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Robert Graves's *Goodbye To All That*

Although a modern classic of First World War literature, *Goodbye To All That* has not attracted any critic to produce a substantial study of it. There are, however, a number of brief discussions of the book in works that address Graves's career as a whole or the literature of the First World War. In these, *Goodbye To All That* is most commonly seen as simply an "autobiography." Graves himself, at various points in his memoir, is at pains to suggest that his book is unadorned personal history. At the beginning of Chapter Twelve, for example, he announces: "I began an account of my first few months in France. Having stupidly written it as a novel, I have now to re-translate it into history."¹ The beginning of the following chapter is similarly blunt: "Here are extracts from letters that I wrote at the time. I have restored the names of places, which we were forbidden to mention. . ."(91) Statements of this kind are clearly designed to give the reader the sense that he is confronting unvarnished fact. Thus, J. M. Cohen has written that Graves's autobiography is "harshly actual, and its writing careless." *Goodbye To All That*, Cohen argues, "is not a shapely book; nor is it the prose of a poet."² Rather "it is the work of a man who is not trying to create an effect, a direct and factual autobiography."³ To a certain extent, this is also the point of view adopted by Graves's first biographer, Martin Seymour-Smith. Unlike the war memoirs of Edmund Blunden and Siegfried Sassoon, Graves's book is not, he says, "composed." It was "written at top speed and shows this both by its carelessness—sometimes excessive—and its urgency. Neither the book nor the intention behind it has anything to do with art."⁴ Graves himself is called upon to bolster this judgment. In 1956, when revising for a new edition, Graves is reported by Seymour-Smith to have said that he "could never write a sequel to *Goodbye*—which by the way is very clumsily written, but a good story when the nonsense is cut out."⁵ Given the many factual inaccuracies in the book, Seymour-Smith does not recommend it for its objectivity, but rather for its Truth. Graves,

he argues, "sums up the fears and hopes of the generation who experienced the war with a pertinence that could hardly admit of strict literary treatment."⁶ Although what it is about "strict literary treatment" that is opposed to "pertinence" is left mysterious, we see that Seymour-Smith, like Cohen, regards Graves's carelessness as a guarantee of straightforward honesty while he discounts factual accuracy as a measure of the book's value. In the end, Seymour-Smith claims for *Goodbye* "a greater realism" than that achieved by the more literary Sassoon and Blunden.⁷ But if we agree with Charles Tomlinson that "the artist lies for the improvement of truth"⁸, then Seymour-Smith's argument implies that *Goodbye To All That*, whether "strictly literary" or not, is a work of art, though this is just what he explicitly denies.

In the section on Graves in his *The Great War and Modern Memory*, Paul Fussell helps to solve this problem by calling into question the artlessness of *Goodbye To All That*. As with much of his very interesting study, although one often questions the details of Fussell's argument, one acknowledges that he is saying something significant. Fussell denies that Graves's book is a "direct and factual autobiography." Instead, he sees it as a consciously contrived work. Its "materials," he points out, were chosen by Graves as those most likely to make money by appealing to the tastes of the common reader. Fussell notes the large number of factual inaccuracies in the book but is not, ultimately, concerned about the "materials" out of which the book is composed, but rather with its form. Quoting Wright Morris to the effect that "anything processed by memory is fiction" and Hobbes that "imagination and memory are but one thing, which for diverse considerations hath diverse names," Fussell argues that the "brilliance and compelling energy" of *Goodbye To All That* "reside in its structural invention and in its perpetual resourcefulness in imposing patterns of farce and comedy onto blank horrors, on meaningless vacancies of experience."⁹ Whether the "patterns of farce or comedy" thus "imposed" on the "material" serve to supply meaning to "vacancies of experience," is an issue about which Fussell does not commit himself. The effect, however, of the "patterns" Graves imposed, "whatever material they embody," is "farcical."¹⁰

Fussell does not make clear, however, why it is patterns of farce that Graves employs. Sometimes he suggests that these patterns are inherent in life in the twentieth century: "comedy alone is suitable for us. . . . In the Punch and Judy show of our century. . . there are no more guilty, and also, no responsible men."¹¹ At other times, he suggests that these patterns arise because Graves is "a Graves."

