

Obscurer individuals and their themes of response

The destruction of nature as reality and metaphor

This chapter casts the net wider. Following the responses of the small but influential Bloomsbury circle, the earlier chapters have encompassed the experiences of other celebrated thinkers and writers (especially Bertrand Russell), some of whom donned uniform, and also certain women, well-known and otherwise, some of whom travelled to the war-zone as nurses or observers. It has become clear that similar aesthetic–humanistic responses occurred *outside* the confines of Bloomsbury and aesthetic viewpoints manifested themselves within particular themes of response, such as the blunting of individual personality and stifling of creative efforts. The further we get from the creative nexus of Bloomsbury, will the same hold true? In other words, will the anti-war reactions of further obscurer individuals still be linked by the familiar and recurring themes experienced among the more celebrated?

A particular expression of personal disquiet with the war ‘in its operation’ and involving a contrasted appreciation of nature and landscape was exhibited by one of the first individuals included in critic Laurence Housman’s edited collection of war letters, which appeared in 1930 and contained a significant amount of anti-war material.¹ Captain Arthur Innes Adams of the Cambridge-shire Regiment, writing to his sister in July 1916, contrasted the freedom of his Sunday walk behind the lines near Boulogne with the usual ‘ridiculous military precision’ and the ‘appalling ... deadening nature of the instruction’ inherent in army life. Adams resented the intrusion of the hand of the military Englishman with its usual ‘vulgar effect’ into this peaceful landscape of corn and poppies and wished for the end of the war when, ‘the true business of life will begin – to teach men the beauty of the hill-sides’. For the present, however, his love of nature and the contrast it forced upon him, ‘gives me a fierce feeling of hatred of the present bondage that is hardly to be borne – and there are times on parade when it seems impossible to do what one is told’.²

Reporter W. Beach Thomas echoed Adams’s horror of the ugliness of the war in a diary entry, written after five months of fighting on the Somme in 1916. ‘The power of ugliness could no further go’, Beach Thomas observed,

‘Everything visible or audible or tangible to the sense – to touch, smell and perception – is ugly beyond imagination. The hanks of wretched and rotted wire suggest that the very soil has turned into a sort of matter hostile to all kindly productiveness.’³

The travel-writer Stephen Graham, in his *The Challenge of the Dead*, contrasted not only the pre-war Somme with the post-war ‘incomparable Somme silence’, but also the devastation of Nature brought about by the war with the destruction of man wrought by the same conflict. ‘Now the desolation of Nature alone suggests what a desolation there was of man’, he wrote in 1920, ‘The terrible woods are impressionist pictures of the ruined vitals of great regiments, and you can hold a forest in your mind as you would a skull in your hands and say, “This was a forest. This was an army”’.⁴ This view of the destruction of the natural world being intrinsically linked to the deaths of countless soldiers was duplicated by Lieutenant R.H. Pickering of the Royal Field Artillery in a letter to his brother in September 1915. Pickering found thoughts of ‘happy days’ before the war impossible when contemplating the thousands of his fellow soldiers who had been killed during the previous four months in his battle-sector – ‘this wretched hole’ – which covered only a square mile. ‘These woods were lovely once’, he wrote, ‘now the trees are all bare and strafed and blackened, they lie broken against one another, they lie on dead men squashing them.’ He had formerly observed the pre-war names and initials of lovers carved into the bark of the trees, ‘How little did those happy sweethearts imagine the desolation and death that now reigns here – the neighbourhood is a stinking cemetery.’⁵ For Pickering, the image of the ‘death’ of the trees and the close proximity of the human dead served to heighten the contrast that the war had brought about with the former days of life and growth.

