fiction Catholicism is not a body of belief requiring exposition and demanding categorical assent or dissent, but a system of concepts, a source of situations, and a reservoir of symbols with which he can order and dramatize certain intuitions about the nature of human experience. . . ."[25] They see the fiction as various journeys into the depths of the human spirit, which at times can be quite dark. A.A. DeVitis wrote "that Greene is a novelist who does not take just one religious stance but a variety of stances; and that these are dictated not by dogma but by what the novelist has chosen to face in "this" novel."[26] Morton Zabel is eloquent in his

description of what he believes Greene has achieved in his fiction:

> It is because he dramatizes the hostile forces of anarchy and conscience, of the moral nonentity with which nature or history threatens man and the absolute tests of moral selfhood, that Greene has brought about one of the most challenging combinations of historical allegory and spiritual argument that have appeared in the present dubious phase of English fiction. His style and imagery can be as melodramatic as his action, but he has made of them an instrument for probing the temper and tragedy of the age, the perversions that have come near to wrecking it, and the stricken weathers of its soul. It still remains for him to get beyond its confusions, negative appeals, and perverse standards - not to mention the tricky arguments by which these are too often condemned in his books and which are too much left to do the work of the honest imagination - to become a fully responsible novelist in his English generation.[27]

Greene was probably never offended by being described as obsessed: "Every creative writer worth our consideration, every writer who can be called in the wide eighteenth-century use of the term a poet, is a victim: a man given over to an obsession."[28] His fiction passionately explores the theme that haunted him from almost the very beginning. The real world was not only about sunny skies and green meadows, happiness and laughter, the comfort of a chair by the fire, truth, honesty and goodness. Next to the croquet lawn where the rabbits played was dangerous territory. The skies often darkened, there was cruelty and despair, uncertainty and dishonesty. Evil was everywhere. One could try to ignore it, but it was there: ". . . perfect evil walking the world where perfect good can never walk again, and only the pendulum ensures that after all in the end justice is done."[29]

Greene's fiction describes worlds and people divided, from without and within. They are ordinary worlds and ordinary people who are forced to deal with issues that go to the very "heart of the matter". "Evil is practised by ordinary, weak men and women" and "the most unworthy man can become the agent by which God's will is carried out and good brought to mankind."[30] His characters' "predicaments are so very human and so completely believable."[31] How does one cope with the contradictions of reality? How does one deal with the evil, despair, injustice and sin that is a natural half of a whole world? How does one deal with the violence that "is an inevitable consequence of the state of the world we live in."[32] ""How can you tell

the scoundrels from the honest men?""[33] Greene makes it clear that you can not. The pendulum swings one way and then the other. Greene focuses on lives that are perhaps a little the worse for wear to portray the dilemmas that preoccupy him. Much of his writing was undertaken during the Depression, World War II, and the post war years. Greene admits that the Depression in England and the rise of Hitler cast a shadow over England Made Me. Realities at that time were shaped by constant hardship and fear, and a strange complacency towards the destruction that was all around. "Again we enter the familiar spectre of our age - years of fear and mounting premonition in the 1930s, war and its disasters in the forties, its aftermath of treachery and anarchy still around us in the fifties. . . ."[34] George Orwell's Keep the Aspidistra Flying and Coming Up for Air, which were written in 1936 and 1939 respectively, have as much "seediness" and desperation about them as anything Greene has written. "In feeling and in attitude, he is closer to Orwell, and to a specific strain in the English novel, than to the more overtly theological writers with whom he is often compared."[35] In any event, Greene thought that the most interesting human dramas were to be found in difficult times. "His novels between 1930 and 1945 record the crisis and confusion of those years with an effect of atmosphere and moral desperation perfectly appropriate to the time." "He has used guilt and horror for what they have signified in every age . . . as a mode of exploring the fears, evasions, and panic that confuse men or betray the dignity of reason to violence and brutality. . . ."[36] Greene's work has presented "a surprising, suspenseful, frightening, and dark world, but it is above all a human place, peopled with sad and suffering men and women with a profound longing for peace. . . ."[37]

The subject of religion is an integral component of Greene's study of the human condition. He wasn't interested in the icons and rituals, or the symbolic aspects per se, but "the effect of faith on action."[38] He found expression through a Catholic point of view; however, more than anything else, the religion deals with the spirituality that lends significance to all human action and gives his characters life and dignity. Richard Kelly points out that the demands of the Catholic faith describe one of the frontiers that Greene works with in the development of his characters. His

objective is not "to persuade non-believers, as to show that the truth of [his] religion has a universal reach and conforms to human realities of the harshest kind."[39] Greene said in The Other Man that the absence of a religious dimension in the characters of E.M. Forester and Virginia Woolf rendered them flat and lifeless:

> Even in one of the most materialistic of our great novelists - in Trollope - we are aware of another world against which the actions of the characters are thrown into relief. The ungainly clergyman picking his black-booted way through the mud, handling so awkwardly his umbrella, speaking of his miserable income and stumbling through a proposal of marriage, exists in a way that Mrs Woolf's Mr Ramsay never does, because we are aware that he exists not only to the woman he is addressing but also in a God's eye. His unimportance in the world of the senses is only matched by his enormous importance in another world.[40]

Greene perceives religion as a natural force in all human experience. The presence or absence of a God is in the air we breath.[41] In works such as The Power and the Glory, Brighton Rock, The End of the Affair, Monsignor Quixote, The Heart of the Matter, A Burnt-Out Case, and "A Visit to Morin", the influence of religion on the lives of the characters is obvious, and the question of God and his purpose weighs heavily on their minds. However, in some form or another, a sense of religion is as much a part of all the other stories. Raven in A Gun for Sale is haunted by childhood memories when he sees the plaster images of the mother and child, and the wise men and shepherds in the store windows, and Wormold wonders how to handle the daughter he promised to bring up Catholic in Our Man in Havana. In Doctor Fischer of Geneva, Doctor Fischer ridicules the symbols of the Church and proclaims not to believe in God. With "friends" like the Toads he finds the concept of the soul laughable. Very often, though, it is simply a comment or an observation dropped her or there that is like a reminder of the ubiquitous presence of God in the world: "'Oh, love. They are always saying God loves us. If that's love I'd rather have a bit of kindness'"; "When Mass was over, Jules went to the vestry to find the priest"; "You know that I don't go to Mass now. I just leave my mother there and come back. She wanted to know why, so I told her I'd lost my faith"; "'There speaks a Protestant,' Mr Visconti said. 'Any Catholic knows that a legend which is believed has the same

value and effect as the truth"; "'I see you are not a religious man - oh, please don't misunderstand me, nor am I. I have no curiosity at all about the future.'"[42]

Greene uses the subject of religion as a way of understanding human nature, not to prove a point: ". . . [his] novels are as provocatively political as they are religious. Indeed, when he is at his best the political, social, and religious threads form a nexus that convinces by virtue of its truth to the human experience."[43] Greene thought that Brighton Rock was a novel about society in general as much as it had anything to do with religion. "His own politics are far from easy to define, but it is clear in all his writing, even in the most religious of his work, that the clash of class, the struggle of have-nots, the deprivation of the Third World - in other words, the concerns of politics - are not far from the crisis of faith that his most spiritually afflicted protagonists experience."[44] When asked in a 1989 interview what, in the final analysis, his religion meant to him, he said that he thought it was a mystery. ""It is a mystery which can't be destroyed . . . even by the *Church*. . . . A certain *mystery*."[45] It is about questions not about answers. His characters demonstrate that few people really understand how and why they act, or are conscious of the influence of religion in their lives. Greene has dealt with "the capacity of the human heart for sacrifice and greatness within a world governed by a God who seems unreasonable, hostile, and oftentimes indifferent" and has struggled with "the all-pervasive nature of grace, the incontestable mystery of good and evil, and the difficulty of individuals to distinguish between the two."[46]

Greene wrote in A Sort of Life that if he were to choose an epigraph for all of his novels, it would be from "Bishop Blougram's Apology":

> 'Our interest's on the dangerous edge of things.
> The honest thief, the tender murderer,
> The superstitious atheist, demi-rep
> That loves and saves her soul in new French books -
> We watch while these in equilibrium keep
> The giddy line midway.'[47]

All of his characters, at some point or another, teeter on this dangerous edge. It is a moment of crisis, a moment of uncertainty, when decisions and choices must be made. How his characters deal with this border seems to be what interests Greene

above all. "In the majority of his works Greene is, for the most part, determined to play fair with forces on both sides of the dangerous edge."[48] Despite the attempts of the State, the Church, and society in general, to establish a set of ground rules that would ideally govern everyone's actions, lives are never so clearly painted in black and white. Between the ideal of right and wrong, good and bad, is an enormous grey area that defies the expectations and perspectives laid out by society's ground rules. That a society's identity is defined by a series of perspectives challenges the notion of a black and white world; a perspective, or a way of seeing, is inherently subjective. The main reason Greene did not believe that Communism could work was because he could never find it with a human face. Societies or politcal systems which endeavour to reduce humanity to one point of view seem to ultimately fail.

In his essay from The Lost Childhood, Greene praised Walter de la Mare's ability to,

> . . . play consciously with clichés . . . turning them underside as it were to the reader, and showing what other meanings lie there hidden: he will suddenly enrich a colloquial conversation with a literary phrase out of the common tongue, or enrich on the contrary a conscious literary description with a turn of country phrase - 'destiny was spudding at his tap root'.
>
> With these resources at his command no one can bring the natural visible world more sharply to the eye. . . .[49]

Greene's border images provide the reader with the opportunity to see the world and people from the other side and the underside. Society's ground rules present an ideal but not an accurate version of reality. Reality can be nothing less than the whole picture, 180° around and back again. This is the world that Greene attempts to represent. In "Why I Write" he described the story-teller's responsibility to play the devil's advocate and elicit sympathy and understanding for those, regardless of their station in life, who lie outside the boundaries of State sympathy. A novelist should be able to identify in some way with any human being:

> If we can awaken sympathetic comprehension in our readers, not only for our most evil characters (that is easy: there is a cord there fastened to all hearts that we can twitch at will), but of our smug, complacent, successful characters, we have surely succeeded in making the work of the State a degree more difficult - and that is a genuine duty we owe

society, to be a piece of grit in the State machinery.[50]

Greene tampers with accepted values and traditional morality, and entrusts the unsympathetic individual with the hero's role and the ordinary person with the greatest dilemmas of the conscience and spirit. "In a period when the most influential school of criticism in England has proclaimed the duty of the novelist to be 'on the side of life', Greene has spoken eloquently on the side of death."[51] He contradicts the popular notions of heroism and greatness by the care and attention he gives to the lives and souls of the most pathetic and corruptible and simple of characters:

> To take sides is to blind oneself to the total complexity of the human situation. . . . This is the same appeal and act of faith which Greene, a rogue-writer himself, has made all through his career: an appeal for freedom of the individual . . . to prefer the Christian characteristics of the "divided mind, the uneasy conscience and the sense of personal failure" to any facile creed.[52]

The perspective that Graham Greene describes in his fiction is diametrically opposed to the one commonly laid out by the ground rules of society. We are not trained to see reality from the angle that he favours. "Be disloyal. It's your duty to the human race."[53] This goal to do exactly the opposite of what is expected necessitates the contradiction of the prevailing perspectives of society. The ground rules of society must be reversed for the successful accomplishment of his literary objectives. He travels through grey, uncertain worlds peopled by characters who are equally grey and uncertain. However, these seemingly discardable lives constantly teeter on the brink of danger and their worlds on the verge of collapse. There is no peace on the border of a reality eternally divided. His characters "cross and recross the elusive border between joy and pain, peace and torment, goodness and evil."[54] Greene consistently uses the border image to focus on opposite sides of the same world. There always exists an inverted image for every experience. One can never be sure which way to go. The extent to which these attitudes are manifested in his writing results in all of his fiction being touched by fantasy to some degree, according to the approach outlined for this paper. While most of the works are not obviously fantastic, nor do they describe conventional fantastic worlds, they are warmed by that undercurrent of fantasy that Greene believes runs through all of his work. In a review

of The Captain and the Enemy, Brian Moore said that Graham Greene's strength is being "able to calibrate a precise balance between the unlikely and the plausible."[55] Perhaps this is his most significant border; the sense of fantastic uncertainty that he is able to create by the ever-present spectre of the green baize door. Another world and another reality, opposite but connected to our own, lies just across the threshold. "'Only in silence the word, only in dark the light, only in dying life: bright hawk's flight on the empty sky.'"[56]

3. AN APPROACH TO FANTASY

A survey of the criticism on fantasy and the fantastic reveals a wide variety of approaches and interpretations, depending on the particular emphasis or focus. Tzvetan Todorov and Rosemary Jackson deal primarily with the fantastic elements that constitute fantastic experiences in their discussions. They concentrate on attitudes and perspectives, ways of presenting or handling reality. Eric Rabkin, on the other hand, is interested in fantasy as a form. He also looks at the fantastic as a component of fantasy, and as an effect; however, the various individual elements of his analysis ultimately work towards a whole, which he sees as a genre of fantasy. Graham Greene's fiction presents a wide range of the fantastic which incorporates both of these basic approaches. On the left of the "continuum" are those of his works which emphasize an exaggerated sense of reality with fantastic implications. When Greene describes the realities he saw as a reporter, such as the bodies sticking out of the water in the canal in Phat Diem, or life during the London Blitz--"Looking back, it is the squalor of the night, the purgatorial throng of men and women in dirty tom pyjamas with little blood splashes standing in doorways, which remains"[57]-- he is presenting a reality that is unreal for most people. The Quiet American and The Power and the Glory are two samples of his works that challenge the common, comfortable perceptions of reality in this way. The dragon story in The Human Factor is another example of how the presentation of reality can be manipulated for a fantastic effect. The tale clashes dramatically with the realistic frame of the novel. The warmth and imagination that characterizes Castle's boyhood reality on the Common contrasts sharply with the cold, technical world that affects his son as well as himself. Stories such as "A Little Place Off the Edgware Road" deal more with the aspects that Todorov emphasizes, and move farther to the right on the continuum of the fantastic in their presentation of an alternate reality. The "uncanny" tales are more complete in their creation of unimaginable realities while working in common realities. The sense of otherness in these works is more intense and to this extent more fantastic.

In "Under the Garden" Greene has moved all the way to the right on the continuum, in dealing with fantasy as a form in the way Rabkin has described it. This

novella works out a completely different world based on the theory of 180° reversals, similiar to the structure of Alice in Wonderland. Fantastic elements can alter the shape of common reality but a fantasy as representative of a genre, uses the fantastic continuously to deliver a whole other world. While many of Greene's works deal with and use the fantastic, "Under the Garden" is a fantasy. Although Greene's fiction can be seen to incorporate many of the ideas used by various critics on fantasy, Rabkin's theory of reversals and inversions can be applied generally and specifically to all of his writing. Greene's approach locates him metaphorically on a border between two worlds, both of which he tries truthfully to describe. The significance of the border is that it represents the division between opposite or opposing worlds and realities, and Greene wants to be able to see both. The consistent theme about the element of the fantastic in Greene, whether represented as an attitude or a form, is that it suggests reality turned over.

As Greene has stated, it is very difficult to find references to fantasy in his work, and even more difficult to find a serious discussion on the subject. Works that strongly reflect elements of fantasy, such as Doctor Fischer of Geneva, A Sense of Reality, in particular "Under the Garden", "The End of the Party", "The Second Death", or "A Little Place off the Edgware Road", are given little attention. If they are noted at all it is generally to tie them to more traditionally discussed themes such as religion. Greene believed that the main reason for the lack of attention to the element of fantasy in his works, was the inability of the critics to see him as more than a one-book man. He believed that his friends and enemies alike read his works with certain expectations in mind. "A reputation is like a death mask."[58]

> The critics . . . ought to be a little more inclined to forget what one has written previously, but they always expect one to remain absolutely constant. I suppose it's easier for them to decree that I'm a 'one-book man' than to recognize that change happens. This is why *Travels with my Aunt* was poorly received in England, while I consider it one of my best books. . . . When *A Sense of Reality* came out, the title, which was meant to be ironical, was taken at face value. It seemed to me rather amusing to apply the word 'reality' to a book which was so remote from it. I served up quite a new dish - but nobody noticed.[59]

Francis Kunkel thought that Travels With My Aunt represented a decline from

Greene's usual literary accomplishments. "In lieu of probing the mysteries of human life posing some of the stickiest questions of faith . . . he now appears content merely to tease *la condition humane.*"[60] Colin MacInnes' review of A Sense of Reality supports Greene's complaint. He turns "Under the Garden" into a neat little allegory of what he supposes to be Greene's vision of pre-Christian history. The intended irony of the title seems to have escaped him completely:

> . . . true, it is but a *sense* of reality we are offered, but to offer even this is to offer a great deal. All the tales in the book can, of course, be read with pleasure without deep thought as to their 'meaning'; yet since the writer's allegorical intention is so evident, we are entitled to try, however clumsily, to 'interpret' them. . . .[61]

MacInnes' patronizing tone implies that he has done everyone a favour, and Greene an honour, by looking closely at the author's humble attempt to offer his readers a true sense of reality. However, the analysis is uninteresting in its simplistic use of stock themes of interpretation, and doesn't even hint at the element of fantasy that Greene considers to be the main undercurrent of the stories. Although, he does "write off" "Dream of a Strange Land" as a fantasy, or a dream, which is apparently its only excuse for the unbelievable morality portrayed. He does not feel that the stories in A Sense of Reality are up to Greene's usual standards as he believes they are missing the quality of grace required for them to be successful allegories. There is a strong tendency on the part of many critics to allegorize Greene's themes and characters; however, Greene explains how restrictive and inaccurate this approach can be:

> I remember that when my film *The Third Man* had its little hour of success a rather learned reviewer expounded its symbolism . . . in a monthly paper. The surname of Harry Lime he connected with a passage about the lime tree in Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough.* The 'Christian' name of the principal character - Holly- was obviously, he wrote, closely connected with Christmas - paganism and Christianity were thus joined in a symbolic dance. The truth of the matter is, I wanted for my 'villian' a name natural and yet disagreeable, and to me 'Lime' represented the quicklime in which murderers were said to be buried. An association of ideas, not, as the reviewer claimed, a symbol. As for Holly, it was because my first choice of name, Rollo, had not met with the approval of Joseph Cotton. So much for symbols.[62]

An allegory can often be as uninteresting as a pattern in the carpet. Although both of these literary tools can be used constructively as devices of illumination, they too often narrow the focus of vision to the exclusion of alternative points of view and interpretations. Textual evidence then tends to be viewed from one angle only, and many significant ideas or elements may consequently be missed. As a major twentieth century fantasy writer says, "I hate allegories. A is "really" B, and a hawk is "really" a handsaw -- bah. Humbug. Any creation, primary or secondary, with any vitality to it, can "really" be a dozen mutually exclusive things at once, before breakfast."[63]

In his discussion of literary images in The Fantastic, Tzvetan Todorov advises against the establishment of direct equations. "The meaning of an image is always richer and more complex than any such translation would suggest. . . ."[64] Rosemary Jackson in Fantasy: The Literature of Subversion explains that the significance of fantasy, its ability to transgress convention, is reduced through allegory. Its power lies in its ability to resist allegory and metaphor. Francis Kunkel and Richard Kelly focus on Aunt Augusta's storytelling ability in their discussions of Travels With My Aunt. Her stories are described as the life of the novel and as more significant than the actual experiences, which may or may not be entirely ture, but most likely not as colourful as her memory. This is generally a very common approach to dealing with intimations of fantasy in Greene. Reality and illusion are discussed in terms of dreams or dream-like experiences which includes fantasizing or imagining. These evaluations minimize the potential of Greene's fantasy by normalizing the impact of the fantastic event. Many critics recognize a tension between illusion and reality in Greene's fiction, but rarely attempt to develop it into a consistent theme. And again, the aspect of illusion is usually qualified to be understood as symbolic, allegorical, or a creation of the imagination. R. Miller talks about how Wilditch's imagination helped him create a new reality which turns out to be "a Freudian fable of significant proportions."[65] John Atkins deals with the merging of dreams and reality in "Under the Garden" and the perspective of dream as a real experience: "The symbolism is blurred to the extent that we can never be sure whether an object is an object or a symbol. . . . There is a possibility that the only function of the chamber pot is to

prove that it all really happened."[66] In Peter Wolfe's discussion of Our Man in Havana, he also evaluates the contribution of fantasy that he sees in the novel in terms of its realtionship to the imagination: "Intelligence work makes the imagination run riot. It deals with surmise more than certainty, rumor more than fact, and the unsaid rather than the verfied."[67] These kinds of representations do not deal effectively with the hesitation and uncertainty that is generally believed to be the basis of the power of fantasy, and which can be found in Greene. Gwenn Boardman does not ignore the dialectic between fantasy and reality in "Under the Garden", but it is not her primary concern. Boardman views the tale as a metaphor for Greene's artistic quest. She calls it "the finest expression of Greene's own years of exploring the theory and practice of the craft of fiction" and thinks that it "offers explicit commentary on the lifetime of aesthetic discovery that Greene has so often tied to actual journeys."[68] Wilditch's life and journey under the garden are described as paralleling Greene's own life, and his journal of African experiences in Journey Without Maps. The problems of language and perception encountered under the garden are interpreted as analogies for the linguistic challenges of the writer. Wilditch's struggle to represent his childhood dream accurately is compared to the ongoing battle for narrative truth. "The story [also] suggests a myth through which Greene can express his preoccupation with the mystery of Faith. . . ."[69] Javitt is generally seen as some sort of Jehovah, the source of ultimate wisdom and eternal life. The connection between Greene's personal journey and those of his characters is quite important; however, Boardman concentrates on the relationship of the art to the artist at the expense of the art itself. Her interpretation limits the narrative's potential for a universal significance in favour of a smaller, more personal vision.

And yet, Greene's "new dish" did not go completely unnoticed. Granville Hicks' review of A Sense of Reality in The Saturday Review recognizes the ironic relationship between the title and stories, as well as the fantastic content. David Lodge's discussion in The Tablet addresses the "traces of religious feeling" in the four stories, but also acknowledges that this collection is a departure from what Greene has written previously, as well as Greene's handicap of having to labour under so many

expectations of his readers. Lodge deals with the element of religion in the context of the stories as a whole and not as a means to an allegorical end. He notes that there have been elements of fantasy in a number of Greene's works but unlike "Under the Garden" they have been contained within a realistic framework. William Barrett's brief review of "Under the Garden" concentrates on the story's ability to "[combine] fantasy and realism in a bold and striking manner."[70] Atkins, Miller, Thomas, and Kelly all mention Alice in Wonderland in their evaluations of "Under the Garden". Philip Stratford's critique highlights Greene's skilful manipulation of "the narrative counterpoint between Wilditch's adult doubt and the visionary clarity of the child with which the dream (or was it a dream?) is re-created."[71] Recent evaluations of Greene's work are even more conscientious about acknowledging his tendency to manipulate reality in the novels and short stories. In An Underground Fate, Brian Thomas gives over a whole chapter to discuss A Sense of Reality, the title of the monograph being a play on words taken from "Under the Garden". However, while acknowledging Greene's thoughts regarding fantasy in his work, Thomas seems to avoid addressing the subject head on. In developing his paradigm of romance literature in his critique of Greene's later fiction, he obliquely links fantasy and fairy tales to romance without really defining these terms. He describes the technique of the story within the story which defines his concept of romance, as also the key to Greene's fantasy. Thomas makes some interesting points that support the view of fantasy in this paper. His idea that "any story within a story invariably has a way of signifying a degree of generic shift, however slight, away from the naturalistic and in the direction of the fabulous", and his presentation of the above ground and underground worlds correspond to the concept of a diametric reversal of ground rules. "The coiling of roots of the ancient oak are associated, in other words, with a dimension of reality quite different from that suggested by the formal order and expansive peace of the garden."[72] But ultimately Thomas' approach to fantasy relates to his theory of romance, and represents an entirely different perspective, as is apparent in his statement that A Sense of Reality is really about myth and dream and not reality. He believes Greene's objective to be the exploration of the dream

experience and how these unconscious fantasies shape the waking world of his characters. In discussing Travels With My Aunt, Thomas parallels Henry's ordered dahlia garden and Aunt Augusta's unpredictable life of "sheer erotic energy" with Wilditch's above and below ground experiences.[73] He speaks specifically of the "gradual shift from a setting which is ordinary and familiar to one that is strange and exotic, a journey in the course of which the traveller leaves the safe but dull predictability of home in order to discover the sometimes violent excitements of a new country where anything at all might happen."[74] This reversal is normalized, however, by his interpretation of Henry's experience as "a symbolic journey between two contrary states of mind, two antithetical modes of perception."[75] Thomas's view mitigates against the potential of the fantastic elements of the story by consistently dealing with them in terms of allegories. Interestingly, while acknowledging that the perspective of the novel is characterized by freedom and mobility, Thomas says that in the end Paraguay represents the same kind of prison that Henry tried to escape in Southwood.

Grahame Smith uses Greene's comments about fantasy found in The Other Man in his analysis of the later works contained in The Achievement of Graham Greene. Ironically, though, he doesn't mention "Under the Garden" at all. Smith refers to the dragon tale in The Human Factor, which Greene considers to be a much overlooked piece, to illustrate the element of fantasy that is displayed in Greene's writing. The dragon scene definitely belongs in an assessment of fantasy in Greene; however, it is an example of an intrusion of fantasy in an otherwise realistic narrative, similar to "Uncle David's Nonsensical Story About Giants and Fairies" in Catherine Sinclair's Holiday House. It seems unrealistic to mention fantasy in Graham Greene without discussing "Under the Garden". In fact it is difficult to imagine discussing "Under the Garden" at all without discussing fantasy. In those instances where fantasy is mentioned by critics regarding Greene's works, it is very seldom elaborated on. Comments have been made by critics about the nature of reality and the influence of the imagination and dreams in creating ambiguous or unreal atmospheres, as well as references to fantasy, the fantastic, or fairy tales in analyzing Greene's fiction;

however, fantasy has never been discussed at length as being representative of a serious point of view. The remarks that can be found are more like footnotes. Observations about fantasy are also generally restricted to the more obvious instances such as "Under the Garden" and the fable in A Burnt-Out Case, and do not extend to a wide range of the works. Greene's reference to an undercurrent of fantasy implies that his fiction reflects a continuous thread of the fantastic, and perhaps is as significant a theme as the more commonly discussed ones. Greene specifically names "Under the Garden", A Sense of Reality in general, and Doctor Fischer of Geneva as representative of the undercurrent of the fantastic and fantasy he believes exists in his work. He also comments on the escapist fantasy of Travels With My Aunt, as well as the dragon scene in The Human Factor and the fable told to Querry in A Burnt-Out Case. It is clear in looking at these works and others, that the use of what is called fantasy can vary widely in kind and degree. This of course does not only apply to Greene. In order to effectively discuss the use of fantasy in Greene's writing, it is necessary to establish an approach against which his works can be measured.

