

Ivan Melada

The Politics of Writers in the Trenches

A dozen years after the Armistice, a wave of anti-war sentiment swept through England. Although it is difficult to gauge the extent of its influence, a concentration of fiction, drama, and memoirs about the war also emerged in the last two years of the twenties. Not that there had not been earlier renderings of war experience. C. E. Montague, who dyed his graying hair in order to enlist and who, on one occasion, escorted Shaw on a visit to the front, published his *Disenchantment* in 1922. Ford Madox Ford's Tietjens tetralogy was written between 1924 and 1928. But Montague and Ford were both older men at the time of the war, and it seems that younger writers needed at least ten years to assimilate their war experience. In 1928 there appeared Edmund Blunden's *Undertones of War* and R. C. Sherriff's *Journey's End*; in 1929, Richard Aldington's *Death of a Hero*, Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* (translated, and put on the screen a year later), and Robert Graves' *Goodby to All That*; in 1930, Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of An Infantry Officer* and Frederic Manning's *Her Privates We* by Private 19022. All expressed the futility, incompetence, and victimization attending the First World War.¹

At the root of anti-war sentiment is the question, Why? Civilian men of letters and prominent historical figures, Shaw and Bertrand Russell, for example, had earlier focused the light of their intellectual and moral convictions upon the causes of the War. For another perspective, that of the men who marched away, it behooves us to look at the work of soldier-writers in the post-war decade and especially at that concentrated stir of literary activity at the end of the Twenties. Almost all of that writing was done by men who were participants in the War and whose consciousness, unlike that of the detached noncombatant, was shaped by the combination of personal background and singular physical circumstances in which each found himself after having put on a uniform

Referring to private soldiers but equally applicable to both officers and men—all those sharing the experience, that is—Frederic Manning wrote in 1930: "Their judgments were necessarily partial and prejudiced; but prejudices and partialities provide most of the driving power of life. It is better to allow them to cancel each other, than to attempt to strike an average between them . . . my concern has been mainly with the anonymous ranks, whose opinion, often mere surmise and ill-informed, but real and true for them, I have tried to represent faithfully."² Were those partialities personal or political? Did the men who would live to record their struggle to survive in the trenches think about how they got there and why they continued to remain there? Did they ask *cui bono*? the politicians? the armament makers? the war profiteers? A representative body of post-war writing—English, American, and European—reflects a variety of degrees of political consciousness, from non-existent to intense. It would be better not, at least at this point in the study, "to attempt to strike an average" of those impressions.

Graves' *Goodbye to All That*, Sherriff's *Journey's End*, and Blunden's *Undertones of War* are examples of the purely personal response to the war. Except for a reference to defective ammunition made in America, we get very little out of Graves about war profiteering or the political causes of war. The general impression that emanates from Graves' autobiography is that on the battleground of France are two teams, one Allied and the other German. The participants have a profound respect for a worthy opponent and the players' not so well disguised contempt for the cheering spectators and, we may add, for the local hawkers of food.³ In *Journey's End* there is no debate about the causes of war. The play is a drama of personal heroism and the stresses of trench life among a group of English officers. Sherriff's characters dwell, too, with some relish upon such immediate soldierly concerns as the next meal's possibilities. From *Undertones of War* we hear a solitary reference to the name Krupp as synonymous with artillery. Blunden mentions a German artillery bombardment and his company doctor's indifference to "such annoyances as Krupp."⁴ After H. G. Wells' rousing piece of propaganda, *The War That Will End War*, written in September, 1914, it was no longer possible to think of Krupp as just another cannon maker. For Wells, the Kaiser and Krupp were co-conspirators in precipitating the War.

Aldington's *Death of a Hero*, charitable to capitalists and governments, is *sui generis* in proposing overpopulation as the prime mover

of war. Half asleep in a troop train, George Winterbourne ponders the origins of war.

