

## CHAPTER 8

# Going Especially Careful: Language Reference in Graham Greene

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If Graham Greene's leading characters had had the opportunity to read Graham Greene, they would never have got themselves into such awful scrapes. It is all a matter of spotting the danger signals. And with Greene, the danger signals are often to do with language. I do not mean the way Greene *uses* language; I am not talking about his style. I mean the way in which he talks *about* language — about accent, dialect, words, and grammar — and the way in which he refers to individual languages and dialects at points where we are introduced to a character, a situation or a development in a plot. Without exception, whenever Greene makes explicit reference to language or languages, there is trouble brewing.

An immediate clue is if someone has a linguistic idiosyncrasy. You can guarantee that he is going to be a bad guy. Take the moment Rowe meets Hilfe for the first time, in *The Ministry of Fear*. Rowe thinks Hilfe and his sister are going to be helpful. His sister will be. But Hilfe himself? Rowe should have paid attention to Greene's linguistic signal:

The young man spoke excellent English; only a certain caution and precision marked him as a foreigner. It was as if he had come from an old-fashioned family among whom it was important to speak clearly and use the correct words; his care had an effect of charm, not of pedantry.<sup>1</sup>

Out-of-date language? That is not good. And Hilfe turns out to be the bad guy, despite the charm.

Often the clue is on the very opening page. Here is Brown describing Jones at the beginning of *The Comedians*. This is one of the first

things we learn about him: 'His slang, I was to find, was always a little out of date as though he had studied it in a dictionary of popular usage, but not in the latest edition'.<sup>2</sup> Out-of-date slang. And Jones turns out to be a con man who causes all kinds of trouble for Brown. Then, on the opening page of *The Confidential Agent*, the man known as D enters the third-class bar, where a rugby team is drinking:

D couldn't always understand what they were shouting; perhaps it was slang or dialect. It would take a little time for his memory of English completely to return; he had known it very well once, but now his memories were rather literary.<sup>3</sup>

Slang again. D, we can be sure, is not going to have a pleasant experience. And his language soon gets him into trouble. A chauffeur threatens him in a lavatory: "Saucing me again." "I did not intend that." His pedantic English seemed to infuriate the other. He said, "Talk English or I'll smash your bloody lip." "I am a foreigner."<sup>4</sup> A distinctive use of slang is always a sign that there is trouble ahead, and even more so when someone does not use it consistently, such as Anthony in *England Made Me*:

His slang began the evening bright and hollow with the immediate post-war years, but soon it dripped with the mud of trenches, culled from the tongues of ex-officers gossiping under the punkas of zero hour and the Victoria Palace, of the leave-trains and the Bing Boys.<sup>5</sup>

People who speak like this are not going to have a happy end. On the opening page of *It's a Battlefield*, we are introduced to the assistant commissioner of police. It is a rare instance of Greene adding an adjective to reinforce the message that talking about language is an ominous sign: 'As usual before a sentence was finished he became lost in the difficulties of expression. Slowly, with a fateful accumulation of hesitant sounds, he hacked his way forward'.<sup>6</sup> Fateful.

Let us explore another novel in a little more detail. On the opening page of *Stamboul Train*, a traveller, Coral Musket, leaves a ship to catch the train. The purser asks her if she wants a porter to carry her bag. "I'd rather not," she said. "I can't understand what they say. It's not heavy".<sup>7</sup> Cannot understand what people are saying? That is a very bad sign. We are all familiar with the horror film where the girl approaches a closed door, and the spooky music makes us want to shout 'Don't Go In There!' It is like that here. If Greene points to a problem of communication, he is offering his characters a warning.

Don't get on the train, Coral! Then the ship's purser spots a 'tired grey man in the macintosh', and has a bet with the chief steward about his nationality. [Purser] "I win the bet. He was English." [Steward] "Go on. You could cut his accent with a knife." [Purser] "I see his passport. Richard John, Schoolteacher."<sup>8</sup> So now we have an accent that is not what it seems to be. Nor, of course, is Richard John who he seems to be.

Once Coral is on the train, there are other linguistic signs that all is not going to be well. A man in the same compartment asks her to get a sandwich for his wife: "Would you, miss? I don't know the lingo." And why, she would have liked to cry at him, do you suppose I do? I've never been out of England'.<sup>9</sup> And when Myatt talks to her for the first time, he gets her wrong:

'Mine's Myatt'.

'Mine's Coral — Coral Musket'.

'Dancing?'

'Sure'.

'American?'

'No. Why did you think so?'

'Something you said. You've got a bit of an accent'.<sup>10</sup>

A little later she faints, and the grey stranger, who turns out to be a doctor not a schoolteacher, looks after her. But is he safe? As she comes round, she hears him talk: 'she became aware for the first time of his accent'.<sup>11</sup> And indeed, another person from her compartment has noticed the same thing: "What intrigues me," the stranger said, "is his accent. You'd say he was a foreigner, but he gave an English name"<sup>12</sup> Beware this stranger, Coral! But he is not the only ambiguous character on the train who has an accent. The author Q. C. Savory drops his aitches. And Mr Opie's French leaves something to be desired: 'His French seemed to the other full of little copybook phrases, used with gusto and inaccurately'.<sup>13</sup> Coral should trust none of them. Then, at the very end of part one, the mysterious teacher/doctor John falls asleep, and in his sleep speaks once — in German. Definitely: get off the train, Coral. But whatever you do, do not get off at Subotica! As the train waits there she opts to do so, but wonders whether she is making the right decision: 'Strangers might come in and take his seat, and she would be unable to make them understand. She would not know what the customs men said to her'.<sup>14</sup> She should pay attention to these linguistic misgivings. As we know, from the trouble this causes, getting off the train at Subotica was not the right decision.

These are not chance comments by Greene. Explicit reference to language is a major (albeit neglected) element in Greene's narrative artistry, invariably conveying danger signals. Here is Jones, in *Doctor Fischer of Geneva*: 'I remember every detail of that uneasy day. The toast at breakfast was burnt — it was my fault; I arrived at the office five minutes late'<sup>15</sup> For some writers that would be enough. The bad signs might have stopped there. But not for Greene, who goes on: '... two letters in Portuguese were sent me to translate, although I knew no Portuguese'<sup>16</sup> That clinches it. It is definitely going to be a bad day. And, as Jones waits in a cafe for Anna-Luise to return from her skiing, a waiter arrives like a linguistic death's-head: 'He was a surly man with a foreign accent'.<sup>17</sup> In *The Honorary Consul*, Dr Plarr arrives at the kidnappers' place for the first time and sees one of the group, an Indian: 'He couldn't understand the words — they were not Spanish. "What is he saying, Leon?"'<sup>18</sup> It is not a good omen, as Plarr will discover at the cost of his life. In *England Made Me*, Anthony is on his way to Krogh's factory: 'The umbrellas passed like black and dripping seals; a foreign language he could not understand fretted his nerves. If he wanted to ask for a match, to ask the way, he would not be able to make himself understood'.<sup>19</sup> The encounter with Krogh will not save Anthony either. In *Travels with my Aunt*, Aunt Augusta asks her manservant Wordsworth if there has been a telephone message: 'Oh, poor old Wordsworth not understand one bloody word. Ar say to them you no talk English. They go away double quick'.<sup>20</sup> And a lack of comprehension underscores the uncertain relationship between Henry and Wordsworth. They meet in Paris, where Wordsworth talks to some call girls:

He began to talk to them again in a kind of French which I couldn't follow at all, though they seemed to understand him well enough.