Fantasy, as it is understood by most people, is characterized primarily by a relationship to the imagination, "the process or the faculty of forming mental representations of things not actually present."[76] A fantasy is often loosely defined as "a product of imagination",[77] "caprice, whim", or "fanciful-invention."[78] However, definitions such as these do not describe clear parameters and can be interpreted to accommodate a wide variety of ideas:

> She said, "Watch," and she dipped the funnel into the dish and blew through it, and out of the funnel grew the most magnificent bubble I have ever seen, iridescent, gleaming. . . . "Just look at the light!" And in the sunlight, all the colours in the world were skimming over that glimmering sphere - swirling, glowing, achingly beautiful. Like a dancing rainbow the bubble hung there for a long moment; then it was gone.
>
> I thought: *That's* fantasy.[79]

Susan Cooper suggests that "every work of art is a fantasy, every book or play, painting or piece of music, everything that is made, by craft or talent, out of somebody's imagination."[80] According to August Derleth "the field of the fantastic story actually knows no boundaries except the mundane."[81] These representations

capture the essence of fantasy and provide a glimpse into the depth of this world, but they are ultimately inadequate as definitions or trustworthy guides for the literary world of fantasy. The emphasis on the element of imagination has led to a popular notion of fantasy as being anything that is "made up". The more unreal, the more supernatural or magical the story, the more fantastic it is commonly thought to be. "The general assumption is that, if there are dragons or hippogriffs in a book, or if it takes place in a vaguely Keltic or Near Eastern medieval setting, or if magic is done in it, then it's a fantasy. This is a mistake."[82]

Eric S. Rabkin's concept of fantasy and the fantastic helps to delineate a literary world which so often becomes clouded, if not lost entirely, amidst colourful and imaginative descriptions: "The fantastic is the affect generated as we read by the direct reversal of the ground rules of the narrative world."[83] "The truly fantastic occurs when the ground rules of a narrative are forced to make a 180° reversal. . . ."[84] "Fantasy is that class of works which uses the fantastic exhaustively."[85] Rabkin explains that any time the perspectives of a text, fantasy or otherwise, are contradicted, perspectives that have been legitimized by the internal ground rules, we are in the presence of the fantastic. Less complete reversals of 90° or 120° are not truly fantastic; however, as they "participate in the complex feelings of surprise, shock, delight, fear and so on that marks the fantastic", any text containing these types of reversals would be flavoured by the fantastic.[86] Rabkin emphasizes that any narrative that uses the fantastic is marked by fantasy and, to this extent, is able to offer the reader a fantastic world. He also distinguishes clearly between literary fantasy and all other perceptions:

> In capitalizing *Fantasy*, I wish to identify a particular genre . . . in referring to the *fantastic*, I intend to recall those structural properties . . . of the diametric reversal of the ground rules of a narrative world and the peculiar range of emotional affects associated with such reversals; by using fantasy, uncapitalized, I mean the lay definition, which includes the psychologist's ideas about wish fulfillment and so on. . . .[87]

The "lay definition" perhaps best characterizes the descriptions of fantasy which have been inaccurately appropriated to discuss literature. The idea of fantasy at

work in the real world, which has been loosely conceived from a rich and varied history, cannot simply be transferred to the literary world. The essence may be the same; however, the distinction between fantasy and Fantasy, as defined by Rabkin, is an important one. Although they are not entirely separate, sharing as they do backgrounds and a number of similar qualities, they ultimately belong to different worlds. The genre of fantasy must, by necessity, be considered as operating according to some definite regulations and should be considered independently of other notions of fantasy.

According to Rabkin's theory, only a direct reversal of the ground rules of the text will generate the complex of emotions that comprise the effect of the fantastic. The ground rules, and the perspectives that establish these rules, can be seen to be an important aspect of the success of any literary world, not only the genre of fantasy that Rabkin has described. "Every work of art sets up its own ground rules." "The ability of art to create its own interior set of ground rules is fundamental to the aesthetic experience."[88] Every writer should aspire to achieve an "inner consistency of reality" regardless of how realistic or fantastic the text is meant to be. A realistic narrative is not successful simply because it imitates reality, but rather because of its ability to create and maintain a reality of its own. Tolkien points out that it is much more difficult for a fantastic text to produce this "inner consistency of reality" because a fantasy uses material and images that differ greatly from the "Primary World".[89] However, the successful establishment of ground rules towards the achievement of an inner consistency of reality is very important in a fantasy if it is to have any power or influence: ". . . if a fantasy is powerfully presented or realized it can produce an imprint on our imaginations deep enough to give it a measure of truth or reality, however much that truth is unverifiable."[90] If the fantastic elements are not handled carefully, participation in the action will be severely limited, and the reader would be obliged to engage a "willing suspension of disbelief" in order to become involved in the fantasy. Tolkien believes that such a state of mind is only a substitute for the real thing, and that a successful "sub-creator" will be able to create a secondary world which the mind can enter into completely. If the events that occur are in keeping with

the laws of that world, what happens can be considered to be true. While inside we are able to believe without having to suspend disbelief.[91] However, a willingness to be a part of the "secondary world" is necessary in the first place if the story is to succeed. "Unless one participates sympathetically in the ground rules of a narrative world, no occurrence in that world can make sense - or even nonsense."[92] The narrator of Dickens' A Christmas Carol explains this to his audience on the opening page:

> There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot - say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance - literally to astonish his son's weak mind.[93]

Once a secondary world has been convincingly created and ground rules successfully established, the fantasy still cannot be taken for granted. Ursula LeGuin cautions against assuming that there is a fantasy just because dragons and magic are present, and Rabkin echoes the same sentiment: "Talking plants - and ... dragons ... are not inherently fantastic; they become so when seen from a certain perspective."[94] If a dragon is introduced into a story, in order for the effect to be fantastic, if must be done in such a way that the ground rules are contradicted. Rabkin is adamant on this point. It is not enough for just any rule or perspective to be violated; it must be those that are being followed in the text itself, whatever they may be. We may enter a narrative world with the preconceptions of our armchair intact, but "the text trains us, word by word, to perceive reality - and shifting reality - in certain ways", and our preconceptions change as the narrative reconfigures them.[95] The force of the fantastic, then, rests not in whether or not something really happened, but in how something--an event, an image, a feeling--is perceived.

Tzvetan Todorov's view of fantastic experience also identifies the significance of the element of perception. He describes the fantastic as a series of events which apparently cannot be explained by the laws of the real world. At the moment when such an event takes place the reader or character experiences an uncertainty, or

hesitation. He or she must then decide whether what has been perceived can be explained by the laws of reality as they are commonly understood. Todorov emphasizes that the key to this experience of uncertainty is how the event is perceived.

In her discussions of fantasy, Rosemary Jackson focuses on the difficulties that arise regarding vision and perception. She claims that fantasy tries to make visible that which cannot be seen. It works to eliminate distinctions--unities of character, time, and space--on which perspectives of common reality are based. The ability to know anything becomes increasingly difficult as fantasy systematically breaks down the relationship between signifier and signified. Jackson's definition of the fantastic is, to a large extent, a paraphrasing of Todorov's interpretation that the fantastic seems to be located on the frontier of the marvellous and the uncanny: "Between the marvellous and the mimetic, borrowing the extravagance of one and the ordinariness of the other, the fantastic belongs to neither. . . . The fantastic exists in the hinterland between 'real' and 'imaginary', shifting the relations between them through its indeterminacy." Jackson's contention that the "structure of fantastic narrative is one founded upon contradictions" strongly echoes Rabkin's concept of the diametric reversal of ground rules.[96] The text, she says, will claim to represent reality, but will then proceed to introduce elements which are manifestly unreal in terms of what has already been outlined.

C.N. Manlove defines fantasy as a "*fiction evoking wonder and containing a substantial and irreducible element of the supernatural with which the mortal characters in the story or the readers become on at least partly familiar terms.*"[97] Manlove's elaboration of these conditions reveals a number of points similar to those found in the discussions of Rabkin, Todorov, and Jackson. He outlines that it is necessary to have a substantial amount of the supernatural or impossible present in a fantasy. This can be anything that belongs to an order of reality other than the one commonly known. This presence, unaccompanied by any plausible explanation, provokes a reaction of astonishment, which is a central feature of the fantasy itself. Manlove underlines the necessity of the fantastic to successfully create an inner consistency of reality while at the same time "giving a total vision of reality

transformed. . . ."[98]

Rabkin, Todorov, Jackson and Manlove all go into considerable detail in their efforts to define and describe the fantastic and fantasy. While each discussion reflects a particular core group of elements on which any discussion of fantasy is likely to be based, each theorist is somewhat unique in what he or she chooses to highlight. This individual bias often results in different representations, and the drawing of different conclusions. The main differences in the various theories can be seen most clearly when they are applied to a specific text. The "Alice" books surface quite frequently as examples of what fantasy is and is not. Rabkin contends that Alice in Wonderland is a true fantasy as its ground rules are continuously being reversed, which complies with his theory. The moment Alice drops down the rabbit hole she "takes her first step toward the diametric underground reversal of the ground rules of the daylight world of Victorian England."[99] Rabkin, however, is the only one of the theorists discussed who considers Alice in Wonderland to be a true fantasy. While Jackson admits that the book is fantastic in nature, specifically in the attention given to the problems of signification, she claims that it is not a fantasy. According to Todorov's scheme, nonsense literature, such as the "Alice" books, "provoke no ambiguity of response in the reader. They are legalized by various framing devices such as the mirror, or a chess game, or a dream wonderland: self-contained realms which are neutralized and distanced through a manifestly impossible frame."[100] Manlove objects on the same grounds. The events in Wonderland are presented as Alice's dream and "where the supernatural is seen as a symbolic extension of the purely human mind . . . the work in which it appears [is not] a fantasy."[101]

In defense of Rabkin's view, there is no evidence that Alice has been dreaming until the very end of the "Alice" books. If the reader is abiding by the ground rules of the text, he or she should be just as surprised as Alice when the rabbit pulls out the pocketwatch, or when Alice is able to step through the looking-glass. These events should be read as though they are actually happening, as the signals provided by the text indicate that these occurrences contradict the prevailing perspectives. As far as Jackson and Todorov are concerned, the knowledge gained at the end of the book

normalizes the events that have occurred and eliminates the ambiguity or uncertainty. However, following Rabkin's theory, nothing precludes the reader from experiencing a true fantasy, regardless of how it is dealt with at the end.

The ideas of reversals, inversions, ground rules and perception that have been discussed in relation to the fantastic and fantasy, particularly the ones attributed to Eric. S. Rabkin, will be those which are applied to the discussion of fantasy in the works of Graham Greene in this study. In addition to its obvious merits vis à vis a study of the genre of fantasy itself, this approach is particularly useful for an investigation of fantasy in relation to a writer who is not primarily a fantasist, and whose works reflect the use of the fantastic in varying degrees. The short stories and novels that have been chosen to illustrate Greene's "undercurrent" of fantasy in his writing, will be looked at in terms of the ground rules that have been established in the literary world and the inversions that affect the rules and perspectives that have been laid out. Greene's plays will not be considered: ". . . Drama is naturally hostile to Fantasy. Fantasy, even of the simplest kind, hardly ever succeeds in Drama, when that is presented as it should be, visibly and audibly acted. Fantastic forms are not to be counterfeited."[102] In any event, theatre is an entirely different medium, and an evaluation of fantasy in this context would have to be adjusted accordingly. Nor will obvious devices, such as dreams, be examined for fantastic implications: ". . . I would . . . exclude, or rule out of order, any story that uses the machinery of Dream, the dreaming of actual human sleep, to explain the apparent occurrence of its marvels."[103] When Greene spoke with Marie-Françoise Allain he made a small but significant distinction in saying that the "intrusion of dreams and fantasy into [his] other books has been overlooked in the same way."[104] Dreams play a prominent role in Greene's fiction as a way of conveying information about the characters, the plot, or the future. They are certainly worthy of consideration, but in a separate discussion. In his M.A. thesis entitled "Greene's Three Forms of Fantasy", Louis Lachance says that his study works in the world of fantasies, and that when "one speaks of dreams, one is no longer in a world that is so well known that it does not present any difficulties."[105] It is clear in his discussion of dreams, daydreams, and

reveries that Lachance has appropriated many of the "lay" definitions of fantasy to build his case. At times he appears to equate fantasizing with fantasy, and uses a very loose concept of reality against which to compare actions and events.

The approaches to fantasy are as varied and numerous as instances of fantasy itself. Each one ultimately reflects a certain perspective or way of seeing, as is evident in the theories put forth by Rabkin, Todorov, and Jackson. A discussion of fantasy in Graham Greene, however, seems to naturally gravitate towards Rabkin's ground rules. Rabkin's design of fantasy and the fantastic not only complements Greene's use of fantasy in his fiction in terms of the reversal of ground rules and the contradiction of prevailing perspectives, but the body of his work as a whole in which the fantasy can be seen as an extension and not merely a digression. The role of vision described in Rabkin's view of fantasy is also a significant component in Greene's fantasy. Greene's work in general reflects an interest in ways of seeing, perception, and points of view. His use of fantasy incorporates these elements while at the same time as it illuminates, from another side, the major concerns in Greene's fiction.

4. THE FANTASY

In The Honorary Consul, Doctor Plarr decided to escape for a few hours one Saturday morning with a good book: "He chose a collection of stories by Jorges Luis Borges. Borges shared the tastes he had himself inherited from his father - Conan Doyle, Stevenson, Chesterton."[106] Whether or not Greene was establishing a direct link to fantasy by having Plarr escape with Borges in not easy to say; however, it is an interesting coincidence that a number of Borges works, including Labyrinths and Other Inquisitions, have been critiqued in terms of their fantastic content. Rabkin and Jackson both bring him into their discussions of fantasy, particularly with regard to how he uses language to create fantastic worlds. In addition to the underlying relationship between fantasy and his fiction that I have already attributed to Greene, a number of his works can be examined more distinctly from the others in terms of their fantastic content. In The Human Factor and A Burnt-Out Case the specific intrusion of fantasy in otherwise realistic settings highlights the issue of other worlds and their relation to our own. In The Human Factor, a striking contrast is drawn between the make-believe world of the young Castle and his son, Sam. Sam played games about war and spies. He had a difficult time relating to his father's stories about dragons living on the Common. What were dragons anyway? Were they like tanks? It was quite important to Sam that Castle's childhood game have some basis in reality; it was interesting as long as there was a possibility of real danger. ""There wasn't really a dragon." "But you aren't quite sure, are you?""[107] In A Burnt-Out Case Querry tells a bedtime story to Maria of how once upon a time there was a King who lived very far away ("'Really,' she said, 'you and I are much too old for fairy stories'"[108]). It was a tale of a King who no one could see, but everyone believed in. The King distributed rewards and punishments that no one could see, but which everyone new existed. It was about a jeweller who became greater with each new meaningless trinket he created. The story is told in the vernacular of a fairy-tale but Maria's interjections intrude into the world created by "once upon a time". She sees parallels and similarities between the world described in the fable and reality, and Querry has to caution her about accusing a story-teller of introducing real characters. The episode is

a brief but significant comment on the quality and nature of reality.

In novels such as The Ministry of Fear, The Tenth Man, and Our Man in Havana, a sense of fantasy is more vivid as a result of the way in which the whole concept of reality is manipulated. Rowe, Chavel and Wormold all lead double lives which adds an unreal dimension to the worlds they have always known. Their familiar realities become at the same time other worlds, unknown worlds. Arthur Rowe was caught up in an intense reality of guilt, war and intrigue when he fell victim to amnesia as the result of a bomb explosion. The same world stood all around him but he could no longer see it. In the hospital where the life he had known lay buried deep within him, ". . . he could lie late in bed, propped comfortably on three pillows, take a look at the news: 'Air Raid Casualties this Week are Down to 255', sip his coffee and tap the shell of his boiled egg: then back to the paper - 'The Battle of the Atlantic'."[109] He had escaped to a simpler and more innocent time, and as his memory eventually began to return he resisted the intrusion of the pain and ugliness that threatened his tranquillity. He had no real desire to return to the "violent superficial chase, this cardboard adventure hurtling at seventy miles an hour along the edge of the profound natural common experiences of men."[110] Before his accident he often wondered what his mother would have thought of what had become of the world she had left behind:

> . . . I'm hiding underground and up above the Germans are methodically smashing London to bits all around me. . . . It sounds like a thriller, doesn't it, but the thrillers are like life. . . . You used to laugh at the books Miss Savage read - about spies, and murderers, and violence, and wild motor-car chases, but dear, that's real life: it's what we've all made of the world since you died.[111]

Arthur had always tried to live by the old rules, expectations, and conventions he had learned as a child. But the old-world propriety ("it was easier to allow oneself to be murdered than to break up a social gathering"[112]) had surreal implications in Arthur's adult world. The stability and security that these rules had conveyed were illusions. In trying to go back he only found himself further away. "Stumbling through a "magic" door in the fortune-teller's tent, and speaking the magic works that guard the secret to the treasure . . . Rowe finds that the world takes "a strange turn,

away from innocence.""[113]

In The Tenth Man Louis Chavel returns from prison after the war, to his beloved home, with a new identity. He had bought his freedom with someone else's life, but unexpectedly found himself trapped in a new prison. It was Jean-Louis Charlot who walked up the drive of the house in St Jean de Brinac not Louis Chavel.

> Every step was familiar to the bearded man who came cautiously round every bend like a stranger. He had been born here: as a child he had played games of hide and seek in the bushes: as a boy he had carried the melancholy and sweetness of first love up and down the shaded drive. Ten yards further on there would be a small gate on to the path which led between heavy laurels to the kitchen garden.[114]

The ground rules were now reversed: Chavel the master had become Charlot the stranger, a guest in his own home. Prison had hinted at the true fragile nature of reality. Time, which had always so carefully marked the different stages of everyday life, took on new meaning within the cell walls. It was a painful reminder of the security they had all once known, and to which they still tried desperately to cling:

> When their imprisonment started they had three good watches among thirty-two men, and a second-hand and unreliable - or so the watch-owners claimed - alarm clock. The two wrist-watches were the first to go: their owners left the cell at seven o'clock one morning - or seven-ten the alarm clock said - and presently, some hours later, the watches reappeared on the wrists of the two guards.[115]

Time was jealously guarded like a valuable jewel. The guardians of time were important and powerful. The night the mayor forgot to wind his watch was as monumental a disaster as any he had thus far experienced: "he had surrendered the only true time."[116] Chavel as Charlot wandered around a Paris that had become strange to him. The people and places he had known belonged to the life of another person. He returned to his old home in the country with the hope of it somehow becoming his home again. The family of the man with whom he had traded places was now in residence, and he became their odd-job man. His new existence was a complete contradiction to the perspective he had previously known, and he often felt betrayed by the familiar signposts of the past. His resignation to his new identity and the ground rules of his life was completely disrupted, however, the day someone showed up at the house claiming to be Jean-Louis Chavel.

In Our Man in Havana, Wormold unexpectedly finds the answer to his money worries in the unlikely form of the British Secret Service. Greene prefaces this novel with the disclaimer, "In a fairy-story like this, set at some indeterminate date in the future, it seems unnecessary to disclaim any connection between my characters and living people." It seems as though the story could easily have begun "once upon a time" as it opens on the Wander Bar where Wormold and Dr. Hasselbacher sit with daiquiries out of the glare of the hot sun, discussing the comparative merits of the Atomic Pile Cleaner and the Turbo Jet. A blind black man limped up and down the square selling pornographic photographs to the tourists. Wormold's uncomplicated life as a vacuum salesman is turned around completely, however, when he becomes the Secret Service's man in Havana. His former life is now merely a cover for his real job of defending the realm. Wormold's new reality reads somewhat like a cheap spy novel, though, more fiction than fact. The agent Hawthorne was dressed to fit into the local scenery the morning he made contact with Wormold in Sloppy Joe's, but one could easily picture him in a trench coat with the collar up, hat brim pulled low over one eye, whispering "pssst" as he looked carefully around and guided Wormold in the direction of the "gents" where they could talk without raising suspicion. Wormold, in fact, called on memories of stories from magazines like Boy's Own Paper to help him with his new duties. He created a fictitious reality that was a compilation of all the spy tales he had ever read. The world of Wormold became a fiction within a fiction as Greene's character manipulated the real and unreal elements of the literary world in which he himself had been created. The sense of the fantastic that is generated by the consistent manipulation of the line between the real and the unreal is underscored nicely by the episode of the sketches of the mystery machines that Wormold sent to London. Looking at them Hawthorne felt a bit queasy as he seemed to be able to make out the two-way nozzle of a vacuum cleaner that had once been described to him: ""Fiendish, isn't it?" the Chief said. "The ingenuity, the simplicity, the devilish imagination of the thing. . . . See this one here six times the height of a man. Like a gigantic spray." [117] Wormold's reality is later reversed once again as the world he has made up turns frighteningly into the real thing.

Aside from a number of other such examples, there is a core of the fiction, however, that stands out on its own for the degree of fantasy that it exhibits. Monsignor Quixote, Travels With My Aunt, "The End of the Party, "Proof Positive", "A Little Place Off the Edgware Road", "The Destructors", and "The Overnight Bag" from Twenty-One Stories, Doctor Fischer of Geneva or the Bomb Party, and the stories in A Sense of Reality, vary in the extent to which they generate a fantastic effect; however, the manipulation of the ground rules, and of the expectations and perspectives in general, consistently produce that sense of uncertainty that is associated with the fantastic. The impact of the inversions and reversals that occur in these works is much more fantastic in nature than in any other of Greene's writing.

Many of the border images that Greene uses in his fiction are literal ones. The travel motif figures prominently in many of his works, with more than half of the novels being set outside England. Travel is a natural friend to fantasy. Moving from the ground rules which constitute the routine of home and everyday life, to the unknown and unexpected adventures inherent in the travel experience, one enters a sort of fantasy world. The traveller is consistently confronted by the opposite of what is familiar, or the familiar in an unfamiliar context, and is presented with the opportunity to see life and the world from an entirely different perspective. David Lodge thought that the rush of the Orient Express across Europe in Stamboul Train "[provided] just the right combination . . . of the familiar and the unfamiliar."[118] Travel is very much the other side of every day reality. The further away one goes from the common experience, the more complete the reversals will be, physically and psychologically. However, whether one is "standing on [one's] head in Australia" or journeying to the next town, to some degree an alternate reality can be experienced. "It seemed to [Father Quixote] that his journey had already extended across the whole breadth of Spain, though he knew he was not much more than two hundred kilometres from La Mancha."[119] In describing his trek through the Liberian jungle in Journey Without Maps, Greene clearly conveys a sense of travelling through an alternate reality. The culture and language, the weather, the landscape, the aspect of time ("in the interior there was no such thing as time"[120]), the journey without maps, created

for him a new world that not only contradicted the perspectives and ground rules with which he was familiar, but defied the establishment of any ground rules. He was at the mercy of the elements, the local inhabitants and his ignorance, all of which seemed to be beyond his control. Greene thrived on the physical and spiritual otherness he knew he could find beyond his own front door:

> There are [those], of course, who prefer to look a stage ahead, for whom Intourist provides cheap tickets into a plausible future, but my journey represented a distrust of any future based on what we are. . . .
>
> It is not *any* part of Africa which acts so strongly on this unconscious mind; certainly no part where the white settler has been most successful in reproducing the conditions of his country, its morals and its popular art. A quality of darkness is needed, of the inexplicable.[121]

Greene's characters have had their stories unfold in Sweden, Mexico, Africa, Vietnam, Cuba, Haiti, South America, Spain and various other places. Although not all are about journeys per se, the narratives always contain a character or aspect that draws attention in some way to the concept of contradictory or contrasting worlds or realities. There's an awareness of shifting ground rules and perspectives, or even simple awkwardness, as characters find themselves temporarily or permanently away from home, caught up in another way of life. Minty in England Made Me with his shabby Harrow tie, the naive American Pyle and the cynical British journalist Fowler in The Quiet American, Brown, the Smiths, and Jones in The Comedians, a setting as dramatic and violent as their names were banal, the British architect Querry in the leper colony in a Burnt Out Case, Fortnum, "The Honorary Consul" from Britain in a small Argentinean town, and the dentist, Mr. Tench in The Power and the Glory, were at once foreigners in a foreign place. "He said "Buenos días" to the man with a gun who sat in a small patch of shade against a wall. But it wasn't like England: the man said nothing at all, just stared malevolently up at Mr Tench. . . ."[122] The travel world is one that can be used against which to measure the reality of everyday life. "This was one of the revelations of Africa, the deadness of what we think of as alive, the deadness of nature, the trees and shrubs and flowers, the vitality of what we think of as dead, the cold lunar craters."[123] In reviewing Gerald Reitlinger's A Tower of Skulls, Greene told his readers that the "book will appeal to those who find the real

delight of travel is not the strange but the familiar seen in incongruous surroundings."[124] Greene makes numerous references to the contrasting realities of his everyday life in England and his experiences in the Liberian jungle, and to the complete otherness of the world in which he had landed. It was not only the obvious differences in the landscape that was remarkable, but the attitudes and perspectives of the people. "We turned away from . . . the peace under the down and the flat of the Strand, from the holy and the depraved individualists to the old, the unfamiliar, the communal life beyond the clearing." Even the simple way in which the Senegalese men linked arms and touched as they walked along "didn't mean anything we could understand."[125] In this respect, travel worlds have a great deal in common with fantasy worlds. They not only stand in comparison to everyday reality, but offer an alternative reality to the one commonly experienced. The reversals and inversions that accompany the travel experience can generate emotions similar to those associated with the fantastic:

> There is not much in common between the land of the Kukuanas, behind the desert and the mountain range of Sheba's Breast, and a tin-roofed house on a bit of swamp where the vultures moved like domestic turkeys and the pi-dogs kept me awake on moonlight nights with their wailing, and the white women yellowed by atebrin drove by to the club; but the two belonged at any rate to the same continent, and, however distantly, to the same region of the imagination - the region of uncertainty, of not knowing the way about.[126]

The two works that best exemplify the relationship between travel and fantasy are Monsignor Quixote and Travels With My Aunt. Both of these stories divide the protagonists' experiences into two separate realities: the everyday world and the world of travel. Their everyday lives are characterized by clearly laid out ground rules, perspectives, and routines. Henry Pulling and Father Quixote express strong sentiments of security and comfort with respect to their familiar and reliable everyday realities. The travels upon which they both embark, however, pull them to adventures of the unknown where none of their old rules apply. They experience the uncertainty and astonishment associated with the unpredictable world of fantasy.

