

and finally halted to loot, get drunk, sleep it off, and peer about. The champagne cellars of the Marne proved especially tempting. The German Rudolf Binding records what happened when the attack reached Albert:

Today the advance of our infantry suddenly stopped near Albert. Nobody could understand why. Our airmen had reported no enemy between Albert and Amiens. . . . I jumped into a car with orders to find out what was causing the stoppage in front. . . . As soon as I got near [Albert] I began to see curious sights. Strange figures, which looked very little like soldiers, and certainly showed no sign of advancing, were making their way back out of the town. There were men driving cows before them . . . ; others who carried a hen under one arm and a box of notepaper under the other. Men carrying a bottle of wine under their arm and another one open in their hand. Men who had torn a silk drawing-room curtain from off its rods and were dragging it to the rear. . . . More men with writing-paper and colored note-books. . . . Men dressed up in comic disguise. Men with top-hats on their heads. Men staggering. Men who could hardly walk.²²

By midsummer it was apparent that the German army had destroyed itself by attacking successfully. On August 8, designated by Ludendorff "The Black Day of the German Army," the Allies counterattacked and broke through. In the German rear they found that maneuver was now possible for the first time since the autumn of 1914. From here to the end their advance was rapid as the German forces fell apart.

The German collapse was assisted by American attacks in September at the St. Mihiel Salient and between the River Meuse and the Argonne Forest. Simultaneously the British were advancing near St. Quentin-Cambrai and the Belgians near Ghent. Despite exhaustion and depletion on all sides—half the British infantry were now younger than nineteen—the end was inevitable. On November 9, 1918, the Kaiser having fled, Germany declared herself a republic and two days later signed the Armistice in the Forest of Compiègne. The war had cost the Central Powers three and a half million men. It had cost the Allies over five million.

NEVER SUCH INNOCENCE AGAIN

Irony is the attendant of hope, and the fuel of hope is innocence. One reason the Great War was more ironic than any other is that its beginning was more innocent. "Never such innocence again," observes Philip Larkin, who has found himself curiously drawn to regard with a wondering tenderness not the merely victimized creatures of the nearby Sec-

ond World War but the innocents of the remote Great War, those sweet, generous people who pressed forward and all but solicited their own destruction. In "MCMXIV," written in the early sixties, Larkin contemplates a photograph of the patient and sincere lined up in early August outside a recruiting station:

Those long uneven lines
Standing as patiently
As if they were stretched outside
The Oval or Villa Park,
The crowns of hats, the sun
On moustached archaic faces
Grinning as if it were all
An August Bank Holiday lark. . . .

The shops are shut, and astonishingly, the Defense of the Realm Act not yet having been thought of,

. . . the pubs
Wide open all day. . . .

The class system is intact and purring smoothly:

The differently-dressed servants
With tiny rooms in huge houses,
The dust behind limousines. . . .

"Never such innocence," he concludes:

Never before or since,
As changed itself to past
Without a word—the men
Leaving the gardens tidy,
The thousands of marriages
Lasting a little while longer:
Never such innocence again.

Far now from such innocence, instructed in cynicism and draft-dodging by the virtually continuous war since 1936, how can we forbear condescending to the eager lines at the recruiting stations or smiling at news like this, from the *Times* of August 9, 1914:

At an inquest on the body of Arthur Sydney Evelyn Annesley, aged 49, formerly a captain in the Rifle Brigade, who committed suicide by flinging himself under a heavy van at Pimlico, the Coroner stated that worry caused by the feeling that he was not going to be accepted for service led him to take his life.



The Central London Recruiting Depot, August 1914. (Culver Pictures)

[20]

But our smiles are not appropriate, for that was a different world. The certainties were intact. Britain had not known a major war for a century, and on the Continent, as A. J. P. Taylor points out, "there had been no war between the Great Powers since 1871. No man in the prime of life knew what war was like. All imagined that it would be an affair of great marches and great battles, quickly decided."²³

Furthermore, the Great War was perhaps the last to be conceived as taking place within a seamless, purposeful "history" involving a coherent stream of time running from past through present to future. The shrewd recruiting poster depicting a worried father of the future being asked by his children, "Daddy, what did *you* do in the Great War?" assumes a future whose moral and social pressures are identical with those of the past. Today, when each day's experience seems notably *ad hoc*, no such appeal would shame the most stupid to the recruiting office. But the Great War took place in what was, compared with ours, a static world, where the values appeared stable and where the meanings of abstractions seemed permanent and reliable. Everyone knew what Glory was, and what Honor meant. It was not until eleven years after the war that Hemingway could declare in *A Farewell to Arms* that "abstract words such as glory, honor, courage, or hallow were obscene beside the concrete names of villages, the numbers of roads, the names of rivers, the numbers of regiments and the dates."²⁴ In the summer of 1914 no one would have understood what on earth he was talking about.