"What's really the cause of wars, of this War? Oh, you can't say one cause; there are many. The socialists are silly fanatics when they say it's the wicked capitalists. I don't believe the capitalists wanted a war—they stand to lose too much in the disturbance. And I don't believe the wretched governments really wanted it—they were shoved on by great forces they're too timid and too unintelligent to control. It's the superstition of more babies and more bread There may be commercial motives behind this War, jolly short-sighted ones—they've already lost more than they can possibly gain. No, this is fundamentally a population War—bread and babies, babies and bread."⁵

The view of the common soldier written down by one of them, the view unfortunately so unaccounted for in the literature of the First World War, appears in Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* and Manning's *Her Privates We*. Toward the end of the war, Remarque's Paul Baumer details, to use the phraseology of R. E. Lee's last general order, the "overwhelming numbers and resources" of the English and Americans in comparison with the exhaustion of the Germans. Someone back in Germany has profited handsomely, he wearily accuses: "But we are emaciated and starved. Our food is so bad and mixed up with so much substitute stuff that it makes us ill. The factory owners in Germany have grown wealthy;—dysentery dissolves our bowels."⁶

The "prejudices and partialities" of Manning's "anonymous ranks" are shaped by their preference for the knowledge of the senses. To the common soldier in Manning's book, acquaintance with the war profiteer is confined to direct experience with members of his class. Two privates tell the story of their fight in a pub with a miner who boasted that he did not work longer than a total of eight hours for his fistful of week's wages and who expressed a desire that the war last forever. One listener generalizes about such civilian fellow workmen: "It's them chaps what are always on the make, an' don't care 'ow they make it, as causes 'arf the wars. Them's the bloody cowards" (*Privates*, pp. 277-279). Manning's common soldiers exhibit no sense of being exploited by a higher class. One enlisted man expresses a British Bulldog opinion: "I'm not fighting for a lot of bloody civvies I'm fightin' for myself an' me own folk. It's all bloody fine sayin, 'let them as made the war fight it.' 'twere Germany made the war" (*Privates*, p. 275).

Among the English soldier writers publishing in the late twenties,

Siegfried Sassoon was the most politically aware, so much so that during the war he wrote a letter of protest to the military authorities. *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* records the beginning of his change of outlook when he describes the effect of seeing in France a dead soldier's hands uplifted toward Heaven: "But I can remember a pair of hands (nationality unknown) which protruded from the soaked ashen soil like the roots of a tree turned upside down; one hand seemed to be pointing at the sky with an accusing gesture. Each time I passed that place the protest of those fingers became more expressive of an appeal to God in defiance of those who made the War. Who made the War? I laughed hysterically as the thought passed through my mud-stained mind."⁷ For Sassoon, England had let down the English soldiers by permitting the war to continue unnecessarily. In a statement to his superior officers, he listed his objections to the war: "Something must be put on paper . . . and I scrutinized the rough notes I'd been making. Fighting men are victims of conspiracy among (a) politicians; (b) military caste; (c) people who are making money out of the War I am not a conscientious objector. I am a soldier who believes he is acting on behalf of soldiers I am making this statement as an act of willful defiance of military authority because I believe that the War is being deliberately prolonged by those who have the power to end it" (*Memoirs*, pp. 277-278).

Particularly disconcerting to Sassoon was the war profiteer. The comparison to the best examples of humanity he had seen at the front was inescapable. He believed that military men were capable of the kind of nobility Ruskin had seen in them. "I thought of the typical Flintshire Fusilier at his best, and the vast anonymity of courage and cheerfulness which he represented as he sat in a front line trench cleaning his mess-tin. How could one connect him with the gross profiteer whom I'd overheard in a railway carriage remarking to an equally repulsive companion that if the War lasted another eighteen months he'd be able to retire from business?" (*Memoirs*, p. 277). The professional soldier was happy to be in France in order to avoid seeing examples of the dishonesty of men making money out of the war. Sassoon describes a regular army major he met who had served from the time of the Boer War and had been seriously wounded at Ypres, ". . . but in spite of this he was a resolute optimist and was delighted to be back in France England, he said, was no place for an honest man; the sight of all those dirty dogs swindling the Government made him sick" (*Memoirs*, p. 170).

When on leave Sassoon made it a point to go out to public places and observe the newly prosperous. Some members of this new order of men he saw with a fellow officer at the Olympic Hotel in Liverpool:

“ ‘Fivers’ melted very rapidly at the Olympic, and many of them were being melted by people whose share in the national effort was difficult to diagnose. In the dining room I began to observe that some non-combatants were doing themselves pretty well out of the War. They were people whose faces lacked nobility, as they ordered lobsters and selected colossal cigars. I remember drawing Durley’s attention to some such group when he dined with me . . . I said that I supposed they must be profiteers. For a moment Durley regarded them with unspeculative eyes, but he made no comment; if he found them incredible, it wasn’t surprising; both his brothers had been killed in action and his sense of humour had suffered in proportion” (*Memoirs*, p. 150).