4.1 Monsignor Quixote

In Monsignor Quixote, Father Quixote was charged with the safe keeping of the souls of the small, dusty town of El Tobaso. He had lived in El Tobaso for most of his life, and had left only once to study for the priesthood. The activities that filled his time were few and the days uneventful and unchallenging. He often celebrated Mass to an empty church. There were trips to town to get wine, the occasional chat with the butcher or the Mayor, a few favourite books for intellectual comfort, and every month a theological magazine arrived from Madrid. He lived alone with his housekeeper who saw to it that he could expect a steak and salad to be waiting for him every lunchtime. The "weeks passed with all the comforting unbroken rhythms of former years."[127] He made sure that his sermons, and his ideas and thoughts, conformed perfectly with the teachings of the Church. His theological magazine occasionally carried ideas that seemed dangerous; however, he paid little attention, feeling safe from any negative influences in his small world. If he had doubts they were subjugated by the ground rules of the life he had chosen. He found his habits comforting and hard to break in any case.

One day Father Quixote unexpectedly met a bishop stranded on the road to El Tobaso. In return for his help and hospitality, Father Quixote unexpectedly found himself promoted to Monsignor, much to *his* bishop's irritation. The Mayor of El Tobaso, who had recently lost the local election, suggested they take a holiday together, to get away from their respective troubles. Father Quixote was sceptical: "I doubt very much whether we are the right companions, you and I. A big gulf separates us, Sancho."[128] Sancho, as Father Quixote liked to call the Mayor, was a communist and an atheist; he represented the very reverse of Father Quixote's point of view so it seemed doubtful that theirs would be a cooperative enterprise. But what Father Quixote would later discover, Sancho already knew: "You drew me to you because I thought you were the opposite of myself. A man gets tired of himself, of that face he sees every day when he shaves, and all my friends were in just the same mould as myself."[129] In the same way as Father Quixote's adventures would serve as a basis for measuring the physical life he had known, his friendship with Sancho

provided him with a means of evaluating his spiritual life. Despite Father Quixote's doubts, the two men set off together one morning in the general direction of Madrid. Before leaving, Father Quixote sat in his armchair, which was shaped perfectly from thirty years of use, and reflected on the comfortable, secure existence he had always known. He took along Jones' work on moral theology, which would come in handy, he thought, in the event that Sancho started quoting Marx. At first, "They said very little to each other. It was as though the strangeness of their adventure weighed on their spirits. . . . More than an hour passed in silence. Then the Mayor spoke, again. "What is upsetting you, friend?" "We have just left La Mancha and nothing seems safe anymore.""[130] The distinction between the comfortable, known rules of everyday life and the unknown, unpredictable nature of travel is made clear from the beginning. Travel is an other world which challenges the accepted ground rules and perspectives by constantly presenting life from various other angles. Father Quixote tried to take his rules with him, sensing the uncertainty ahead. However, even with Jones comfortably tucked in his pocket, he could not mitigate against the force of the unexpected he encountered in his travel adventures. When he set out on the road, the unexpected became a constant part of his new reality, and turned his life automatically in the direction of fantasy.

Away from home, Father Quixote was confronted with situations that challenged the way he had always lived and thought. He journeyed far in his contemplations of faith and belief, good and evil, honesty, the laws of nature, friendship and love, and God's presence on earth. In most respects he was like an innocent, naïve of any world other than El Tobaso, and reacted to his circumstances with wonder and awe, and often confusion. Father Quixote was used to knowing what to expect. His naïvté, which had been protected by the simple ground rules he lived by in El Tobaso, ensured that his adventures with Sancho would be met with astonishment and uncertainty. His expectations and interpretations of events were as uncomplicated as his life had always been:

> "The *patrona* was truly welcoming," Father Quixote said, "unlike that poor old woman in Madrid, and what a large staff of charming young women for so small a hotel."

> "In a university city," Sancho said, "there are always a lot of customers."
>
> "And the establishment is so clean. Did you notice how outside every room on the way up to the third floor there was a pile of linen? They must change the linen every evening after the time of siesta."[131]

Father Quixote was of course shocked to discover what kind of place he had stayed in. His narrow experience of life had given him the answers to most questions, and his vocation had taught him where all the answers could be found. But once he entered the world of travel with Sancho everything suddenly seemed to turn around. All at once the answers seemed to disappear.

> Why did He in His infinite wisdom choose the symbol of sheep? It was not a question that had been answered by any of the old theologians whom he kept on the shelves in El Tobaso: not even by Saint Francis de Sales, informative as he was about the elephant and the kestrel, the spider and the bee and the partridge.
>
> He was a priest who liked to hear a quick confession in the simple abstract words that penitents usually employed. They seldom entailed more than one simple question - how many times. . . ? I have committed adultery, I have neglected my Easter duties, I have sinned against purity. . . . He was not used to a sin in the form of a brass handle.[132]

He ate and drank and slept under the stars, he travelled from town to town and stayed under many different roofs, and met many different people. He went to the cinema, helped a man on the other side of the law, stowed a body in the trunk of his car, was chased by the police, and saw people using the Church to buy God's favour. He saw people living differently and thinking differently from any way he had ever known. After only four days of travelling Father Quixote felt a hundred years away from El Tobaso and not at all like himself. His travels had not only broadened his experiences and shown him different people and places; they had provided him with an opportunity to see his whole life, including the past, in a completely new light. To see his old life in terms of, or against his travel adventures, raised many disconcerting questions.

The fantastic atmosphere of Monsignor Quixote is heightened by the ubiquitous spirit of Don Quixote. Greene has created a pervasive sense of fantasy by cleverly smudging the lines between fact and fiction. Father Quixote's travels are consistently

paralleled with Don Quixote's fantastic adventures. The errant knight and the errant priest, off on the high roads of Spain with no particular plan in mind, facing unexpected situations and acts of chivalry. There are many textual references that contribute to the persistence of the concept that the lives of the two characters are connected, of which their carrying the same name is the most obvious. Don Quixote's horse and Father Quixote's car are both called Rocinante, each in their turn loved and cared for by the master whom they loyally carry forth. Of course Father Quixote had read Don Quixote and might have thought this a suitable honour. The original surname of Don Quixote's companion Sancho was Zancas, the same as that of the Mayor who accompanied the priest, and they each had their housekeeper Teresa. The implied author's voice describes Father Quixote as a man who bears many similarities to Cervantes' character. Simple, well-intentioned men with good souls, who are too honest for the worlds in which they live, ridiculed and scorned by those who had the power to harm them. They both died untimely deaths, doubting the books they had honoured all of their lives, and thought by many to be mad. The relationship between the two charachers involves much more than superficial similarities, however. Father Quixote believed himself to be a direct descendant of Don Quixote, and that Cervantes was the biographer of his famous ancestor. The connection for Father Quixote was a real one, and he included Don Quixote in his reality in a matter-of-fact and unpretentious manner: "You are a good fellow, Sancho. I seem to remember that our two ancestors lay down for the night under the trees more than once"; "His ancestor would have gone out into the road and challenged [the jeep] perhaps. He felt his own inadequacy and even a sense of guilt"; "When his housekeeper took away his spear and stripped Don Quixote of his armour you would never have taken him for an knight errant. Only a crazy old man. Give me back my collar, Sancho."[133]

The Bishop of Motopo and Sancho seemed to readily accept the relationship, reinforcing the illusion Father Quixote's perspective created: "In what condition did you find the Mercedes, has it been bewitched by some sorcerer in this dangerous region of La Mancha?" "I would like you to go forth like your ancestor Don Quixote on the high roads of the world. . . ."[134]

> "You know, father, you remind me of your ancestor. He believed in all those books of chivalry, quite out of date even in his day. . . ."
> "I've never read a book of chivalry in my life."
> "But you continue to read those old books of theology. They are your books of chivalry. You believe in them just as much as he did in his books."
>
> "Those purple socks! I refuse to buy purple socks. I can't afford to waste money on purple socks, Sancho."
> "Your ancestor had a proper respect for the uniform of a knight errant, even though he had to put up with a barber's basin for a helmet. You are a monsignor errant and you must wear purple socks."
>
> We shall have our adventures on the road, father, much as your ancestor did. We have already battled with the windmills and we have only missed by a week or two an adventure with the Tiger.[135]

Contrasted with these points of view were those who believed, who believed they knew, that Don Quixote was a fictitious character in a novel and Father Quixote was crazy:

> "How can he be descended from a fictional character?" [the bishop] had demanded. . . .
> The man to whom the bishop had spoken asked with surprise, "A *fictional* character?"
> "A character in a novel by an overrated writer called Cervantes. . . ."
> "But your Excellency, you can see the house of Dulcinea in El Tobaso. There it is marked on a plaque: the house of Dulcinea."
> "A trap for tourists. Why," the bishop went on with asperity, "Quixote is not even a Spanish patronymic. Cervantes himself says the surname was probably Quixada or Quesada or even Quexana, and on his deathbed Quixote calls himself Quixano."[136]

There is a balcony in Verona that is reputed to be the one where Juliette stood and listened to Romeo. Tourists come in droves to take pictures.

Father Quixote was well aware of what his enemies thought of him. He often succumbed to doubt himself, but the source of his doubt is never absolutely clear. He appears to question his own reality but not that of Don Quixote. It is easy to forget that Father Quixote is a fictitious character while he convinces us that Don Quixote is not. "I exist" he tells Sancho, tired of his companion's constant comparisons. "You talk about him at every opportunity, you pretend that my saints' books are like his books of chivalry, you compare our little adventures with his. Those Guardia were

Guardia, not windmills. I am Father Quixote, and not Don Quixote."[137] The story opens and closes with a discussion on the subject of fact and fiction. "Perhaps we are all fictions, father, in the mind of God," the Bishop of Motopo counsels Father Quixote.[138] Who was right? Descartes or Christ? How many loaves of bread were there? Can wine be turned into blood? Where is the proof? ""Fact and fiction - they are not always easy to distinguish. . . . Fact or fiction - in the end you can't distinguish between them - you just have to choose.""[139] Greene's chapter headings for Monsignor Quixote perpetuate the confusion on yet another level: "How Father Quixote became a monsignor", "Don Quixote attains knighthood"; "How Monsignor Quixote rejoined his ancestor", "Don Quixote returns home".

The novel is a story about uncertainty on many levels and about ways of seeing. The travel component and the effect it has on Father Quixote, as well as the consistent intrusion of the fantastic travel of Don Quixote, blur the edges of reality, and infuse the story with a sense of fantasy. From the moment Father Quixote set off from El Tobaso, his safe little world was turned up-side-down and his whole vision of life was altered. Strange things happen on the road that just can't be experienced in one's backyard; ground rules are susceptible to all sorts of danger. "It wasn't until he left his village that [Father Quixote's] ancestor encountered the windmills."[140]

> They turned and twisted and for a while, on a very rough track, they seemed, judging from the sun, to be making a half circle.
> "Do you know where we are?" Father Quixote asked.
> "More or less," the Mayor replied unconvincingly.[141]

4.2 Travels With My Aunt

In Travels With My Aunt, Henry Pulling's life was also governed by a very precise set of ground rules that described the small, routine world that made up his every day reality. His whole life was uncomplicated and predictable, and his days were a series of consistent patterns that were entirely familiar and left little to chance. "[His] life in the bank had taught [him] . . . to be unsurprised, even by the demand for startling overdrafts. . . ." "[He had] never married, [he had] always lived quietly, and, apart from [his] interest in dahlias, [he had] no hobby."[142] He worried about the

lawnmower that was left outside, he had sherry in his cupboard, boiled eggs and tea for lunch, and a few friends. Several times a year he had dinner with Sir Alfred Keene and his daughter Barbara. Henry had never really been interested in marrying; the bank had been his whole life. Sir Alfred had been, in fact, one of his most valued clients. "[Henry] lead a very regular life. A game of bridge once a week at the Conservative Club. And [his] garden, of course. [His] dahlias."[143] He always knew what to expect from his days.

Henry's outlook reflected his physical life. He saw things through pragmatic, unfanciful eyes. It occurred to him that the urn which contained what turned out to be his stepmother's ashes "would have looked quite handsome on the tea table. It was a little sombre, but a sombre jar was well suited for damson jelly or for blackberry-and-apple jam."[144] At the beginning of his first trip away with his aunt, Henry came across a complete set of Thackery in a second-hand bookseller:

> I thought it would go well on my shelves below my father's edition of the Waverly novels. Perhaps tomorrow I would come back and buy it. . . . I too would start at Volume I and continue to the end, and by the time that last volume was finished it would be time to begin again. Too many books by too many authors can be confusing, like too many shirts and suits. I like to change my clothes as little as possible. I suppose some people would say the same of my ideas, but the bank had taught me to be wary of whims. Whims so often end in bankruptcy.[145]

Aunt Augusta was certainly a shock to Henry's system. He was generally happy with his life, but frequently bored. He had looked forward to his mother's funeral as a change of pace. Henry had a weakness for funerals: "People are generally seen at their best on these occasions, serious and sober, and optimistic on the subject of personal immortality."[146] Aunt Augusta, however, was not an average, everyday change of pace. In contrast to Henry, she "had never been conditioned by anything at all" and was completely unhampered by routines or ground rules.[147] She lived a life that was open and unpredictable, filled with people and places and experiences, and very susceptible to the unexpected. She never played it safe. Aunt Augusta's world was very large; it was, in fact, the whole world. This also was reflected in the way she viewed things:

> 'Currency restrictions have never seriously bothered me,' [Aunt

> Augusta] said. 'There are ways and means.'
> 'I hope you don't plan anything illegal.'
> 'I have never planned anything illegal in my life,' Aunt Augusta said. 'How could I plan anything of the kind when I have never read any of the laws and have no idea what they are?'[148]

Henry's perspective and Aunt Augusta's way of seeing were completely opposite in even how they viewed the smallest of details: he thought all of the glass ornaments in her apartment were in poor taste, she thought they exhibited wonderful craftsmanship; she poured large whiskies, he wanted more water; if Henry found something terrifying, Aunt Augusta found it amusing; Henry thought it would be nice to have one's portrait painted, Aunt Augusta preferred immortality in the form of a wax figure at Madame Tussaud's; he travelled with a heavy suitcase, feeling uneasy without at least one change of suit, she rarely had need of a taxi; while Henry felt that "a bath and a glass of sherry, a quiet dinner in the grill, and an early bedtime" was a nice first evening away, Aunt Augusta thought dinner could wait while they tracked down an old friend who told fortunes; Henry thought travel could be such a waste of time, Aunt Augusta was "always ready for a little travel".[149] Aunt Augusta is not simply an eccentric old woman, however. The details, incongruities and kaleidoscope pattern, or lack thereof, that describe her life, reflect the ever-changing nature of her reality. Her world is one that is constantly moving, questioning and changing. Henry's life, on the other hand, is a straight, unchanging line. His existence not only involves little imagination, but little thought at all. Their two worlds play off of each other wonderfully. "The way forward throught the clearing was as broad as the primrose way, as open as a trap; the way back was narrow, hidden, difficult, to the English scene."[150] It is extremely significant, though, that Aunt Augusta's open-mindedness, and her unconventional and colourful life are directly tied to her passion for travel, a point which is not lost on her nephew:

> My aunt had obviously spent many years abroad and this had affected her character as well as her morality. I couldn't really judge her as I would an ordinary Englishwoman, and I comforted myself, as I read *Punch*, that the English character was unchangeable. True, *Punch* once passed through a distressing period, when even Winston Churchill was a subject of mockery, but the good sense of the proprietors and of the advertisers drew it safely back into the old paths.[151]

Recalling a trip to Spain many years earlier, Henry could only comment on how the shell fish and owl had upset his stomach. Travelling could be very dangerous. The "old paths" were the most reliable. Nothing in Henry's experience prepared him for his aunt and her world. His travels began the moment he got into the taxi to go to her apartment after the funeral. "It was the first and perhaps . . . the most memorable of the journeys [they] were to take together"[152] for Henry would never again have the opportunity to so thoroughly experience the sensation of having his world turned completely up-side-down. "'It was so stupid of me. I left my lawn-mower out, on the lawn, uncovered.' My aunt showed me no sympathy. She said, 'Forget your lawn mower. . . .'"[153] Aunt Augusta had much more interesting things to talk about as the taxi carried them along. For instance, the woman they had just put to rest had not really been Henry's mother:

> That morning I had been very excited, even exhilarated, by the thought of the funeral. Indeed, if it had not been my mother's, I would have found it a wholly desirable break in the daily routine of retirement. . . . But I had never contemplated such a break as this one which my aunt announced so casually. Hiccups are said to be cured by a sudden shock and they can equally be caused by one. I hiccupped an incoherent question.[154]

Hiccups could be cured, Aunt Augusta suggested, "by drinking out of the opposite rim of a glass."[155] A short journey but a memorable one.

From the afternoon with his aunt, in her apartment densely filled with bric-a-brac of an overwhelming variety, Wordsworth (who is the quintessential opposite of the poet but perhaps capable of "Intimations of Immortality" as far as Aunt Augusta's concerned), drugs, and ideas and subjects that were as incongruous to his mind as the decor, Henry returned to his dahlias. He reminisced about his undeveloped relationship with Barbara Keene, which was not in any way to be confused with whatever was going on with his aunt and Wordsworth. When the phone rang to bring him in from the garden, he was again jolted from this comfortable reality. "'I have an extraordinary story to tell you,' [his] aunt said. 'I have been raided by the police.'"[156] Perhaps not really that extraordinary for Aunt Augusta, but Henry could never have expected the police to show up at his door to search his mother's ashes for

marijuana.

Their subsequent trip to Brighton "was the first real journey [Henry] undertook in [his] aunt's company and proved a bizarre foretaste of much that was to follow."[157] They found his aunt's friend Hatty, who was still telling fortunes, and in one evening in Brighton Henry journeyed further than he could ever have dreamed possible. He listened in wonder to stories about a man named Curran who had come up with the splendid idea of a church for dogs. Curran, Augusta. and Hatty made a good living caring for the souls of their canine congregation. Curran had a knack for finding just the right message of inspiration for sermons and weddings. Henry was as out of his element as could be expected:

> . . . I found sleep difficult to attain, even in my comfortable bed at the Royal Albion. The lights of the Palace Pier sparkled on the ceiling, and round and round, in my head, went the figures of Wordsworth and Curran, the elephant and the dogs of Hove, the mystery of my birth, the ashes of my mother who was not my mother, and my father asleep in the bath. This was not the simple life which I had known at the bank, where I could judge a client's character by his credits and debits. I had a sense of fear and exhilaration too, as the music pounded from the pier and the phosphorescence rolled up the beach.[158]

Henry wanted desperately to maintain some sort of control. He tried to carry with him something comfortable and familiar by attempting to apply the ground rules that worked so well in his world, to the world of travel that he had entered with Aunt Augusta. But "[he] felt hopelessly abroad."[159] Even the three-coloured Italian ice-cream looked dangerous. As they passed through Switzerland, the clean, orderly, safe impression he got from the landscape of meadows and streams and castles made him feel homesick. "Was there anything so wrong with the love of peace that [he] had to be forcibly drawn away from it by Aunt Augusta?"[160] Stopping at a dreary station enroute to Belgrade, Henry noticed the setting sun and thought how at that hour he would be taking the watering-can around the garden if he was at home. Time, which had so carefully marked and catalogued every hour of his day in his former life, became as open and inarticulate as the face of Tooley's watch. "There were no hours marked for sitting quietly and watching a woman tat."[161] The otherness of the reality Henry had entered was vivid. "'I have booked two couchettes a week from

today on the Orient Express.' [Henry] looked at [Aunt Augusta] in amazement. 'Where to?' [he] asked. 'Istanbul, of course.'"[162] "'Istanbul is a rather unpredictable place,' Aunt Augusta said. 'I'm not even sure what I expect to find there myself.'"[163] Henry was at an even greater disadvantage. Smuggling, international intrigue, brothels, the infamous Mr. Visconti, drugs, General Abdul and Colonel Hakim, and many sordid and colourful melodramas, were experienced against a backdrop of hotels, cafés, bars, and a wide variety of sights, scents, and sounds, in Paris, Milan, Venice and Istanbul, with honourable mentions of a number of other faraway places. Wordsworth kept appearing and disappearing and characters like the free-spirited Tooley entered the scene and exited again as quickly as the train sped through the ever-changing landscape. Each stop, each new place, was complemented by a different story or experience in Aunt Augusta's life. Henry found it all strange and foreign and disconcerting. It was all outside his realm of experience and exactly the opposite of what he was accustomed to. Even Heathrow hid a life of which he had no conception. Aunt Augusta said that she would have advised him to be a loader if he had been starting out, for the adventure and financial return in that profession was considerable. Henry had thought that he was being daring by tucking away an extra five-pound note with his ticket. He tried to arrange his aunt's stories and experiences into chronological order and he asked a lot of questions in order to gain some sort of understanding of what was happening: "it was the only way in which [he] could find [his] way about in this new world. . . ."[164] Henry's attempts to understand his aunt underscored how far apart their two worlds were. She turned on him twice in a rage when he took it for granted that she must have despised Mr. Visconti and Monsieur Dambreuse for how they had deceived and used her:

> Regret your own actions, if you like that kind of wallowing in self-pity, but never, never despise. Never presume yours is a better morality. What do you *suppose* I was doing in the house behind the *Messaggero*? I was cheating, wasn't I? So why shouldn't Mr Visconti cheat me? But you, I suppose, never cheated in all your little provincial banker's life. . . . Can't I see you in your cage, stacking up the little fivers endlessly before you hand them over to their proper owner?[165]

In response to more than one question on the subject, Aunt Augusta told Henry

that she did consider herself to be a Roman Catholic. She just didn't believe in all the things they did. Henry thought that surely his father would have preferred an English graveyard to where he had been laid to rest in Boulogne. Aunt Augusta said she would never have gone with him to pay her respects if the grave had been at Highgate. She didn't "believe in pilgrimages to graves unless they [served] another purpose."[166] Irritated, Henry wanted to know what other purpose she had in mind. "'I have never before been to Boulogne,' Aunt Augusta said. 'I am always ready to visit a new place.'"[167] Henry often found himself surprised and annoyed by her laissez-faire attitude towards convention and the establishment:

> 'You're not going to take that ingot back into England? . . . Have you no respect at all for the law?'
>
> 'It depends, dear, to which law you refer. Like the ten commandments. I can't take very seriously the one about the ox and the ass.'
>
> 'The English customs are not so easily fooled as the Turkish police.'[168]

Henry was even "badly out of [his] depth with Tooley in terms of culture and human experience."[169] One had to know the difference, after all, between a Heinz and a Campbell's soup tin to appreciate art.

Each time Henry returned home to England and his dahlias, he was acutely aware of re-entering a completely different reality. The ground rules he knew so well were once again in force and the familiar patterns fell easily back into place:

> It seemed at first another and a happier world which I had re-entered. I was back home, in the late afternoon, as the long shadows were falling; a boy whistled a Beatle tune and a motor-bicycle revved far away up Norman Lane. With what relief I dialled Chicken and ordered myself cream of spinach soup, lamb cutlets and Cheddar cheese: a better meal than I had eaten in Istanbul. Then I went into the garden.[170]

Henry felt comfortable and safe. When he left again with Aunt Augusta to visit his father's grave in Boulogne, he remarked on the way through the countryside to Dover that he "would gladly have given all the landscape between Milan and Venice for those twenty miles of Kent."[171] He was not looking forward to going abroad again. Once in Boulogne, however, Henry felt strangely at home. The air was cold and the sky grey with rain. Gulls stayed close to the fishing boats. A

photograph of the Queen hung over the reception desk at the hotel and signs pointed the way in English to a "good cup of tea", the car ferry and British Railways. Boulogne seemed to lack all of the foreignness that had become a natural part of Henry's travel experience. As Henry became increasingly caught between the two worlds, he found himself to be more and more attracted to the otherness of Aunt Augusta's world. Back home from Boulogne nothing had changed, but everything had begun to look different:

> I let myself into the house. I had been away two nights, but like a possessive woman it had the histrionic air of being abandoned. Dust collected quickly in autumn even with the windows closed. I knew the routine that I would follow: a telephone call to Chicken, a visit to the dahlias if the rain stopped. Perhaps Major Charge might address a remark to me over the hedge.[172]

Henry thought of all his childhood fears--burglars, Indians, snakes, fires, and Jack the Ripper--when all the while he knew he should have been afraid of just the opposite: thirty years in a bank and premature retirement. Dust had begun to collect on Henry too. Suddenly he was afraid that he would never see his aunt again. "She had come into [his] life only to disturb it. [He] had lost the taste for dahlias. When the weeds swarmed up [he] was tempted to let them grow."[173] At the Abbey Restaurant for Christmas dinner, Henry ran into the Admiral and Major Charge, who grumbled something about the country being sold down the river. Miss Truman and her partner Nancy bustled about the little restaurant chatting, taking orders, and serving up a very traditional dinner. This was Henry's familiar world, "the little local world of ageing people to which Miss Keene longed to return, where one read of danger only in the newspapers and the deepest change to be expected was a change of government. . . ."[174] But it all looked somewhat different now. He felt as though he was seeing it through his aunt's eyes, and the field of vision extended far beyond Latmer Road where "there stretched another world - the world of Wordsworth and Curran and Monsieur Dambreuse and Colonel Hakim and the mysterious Mr Visconti. . . ."[175] Henry's aunt no longer surprised him, but the thought of finding himself back in her world made his "pulse beat with an irrational sense of pleasure."[176] It was a feeling that was unfamiliar in his common reality, but directly

related to the uncommon, unfamiliar and potentially dangerous world of travel. The unexpected always carries with it certain risks.