Certainly the author of a personal communication in the *Times* two days before the declaration of war would not have understood:

PAULINE—Alas, it cannot be. But I will dash into the great venture with all that pride and spirit an ancient race has given me. . . .

The language is that which two generations of readers had been accustomed to associate with the quiet action of personal control and Christian self-abnegation ("sacrifice"), as well as with more violent actions of aggression and defense. The tutors in this special diction had been the boys' books of George Alfred Henty; the male-romances of Rider Haggard; the poems of Robert Bridges; and especially the Arthurian poems of Tennyson and the pseudo-medieval romances of William Morris. We can set out this "raised," essentially feudal language in a table of equivalents:

A friend is a
Friendship is

comrade
comradeship, or fellowship

A horse is a	<i>steed, or charger</i>
The enemy is	<i>the foe, or the host</i>
Danger is	<i>peril</i>
To conquer is to	<i>vanquish</i>
To attack is to	<i>assail</i>
To be earnestly brave is to be	<i>gallant</i>
To be cheerfully brave is to be	<i>plucky</i>
To be stolidly brave is to be	<i>staunch</i>
Bravery considered after the fact is	<i>valor</i>
The dead on the battlefield are	<i>the fallen</i>
To be nobly enthusiastic is to be	<i>ardent</i>
To be unpretentiously enthusiastic is to be	<i>keen</i>
The front is	<i>the field</i>
Obedient soldiers are	<i>the brave</i>
Warfare is	<i>strife</i>
Actions are	<i>deeds</i>
To die is to	<i>perish</i>
To show cowardice is to	<i>swerve</i>
The draft-notice is	<i>the summons</i>
To enlist is to	<i>join the colors</i>
Cowardice results in	<i>dishonor</i>
Not to complain is to be	<i>manly</i>
To move quickly is to be	<i>swift</i>
Nothing is	<i>naught</i>
Nothing but is	<i>naught, save</i>
To win is to	<i>conquer</i>
One's chest is one's	<i>breast</i>
Sleep is	<i>slumber</i>
The objective of an attack is	<i>the goal</i>
A soldier is a	<i>warrior</i>
One's death is one's	<i>fate</i>
The sky is	<i>the heavens</i>
Things that glow or shine are	<i>radiant</i>
The army as a whole is	<i>the legion</i>
What is contemptible is	<i>base</i>
The legs and arms of young men are	<i>limbs</i>
Dead bodies constitute	<i>ashes, or dust</i>
The blood of young men is	<i>"the red! Sweet wine of youth"</i> —R. Brooke.

This system of "high" diction was not the least of the ultimate casualties of the war. But its staying power was astonishing. As late as 1918 it was

still possible for some men who had actually fought to sustain the old rhetoric. Thus Sgt. Reginald Grant writes the Dedication of his book *S.O.S. Stand To* (1918):

In humble, reverent spirit I dedicate these pages to the memory of the lads who served with me in the "Sacrifice Battery," and who gave their lives that those behind might live, and, also, in brotherly affection and esteem to my brothers, Gordon and Billy, who are still fighting the good fight and keeping the faith.

Another index of the prevailing innocence is a curious prophylaxis of language. One could use with security words which a few years later, after the war, would constitute obvious *double entendres*. One could say *intercourse*, or *erection*, or *ejaculation* without any risk of evoking a smile or a leer. Henry James's innocent employment of the word *tool* is as well known as Browning's artless misapprehensions about the word *twat*. Even the official order transmitted from British headquarters to the armies at 6:50 on the morning of November 11, 1918, warned that "there will be no intercourse of any description with the enemy." Imagine daring to promulgate that at the end of the Second War! In 1901 the girl who was to become Christopher Isherwood's mother and whose fiancé was going to be killed in the war could write in her diary with no self-consciousness: "Was bending over a book when the whole erection [a toque hat she had been trimming] caught fire in the candles and was ruined. So vexed!" She was an extraordinarily shy, genteel, proper girl, and neither she nor her fiancé read anything funny or anything not entirely innocent and chaste into the language of a telegram he once sent her after a long separation: "THINKING OF YOU HARD."²⁵ In this world "he ejaculated breathlessly" was a tag in utterly innocent dialogue rather than a moment in pornographic description.