Being "a Graves" is a way of being scandalously "Celtish." . . . It is a way—perhaps the only way left—of rebelling against the positivistic pretensions of non-Celts and satirizing the preposterous scientism of the Twentieth century.¹²

This second view, it must be said, is very different from the first, in that being "a Graves" entails precisely that sense of "responsibility" of which the first view denies the existence in this century. That is, the second view sees Graves's book as purposeful, its purpose being defined by its opposition to the "scientism of the twentieth century." The first view, on the other hand, suggests that "comedy alone is suitable for us" because, far from standing opposed to its historical context, it embodies this context, both being absurd. We see a similar confusion in the two ways Fussell characterizes Graves's motives for writing. On the one hand, "he wrote the book to make 'a lump of money'," consciously calculating the "obligatory ingredients" of a popular memoir.¹³ According to this view, Graves is "a joker, a manic illusionist," whose "task as he wrote was to make money by interesting an audience he despised and proposed never to see again the minute he was finished."¹⁴ On the other hand, Fussell sees Graves as one whose "enemies are always the same: solemnity, certainty, complacency, pomposity, cruelty,"¹⁵ the "point" of whose work "is not just mankind's immense liability to error, folly, and psychosis, but the dubiousness of a rational—or at least clear-sighted—historiography,"¹⁶ whose work is a criticism of the "scientism of the twentieth century." Whether we are to view *Goodbye To All That* as a species of private joke, or an energetic work of profound social criticism is left unclear.

Despite these unanswered questions, Fussell's account of *Goodbye To All That* is a step forward. For to see Graves's book as one that is "harshly actual" and "has nothing to do with art" is inadequate, as Fussell clearly illustrates. But to see the book, as Fussell at times does, as artistic only to the degree that it imposes patterns of farce upon the anecdotal material of which the book is largely composed, although true as far as it goes, is not adequate either. The effect of *Goodbye To All That* is not, after all, farcical, though that of individual episodes often is. The book, that is, is greater than the sum of its parts. It is so because, whether consciously imposed or not, there are principles of organization employed in the book that bring together individual anecdotes in such a way as to generate significance of a sort that the individual anecdotes do not themselves possess. One supposes that Fussell misses these larger principles of organization because he is interested primarily in that part of the book which concerns the war directly. For example, Fussell sees the first nine chapters, in which Graves writes of his childhood and school years, as being important

only insofar as it is here that Graves “practices and perfects the form of the short theatrical anecdote or sketch which he will proceed to impose upon the forthcoming matter offered by the war.”¹⁷ Such a view, however, does not do justice to the complexity of *Goodbye To All That*. For Fussell, like other critics, sees Graves’s book as essentially an attack on contemporary society. But “all that” entails more than this.

There are three levels or kinds of pattern or organization in the book apart from the mere chronological and that noted by Fussell. First, and most obviously, at the local level the reader is often confronted with details that resonate in their immediate context. A striking, and frequently noted, instance of this is Graves’s report of his “death in action” from a wound he suffered and which his commanding officer supposed to have killed him. According to Graves, this injury was sustained on his twenty-first birthday. Graves’s father disputed this date, but Graves insists upon his historical accuracy here. “One can sympathize with Graves,” writes George Stade in explanation,

who as a poet and scholar has always preferred poetic resonance to the dull monotony of fact; and to die on a twenty-first birthday is to illustrate a kind of poetic justice.¹⁸

Whether “poetic justice” is what we wish to call it, this detail clearly does resonate in the suggestive way of poetry. The association of death with a time of celebration is ironically unsettling. This irony is intensified when the particular celebration suggested is traditionally associated with one’s coming of age and, thus, as it were, with the birth of one’s mature self. Yet, since one’s coming of age is also the end of one’s immaturity, in a sense it is appropriate “to die” at twenty-one, acknowledging a kind of death even as a new beginning commences. Such “poetic” patterning, a concentrated gathering together of divergent strands of experience, is typical of Graves’s writing in the book.