The sense of the fantastic associated with travelling did not end for Henry when he became a willing participant. While enroute to Paraguay, to the opposite side of the world, Henry recalled that he "experienced far more the sensation of travel than when [he] passed all the crowded frontiers in the Orient Express."[177] The ground rules had turned even more drastically: "Fifty yards across the water from the Argentinean Formosa the other country lay, sodden and empty. The import-export man went ashore in his dark city suit carrying a new suitcase. He went with rapid steps, looking at his watch like the rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland*."[178] Alice came to expect the unexpected but she was, nonetheless, always astonished by it. Henry was not exchanging one set of ground rules for another by embracing the world of travel; he was accepting a completely different way of life. He was falling down the rabbit hole to as completely an other world as Alice had landed in. Paraguay, where the national industry was said to be smuggling, was the antithesis of his banker's life in England. The heat and blue sky, the exotic backdrop of birds and flowers, the omnipresent influence of crime, the secret lives everyone seemed to have, all contrasted sharply with his garden and "the little local world of ageing people" to which he had once belonged. In Southwood, Aunt Augusta reminded Henry, all he had to look forward to was reading gardening catalogues and watching Miss Keene tat. Each day would take him one step closer to death, dependably and accurately. In Paraguay, on the other hand, he could be shot at any moment for looking the wrong way. Or perhaps their plane would crash and ruin their smuggling business. "My dear Henry, if you live with us, you won't be edging day by day across to any last wall."[179] With his circumstances, Henry's point of view had turned around as well. He laughed at the memory of worrying about the lawnmower, and could find nothing terribly wrong with his aunt's life when not even a year earlier he had thought it shady. He did not long to return to England and his dahlias. He was ready "to pass the border into [his] aunt's world where [he] had lived till now as a tourist only."[180] He was ready to give up the safe, dependable road forever. Henry had slipped

through a hole to the universe behind.[181]

From beginning to end, Henry's travel experiences incorporate all the shock, astonishment and uncertainty associated with the fantastic. The relationship between travel and fantasy is further enhanced by the clear distinction that is drawn between Henry's common, everyday life and his reality with Aunt Augusta. They are set up as two completely separate and opposing worlds. Henry's world is defined by a very detailed set of ground rules and perspectives which are constantly and consistently challenged and opposed. One world is so predictable it could be said to be predestined; the other is completely characterized by the unexpected. These attributes of the fantastic are clearly aligned with the world of travel. Travel by its very nature is antagonistic to ground rules. The faster and further the traveller goes, the greater the degree of reversal to the prevailing perspectives. When Henry decides to stay in Paraguay, it is important to note that he isn't settling down again. He has learned how to "stand on his head in Australia" which will have a lasting effect on his life. He has taken the biggest and most important trip. The atmosphere of instability and volatility which pervades this country on the other side of his known world, guarantees a reality of unpredictability and ever-changing ground rules. Henry will always feel a sense of fantasy in his new life.

In discussing the range of the fantastic, Rabkin identifies the uncanny as a particular class of events which he believes are always linked to fantasy.[182] Freud defines the uncanny as "that class of the frightening which leads back to what is known of old and long familiar."[183] In his essay "The Uncanny", to which Rabkin refers, Freud pieces together a thorough composite of this phenomenon, and in doing so, reveals its close connection to fantasy. Freud refers to Daniel Sanders who defines "canny" as that which is familiar, friendly, and comfortable, as well as concealed or kept from sight.[184] The "uncanny" he then concludes is "the opposite of [canny] . . . -- the opposite of what is familiar; and we are tempted to conclude that what is 'uncanny' is frightening precisely because it is *not* known and familiar."[185] However, as Freud points out, not everything that is unknown provokes the rise of the

particular set of emotions that mark the uncanny. Freud quotes Schelling as defining the uncanny as "everything . . . that ought to have remained . . . secret and hidden but has come to light."[186] A third source, Grimm, explains canny as that which is homelike, or of the house, as well as that which is withdrawn and concealed from the eyes of strangers. Grimm extends this last thought to include the interpretations "withdrawn from knowledge", "unconscious", or "obscure".[187] It is in this last sense that Freud sees the emergence of the potential for danger, and fear of the unknown in the uncanny. However, he emphasizes that the uncanny belongs to a special realm of the unknown. It is something that was once known and familiar, but for some reason has become concealed, withdrawn from knowledge, or buried in the unconscious. It is, "'On the edge', 'through', 'beyond', 'between', 'at the back of', 'underneath'. . . ."[188] Not far away, just out of sight. If the unconscious were to assert itself in a way that was not familiar or welcome, the experience would produce the sense of fear and dread that characterizes the uncanny: ". . . if psycho-analytic theory is correct in maintaining that every affect belonging to an emotional impulse, whatever its kind, is transformed, if it is repressed, into anxiety, then among instances of frightening things there must be one class in which the frightening element can be shown to be something repressed which *recurs*."[189]

However, as the laws of the real world can not always be applied to a literary world, instances of the uncanny in literature must be looked at in context. Freud acknowledges the necessity of a separate consideration of the uncanny in literature. Since behaviour and events are controlled by the author, characters cannot be psychoanalyzed as though they were patients. Todorov states that the uncanny can always be explained by the known laws of nature, and objectively this is true if we follow Freud's theory of the source of the uncanny. However, within a narrative that produces an uncanny effect, the events that occur must be viewed in terms of the ground rules of that world. The reader can't stop to rationalize that the character is just projecting anxieties. If he or she does then, as Tolkien says, the art has failed. Contrary to Todorov's statement concerning the relationship between the fantastic and the uncanny, the fantastic can appear without the aid of uncanny events. When the

flowers speak in Through the Looking-Glass, Alice does not demonstrate a sense of fear or dread. She is curious and astonished, but she does not anticipate evil or danger. Fairy tales, which are marked by the fantastic, continuously participate in wish fulfillment, the animation of inanimate objects, and other feats of magic, and produce no uncanny effect. However, the uncanny in literature is produced by a distortion of the ground rules and perspectives of the text in such a way that strongly connects all such events to the fantastic. When unconscious fears, desires, or instincts take shape in the conscious experience, the laws of known reality are felt to be turned upside-down. If we only had to think of something to make it happen, or if a corpse suddenly got up and walked away, the laws of nature would be diametrically opposed. The sense of this happening, the hint that it might happen, can be almost as powerful as an actual occurrence. Lovecraft describes the weird, or uncanny tale as a story which reflects "a subtle attitude of awed listening, as if for the beating of black wings." "There must be a hint . . . of that most terrible conception of the human brain - a malign and particular suspension or defeat of those fixed laws of Nature which are our only safeguard against the assaults of chaos and the daemons of unplumbed space."[190]

> Let us take the uncanny associated with the omnipotence of thoughts, with the prompt fulfilment of wishes, with secret injurious powers and with the return of the dead. The condition under which the feeling of uncanniness arises here is unmistakeable. We - or our primitive forefathers - once believed that these possibilities were realities, and were convinced that they actually happened. Nowadays we no longer believe in them, we have surmounted these modes of thought; but we do not feel quite sure of our new beliefs, and the old ones still exist within us ready to seize upon any confirmation. As soon as something *actually happens* in our lives which seems to confirm the old, discarded beliefs we get a feeling of the uncanny; it is a though we were making a judgement something like this: 'So, after all, it is *true* that one can kill a person by the mere wish!'[191]

The nature of the uncanny itself is fundamentally marked by the inversions and reversals that are intrinsic to the fantastic. Things once hidden that have come to light, which were once familiar and comfortable suddenly unknown and frightening. It is when a writer "pretends to move in the world of common reality" that the uncanny

finds a place to thrive.[192] Everything appears to be normal, yet there is also a feeling that something is very wrong. Greene's characters and settings are ideal breeding ground for the uncanny. He focuses on the ordinary even in exotic places and gives detailed accounts of everyday life and people. Even the violence and seediness seem to reflect a certain familiarity and homeliness. The fears and anxieties expressed by the characters have a universal appeal in the way in which they describe emotions that are close to the heart. In the stories "The End of the Party", "The Second Death", "Proof Positive" and "A Little Place Off the Edgware Road", Greene is working in the nineteenth century tradition of Gothic, uncanny tales which address the fears of being considered dead before one's time, and the resurrection of the dead. The dread and anxiety that suffuse the atmosphere of Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death" and "The Tell-Tale Heart" are re-created as effectively in these stories of Greene's.

4.3 "The End of the Party"

In "The End of the Party", Francis is terrified by the knowledge that it is time for the Henne-Falcon's annual children's party. He does not merely feel uneasy or even scared by the idea of a houseful of children so ready to be unkind, and the games that could not be avoided; he is mortified. It is especially the game of hide-and-seek which looms most ominously in his mind. Hide-and-seek was always played with the lights out, and Francis is terrified of the dark.

Peter, the eldest twin by a few minutes, had benefited from "that brief extra interval of light, while his brother still struggled in pain and darkness. . . ."[193] He had the confidence Francis lacked and felt protective of his brother who "was afraid of so many things."[194] Francis tried to believe that there was nothing to fear in the dark, as adults so often bragged, "But he knew the falsity of that reasoning; he knew how they taught also that there was nothing to fear in death, and how fearfully they avoided the idea of it."[195] The twins' minds were closely attuned. It often took Peter a moment to realize that a shudder that he might feel move through his body was not really his own. When he awoke that January the fifth, his first thought was of

the party:

> Francis turned suddenly upon his back and threw an arm across his face, blocking his mouth. Peter's heart began to beat fast, not with pleasure now but with uneasiness. He sat up and called across the table, 'Wake up.' Francis's shoulders shook and he waved a clenched fist in the air, but his eyes remained closed. To Peter Morton the whole room seemed suddenly to darken, and he had the impression of a great bird swooping.[196]

Francis had dreamt that he was dead. He didn't think he felt at all well. "I've got a cold," he told his brother. If he went to the party it would become a bad cold; he might die. He thought of the year before and how he had screamed in fright when he had felt Mabel Warren's hand on his arm, seeking him in the darkness. It would not be a good idea to go to the party. "It was true that he felt ill, a sick empty sensation in his stomach and a rapidly beating heart, but he knew that the cause was only fear, fear of the party, fear of being made to hide by himself in the dark, unaccompanied by Peter and with no night-light to make a blessed breach."[197]

In the end, Francis was unable to save himself from the Henne-Falcon ordeal. The adults would not think of "depriving" him of going to the party, even if he did feel a bit feverish. He longed to scream out his pain to the world, but was dumb to the incessant ringing of "there's nothing to be afraid of in the dark". His troubled soul was trapped inside a child's body. A body doomed to be pointed in the direction of egg-and-spoon races, three-legged races and the spearing of apples. Despite any plans for evasion, and despite Peter's attempts to intercede on his brother's behalf, the time came for the next game on the program. Peter saw "the reflection of an image in another's mind, he saw a great bird darken his brother's face with its wings."[198] He "could have cried aloud with the fear of bright lights going out, leaving him alone in an island of dark surrounded by the gentle lapping of strange footsteps. Then he remembered that the fear was not his own, but his brother's."[199] The darkness descended. Peter concentrated on finding Francis so that they could wait out the ordeal together. Francis's mind was not receptive to Peter's messages; he was consumed with his own fear and the unrelenting sense of panic he felt as he waited in dark terror. Peter was acutely aware of these emotions as they travelled through

Francis to his own body. His fingers touched his brother's face in discovery: "Francis did not cry out, but the leap of his own heart revealed to Peter a proportion of Francis's terror. 'It's all right . . . It's only me. I'll stay with you.'"[200] As they waited, Peter could feel that Francis was still afraid, but he thought that the initial terror had subsided to a "steady pulse of fear".[201] When the lights were turned on, Mrs. Henne-Falcon screamed in horror at the sight of Francis's body slumped against the wall. The touch of his brother's hand had scared him to death. But why, Peter wondered, did his brother's fear live on "when Francis was now where he had been always told there was no more terror and no more darkness."[202] Perhaps, though, this is the greatest fear of all; that in the end there is only eternal darkness.

The effect of any uncanny tale is accentuated by its atmosphere of impending doom. Irony and foreshadowing point towards some seemingly terrible thing that appears bound to happen. That it does happen does not necessarily come as a complete shock, but rather a defeat of the hope that it won't happen. A hope that we won't have to come face to face with what has come to be believed as impossible. The atmosphere in "The End of the Party" is ominous and heavy with the darkness that Francis fears and which he carries with him. The tension mounts proportionately to Francis's fear as he heads towards what must surely be something terrible. We want to believe, like Francis, that there is "nothing to fear in the dark", and therefore his death is shocking and discomfiting despite the expectation of a terrible ending. The idea that we can will something to happen, or make something occur by the force of our thoughts, belongs to that realm of the uncanny that Freud describes as being the most acute. Such an event diametrically opposes all generally accepted truths of common reality, and leaves a firm imprint of fantasy as a result.

Greene incorporates another inversion which contributes to the force of the uncanny and the fantastic effect in "The End of the Party", as well as in three other short stories. Peter is grief struck but does not seem surprised when he discovers that Francis is dead; he is more surprised that Francis is not at peace. Peter is faced with the possibility that one of the most significant truths of our reality is a lie. That Francis may be doomed to live his fear throughout eternity, contradicts most religious

and philosophical assurances that there will be a better world and eternal rest in the next life. The contradiction of the expectations surrounding death is an integral part of "The End of the Party", and plays an even more prominent role, from slightly different angles, in "Proof Positive", "A Little Place Off the Edgware Road", and "A Second Death". In addition to this aspect, the three stories "Proof Positive", "A Little Place Off the Edgware Road", and "The Second Death" all share the same central fantastic reversal: the return of the dead to the world of the living. This particular diametric opposition to one of society's main tenets of reality is often the primary source of inspiration in uncanny tales.

4.4 "The Second Death"

In "The Second Death", the dying man's fear greatly impressed those who saw him in his final hour. The mother, finding her son's friend just outside the village, implored him to return to the house with her: "'For God sake come,' she said, 'he seems frightened.'"[203] As they entered the house they met the doctor who was coming down the stairs: "'He's conscious,' he said, 'but he's going. There's nothing I can do. If you want him to die in peace, better let his friend go along up. He's frightened about something.'"[204] And indeed the friend couldn't help but notice that the doctor was right: "I could tell that as soon as I bent under the lintel and entered my friend's room. He was propped up on a pillow, and his eyes were on the door, waiting for me to come. They were very bright and frightened. . . ."[205] The sick man described a time many years before when he had also been very ill. Everyone thought he had died, but before the coffin could be lowered into the ground a doctor noticed that he was still alive after all. Obviously a terrible mistake had been caught in time. But now the man was not quite sure; he had never been sure. He wanted to hear some common sense, he wanted to hear that such things were not possible. He wanted his friend to reassure him. Of course he couldn't really have been dead, his friend told him. "Miracles of that sort don't happen nowadays."[206] It was all just a nightmare. He didn't have anything to be frightened about. But what if, the dying man said, it hadn't been a dream. When he woke up that other time he believed that

he had been dead, and so had his mother. And what he saw had scared him enormously. He hadn't led an exemplary life before or after that incident and he thought he had cause to worry:

> It wasn't like sleep at all. Or rest in peace. There was someone there, all round me, who knew everything. . . . And I saw what was coming to me too. I can't bear being hurt. It wasn't fair. And I wanted to faint and I couldn't, because I was dead. . . . 'It would be so dreadful,' he said, 'if it had been true, and I'd got to go through all that again. You don't know what things were going to happen to me in that dream. And they'd be worse now.' He stopped and then, after a moment, he added as though he were stating a fact: 'When one's dead there's no unconsciousness anymore for ever.'[207]

"The Second Death" succeeds as an uncanny tale because it is believable. The dying man's fear is genuine and palpable, and stands in sharp contrast to the commonplace and somewhat understated setting of the story. The friend's traditional, clichéd rationalizations of the seemingly unreal events that are being described, give credibility to, rather than dispel, the feeling that something other-worldly has taken place. The terror that the sick man describes deals with the things that hide in the deepest, darkest recesses of the unconscious, and the resulting effect when they are suddenly felt to be part of the conscious reality. The narrator's closing statement--"It was a long time since I'd thought of that day ages and ages ago, when I felt a cold touch like spittle on my lids and opening my eyes had seen a man like a tree surrounded by other trees walking away"--sends a final chill through an already anxiety-filled atmosphere.[208] Marion Taylor refers to St. Luke 7, 11-15, in dealing with the sick man's first death in her article "Further Sources for 'The Second Death' by Graham Greene". The passage describes Jesus resurrecting a dead man being carried out for burial and delivering him to his widowed mother. The similarities are "uncanny" and Green's creation of the character's memory of his first death is convincing. The narrator's comment that "miracles of that sort don't happen nowadays" almost innocently condemns the man to the eternal damnation he fears. The intimation that this in fact is the same man who had once died and then been returned to the living by the Son of God intensifies the fantastic effect of the story. Taylor traces the narrator's final words to St. Mark 8, 22-25. A blind man was

brought to Jesus, who spit upon his eyes and asked him if he could see anything. The man looked up and said that he could see men walking who looked like trees. Taylor takes this to be symbolic of the narrator's spiritual blindness. However, interpreted literally, the fantastic effect of the story climaxes at this point. Our perception of the narrator is reversed, and his vague memory of something happening long ago takes on new meaning. Despite the teachings of the Christian clergy of a "living Bible", the book has always been taken on faith for the most part. Many of its accounts have grown to mythic proportions; for those who take them literally, they nonetheless belong to a time beyond most imaginations. The uncanniness of "The Second Death" is not only centred in the resurrection of the dead; it is in the discovery of a consciousness that extends beyong the grasp of the imagination, a genetic memory that has the power to reveal and access great mysteries. The knowledge is overpowering and disconcerting.

Reassurances that dreams and nightmares can be blamed for other-worldly or distressful imaginings, and that there is "nothing to be frightened of", occur again and again in Greene's fantasies. Instead of allaying anxiety, however, these promises of safety tend to have an opposite effect. These statements which represent the common perspective that society hides behind for security, seem to heighten an already anxiety-ridden atmosphere in these stories, and indicate that there might indeed be something to worry about. Eternal peace, eternal rest, nothing to fear in the dark--words to protect us from the greatest unknown of all. As in "The End of the Party", death in "The Second Death" is revealed to be the opposite of what we are led to believe: no peace, no rest; just eternal retribution, an awareness that has no end. In death, the worst fears are given ever-lasting life, and the unleashed forces of the unconscious a foothold for all eternity.

In "Proof Positive" and "A Little Place Off the Edgware Road", the uncanny effect is achieved by the manifestation of one of the most significant unconscious anxieties into the common realities of the characters. Greene's handling of the subject of life after death in these two tales generates an uncanny atmosphere as a result of the primary reversal of by the living dead, but also of his presentation of a perspective

of death that contradicts the expectations that play a significant role in the conscious reality.

4.5 "Proof Positive"

Colonel Crashaw may have been the president of the local Psychical Society, but he scoffed at Major Weaver's announcement that "what he had to say might alter their whole view of the relative values of matter and spirit."[209] To the sparse audience that gathered for the special meeting, Weaver was uninspiring. He showed signs of being seriously ill, and as his talk progressed, he gave every impression that he was dying before their eyes. He droned on in a tired voice expounding his theories of the triumph of the spirit over the body, and of how important it was for everyone to understand this. He had "proof positive" of the spirit's immortality. His listeners quickly lost interest. His physical condition seemed to worsen and he had great difficulty speaking. The words came more slowly and the ideas were being thrown together without any particular order as he continued to try and "assure the wearied faces all over again that the spirit did not die when the body died, but that the body only moved at the spirit's will. One had to be obstinate, to grapple. . . ."[210] Crashaw found the way he clung to this belief to be pathetic. At last, his final words having been forced out, his last breath filling the room uncomfortably with sounds that "brought to mind innumerable séances, the bound medium, the tambourine shaken in mid-air, the whispered trivialities of love ghosts in the darkness, the dinginess, the airless rooms", he sank into his chair dead.[211] Crashaw was disturbed by the appearance of the man. The flesh was so soon ready to fall from the body. He thought that he had never before been as impressed by what must surely be the finality and completeness of death. He was not really surprised when Dr. Brown said that Weaver had been dead at least a week.

The irony of the theme of Major Weaver's presentation in comparison to the reality of the story is acute. Not only did he appear to be physically empty, but spiritually lifeless as well. He spoke about the power and strength of the spirit, but could project none himself, nor could he generate any from his audience. He "[shot]

out hurried platitudes" that only provoked annoyance and boredom among the few listeners, not inspiration."[212] They had heard it all before, but not necessarily from such a distasteful source. The Music Rooms where they gathered reflected the dull, greyness of the English winter that lurked outside, and Colonel Crashaw thought Major Weaver to be just as ordinary and uninteresting. The sort of person least likely to have anything exceptional happen to them. The matter-of-factness with which Colonel Crashaw accepts Dr. Brown's prouncement that the Major had been dead at least a week, increases the uncomfortable atmosphere that intensified with the Major's final appeal. The audience had shifted nervously. Major Weaver's clichés about the spirit could so quickly be dismissed because they were so widely accepted. The dead man had been laughing at everyone all along as his spirit fizzled out ignominiously, capable of only one last gasp after his body. "What the Colonel thought of most was Weaver's claim - 'Proof positive' - proof, he had probably meant, that the spirit outlived the body, that it tasted eternity. But all he had certainly revealed was how, without the body's aid, the spirit in seven days decayed into whispering nonsense."[213]

4.6 "A Little Place Off the Edgware Road"

Tired and wet, Craven settled himself miserably into a gangway seat in the dilapidated, old theatre off the Edgware Road. The place was practically empty, but another late-comer crawled past Craven to take the seat beside him. The man was fascinated by the death of one of the film's characters, and after enquiring of Craven about the details he had missed, went on mumbling to himself about the timing of his entry and the absence of blood in the film. He turned to Craven to remark on these observations, and Craven reluctantly found himself in conversation with this person whom he impatiently regarded as a bit mad. His damp breath sprayed Craven when he spoke and his speech seemed to be impeded by some sort of bubble. The stranger cryptically informed Craven that he knew all about these things, and went on talking to himself. Listening to this man who must surely be mad, Craven felt encouraged. If he could recognize madness, surely he must yet be in possession of a modicum of

sanity himself. He had been troubled lately and felt he had reason to question the state of his mind. There were so many things to worry about. His name branded him with a sense of defeat. He was bitterly aware of his poverty and how his body was like an enemy because of it.

> People talked as if the body died too soon - that wasn't the trouble, to Craven, at all. The body kept alive - and through the glittering tinselly rain, on his way to a rostrum, passed a little man in a black suit carrying a banner, 'The Body shall rise again.' He remembered a dream he had three times woken trembling from: he had been alone in the huge dark cavernous burying ground of all the world. Every grave was connected to another under the ground: the globe was honeycombed for the sake of the dead, and on each occasion of dreaming he had discovered anew the horrifying fact that the body doesn't decay. There are no worms and dissolution. Under the ground the world was littered with masses of dead flesh ready to rise again with their warts and boils and eruptions. He had lain in bed and remembered - as 'tidings of great joy' - that the body after all was corrupt.[214]

"Why should he be asked to believe in the resurrection of this body he wanted to forget? Sometimes he prayed at night . . . that *his* body at any rate should never rise again.[215] Craven was obsessed by all of these thoughts. Even the people in the theatre reminded him, as he saw them interspersed among the empty stalls, of corpses, bodies waiting to be ressurrected. The man beside him started to ask him questions again, details about the death they had just seen in the film. The damp and sticky hand that suddenly touched Craven worried him. The way the man talked worried him. He felt tension mounting inside his body. "Lolling suddenly sideways", the man abruptly said, "Bayswater Tragedy":

> 'What was that?' Craven said sharply. He had seen those words on a poster before he entered the park.
> 'What?'
> 'About the tragedy.'
> 'To think they call Cullen Mews Bayswater.' Suddenly the little man began to cough - turning his face towards Craven and coughing right at him: it was like vindictiveness.[216]

The film ended and Craven could now see the blood on his hands. He hadn't been hysterical at all. He found "a telephone-box and dialed, with an odd sense for

him of sanity and decision 999."[217] As horrid as it was, the event propelled him out of the sea of uncertainities and insecurities that had threatened to swamp him completely. Craven had been sitting next to someone who had been involved in something terrible. Craven would inform the authorities and appropriate action would be taken. A clear set of ground rules presented itself to be followed. The police confirmed his suspicions; a grisley murder had been committed in Cullen Mews that evening. However, they had the murderer in custody though - it was the body that was missing.

In "Proof Positive" and "A Little Place Off the Edgware Road", death is already in the air before it becomes an actual detail in the action. The feeling of lifeless life that is evoked in both stories ironically underscores the dilemma of the body, the soul and death that is the central concern. An uncomfortable shudder creeps through us all at the realization of what has actually happened at the end of these tales. "Craven put down the receiver. He said to himself aloud, 'Why should this happen to *me*? Why to *me*?'"[218] We sympathize with Craven's reaction. How does one begin to understand or accommodate such an occurrence. It is completely contrary to our realm of experience and horrifying to contemplate as a possible reality. Immediately Craven "was back in the horror of his dream - the squalid darkening street outside was only one of the innumerable tunnels connecting grave to grave where the imperishable bodies lay."[219] The nightmare, "the immortalization of the human body with all of its disgusting defects" had become reality.[220] He tried to convince himself that the past hour had been a dream, longing for the assurance that the world he knew was not the world of which he dreamed. But the drops of blood on his face destroyed what little peace he had left. He moved closer and closer to the edge without a chance of reprieve.

It is this final revelation at the end of "Proof Positive" and "A Little Place Off the Edgware Road", as well as in "The End of the Party" and "The Second Death", that adds a reversal which intensifies the uncanny atmosphere that exists in all these stories. The rise of the dead is truly an example of the anti-expected. Such an event dramatically describes the shift from a comfortable known reality, to one that is filled

with fear that cannot be reconciled. All preconceived notions of what can be expected or of what can be considered as possible within the realm of common reality, are turned up-side-down. Greene has added to this the uncomfortable twist that, as horrifying as we may find this to be, the real nightmare come true may be the violation of those perceptions that provide peace of mind in the contemplation of death. Craven is horrified by his experience, not only because the man with blood on his hands turned out to be the murdered and not the murderer, but because he was the "living" proof that the little man in the black suit preaching the miracle of resurrection was right. Except as far as Craven was concerned there was nothing miraculous about it at all. Life had not given him any reason to celebrate the body, and he took no comfort in the prospect of the miracle of resurrection. The man in the theatre with the sticky hands, the damp breath, and the gurgling voice, convinced him that his dreams had been right and the preacher wrong. The "second coming" was an abomination, completely bereft of any "tidings of comfort and joy". His only hope for eternal peace had been the possibility of a complete and everlasting death. He did not believe that he would ever find that now. There was no peace, no rest, no soaring spirit or miraculous ressurection. The true horror was a diametric reversal of every ground rule or perspective that had ever comforted, calmed, or reassured earthly fears. There was, in fact, everything to fear in the dark.

4.7 "The Destructors"

The inversions that take place in "The Destructors" are not impossible or unbelievable. They do not involve the supernatural, nor do they suggest another realm of existence, or a completely different set of ground rules. They are, however, extremely disturbing and disquieting, and create the kind of uneasiness that is so closely associated with the uncanny. Commonly accepted perspectives are turned around to reveal a dark underside of our reality. All that could be identified as familiar and safe within that familiarity becomes dark and dangerous. To the extent that "The Destructors" can be related to the uncanny, it is fantastic in nature.