Indeed, the literary scene is hard to imagine. There was no *Waste Land*, with its rats' alleys, dull canals, and dead men who have lost their bones: it would take four years of trench warfare to bring these to consciousness. There was no *Ulysses*, no *Mauberry*, no *Cantos*, no Kafka, no Proust, no Waugh, no Auden, no Huxley, no Cummings, no *Women in Love* or *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. There was no "Valley of Ashes" in *The Great Gatsby*. One read Hardy and Kipling and Conrad and frequented worlds of traditional moral action delineated in traditional moral language.

Although some memories of the benign last summer before the war can be discounted as standard romantic retrospection turned even rosier by egregious contrast with what followed, all agree that the prewar summer was the most idyllic for many years. It was warm and sunny,

eminently pastoral. One lolled outside on a folding canvas chaise, or swam, or walked in the countryside. One read outdoors, went on picnics, had tea served from a white wicker table under the trees. You could leave your books on the table all night without fear of rain. Siegfried Sassoon was busy fox hunting and playing serious county cricket. Robert Graves went climbing in the Welsh mountains. Edmund Blunden took country walks near Oxford, read Classics and English, and refined his pastoral diction. Wilfred Owen was teaching English to the boys of a French family living near Bordeaux. David Jones was studying illustration at Camberwell Art School. And for those like Strachey who preferred the pleasures of the West End, there were splendid evening parties, as well as a superb season for concerts, theater, and the Russian ballet.

For the modern imagination that last summer has assumed the status of a permanent symbol for anything innocently but irrecoverably lost. Transferred meanings of "our summer of 1914" retain the irony of the original, for the change from felicity to despair, pastoral to anti-pastoral, is melodramatically unexpected. Elegizing the "Old South" in America, which could be said to have disappeared around 1950, David Lowe writes in 1973:

We never thought that any of this would change; we never thought of change at all. But we were the last generation of the Old South; that spring in the early fifties was our summer of 1914. . . . Like those other generations who were given to witness the guillotining of a world, we never expected it. And like that of our counterparts, our world seemed most beautiful just before it disappeared.²⁶

Out of the world of summer, 1914, marched a unique generation. It believed in Progress and Art and in no way doubted the benignity even of technology. The word *machine* was not yet invariably coupled with the word *gun*.

It was not that "war" was entirely unexpected during June and July of 1914. But the irony was that trouble was expected in Ulster rather than in Flanders. It was expected to be domestic and embarrassing rather than savage and incomprehensible. Of the diary his mother kept during 1914 Christopher Isherwood notes that it has "the morbid fascination of a document which records, without the dishonesty of hindsight, the day-by-day approach to a catastrophe by an utterly unsuspecting victim. Meanwhile, as so often happens, this victim expects and fears a different catastrophe—civil war in Ulster—which isn't going to take place." Kathleen Isherwood writes in her diary on July 13: "The papers look fearful

serious. . . . Sir Edward Carson says 'if it be not peace with honor it must be war with honor.' " The rhetoric seems identical with that of the early stages of the war itself. I have omitted only one sentence in the middle: "Ulster is an armed camp."²⁷ Alec Waugh remembers the farewell address of his school headmaster: "There were no clouds on my horizon during those long July evenings, and when the Chief in his farewell speech spoke of the bad news in the morning papers, I thought he was referring to the threat of civil war in Ireland."²⁸ Even in a situation so potent with theatrical possibilities as the actual war was to become, for ironic melodrama it would be hard to improve on the Cabinet meeting of July 24, with the map of Ireland spread out on the big table. "The fate of nations," says John Terraine, "appeared to hang upon parish boundaries in the counties of Fermanagh and Tyrone."²⁹ To them, enter Sir Edward Grey ashen-faced, in his hand the Austro-Hungarian ultimatum to Serbia: *coup de théâtre*.

In nothing, however, is the initial British innocence so conspicuous as in the universal commitment to the sporting spirit. Before the war, says Osbert Sitwell,

we were still in the trough of peace that had lasted a hundred years between two great conflicts. In it, such wars as arose were not general, but only a brief armed version of the Olympic Games. You won a round; the enemy won the next. There was no more talk of extermination, or of Fights to a Finish, than would occur in a boxing match.³⁰

It is this conception of war as strenuous but entertaining that permeates Rupert Brooke's letters home during the autumn and winter of 1914-15. "It's all great fun," he finds.³¹ The classic equation between war and sport—cricket, in this case—had been established by Sir Henry Newbolt in his poem "Vitaï Lampada," a public-school favorite since 1898:

There's a breathless hush in the Close tonight—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

In later life, the former cricket brave exhorts his colonial troops beset by natives:

The sand of the desert is sodden red—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;