The conflict’s effect on the limited world of an individual at the front could be total, with the blighting of nature via the war’s man-made effects seemingly to then reach further and affecting the continuum of time itself. In his last letter before being killed, Sergeant James Duncan, formerly a coal merchant, wrote:

It is now getting late. The sun is sinking over the ridge to the right of Cambrai. Its setting glory is hidden from me by the murky pall of smoke, or the fog of war that stretches across our horizon beyond Douvai and Lens. The coming of the night does not bring us rest and peace. We go on in an endless cycle, whirling in the ether of man’s inhumanity to man.⁶

Even if a soldier contemplated a peaceful summer landscape behind the lines, a sense of the war’s insidious effect could still be apparent, as in an observation of Corporal H.L. Currall, ASC in July 1918. ‘The fields were a blaze of colour’, he wrote to his future wife, ‘I have never seen so many wild poppies and cornflowers – brilliant red poppies and blue cornflowers – every now and then the former were so thick the fields gave the impression of being splashed with huge patches of blood.’⁷ Currall deplored the acute devastation that the war brought to former centres of humanity such as Lens, which he observed was reduced to

mounds of bricks while he noted that, on a larger scale, from Arras eastwards for approximately fifteen miles there was nothing but scenes of total desolation. He also commented that, as Ypres had been 'the bloodiest battleground in the history of the whole world', it should be left in its devastation as a monument to the dead who had fallen around it.

Currall found the sense of finality he saw everywhere hard to convey to his sweetheart, someone who was living in a different frame of existence and could not therefore fully appreciate the war's immediate effects on the mind:

This war defies description – it is indescribable – no words or photographs can picture the awful scenes of carnage and destruction, and unless one has been actually face to face with the horrible sights, one cannot possibly conceive the magnitude of the slaughter, desolation and waste – no matter how vivid one's imagination may be.⁸

A parallel observation is to be found in the diary of 2nd Lieutenant J.B. Herbert, MC of the 5th Battalion, the Royal West Surrey Regiment. Herbert interrupted his battle narrative to reflect on the destruction of the countryside around Mount Kemmel that he observed when, ostensibly on duty but in reality wanting to see the state of the surrounding area, he went on a morning walk in the final months of the war. He recorded that, 'It was the country we had advanced over and had been the first to explore. In those first days we had been the only men on the landscape.' After four years of war, the 'chief feature' of this landscape was now one of movement, with men making roads, collecting salvage, filling up shell holes or simply moving about on foot or with transport, usually ambulances. Not only was the countryside now dominated by man and his war in the flesh, but also by the debris of that war. Herbert also observed a landscape full of shells, trench mortar, bombs, rifles, ammunition, timber, elephant iron for dugouts and machine gun mountings, all in various states of decay and disrepair. Some of this material was German in origin, as the area had for some time been under German control, but, as Herbert noted, the British had been there initially, and the ground was littered with hundreds of broken huts – the remnants of an early British rest camp. The cumulative effect on the countryside was the same, Herbert noticed, no matter that most of the small dugouts and shelters captured from the Germans had been constructed originally by the British. Now German and British dead lay side by side in a jumble of stray limbs, smashed skeletons, steel helmets full of bullet holes and old field dressings dyed ochre with old blood.

Herbert wrote that he had heard of how the countryside around the hill used to be before, and during, the war and how the hill itself:

was once the pleasure resort and beauty spot of the land, covered in forest and wonderful with lover's walks and fairy ringed glades. Why even in 1916 and 1917, people were living there, running estaminets on the hill itself and that very smashed fragment on the summit I sat on for a few minutes on August 30th was a prosperous farmhouse a year ago. Not a tree lives on that hill now, though the stumps show the

stately things that once were, not a bird stirs, not even a rabbit can live in the gas that poisons the ground, not one square yard, but is torn and mangled by the fury of bygone shells.⁹

Herbert, who was later to become a respected judge, could not help but feel the wrongness of the situation. Nature and the landscape had been transformed by the unnatural frenzy of war. He noted the irony of the formerly obscure main road of the area, down which prosperous farmers once easily drove or strolled from village to village, now achieving a notorious fame in its ruination. 'I had to plough through a foot of mud', he recorded:

skirt a hundred shell holes, broken carts, heaps of shells, masses of brick from a church whose site was fifty yards away, pick my way where the road narrowed to a yard, where it once was eight, trip across tangled iron which once was a railway. And so, back home to my company H.Q.¹⁰