The backdrop against which the members of the Wormsley Common Gang

were coming of age was one that was disfigured by the devastation and destruction of the war. There was a noticeable absence of signs of life in the landscape around them:

> The gang met every morning in an impromptu car-park, the site of the last bomb of the first blitz. . . . On one side of the car-park leant the first occupied house, No.3, of the shattered Northwood Terrace - literally leant, for it had suffered from the blast of the bomb and the side walls were supported on wooden struts. A smaller bomb and some incendiaries had fallen beyond, so that the house stuck up like a jagged tooth and carried on the further wall relics of its neighbour, a dado, the remains of a fireplace.[221]

It was the middle of the summer but there were no trees or grass or flowers to colour the picture, only the everlasting reminders of war. The people too had undergone a change. T.'s father had been an architect and Mr. Thomas a builder and decorator. They had participated in the physical creation of society, and had contributed to whatever aspect of beauty could be discerned in the surrounding view. They had constructed and created towards what was considered to be a positive end. But in the end, there was only haphazard and permeating destruction and ugliness. As the world around them had come down, so had the men who were its creators. The spirit that they had represented seemed to have been replaced by a sad, pathetic complacency concerning the war and its effect on society. Everyone matter-of-factly walked around the mess without significantly noticing it, absorbing the alterations into everyday life: ". . . it was common knowledge that since the bombs fell something had gone wrong with the pipes of the house and Old Misery was too mean to spend money on the property. He could do the redecorating himself at cost price, but he had never learnt plumbing."[222] Those who had pretensions to anything grander were viewed with derision by those who were sure they knew better:

> There was every reason why T., as he was afterwards referred to, should have been an object of mockery - there was his name (and they substituted the initial because they had no excuse not to laugh at it), the fact that his father, a former architect and present clerk, had 'come down in the world' and that his mother considered herself better than the neighbours.[223]

T.'s description of Mr. Thomas's house as beautiful worried Blackie. It

"belonged to a class world that you could see parodied at the Wormsley Common Empire by a man wearing a top hat and a monocle, with a haw-haw accent. He was tempted to say, 'My dear Trevor, old chap,' and unleash his hell hounds."[224] What did they care about corkscrew staircases and two hundred year old panelling? What was the use of T. having a guided tour; if he had broken in or pinched something, that would have been special and worthy of the gang. "'I don't want to pinch anything,' T. said. 'I've got a better idea.'"[225] Compared to the other boys, T. stood out in a number of ways. His intensity and brooding moods, and his scorn for their petty pranks, set him apart. He was an opposing force, like the opposite forces that held up Mr. Thomas's staircase. The dismantling of Mr. Thomas's house under the guidance of T. sees the acts of creation and destruction join forces for a common end. This union is in itself a reversal of society's view of beauty and ugliness, good and evil, right and wrong. The boys' activities are enveloped in an eerie and uneasy atmosphere, which intensifies with the removal of each nail and plank.

Christopher Wren built Old Misery's house. Wren's reputation as an architect, a designer and builder of some of the most impressive buildings ever constructed, was well-established. His participation in the creative process extended far beyond the conception and design stages. He was interested in all of the steps and details involved in the execution of his ideas. He was not simply designing a building, but creating a living monument. He abhorred the introduction of stained glass in the windows in churches; he felt that the natural light that was freely distributed by clear glass was important to the atmosphere in the sanctuary. He also favoured the placement of the altar in the centre with the pews arranged around it, in accordance with the High Anglican ideology. The buildings were never meant to be just stone and plaster, but an embodiment of the people for which they stood. T.'s destruction of Mr. Thomas's house in the same spirit in which it must have been created, produces an interestingly uncanny effect. His decreation is a total inversion of Wren's creation. T. makes it clear to the others that when he says they are going to destroy the house he means that they are going to completely eliminate it. He distinguished his plan from the kind of destruction that had become a part of the natural backdrop as a result

of the war. Bits and pieces of buildings sticking up from the earth in random fashion, gouges torn from the ground, all a legacy of the bombs that were dropped indiscriminately from the sky. The design of T.'s destruction was anything but indiscriminate. It was painfully organized. "T. was giving his orders with decision: it was as though this plan had been with him all his life, pondered through the seasons, now in his fifteenth year crystallized with the pain of puberty."[226] Piece by piece, step by step, joint by joint, the house came down as it had gone up. The panels, skirting-boards, the stairs, floor-boards, the china, the bedding, the plumbing, the wiring - all carefully demolished before the walls, which were dropped in an instant to the ground in a heap of bricks and dust. "Streaks of light came in through the closed shutters where they worked with the seriousness of creators - and destruction after all is a form of creation."[227]

The pride and care taken by the boys in this task are diametrically opposed to the result of the task itself. The perspectives surrounding ideas of creation and destruction, beauty and ugliness, and the concepts of value and significance, turn over as we look at the world through T.'s eyes. His motivation is also disturbing. The context of the war and its effects on his family suggest a cause for T.'s behaviour but do not completely explain it. For the most part his actions seem inexplicable, which contributes a great deal to the uncanny effect of the story. T. was adamant on the point that they were not thieves. They were not thieves, robbers, or criminals of any kind. And he sneered at the activities that the rest of the boys considered important for any self-respecting gang. What did it mean to try and outwit conductors for free bus rides. What was the sense or purpose in "pinching" things. Blackie recognized the value of T.'s plan in its potential for fame for the gang. It was something that had never been done before; it would be a masterpiece. The passion and intensity with which he carried out his plan is analogous to that of any artist. A sense of aestheticism pervades the whole process. "A kind of imagination had seen this house as it had now become."[228] He was not satisfied until the house was perfectly destroyed:

> 'We better clear,' Summers said. 'We've done enough anyway.'
> 'Oh no, we haven't. Anybody could do this -' 'this' was the

> shattered hollowed house with nothing left but the walls. Yet walls could be preserved. Façades were valuable. They could build inside again more beautifully than before. This could again be a home.[229]

The anguish expressed by Mr. Thomas upon seeing what used to be his home is set against the reaction of the lorry driver who was the last "cog in the wheel." What he witnessed had comedic appeal. He is completely detached from the emotions and associations that Mr. Thomas experienced. The house had ceased to be anything but a pile of rubble:

> 'I'd like to see Old Misery's face when we are through,' T. said.
> 'You hate him lot?' Blackie asked.
> 'Of course I don't hate him,' T. said. 'There'd be no fun if I hated him. . . . All this hate and love,' he said, 'it's soft, it's hooey. There's only things, Blackie,' and he looked round the room crowded with the unfamiliar shadows of half things, broken things, former things.[230]

In his article called ""The Destructors": An Anarchist Parable", Peter Clarke cites the nineteenth-century Russian anarchist Michael Bakunin as the direct source of Greene's concept of destruction as a form of creation. Although J. Gorecki defines the story as a religious parable, preoccupied with evil, and bearing many striking similarities to Milton's Paradise Lost, most reviewers respond to the tension between creation and destruction. Jesse McCarthy explains the action as a depiction of "a blitzed world in which the traditional values of beauty, grace, individualism, and class distinctions are succombing to the new values of materialism, efficiency, democracy and group activity."[231] This view holds that the gang's suspicion of Trevor can be rationalized by the evidence of his connection to the upper classes, and Trevor's behaviour can be rationalized as reflective of the impersonal nature of human life. Even given this degree of allegory, the story still generates an eerie, uncanny quality that resists explanation. The destruction of Western civilization, and all of its rules and traditions, as though it were a game slightly more challenging than pinching free bus rides, has an unsettling feel to it. Hans Feldman's article states that "The Destructors" can only make sense if the destruction of the house is viewed as a symbolic and positive act. The boys are concerned with continuity of the human race and, therefore, "methodically and without malice" free themselves "of a civilization that has lost its perception of spiritual value and permits man only a quantitative

means of self-definition."[232] This degree of reduction does not do justice to the loaded atmosphere Greene has so carefully constructed.

4.8 "The Overnight Bag"

There is nothing in the beginning of "The Overnight Bag", from May We Borrow Your Husband, to suggest that one has any reason to be apprehensive. Perhaps Henry Cooper is a little too grey, and perhaps he is a little over-protective of his blue BOAC overnight bag; however, for someone like Henry the object of his concern might easily be "something precious and fragile like an electric razor."[233] But in every other respect he was unremarkably respectable and proper. The airport scene was a familiar one. There was nothing out of the ordinary in the passengers milling about, waiting to board planes, and not even in the telegram girl's curiosity or the abrasiveness of Henry's seat companion. They were all outtakes from everyday life. The exchange between the large woman in the tight trousers and Henry, regarding the care and handling of his BOAC bag, in no way disturbs the perspective that all is normal. We are amused by the small, fastidious, neurotic man who is quickly exasperated by the overbearing, nosey woman; perhaps they bring to mind a personal travel anecdote. Finally, unable to contain herself any longer, "'What have you got in your precious bag?' she asked him angrily. 'A dead baby,' he said. 'I thought I had told you.'"[234] The pilot mundanely adds that on the left of the plane it is possible to see Montélimar. The woman appeared to be appropriately shocked by Henry's nonchalant confession. "'You are not serious,' she said."[235] But Henry was serious. What was more surprising, though, was the fact that the woman wasn't the least bit shocked by the knowledge that there was a dead baby in the bag; she was only concerned Henry had the nerve to carry it in a bag in economy class. It just wasn't done. A coffin would be the proper vessel not an overnight bag. However, as Henry pointed out, putting it through freight would have been much more expensive.

The absurd is similar to the uncanny in its relationship to the fantastic in the way that it operates completely within the parameters of common reality to generate its effect. The main difference is the actual effect that is generated. While in the

uncanny the introduction of anti-expected results in feelings of dread and fear, in the absurd the reaction to the turn of events is one of absolute incredulity. When Henry announces that there is a dead baby in his overnight bag it is completely unexpected. But the element of the fantastic comes into play in the conversations that follow between Henry and the woman, the taxi driver, and his mother. The reactions of these people, and their comments, are completely the opposite of what one would expect given the story's basis in reality. However, not only are the exchanges totally inappropriate according to the ground rules set out, the tone and content are so consistent with perfectly natural everyday conversation, and Henry's obvious concern for saying the right thing, that the fantastic nature of the story is enhanced. "'You don't anticipate trouble with the customs?' she asked him after a while. 'Of course I shall have to declare it,' he said. 'It was acquired abroad.'"[236]

We follow Henry through customs, curious like the woman to see if he will be caught, waiting for someone to end the absurdness of the situation. However, in the taxi that Henry engages, the confusing sense of somehow being caught in another level of existence continues. The driver is not at all nonplussed by Henry's request that he turn down the heat, owing to the dead baby in his bag. The weather, politics, dead babies--all seemingly suitable subjects for a good chat:

> 'Ah well,' the driver said, 'he won't feel the heat, will he? It's a he?'
>
> 'Yes. A he. I'm anxious he shouldnt't - deteriorate.'
>
> 'They keep a long time,' the driver said. 'You'd be surprised. Longer than old people. . . . Are you going to an undertaker's now?'
>
> 'I thought I would take it home for the night and see about the arrangements tomorrow.'
>
> 'A little perisher like that would fit easily into the frig. No bigger than a chicken. As a precaution only.'[237]

Back at home in his flat (located perhaps not surprisingly in Bayswater, in a row of houses that resembled the above-ground tombs of continental cemeteries), Henry was met by his mother. He told her that there had been no delay at customs and she replied that he was clever to travel so lightly. Henry was happy to be home, with his slippers by his favourite chair. He noticed, though, that his mother had moved his favourite Bosch picture. She asked him if he had made any new friends or

had any adventures while he was away, and Henry told her about the toe in the marmalade, which of course was foreign not English. His mother was shocked; a finger could be explained but certainly not a toe. "'You complained, of course?' 'Not in words, but I put the toe very conspicuously at the edge of the plate.'"[238] Henry's mother turned to the kitchen to see to their shepherd's pie and Henry went about unpacking.

4.9 Doctor Fischer of Geneva or the Bomb Party

Crossing Doctor Fischer's threshold is somewhat like stepping through the looking glass: once on the other side one quickly discovers that none of the perspectives or expectations used as a standard measure of behaviour in everyday life can be relied upon. Everything looks right, the ground rules appear to be in operation, and then the opposite of what is expected happens. The continuous manner in which these types of reversals occur, and the reactions of the narrator, give evidence to the existence of a fantasy world on the other side of Doctor Fischer's front door. Doctor Fischer presides over his parties in the same manner in which the Red Queen conducts her croquet games. He says whatever he wants and does whatever he wants, and the only thing one can be sure of is that he is always right. It is impossible to know the rules ahead of time, because they will be whatever he says they will be at any given moment.

Dr. Fischer of Geneva or the Bomb Party tells a complex tale of expectations. Society operates according to an intricate system of ground rules that ultimately describes our common reality. A very significant aspect of this reality deals with behaviour and appearances: what is and isn't considered to be appropriate; what is or is not the correct thing to say, the correct thing to do. Judgements are very often based on the way things look and the way people act. The ground rules that describe such social expectations reflect a preoccupation with surface over substance. They are not concerned with principles, morality, justice, good and evil, but packaging. What is inside is not as important as the amount of glitter on the outside. Right and wrong is determined according to fashion. Power and status can be bought easily with money,

and not with good deeds or intentions. It is not a coincidence that the "upper" classes are usually synonomous with monetary wealth. Doctor Fischer's dinner parties are an elaborate and perverse attack on society's blind deference to convention and pretention, and the false sense of propriety that often tends to dominate over all else, no matter what the cost. The emptiness and insignificance of these perspectives are exposed, and Doctor Fischer's easy and arbitrary manipulation of the ground rules demonstrates the potentially destructive and unstable nature of a superficial society. During these parties, the dinner party being a perfect working model of the set of rules described, all perspectives generally associated with what is considered to be appropriate or correct, in so far as social expectations are concerned, are continuously challenged and contradicted, and all related ground rules are reversed. The result is an unsettling, surreal atmosphere that scrapes the dark side of fantasy.

As in "A Visit to Morin" and "Dream of a Strange Land", the stage in Doctor Fischer of Geneva is set by a series of contrasts that outline two different worlds. "I think that I used to detest Doctor Fischer more than any other man I have known just as I loved his daughter more than any other woman", Alfred Jones began.

> We might have been a world and not a canton apart. I would begin work at 8.30 in the morning while she would be still asleep in her pink and white bedroom . . . and when I would go out to eat a hasty sandwich for my lunch, she was probably sitting before her glass in a dressing-gown doing her hair. From the sale of their chocolates my employers paid me three thousand francs a month which I suppose may have represented half an hour's income to Doctor Fischer who many years before had invented Dentophil Bouquet, a toothpaste which was supposed to hold at bay the infections caused by eating too many of our chocolates.[219]

Alfred had never expected anything to come of his meeting Anna-Luise in the coffee shop. He was so much older, missing a hand thanks to the war, and could offer her little in the way of luxuries to which she was accustomed. How could a young, pretty, intelligent woman be interested in, or attracted to, him. And yet meeting by chance as they had, "quite suddenly, [they] were, like two friends who encounter each other after years of separation."[240] The gap between their two worlds quickly disappeared, and they found themselves growing closer together as a result of what

they shared. Their differences were ultimately superficial and didn't affect the substance of their lives; their common ground went to "the heart of the matter". Their relationship derived its strength from the basics in life. Love began "over the ham and cheese sandwiches" and found its way uneventfully but permanently into their lives. Their wedding was in direct contrast to that of Anna-Luise's mother and father. Doctor Fischer threw a lavish party that lasted all night. Alfred and Anna-Luise didn't have a cake, bridesmaids, a priest or any family present: "This way it's solemn - one feels really married."[241] Alfred wondered if such happiness could be as simple as coming home to the sound of a beloved voice, or a quiet breath on the pillow at night, "or kitchen noises in the evening when [he] returned from work and read the *Journal de Genève* in [their] easy chair?"[242] In any event they were happy and content and in love. The day that Anna-Luise died was also notable in Alfred's memory for its many small details. The two boiled eggs for breakfast, her new white sweater, the icy road conditions, the small argument about the slope she should ski, the anthology of prose he had brought to read while he waited, the table in the restaurant, the waiter, the ambulance, the hospital paperwork, the end.

In contrast to Alfred's account of the simple and ordinary details of everyday life that enhanced the depth and meaning of his relationships with Anna-Luise, were the pretentious and superficial details that characterized Doctor Fisher's world, a world of seemingly little substance. Alfred only knew a few things about Anna-Luise's father: he had a great deal of money; he had an intimidating reputation; and he threw mysterious dinner parties that were renown far and wide but no one was sure why. Anna-Luise confirmed the rumours he had heard and added a few unflattering experiences of her own. She found it extremely offensive to be associated with *the* Doctor Fischer. She thought his behaviour and attitudes were revolting, and she could not forgive him for how he had treated her mother. Faced with her husband's self-centredness and insensitivity, Mrs. Fischer had looked elsewhere for comfort. Doctor Fischer hated music and she had met someone with whom she could listen to Mozart. Anna-Luise said that it was the act of betrayal that he couldn't abide. Or perhaps it might have been only his pride that was hurt. She thought it was possible that if Mr.

Steiner had been a millionaire he wouldn't have taken it all so badly. In any event, the episode had made Doctor Fischer look bad and he punished them both. Any explanations or reasons were of little consequence to him. Anna-Luise always referred to her father as though he were some sort of evil force lurking about, waiting to destroy everything good and decent.

Alfred quickly learned for himself that as kind, gentle, and considerate as Anna-Luise was, her father was rude, cold, and cruel. Nonetheless, Alfred often seemed guided, or misguided, by a series of social expectations and an uncontrollable sense of propriety in so far as Doctor Fischer was concerned. The first time he saw him, Alfred thought that Doctor Fischer looked much like other men. He was "a man more or less of [Alfred's] own age with a red moustache and hair that was beginning to lose its fire - perhaps he tinted the moustache. He had pouches under his eyes and very heavy lids. He looked like a man who didn't sleep well at night."[243] There were no horns. But appearances could be deceiving. This was certainly true regarding his relationship with his daughter. Doctor Fischer brilliantly portrayed the opposite side of any prevailing notion of fatherhood. It was as though he and Anna-Luise were complete strangers whose realities had nothing in common. She said that he had never treated her badly, he just wasn't interested. This indifference was shocking in its candidness:

> 'I am living with your daughter. We are thinking of getting married.'
> 'That is always a difficult decision,' [Doctor Fischer] said, 'but it's one you must make together. It's no affair of mine. . . .' 'We thought you should be told. . . .'
> 'That information could have been conveyed, I would have thought, more easily in writing. It would have saved you a journey to Geneva. . . .'
> 'You don't seem very concerned about you daughter.'
> 'You probably know her better than I do, Jones, if you know her well enough to marry her, and you have relieved me of any responsibility I may once have had.'
> 'Don't you want to have her address. . . ?'
> 'I suppose you are in the book?'[244]

Alfred was not completely convinced. He felt sure that the "Toad" who stood at the back of the church during the wedding ceremony had been sent to voice Doctor

Fischer's disapproval at the appropriate moment, to object to what Alfred thought must surely be "a crime in the eyes of [a] father."[245] This did not happen. Later, when Anna-Luise died, Alfred did not expect tears but he had expected her father to come to the funeral. He never came.

The first invitation that Alfred received to one of *the* dinner parties was most polite, proper, and reassuring--'Doctor Fischer requests the pleasure of the company of . . .'--and of course, Alfred thought, it would only be terribly rude to decline. Perhaps it was an act of welcoming him into the family, a wedding present of sorts. He could never quite understand Anna-Luise's intense distrust of her father and those who seemed to enjoy his company. "Next morning I sent my formal reply to the invitation: 'Mr. A. Jones has pleasure in accepting Doctor Fischer's kind invitation. . . .' I couldn't help saying to myself: What a fuss about nothing. . . ."[246]

The "Toads" are the representatives of the society which Doctor Fischer holds up for examination: a film actor, a Divisionnaire, an international lawyer, a tax advisor, and a wealthy American widow. As individuals, none of these people are presented seriously. Richard Deane is an alcoholic, B-grade actor with a "fast-diminishing reputation among women and teenagers"[247], Divisionnaire Krueger is a high ranking official in the Swiss army, which Doctor Fischer informs all is a dubious honour and one worthy of little respect, Mr. Kips, Mr. Belmont, and Mrs. Montgomery have all settled in Geneva "to escape taxes in their own countries or take advantage of favourable cantonal conditions."[248] They are portrayed somewhat as cardboard cut-outs. They don't do anything of great consequence and they have nothing of any significance to say. They are all well off, but are always interested in having more. Initially they appear to be perfectly "socially acceptable", going through all the appropriate motions and fulfilling the social expectations of the privileged and envied class. As the dinner parties take shape, however, it becomes clear that the Toads' behaviour mirrors Doctor Fisher's expectations, which express the dark side of their affected and conceited sense of importance. The results of Doctor Fischer's experiments underscore the shaky foundation upon which these ground rules rest, and strike at the credibility of the society they represent. The Toads are Doctor Fischer's

pawns, constantly challenged to speak their minds and stand up for themselves but held in check every time by their desire for what Doctor Fischer has to offer. Murmurings of disgust or other signs of "inappropriate" party behaviour are quickly quelled. Mrs. Montgomery maintains a constant stream of cheerful cocktail prattle which overrides the underdeveloped, impotent undercurrent of mutiny. These people do not so much represent society in general as they do that aspect of society that prides itself on "good taste" over and above all else. The ground rules in this case provide the key to knowing the right thing to say, the right thing to do, the right way to dress, and the right people to approach. Appearances are everything, surface over substance. Doctor Fischer always bet on this being more important than anything else, and believed everyone had their price. The inherently insubstantial, and consequently unstable, nature of perspectives and ground rules that stress form over content make it possible for Doctor Fischer's fantastic attack to succeed. By constantly reversing every rule and code of behaviour and by turning every trivial and empty point or act into a major issue, Doctor Fischer creates an atmosphere that flickers with uncertainty. The brightness and whiteness, the lights, crystal, silverware, linen and snow, feed an illusion at the same time as they veil the dark underside of the whole scene.

Although Alfred ultimately opposes Doctor Fischer and his game, his own sense of right and wrong dominating in the end, his susceptibility to the prevailing conception of class and the ground rules that the Toads appeared to follow, emphasize the power and effect of these perspectives. Early in his story, Alfred remarks on the status that the group of Toads had attained in certain circles due to their friendship with the infamous Doctor Fischer. The honour of titles, such as Doctor and Divisionnaire, might be little more than a name, but they distinguished the individual to whom they were attributed from the "common" person. Alfred's "father ended his days as a knight, Sir Frederick Jones - a name which with its dignified prefix no one found comic or unusual in England, though [Alfred] was to find that a plain Mr. A. Jones was ridiculous in the eyes of Doctor Fischer."[249] Alfred also believed that "to have found one woman who accepted [him] as a lover in spite of [his] plastic imitation of a hand and [his] unattractive income had been a near miracle. . . ."[250]

While Alfred was waiting to see Doctor Fischer for the first time he met Mrs. Montgomery, "an elderly woman with blue hair and a blue dress and lots of gold rings":[251]

> 'My name is Jones,' I said.
> 'I don't think I've seen you at one of his parties.'
> 'No.'
> 'Of course I sometimes miss one myself. One isn't always around. One can't be, can one? Not always.'
> 'I suppose not.'
> 'Of course you know Richard Deane.'
> 'I've never met him. But I've read about him in the newspapers.'
> She giggled. 'You're a wicked one, I can tell that. You know General Krueger?'
> 'No.'
> 'But you must know Mr Kips?' She asked with what seemed like anxiety and incredulity.
> 'I've heard of him,' I said. 'He's a tax consultant, isn't he?'
> 'No, no. That's Monsieur Belmont. How strange that you don't know Mr Kips. . . .'
> '... But of course, you know the house.'
> 'It's the first time I've been here.'
> 'Oh, I see. That explains it - you're not one of us. . . .' 'But surely you at least know Monsieur Belmont - Monsieur Henri Belmont? He'll solve any tax problem.'
> 'I have no tax problems,' I admitted.
> As I sat on the second sofa under the great crystal chandelier [he] realized it was almost as though I had told her that I dropped his h's. Mrs. Montgomery had looked away from I in obvious embarrassment.
> In spite of his father's small title which had procured him a niche for a time in *Who's Who* I felt myself an outcast in Mrs. Montgomery's company. . . .[252]

Alfred felt the same way when he caught his first glimpse of Doctor Fischer's house. Sweeping green lawns decorated with weeping willows and silver birches led the way to a pillared portico. The front door was opened by an English butler resplendent in a white jacket. "There were five expensive cars lounging in the drive, two of them with chauffeurs, and I thought that he looked at my little Fiat 500 with disdain. Then he looked at my suit and I could see that his eyebrows went up."[253] Alfred felt himself to be at a great disadvantage. He was conscious of his ordinary name, his ordinary job, and his very ordinary income. "I was just a man called Alfred

Jones, earning three thousand francs a month, a man in his fifties, who worked for a chocolate firm."[254] Mrs. Montgomery could never remember whether his name was Jones or Smith. He was even disadvantaged physically. He would never be one of the "beautiful people". He often questioned his own worthiness against people like Doctor Fischer. Classes naturally separate in a society, and the rich seem to rise to the top. "A better class of people", "they have such class". It is taken for granted that high society establishes the ground rules for propriety.

Despite Anna-Luise's ominous warnings, Alfred's confidence in the ground rules prevailed. He was further encouraged by the Toads' high recommendations of Doctor Fischer and his parties. Mrs. Montgomery was so impressed with the Doctor that she was content to wait in his hallway for unspecified lengths of time on the off chance that Albert would let her see him. She explained to Alfred the first time she met him that she had the great honour of having to act as the hostess at Doctor Fischer's parties. He had a great sense of humour, she said, and the whole group was so very fond of him. Monsieur Belmont reiterated these sentiments when he met with Alfred and Anna-Luise after their wedding. "Doctor Fischer's parties are always very entertaining. He has a great sense of humour, and he is so generous. We have much fun."[255] As the hour for that first party drew closer, Alfred couldn't help thinking that, "The very secrecy in which Doctor Fischer's dinners had been held, and the spate of unlikely rumours, made them sinister, but surely the presence of the same group of Toads must mean there was some entertainment to be found in them."[256] Perhaps it was true, Alfred thought, that Mr. Kips was compromising his integrity to a certain degree after having been so ridiculed by Doctor Fischer after the incident with Mrs. Fischer and the clerk, but there was no reason for someone like the Divisionnaire to tolerate anything unacceptable. And so Alfred pulled up to the big house with the winding drive filled with big cars, to be greeted by a white-coated manservant, and he had certain expectations.