A second level of organization, though, brings us closer to what I take to be the overall structure and significance of Graves’s memoir. Many readers have undoubtedly been aware of local instances of “poetic justice” in *Goodbye To All That*, but juxtapositions, parallels and associations on a larger level have not similarly been recognized. For example, to illustrate the “war madness” he found on his return to England from the front, Graves reprints what he coolly terms “a single document of this time,” the *Morning Post*’s letter by “A Little Mother” addressed to “A Common Soldier” (188-191). The “blood lust” illustrated by the Little Mother, who “will tolerate no such cry as ‘Peace! Peace!’,” telling her readers that “there is only one temperature for the women of the British race, and that is white heat,” fulfills Graves’s overt

object in presenting it. The "blood lust" he is illustrating here is further substantiated as characteristic of the mood of the times by the laudatory "Extracts and Press Criticism" of the Little Mother's letter which Graves also reprints. But he is not content with mere historical scholarship and local satire. Immediately after these "documents" are presented, Graves apparently changes his subject with two paragraphs giving an account of a short holiday he and Sassoon took in Harlech. The organizing principle at this point seems to be merely chronological—a straightforward relation of significant events in the order they occurred. But in the third paragraph following the Little Mother extract, a second principle of organization, and a more potent one, comes into play.

Here Graves relates the story of a stay he made at the home of a First Battalion friend whose elder brother had recently been killed in the East. "Their mother," we are told, kept the bedroom of her dead son "exactly as he had left it" and "went around with a vague, bright, religious look on her face." Graves's account of his first, and last, night in the house is then given.

I was continually awakened by sudden rapping noises, which I tried to disregard but which grew louder and louder. They seemed to come from everywhere. Soon sleep left me and I lay in a cold sweat. At nearly three o'clock, I heard a diabolic yell and a succession of laughing, sobbing shrieks that sent me flying to the door. In the passage, I collided with the mother who, to my surprise, was fully dressed. "It's nothing," she said, "One of the maids had hysterics. I'm so sorry you have been disturbed."(192)

Graves left the house the next day saying, "it's worse than France." This mother, whom Graves refers to generically as "the mother" in the above passage, comments implicitly upon the "Little Mother" passage earlier. But the significance of the juxtaposition thus made is highly complex. The belligerent tone of the Little Mother's injunction not to disgrace the "sacred trust of motherhood" by working for peace is profoundly undermined by the nocturnal madness at work in the home of the other mother. As readers, we must set Graves's actual experience against the Little Mother's newspaper rhetoric and measure the outrageous jingoism of the latter by the pathos of the former. When Graves ends his paragraph saying, "there were thousands of mothers like her, getting in touch with their dead sons by various spiritualistic means," the implicit comparison of the two mothers is extended over a broader social range, which again undermines the Little Mother. Nonetheless, we also come to see that the Little Mother's outburst is also a response to the pain and emotional distortion of her loss, is also a manifestation of desperate irrationality. The effect is hardly farcical.

This kind of comparison and contrast, a development by variation upon a theme is characteristic of Graves's book and is, moreover, familiar to readers through similar methods used in Modernist poetry, on which subject Graves had written in 1927.¹⁹ The thematic variations by which Graves organizes and develops his book, however, are infrequently juxtaposed as closely as the two mothers are in the above example. Although one could equally illustrate Graves's extensive use of this method by examining his treatment of sex, religion, class, etc., throughout the book, to further explore the theme of madness (explicit in the "other mother," implicit in the Little Mother) must serve as a single example of the kind of variation upon a theme that I am pointing to as characteristic of *Goodbye To All That*. In Chapter Six, for example, Graves tells us that, as a result of bullying at school, he "came near a nervous breakdown"(39). Later, we learn that in order to survive the social pressures at Charterhouse he decided "to sham insanity"(40), a ploy that worked wonderfully well. Ironically, Graves's chief persecutor at school, we are later told, himself left school with a nervous breakdown(44); and Graves still later notes that he came across the name of yet another school fellow mentioned in the papers for "escaping from a private lunatic asylum"(55). When he learns much later that his school friend Dick, with whom he was in love, had been arrested for propositioning a soldier, Graves explains this as a result of insanity caused by the war: "I decided that Dick had been driven out of his mind by the war"(143). As readers, however, we are aware that this is almost certainly not the case, for Graves has already shown us that Charterhouse and the segment of English society it represented were capable of producing madness of various degrees without the help of the war.