The dereliction of the natural world was so total and shocking in many areas that to those who were great appreciators of nature and its link to an assumed sensitivity inherent in man, the havoc wrought by the war was seen as the ultimate betrayal of former values embedded in man's relationship with a landscape initially unaffected by industry and mechanisation. The ugliness of a landscape blighted by the conflict could bring home in a particular way the ugliness of war itself – especially to an individual possessed of acute sensibilities. Even a seemingly unaffected landscape could conceal stark reminders of the human cost of war upon close inspection. Lieutenant Bernard Pitt of the Border Regiment and formerly a tutor at a working-men's college described in a letter to his friend, Lionel Jacob, the still hilly and wooded region of the Bois de Souchez as being:

poisoned with human relics, limbs and bundles of clothes filled with rotten flesh and even those poor remains of men which pious hands have buried are daily disinterred by plunging shells. S—— itself is merely a heap of bricks and stones, and it reeks to heaven of mortality. Do you wonder that, reading Wordsworth this afternoon in a clearing of the unpolluted woodlands and marking the lovely faded colours on the wings of hibernated butterflies, and their soft motions, I felt a disgust, even a sickness, of the appalling wickedness of war.¹¹

In a similar manner, the sight of the Somme valley brought forth bitter feelings from anonymous soldier 'Bombardier X' in his *So This Is War*, published in 1930. 'How ghastly is this great desert they call the Somme!', he wrote during the war to his mother:

Only a carcass of a district, festered and rotten. War, like a mighty steamroller has crushed it. Derelict trenches everywhere cut across the land. They are hacked out of the dead clay, and built with the blood and sweat of men ... Hand-in-hand, war and death have danced a grisly ballet over the land that was tilled and developed by a patient people. They have left ruin and devastation behind. Still the dance of death goes on, but they set the stage farther alone and call it 'a great British victory', when

we capture three thousand square yards of graveyard. War is the devil's own spawn. How he must laugh when he sees us puny men hurtling death and destruction at one another.¹²

To a lover of the natural world, the rare sight of nature flourishing amid the devastation of war could provide a glimmer of hope and inspiration when all else seemed black. W.B. Kitching, a signaller with the Royal Garrison Artillery, found himself inspired by a beautiful spring morning and the unfamiliar sound of birdsong to record in his diary that, 'this free open air life makes one feel the beauty of nature and her charms ... who knows, perhaps soon the day of peace will be with us again and then we can re-start a new life, let us hope, changed for the good ... to a higher mode of thinking'. However, he found himself constantly aware of the conflict happening all around; 'this awful calamity which broods over the earth'.¹³

Kitching was able to come nearer to his personal God through his communion with Nature. He contrasted the 'jarring monotony' of the official Army observances with the freedom of the landscape behind the lines where, 'the woods and surrounding countryside are the true temple'. He also found the destruction of once thriving towns painful to witness. In particular, the sight of shattered Ypres with its 'gaunt walls and gaping rents' (the only remnants of the old Cloth Hall, Hotel de Ville and Library) he described as, 'a veritable city of the dead: a standing witness of the curse of war'.¹⁴ In this he echoes the earlier view of Corporal H.L. Currall of the ruined city of Ypres as a monument to the evil of war.

The devastation of Ypres was viewed in a similar fashion by Norman Cliff of the Grenadier Guards, who later recalled how, 'closing my eyes and picturing Ypres as the dream city it must have been, and then observing the sad wreckage around me, I felt a helpless, irrepressible rage'. Cliff likened the battered Cathedral to an injured animal, 'raising its wounded head with awe-inspiring dignity, as if in mute protest against wicked mutilation by men gone mad'. Despite this sense of 'proud dignity', Cliff felt that this merely served to emphasise, 'That only man is vile'. 'There was', he wrote, 'no escaping the overhanging permeating fog of war', particularly when he observed the shells of former houses ('with the life gone out of them') and surveyed the Ypres Salient after heavy shelling had destroyed rebuilding work:

So this was the malodorous, festering garbage heap we had to keep out of the grasping hands across the way, and for which so much rich blood must still be spilled. This vast muck-heap valued so much more than lives. If those who held this view were sane, I must be mad.¹⁵

It seemed as if the vast upheaval in the natural world brought about by the war was now mirrored by a reversal of 'sane' values in the world of man.