Alfred should have been wary of those expectations, though, after his first encounter with Albert. The first time Alfred tried to see Doctor Fischer he was unsuccessful as he did not have an appointment. He was told that he could be seen at

five o'clock the following Thursday. Mrs. Montgomery was told that she could not be received because Doctor Fischer had a bit of a fever. Mr. Kips had an appointment, however, and was shown in. When Alfred returned on the Thursday he was greeted again by Albert:

> 'Have you an appointment?' he asked.
> 'Yes.'
> 'What name?'
> 'Jones.'
> 'I don't know that he can see you.'
> 'I told you, I have an appointment.'
> 'Oh appointments,' he said in a tone of disdain. 'Everyone says he has an appointment.'[257]

Alfred felt unfortunate upon his arrival at his first dinner party to have to deal with Albert once again:

> 'What name?' he asked, though I felt sure that he remembered it well enough. He spoke English with a bit of cockney twang. So he had remembered my nationality.
> 'Jones,' I said.
> 'Doctor Fischer's engaged.'
> 'He's expecting me,' I said.
> 'Doctor Fischer's dining with friends.'
> 'I happen to be dining with him myself.'
> 'Have you an invitation?'
> 'Of course I have an invitation.'
> 'Let me see the card.'
> 'You can't. I left it at home.'[258]

""How am I to get in?" asked Alice. . . . "*Are* you to get in at all?" said the Footman. "That's the first question, you know.""[259] Albert serves as the perfect introduction to Doctor Fischer's world. He appears to be the perfect English butler, proper in dress and speech, the ultimate symbol of all the class and breeding he supposedly represented. However, his extreme and arbitrary application of the rules of his position throw Alfred a little off balance. Albert has certain qualities in common with the fish-footman and the frog-footman in Wonderland. They are perfectly outfitted in their livery, performing the appropriate formalities and courtesies that would be expected of footmen. They are, however, talking amphibians in powdered wigs, and ultimately a reflection of the fantasy world into which Alice has fallen.

Albert is revealed to be the opposite of what he appears to be on the outside and an indication of the anti-expected nature of the world he guards. Reluctantly he led Alfred through to the dining room.

Alfred walked into an elegant setting: "The men wore dinner jackets and Mrs Montgomery a long dress. . . . The table was laid with crystal glasses which caught the lights of the chandelier overhead: even the soup plates looked expensive."[260] But as Doctor Fischer indiscriminately threw his ugly comments around the room, Alfred could feel things begin to turn. His insulting and ill-mannered behaviour was unbelieveable. "'This is Jones, my son-in-law. . . .' 'You must excuse his glove. It covers a deformity."[261] Doctor Fischer was equally rude to everyone. He ridiculed Richard Deane's faded and intoxicated star quality, Krueger's military ineffectualness, Mrs. Montgomery's hair colour, Kips' appearance and everyone's intelligence and greediness. The idea that he thought he should explain to Alfred the etiquette observed at his dinner parties was an interesting one. "'Remember the rules, Mrs Montgomery . . . If you contradict me once again you will lose your prize.'" "'Be careful, Kips. Don't denigrate my gifts - or yours might disappear a second time tonight.'"[262] Off with their heads. Doctor Fischer's reign was never in any danger. The accolades for his hospitality and party games poured forth from his guests. No one seemed to dare to contradict him. They laughed on cue, Mrs. Montgomery insisted everything was a riot and that Doctor Fischer was unbelievably generous, and Krueger announced that he was invariably a good host. Deane and Kips may not have been as openly supportive but accepted in silence. And everyone eyed the pile of gifts. They were not pleased with Alfred's presence. Alfred wondered if the Toads were glaring at him because he wasn't dressed correctly. "We all of us know where we stand", said Mr Kips. "It's all in the spirit of fun. A stranger might misunderstand."[263] At this point Alfred was not at all sure what he was supposed to understand, but fun was definitely not what he noticed most about the gathering:

> Now all of this, read by someone not present at the party, might well sound no more than the jolly banter of clubmen who insult each other in a hearty way before sitting down to a good dinner and some heavy drinking and good companionship. But to me, as I watched the faces and detected how near the knuckle the teasing seemed to go, there was

> hollowness and a hypocrisy in the humorous exchanges and hate like a raincloud hung over the room - hatred of his guests on the part of the host and hatred of the host on the part of the guests.[264]

Seated at the elegant dinner table surrounded by Toads, Alfred noticed the good Yvorne next to each plate, although Doctor Fischer seemed to prefer vodka. Mrs. Montgomery had extremely high expectations for the food, and felt certain that the bibs indicated écrevisses. She shrieked with horror upon being served with a bowl of cold porridge. Doctor Fischer helped himself to caviare. Mrs. Montgomery was extremely and loudly indignant and everyone else looked disgusted. But reminded of the punishment for not playing by Doctor Fischer's rules, to Alfred's astonishment and wonder, everyone was soon eating their cold porridge under the continuous stream of Doctor Fischer's taunts and insults. Alfred thought that he must surely have wandered into a madhouse ruled by a mad doctor.

> The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.
>
> "Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.
>
> Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing an it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.
>
> "There isn't any," said the March Hare.
>
> "Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.
>
> "It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.
>
> "I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice: "it's laid for a great many more than three."
>
> "Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.
>
> "You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity: "It's very rude."[265]

Doctor Fischer's dinner had all the makings of an exceptionally mad and dark Mad Tea-Party, and Alfred's expectations were as useless as Alice's in every respect. They each approached their respective tables with a degree of assurance despite everything else they had experienced. Social settings are characterized by many visual cues which initiate a whole set of expectations. Alfred and Alice experience a sense of fantasy when these ground rules are suddenly reversed. The behaviour of the host

and guests, the impropriety, the culinary fare, all contribute to an event that turns out to be a contradiction of what it proposed itself to be. The rude personal remarks of Doctor Fischer and the Mad Hatter are the "icing on the cake". Alfred could no longer pretend that any set of preconceived ideas would guide him through Doctor Fischer's game. Doctor Fischer contradicted all of Alfred's expectations and opposed all of the accepted rules of the society from which Alfred took his cues regarding propriety, conventionality, suitability, and seemliness. Alfred's astonishment was perhaps even greater than Alice's at the turn of events. Alice could see that she had walked in on a tea-party when she saw the Hatter and his friends; however, it became immediately apparent that it was no ordinary tea-party. This was true of everything and everyone Alice came across in Wonderland. Subsequent occurrences and conversations reinforced her initial fantastic experiences. She continued to experience the fantastic, but she also came to expect it. Doctor Fischer's dinner party was much more pretentious. Every detail was perfect, every piece of silverware was in its place. Alfred had no indication of what the setting hid beneath its glamourous window dressing. The behaviour of Doctor Fischer and his guests was diametrically opposed to the image they projected, and the mood this created was truly fantastic. If one of these characters had voluntarily eaten cold porridge at a dinner party while being called an imbecile, it could have been considered odd or eccentric or out of place. For the whole court to go through the motions of being the cream of society, to strut their clothes, jewels, manners, self-importance and diplomatic hypocrisy and then diametrically oppose all logical expectations, resulted in a looking-glass uncertainty and sense of asymetry which Alfred experienced. Doctor Fischer's "generosity" ws the primary motivator for the Toads. No matter what happened they expected to be rewarded at the end of the parties. As long as they followed the rules of the game, there was a prize for everyone. The rules were whatever Doctor Fischer decided, which was alway the opposite of what was expected. He expected his guests would do anything if the reward was big enough: "Mr Kips, like Herr Krupp, would have sat down happily to eat with Hitler in expectation of favours. . . ."[266] Alfred never knew what to expect: ". . . they [didn't] seem to have any rules in particular: at least,

if there [were], nobody [attended] to them. . . ."[267] All of his life Alfred had deferred to and accepted the distinctions of the classes and the role played by money in all of it. The reality presented to him by Doctor Fischer contradicted the perspectives of the world in which he lived. It wasn't that Doctor Fischer was simply rude and cruel and the Toads greedy and insipid ("'It was revolting,' [Alfred] said to Anna-Luise. 'Your father must be mad.' 'It would be a lot less revolting if he were,' she said"[268]); Doctor Fischer was the Red Queen and everyone scattered where he walked. He was the anti-host:

> . . . the Queen was in a furious passion, and went stamping about, and shouting, "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!" about once in a minute.
>
> Alice began to feel very uneasy: to be sure, she had not as yet had any dispute with the Queen, but she knew that it might happen any minute. . . .[269]

The second party that Alfred attended was no less fantastic for his prior knowledge of the host and his guests. In a world turned up-side-down, one can never be quite sure what to expect: "'Good evening, Mr Jones, Doctor Fischer suggests that you keep on your coat. Dinner is being served on the lawn.' 'On the lawn?' I exclaimed. It was a clear night: the stars were as brilliant as chips of ice, and the temperature was below zero."[270] The play of light and snow that characterized the setting of Doctor Fischer's last party was similar to what the doomed man saw in "Dream of a Strange Country". "It was a curiously unnaturally scene. . . ."[271] The brightness contrasted sharply with the darkness that lay about and beneath. The Toads rose admirably to the occasion: "'Isn't it wonderful and crazy and beautiful?' Mrs Montgomery cried. . . ." "At bottom, you know, he's a very sensitive sort of person.'" "His generosity . . .' With the automatic reflex of a Pavlov dog she touched the emerald hung around her throat."[272] Deane thought it was a pity that it was the last party and Mr. Kips even seemed to be laughing. The Porridge Party had become mere cocktail chit chat. "'There was no humiliation, you dear man. It was just your wonderful sense of humour. We enjoyed it all as much as you did.'"[273] Mrs. Montgomery laughingly assured everyone there would be no porridge this night; she had helped with the menu herself. The caviare and Mouton Rothschild flowed freely

and the meal did not require bibs. Spirits were high and no one doubted Doctor Fischer's greatness. As Doctor Fischer's purpose for bringing everyone together became clear, the atmosphere took on a heightened sense of unreality. The glitter was merely pretty packaging for a darkness of great depth. The Toads expressed their usual initial shock at Doctor Fischer's audacity: how could he expect them to accept cheques and surely he was joking about a bomb. They adjusted rather quickly, though, as they had to cold porridge, and soon were discussing the pros and cons of gambling. "It was as if they had quite forgotten the bomb."[274] Like pools of oil, they invariably found their way to the surface of everything. Doctor Fischer believed at the beginning that Alfred could be expected to behave like the others, thinking that Alfred's wealth of expectations made him equally vulnerable. Doctor Fischer chided Alfred about the naïve confidence he had in his perspective of reality: "[Mr Jones] is here as an observer rather than as a guest, but of course, as he is my son-in-law, he may imagine he has great expectations." "Don't count on your expectations from me", he tells Alfred.[275] They could all be expected to do anything to get something for nothing. But the something for nothing to which Doctor Fischer refered was strictly of a monetary nature. The Toads were willing to give up their dignity and self-respect under the guise of courtesy and manners. They were guests, after all, and they should be gracious. Their sacrifices were nothing, apparently, compared to expensive bobbles. These expectations were always satisfied in the end, and so were those of Doctor Fischer. However, Alfred had believed in the ground rules that Doctor Fischer mocked. As disconcerting as the dinner party experiences were for Alfred, his behaviour threatened the fragile reality Doctor Fischer had created. His final party was living up to all of his expectations until Alfred bought the last cracker from the Divisionnaire. Alfred saved the old man, couldn't be bought himself, and was willing to play by the rules to the death. Doctor Fischer's world came tumbling down, and nothing could save it. "[Alfred] looked at the body and it had no more significance than a dead dog. This, [Alfred] thought, was the bit of rubbish [he] had once compared in [his] mind with Jehovah and Satan."[276] Perhaps everyone is closer to the "dangerous edge" of fantasy than they know. Alfred once asked Anna-Luise after

seeing the Toads at midnight mass one Christmas why they went. She said that it was probably a Christmas habit like their tree. No wonder Doctor Fischer's guests were sworn to secrecy about the parties: people might get the wrong impression.

4.10 A Sense of Reality

Graham Greene has said that the title A Sense of Reality, in which "Under the Garden", "A Visit to Morin", "Dream of a Strange Land", and "A Discovery in the Woods" are collected, was meant to be ironical. Those who were fooled imagined that they were being offered an answer, when instead they were merely being given "a hint of an explanation". The stories do not try to define or describe reality, but attempt to demonstrate that the world that most people know and take for granted provides only a sense of what really exists. Realities can be fragile. They are based on opinions, attitudes, expectations, and other abstract criteria; they are not written in stone. If the ground rules of belief, faith, morality, ethics, religious and social attitudes, history, or any commonly accepted truth, are reversed, then the foundation of any individual or collective reality is considerably shaken. Very suddenly the common reality can acquire other-worldly qualities, disturbing the confidence that all the expectations and ground rules had generated.

As is the case with most of Greene's subjects and characters, "A Visit to Morin" is infused with reversals. The stage is set by Dunlop, the narrator, who notes that, "One didn't often, in the 1950s, see Pierre Morin's novels on display, and yet here were two copies of his once famous books. . . ."[277] Pierre Morin, once admired by Dunlop and now all but forgotten, belonged to a generation that was either pleased or offended by him. He once found enthusiastic readers among non-Christians, but was viewed suspiciously by fellow Catholics; until he outgrew his revolutionary identity, and then he interested only the orthodox. Morin's characters had expressed views that,

> . . . seemed to possess irritating qualities to Catholic reviewers, and yet both proved to be equally in accordance with the dogmatic pronouncement when it came. Once could assert therefore that they were orthodox; yet the orthodox critics seemed to scent heresy like a rat dead somewhere under the boards, at a spot they could not locate.[278]

The subject of Morin was one that had provoked controversy and opposing perspectives. However, in spite of everything that had been said or thought, Dunlop, like so many others, was convinced of Morin's Catholicism, which translated into a set of expectations that even Morin went to certain lengths to fulfil: "I am their Catholic author, you see. Their Academician. I never wanted to help anyone believe, but God knows I wouldn't take a hand in robbing them. . . ."[279] Inadvertently finding himself at a midnight service one Christmas Eve with Morin in attendance, Dunlop couldn't help wondering what had kept the "old distinguished Catholic" from the Communion alter. Morin's characters may have had to struggle with certain weaknesses and illnesses regarding their religion, but Morin's belief in his religion was taken for granted. The question of belief was at the forefront of Dunlop's mind. He believed in Morin, and he longed to believe in God, as he felt Morin did, as those who made their way to the alter did. What was the secret, the key to believing? Perhaps the answer could tell him why a non-believer like himself could find the Midnight Mass inexplicably moving.

Back at Morin's house, Dunlop was slow to understand the nature of the writer's dilemma:

> 'Forgive me, M. Morin, but I wondered at your age what kept you from Communion. Of course now I know the reason.'
>
> 'Do you?' Morin said. 'Young man, I doubt it. . . . 'You don't understand a thing I have been saying to you. What a story you would make of this if you were a journalist and yet there wouldn't be word of truth . . .'
>
> I said stiffly, 'I thought you made it perfectly clear that you had lost your faith.'
>
> 'Do you think that would keep anyone from the Confessional? You are a long way from understanding the Church or the human mind, Mr. Dunlop. . . .
>
> 'I told you I had lost my belief. That's quite a different thing. . . .'[280]

Morin's musings on the merits of faith and belief countered all of Dunlop's expectations and his perspective regarding Morin. As well, his ideas of how to approach religion, and of how to perhaps discover the way to belief, were thrown into disarray. Dunlop had read Morin's books with keen interest, and had observed the

rituals of believers in his search for answers. And now Morin told him, "'No. Not if you want to believe. If you are foolish enough to want that you must avoid theology.'"[281] Theology, Morin noted, served now to bolster his disbelief. His arguments against belief were the same ones used most often to convince the doubtful. "A man can accept anything to do with God until scholars begin to go into the details and the implications."[282] All of the arguments, he said, were merely words and human judgement, which do not equal fact. The priests could not be relied on for the answers; first they had used him as a role model for their faith, and then later on, as an example of a soul to be saved. Morin explained to Dunlop that twenty years ago he voluntarily excommunicated himself. He was in love and could not honour the Confessional:

> I had cut myself off for twenty years from grace and my belief withered as the priests said it would. I don't believe in God and His Son and His angels and His saints, but I know the reason why I don't believe and the reason is - the Church is true and what she taught me is true. For twenty years I have been without the sacraments and I can see the effect. The wafer must be more than wafer.[283]

Morin laughed at the paradox but Dunlop was sceptical. He clung to his earthly plane, unable to grasp the degree of abstraction which Morin's arguments entailed. Perhaps if Morin just went back to the church, or was he afraid of what the priests would say? "As long as I keep away from the sacraments, my lack of belief is an argument for the Church. But if I returned and they failed me, then I would really be a man without faith. . . ."[284]

Dunlop still didn't understand. Morin believed in disbelief, and his answer to the question of belief was in things that couldn't be explained. Morin had not turned out to be what Dunlop had expected, but more significantly, the theological perspective that he was proposing was so completely the opposite of what Dunlop believed the Church expected that he felt more uncertain than ever. Dunlop claimed not to believe, however, the few times he had dabbled in belief or had been intrigued he had referred to the common perspective of the Church. He may not have accepted their point of view but he regarded it as a solid foundation from which he could play off all of his questions and doubts. The spiritual reversals that Morin spoke of added

a new dimension to Dunlop's questions. Now he felt as though he was being told that it was not possible to ever believe. Morin had lost his belief but not his faith, and his faith was unwavering as long as he fuelled his disbelief and steered clear of the Church. The Church and the books and the priests had all corrupted belief. "Show me a gorilla praying and I might believe again."[285] The Church had none of the answers and all of the questions. He couldn't help "thinking of the strange faith which held [Morin] even now after he had ceased to believe. [Dunlop] had felt very little curiosity since that moment of the war when [he] had spoken to the chaplain, but now [he] began to wonder again."[286] Morin had revealed to him an alternate way of seeing, which provided him with the possibility of another reality of which he was not certain, but for which he had hope.

Interpreted literally, "Dream of a Strange Land" could be seen as a portrayal of the harsh reality of life. A middle-aged bank cashier with a moderate income, visits his doctor, a man of great prestige and considerable wealth, to discuss the treatment of his affliction with leprosy. The patient, at the mercy of Herr Professor, begs him to continue the treatment in secrecy; a disclosure of the condition would ruin his life. Science may have invented a new name for the disease and techniques that would aid in its cure, but in the mind of society the mark of the leper could never be erased. The doctor, however, is unbending. He is bound by principal and the law, he says, to report the patient's illness to the appropriate authorities. He had done everything he could do within the prescribed guidelines of the law, his duty as a doctor, and human decency. The right thing to do now was to send the patient to a hospital. This would simply be an interruption in his life, not the end of it. He would be cured; a certificate would say so. The man begged and pleaded to no avail. Despite the fact that the risk to others was negligible and the damage to his personal life would be great, the doctor could not be persuaded, and was in fact, indignant about the matter: "'My dear sir, you must not try to bribe me. It is not only insulting, it is a gross error of taste. I am sorry. I must ask you to go now. My time is much occupied'"; "'I have every belief, I can assure you, that you would keep quiet. For your own sake. But you cannot expect a doctor of my standing to break, the law. A sensible and

necessary law."[287]

The cold and humourless aspects of the doctor's attitude were reflected in the appearance of his home. The dark, heavy furniture emphasized the severity and inflexibility with which he treated his patient. Even, it is noted, his books were dark and heavy. They were all medical in nature: "no one had ever seen the Herr Professor with any lighter literature, nor heard him give an opinion of even the most respected classic."[288] The study resembled a fortress, but more as a symbol of oppression rather than of strength. On the heavy, dark desk stood a large bronze replica of Prometheus with an eagle at his back. The statue was like a point of reference for the doctor. He caressed it while he was talking, stood behind it keeping it in view, and would refer to it for instance "when breaking the news to a patient with cirrhosis."[289] It was a constant reminder of his control over their lives, their pain. He sat in judgement as Zeus had with Prometheus. When the patient had left,

> The Herr Professor opened the sliding doors of the dining-room and made his accurate way to the sideboard, which was heavy like his desk. Instead of the Prometheus there stood on it a large silver flagon inscribed with the Herr Professor's name and a date more than forty years past - an award for fencing - and beside it lay a large silver epergne, also inscribed, a present from the staff of the hospital on his retirement. The Herr Professor took a hard green apple and walked back to his study. He sat down at his desk again and his teeth went crunch, crunch, crunch.[290]

His life was precise and correct, and in keeping with all the appropriate ground rules, particularly for those which applied to correct behaviour. He had the accolades and props to prove he was right.

With the entrance of the colonel this carefully set stage is completely turned up-side-down, as the doctor is swept along by the colonel's birthday party scheme for the general. Out of his natural deference for social hierarchies, he is powerless to exert himself. The laws which he so self-righteously upheld to the desperate man only hours before, are now considered merely trivial obstacles to the man planning the casino-style celebration. "You understand that everything has to be discreet because of our absurd laws."[291] The doctor lamely acquiesced to all of the plans. "'I have never before violated the law,' and then [he] smiled a quick false smile to cover his

failure of nerve. 'You could hardly do so in a better cause,' the Herr Colonel replied."[292] The transformation of the house was astonishing. Where a dark, heavy, serious atmosphere had previously pervaded the rooms, there was now an air of gaiety and light. Chandeliers, small gilt chairs, and roulette wheels surplanted the dark, heavy furniture and the commonplace central lighting. Music would later drift in from the summerhouse. The doctor and Prometheus retreated upstairs with the rest of his belongings, which had been crammed into the hallway. There were so many people, and so much activity, and so many changes. He had completely lost control and felt lost in his own house, where everything so recently had been in such perfect order. "He felt far from home as though he were living in a strange country."[293]

The patient got down from the bus and made his way through the woods to the doctor's house. The driving had been treacherous and as he walked he felt the cold. He thought he would try once again to convince the doctor to see his point of view, although in his mind he could only see the tormented deposed bronze god and could feel little hope. But he would appeal to those principles that the doctor must surely understand: "I will take any precaution you suggest if you will go on treating me in private, Herr Professor. I am a law-abiding man, but surely the spirit is more important than the letter. I will abide by the spirit."[294] Coming upon the house the patient was confused. He thought for a moment that he had taken the wrong path. He detected music floating in and out on the wind and his eyes couldn't believe what they saw. The light and the noise were completely foreign to the place he had visited that morning. He went up to one of the windows, what should have been the study window, and was convinced that he was at the wrong house:

> Instead of a small square room with heavy desk and heavy bookcase and steel filing cabinets was a long room brilliantly lit with cut-glass chandeliers, the walls hung with pictures of dubious taste. . . . A crowd of men wearing uniform and evening dress swarmed around three roulette tables, and the croupiers' cries came thinly out into the night. . . .[295]

He stood stunned. He felt as though he was all of a sudden trapped in another world and could never return home. He was lost forever. It was not a matter of having arrived at the wrong house. He was in the wrong country. Through the

crowds, and chandeliers, and champagne, the patient could see the doctor "and they regarded each other with the laughter and cries and glitter of light between them."[296] The doctor could not properly see the person outside but the patient could plainly see that the doctor looked as though he too were lost, and equally out of place in this new world. The patient wanted to let him know that he was not alone, that they were lost together. But the rules had changed; there was no longer a meeting ground for them. "The patient realized quite clearly that, though they had once been well known to each other, it was quite impossible for them to meet, in this house to which they had both strayed by some strange accident. There was no consulting-room, here, no file on his case, no desk, no Prometheus, no doctor even to whom he could appeal."[297] The colonel led the doctor around the betting tables urging him to join the fun, solicitous of the General's game. The ball landed on zero and the General remarked: "'At least you have not lost, Herr Professor'." But he had indeed lost everything. "The Herr Professor looked at the window, where he had thought a moment ago that someone looked in as lost as himself, but no one was there."[298]

The fantastic effect in "A Visit to Morin" and "Dream of a Strange Land" is subtle. Greene uses the contradictions that are inherent in society's ground rules, the arbitrariness of certain perspectives and expectations, to create a sense of altered reality. He establishes a perspective based on commonly accepted ideas or beliefs that appear to form a set of ground rules, and then shifts the perspective, causing all the rules to realign slightly. All the contrasts that are described in the two stories - the varying opinions surrounding the subject of Morin, the lives of the doctor and the patient, the doctor's house at the beginning and end - underscore the fundamental concern which deals specifically with the nature of reality. Morin's theological theories, and the doctor's demeanor towards the colonel in comparison to his attitude with the patient, present dilemmas in terms of the worlds which have been presented. A certain amount of contradictions, as well as a certain degree of unevenness in the ground rules, can be accommodated within society; however, Greene demonstrates how uncertain and, often unstable, the foundations of our reality, or any reality, can be. By presenting opposing views which question the whole system of truths on

which society operates, he creates an atmosphere of unreality. For Dunlop, the experience was positive. There was a sense of hope and of life in his being able to wonder again. For the patient, the only end was a tragic one. He had no hope or meaning to which he could cling. His arguments had disappeared into the glittering night. He had become part of a dream from which he couldn't awake and, besides, "the atmosphere [was] imperfect without [a suicide]."[299] Perhaps at any given time, all one can ever really have is a sense of reality.

Science fiction is not generally considered to be true fantasy. Technology is advanced beyond our reality to create another world in the future. A world that doesn't necessarily reverse the ground rules, but, rather, extends them to include horizons presently beyond our grasp. Science fiction is the future waiting to happen. "A Discovery in the Woods" describes an unsettling relationship between the past, present, and future. As the story begins, it is not clear exactly where or when the action is taking place, although the perspective portrayed is not a completely unfamiliar one:

> The village lay among the great red rocks about a thousand feet up and five miles from the sea, which was reached by a path that wound along the contours of the hills. No one in Pete's village had ever travelled further, though Pete's father had once, while fishing, encountered men from another small village beyond the headland, which stabbed the sea twenty miles to the east.[300]

The village and the inhabitants described seem to belong to a time somewhere, perhaps, in the not too distant past. There is a certain primitive quality to the people and the place: "It was, taking it all in all, a sparse and simple, yet a happy, life."[301] There does not, at first, seem to be anything exceptional or particularly unusual about this simplicity or the isolated way of life, and the characters seem to complement their environment comfortably. The opening of "A Discovery in the Woods" suggests that the ground rules of ordinary experience and common reality are in place; however, as we move further into the story, it becomes apparent that everything is not what it appears to be, and that something is in fact not quite right:

> Pete's mother was a little under five feet tall; she had a squint and she was inclined to stumble when she walked, but her movements to Pete seemed at their most uncertain the height of human grace, and

> when she told him stories, as she often did on the fifth day of the week, her stammer had for him the magical effect of music. There was one word in particular, 't-t-t-tree', which fascinated him. 'What is it?' he would ask, and she would try to explain. 'You mean an oak?' 'A t-tree is not an oak. But an oak is a t-t-tree, and so is a birch.' 'But a birch is quite different from an oak. Anyone can tell they are not the same, even a long way off, like a dog and a cat.' 'A dog and a c-cat are both animals.' She had from some past generation inherited this ability to generalize, of which he and his father were quite incapable.[302]

Pete's world is obviously of a different order than what has commonly been known, past or present. After the initial reversal of expectations, an atmosphere of fantasy is perpetuated by the impression that this world is still not a completely unfamiliar one. The events generate a quality of uncomfortableness and unreality that is similar to the uncanny in how they can so closely be identified with what is considered to be known and safe. One experiences a feeling of being lost or displaced, as though having strayed down the wrong path away from family and friends. Each new detail that is revealed contributes to an overall sense of loss. Villages seem to have been fashioned out of and around ruins. A ravaged land, filled with craters, bare and barren, except for the coveted blackberries. A people mentally and physically deformed and barren themselves. They had problems with memory and time, and fears that governed their life like a kind of religion. "Fishing was always done in grey overcast weather or in fine blue clear weather, or even during moonless nights, when the stars were sufficiently obscured; it was only when the shape of the clouds could be discerned that by general consent fishing stopped."[303] The clouds meant danger as they never had before. Even when it becomes clear that it is some point in the future and not in the past that we are seeing, the eeriness is not dispelled. This is not a future of spaceships and robots, a time advanced by technology and medicine to produce a quality of life never before experienced. This is a future that has gone backwards in time, and can't remember where it has been. The villagers' generic memory of dangerous cloud formations is a manifestation of the greatest fear of the twentieth century. The reader looks knowingly into a future that knows little of the past. The border is an uneasy present characterized by uncertainty and hesitation.