'What are you talking, Wordsworth?'

'French'.

'I don't understand a word'.

'Good Coast French . . .'.<sup>21</sup>

In *The Quiet American*, Fowler arrives at a house guarded by a military policeman: 'He was a young Foreign Legion corporal. He stopped cleaning his revolver and juttied his thumb towards the doorway beyond, making a joke in German. I couldn't understand it'.<sup>22</sup> In *The Comedians*, Brown, driving in the city at night, encounters an old man. 'I couldn't make out the meaning of his *patois* and I drove on'.<sup>23</sup> A warning signal. In the short story 'The Hint of an Explanation',

the narrator remembers from his childhood a strange baker who he would meet on country walks: 'He would have a stick in his hand and stab at the hedges, and if his mood was very black he would call out after you strange abrupt words that were like a foreign tongue'.<sup>24</sup> Another warning signal. The baker, we learn, hated the little boy. In the short story 'The Lottery Ticket', Thriplow goes to a bank to discuss his lottery win with the manager: 'all the English words he knew had Latin roots — the result was rather like a tongue-tied Dr Johnson'.<sup>25</sup> If Thriplow had read Greene, he would know that this was another bad sign. And indeed, after his disastrous experience, the story ends with a final linguistic put-down. As he walks away weeping: 'A passer-by, mistaking him for a fellow-countryman, addressed him in Spanish'.<sup>26</sup> That is rubbing linguistic salt into his wound.

Two examples from *Our Man in Havana*. A visitor arrives in Wormold's shop. Wormold greets him in Spanish: "Don't speak the lingo, I'm afraid," the stranger answered. The slang word was a blemish on his suit, like an egg-stain after breakfast'.<sup>27</sup> Slang again? We soon learn that he is a secret agent. And then, later in the novel, Hasselbacher has a visitor, and Wormold asks about him: "What nationality was this man?" "He spoke English like I do, with an accent. Nowadays, all the world over, people speak with accents."<sup>28</sup> Hasselbacher is right to be suspicious, for he will soon be killed by this man or his associates. In Greene novels, if people are said to speak with an accent, they are up to no good or not who they claim to be. They *might* turn out to be innocent, but the point is we do not know this in advance, and Greene subtly signals the ambiguity with a linguistic clue. Take Mr Hickslaughter in 'Cheap in August'. When Mary Watson finally agrees to eat with him, her comments on the food results in this exchange: "'Tomatoes even with the trout!' "Tomatoes? Oh, you mean tomatoes," he said, correcting the accent'.<sup>29</sup> A couple of pages later she reflects: 'Was it possible that the old man could be dangerous?'<sup>30</sup> American versus British accent differences turn up quite often, and usually prompt us to be suspicious. In *The Captain and the Enemy*, Baxter meets Quigly:

I noticed not for the first time that he spoke certain words ('American' was one) with something of a Yankee ring. 'You are English?' I asked.

'You can see my passport,' he said. 'Born in Brighton. You can't be more English than that'.

'It's only,' I apologized, for after all wasn't he trying to help me? 'that sometimes your accent . . .'

'An Atlantic accent,' he admitted.<sup>31</sup>

'Admitted'? That is a negative word. And was he trying to help? A couple of pages earlier, the Captain had told Baxter: 'I wouldn't trust him far'.<sup>32</sup>

In *The Quiet American*, Granger attacks Fowler: "I don't like you, Fowler, but you talk English. A kind of English . . ." He made a feeble attempt to mock my accent. "You all talk like poufs."<sup>33</sup> In *The Human Factor*, Sir John Hargreaves's wife, Mary, is singled out: "I don't like those apartheid buggers." Common English obscenities always sounded strange in her American accent'.<sup>34</sup> And was there ever a more ambiguous character than Aunt Augusta? Henry describes her thus, in *Travels with my Aunt*:

She formed her sentences carefully like a slow writer who foresees ahead of him the next sentence and guides his pen towards it. Not for her the broken phrase, the lapse of continuity. There was something classically precise, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say old-world, in her diction. The bizarre phrase, and occasionally, it must be agreed, a shocking one, gleamed all the more brightly from the old setting.<sup>35</sup>

Perhaps David Bishop runs second to Aunt Augusta for ambiguity. In 'The News in English', all we know about Bishop is that he has replaced Lord Haw-Haw as the voice of propaganda news broadcasts from wartime Germany: "Tonight Lord Haw-Haw of Zeesen was off the air. All over England the new voice was noticed; precise and rather lifeless, it was the voice of a typical English don'.<sup>36</sup> We have to wait a while before we learn whether he is what this negative linguistic clue suggests he is.

In *The Quiet American*, a man cannot get his Vietnamese driver to understand what he is saying, and Fowler has to explain. 'He said, "But that's just what I told him, but he always pretends not to understand French." "It may be a matter of accent."<sup>37</sup> There we have a reference to French. People are in risky or dangerous situations when the names of languages are mentioned, and especially when they know they do not speak a language well or at all. In 'The Lottery Ticket', Thriplow arrives in a Mexican port: 'Thriplow could speak very little Spanish: he had a phrase book for his vital needs: and he had little hope that in this blistered and comfortless town there would be anyone at all who spoke English'.<sup>38</sup> It is not going to be a good visit. In 'Across the Bridge', the narrator is introduced to Calloway, in a Mexican border town, sitting in the square with Spanish blaring out of the radios in the shops: 'I could tell he didn't understand a word from the way he read his newspaper — as I did myself picking out the words which were

like English ones'.<sup>39</sup> We soon learn that the authorities are after him. He's a crook. And he dies.

This sense of isolation has a biographical origin. In *The Lawless Roads*, Greene arrives in Salto, Mexico, and feels isolated because of his language inability:

I had a sense of being marooned . . . he said something I couldn't catch and disappeared . . . Why the hell was I here?