It was perhaps easier to draw contrasts between life and death when one was an ardent lover of Nature, a point exhibited by Charles Douie in his memoir, *The Weary Road* (1929). He had been at rest behind the lines near the villages of Millencourt and Mentigny and recalled that:

I watched the coming of Spring in the woods and the young corn in the fields and the men, the flower of every shire in Britain, on the march towards the chalk uplands of the battlefield. I wondered often how many of those whose eyes were delighted by the glory of these fields would see the harvest, and I thought of the other harvest which death would reap.¹⁶

Douie also pointed out that much of the ‘material havoc’ wrought by the war in the form of the trenches scarring the landscape had been made good in the decade following the war’s end. It was his hope that the ‘moral havoc’ also wrought by the war, this time in the minds of men, had also been repaired to the same extent. Again, a contrast was specifically drawn between the disintegration of the physical world compared to that of the mental landscape.

The direct experience of mechanised battle and the resulting destruction thereof could sometimes chisel away at the ability of an observer to appreciate the beauty of the natural world; instead of surviving flora and fauna acting as a reminder of tranquillity and the normal order of things, senses were dulled to such an extent by the war’s grey routine and surroundings or worn away by the constant artificial highs and lows of battle and rest that it could become hard to attain former levels of communion with nature.

The wartime author (largely of propaganda for the Allies) and serving soldier, Patrick MacGill, wrote after the battle of Loos of how he had gone out to help a fellow soldier caught on the wire only to find that the huddled heap of clothing was by that time a rotting corpse. He observed that in the half-light of the pre-dawn, the body was not repulsive but, rather, ‘almost beautiful’. The head of the dead soldier was sunk low on the wire and the face could not be observed, so that the man seemed to be merely weary and at rest. To MacGill, this figure represented the ‘Futility of War’, not in harsh terms but in a context of infinite pity and forgiveness towards all soldiers of whatever nationality. Then the sun came up and as the light became stronger MacGill’s perception was altered. ‘I saw now that He was repulsive, abject, pitiful lying there’. MacGill tried to turn the head of the corpse upward so as to observe the face but discovered that it was fastened to the wire by rusted barbs through the eye sockets. For MacGill:

The glory of the dawn had vanished, my soul no longer swooned in the ecstasy of it ... that which endured the full light of day was the naked and torturing contraption of war. Was not the dawn buoyant like the dawn of patriotism? Were not the dew-decked wires of war seen from far off? ... But a ray of light more, and what is He and all with Him but the monstrous futility of war.¹⁷

The sun, which formerly had represented a life-force and nature at its most powerful now served only to highlight and reinforce the destruction and death wrought by man, a contradiction which MacGill was painfully aware of.

Despite his role as a propagandist, for MacGill personally the war represented a negative force: ‘What is to be the end of this destruction and decay? That is what it means, this war. Destruction, decay and degradation.’ Even

time, in the form of linear human progress, seemed set in reverse by the totality of modern conflict. 'We who are here know its degradation', he wrote, 'We, the villa dwellers who have become cave dwellers and make battle with club and knobkerry'. MacGill warned that, although the world had become acquainted with the destruction and decay of war, 'Man will recognize its futility before he recognizes its immorality.'¹⁸

It was only well away from the scene of battle, on home leave, that a person could perhaps begin to recover their equilibrium and adjust to what sometimes seemed a different or former life. This could be a cruel irony in itself, if and when the individual had to return to the front. Lieutenant Wyn Griffith, returning from leave in May 1916, later wrote in his memoir *Up to Mametz* how he realised that he now had more to lose, 'for the deadening power of months of trench habit had been lifted from my mind leaving my fibre bare to the weakest blast of war'. For, as he described, back in the trenches the world was altered once again from the familiar patterns of home, not merely in the routines of life but the very framework of existence became warped.