After writing his letter of protest, Sassoon worked to keep his resolve from flagging. From time to time, he would bolster his spirits by seeking out in public places those who profited from the war: “I was existing in a world of my own (in which I tried to keep my courage up to protest-pitch). From the visible world I sought evidence which could aggravate my quarrel with acquiescent patriotism. Evidences of civilian callousness and complacency were plentiful, for the thriftless license of war-time behavior was an unavoidable spectacle, especially in the Savoy Hotel Grill Room which I visited more than once in my anxiety to reassure myself of the existence of bloated profiteers and uniformed jacks in office” (*Memoirs*, pp. 280-281).

Sassoon’s acquaintance with profiteers is confined to his direct observation of watching them feed and his conclusions are drawn from that limited experience. Perhaps the most eloquent and informed statement against profiteering was not written until 1933 by Guy Chapman, who was sufficiently alienated by its cultural implications that he was unwilling to go back to England after the Armistice and volunteered instead to serve in the Army of Occupation: “Our civilization was being torn to pieces before our eyes. England was said to be a country fit only for profiteers to live in . . . Many of us were growing bitter. We had no longer the desire to go back. Isn’t there a fairy tale about two countries held together by a hair and when that broke, they fled apart? England had vanished over the horizon of the mind. I did not want to see it.”⁸ The old values of prewar England were gone. The English cared only for money and particularly excess profit. Chapman also hints at international dealings with the enemy:

“As the war trailed its body across France, sliming the landscape, so too it tainted civilian life. London seemed poorer and yet more raffish. Its dignity was melting under the strain. It had become corrupted. There was a feeling of hostility growing up between the soldiers abroad and the civilians and soldiers at home; the good-timers, the army abroad thought them, profiteering, drinking, debauching the women. There were ugly tales of moneymaking in coal, wheat, wool, tea, and other necessities far above legitimate profit, stories of farmers’ profits, of breweries’ winnings. The 1914 values had gone bad, and instead, the English were learning to respect one thing only, money, and easy money by preference. It was better in France. There a man was valued rather for what he was than what he had achieved. One found germinating in one’s mind the seed of a hatred for those home-keeping English. One might have recalled that it is the habit of the English from the days of Marlborough to trade with the enemy. Was not Napoleon’s army shod by England? But the habitual rapacity of man seemed no excuse when it was not a dynasty but the whole nation in arms” (*Prodigality*, pp. 112-113).⁹

We would be remiss to pass from the group of English soldier writers who published in the late twenties without mentioning the work of some of their predecessors writing in the decade from 1918 to 1928. As was noted before, the writers of that decade chanced to belong to an older generation whose assimilation of the war experience may have come earlier owing to their maturity at the time of the First World War. Remarque points to that phenomenon in *All Quiet* when he notes the bewilderment of the young soldier who, straight out of secondary school into the trenches, had no dream of the past to sustain him, no wife, no children, no occupation, no identity before the war to which to return if he survived with his life. In his later fiction that younger generation continues to drift through the postwar years and are appropriately characterized by the title of one of his novels, *Flotsam*. The stability of the older generation reveals itself in the distance they are able to put between themselves and the war. It may be that after having lost the feeling of immortality of youth, they had suffered in other ways and thus looked upon the agony of war as another test of endurance that life exacts.

Rose Macaulay, born in 1881, referred to the First World War as a capitalist’s war in *Potterism* (1920), but all the same, a war that had to be won. The Potters were considered profiteers by a returning veteran, but they are called that in a larger sense than that of war profiteer. They are the ruling classes, the grabbers who exploit not only in wartime. To move even farther from the specific association

with excess earnings from war contracts, Rose Macaulay insisted that we are all exploiters: "The war profiteers exploited the war We all exploit other people—use their affection, their dependence on us, their needs and their sins, for our own ends."¹⁰

Ford Madox Ford was fifty-two years old when he published *No More Parades* in 1925. In that novel he declared that, as a writer on active service in the war, he felt an obligation to help bring about through his writings " . . . such a state of mind as should end wars as possibilities." But how to do it was the artist's rub. If the writer piles horror upon horror or heroic action upon heroic action, the effect is the same. In either case, overstatement would ultimately lead to indifference on the part of the reader. Ford chose instead to try to evoke the worry that plagued the men in France: "The never-ending sense of worry, in fact, far surpassed any of the 'exigencies of troops actually in contact with enemy forces,' and that applied not merely to the bases but the whole field of military operations. Unceasing worry!" *No More Parades* purports to be a record of the opinions of English soldiery who felt that they had been let down by those in control. Whether the opinions were justified, Ford will not say. Extremely sensitive to having been identified with his characters, he disclaims any connection with what the soldiers thought about their leadership, saying that he has never had any opinion on the "public matters here discussed."¹¹