The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
 And the regiment blind with dust and smoke;
 The river of death has brimmed his banks,
 And England's far, and Honor a name;
 But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The author of these lines was a lifetime friend of Douglas Haig. They had first met when they were students together at Clifton College, whose cricket field provides the scene of Newbolt's first stanza. Much later Newbolt wrote, "When I looked into Douglas Haig I saw what is really great—perfect acceptance, which means perfect faith." This version of Haig brings him close to the absolute ideal of what Patrick Howarth has termed *homo newboltiensis*, or "Newbolt Man": honorable, stoic, brave, loyal, courteous—and unaesthetic, unironic, unintellectual and devoid of wit. To Newbolt, the wartime sufferings of such as Wilfred Owen were tiny—and whiny—compared with Haig's: "Owen and the rest of the broken men," he says, "rail at the Old Men who sent the young to die: they have suffered cruelly, but in the nerves and not the heart—they haven't the experience or the imagination to know the extreme human agony. . . ." ³² Only Newbolt Man, skilled in games, can know that.

Cricket is fine for implanting the right spirit, but football is even better. Indeed, the English young man's fondness for it was held to be a distinct sign of his natural superiority over his German counterpart. That was Lord Northcliffe's conclusion in a quasi-official and very popular work of propaganda, *Lord Northcliffe's War Book*:

Our soldiers are individual. They embark on little individual enterprises. The German . . . is not so clever at these devices. He was never taught them before the war, and his whole training from childhood upwards has been to obey, and to obey in numbers.

The reason is simple:

He has not played individual games. Football, which develops individuality, has only been introduced into Germany in comparatively recent times. ³³

The English tank crews, Lord Northcliffe finds, "are young daredevils who, fully knowing that they will be a special mark for every kind of Prussian weapon, enter upon their task in a sporting spirit with the same cheery enthusiasm as they would show for football." ³⁴ One thing notable about Prussians is that they have an inadequate concept of playing the game. Thus Reginald Grant on the first German use of chlorine

"It was a new device in warfare and thoroughly illustrative of the Prussian idea of playing the game." ³⁵

One way of showing the sporting spirit was to kick a football toward the enemy lines while attacking. This feat was first performed by the 1st Battalion of the 18th London Regiment at Loos in 1915. It soon achieved the status of a conventional act of bravado and was ultimately exported far beyond the Western Front. Arthur ("Bosky") Borton, who took part in an attack on the Turkish lines near Beersheeba in November, 1917, proudly reported home: "One of the men had a football. How it came there goodness knows. Anyway we kicked off and rushed the first [Turkish] guns, dribbling the ball with us." ³⁶ But the most famous football episode was Captain W. P. Nevill's achievement at the Somme attack. Captain Nevill, a company commander in the 8th East Surreys, bought four footballs, one for each platoon, during his last London leave before the attack. He offered a prize to the platoon which, at the jump-off, first kicked its football up to the German front line. Although J. R. Ackerley remembered Nevill as "the battalion buffoon," ³⁷ he may have been shrewder than he looked: his little sporting contest did have the effect of persuading his men that the attack was going to be, as the staff had been insisting, a walkover. A survivor observing from a short distance away recalls zero hour:

As the gun-fire died away I saw an infantryman climb onto the parapet into No Man's Land, beckoning others to follow. [Doubtless Captain Nevill or one of his platoon commanders.] As he did so he kicked off a football. A good kick. The ball rose and travelled well towards the German line. That seemed to be the signal to advance. ³⁸

Captain Nevill was killed instantly. Two of the footballs are preserved today in English museums.

That Captain Nevill's sporting feat was felt to derive from the literary inspiration of Newbolt's poem about the cricket-boy hero seems apparent from the poem by one "Touchstone" written to celebrate it. This appears on the border of an undated field concert program preserved in the Imperial War Museum:

THE GAME

A Company of the East Surrey Regiment is reported to have dribbled four footballs—the gift of their Captain, who fell in the fight—for a mile and a quarter into the enemy trenches.

On through the hail of slaughter,
 Where gallant comrades fall,

Where blood is poured like water,
 They drive the trickling ball.
 The fear of death before them
 Is but an empty name.
 True to the land that bore them—
 The SURREYS play the game.

And so on for two more stanzas. If anyone at the time thought Captain Nevill's act preposterous, no one said so. The nearest thing to such an attitude is a reference in the humorous trench newspaper *The Wipers Times* (Sept. 8, 1917), but even here the target of satire is not so much the act of Captain Nevill as the rhetoric of William Beach Thomas, who served as the *Daily Mail's* notoriously fatuous war correspondent. As the famous correspondent "Teech Bomas," he is made to say of Nevill's attack: "On they came kicking footballs, and so completely puzzled the Potsdammers. With one last kick they were amongst them with the bayonet, and although the Berliners battled bravely for a while, they kamedered with the best."