These multiple references to madness at Charterhouse are, of course, picked up in Graves's discussion of the army. The nervous breakdowns, shammed insanity and private lunatic asylums of the earlier period return in the form of trench suicides, neurasthenia and, ultimate irony, hospitals treating shell-shocked soldiers to enable them to return, "cured," to France. The madness of war is different in degree but not in kind from pre-war madness. During the war, Graves's perception of madness in society becomes hyperbolic: "I took the line that everyone was mad except ourselves and one or two others, and that no good could come of offering common sense to the insane" (125). This recalls similar feelings of isolation at school. Ultimately, Graves does have a breakdown, suffering from grim hallucinations(217). The madness shammed at Charterhouse becomes a reality: a conscious, controlled method of adolescent self-defense becomes an unconscious, uncontrolled method of self-preservation.

The final effect of this presentation of madness is many sided. A similarity is drawn between Charterhouse at peace and the British army at war which suggests that Graves did not hold the view that the Great War ended an idyllic era of British history. As he did not "burst out singing" with Sassoon at the end of the war(228), so he does not share Philip Larkin's view of pre-war society expressed in his line "Never such innocence again."²⁰ More importantly, we see in this the degree to which Graves, at the time of writing, was repudiating the past self he was writing about. Once we apprehend the degree to which the army was like an English Public school in Graves's mind, what are we to make of his ambiguous response to the Army itself? Although both in school and the Army Graves suffered in a variety of similar ways, he presents himself, once in the army, as anything but the rebel he felt himself to have been at Charterhouse. He tells us with relish of regimental history and tradition, and his pride in belonging to the Royal Welch Fusiliers is presented in nostalgic colours which he certainly does not use to paint Charterhouse. The parallels drawn in the presentations of Charterhouse and the army, through various details and apparently unconnected anecdotes, show, if we read attentively, that Graves to a great extent lost his rebellious schoolboy spirit when he turned a soldier. His attitude to Charterhouse is undeviatingly negative; his attitude toward the army is much more positive. Yet the two institutions have so much in common, given the way Graves presents them, that his response to the army serves to undermine the integrity of the past self that Graves's autobiography is about, making Graves the author's attitude toward himself as subject at least uncertain, at most condemnatory.

The presentation of madness at various points in the book is only one avenue by which Graves conveys his loss of personal integrity. There are others. In school, for example, he is able to get through successive boxing matches by drinking cherry brandy, his first alcoholic drink. In the trenches, turning to alcohol becomes a common means of enduring. Even after he had finished with trench service, Graves tells us that at Oxford he kept himself "going for two months on strychnine tonic"(203). Similarly, an innocent joke played by Graves and his sisters on a Welsh fisherman when they were children (they put bell-heather in the mouths of his catch when he wasn't looking) is recapitulated when Graves and a friend, recuperating on the Isle of Wight amidst allusions to *Hamlet* and reminders of Charterhouse, dress up a piece of wreckage on the beach to look like a corpse and then report it as such to a coast guard(209). The latter "joke" resounds off the former to generate a tone of increasingly

morbid, unmeaning sterility and frustration emanating not only from society and its institutions, but from Graves himself.

The "clumsy" writing in *Goodbye To All That*, it begins to appear, is not clumsy in any but trivial ways. We constantly catch echoes of previously presented material when it is recapitulated in different terms and we are aware that particular scenes are being reiterated in progressively darker contexts. What these patterns, and the laconically satiric tone in which they are presented, reveal is not only Graves's growing disillusion with his society, though it is on this level that his book is normally read, but with himself, or more properly, the past self about which he is writing. The *All That* to which Graves in saying *Goodbye* is not just English society, but the Robert Graves who lived in English society. The surface incoherence of the book, that is, registers Graves the author's bitter disillusion with and progressive detachment from Graves the subject about whom he is writing.