If Ford himself is not critical of the quality of English military leadership in France, neither is C. E. Montague entirely condemnatory of the war profiteer. Montague was forty-seven years old when in 1914 he began his five years of service in the British Army. Whether it was a function of his mature years or his first hand knowledge of military supplies and equipment, he displayed an amused tolerance toward the profiteer, a slightly sardonic resignation about what some men were capable of under temptation of gain. The war material was expensive, but at least it was not shoddy or ersatz as Remarque records. Even in their war profiteering, the English did not go to extremes:

"In their vices as well as their virtues the English preserve a distinguished moderation So, when the war with its great opportunities came, we were but temperately robbed by our own birds of prey. Makers of munitions made mighty fortunes out of our peril. Still every British soldier did have a rifle, at any rate when he went to the front. I have watched a twelve-inch gun fire, in action, fifteen of its great bales or barrels of high explosives, fifteen running, and only three

of the fifteen costly packages failed to explode duly on its arrival beyond. Vendors of soldiers' clothes and boots acquired from us the wealth which dazzles us all in these days of our poverty. They knew how to charge; they made hay with a will while the blessed suns of 1914-18 were high in the heavens. Still, nearly all the tunics made in that day of temptation did hold together; none of the boots as far as I know or heard tell, was made of brown paper. 'He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.' Still, there is reason in everything. '*Meden agan*,' as the Greeks said—temperance in all things even in robbery, even in patriotism and personal honour. Our profiteers did not bid Satan get him behind them; but they did ask him to stand a little to one side."¹²

If, for the sake of comparison, we look at several writers who served in the armies of other nations, we discover that general conclusions about their awareness of who made the war are no easier to draw than is the case among English literary men. Arnold Zweig does not take up the origins of the war in *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* (1928). The hapless Grischa, an escaped Russian prisoner of war is shot as a spy owing to the impersonal machinery of German military officialdom. Jaroslav Hasek declines to introduce serious discussion about the war in *The Good Soldier Schweik* (1930) because it is not in keeping with the spirit of his satire on the Austrian army. On an occasion when a schoolmaster-turned-soldier begins to explain the origins of war, his fantastic account attributing war to sunspots is cut short, thus leaving the field to Schweik, the ingenu, to launch into a chain of associative digressions that is characteristic of him, a device that allows both for comic possibilities and a way of side-stepping the war:

"There are scientists who say that war is due to sun spots. Whenever a sun spot makes its appearance, some disaster or other is bound to happen. The capture of Carthage—" "Oh, you shut up and keep all that scientific muck to yourself," interposed the corporal. "The best thing you can do is to sweep the room out. You're on fatigue to-day. We don't care damn-all about sun spots. I wouldn't take a dozen of 'em, not if they was offered to me as a gift."

"These here sun spots are jolly important," intervened Schweik. "Once there was a sun spot and on that very same day I got an awful walloping in a pub . . . Ever since then; if I have to go anywhere, I always have a look in the papers to see whether another spot's been spotted, so to speak. And if it has, why, I don't go nowhere, no, not me, thanks all the same. When that volcano blew up the whole island of Martinique, there was a professor chap wrote in the *Narodni Politika* that he had been warning readers for quite a long time about a big sun spot. Only the *Narodni Politika* didn't get to the island in time, and so the people on the island got done in."¹³

Although the major figures of Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* (1929) are reticent about the causes of war, a few of the minor Italian characters talk politics early in the novel. Stupidity, not profit, is the reason for Italy's involvement in the war, maintains Passini, whose death a few pages later seems, like Mercutio's, a waste of dramatic possibilities:

"We think. We read. We are not peasants. We are mechanics. But even then the peasants know better than to believe in a war. Everybody hates this war."

"There is a class that controls a country that is stupid and does not realize anything and never can. That is why we have this war."

"Also they make money out of it."