For the first time I was hopelessly at a loss because of my poverty of Spanish; always before there had been *someone* who spoke English . . . Now I felt a mistake might land me anywhere.<sup>40</sup>

So many of Greene's characters feel isolated or unable to do what they have to do because of their lack of language skills. In 'An Appointment with the General', the journalist arrives for her interview with the general. It is only the second paragraph of the story, but things are already not looking good:

She said, 'I don't speak Spanish', as Columbus might have said, 'I don't speak Indian'. She then tried them with French — that was no good — and after that with English, which had been her mother's tongue, but that was no good either.<sup>41</sup>

In 'The Lottery Ticket', Thriplow talks to the proprietor of the hotel, but once again things are not looking good: 'After a while the proprietor found a few words of English, a few words of French: a doubtful communication of ideas was set up between him and Thriplow'.<sup>42</sup> In *A Burnt-Out Case*, on the opening page, the ship captain, killing tsetse flies with his fly swatter, talks to his passenger, Query: 'whenever he made a kill he held up the tiny corpse for the passenger's inspection, saying "tsetse" — it was nearly the limit of their communication, for neither spoke the other's language with ease or accuracy'.<sup>43</sup> In the evenings, Query listens to the singing of the cooks, 'but he couldn't understand the words'; and when they talked, it was 'in garbled French or garbled Flemish'.<sup>44</sup> Query will find that this linguistically problematic world is fatal.

In *Travels with my Aunt*, Henry talks to a train conductor, hoping for breakfast:

'No, monsieur. I leave the train at Milan. There is another conductor'.

'Italian?'

'Yugoslav, monsieur'.

'Does he speak English or French?'

'It is not likely'. I felt hopelessly abroad.<sup>45</sup>

A little later in the book, as he travels by boat to Asunción, an old man wants to read Henry's hand: 'He asked me a question in Spanish which I couldn't answer . . . He was making some demand on me, but I could not guess what'. Somebody translates: 'He sees a death'.<sup>46</sup> And Henry is about to land himself in trouble. In *It's a Battlefield*, a French prostitute talks to Jules Briton: 'Jules answered in good careful uneasy French; so long as his mother was alive he had been allowed to speak nothing but English, for she had borne a grudge against her husband . . .'.<sup>47</sup> And later, when he attends a French Mass, French words in the sermon seem to haunt him: 'the word *péché*, *péché*, *péché*, held down his sermon like so many brass tacks driven into a wood coffin'.<sup>48</sup> Careful . . . uneasy . . . grudge . . . coffin . . . these are the words that form the sense associations for language in Greene. People have to go careful, especially when language is the subject matter.

It does not have to be a real language, to introduce an ominous note. In *The Confidential Agent*, the man we know simply as D receives a letter at his digs from the Entrenationo Language Centre, where he is to find his contact. He meets his friend Rose: 'I think we're being followed'.<sup>49</sup> Then he tells her: 'It's only a man who teaches Entrenationo'.<sup>50</sup> Only?! I cannot think of anything more ominous than a man who teaches a language, in a Greene novel — and an artificial language, at that! Greene actually has a dismissive view of artificial languages. In *England Made Me*, he describes Krogh's attempt at dancing: 'he was like a man without a passport, without a nationality; like a man who could only speak Esperanto'.<sup>51</sup> Artificial languages are definitely trouble zones. And indeed, in order to meet his contact, K, D has to pretend to take a class in this supposed language, in order to discuss their plans.

Actually, I *can* think of something more ominous than an artificial language, and that is a speech impediment. In the short story 'Proof Positive', we are given a description of Weaver, when he began to speak: 'He seemed at first to be in a hurry. It was only later that the terrible impediments were placed in the way of his speech. He had a high voice, which sometimes broke into a squeal . . .'.<sup>52</sup> No wonder Weaver has a speech impediment. He is dead. And what on earth is the child encountering below ground, in 'Under the Garden', when he meets an old woman, who squawks at him: 'I learned later that she had no roof to her mouth and was probably saying, "Who are you?" but then I thought it was some foreign tongue she spoke — perhaps



aboriginee . . .'.<sup>53</sup> Later, she turns out to be the real threat to the child's means of escape.

If you tell lies about language, that surely is the ultimate sin. It is a sign that Wormold, in *Our Man in Havana*, is in really desperate straits when he deliberately gives a wrong translation. Beatrice, his unwanted Home Office visitor, wants to meet his supposed contact Teresa. Wormold takes her randomly to a building, and calls her name. 'A thin woman comes forward, saying in Spanish "I'm Teresa: Soy Teresa." Beatrice is puzzled, and Wormold has to do some quick thinking. Beatrice said, "Is that Teresa? You said she was fat — like that one with the mask." "No, no," Wormold said. "That's not Teresa. She's Teresa's sister. Soy means sister."<sup>54</sup>

Even if people talk the same language there can be an isolating effect. Here is the young boy in *The Captain and the Enemy*: 'when I read the Captain's letters I found myself entering a foreign land where the language was totally strange to me, and even when a word was identical to one in my own tongue, it seemed to have a quite different meaning'.<sup>55</sup> The Captain is an ambiguous character. He does not treat language with respect. He makes up words — a very bad sign. Not that the child is totally innocent. He has made up words too: 'There are certain words which I do remember, but I invent far more of them, in order to fill in the gaps between their words'.<sup>56</sup> This is language as mystery. Language, for Greene, is a bit like a mysterious maze, which has an entrance but not necessarily an exit, and in which one might get lost forever. Indeed, he uses this metaphor in 'The Blessing', when Weld meets an old man in the crowd while the blessing is taking place: 'Weld said to the old man, speaking very simply because his command of the language was weak, "I do not understand."<sup>57</sup> The man tries to explain, but Weld's confusion remains: 'Weld could not follow. It was as though he had found himself in a very simple landscape, yet one where every path led into a maze from which there was no visible exit'.<sup>58</sup> But the clearest example of mystery is in *A Burnt-Out Case*, when the curiously named Deo Gratias disappears in the jungle and Query goes looking for him. When he finds him, he hears him repeat the mysterious word 'Pendélé' — a word that no one knows.<sup>59</sup> Query cannot get it out of his head. And its meaning is never really resolved.