Modern mass wars require in their early stages a definitive work of popular literature demonstrating how much wholesome fun is to be had at the training camp. The Great War's classic in this genre is *The First Hundred Thousand*, written in 1915—originally in parts for *Blackwood's Magazine*—by "Ian Hay," i.e. Ian Hay Beith. It is really very good, nicely written and thoroughly likable. It gives a cheerful half-fictionalized account of a unit of Kitchener's Army, emphasizing the comedies of training and the brave, resourceful way the boys are playing the game and encountering the absurdities of army life with spirit and humor. ("Are we downhearted? NO!") The appeal of the book is to readers already appreciative of Kipling's fantasy of school high-jinks, *Stalky & Co.* (1899). Hay finally mentions trench casualties, but in such a way as to make them seem no more serious than skinned knees. The Second World War classic in this genre—at least in America—is Marion Hargrove's *See Here, Private Hargrove*, published in May, 1942. It performed the same function as Hay's book: it reassured the folks at home and at the same time persuaded the troops themselves that they were undergoing really quite an amusing experience. Interestingly, Hargrove's book appeared at about the same time after the start of its war as Hay's did after its. Little had happened yet to sour the jokes.

The innocent army depicted by Hay actually did resemble closely the real army being trained in 1914. It was nothing if not sincere, animated by the values of doing one's very best and getting on smartly. C. E. Montague remembers that

real, constitutional lazy fellows would buy little cram-books of drill out of their pay and sweat them up at night so as to get on the faster. Men warned for a guard next day would agree among themselves to get up an hour before the pre-dawn Revéillé to practice among themselves . . . in the hope of approaching the far-off, longed-for ideal of smartness, the passport to France.³⁹

It was an army whose state of preparation for what faced it can be estimated from the amount of attention the officers' *Field Service Pocket Book* (1914) devoted to topics like "Care of Transport Camels" and "Slinging Camels On To a Ship." As Douglas Haig used to say, two machine guns were ample for any battalion. And he thought the power of bullets to stop horses had been greatly exaggerated. People were so innocent that they were embarrassed to pronounce the new stylish foreign word *camouflage*. They had known so little of *debris* that they still put an acute accent over the *e*.

IRONY AND MEMORY

The innocent army fully attained the knowledge of good and evil at the Somme on July 1, 1916. That moment, one of the most interesting in the whole long history of human disillusion, can stand as the type of all the ironic actions of the war. What could remain of confidence in Divine assistance once it was known what Haig wrote his wife just before the attack: "I feel that every step in my plan has been taken with the Divine help"? "The wire has never been so well cut," he confided to his diary, "nor the artillery preparation so thorough."⁴⁰ His hopes were those of every man. Private E. C. Stanley recalls: "I was very pleased when I heard that my battalion would be in the attack. I thought this would be the last battle of the war and I didn't want to miss it. I remember writing to my mother, telling her I would be home for the August Bank Holiday."⁴¹ Even the weather cooperated to intensify the irony, just as during the summer of 1914. "On the first of July," Sassoon says, "the weather, after an early morning mist, was of the kind commonly called heavenly."⁴² Thirteen years after that day Henry Williamson recalled it vividly:

I see men arising and walking forward; and I go forward with them, in a glassy delirium wherein some seem to pause, with bowed heads, and sink carefully to their knees, and roll slowly over, and lie still. Others roll and roll, and scream and grip my legs in uttermost fear, and I have to struggle to break away, while the dust and earth on my tunic changes from grey to red.

And I go on with aching feet, up and down across ground like a huge

ruined honeycomb, and my wave melts away, and the second wave comes up, and also melts away, and then the third wave merges into the ruins of the first and second, and after a while the fourth blunders into the remnants of the others, and we begin to run forward to catch up with the barrage, gasping and sweating, in bunches, anyhow, every bit of the months of drill and rehearsal forgotten, for who could have imagined that the "Big Push" was going to be this?⁴³

What assists Williamson's recall is precisely the ironic pattern which subsequent vision has laid over the events. In reading memoirs of the war, one notices the same phenomenon over and over. By applying to the past a paradigm of ironic action, a rememberer is enabled to locate, draw forth, and finally shape into significance an event or a moment which otherwise would merge without meaning into the general undifferentiated stream.