"Most of them don't," said Passini. "They are too stupid. They do it for nothing. For stupidity."¹⁴

Looking back to his own part in the First World War, the distinguished American historian, William L. Langer, a member of one of the chemical warfare companies, recalls that Americans were anxious to get to the front not so much out of ideological conviction but out of a hankering for adventure:

"What strikes me most, I think, is the constant reference to the eagerness of the men to get to France and above all to reach the front. One would think that, after almost four years of war, after the most detailed and realistic accounts of the murderous fighting on the Somme and around Verdun, to say nothing of the day-to-day agony of trench warfare, it would have been all but impossible to get anyone to serve without duress. But it was not so. We and many thousands of others volunteered. Perhaps we were offended by the arrogance of the German U-Boat campaign and convinced that Kaiserism must be smashed, once for all. Possibly we already felt that, in the American interest Western democracy must not be allowed to go under. But I doubt it. I can hardly remember a single instance of serious discussion of American policy or of larger war issues. We men, most of us young, were simply rascinated by the prospect of adventure and heroism. Most of us, I think, had the feeling that life, if we survived, would run in the familiar, routine channel. Here was our one great chance for excitement and risk. We could not afford to pass it up."

In his account of the Amsterdam Anti-War Congress of 1932 in *The Long Weekend*, Robert Graves mentions the presence of Henri Barbusse. A writer whose pacifism eventually led him to Communism, Barbusse is the most politically conscious of this group of in-

ternational soldier writers. In *Under Fire* (1916) Barbusse assigns the reason for war to the combination of militarism, capitalism, conservatism, and nationalism present in all countries. The "gilded men," who are set up as privileged by the multitude and who "will suddenly weigh down the scales of justice when they think they see great profit to gain," are, together with the "warrior class," advocates of war:

"There is not only the prodigious opposition of interested parties—financiers, speculators great and small, armour-plated in their banks and houses, who live on war and live in peace during war, with their brows stubbornly set upon a secret doctrine and their faces shut up like safes.

There are those who admire the exchange of flashing blows, who hail like women the bright colours of uniforms; those whom military music and the martial ballads poured upon the public intoxicate as with brandy; the dizzy-brained, the feeble-minded, the superstitious, the savages."¹⁶

Some do not see war as an unpredictable force for change in the long run but only as a means to prevent it. They fight to preserve the past and the present: "There are those who bury themselves in the past, on whose lips are the sayings only of bygone days, the traditionalists for whom an injustice has legal force because it is perpetuated, who aspire to be guided by the dead, who strive to subordinate progress and the future and all their palpitating passion to the realm of ghosts and nursery-tales." Others exalt the national will as absolute truth: "They pervert the most admirable of moral principles. How many are the crimes of which they have made virtues merely by dowering them with the word 'national'? They distort even truth itself. For the truth which is eternally the same they substitute each their national truth. So many nations, so many truths; and thus they falsify and twist the truth." Addressing his critique of war to French soldiers, Barbusse employs the Dumdrudge argument, identifying the enemy not by nationality but by class: "All those people are your enemies . . . They are your enemies as much as those German soldiers are to-day who prostrate themselves here between you in the mud, who are only poor dupes, hatefully deceived and brutalized, domestic beasts" (*under Fire*, p. 340).

What can we glean about the origins of war from this diversity of partial portraits of it by literary men who marched away? Under what generalization can we subsume their experience? It seems that the strongest impression we gain from this survey is that the greater part of even the most articulate of fighting men in the First World War

were not inclined to be philosophers of war in the sense that they thought about it politically. The combatants' experience of that war was sufficiently engrossing that before long larger issues were subordinated to both the fascination of the experience itself and the practical necessity of attending to the duties that would ensure survival in the face of immediate danger for self and comrades.

Perhaps the most significant factor which inhibited the development of a sophisticated political outlook among many of the English men at war was the polarization resulting from their experience. "Them" and "us" was an obvious division to the unreflecting jingo. To the Socialist-internationalist-pacifist, those two opposing forces were the exploiting governing classes of all nations set against the exploited governed. To officers and men in the trenches, that dichotomy became soldier on one side and civilian on the other. Not that the soldier was unaware of the economic gains many civilians were making back home at his expense, but what isolated him from the civilian was the incomprehensibility of his experience to any one other than a comrade in arms, and added to that, his bafflement at the civilian's idea of what was going on in France. There were two wars being fought, one in the trenches and an extraordinarily different war in the minds of the civilians. One of Manning's privates on leave thought that it was futile to explain the difference to a voluble civilian: "They don't care a rap what 'appens to 'us'ns, so long as they can keep a 'ole skin. Say they be ready to make any sacrifice, but we're the bloody sacrifice. You never seed such a windy lot; an' blood-thirsty ain't the word for it. They've all gone potty. You'd think your best friends wouldn't be satisfied until they'd seed your name on the roll of honour. I tol' one of 'em 'e knew a bloody sight more'n I did about the war" (*Privates*, p. 279).