To understand that Graves is saying goodbye to himself in his book, as well as to his society, makes clear the deepest principle of organization in his autobiography and accounts for Graves's method of variation upon them. The implicit pattern in *Goodbye To All That* is one of recurrent cycles of birth and death, presented both as the passing of generations and the successive birth, death and slow rebirth of Graves himself. It is here that one must distinguish between the two versions of the text. The original, 1929 version makes clear in its closing pages that Graves's point of view as author, though not as subject, is one outside the generational cycle that Graves the subject is very much within. In the first version. Graves the author presents himself as on the point of escaping from history altogether. Thus he concludes:

The story trails off here. But to end it with the return from Egypt would be to round it off too bookishly, to finish on a note of comfortable suspense, and anticipation of the endless human sequel. I am taking care to rob you of this.²¹

It is the "endless human sequel" that Graves has both embodied in writing his book and which, by his ironic tone throughout, he is also repudiating.

I began to write my autobiography on May 23rd and write these words on July 24th, my thirty-fourth birthday; another month of final revision and I shall have parted with myself for good.²²

These passages were edited out of the final, 1957 version, leaving it in many ways more ambiguous than the original. And yet, even in the revised text the implicit presence of the "human sequel," of historical process, makes itself felt and is repudiated.

The first few, rhetorically brilliant pages of the book, for example, establish both its central concern with temporality and the ironically dismissive tone in which temporality is to be discussed. It is here, as we have already seen, that Graves belligerently informs his reader that he is ready “to accept autobiographical conventions.” In his second paragraph, Graves moves from a humorous assassination of Swinburne’s character (“I did not know that Swinburne was a poet, but I knew he was a public menace”) to an ironic evocation of the endless human process of generation.

Swinburne, by the way, when a very young man had gone to Walter Savage Landor, then a very old man, and had been given the poet’s blessing he asked for; and Landor when a child had been patted on the head by Dr. Samuel Johnson; and Johnson when a child had been taken to London to be touched by Queen Anne for scrofula, the king’s evil; and Queen Anne when a child. . . (9-10)

This passage, although it begins in digressive humour, trails off in ironic silence: it is the human sequel behind this sequence that Graves wishes to escape through the writing of *Goodbye To All That*.

Graves’s disillusion with the temporal order is substantiated by what follows. At the deepest level, that is, his book presents us with glimpses of a never-ending human cycle. We see change, but change without growth, direction, purpose or significance. Thus, in Graves’s life in the army and the trenches, we see reworkings of thematic material first introduced at Charterhouse, suggesting profound similarity enduring under accidental change. Thus, too, after the apparently cataclysmic action of the war, nothing has changed. Although Graves’s above mentioned rising from his “death in action” on his twenty-first birthday suggests a rebirth, we are not struck by his having in some sense come of age, so much as by his return to childhood, which is registered in the simplicity and innocence of his account of an exchange between himself and a doctor in the hospital to which he was taken for treatment after his “resurrection.”

I asked him: ‘Can I have a drink?’

‘Would you like some tea?’

I whispered: ‘Not with condensed milk.’

He said, almost apologetically: ‘I’m afraid there’s no fresh milk.’

Tears of disappointment pricked my eyes: ‘I expected better of a hospital behind the lines.’

‘Will you have some water?’

‘Not if it’s boiled.’ (182)

The sense of cyclical recurrence we see in this intimation of second childhood becomes more pronounced in succeeding chapters. In Chapter Twenty-two, for example, after Graves has returned to

France, although unfit for active service, he sees yet another dead soldier.

This, as it turned out, was the last dead man I saw in France and, like the first, he had shot himself. (200)

This is the last grim emblem of frustration and impotence Graves sees in France: having contracted bronchitis in his weakened lungs, he was sent back to England. "They asked me where in England I should like to be hospitalized. I said, at random: 'Oxford' "(201). Whether or not we believe that Graves's historical choice was "random," clearly it is not in the context of the book. It echoes a speech Graves had reported in Chapter Six of a fellow Carthusian as they looked into the future. "Something has got to come in between me and Oxford; I must at least go abroad for the whole vacation"(36-37). The irony is not only that Graves's school friend gets an unexpectedly extended and abominable vacation but that Graves, as his war ends, finds himself going up to Oxford as if the war had indeed been no more than a vacation in a year of academic seasons.