This mechanism of irony-assisted recall is well illustrated by the writing of Private Alfred M. Hale. He was a genteel, delicate, monumentally incompetent middle-aged batman, known somewhat patronizingly as "our Mr. Hale" in the Royal Flying Corps installations where he served. Four years after the war, he composed a 658-page memoir of his agonies and humiliations, dwelling on his palpable unfitness for any kind of military life and on the constant ironic gap between what was expected of him and what he could perform. At one camp it was his job to heat water for the officers' ablutions. At the same time, he was strictly forbidden to gather fuel for heating water, since the only source of fuel was the lumber of numerous derelict barracks in the camp. Frustrated almost to madness by this conflict of obligations, by the abuse now from one set of officers for the insufficiently heated water, now from another for his tearing up and incinerating the barracks piece by piece, Hale confesses to an anxiety fully as agonizing as that faced by troops in an assault. "Heating water," he remembers, "was a sort of punishment for every sin I have ever committed, I should say." Writing his aggrieved memoir, he knows that he is dwelling excessively on his water-heating problems, incessantly returning to them again and again. He tries to break away and resume his narrative: "I said I was going to turn to other matters." But it is exactly the irony of his former situation that keeps calling him back: "In truth it is the irony of things, as they were in those days, that has forced me back on my tracks, as it has a habit of doing, whenever writing of what I then went through."⁴⁴

Another private, Gunner Charles Bricknall, recalling the war many years later, likewise behaves as if his understanding of the irony attending events is what enables him to recall them. He was in an artillery battery being relieved by a new unit fresh from England:

There was a long road leading to the front line which the Germans occasionally shelled, and the shells used to drop plonk in the middle of it. This new unit assembled right by the wood ready to go into action in the night.

What rises to the surface of Bricknall's memory is the hopes and illusions of the newcomers:

They was all spick and span, buttons polished and all the rest of it.

He tries to help:

We spoke to a few of the chaps before going up and told them about the Germans shelling the road, but of course they was not in charge, so up they went and the result was they all got blown up.

Contemplating this ironic issue, Bricknall is moved to an almost Dickensian reiterative rhetoric:

Ho, what a disaster! We had to go shooting lame horses, putting the dead to the side of the road, what a disaster, which could have been avoided if only the officers had gone into action the hard way [i.e., overland, avoiding the road]. That was something I shall never forget.⁴⁵

It is the *if only* rather than the slaughter that helps Bricknall "never forget" this. A slaughter by itself is too commonplace for notice. When it makes an ironic point it becomes memorable.

Bricknall was a simple man from Walsall, Staffordshire, who died in 1968 at the age of 76. He was, his son tells me, "a man; a real man; a real soldier from Walsall."⁴⁶ Sir Geoffrey Keynes, on the other hand, John Maynard's brother, was a highly sophisticated scholar, surgeon, author, editor, book collector, and bibliographer, with honorary doctorates from Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Sheffield, Birmingham, and Reading.⁴⁷ In 1968 he recalled an incident of January 26, 1916. A German shell landed near a British artillery battery and killed five officers, including the major commanding, who were standing in a group. "I attended as best I could to each of them," he remembers, "but all were terribly mutilated and were dead or dying." He then wonders why he remembers so clearly this relatively minor event: "Far greater tragedies were happening elsewhere all the time. The long, drawn-out horrors of Passchendaele were to take place not far away." It is, he concludes, the small ironic detail of the major's dead dog that enables him to "see these things as clearly today as if they had just happened": "The pattern of war is shaped in the individual mind by small individual experiences, and I can see these things as clearly today as if they had just happened, down to the body of the major's terrier bitch . . . lying near her master."⁴⁸

In gathering material for his book *The First Day on the Somme* in 1970, Martin Middlebrook took pains to interview as many of the survivors as he could find. They too use the pattern of irony to achieve their "strongest recollections." Thus Private E. T. Radband: "My strongest recollection: all those grand-looking cavalymen, ready mounted to follow the breakthrough. What a hope!" And Corporal J. H. Tansley: "One's revulsion to the ghastly horrors of war was submerged in the belief that this war was to end all wars and Utopia would arise. What an illusion!"⁴⁹

"There are some contrasts war produces," says Hugh Quigley, "which art would esteem hackneyed or inherently false."⁵⁰ And, we can add, which the art of memory organizes into little ironic vignettes, satires of circumstance more shocking, even, than Hardy's. Here is one from Blunden's *Undertones of War*:

A young and cheerful lance-corporal of ours was making some tea [in the trench] as I passed one warm afternoon. Wishing him a good tea, I went along three fire-bays; one shell dropped without warning behind me; I saw its smoke faint out, and I thought all was as lucky as it should be. Soon a cry from that place recalled me; the shell had burst all wrong. Its butting impression was black and stinking in the paradoss where three minutes ago the lance-corporal's mess-tin was bubbling over a little flame. For him, how could the gobbets of blackening flesh, the earth-wall sotted with blood, with flesh, the eye under the duckboard, the pulpy bone be the only answer?