Whenever Greene talks about language, it is to draw attention to a lack of communication or to make people feel isolated. In *A Burnt-Out Case*, Marie Rycker could not talk to a man she sees outside. "They had no means of communication: she couldn't even curse him, as her father or husband could have done, in words that he understood".<sup>60</sup>

Lack of language is loneliness for her. In *Stamboul Train*, Dr Czinner, finally identified, feels alone as he notices the language around him: 'The station began to float away from him; names slipped by in a language which his father had never taught him'.<sup>61</sup> In *The Human Factor*, Castle, after leaving the country, feels alone: 'It seemed to him that all his life after he joined the service in his twenties he had been unable to speak. Like a Trappist he had chosen the profession of silence, and now he recognised too late that it had been a mistaken vocation'.<sup>62</sup> In 'The Last Word', a former Pope feels alone. He dreams of talking to an audience, but he has a problem: 'He couldn't remember what he had been saying, for the words were in a language — or several languages — which he didn't know or couldn't remember'.<sup>63</sup> Even body language is affected. In *The Honorary Consul*, we are told that Dr Plarr's behaviour differed from the way local men talked and touched each other: 'In public, Doctor Plarr touched nobody, only his book. It was a sign, like his English passport, that he would always remain a stranger; he would never be properly assimilated'.<sup>64</sup>

These are cases where people feel out of their depth, not knowing how to deal with a situation, and inadequate language is always at the heart of the matter. The secret service man Daintry feels out of his depth in *The Human Factor*: 'Daintry, with a feeling of being lost among strangers, drank the first [martini] down. He said, like a man picking a sentence from a phrase book in a language he doesn't know, "I was at a wedding too . . ."'.<sup>65</sup> In *Monsignor Quixote*, the Mayor is nonplussed when he encounters a couple who 'seem friendly'. He asks them for some food. So what are we to expect, given this initial description? 'The man said in an American accent, "I am afraid I don't understand much Spanish."'.<sup>66</sup> An American accent plus lack of understanding? Double ominousness. They try to communicate with the help of a dictionary, in a rare passage of Greene humour. But it is black comedy, because after a while, the couple debate the meaning of *amigo*: 'Oh goodness . . . do you think it could be that corpse we saw them carrying . . .?' And the Mayor, confused after this non-conversation, thinks: 'Has the Guardia tracked them down?'.<sup>67</sup> When K is defeated in *The Confidential Agent*, he completely loses his linguistic ability: 'In his fear he lost his English altogether — he began to beseech them all to wait and listen in a language only D could understand. He looked ill, beaten . . . he sought in Entrenationo to express something, anything'.<sup>68</sup> And he fails.

Anyone who has difficulty with language, or gives the impression of having difficulty, is going to pose problems. In 'An Appointment with the General', a female journalist is invited to lunch by an editor

she does not know, who is going to suggest an unusual assignment: 'his vocabulary seemed limited, perhaps by the rules of journalistic protocol'.<sup>69</sup> Don't go on with this assignment! In 'The Over-Night Bag', we observe the man on the plane with a bag he is very concerned to protect. Nothing should be placed on top of it. 'When they were safely airborne he relaxed and began to read a *Nice-Matin* — he spent a good deal of time on each story as though his French were not very good'.<sup>70</sup> That does not seem right. And then we learn he has a dead baby in his bag. In 'The Moment of Truth', the Hogminsters ask for Arthur Burton's help in the restaurant: "We don't know all these French words in the menu." "But it's put in English, sir." "I guess we don't understand that sort of English either."<sup>71</sup> Soon after, just as Arthur warms to them, and they to him, the Hogminsters fail to appear'.

The characters queue up to complain about not understanding. The Mayor, in *Monsignor Quixote*: 'I don't like anything that I cannot understand'.<sup>72</sup> Brown arguing again with Martha about Jones in *The Comedians*: "Two different languages cause misunderstanding".<sup>73</sup> Understanding is the critical thing, especially for secret agents. In 'A Branch of the Service', the narrator reflects on his childhood:

What I learnt were languages — never very well but a smattering of many. I could understand better than I spoke. The man who later recruited me understood that. I remember him saying, "To understand is the only important thing. We don't want you to talk".<sup>74</sup>

This qualification is ideal for a secret agent posing as a restaurant inspector. Parkinson, the manipulative journalist in *A Burnt-Out Case*, is fed up with failing to understand: 'Father Thomas was talking excitedly, as Colin entered, in what even the doctor recognised to be very odd English'. Colin then talks to him. "What's he saying?" Parkinson asked Father Thomas. "I'm tired of not understanding. What was the good of the Norman Conquest if we don't speak the same language now?"<sup>75</sup> A rare language joke, hiding a deadly situation. We do not get language jokes in *Greenland*. Language is no laughing matter.

Sometimes, the mention of language points to a situation that is not deadly, merely uncomfortable or awkward. Nonetheless, the backdrop is dangerous. In *The Human Factor*, the agents Castle and Daintry have difficulty communicating, giving Greene an opportunity to use two of his best similes: 'Silence fell like an old-fashioned smog, separating them from each other . . . Silence dropped again like the heavy safety curtain in a theatre'.<sup>76</sup> In *The Honorary Consul*, Dr Plarr has an uncomfortable conversation with his mother at a hotel tea table:

All around him in the Richmond he heard the chatter of women's voices. He could hardly distinguish a single phrase. He might have been in an aviary, listening to a babel of birds from many different regions. There were those who twittered in English, others in German, he even heard a French phrase which his mother would appreciate, '*Georges est très coupable*'.<sup>77</sup>

This overhearing of phrases is not always innocent. In 'A Branch of the Service', it turns out to be an important part of the training of an agent. The narrator's mentor tells him:

There are phrases in conversation that you hear in a restaurant which are worth attention. *Pas de problème* is less interesting in France where it is in such common use, but if one of your neighbours in a small unfashionable restaurant in Manchester (a restaurant which hasn't got even one star) says, 'There's no problem' it's worth paying attention.<sup>78</sup>

He takes it all in, and later observes a woman meeting a friend: 'I write "friend", but the greeting which he gave her struck me as very odd — "Pleased to meet you", that very antiquated English phrase, was spoken in a distinctly foreign accent'.<sup>79</sup> Danger signals, again.

In 'May We Borrow Your Husband?' the narrator observes the newly married couple who have come to stay in his hotel: 'Something was not going well; that was sadly obvious'.<sup>80</sup> Why? '. . . they never seemed to be in conversation when they returned from their walk, and at table I caught only the kind of phrases people use who are dining together for the sake of politeness'.<sup>81</sup> In 'Two Gentle People', we observe a man and a woman sitting together on a park bench, not communicating. Then some youths harm a bird and the man talks. But are we to trust him? "'Infernal young scoundrels," he exclaimed, and the phrase sounded more Edwardian because of the faint American intonation'.<sup>82</sup> Probably not. He kills the wounded bird, and they start to talk to each other. She has a linguistic character too: "I could not myself have done it," the woman said, carefully grammatical in a foreign tongue'.<sup>83</sup> Are we to trust her? Again, probably not. But then we read: 'He admired the way in which she spoke English and apologised for his own lack of French, but she reassured him . . .'.<sup>84</sup> Maybe all will be well after all. When people praise each other's language, things are going to go well. And they have a nice dinner together.