Sound, sight and smell were all challenged at once, and they must in concert submit to the degrading slavery of war, chained to a ridiculous chariot heading for utter destruction. Sense and soul were of no account ... in this mad runaway we had cast sanity to the winds. If ever war was meaningless, it was on this sunny afternoon in May, as I walked on my winding way towards the line.¹⁹

In Griffith's case, it was only because his judgement was sharp after his leave and not dulled by life at the front that he could appreciate the 'irredeemable idiocy' of war. For Griffith, there was no equality or stability at the front; it was a false world, 'governed by a force operating ruthlessly in one direction', in which war became 'the very negation of all value'. He felt himself pushed by the mechanics of the operation down a path on either side of which was a steep wall. All that was possible was a quickening of slower movement in one direction, 'lacking knowledge of our destination'. If resistance to this operation was futile, individual non-acceptance became the only method of internal protest. The mechanical nature of life at the front Griffith likened to the mood of a man constantly sullen in temper (while battle was the same character when enraged), and he described how this mood could extend from the trench and permeate the surrounding landscape: in his particular case, that of Givenchy. He could not believe that this extension of mood was due in totality to war's mechanical aspect and would vanish when the war ended or moved away: that peace would reign once again over Givenchy when the noise of the guns abated. 'No such metamorphosis was credible, so strong was the feeling of the presence of malignant fate hovering above this hillock in a plain.'²⁰

The quiet of pre-war days could not return; all hope for a return to 'normality' had faded. When Griffith wrote that 'the eye could catch no promise in the landscape' he was referring to the hope of spring and of a renewal of life. To him, spring stood for sanity in a mind dominated by the greyness of the all-

pervading mud and ruins. 'There was ugliness everywhere one looked, the ugliness of smashed new brick and new plaster, a terrible ugliness, inconceivable to one who has seen no ruins but those of aged walls, mellowed by sun, wind and rain.'²¹ Spring also represented the usual progression of the seasons and hence of time, the natural processes of which the war had mechanically interfered with.

Even the process of decay itself was not immune from the war's overpowering effects. To Griffith, the ragged profiles of the smashed houses physically represented a mood of 'unyielding futility' and resembled the faces of 'gibbering idiots, mad and meaningless'. Again, as in the case of MacGill, the sun animated the scene but only served to mock the hopelessness of the situation: 'When the sun shone full on those red masks they seemed to be laughing emptily, like a maniac, who has no fear of evil.' The ruins of former dwellings seemed only to 'screech their defiance of man's mastery over their poor and tenuous bodies'.²²

The very earth seemed to protest against man's warrior activities on its surface. 'Everywhere the work of God is spoiled by man', observed 2nd Lieutenant William Ratcliffe, aged nineteen, of the South Staffordshire Regiment a month before his death in action. 'One looks at a sunset', he wrote, 'and for a moment thinks that that at least is unsophisticated, but an aeroplane flies across, and puff! puff! and the whole scene is spoilt by clouds of shrapnel smoke!' To Ratcliffe, this despoliation of the natural order served only to make men more bestial in character. Formerly, he had believed that the experience of war could have a beneficial effect upon the minds of men. Now, however, he wrote to his parents bleakly:

What is there here to raise a man's mind out of the rut? Everywhere one sees preparations for murder; nearly every person one sees is a filthy, dirty man with some implement of destruction about his person. The countryside and the beauties of nature, which, as you know, always have a beneficial effect on a man, are all spoilt by the dust and mud of motor lorries and by huge camps.

Ratcliffe became convinced that, 'war has an almost degrading effect on the minds of soldiers'.²³

The particular theme thus highlighted by Ratcliffe and those preceding him in this narrative is the destruction of the former landscape by the war's mechanical processes and the comparisons drawn between this process and that of the breakdown of the 'civilised' human condition by both the Army 'machine' and the generally soulless aspect of modern warfare. If, as Ratcliffe noted, the beauties of the natural world could have an improving effect upon the human character, then the destruction of these aesthetic aids to betterment and their replacement with scenes of wearying ugliness could only produce the opposite effect. Ratcliffe's identification of the 'degrading effect' produced by the war on the minds of individuals will be echoed later in this chapter by others similarly affected.

Morality and individuality under threat

In the Introduction to his ‘miscellany of the Great War’, the writer, Guy Chapman, perhaps in response to the growing threat of a second global war (his compilation appeared in 1937), wrote that, ‘stripped of that grandiose word “tragedy”, war affects individuals – And that is all this book tries to show ... that there was a moral disintegration, both of troops and civilians ...’²⁴ Chapman placed this disintegration of moral values higher than the sacrifice of a generation in his personal scale of the effects of the war and their relative gravitas. In this, he echoed the view of the author R.H. Mottram who, when he examined the post-war state of things in *Three Personal Records of the War*, counted the ‘moral exhaustion of civilised peoples’ as ‘most serious of all’ of the resulting problems that he could identify.²⁵ Chapman pointed out that war altered the routine of life because, according to him, the ‘intoxication’ of war brought with it a corresponding replacement of reason with emotion (a process which, as discussed in Chapter 2, Bertrand Russell had also identified), while schemes for individual futures – the ‘longer vision’ – became obscured in a fog of wartime opportunism. Chapman warned that, ‘Men, dressed in a brief authority, have the power to ignore the civilisation they are defending.’²⁶