And irony engenders worse irony:

At this moment, while we looked with dreadful fixity at so isolated a horror, the lance-corporal's brother came round the traverse.⁵¹

Another example, again of an ironic family tragedy. Here the narrator is Max Plowman, author (under the pseudonym "Mark VII") of the memoir *A Subaltern on the Somme* (1928). The commanding officer of the front-line company in which Plowman is serving has received "a piteous appeal," a letter from "two or three influential people in a Northern town, setting forth the case of a mother nearly demented because she has had two of her three sons killed in the trenches since July 1 [1916], and is in mortal fear of what may happen to the sole surviving member of the family, a boy in our company named Stream." The authors of this letter ask if anything can be done. The company commander "is helpless at the moment, but he has shown the letter to the colonel, who promises to see what can be done next time we are out." The reader will be able to construct the rest of the episode himself. A few days later "Sergeant Brown . . . comes to the mouth of the dug-out to report that a big shell dropped right in the trench, killing one man, though who it was he

doesn't yet know: the body was blown to pieces. No one else was hurt."⁵²

The irony which memory associates with the events, little as well as great, of the First World War has become an inseparable element of the general vision of war in our time. Sergeant Croft's ironic patrol in Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* (1948) is one emblem of that vision. The unspeakable agonies endured by the patrol in order to win—as it imagines—the whole campaign take place while the battle is being easily won elsewhere. The patrol's contribution ("sacrifice," it would have been called thirty years earlier) has not been needed at all. As Polack puts it: "We broke our ass for nothin'."⁵³

There is continuity too in a favorite ironic scene which the Great War contributes to the Second. A terribly injured man is "comforted" by a friend unaware of the real ghastliness of the friend's wounds. The classic Great War scene of this kind is a real "scene": it is Scene 3, Act III, of R. C. Sherriff's play of 1928, *Journey's End*, which had the amazing run of 594 performances at the Savoy Theater. The dying young Second Lieutenant James Raleigh (played by the twenty-eight-year-old Maurice Evans) is carried down into the orderly-room dugout to be ministered to by his old public-school football idol, Captain Dennis Stanhope:

RALEIGH. Something—hit me in the back—knocked me clean over—sort of—winded me—I'm all right now. (*He tries to rise*)

STANHOPE. Steady, old boy. Just lie there quietly for a bit.

RALEIGH. I'll be better if I get up and walk about. It happened once before—I got kicked in just the same place at Rugger; it—it soon wore off. It—it just numbs you for a bit.

STANHOPE. I'm going to have you taken away.

RALEIGH. Away? Where?

STANHOPE. Down to the dressing-station—then hospital—then home. (*He smiles*) You've got a Blighty one, Jimmy.

(*There is quiet in the dug-out for a time. Stanhope sits with one hand on Raleigh's arm, and Raleigh lies very still. Presently he speaks again—hardly above a whisper*)

Dennis—

STANHOPE. Yes, old boy?

RALEIGH. Could we have a light? It's—it's so frightfully dark and cold.

STANHOPE. (*rising*) Sure! I'll bring a candle and get another blanket.

(*Stanhope goes out R, and Raleigh is alone, very still and quiet. . . . A tiny sound comes from where Raleigh is lying—something between a sob and a moan; his L hand drops to the floor. Stanhope comes back with a blanket. He takes a candle from the table and carries it to Raleigh's bed. He puts it on the box beside Raleigh and speaks cheerfully*)

Is that better, Jimmy? (*Raleigh makes no sign*) Jimmy—⁵⁴

The most conspicuous modern beneficiary of this memorable scene is Joseph Heller. Alfred Kazin has accurately distinguished the heart of *Catch-22* from the distracting vaudeville surrounding it: "The impressive emotion in *Catch-22*," he says, "is not 'black humor,' the 'totally absurd' . . . but horror. Whenever the book veers back to its primal scene, a bombardier's evisceration in a plane being smashed by flak, a scene given us directly and piteously, we recognize what makes *Catch-22* disturbing." What makes it disturbing, Kazin decides, is the book's implying, by its Absurd farce, that in the last third of the twentieth century, after the heaping of violence upon violence, it is no longer possible to "describe war" in traditional literary ways.⁵⁵ But what is notable about Heller's "primal scene" is that it does "describe war" in exactly a traditional literary way. It replays Sherriff's scene and retains all its Great War irony.