In the whole of Greene, I have found only one clear case of unqualified praise. That is in *The Comedians*, where Mrs Smith is praised by her husband: 'Mrs Smith is a wonderful linguist. Give her a few hours with a grammar and she'll know everything except the pronunciation'.<sup>85</sup>

He is right. She uses her linguistic skills to great effect when she gets rid of Captain Concasseur.<sup>86</sup> If you are good at languages, you must be a good guy. The only problem is: there are not many of them around. The only other case really does not count — the man in a railway compartment in 'Awful When You Think of It', who comments happily: 'We spoke the same language'.<sup>87</sup> This sounds promising, but the man is talking to a baby, while its mother is absent, and the communication takes the form of bubbly saliva. The baby blows a bubble at him: 'I blew a bubble in my turn — we spoke the same language'.<sup>88</sup>

Unqualified language praise is very rare in Greene. Normally, a piece of praise is immediately followed by some sort of qualification, as when, in *The Confidential Agent*, Rose advises the agent D, as he tries to escape: "You've got a chance. Your English is good — but it's terribly literary. Your accent's sometimes queer — but it's the books you've read which really give you away. Try to forget you were ever a lecturer in the Romance languages."<sup>89</sup> Even when someone plans a nice chat, the purpose is not what it seems. In 'A Day Saved', the narrator plans to meet his mark in the train:

Because I knew nothing about him, I should begin in the usual way by asking whether he minded the window being raised a little or a little lowered. That would show him that we spoke the same language and he would probably be only too ready to talk, feeling himself in a foreign country; he would be grateful for any help I might be able to give him, translating this or that word.<sup>90</sup>

How nice. But he adds laconically, two lines later: 'I should learn a great deal about him, but I believed that I should have to kill him before I knew all'.<sup>91</sup>

When opportunities arise for someone to use language to improve a situation, they turn out to be unsuccessful. In *The Human Factor*, Castle, working through a crisis, approaches the confessional: 'To talk was a therapeutic act'.<sup>92</sup> But his effort fails. In *The Honorary Consul*, Humphries says to Plarr: 'I would have thought the Governor might have invited you [to dinner] . . . he must need someone who speaks English for his dinner tonight'.<sup>93</sup> But no such invitation ever arrives. In *The Quiet American*, Fowler offers his services as a translator between his girl Phuong and Pyle. He does the job, but at what cost? Pyle is the man who is going to come between them, and who will eventually be killed.<sup>94</sup>

An attempt to understand what is going on might even be forestalled by someone else's language, as in 'The Invisible Japanese Gentlemen', when the writer in a restaurant notices a girl and her fiancé arriving

at a nearby table. Why does he notice her? The accent, of course: 'she had a harsh way of speaking — perhaps the accent of the school, Roedean or Cheltenham Ladies' College . . .'.<sup>95</sup> He tries to hear what she is saying to her fiancé, but another language gets in the way: 'I missed some of the conversation then, because the eldest Japanese gentleman leant across the table with a smile and a little bow, and uttered a whole paragraph like the mutter from an aviary . . .'.<sup>96</sup>

Sometimes people use a language as a way of maintaining a distance between themselves and someone else. In 'The Blessing', a group of journalists talking in a bar try to use a language in this way: 'They spoke in English in a hazy hope that the barman might not understand'.<sup>97</sup> In 'Cheap in August', it is an accent that keeps the distance. Mary Watson is approached by an American lady who invites her to join their party: 'Mary exaggerated her English accent to repel her better'.<sup>98</sup>

Quite often it is simply a person's name that causes a problem. Names have great power in Greene's stories. In 'Under the Garden', Javitt tells the boy who is exploring his underground kingdom all about names, especially secret names, in a long paragraph: 'Up where you come from they've begun to forget the power of the name'.<sup>99</sup> Greene has not forgotten. His names are regularly sources for comment. Take the three characters at the beginning of *The Comedians*: 'Smith, Jones, and Brown — the situation was improbable. I had a half-right to my drab name, but had he?'<sup>100</sup> Monsignor Quixote finds lodging near the Church of Saint Martin, and reflects on his dislike of the 'sentimental nickname' given to St Theresa, the Little Flower. He gives her a different name: 'the Church of Saint Martin — that name again — the name by which he always thought of her . . . He would even sometimes address her in his prayers as Señorita Martin as though the family name might catch her ear'.<sup>101</sup> And it is always a negative comment. I have found no cases in Greene of someone saying unequivocally 'I love my name' or 'I love your name'. On the contrary. In *Doctor Fischer of Geneva*, the narrator comments on his name:

Unfortunately for me my father had combined diplomacy with the study of Anglo-Saxon history and, of course with my mother's consent, he gave me the name of Alfred, one of his heroes (I believe she had boggled at Aelfred). This Christian name, for some inexplicable reason, had become corrupted in the eyes of our middle-class world: it belonged exclusively to the working class and was usually abbreviated to Alf. Perhaps that was why Doctor Fischer, the inventor of Dentophil Bouquet, never called me anything but Jones, even after I married his daughter.<sup>102</sup>

In *It's a Battlefield*, Conrad does not like his name: 'His parents had no business calling him by such a name, the name of a seaman, a merchant officer who once lodged in their house'.<sup>103</sup> In 'May We Borrow Your Husband?' the opening paragraph is entirely taken up with a diatribe about poor Poopy: 'I resented the name'.<sup>104</sup> In *England Made Me*, Kate and Tony have an argument over names: "I suppose this is Loo's doing. What a bloody silly name it is." "I don't see anything wrong in it. Names are just sounds, anyway. Kate, Loo — one's no sillier than the other."<sup>105</sup> In *The End of the Affair*, Bendrix reflects gloomily: 'For some reason I am a man known by his surname — I might never have been christened for all the use my friends make of the rather affected Maurice my literary parents gave me'.<sup>106</sup> In *Our Man in Havana*, Wormold is talking to Lopez, wanting to get him to be an agent: "You called me, Señor Vormell." For some reason the name Wormold was quite beyond Lopez' power of pronunciation, but as he seemed unable to settle on a satisfactory substitute, it was seldom that Wormold went by the same name twice'.<sup>107</sup>

Is there any kind of language in Greene where people can feel safe? Yes, two, but both are safely removed from the present day. In *The Honorary Consul*, Plarr says to Fortnum:

'I like to know the meaning which people put on the words they use. So much is a question of semantics. That's why in medicine we often prefer to use a dead language. There's no room for misunderstanding with a dead language'.<sup>108</sup>

The other safe haven is an older state of the language, if we can judge from the letter he writes to Eva Kearney, about the new language of the post-Vatican II liturgy:

Words have a certain holiness; they should be able to represent truthfully a certain emotion as well as a certain belief and I do think the language of the 17th century succeeded in this better than the language of the 20th century which is apt to date from one year to another.<sup>109</sup>

Interestingly, this is the only comment on language in the whole of Richard Greene's recent selection of Graham Greene's letters. You can also be safe as a child, for the horrid adult world is then a long way away. In *The Power and the Glory*, a village child watches Mr Tench talking to the priest: "The child watched them as if he didn't care. The argument in a foreign language going on in there was something abstract: he wasn't concerned".<sup>110</sup>