Chapman was not alone in his perception of a general moral disintegration caused by the war; we find this view echoed by others, such as Captain J.E. Crombie of the Gordon Highlanders, who commented to a friend a month before his death, aged twenty, in spring 1917, that he found the morals of the war to be ‘horrible’; in fighting the Germans, he felt the English could only ‘become all that we hate’, with an Allied victory becoming a victory for Prussianism. Instead of meeting force with pacifism (as Bertrand Russell had suggested), the Germans had merely been given back their own example and ‘top-dog’ attitudes would prevail – whoever won. Crombie thought the whole situation had a music-hall unreality to it – it was, in his words, ‘Gilbertian’, while the basic point remained, as he wrote, ‘that by fighting we have hopelessly degenerated our own morals’.²⁷

Crombie’s opinion was similar to that of Arthur Osburn, a Medical Officer initially with the 4th Irish Dragoon Guards, who commented that soldiers on leave, in moral terms, seemed to have ‘sunk below men’, and he realised that it had become impossible for them to experience months of exposure to war, ‘without beginning to feel an even greater contempt for Life than they acquire for Death.’²⁸

In some cases, individual events associated with their experience of the war were enough to demonstrate all too clearly the distance that had grown between former and wartime values. For Lieutenant Colonel A.A. Hanbury-Sparrow, it was his experience of Passchendaele: ‘It shattered our moral force’, he later wrote in judgement in his memoir, *The Land-locked Lake*. The awfulness of the experience had cast aside any remaining moral prerogatives to ‘fight the good fight’.

War had been stripped to its animal-like essentials: former civilising moral codes had given way to merely bestial impulses. He recognised that the mental trauma together with the extreme physical conditions had broken him to the extent that he only lasted for three more months after his experience before a nervous breakdown brought to an end his military involvement in the war.

Not only was 'moral force' broken by the experience of battle: on the Home Front, the strictures of the Military Service Act were seen by some as an infringement of the moral right to personal liberty. Former accountant Eric Southall claimed exemption from military service not only on the usual religious grounds; as he declared to his court martial in October 1916, 'My real offence is that I have maintained that all war and the Military Service Act are morally wrong.' To assist in the conflict would be to ignore individual conscience and make an 'unworthy bargain' with those prosecuting the war. Most crucial to Southall, however, was the fact that while the British army claimed to fight for freedom on the continent, on the Home Front, 'it is being used to reduce the law of the land to a scrap of paper and to crush moral liberty'.²⁹

An individual 'moral sense' of some kind was useful to possess, especially when at the front, as a means of justifying one's participation in the slaughter – fighting perhaps to prevent the following generations from undergoing a similar experience or as a means of placing the Central Powers squarely in the wrong when it came to handing out explanations of cause and blame. Alternately, a moral value system could provide a personal justification for anti-war attitudes that were not based specifically on religious or political precepts. However, it was often difficult to maintain a set of previously held values, whether for or against war in general, when faced with the upheaval of this war's specific effects on virtually every aspect of life.

A Padre at the front, C.G. Raven, was forced to comment, 'We out here ... get so sick of the strain and ghastliness that our conviction of the moral values for which we are fighting gets overbalanced.' This was partly the result of regarding the Germans as individuals and not as 'the enemy', after observing with pity shell-dazed prisoners of war and the stoicism of the captured wounded enemy.