The small society is disadvantaged by the absence of a reliable sense of history and their ground rules are based on ignorance and fear, which contributes a sense of uneasiness to their reality. The fragments of memory that have survived only intensify this feeling as they are too underdeveloped to provide any source of comfort.

When the children discover the wreck of the luxury liner, time for a moment stands still, and the past, present, and future seem to merge into one reality; a reality that is more fantastic than real as the ground rules shift and readjust to accommodate the reversals of perspectives and expectations of history that have been discovered. For the children it was a moment when a lifetime of myths and legends became real; fantasy turned into reality. The villagers had an unconfirmed sense of a history that held evidence and explanations for the way things existed for them, but the ruin at the edge of the village was the only thing of which they could be sure. Theories abounded concerning how their existances had come to be, among which the most predominant seemed to be the notion of a great catastrophe or plague which had left everything to the destruction of time. The adults and children alike were impressed by the mysteries of the past and the uncertainties of the present. The children were especially fond of the tales of giants that were supposed to have once lived nearby. "Whether the giants were the phantoms of the slayers or of the slain the children were never quite clear."[304] But the legend persisted that giants roamed the earth before them and perhaps, at least in the children's imagination, could still be lurking in the unknown territory around the village. The discovery of the skeleton silenced them. The giants had been real after all.

Throughout "A Discovery in the Woods" we are confronted with a present in the future, which resembles the past. How the future is portrayed contradicts the common expectations of what eventually will be and represents an important psychological reversal. Even a future world suffering from the effects of a nuclear catastrophe is imagined with a knowledge of the past. But Pete's world is missing this memory, except for a few mysterious exceptions that provide more questions than answers. They are. in effect, beginning all over again. Their simplicity and naïveté imply a lack of experience; a people making up the rules as they learn the game.

There is an aspect of innocence that pervades their daily lives, a simplicity in their actions and their reasoning that is incongruous when considered to the amount of time and experience that has gone before them. The laws and rules are basic, as acted out in the games played by the children. Fundamental philosophies of society are applied all over again from scratch. The mixture of biblical tales and legends provide a sense of the mystery of life experienced in eras long past. The source of their knowledge is uncertain; they rely on the information passed on from the few who seem to have some special link in memory to the past. There is a "two-way flow of meaning between sacred history and secular prophecy: the Noh story gives authority to the vision of civilization destroyed by the Bomb, and the Bomb gives a new meaningfulness to the Noh story."[305]

With Pete leading, the children crossed the boundaries of their village into unknown, forbidden territory in search of the blackberry treasure.

> Pete said, 'We'll start down there between those clumps of gorse. Be careful. The stones are loose and we don't want to make any noise at all.' He turned back to the others, who watched him with admiration, envy and hate (that was Number One). 'Wait till you see us start climbing up the other side and then you come on down.' He looked at the sky. 'The invasion began at noon,' he announced with precision of an historian recording an event in the past which had altered the shape of the world.[306]

Pete's observation is ironic. The ground rules and expectations normally associated with chronology and recorded history are constantly disturbed if not reversed in "A Discovery in the Woods". There is an uncanny sense perpetuated of being able to see through all of time but to never clearly know any particular time. As the logical progression of time is ignored and the past, present, and future become at times indistinguishable, the story's fantastic journey feels unending. George Orwell's futuristic 1984 demonstrates how an unsettling atmosphere can be generated by the manipulation of an historical perspective. The discoveries made in Greene's story uncover a more drastic alternative to the commonly held view of the world. The reader and characters share an equally fantastic adventure but from two opposing perspectives; one side seeing what they could become, the other what they could have been. "[Pete] looked down at his own stunted and uneven legs and heard [Liz] begin

to keen again for a whole world lost."[307]

"Under the Garden" is the most fantastic of any of Greene's novels or short stories. The ground rules of the text, and the perspectives on which they are based, are contradicted and challenged frequently to create a successful fantasy. A broad range of inversions operate throughout the story on many different levels, often creating that hesitancy or uncertainty that is so closely associated with fantasy. These elements, as well as the behaviour and reactions of the protagonist, work together to produce a strong imprint of fantasy in "Under the Garden".

The basic framework of the adventure in "Under the Garden" is very similar to Alice in Wonderland. A young child discovers a world hidden well beneath the familiar world of everyday experience, where the inhabitants behave oddly and oppositely to the rules and perspectives to which the child is accustomed. Alice and Wilditch find it difficult, and more often impossible, to understand what happens or what is said under the garden and in Wonderland, without first disregarding what they have learned "up there". However, within the stories, inversions and fantastic reversals are handled very differently, resulting in the creation of two distinct types of fantasy. In Alice in Wonderland, Alice's stage had barely been set when the rabbit appeared on the scene, muttering about being late and checking his pocket watch. Feeling "sleepy and stupid", Alice was not startled by the talking animal, but her attention was finally caught by his unusual attire.[308] Curiosity getting the better of her, Alice followed the rabbit into the rabbit-hole and along its tunnel-like course. When suddenly the ground gave way, she found herself falling for what seemed like forever, or least as far as the centre of the earth. When she landed she was in a world that was as physically and mentally remote from the one she had left as was possible. Everything that happened and everything that was said was contrary to what she had learned above, in *her* garden, which now seemed entirely beyond reach. Alice was in a perpetual state of astonishment as she experienced one 180° reversal after another. Hookah-smoking caterpillars, grinning Cheshire cats, growing and shrinking to all sizes, the Queen of Hearts threatening to chop off heads for almost any reason--it was enough to make one madder than a March Hare.

In "Under the Garden" the complete reversals are interspersed with many equally significant incomplete ones to generate an atmosphere of fantasy. Wilditch's reactions range appropriately from uneasiness to complete surprise through the course of the action, which never reaches the feverish pitch of Alice in Wonderland. The concept of inversions is an integral part of the entire story, working on all levels, not only those sections that deal directly with the fantastic or fantasy. A series of contrasts are described that helps to define the diversity of the worlds of reality and fantasy, and, at the same time, establishes the very strong relationship between these two arenas of experience. In "Under the Garden" the worlds above and below the garden are not viewed as completely separate and distinct from each other. The line between reality and fantasy is kept deliberately indistinct, contributing to the development of this relationship and enhancing the atmosphere of fantasy.

The first fantastic reversal to be dealt with in "Under the Garden" is the 180^0 turn around on which the story is based. Wilditch descends into a world under the garden, under the lake, and under the streets where the motor cars rumble along. He discovers, there, not an extension of his everyday life, but an alternative to the society from which he has come. The physical reversal of the centre of action emphasizes the opposition below to the rules and perspectives that define the world above. However, before Wilditch relives his great adventure under the garden, a world of opposites has already been created above.

The setting in which we first meet Wilditch "is as credible and adult as you would expect. . . ."[309] The grey and dripping summer weather--the kind of day, Wilditch observed, that one never remembered in childhood--is an empathetic backdrop for his consultations with the doctors. Awkwardness filled the rooms; like a child who wants desperately to please, Wilditch tries to say the right thing, tries to be worthy of the attention he was being given. Dr. Cave and Sir Nigel are uncomfortable with the personal aspect of their science. Their well-meant, but ultimately meaningless words of explanation and consolation are intended to keep things as tidy and painless as possible. The superficial and vague manner with which they handle the situation underscores the painful reality of Wilditch's condition, and of what lies

ahead for him. "'Why should I see him again?' Wilditch asked and then, from Dr Cave's embarrassment, he saw the stupidity of the question."[310]

Wilditch's adult world is set distinctly against the world of his childhood. One of the striking aspects of his conferences with the doctors is the detachment he feels from his own body and his condition. The whorls in the X-rays reminded him of "those pictures of the earth's surface taken from a great height", as the "doctor's finger moved over what might have been tumuli or traces of prehistoric agriculture."[311] None of it had anything to do with him. This attitude is in sharp contrast to the deep involvement that the child had with his world and the strong sense of spiritual wholeness it brought. The adult had learned that society provided little room for imaginative thinking. Facts and figures were held in the highest regard. Reason and common sense got the job done, the accounts balanced, and everything put in its proper order. The child at Winton Hall excelled in speculation and creative thinking. Life was not to be held at arm's length for inspection, but to be dreamed about and created and experienced first hand. Reality was not only orders from your mother or rules from the headmaster, but books about explorers and the back garden with all its mystery. When Wilditch stepped out of the doctor's office into the dull, rainy weather, he noted that it was the kind of summer day which he never remembered in childhood. On his way to visit his brother, he changed trains at Colchester for Winton "and suddenly summer began, the kind of summer he always remembered as one of the conditions of life at Winton."[312] Wilditch's return to his childhood is an important inversion in itself.

Once in Winton, Wilditch is confronted by another set of contrasts that emphasizes the distance between his adult and childhood worlds. "The chocolate machine had gone from Winton Halt, and the Halt had been promoted . . . to a station . . . and it was a mere boy who took his ticket instead of a stooped and greying porter."[313] George warned Wilditch to expect some changes at the Hall: a bathroom had been added, the pipes to the fountain were disconnected, and the tennis lawn had been dug up. But these were not the changes that most concerned Wilditch. He had completely forgotten that there had been a tennis lawn. But the lake and the island,

the great Dark Way--merely a pond, a few bushes, and a path not so very large or dark? The gap between what he saw and what he remembered was daunting.

Wilditch's memories of his childhood reveal another sequence of opposites. The world that the child saw and lived, that world that the adult remembered, is set as black to white against the world of Mrs. Wilditch and George. An imaginative child, Wilditch would annoy his mother, a woman of great Fabian sensibilities, and his older brother George, with a good deal of talk of mystery and treasure. In his mind he had converted the land around Winton Hall into an explorer's dream of uncharted danger. For courage in his daily expeditions he would recall the action of Treasure Island, The Romance of Australian Exploration, and the experiences of all the adventurers he had ever heard or read about. "I was comforted by the thought that Sturt had been sometimes daunted and that Burke's bluster often hid his fear."[314] Images of aborigines, deserts, and caves with wild paintings on the walls, inspired him on; and when mixed with the powers of his own imagination, they produced new terrors to be conquered. The Antipodes is symbolic of just how other-worldly Wilditch's childhood experiences were for him. He had lived in a world turned up-side-down. Driving back in time to Winton Hall, Wilditch turns to George for verification of the mystery and treasure of his youth. But George's version of those far off summer days was quite different. The treasure was just iron stuff, the lake merely a pond.

Wilditch is fascinated by the memory of his childhood. He created a world of excitement and adventure, and could see endless possibilities in everything around him, particularly nature. As a child, George could not have shared Wilditch's dream; the adventures that he read to Wilditch were only stories to be found in books, not real life. George saw only the smallness of Winton Hall, the improvements to be made to the garden, or the bathroom and kitchen, and the advantages of a good accountant. He couldn't find much to explore in fourteen acres, but there was always the possibility of turning the tennis lawn into a swimming pool or drawing the pond which had too many mosquitos. He confirmed that there was no doubt that Wilditch had been "a secretive little bastard" with a passion for mystery, but George seemed to share their mother's irritation with that sort of thing. He admits to never having "cared for the

place much in those days" and seems more than perfectly comfortable with his ordered adult life.[315] George saw the importance of teaching Wilditch cricket, not the merits of treasure-hunting. Wilditch and George give Winton Hall two very different existences.

Mrs. Wilditch "had very decided views . . . about mysteries."[316] She had never liked Winton Hall, according to George, but couldn't afford to spend the summers elsewhere. She regarded it as inconvenient and was turned against the garden by the amount of shrubbery which overran it. "She wanted everything to be clear", not dark and mysterious.[317] For the same reason she detested Wilditch's precious Dark Walk and the pond. She thought Wilditch's passion for hide-and-seek was morbid. Mrs. Wilditch subscribed to a Fabian philosophy. She not only owned much literature describing her socialist views, but knew her facts well enough to detect statistical errors in pamphlets on agricultural imports. The story that Wilditch wrote for the school magazine fell on great disfavour with his mother. George's successes on the sports field and in the debating society were to be commended, but tales of mystery and treasure provoked indignant notes to the headmaster. Nor had Mrs. Wilditch approved of fairy stories for the children; the Fabian graphs were just about all Wilditch could find on the bookshelf. There were detective stories, though. These were acceptable mysteries, as George explained, as Mrs. Wilditch viewed them as puzzles, intellectual games.

These oppositions still existed. Wilditch was astonished at the disparity between his and George's recollections of their youth. "They seemed to be talking about different places and different people" and for all intents and purposes they were.[318] Wilditch was dismayed to hear his brother's ordinary representation of everything he had treasured and that which had inspired his life. He looked at the lake and the island and the garden wall, and saw that they were not what he had once seen. Wilditch couldn't believe that those scenes, which he remembered in such painstaking detail, could ever change. The adult eye saw everything so differently. Did this mean that what he remembered never existed, never happened?

When Wilditch decides to sit down and record the true adventure at the

opening of part two, chapter one, the story shifts focus from the third to the first person. The distance between Wilditch and the rest of his world disappears as the child comes back to life. He is once again a vital, driving force and involved in the events taking place around him. It is not unlike the approach that Jim took in handling the adventures and misadventures that befell him with the crew of the *Hispaniola* and on Treasure Island. The similarities are not accidental of course; Treasure Island was one of Wilditch's most admired stories as a child. The way Jim tackled foraging through the terrain of the island, the time he took cover under the oak tree, his concern about the possible dangers, of cannibals in particular, were sources of inspiration. Mrs. Wilditch would have dismissed this as pure fiction and nonsense. For Wilditch it was not only an extension of his experience, it was the fantasy of art becoming real life. In the spirit of his heroes before him, young Wilditch set out from home one "drear wet night", forged the Dark Walk, crossed the lake, and made his way into the woods on the other side, "and as happens with all wanderers . . . the first thing he does is to get lost."[319]

After a brief rest, Wilditch continued on by moonlight, carefully marking the way he had come. He did feel slightly hindered, though, by the lack of "proper surveying instruments".[320] He had not gone far when he came upon an enormous oak tree with great roots coiled above the ground's surface. In the disturbed earth around the tree, Wilditch discovered a single footprint, "as solitary as the print Crusoe found on the sands of another island."[321] Pushing aside thoughts of wooden-legged pirates and one-legged men sitting like vultures in the trees above, he gathered all his courage and moved into the cave that he had discovered amongst the roots. Crawling first on his hands and knees, and then just on his knees as the passage got bigger, Wilditch continued down a long slope into the earth. After some time, he was startled by something that sounded like a whistle or a hiss. He quickly dismissed the notion that it could be a boiling kettle in favour of a more appropriate explanation; perhaps a giant serpent, perhaps the fatal Black Mamba, was hiding just out of sight. The strange quacking sound that followed persuaded Wilditch to light a match to escape the darkness. The stack of old newspapers that were revealed did not convince him

that he was not alone. Whoever had brought the East Anglian Observer down there in 1885 was most likely lying dead somewhere in the tunnel. He used the papers to light a torch, remembering that wild beasts were afraid of fire, and proceeded along the passage. "But it was not a snake or a leopard or a tiger or any other cavern-hunting animal that [he] saw when [he] turned the second corner."[322] It wasn't even wild cave paintings. Carved into the wall were bits of unintelligible lettering. While Wilditch was trying to decipher the foreign language, he heard someone speak out to the quacking sound he had heard before.

Wilditch had entered the cave and moved down the long passage knowing he was facing a great unknown. He was, after all, following in the footsteps of his heroes; facing the unknown and possible danger was part of the adventure. However, he began his enterprise with a set of perceptions and expectations that had been formed by the influence of his everyday life. He perceived everything he encountered according to what he already knew. This not only included ordinary sounds and smells, but also the rules for explorers. Despite Mrs. Wilditch's protests, adventure stories were an accepted part of a child's education. Cultivating the imagination was part of the curriculum. The headmaster of Warbury was quite pleased with the story that Wilditch had written at thirteen:

> Obviously he has been influenced by the term's reading of *The Golden Age* - which after all, fanciful though it may be, was written by a governor of the Bank of England. . . . Last term's *Treasure Island* too may have contributed. It is always our intention at Warbury to foster the imagination - which I think you rather harshly denigrated when you write of "silly fancies".[323]

The first few chapters of "Under the Garden" present a set of ground rules that clearly describe a reality that is easily identified with. As Wilditch moves deeper down the passage leading under the garden, the perspectives of the world above are turned further around. At the beginning, Wilditch has to keep adjusting what he experiences to keep up with the standards set for the typical adventure. He claims that he was relieved to find human beings and not wild beasts sharing the passage; but this is clearly not what he expected and he is disappointed. He once again attempts to adjust what he has discovered to fit the reality of the adventure to which he still

clings. He wonders what kind of human beings would be hiding in the ground. Most probably they would be criminals or children-stealing gypsies, or perhaps an aboriginal tribe. On the surface, however, Maria and Javitt couldn't be more ordinary. Wilditch's fear of meeting some exotic form of life is replaced with an anxiety that was closer to home. He backed away from Maria the way people edge away from the homeless who wander the streets. Fringe members of society, rough and dirty in word and deed, a study in decay, Maria's and Javitt's lives were constructed from the throw-aways of others. They were, in a sense, buried garbage. Wilditch couldn't have expected much from the quacking old woman and the one-legged man; however, his real adventure, one that would not be judged by the rules learned above the garden, was about to begin.

Wilditch's fear was greatly diminished upon hearing Javitt talk. Things weren't turning out the way he had expected, but perhaps it wasn't so terrible to run into a fellow English-speaking countryman while crawling about underground. He would simply get directions and be on his way. Wilditch's complacency was short-lived, however, and his expectations promptly checked. When Wilditch first saw Javitt he thought that the old man was sitting on a throne; it was only later that he realized that the throne was in fact a lavatory seat. Greene's own play on words suggests his reverse philosophy that every man is a king. A big, old one-legged man with a nicotine-stained white beard ruling his underground kingdom from a lavatory seat. A perverse version of Long John Silver in an adventure that had decidedly followed a different bend in the road. Javitt leaves no doubt, though, that Wilditch's world has been turned around: "'Why everything is up there, China and all America too and the Sandwich Islands. . . . But down here there's only us. We are exclusive"; "You'll find in all those papers what they call an obituary - there's one about a Lady Caroline Winterbottom that made Maria laugh and me. It's summerbottoms we have here. . . ."[324]

The irony in Wilditch's relief upon hearing Javitt speak English and Javitt's irritated demand as to whether or not he understood plain English, is obvious. The manipulation of language in "Under the Garden", which dominates much of Wilditch's

adventure, produces many of the fantastic inversions, and reflects a significant connection between fantasy, language, and perception, also seen in Alice in Wonderland. When Wilditch heard Javitt speak, he immediately called into play a complex set of rules governing language, acquired from his everyday life. However, Javitt is not the least bit impressed by Wilditch's world above the garden. He manipulates the rules and ideas that Wilditch brings with him without the slightest hint of respect. The prevailing perspectives of the world above are pulled, poked, and laughed at; they are reversed, twisted, and reconstructed. Words and concepts are defined according to a set of rules that really have no definition. Things were not always the way they seemed, nor were they necessarily always seen the same way. From the outset Wilditch finds himself assailed by statements and assumptions that he can't quite contradict but seem somehow unjustified according to the way in which he was used to communicating:

> 'What's that you've got under your arm? . . . More newspapers?'
> 'I found them in the passage . . .'
> 'Finding's not keeping here . . . whatever it may be up there in China.
>
> All the same you'll find that life here isn't all beer and skittles and who's your Uncle Joe. . . . If you are to stay with us, you've got to jump to it.'
> 'I don't want to stay.'
> 'You think you can just take a peek, is that it? and go away.
> 'But I don't want to be kept. . . . It's time I went home.'
> 'Home's where a man lies down . . . and this is where you'll lie from now.
>
> 'But I can't stay. My mother . . .'
> 'Forget your mother and your father too. If you need anything from up there Maria will fetch it down for you.'[325]

"Whatever it may be up there in China"--ironically it has always been said that if one were to dig a hole deep enough one would reach China. Javitt proposes the exact opposite of this theory and with it every perspective, guideline, or reassuring aphorism ever known. The finders are no longer the keepers. It would be too simplistic to say that Wilditch was merely a prisoner, and Javitt a tyrannical, old jailkeeper. Wilditch felt that "half the time [he] was frightened as though [he] were

caged in a nightmare and half the time [he] only wanted to laugh freely, and happily at the strangeness of [Javitt's] speech and the novelty of his ideas."[326] Wilditch was familiar with the words Javitt was using, but he could no longer depend on them to carry the message. He relied upon familiar, conventional uses and meanings of the words he heard which were completely inadequate in Javitt's world. They defined a different reality altogether. He was having a hard time explaining his case, and an equally hard time trying to find his way through Javitt's speeches. Wilditch was quite disconcerted by his new situation and could no longer be confident of his actions or reactions. Javitt dismissed the rules and perspectives with which Wilditch was familiar, and twisted and turned everything around to suit his own purposes. Javitt's ground rules were based on contradictions, which left Wilditch on shaky ground. Even when Wilditch had adjusted somewhat to Javitt's behaviour, he couldn't be too sure of himself. For all of Javitt's free use of language and range of thought, he could switch in an instant to being obsessive about the way a spoon was set in a bowl or a newspaper folded. It was impossible to contradict Javitt because there was no way to prove he was wrong, and Wilditch had to admit that there was a kind of reason in almost everything he had to say: "'A cat's a cat even when it's a dead cat. We get rid of it when its smelly, but news never smells, however long it's dead. News keeps. And it comes round again when you least expect. Like thunder.'"[327]

Javitt snorts and grunts at Wilditch's ideas about how things should be done and what words or images mean. His theory about the circular life of the news contradicts the world itself. At his insistence, and at a loss for a reason not to, Wilditch opened one of the old papers and arbitrarily chose a social notice to read: "'Garden fete at the Grange. The fete at the Grange, Long Wilson, in aid of Distressed Gentlewomen was opened by Lady (Isobel) Montgomery. . . . The Vicar presided at the White Elephant Stall.'"

> The old man said with satisfaction, 'They are royal beasts.'
> 'But these were not really elephants,' I said.
> 'A stall is part of a stable, isn't it? What do you want a stable for if they aren't real? Go on. Was it a good fate or an evil fate?'
> 'It's not that kind of fate either,' I said.
> 'There's no other kind,' he said. 'It's your fate to read to me.

> It's *her* fate to talk like a frog, and mine to listen because my eyesight's bad. This is an underground fate we suffer from here, and that was a garden fate - but it all comes to the same fate in the end.[328]

Miss Ramsgate presents Wilditch with another dilemma. When Javitt mentions his and Maria's daughter, Wilditch looks around "wondering what monstrous woman would next emerge."[329] But the picture that he was shown of this contestant for the title of Miss England, revealed a beauty that was beyond his wildest expectations. "I daresay you are wondering how Maria and me could make a beautiful girl like that one", Javitt says, not unfamiliar with the preconceptions of Wilditch's society concerning beauty.[330] Javitt contends that this is an illusion and challenges their ideas with a theory that turns everything around completely: "Beauty doesn't come from beauty. . . . Beauty diminishes all the time, it's the law of diminishing returns, and only when you get back to zero, to the real ugly base of things, there's a chance to start again free and independent. . . . Generations of us uglier and uglier, and suddenly out of Maria comes our daughter. . . ."[331]

From the time that Wilditch embarked on his adventure he had a great deal of difficulty accounting accurately for his time. Once underground he found that time as he knew it wasn't observed at all, and he was left without familiar guidelines for judging the time or the day of the week:

> 'What o'clock is it, Maria?'
> 'Kwahk,' she said.
> 'Six. That's supper-time.'
> 'But it's six in the morning, not the evening.'
> 'How do you know? Where's the light? There aren't such things as morning and evenings here.'
> 'Then how do you ever wake up?' [Wilditch] asked.[332]

A perfectly sensible question given the society that shaped Wilditch's world, but inconsequential and insignificant rules as far as Javitt was concerned. When he was born "time had a different pace". Things were done in a leisurely way, and no one worried about how many miles or steps lay between one place and another. "The time isn't measured by clocks. Time is fast and slow or it stops for awhile altogether. One minute is different to every other minute." "Don't bother me with "I must be

gone now" or "I've been away so long". I can't talk to you in terms of time - your time and my time are different."[333] But when was Javitt born; how could such old people have such a young daughter? Wilditch had no way of figuring any of this out, and in the end he completely lost track of how long he spent under the garden. The measure of time meant everything in the world above and nothing below. And the beginnings and endings of life were as inconsequential as the number of hours in a day. There was no need to talk about dying under the garden, Javitt told Wilditch. No one had ever died there and there was no reason to believe anyone ever would. Wilditch was told he was very lucky to be there. Javitt directly opposes all of society's perceptions surrounding death:

> They tell us from pulpits we're immortal and they try to frighten us with death. . . . The gorillas don't bury their dead with hearses and crowns of flowers, thinking one day it's going to happen to them and they better put on a show if they want one for themselves too. . . . Up there they talk about natural death, but it's natural death that's unnatural.[334]

Under the garden Wilditch stumbles into a world that opposes completely or partially almost every perspective he had ever learned. "Be disloyal", Javitt says; "It's your duty to the human race."[335] Survival depends on forgetting what the schoolmasters have taught. Wilditch saw in Javitt a little bit of many kinds of people; a monarch, a prophet, a gardener and a policeman. He was, in a way, all of society turned upside-down. Confronted with this, Wilditch wasn't sure what to think. It wasn't a world he could readily identify with, either in reality or in fiction. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry, to feel like a compatriot or a prisoner. The world he knew functioned according to a set of ground rules that determined its existence; but the world under the garden existed with a total disregard for these rules. How could that be?