I have now quoted from all the novels, novellas and short stories where I have been able to find language references. If we plot Greene's writing on a language explicitness scale going from least to most, we find very few texts where overt language reference plays no part — some of the short stories, and several of the early novels: *The Man Within*, *Brighton Rock*, and *A Gun for Sale*. Perhaps their immaturity accounts for their lack of language references. *The Man Within*, after all, is a novel about which Greene said: 'It is like the book of a complete stranger'.<sup>111</sup> But, at the other end of the scale, we have *The Third Man*, far and away the most linguistically aware of all Greene's works. I have so far made over a hundred quotes from 36 texts. The one with the most quotes is *Stamboul Train*, with nine examples. Over half the texts have just one or two references to language. *The Third Man* has over 40. Its language variety is unparalleled in any of Greene's other works. Language is a leitmotif in this film. So let us look at its language references in the light of what we have found in Greene's other works.<sup>112</sup>

The theme of unintelligibility is introduced in the film's opening monologue, when the narrator describes the international patrol: 'What a hope they had, all strangers to the place and none of them could speak the same language, except for a sort of smattering of German'. We have seen how a lack of understanding is an ominous sign. The point is amplified in the novella when Calloway describes the way the International Patrol arrest Anna:

The Russian policeman pulled a fast one on his colleagues and directed the car to the street where Anna Schmidt lived. The British military policeman that night was new to his job: he didn't realize, till his colleagues told him, that they had entered a British zone. He spoke a little German and no French, and the Frenchman, a cynical hard-bitten Parisian, gave up the attempt to explain to him. The American took on the job. 'It's all right by me,' he said, 'but is it all right by you?' The British M.P. tapped the Russian's shoulder, who turned his Mongol face and launched a flood of incomprehensible Slav at him. The car drove on.<sup>113</sup>

Calloway comments: 'try and explain your own point of view on any subject in a language you don't know well — it's not as easy as ordering a meal'.<sup>114</sup> Indeed it is not, as in the film Holly Martins quickly learns when he meets the Porter: "'Speak English?" [Porter] "English? Little, little. Sie kommen zehn minuten zu spat. Ten minutes too late.'" At the cemetery, Martins' lack of understanding is compounded: the prayers during the burial service are in German. Martins then goes to



see Anna's play. That too is in German, and he doesn't understand any of it. When he meets Anna he compliments her: "I enjoyed the play very much . . . You were awfully good." [Anna] "Do you understand German?" [Martins] "No, no . . . But I could follow it fine." That is a language lie, as we see later when Martins tries to help Anna with her lines, and gets everything wrong.

Kurtz and Martins visit the Porter again. This time, translation is available, but it is used to keep Martins away from the truth: [Martins] "Well, who used to visit Mr Lime?" [Porter] "Visit? Was will er wissen?" Kurtz explains. The Porter replies that he is not sure. "You . . . Popescu . . . and I don't know everybody" [Martins] "What does he say?" [Kurtz] "He says he doesn't know everybody." No mention of Kurtz and Popescu.

'What does he say?' That becomes almost a Martins catchphrase. We hear it when he visits the Porter with Anna: 'What's he saying?' We hear it twice when Anna's landlady tells her about the police searching her room, in a long German monologue: 'What is it? . . . What's she talking about?' Martins visits Dr Winkel, but when the maid answers the door in German he has to say: 'Dr Winkel — I'm sorry I don't speak German'. Martins visits Anna late at night. He knocks on the door, and Anna responds with "'Wer ist da?" [Martins] "That mean come in?" Anna and Martins decide to visit the Porter again. They agree Anna should do the talking: 'His English is very bad'. (Actually, it is bad only in the film. In the novella it is excellent.) There is a crowd outside the Porter's apartment. Martins goes to ask what has happened, and someone tells him in German that the Porter has been killed. Martins is in trouble again: 'I don't understand' When little Hansl recognises Martins, and tells his father, they talk to each other in German. The father asks Martins if he has had a row with the porter. Again Martins is stuck: 'I don't understand'. His lack of understanding is getting him into deeper water. He gets back to his hotel, and finds a car waiting for him. He thinks he is going to Calloway's office, but it shoots off in a different direction: "'Hold on! Hold on! I haven't even told you where to take me yet.'" The driver says in German "I don't speak English."<sup>115</sup> Poor Martins. His language inability is at the root of his problems. It even affects his hopes for a love life, as we read in the novella. He looks at Anna, as he realises he is falling in love with her, but he cannot quite make her out: 'I felt as though I'd come into a new country where I couldn't speak the language'.<sup>116</sup>

Linguistic idiosyncrasy, especially in an accent, we have seen in the novels and stories, means trouble. And one of the first things we

notice about the film of *The Third Man* is that everyone has an accent. Imagine, in the light of my earlier comments, how Greene would be describing these people in a novella of the book written *after* the film. We have heard his views on the ominous ring of foreign accents. Calloway never knew the old Vienna before *The Third Man*, with its Strauss music, its glamour and easy charm; in this Vienna, everyone is foreign. As a man says to Martins, outside the Porter's flat: "He [Hansl] thinks you did it just because you are a foreigner. As though there weren't more foreigners here these days than Viennese."<sup>117</sup> This is not an impression we get from the novella as a whole, where people speak standard English pretty well throughout. The Porter speaks excellent English. So does Cooler (Popescu in the film). The novella is not nearly so menacing, as a consequence. In the film, this is what we get:

- The American accent of the soldier when Martins arrives at the station.
- Martins' own American accent.
- The bad English of the Porter.
- Calloway's British English, which leads to a British-American confrontation. When Calloway asks Martins about his books, Martins mocks his accent: '*Death at the Double X Ranch — Ra-a-nch*'.
- Paine's London accent.
- Crabbin's very elegant Received Pronunciation.
- Kurtz's Austrian accent, and his distinctive, correct way of speaking: 'I may call you Rollo, mayn't I?' And Greene comments in the screenplay: 'His English accent is really too good. A man ought not to speak a foreign language so well'.<sup>118</sup>
- Anna's elegant Austrian accent.
- Anna's German landlady with her very idiosyncratic speech style.
- The accents of the International Patrol (not that they speak much).
- Dr Winkel, who has such a careful style of speech. In the novella we are told: 'His statements were so limited that you could not for a moment doubt their veracity'.<sup>119</sup>
- Popescu's clipped tones and non-native grammar (this was an American voice, Cooler, in the novella, who has no linguistically interesting features mentioned at all, and none in his speech): 'That's a nice girl that, but she ought to go careful in Vienna. Everybody ought to go careful in a city like this'. The replacement of *be* by *go* in the film adds greatly to the authenticity of this piece of dialogue.
- The citizens outside the Porter's flat, all with marked accents.