These kinds of irony proliferate around Graves after he returns from the front. In Chapter Twenty-three, he tells us that he and Sassoon "were now wondering whether the war ought to continue." They decide it should not because they "no longer saw the war as one between trade rivals; its continuance seemed merely a sacrifice of the idealistic younger generation to the stupidity and self-protective alarm of the elder"(202). To say that one "no longer" sees the war as one between trade rivals implies that in the past one did see it in this way and suggests that, as such, it had been viewed as a justifiable war. Although Graves's attitude here is ambiguous, we cannot help but recall as we read these lines that at Charterhouse Graves had been driven near nervous breakdown because of his German middle name, von Ranke, by "business men's sons" who "at the time used to discuss hotly the threats, and even the necessity, of a trade war with the Reich"(38). Graves, paradoxically, has apparently come to adopt an attitude toward war similar to that held by his sworn enemies at Charterhouse. This collapse of personal integrity intensifies when, after the war, Graves marries, becomes more or less "normal" and opens a small business himself, cheating his more wealthy customers without qualms. Likewise, while stationed at Oxford after his return from France, he found himself training young officer candidates. That Graves, who had hated games at school, a point he is careful to emphasize in the Charterhouse chapters, now finds himself selecting successful candidates "by watching them play games, principally rigger and soccer" again illustrates the degree to which the war and the

army had moulded him into a representative of his class far more efficiently than Charterhouse had managed to do (203).

The war ended; Graves's first child was born and "the human sequel" continued. But the better world Graves had hoped for eludes him and his country. Unemployment, strikes, the Troubles in Ireland, the influenza epidemic and his own slow recovery from neurasthenia form the background to the post-war chapters. In the army mess-rooms, class distinctions re-assert themselves (231) and English society as a whole continues unchanged. Graves's personal situation and that of his society here run parallel. The war, which was expected to change everything, changes nothing; Graves's death in action leads to a rebirth that serves only to undermine his integrity, insofar as it has any meaning at all.

In the first version of *Goodbye To All That*, Graves's rejection of "all that" is adamant and uncompromising. Although even in this version we see signs that he retains attachments to Oxford, the army, an earlier generation of writers (represented by Thomas Hardy) and some contemporaries (T. E. Lawrence), these are rendered void by the vehemence of his "Dedicatory Epilogue To Laura Riding" who, we are led to believe, lives "invisibly against kind, as dead, as beyond event."²³ Riding promises salvation because she lives outside history and its "endless human sequel." The dedication of the first version to Laura Riding is, of course, significant, though not primarily for the biographical interest it usually arouses. Riding believed that it is possible to "live" outside history and that the pursuit of Truth demands this. Thus, in *Epilogue*, the short-lived journal edited by her and Graves in 1935-36, she distinguishes two worlds.

The world of life is always a different world from one moment to the next, while the world of literature is always the same world.²⁴

Truth, for Riding, is not to be confused with knowledge, which is historical: ". . .to know truth through historical knowledge is like trying to see death with living eyes."²⁵ Hence, Graves asserts that she lives "as dead," outside time and change, outside the endless human sequel. In the revised version, Graves omits this enthusiastic epilogue. Instead, the book ends on a very different note. Rather than announcing his desire to escape the human sequel and historical process, Graves places himself firmly back into human temporality. His new epilogue begins:

Though often asked to publish a continuation of this autobiography. . . I am always glad to report that little of outstanding autobiographical interest has happened since.(280)

Although this may be read as suggesting that Graves's subsequent life has been outside history, "beyond event," his revised final paragraph recalls the above quoted second paragraph of Chapter One in a way that recants his earlier dismissal of the process of generation by re-establishing himself in that process.