It is not surprising then that so many participants' records of the war are apolitical attempts to explain the incomprehensible to themselves as well as to a world that never felt their ordeal along the pulses, to evoke the atmosphere which produced that ever present sense of worry that Ford Madox Ford wrote about in *No More Paradises* rather than to account for war origins. To get a sense of the proportion between those for whom it was a politicizing experience, one needs to look at Robert Graves' account of Siegfried Sassoon's action of protest in *Goodby to All That*. Sassoon's new state of consciousness is diagnosed as a case of battle fatigue. It would take still another half century before the gesture of Sassoon would be interpreted as an act of sanity.

NOTES

1. Robert Graves, who was nineteen years old when he began his service for the duration, offers a physiological explanation for being affected by the war for a decade. After describing the sedative action of ductless glands upon "tortured nerves" as explained to him by a specialist in battle fatigue, he states that, "It has taken some ten years for my blood to run at all clean." He and Edmund Blunden talked about their state of hysteria at the end of the war, and "We agreed that we would not be right until we got all that talk on to paper." *Goodbye to All That: An Autobiography* (London: Cape, 1929), pp. 221, 361.
2. Frederic Manning, *Her Privates We* by Private 19022 (London: Davies, 1930), prefatory note.
3. Graves, *Goodbye*, pp. 188-189, 215-216, 250-251, 283-288. Graves' battalion "... cared no more about the successes or reverses of our Allies than it did about the origins of the war. It never allowed itself to have any political feelings about the Germans" (pp. 181-182).
4. R. C. Sherriff, *Journey's End* (New York: Brentano's, 1929). Edmund Blunden, *Undertones of War* (London: Cobden-Sanderson, 1928), p. 219.
A similar use of the name Krupp occurs in Manning's book when a corporal indicates his displeasure over excessive laughter in the trenches with the following ejaculation: "Laugh, you silly muckers! . . . You'll be laughing the other side o' your bloody mouths when you 'ear all Krupp's blasted iron-foundry comin' over!" (*Privates*, p. 268).
5. Richard Aldington, *Death of a Hero* (London: Chatto, 1929), pp. 277-278.
6. Erich Maria Remarque, *All Quiet on the Western Front* [1929] (New York: Fawcett, 1967), p. 167.
7. Siegfried Sassoon, *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* [1930], in *The Memoirs of George Sherston* (New York: Literary Guild, 1937), pp. 214-215.
8. Guy Chapman, *A Passionate Prodigality: Fragments of an Autobiography* [1933] (New York: Fawcett, 1967), pp. 222-223.
9. Chapman, *Prodigality*, pp. 112-113.
About the idealism of the recruit of 1914, C.E. Montague writes: "It no more occurred to him at that time that he was the prey of seventy-seven separate breeds of profiteers than it did that presently he would be overrun by less figurative lice . . . The early volunteer in his blindness imagined that there was between all Englishmen then that oneness of faith, love and courage." *Disenchantment* (London: Chatto, 1922), p. 4.
Shortly before his death a week preceding the Armistice, Wilfred Owen, who enlisted in 1915 and who was to become the symbol of youth wasted on war, expressed his bitterness over profiteering. After a period of convalescence for battle fatigue, Owen went back to France in August, 1918. He had found the home front difficult to endure with ". . . the stinking Leeds and Bradford war-profiteers now reading *John Bull* on Scarborough Sands." Quoted in D. J. Enright, "The Literature of the First World War," in *The Modern Age, Pelican Guide to English Literature Volume 7*, ed. Boris Ford (Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1966), p. 166.
10. Rose Macaulay, *Potterism* (London: Collins, 1920), pp. 26, 36-37, 177.
11. Ford Madox Ford, *No More Parades* (London: Duckworth, 1925), pp. 6-7.
12. Montague, *Disenchantment*, pp. 186-188.
13. Arnold Zweig, *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* (New York: Viking, 1928); Jaroslav Hasek, *The Good Soldier Schweik* (1930) (Garden City, N.Y.: Sun Dial Press, 1937), p. 145.
14. Ernest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms* (New York: Scribner, 1929), p. 53.
15. William L. Langer, "Two Score and Seven Years Ago: World War I in Retrospect," *Gas and Flame in World War I* (1919) (New York: Knopf, 1965), pp. xviii-xix.
16. Henri Barbusse, *Under Fire* (1916) (London: Dent, 1955), pp. 338-340.