- Little Hansl saying 'papa' which gets a comment in the novella: 'the lips forming round those syllables like the refrain of a grim ballad'.<sup>120</sup>
- The Austrian driver of the taxi, with his gruff tones.
- All the people attending the British Council lecture, each with an accent: 'Where would you put James Joyce' in what category?'
- Brodsky's Russian accent.
- The balloon seller, another distinctive voice.
- The echoing shouts of the sewer police.
- And finally, Harry himself, who hides himself away, and who is the only one to have nothing linguistically distinctive about him at all.

If noticing an accent (especially a foreign accent or a British versus American one) is an ominous sign, then we get them nonstop in the film version of *The Third Man*.

All the other signs are there too. Noticing someone's slang, jargon, or awkward style are all signals of a tense situation, as we have seen. In the film, Anna picks on a term used by the British member of the international patrol: [Soldier] "I'm sorry, Miss, it's orders. We can't go against Protocol." [Anna] "I don't even know what Protocol means." [Soldier] "Neither do I, Miss." Even someone as innocent as Crabbin speaks in an odd way: "Oh, Mr Martins, my name is Crabbin. I represent the C.R.S. of G.H.Q." [Martins] "You do!" [Crabbin] "Yes, Cultural re-education Section Propaganda." And a little later: [Martins] "I was going to stay with him, but he died Thursday." [Crabbin] "Goodness, that's awkward." [Martins] "Is that what you say to people after death? Goodness that's awkward . . ." Then, when Calloway tries to persuade him to get out of Vienna, Martins ripostes: 'Didn't you hear Mr Crabbin offer me the hospitality of the H.Q.B.M.T.?' It is a linguistic joke. For this relief, much thanks. But we must not expect another one. Crabbin's use of 'awkward' stays with Martins. In the screenplay, after learning of the true story behind Harry Lime, Martins reacts to Calloway's sympathy: "I'm sorry, Martins." [Martins] "Awkward. Sorry. What a vocabulary you English have got."<sup>121</sup>

The other source of tension in a Greene story, as we have seen, is the way people treat names. And names are a special source of confrontation in the film version of *The Third Man*: [Martins] "Listen, Callaghan." [Calloway] "Calloway — I'm English, not Irish." And again: [Martins] "Tactful too, aren't we, Callaghan?" [Calloway] "Calloway." The bad guys try to be nice with names. Kurtz asks 'I may call you Holly, mayn't I?' Martins repeatedly mispronounces

Dr Winkel's name (the name is *Winkler* in the novella, and Martins mispronounces that too): "Dr Winkel?" [Winkel] "Vinkel." Anna gets his name wrong: "We're both in it, Harry." [Martins] "Holly." [Anna] "I'm so sorry." [Martins] "It's all right. You might get the name right." The screenplay has him saying: 'I'm bad at names too'.<sup>122</sup> But later, in the film version, when Anna discovers Martins' intention to betray Harry, we see name insults flying: 'Honest, sensible, sober, harmless Holly Martins . . . Holly, what a silly name . . .'. But Anna herself is not above criticism, according to Crabbin in the novella: 'You can't imagine a young English actress calling herself Schmidt, can you?'<sup>123</sup> It is all summed up in the film's final exchange between Calloway and Martins: "Be sensible, Martins." "I haven't got a sensible name, Calloway." And the novella comments: "There was always a conflict in Rollo Martins — between the absurd Christian name and the sturdy Dutch (four generations back) surname".<sup>124</sup>

Virtually all the linguistic signals we have seen scattered throughout the other novels and short stories appear in a concentrated form in *The Third Man*. Nor is there any linguistic relief. This is, after all, a film, and people have to speak, so the features of accent, dialect, slang, and so on become foregrounded. On the whole, in Greene's novels, people do not talk to each other routinely in a nonstandard way. The only exceptions are motivated by the regional culture being described — or example, the African creole (*chop, humbug*, etc.) used in *The Heart of the Matter* and *Journey Without Maps*. Only Wordsworth in *Travels with my Aunt* is a character not in his normal linguistic milieu.

Let me paraphrase the story of *The Third Man* to reinforce my point. A professional language user (a novelist) arrives in a country where he is unable to speak the language, supposedly to write some special language material (propaganda) for a friend, encounters a situation where he has to rely on translation to find out anything at all, finds himself dealing with people who all have strange accents or names (that he sometimes gets wrong), cannot work out what is happening to him (in the taxi) or to others (with Anna, with the Porter) because he does not understand the language, ends up having to give a lecture on a subject he knows nothing about and loses his own language ability in the process: 'Well, yes. I suppose that is what I meant to say'. And at moments of possible revelation, language is of no help. In the film, there are no words, when the phone rings in Harry's apartment and Anna answers it: "Hullo . . . hullo. Wer ist da? Hullo? Warum antworten sie nicht? Hullo?" [Martins] "Who was that?" [Anna] "I don't know. They didn't answer." Martins sees Harry in a doorway, but Harry doesn't reply to him. 'What kind of a spy do you think you are, satchel-foot?' In the

novella, after talking to Harry on the Great Wheel, Rollo tries to warn him, but fails: 'Martins suddenly called after him, "Don't trust me, Harry," but there was too great a distance now between them for the words to carry'.<sup>125</sup> There are no words when Martins is taken round the children's hospital to see the damage caused by Lime's penicillin. There are no words between Martins and Lime in the sewer, when they meet for the last time.

In conclusion, we might ask why Greene had this myopic view of language. Are there clues in the biographical material? Well, linguistic confusion was certainly present in his early life. In *A Sort of Life*, he talks about visiting his uncle's family at Christmas: 'I used to be embarrassed by the carols in German round the tree because I was afraid I might be expected to sing too'.<sup>126</sup> Did it start there? Or here: 'The only children's party I can actually remember was up near Berkhamsted Common in a big strange house, where I never went again; a Chinese amah asked me if I wanted to make water and I did not understand her, so that always afterwards I thought of it as a Chinese expression'.<sup>127</sup> Who knows. Wherever or however it started, we know how it finished.

Notes to Chapter 8: Going Especially Careful: Language Reference in Graham Greene

- 1 Greene, G. (2001), *The Ministry of Fear*. London: Vintage, 43.
- 2 Greene, G. (2004), *The Comedians*. London: Vintage, 4.
- 3 Greene, G. (2006), *The Confidential Agent*. London: Vintage, 3.
- 4 *Ibid.*, 22.
- 5 Greene, G. (1943), *England Made Me*. London: Penguin, 29.
- 6 Greene, G. (1940), *It's a Battlefield*. London: Penguin, 7.
- 7 Greene, G. (2004), *Stamboul Train*. London: Vintage, 3.
- 8 *Ibid.*, 5.
- 9 *Ibid.*, 8.
- 10 *Ibid.*, 16–17.
- 11 *Ibid.*, 19.
- 12 *Ibid.*, 21.
- 13 *Ibid.*, 7.