Heller's unforgettable scene projects a terrible dynamics of horror, terrified tenderness, and irony. Yossarian has gone to the tail of the plane to help the wounded gunner, the "kid" Snowden: "Snowden was lying on his back on the floor with his legs stretched out, still burdened clumsily by his flak suit, his flak helmet, his parachute harness and his Mae West. . . . The wound Yossarian saw was in the outside of Snowden's thigh." It was "as large and deep as a football, it seemed." Yossarian masters his panic and revulsion and sets to work with a tour-niquet. "He worked with simulated skill and composure, feeling Snowden's lack-luster gaze resting upon him." Cutting away Snowden's trouser-leg, Yossarian is pleased to discover that the wound "was not nearly as large as a football, but as long and wide as his hand. . . . A long sigh of relief escaped slowly through Yossarian's mouth when he saw that Snowden was not in danger of dying. The blood was already coagulating inside the wound, and it was simply a matter of bandaging him up and keeping him calm until the plane landed."

Cheered by these hopes, Yossarian goes to work "with renewed confidence and optimism." He competently sprinkles sulfanilimide into the wound as he has been taught and binds it up, making "the whole thing fast with a tidy square knot. It was a good bandage, he knew, and he sat back on his heels with pride . . . and grinned at Snowden with spontaneous friendliness." It is time for ironic reversal to begin:

"I'm cold," Snowden moaned. "I'm cold."

"You're going to be all right, kid," Yossarian assured him, patting his arm comfortingly. "Everything's under control."

Snowden shook his head feebly. "I'm cold," he repeated, with eyes as dull and blind as stone. "I'm cold."

"There, there," said Yossarian. . . . "There, there. . . ."

And soon everything proves to be not under control at all:

Snowden kept shaking his head and pointed at last, with just the barest movement of his chin, down toward his armpit. . . . Yossarian ripped open the snaps of Snowden's flak suit and heard himself scream wildly as Snowden's insides slithered down to the floor in a soggy pile and just kept dripping out.

Yossarian "wondered how in the world to begin to save him."

"I'm cold," Snowden whimpered. "I'm cold."

"There, there," Yossarian mumbled mechanically in a voice too low to be heard. "There, there."

And the scene ends with Yossarian covering the still whimpering Snowden with the nearest thing he can find to a shroud:

"I'm cold," Snowden said. "I'm cold."

"There, there," said Yossarian. "There, there." He pulled the rip cord of Snowden's parachute and covered his body with the white nylon sheets.

"I'm cold."

"There, there." ⁵⁶

This "primal scene" works because it is undeniably horrible, but its irony, its dynamics of hope abridged, is what makes it haunt the memory. It embodies the contemporary equivalent of the experience offered by the first day on the Somme, and like that archetypal original, it can stand as a virtual allegory of political and social cognition in our time. I am saying that there seems to be one dominating form of modern understanding; that it is essentially ironic; and that it originates largely in the application of mind and memory to the events of the Great War.

The Great War and Modern Memory

Paul Fussell

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Not the smallest part of what success this book has had must be due to the inexpressibly touching photograph on the cover, the picture of the discouraged young soldier wearing the wading boots required for daily work in the flooded trenches. I came across this picture by sheer accident in the War Museum, and sensed that the boy's expression was unmistakably "twentieth century." If anyone ever looked aware of being doomed to meaningless death, it is this boy. I would like to think that his image, and this book as a whole, have added a few volunteers to the Boo-Hoo Brigade.

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I. A Satire of Circumstance

1. Lytton Strachey, *Literary Essays* (New York, 1949), pp. 220-25.
2. Philip Longworth, *The Unending Vigil* (1967), p. 34.
3. *Undertones of War* (1928; 1956), pp. 58-59.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 147.
5. *Siegfried's Journey* (1945), pp. 13, 29.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 19.
7. *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* (1930; New York, 1937), p. 64.
8. *The Letters of Henry James*, ed. Percy Lubbock (2 vols., New York, 1920), II, 384.
9. *Now It Can Be Told* (New York, 1920), p. 131.
10. "What Really Happened," in *Promise of Greatness*, ed. George A. Panichas (1968), p. 386.
11. William Moore, *The Thin Yellow Line* (1973), pp. 63-64.
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13. *History of the First World War* (1934; 1970), p. 196.
14. *Good-bye to All That* (1929; New York, 1957), pp. 145 ff.
15. Quoted by Liddell Hart, *History*, p. 267.
16. Pages i-iv.
17. *The Mind's Eye* (1934), p. 38.
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19. *Blasting and Bombardiering* (1937; Berkeley, Calif., 1967), p. 151.