The ambiguity that is built into the story surrounding the veracity of Wilditch's adventure, focuses on one of the most significant inversions in "Under the Garden". Wilditch sits on the fence between reality and fantasy, uncertain as to whether his escapades really happened or whether they were the result of an eager and active imagination:

> "Was it the long summer afternoons in the chalk pit which had made him dream - or so vividly imagine - the discovery of a real treasure? If it was a dream, it was the only dream he remembered from those years, or, if it was a story which he had elaborated at night in bed, it must have been the final effort of a poetic imagination that afterward had been rigidly controlled."[336]

But he is not convinced, however illogical it might seem, that his adventure didn't actually happen. "Surely there must have been some basis of fact on which the legend had been built."[337] His common sense may have told him one thing, but his memory of childhood spoke of secrets, treasure, exploring, and the possibility of great adventure. George was able to validate just enough of these thoughts to open the door to doubt and Wilditch was pre-disposed to willingly suspend disbelief. He wanted and needed to know "that the origin of the dream which had travelled with him round the world was . . . more than a story invented for a school magazine."[338] His doubt infects the reader as he recounts his story in such a way that we are drawn into it as a reality. He then checks himself, and us, with some remark that brings everyone hurtling back to the armchair world. The tone swings 180° one way, and then 180° back again. Fantasy and reality, reality and dreams all blend together so that it becomes almost impossible to discern which prevails. Wilditch recognizes his uncertainty without ever supplying an answer for it:

> . . . I find myself adjusting a dream to the kind of criticism I ought to reserve for some agent's report on the import or export value of coloured glass. If this was a dream, these were real stones. Absolute reality belongs to dreams and not to life. The gold of dreams is not the diluted gold of even the best goldsmith, there are no diamonds in dreams made of paste - what seems is.[339]

This is the tone that underscores Wilditch's tale. As he tries to reconstruct the events of his childhood, he can't believe that his great adventure was really the inadequate adaptation he found in the story he had written for the school magazine. Perhaps he rationalized, that forty years ago the pressure to tell had been so great "that he had been forced to find relief in fantasy. . . . 'Keep the interrogators at bay with silence or lies for just so long, and then you may tell all.'"[340] But could Wilditch

ever tell all. Mrs. Wilditch and the teachers could argue the finer points of the place of the imagination in everyday life, but could they ever accept a one-legged tramp king and a quacking old woman under their gardens. "How my poor mother would grieve if she could know that, even for a moment, I had begun to think of these events as true. . . ."[341] Wilditch referred to the false tale as a fantasy--something that was unreal. Fantasy, society had taught him, was merely make-believe.

As Wilditch begins to write what he believes to be the truth, dream, fantasy and reality drift in and out of each other's way, keeping the uncertainty alive. Wilditch begins his story in the first person and with statements of fact: he set out on a dark, rainy evening, crossed the lake to the island, and was not to see his mother and George for at least three days and nights. Wilditch quickly catches himself ("here I am already checking my story as though it were something which had really happened") and describes the next few events by beginning each thought with, "I dreamed . . . that is the only certain fact and I must cling to it, the fact that I dreamed."[342] He slips easily, though, not certain, and ponders how he could have been lost on the island if it and the lake were as small as George had said they were. Again he takes adult reason in hand to explain to himself how the world never looks the same in a dream. "I dreamed, *I dreamed*", he thinks to persuade and convince himself. But Wilditch is not convinced. Whatever he should think as a sensible, rational adult had little to do with the spirit of his memory. He resumes his story with vivid recollections of his excitement and fear upon discovering the entrance to the cave, and transports himself, and us, to another time and place. We are checked once again when he wonders if it is really possible to show courage in a dream; but this train of thought is quickly disregarded as he continues bravely along the passage into the unknown. As the story progresses, the atmosphere of doubt is intensified by Wilditch's questioning the nature of dreams. He is struck by how sharply he remembers the smallest of details surrounding his adventure, including everything Javitt said. He still couldn't decipher all of the meanings, but the words were quite alive. Wilditch continues to qualify his experience--"if (Javitt) had really existed, he must have passed his century a long time ago"[343]--but the further he goes into his

memory, the more incredible the dream explanation seems to him. "For if I am remembering a vivid dream - and dreams do stay in all their detail for longer than we realize - how would I have known at that age about such absurdities as beauty contests? A dream can only contain what one has experienced. . . ."[344] Wilditch's escape is not described as an awakening, as from a dream, but as an actual event. He stopped writing when his memory had brought him safely home. The pendulum seemed to have stopped swinging.

As a child and as an adult, Wilditch found that his vision of the world was in constant conflict with the reality that had been defined for him. When he found "The Treasure on the Island", written so many years before, among his mother's things, he was terribly disappointed with how trivial and conventional it was. He had returned to his childhood haunt searching and hoping for proof that his "dream" belonged to reality; he uncovered instead an ordinary little tale that bore no resemblance to anything he knew, real or imagined. Wilditch had wondered about his need to return to Winton Hall. He thought that as it was likely he would find himself disillusioned in the face of the changes effected by time and age, perhaps the approach of death made one feel the necessity to rid oneself of everything. It was not simply a sense of nostalgia that took him back to the scene of some of his happiest days, but an effort to rediscover the magic of his childhood, which had to some extent followed him all his life. He found that the world under the garden still filled the air around him and "hope sprang eternal". The journey to Winton Hall is significant as it mirrors Wilditch's inner journey. When Javitt instructs Wilditch to forget what the schoolmasters have taught, and be disloyal because it's his duty to the human race, he is opening up a world that most people are unable to see or know. Javitt's "Theory of the Rogue" opposes society's general point of view and describes the value of being able to see more than just one side of an idea. The result is an extension of experience that compliments the physical journey. Javitt's physical images are often metaphors for ground rules imposed by society.

Javitt tells Wilditch that the rogue-plant is the oddity of the nursery-garden. Like a weed, it is thrown away. Javitt declares himself and Maria to be rogues. "You

are still wondering why we are unique. It's because for generations we haven't been thrown away. Man kills or throws away what he doesn't want." "Things grow differently underground, like a mole's coat."[345] And like Miss Ramsgate. Be disloyal, Javitt says. Loyalty breeds company men, time-keepers, report-writers, the status-quo - the company line. Wilditch is told that he can never find Miss Ramsgate by "preening [himself] like a peacock to attract a beautiful woman".[346] She is a rogue-beauty with rogue tastes. He has to be able to look for her in different ways, in different places. He has to be able to spot her exceptional beauty, by looking beyond pre-conceived notions. "For hundreds of years now we've been living underground and we'll have the laugh of you yet, coming up above for keeps in a dead world."[347]

Javitt's language games are another angle from which he is able to emphasize the ability of society's ground rules to limit experience. Javitt repeatedly reminds Wilditch that Javitt is not his real name, but one he has made up especially for Wilditch. This name has no power because it doesn't really mean anything. A person's real identity, the first name, is a well-guarded secret, for it is the source of great power. The names that society gives to objects or ideas, Javitt readily dismisses with as much disrespect. They are arbitrary, without mystery, without power:

> [Wilditch] whispered to him quickly, 'Is she your Luba?'
> 'Sister, wife, mother, daughter,' he said, 'what difference does it make? Take your choice. She's a woman isn't she?' He brooded there on the lavatory-seat like a king, on a throne. 'There are two sexes,' he said. 'Don't try to make more than two with definitions.'[348]

With Javitt's concept of names and power, Greene is borrowing from a great tradition that is directly tied to fantasy. In "Rumpelstilzkin", the answer to all of the miller's daughter's troubles rested in her discovery of the evil little elf's name. In Ursula Le Guin's The Wizard of Earthsea, "first-names" are never revealed except to those who are completely trustworthy. Young wizards are schooled in the importance of words and naming, and in the power and control associated with knowing someone or something's true name. The most valuable thing that Wilditch learned from Javitt is found, not in the words themselves, but in the new light these words shed on old subjects. By teaching Wilditch how to see things from the other side, Javitt offered

him a lifetime of limitless possibilities:

> I could sit here now in this room for hours remembering the things he said - I haven't made out the sense of them all yet: they are stored in my memory like a code uncracked which waits for a clue or an inspiration. . . . Sometimes I think that in no conversation since have I found the interest I discovered in those inconsequent sentences of his. . . .[349]

Much of what Javitt said sounded ridiculously simplistic or like just plain nonsense. Sometimes it sounded as though he was preaching anarchy with a mind towards some kind of underground revolution. But to look at things differently, from the underside, from the way society has prescribed, is anarchy. Sometimes, Javitt says, "you find someone who wants things different, who's tired of all the plus signs and wants to find zero. . . ."[350] But in general, everyone shies away from what is different, from what is not expected, as Wilditch does from Javitt and Maria. But then Miss Ramsgate will always be an illusion for those without the courage to value the rogue.

Wilditch journeyed back to Winton Hall to rediscover the secrets under the garden that he believed he had forgotten. He felt himself to be so different from that far away boy that he couldn't believe that the man and the child could be dying of the same disease. But Wilditch had never completely lost touch with his childhood self. He had spent his whole life following Javitt's advice: "You'll have to take a look at Africa . . . and Asia - and then there's America, North and South, and Australia. . . ."[351] Always restless, on the move, looking for something. Always a step out of synch with the rest of society. But somehow despite his efforts, there was still the routine of company reports that had added up to a gray, wet day at the doctor's office. So Wilditch went back to the place where it all began. Back to a magical time when all things were possible. The worlds of fantasy and reality in "Under the Garden" run a parallel course, that often draws close enough to each other to run hand in hand. Along the way to his encounter with Javitt and Maria, Wilditch found old newspapers, evidence that the world he had just left had found its way below at some other time as well. Javitt himself acknowledged his relationship with the world above. He had chosen one over the other, has escaped below the earth, but

was not altogether cut off from it. Maria would occasionally sneak up to fetch anything that might be needed; and their daughter had ultimately left to make her way in the world above. When Javitt led Wilditch through the underground tunnels, on the way to a viewing of the treasure, Wilditch recalled his remarks when they had reached the point that would have placed them directly beneath the lake: "'Listen,' and I heard a kind of rumbling that passed overhead and after that a rattling as little cakes of mud fell around us. 'That's a motor-car,' he said, as an explorer might have said, 'That's an elephant.'"[352] Wilditch describes Javitt as having the air of a monarch and of a gardener--the exceptional and the ordinary. "That was an odd thing about this adventure or rather this dream: fantastic though it was, it kept coming back to ordinary life with simple facts. . . ."[353] The odour of cabbage, the hiss of the kettle, stock-piling of tins of food, broth time, cooking with colour, and even the treasure stored in shabby boxes--the unexciting, average details of everyday life. Javitt often passed the time of day by having Wilditch read to him from the old newspapers. This aspect of the story--the tendency to domesticize the fantastic--also helps to link the two worlds together, and gives a strange sense of familiarity to the unknown quantity of Wilditch's adventure.

In "Under the Garden" Greene describes an important relationship between two levels of experience: reality, the physical life, and fantasy, the imaginative life. The morning after his journey back through the years, Wilditch retraced his steps to the spot where his adventure would have occurred. He could see quite plainly through George's eyes that "the Dark Walk was small and not very dark", and that the lake and island could hardly be spoken of in those terms.[354] Still, he couldn't find it in himself to be cynical, and nor did he find himself disillusioned in spite of the realities that presented themselves. Standing before the remains of an old oak, Wilditch laid his ear to the ground listening for some evidence of what might have happened. Hearing nothing but finding the old tin chamber pot, Wilditch was transported to a different place in his mind. "There was no certainty" but if anything certainty was the least important aspect of his focus. Whether it was a dream or a story or an exaggerated play-time activity was inconsequential. The fact remained that for

Wilditch it was a true adventure, a very real experience that had a profound effect, on his life. Wilditch's adventure under the garden was significant as a spiritual adventure not a physical one. The imagination was taken from the confines of adventure tales read and written as mental exercises, to be given a place to work and grow in everyday life. Javitt told Wilditch that he would never find Miss Ramsgate by running around the world preening himself like a peacock. Rogue beauties, like his daughter, had rogue tastes. "You've heard of beauty and the beast, haven't you?"[355] Javitt's reminder of this literary reference reinforces all of his lessons to Wilditch about things not always being what they seem. Something that is ugly on the outside may actually be very beautiful inside. Sometimes the world has to be turned up-side-down and inside-out to discover the truth. However, Mrs. Wilditch had not approved of fairy-stories. Wilditch found all of his mother's Fabian pamphlets and Beatrice Webb still on the bookshelves at Winton Hall. "Perhaps because his own life was coming to an end, he thought how little of this, in the almost impossible event of a future, she would have carried with her. A fairy-story in such an event would be a more valuable asset. . . ."[356] The fantastic and fantasy hold within their scope more valuable information than a "Fabian graph" could ever reveal. They liberate the mind and body from society's imposed constraints, and provide a means of travelling towards a brighter light and self-knowledge. Without having an idea of what is on the other side or underneath, there is only a "sense of reality".

The next morning, after he had written down the true version of his adventure, Wilditch met his uncle's old gardener, Ernest, in the garden. He was immediately struck by the similarity to Javitt, physically and in his manner of expression. Except that Javitt had all the answers, and Ernest had only questions. Ernest couldn't assure Wilditch any more than George, that his adventure could possibly have happened. "The world was the world he knew."[357] He wandered back to this old playground. George had been right; the few bushes and the tiny pond could hardly have amounted to much exploring, and it was hard to imagine getting lost there. It seemed more than a little likely to Wilditch that he had exaggerated the importance of a dream and had wasted his whole life restlessly wandering here and there. There is something very

sad about his slight boast that at least he had never been loyal to anyone or anything. But the cloud was dispelled in the instant he discovered the old chamber-pot. The world he knew might still be larger than his backyard. Perhaps his future was set by The Romance of Australian Exploration and not by Javitt. But sitting with the "golden po" he felt that "curiosity was growing inside him like the cancer."[358] He didn't have as much time as he had once but there was always hope. Ernest had commented about Wilditch's travels and said that he had told everyone that, ""The next we hear . . . he'll be standing on his head in Australia.""[359] Wilditch had remarked regretfully that was one place he hadn't been, although he had always dreamed of it as a child. It was one of the places Javitt had recommended and it had been the object of desire of Grey and Burke. Perhaps he hadn't gone far enough. The significance of the many references to Australia has everything to do with Wilditch's state of mind and his perspective of life. Physically, the Antipodes is the quintessential opposite experience. The English, particularly in Carroll's time, contemplated the place in fascination. Wilditch's "cure" would be the achievement of an alternate perspective and, therefore, a different reality or "sense of reality". His experiences underground brought back the sense of life and purpose that they had originally provoked for him as a child. His curiosity grew, just as Alice's had, with each challenge to the routine of his old life and all the rules and conventions that governed it, and he felt rejuvenated. Perhaps if he had made it to Australia many years before as he had intended, he would never have gone astray. "All these years his brother had been in occupation, and yet he had no idea of what might lie under the garden." "Poor mother - she had reason to fear."[360]

5. CONCLUSION

Graham Greene's fiction consistently presents a reality divided, regardless of the subject. He sits on the border between good and evil, the hunters and the hunted, the city and the country, England and South America, fact and fiction, childhood and adulthood, boredom and excitement, safety and danger, hope and despair, the known and the unknown. He sees and describes both sides, each one being the inverse of the other. Greene's ability to turn realities up-side-down and to capture a sense of otherness and other-worldliness in his writing, securely links his works to fantasy. The degree to which the fantastic is expressed may vary; however, his attitude of "disloyalty" and his insistence on being "allowed to write from the point of view of the black square as well as of the white"[361] reflects a quality of unreality if only to the extent that they force one to face experiences and images that challenge commonly accepted ground rules and perspectives. Uncertainty and uneasiness are natural companions in Greene's worlds as they are in fantasy worlds, where expectations are not reliable guidelines.

In Greene's treatment of other and inverted realities, can be seen what is often considered to be one of the primary functions of fantasy. The most obvious function of fantasy is that of escape. As Rabkin and LeGuin point out, the Protestant work ethic mentality frowned on this pastime, believing it to represent an escape from responsibility and an indication of laziness. ("He was a Protestant who believed in his faith, and no one has a greater ability to believe, without doubt or scruple, than a Protestant of that type. He would not even allow my mother to read us fairy-stories. . . ."[362]) Other points of view have described this escape as a necessary relief from not only the rules and regulations of society, but also the pressures, fears, and boredom of everyday life. In a fantasy world the mind can be set free to experience endless varieties of adventures, and perhaps recoup a little of the energy expended in the routine of day to day living. Psychological escape is not only a relief from ground rules; the diametric reversal of these rules provides an opportunity to deal with certain areas that cannot be resolved in the real world. Harry Stone states that, "Fairy tales, like myths, legends, fables, fantasies, and other correlatives of the

invisible world . . . survive because they embody deep and profoundly attractive or frightening human hopes and fears."[363] These hopes and fears can be confronted and indulged in a fantasy world. But the true magic of fantasy is its ability to shed light on the reality we already know, or think we know. The laws of nature and society define a world that generally confine us to a particular field of vision. The diametric reversal of ground rules, or even simple inversions, provides us with a second sight. We are given the opportunity to see things from a new angle or to see and know what has not been previously encountered. "Even when attempting "mere" escape, when literature employs the fantastic, it is likely to cast unexpected light on our lives."[364] Rosemary Jackson sees Alice falling into a world of "semiotic chaos", facing the danger of losing language and meaning. Rabkin's view emphasizes that Alice is in a wonderland and not a haunted house. By enabling her to see the world upside-down, backwards and forwards, Alice's experiences enrich her life rather than threaten it. The class of inversions that deals with the consicous and the unconscious and good and evil are particularly successful at imbuing the realities they describe with a sense of fantastic otherness, while stretching the boundaries of the known and the unknown. This is the basis of the effect of the "uncanny". Rabkin comments that "one of the most accepted truths of the human heart is that we often conceive ourselves, and act, as if we had two natures: a base, evil nighttime nature and a fine, good, daytime nature."[365] The unconscious is that "other" side of the mind that usually stays out of sight in the shadows or disguises itself in acceptable dress. Fantasy attempts to resolve the irony that the most important road to self-knowledge is often the most inaccessible one. "For the shadow stands on the threshold. We can let it bar the way to the creative depths of the unconscious, or we can let it lead us to them." "The person who denies his own profound relationship with evil denies his own reality."[366] This is the truth of "Greeneland". Greene turns common reality over to expose what lies hidden in the shadows and darkness. All the seediness, hopelessness, ruthlessness, cruelty, and betrayal; the shabby lives, the knife in the back, the open wounds, the hell of uncertainty, are dragged into the light. The image of the action that takes place in the underground sewers of Vienna in The Third Man is a fitting

metaphor for the reality Greene tries to describe. Beneath the world that most people know, thrives another, darker, unpleasant reality that doesn't stop living and exerting an influence because it is out of sight. Those who deny the dark side, deny half of the whole human condition. Greene's journeys are dangerous because they dare to confront many elements that most people would rather not know or think about. In uncovering what lies in the shadows, physically and psychologically, he attempts to go directly to the "heart of the matter". Greene's fascination with Africa was connected to his exploration of the human spirit:

> I watched from the other end of the bar; she wept and didn't care a damn; she embarassed everybody; they cleared a space as if a fight was on and she sat there drinking gin and tonic and crying with empty chairs on either side; the barman kept on serving drinks at the other end. I thought for some reason even then of Africa, not a particular place, but a shape, a strangeness, a wanting to know. The unconscious mind is often sentimental; I have written 'a shape', and the shape, of course, is roughly that of the human heart.[367]

Africa was the ultimate darkness, the ultimate unknown, that harboured great secrets about the "human factor", about the nature of humanity and its beginnings. It is far away, not easily accessed, "But there are times of impatience, when one is less content to rest at the urban stage, when one is willing to suffer some discomfort for the chance of finding . . . the 'heart of darkness'. . . ."[368] In the end, what impressed Greene was that for all its otherness, Africa "had never been really strange. . . . Freud has made us conscious as we have never been before of those ancestral threads which still exist in our unconscious minds to lead us back."[369] In a sense this world represented the collective unconsciousness of humanity. An other world unknown and dark, lying there underneath the "civilized" well-behaved world, full of demons, diametrically opposed to all known and familiar worlds, yet somehow inseparable. "This is what you have feared, Africa may be imagined as saying, you can't avoid it, there it is creeping around the wall, flying in at the door, rustling the grass, you can't turn your back, you can't forget it, so you may as well take a long look."[370] All his stories and characters explore this region in an effort to portray a complete picture of the reality of the human condition, and this search is effectively complemented by Greene's use of fantasy.

The ability that fantasy has for discovering the truth is, according to LeGuin, one of the main reasons it is often feared or rejected by adults. "They know that truth challenges, even threatens, all that is false, all that is phony, unnecessary, and trivial in the life they have let themselves be forced into living."[371] Fantasy searches out, probes, and provokes the "human factor", and dares us, in one way or another, to know ourselves and our world a little better. It "may open your hoard and let all the locked things fly away . . . not really effectively chained, free and wild."[372] In The Uses of Enchantment, Bruno Bettelheim explains the desire of society to pretend that the dark side of humanity doesn't exist, particularly where children are concerned. Ursula Le Guin points out, however, that, "In the creation and preservation of fantasy worlds, the role of the child seems central."[373] The imagination of childhood is sympathetic to the fantastic and fantasy, not because these worlds cater to a childish mentality or childish concerns, but because the child's world is closer to the heart of fantasy and the truths it would expose. The reality of childhood knows no boundaries other than the rules imposed upon it by an adult world. Bedtime is non-negotiable; beyond this, the possibilities are endless. "Fairy-tales underwent severe criticism when the new discoveries of psychoanalysis and child psychology revealed just how violent, anxious, destructive, and even sadistic a child's imagination is."[374] Children are well acquainted with their shadows and the inevitable struggle with good and evil, which are inextricably woven together. "For the shadow is not simply evil. It is inferior, primitive, awkward, animallike, childlike; powerful, vital, spontaneous."[375] Greene was in agreement:

> In a Christian land we have grown so accustomed to the idea of spiritual war, of God and Satan, that this supernatural world, which is neither good not evil but simply Power, is almost beyond sympathetic comprehension. Not quite: for those witches which haunted our childhood were neither good nor evil. They terrified us with their power, but we knew all the time that we must not escape them. They simply demanded recognition: flight was a weakness.[376]

Greene's portrayal of the division between childhood and adulthood complements his use of the fantastic and fantasy, and underscores its significant influence and power. The journey to Africa was a journey backwards, a chance to

return to where it all began and discover where humanity went astray, he says:

> This journey, if it had done nothing else, had reinforced a sense of disappointment with what man had made out of the primitive, what he had made out of childhood. Oh, one wanted to protest, one doesn't believe, of course, in 'the visionary gleam', in the trailing glory, but there was something in that early terror and the bareness of one's needs, a harp strumming behind a hut, a witch on the nursery landing, a handful of kola nuts, a masked dancer, the poisoned flowers. The sense of taste was finer, the sense of pleasure keener, the sense of terror deeper and purer. It isn't a gain to have turned the witch or the masked secret dancer, the sense of supernatural evil, into the small human viciousness of the thin distinguished military grey head in Kensington Garden. . . .[377]

In analyzing the short story "The Basement Room", Gwenn Boardman points out that as ""an old Coaster," Baines was clearly intended to represent that narrow strip of civilization described in *Journey Without Maps*; he marked the point at which the fresh perceptions of a child were replaced by an adult's dulled sensibilities."[378] Greene's fiction is filled with children and adults who reflect the significant division between these two worlds and the consequence of such a division. "The lost childhood" haunts the existences of Coral in The Power and the Glory, Pinkie in Brighton Rock, Raven in A Gun for Sale, Arthur Rowe in The Ministry of Fear, and threatens to swamp Phillip in "The Basement Room". In "The End of the Party" and "The Destructors", children grapple with dilemmas and darknesses of which the adults around them seem to have no conception. In The Human Factor the inability of Castle's son to identify with a world of dragons greatly troubles him: ". . . all the best faculties of a mature human being exist in the child, and that if these faculties are encouraged in youth they will act well and wisely in the adult, but if they are repressed and denied in the child they will stunt and cripple the adult personality."[379] In "Under the Garden" the relationship between fantasy and childhood, and the importance of both is made extremely clear. Wilditch experiences a rebirth when he returns to the world of his childhood and relives the fantastic adventures that were once a natural part of his everyday life. In recovering his childhood and consequently fantasy, he discovered a will to live that had seemed lost forever. The reference to The Golden Age as having been inspirational reading for the young Wilditch suggests

that children have the clearest sight and that childhood is more valuable in many ways than adulthood. "Wilditch travels away from the false "reality" of his mother's world, where poetic imagination had to be "rigidly controlled"" as a child and then again as an adult.[380] Wilditch's brother George never escaped his mother's influence and led a narrow, predictable, practicle life as a result.

> In this age of wonderful mechanical inventions, the very mind of youth seems in danger of becoming a machine; and while every effort is used to stuff the memory, like a cricket-ball, with well-known facts and ready-made opinions, no room is left for the vigour of natural feeling, the glow of natural genius, and the ardour of natural enthusiasm. It was a remark of Sir Walter Scott's many years ago, to the author herself, that in the rising generation there would be no poets, wits, or orators, because all play of imagination is now carefully discouraged, and books written for young persons are generally a mere dry record of facts, unenlivened by any appeal to the heart, or any excitement to fancy.[381]

> What really shapes and conditions and makes us is somebody only a few of us have the courage to face: and that is the child you once were, long before formal education ever got its claws into you - that impatient, all-demanding child who wants love and power and can't get enough of either and who goes on raging and weeping in your spirit till at last your eyes are closed and all the fools say, 'Doesn't he look peaceful?' It is all those pent-up, craving children who make all the wars and all the horrors and all the art and all the beauty and discovery in life, because they are trying to achieve what lay deep beyond their grasp before they were five years old.[382]

Many critics have avoided dealing with the realities that Greene has unfolded in his fictions by assigning them to a fantasy world called "Greeneland". However, as Le Guin, Bettelheim, and others have pointed out, fantasy and all works of the imagination are notable for their reflection of reality and all the truths contained therein. They are ignored, suspected, looked down on precisely because they are true, and feared because of the stories they can tell. In his search for the "human factor", it seems more than appropriate that Greene has employed the aid of the fantastic and fantasy. It is also not surprising that his critics have been equally afraid of his dragons. "'There are many rebellious spirits abroad, who talk of their own fantasies and lead men's minds astray: they must be silenced.'"[383]

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