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- 14 Ibid., 126.
- 15 Greene, G. (1999), *Doctor Fischer of Geneva, or The Bomb Party*. London: Vintage, 48.
- 16 Ibid., 48.
- 17 Ibid., 86.
- 18 Greene, G. (2004), *The Honorary Consul*. London: Vintage, 25.
- 19 Greene, *England Made Me*, 68.
- 20 Greene, G. (1999), *Travels with my Aunt*. London: Vintage, 15.
- 21 Ibid., 71.
- 22 Greene, G. (1955), *The Quiet American*. London: Heinemann, 40.
- 23 Greene, *The Comedians*, 141.
- 24 Greene, G. (2005), *Complete Short Stories*. London: Penguin, 33.
- 25 Ibid., 494.
- 26 Ibid., 501.
- 27 Greene, G. (2004), *Our Man in Havana*. London: Vintage, 7.
- 28 Ibid., 73.
- 29 Greene, *Complete Short Stories*, 370.
- 30 Ibid., 374.
- 31 Greene, G. (1999), *The Captain and the Enemy*. London: Penguin, 141.
- 32 Ibid., 139.
- 33 Greene, *The Quiet American*, 241.
- 34 Greene, G. (1978), *The Human Factor*. London: Bodley Head, 252.
- 35 Greene, *Travels with my Aunt*, 51.
- 36 Greene, *Complete Short Stories*, 443.
- 37 Greene, *The Quiet American*, 30.
- 38 Greene, *Complete Short Stories*, 492.
- 39 Ibid., 77.
- 40 Greene, G. (1955), *The Lawless Roads*. London: Heinemann, 30.
- 41 Greene, *Complete Short Stories*, 534.
- 42 Ibid., 497.
- 43 Greene, G. (2004), *A Burnt-Out Case*. London: Vintage, 1.
- 44 Ibid., 3.
- 45 Greene, *Travels with my Aunt*, 91.
- 46 Ibid., 187.
- 47 Greene, *It's a Battlefield*, 37.
- 48 Ibid., 139.
- 49 Greene, *The Confidential Agent*, 44.
- 50 Ibid., 74.
- 51 Greene, *England Made Me*, 96.
- 52 Greene, *Complete Short Stories*, 216.
- 53 Ibid., 216.
- 54 Greene, *Our Man in Havana*, 127.
- 55 Greene, *The Captain and the Enemy*, 60.
- 56 Ibid., 90.
- 57 Greene, *Complete Short Stories*, 551.
- 58 Ibid., 552.

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- 59 Greene, *A Burnt-Out Case*, 49.
- 60 *Ibid.*, 129.
- 61 Greene, *Stamboul Train*, 123.
- 62 Greene, *The Human Factor*, 340.
- 63 Greene, *Complete Short Stories*, 437.
- 64 Greene, *The Honorary Consul*, 7.
- 65 Greene, *The Human Factor*, 219.
- 66 Greene, G. (2006), *Monsignor Quixote*. London: Vintage, 158.
- 67 *Ibid.*, 159.
- 68 *Ibid.*, 158.
- 69 Greene, *Complete Short Stories*, 537.
- 70 *Ibid.*, 345.
- 71 *Ibid.*, 454.
- 72 Greene, *Monsignor Quixote*, 205.
- 73 Greene, *The Comedians*, 227.
- 74 Greene, *Complete Short Stories*, 474.
- 75 Greene, *A Burnt-Out Case*, 96.
- 76 Greene, *The Human Factor*, 168, 270.
- 77 Greene, *The Honorary Consul*, 135.
- 78 Greene, *Complete Short Stories*, 476.
- 79 *Ibid.*, 478.
- 80 *Ibid.*, 309.
- 81 *Ibid.*, 309.
- 82 *Ibid.*, 421.
- 83 *Ibid.*, 421.
- 84 *Ibid.*, 421.
- 85 Greene, *The Comedians*, 11.
- 86 *Ibid.*, 188.
- 87 Greene, *Complete Short Stories*, 397.
- 88 *Ibid.*, 397.
- 89 Greene, *The Confidential Agent*, 176.
- 90 Greene, *Complete Short Stories*, 163.
- 91 *Ibid.*, 163.
- 92 Greene, *The Human Factor*, 241.
- 93 Greene, *The Honorary Consul*, 12.
- 94 Greene, *The Quiet American*, 94.
- 95 Greene, *Complete Short Stories*, 391.
- 96 *Ibid.*, 391.
- 97 *Ibid.*, 548.
- 98 *Ibid.*, 363.
- 99 *Ibid.*, 228.
- 100 Greene, *The Comedians*, 3.
- 101 Greene, *Monsignor Quixote*, 97.
- 102 Greene, *Doctor Fischer of Geneva, or The Bomb Party*, 12.
- 103 Greene, *It's a Battlefield*, 122.
- 104 Greene, *Complete Short Stories*, 301.



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- 105 Greene, *England Made Me*, 171.
- 106 Greene, G. (2004), *The End of the Affair*. London: Vintage, 3.
- 107 Greene, *Our Man in Havana*, 55.
- 108 Greene, *The Honorary Consul*, 65.
- 109 Greene, R. (ed.) (2007), *Graham Greene: A Life in Letters*. London: Little, Brown, 350.
- 110 Greene, G. (2004), *The Power and the Glory*. London: Vintage, 11.
- 111 Greene, G. (1999), *A Sort of Life*. London: Vintage, 140.
- 112 Scholars recognise the challenge of discussing *The Third Man*, which exists as a film, as a screenplay and as a novella. See Greene, G. (2007), *The Third Man*. London: Vintage [novella]; Greene, G. and Reed, C. (1984), *The Third Man*: London: Faber & Faber [screenplay]. The published screenplay is not an accurate text, but an early iteration, which was later revised. Most of the quotations in this chapter are transcribed from the film, unless otherwise stated, and it has not been possible to provide page references in such instances. A new text of the screenplay, made directly from the film, has been produced by Dermot Gilvary, and will be made available to scholars in due course.
- 113 Greene, *The Third Man*, 74.
- 114 *Ibid.*, 75.
- 115 Greene and Reed, *The Third Man*, 70.
- 116 Greene, *The Third Man*, 48.
- 117 *Ibid.*, 51.
- 118 Greene and Reed, *The Third Man*, 33.
- 119 Greene, *The Third Man*, 35.
- 120 *Ibid.*, 51.
- 121 Greene and Reed, *The Third Man*, 79.
- 122 *Ibid.*, 65.
- 123 Greene, *The Third Man*, 23.
- 124 *Ibid.*, 10.
- 125 *Ibid.*, 88.
- 126 Greene, *A Sort of Life*, 16.
- 127 *Ibid.*, 25.