Raven, who was Padre with the 1st Royal Berkshires, observed that life at the front was like a 'separate incarnation' from the other 'sweeter and saner' life at home and that only those placed outside that artificial world at the front could possibly retain their jingoistic perception and desire the deaths of fellow human beings. Raven realised that, in principle, the war had to go on until its 'full and victorious' conclusion; after all, whole ideals of the human race were at stake ('we have the permanent thing, man, to think for') but he could not help admitting that, at the front, the killing was so terrible, sometimes, to behold, that, 'no sacrifice of abstractions is too heavy a price to pay for the stopping of it'.³⁰ Personal morality surrounding the ethics of killing here outweighed a national morality of blind patriotism and popular press.

Stephen Bowen, a former cleric and now in uniform, found himself clinging to what he identified as a 'moral courage myth' as he enlisted in 1915, in order to overcome a subconscious dread of discomfort, wounds and death, as well as a full realisation that fighting and shell-fire, 'even if they spared the body must wound the mind'. Once in France, after initial training at Aldershot, Bowen suffered ill health and dreams haunted by a bullet-shattered face. He began to sleep-walk, and this led to an accusation of desertion and the ordeal of the notorious Field Punishment No. 1. Bowen then succumbed to an 'inner blight' that affected others at the front to varying degrees; 'a constant disintegrating menace, eating at the mind – or is it soul? One day dormant, yet always dully present; the next, springing to crush essence out of reason'.³¹ Years later, when he wrote up his memoirs, Bowen had not fully recovered from his ordeal, and he warned that the essence of war, once instilled in a man via experience, was permanent and that, 'war haunts through the years, making Death a companion of the living', and hence 'dead' men were still living on, though years were drained, for them, of life, 'years dragged aforesaid out of their future, rendered down in an extract of vitality – in a trench-sump of hope – and blasted out of life forever ... the guns eat on'.³²

C.G. Raven, on the other hand, did not succumb to the 'inner blight', the fear of being afraid which swallowed Bowen. Raven's difficulties were of a more focused and specific nature; he found the almost entire lack of intellectual or like-minded spiritual comradeship in the army hard to bear, and he longed constantly for letters from home, the bonds with the 'sweeter and saner' life he remembered. Meanwhile, his growing hatred of the war was based upon physical hardship and mental exhaustion, but there also existed a friction, as he himself recognised, in spiritual terms. Raven began to see the conflict as a test of his faith and described himself as 'crying in the wilderness' with nobody wanting or able to respond. He felt guilt for, as he admitted, placing the concerns of family, friends and comrades before those of God and hence felt that his ordeal was a form of punishment: 'Shall I come out of it with self or Christ triumphant', he wondered, 'or shall I just stay in this hell until it winnows my nerves and breaks my brain?'

In January 1918, Raven was sent to work in No. 10 Stationary Hospital, BEF, formerly a large Jesuit College situated near a Chaplain's School where he began to lecture. He was sorry to leave his 'lads' but filled with relief to be out of it, especially when on leave in April, back in England amid aspects of his former life and those individuals who, in his own phrase, 'have been saved from passing through the cloud'.³³ In Raven we see a specific recognition of the war's possible effect upon personality: the conflict threatened both the nerves and mind – the physical and the mental. Since Raven in the end narrowly escaped 'passing through the cloud', his view of the war as a danger to personality as well as, in his case, moral/religious codes is all the more interesting for being slightly more objective.

The first chapter of Guy Chapman's celebrated memoir of his wartime experiences, *A Passionate Prodigality*, begins:

For a long time I used to think of myself as part of a battalion, and not as an individual. During all that time the war, the forms and colours of that experience, possessed a part of my senses. My life was involved with the lives of other men, a few living, some dead. It is only now [i.e. the 1930s] that I can separate myself from them.³⁴

Chapman acknowledged the large degree of comradeship and loyalty to one's battalion that formed a considerable part of his and of so many other's experience of war, but he also recognised the cost of this, combined with the 'sensual' effect of the conflict, to his strength of personality, in particular his sense of oneness as an individual as he found his personality subsumed to such an extent that it was years later before he could once again think of himself as an individual.