This new conclusion to the book not only edits Riding out of his experience, but also turns its back on her ideas about escaping from temporality. Although this second Epilogue moderates the intensity of Graves's ironic dismissal of his society, himself and history—which is to say the intensity of the main body of the text—that text still speaks for itself and, though it speaks more ambiguously than the first version given its new conclusion, it remains intact.

The main power possessed by Graves's book is the power of denial articulating itself in ironic tones in an effort to disengage history. This purpose is built into the structure of the book as well as its texture. Far from being a sloppily constructed work, the appeal of which is largely historical, Graves's autobiography, by its artfulness, draws its reader into its rejections. And what is rejected is not merely human folly, nor even twentieth century rationalism, but the temporal universe. The apparent "clumsiness" of the book's surface suggests not so much its underlying honesty but its deeply negative emotional posture: Graves's impatience to be done with a world and a self with which he is disgusted. Since his disgust is directed not only at his society, but also—and profoundly—at himself, the very act of rejection implies a consciousness that has risen above, or is in the act of rising above, that which is rejected. Of what this superior consciousness consists, however, appears to be rather different in the two versions of the book. The Laura Riding Epilogue is of a piece with the main body of the text in that it makes explicit the withdrawal from society and history that is implicit throughout both versions. In keeping with the temper of the text, it disdains to substantiate any alternative to life on the historical plane beyond providing rather delphic references to Riding herself at the end of the book. We may speculate that Riding does not appear in the main body of the text not only because Graves wished to be tactful about the causes of the breakdown of his first marriage, but also because she was, to his mind, not part of the temporal universe, of "all that," which he was rejecting. The later Epilogue, on the other hand, by presenting us with a Graves who has re-engaged the human sequel, is more ambiguous in its relation to the text because in large part it denies the negative thrust of that text. The consciousness behind the second epilogue is one that rejects its own earlier rejections by firmly placing them in the past. The second epilogue, that is, is not of a piece with the main body of the text. The Graves who wrote this epilogue has a poise

and composure evident neither in Graves considered as the subject of the book nor as its original author. He is less absolute in his judgments, less indignant, but also less intense. The second version of *Goodbye To All That* is, perhaps, to be preferred for the greater maturity it finally adopts toward life in the temporal universe; though for sheer potency of disgust, the first version remains unequaled.

NOTES

1. Robert Graves, *Goodbye To All That* (1929; 2nd rev ed. 1959; rpt. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1960), 79. Hereafter cited in text thus: (79).
2. J. M. Cohen, *Robert Graves* (Edinburgh and London: Oliver and Boyd, 1960), 68.
3. Cohen, *Graves*, 69.
4. Martin Seymour-Smith, *Robert Graves: His Life and Work* (New York: Holt, Rinehart, 1982), 192.
5. Seymour-Smith, *Graves*, 192.
6. Seymour-Smith, *Graves*, 193.
7. Seymour-Smith, *Graves*, 477.
8. Charles Tomlinson, "A Meditation on John Constable," *Collected Poems* (Oxford and London: O.U.P., 1985), 35.
9. Paul Fussell, *The Great War and Modern Memory* (Oxford: O.U.P., 1975), 207.
10. Fussell, *Great War*, 209.
11. Fussell, *Great War*, 203-204.
12. Fussell, *Great War*, 206.
13. Fussell, *Great War*, 204.
14. Fussell, *Great War*, 208.
15. Fussell, *Great War*, 206.
16. Fussell, *Great War*, 217.
17. Fussell, *Great War*, 208.
18. George Stade, *Robert Graves* (New York: Columbia U. P., 1951), 10.
19. Robert Graves and Laura Riding, *A Survey of Modernist Poetry* (London: Heinemann, 1927).
20. Philip Larkin, "MCMXIV," *The Whitsun Weddings* (London: Faber, 1964), 28.
21. Robert Graves, *Goodbye To All That: An Autobiography*, 1st ed. (London: Jonathan Cape, 1929), 437.
22. Graves, *Goodbye*, 1st ed., 439.
23. Graves, *Goodbye*, 1st ed., 443.
24. Laura Riding, *Epilogue: A Critical Survey*, vol 2 (Summer 1936), 6.
25. Riding, *Epilogue*, vol 2, 4.