This adverse feeling of a submersion of personality under the waves of war was felt in many other instances – for example in a cache of letters from a British soldier to his American sweetheart which was found left in a dugout and later published in the final year of the war as *Love of an Unknown Soldier, Found in a Dug-out*. Although the unknown soldier admitted that the war had generally brought forth men's souls and clad them in 'the armour of duty', he himself, with his future mapped out, had never dreamt of fighting, and killing had been inconceivable. To him, then, war meant terror and a change of self to combat this:

One had to sink personality and ambition; throw aside everything for which one had been trained; take up a way of life that was abhorrent to one's nature; place oneself in a position where one must be inefficient; and stand the strong chance of dying shortly, in a manner which seemed incommensurately obscure and out of proportion ghastly.³⁵

Not only was personality forced to sink from the pressure above, but what was left was forced to operate in an inefficient manner and never up to full strength. In any case, aware of the mounting casualty lists and surrounded on most sides by wholesale slaughter it became increasingly easy to become, as one Lieutenant (who was awarded the MC) grimly pointed out, 'careless of the mere individual'.³⁶

For some, the experience of war was a struggle to deflect the conflict's effect on individuality by the use of a form of self-distortion of normal existence. For one subaltern, his personal battle to 'solve' the front (ie. to make some sense of it) could only be won, in his own acknowledgement, 'when actuality has been wholly swallowed up by imagination'. Only then would there be some form of unity of perception, 'and I shall no longer be perpetually passing from one extreme state of mind to another'. His struggle with the false dualism which the war had created in his vision of things depended upon him casting to one side

‘the first law of Nature, or any other individual consideration’. In other words, a self-denial of personality.³⁷

The suppression of the individual was recognised even by those who did not regard its effects as adverse. One such was Captain Charles B. Brooke of the Royal West Surreys, who wrote in a letter to be passed on to his parents in the event of his death (he was killed only a few hours later, on the first day of the Somme), ‘It is impossible to fear death out here when one is no longer an individual, but a member of a regiment and of an army.’³⁸ Brooke, like many, found refuge a lessening of individual responsibility, the fraternity of military service and the knowledge that he had dutifully responded, like many of his contemporaries, to the demands that his country had placed upon him.

There had been a tradition of the individual responding to the call of patriotism in times of crisis or conflict from the Boer War back to the Napoleonic threat and beyond, and this tradition had been widely recognised. However, on further examination, some expressed disquiet at a situation wherein the demands placed upon the individual were perceived as unfair:

Society indeed does not distinguish between those who have large stakes to defend and those who have none, nor between those who are willing and those who are unwilling, those who understand and those who do not. Society demands equality of sacrifice though it does not bestow equality of rewards. But society is defeated in its demand. The only equality is that recorded by the rude, rough graves of the battle zone. And after those who have given their lives come the wounded, mangled and maimed who crawl from the stricken field – Who stands before these claiming ‘equality of sacrifice?’³⁹

Hence a wide variation existed in the scale of the individual’s response to the demands placed upon him by his own society in wartime and it was the individual’s responsibility, as C.E. Jacomb (who had been a Lance Corporal in the 23rd Royal Fusiliers) suggested in his *Torment – a Study in Patriotism*, to construct a personal Profit and Loss account in order to discover what had been gained or lost in the sum total of the individual’s war experience. To some, this was an easy and obvious calculation to make. ‘Intelligent mechanics and clerks’, commented R.F. Mottram on the end of the war:

were under no illusion as to the nature of the ‘fighting’ in which they had been engaged. They made no revolution, [sic] as did their like across more than half Europe. They just wanted to go home ... It was only too clear to what pass years of dishonest or inept politics, new industrial methods and the obliteration of the individual had brought us.⁴⁰

Many soldiers based their moral standpoint on the assumption that, in H.G. Wells’ phrase, the war was one to end all others and hence worth the fight. ‘Thank God we are fighting to stop war’, wrote the Oxford-educated schoolmaster Theodore Cameron Wilson, ‘otherwise very few of us could go on.’ Not only was he forced to view the beauty of Nature constantly through a ‘veil of obscenity, as a madman may see beauty’, but he felt guilt for the fact that war

had always been taught as a romantic subject when, in fact, the rhetoric of valour was dangerous because it showed ‘nothing of the individual horror, nothing of the fine personalities smashed suddenly into red beastliness, nothing of the sick fear that is tearing at the hearts of brave boys who ought to be laughing at home’.⁴¹

There seemed to be no official recognition of the ‘individual horror’ of the experience, especially in the army, which merely ‘enforced a uniform upon the soul itself, a prison uniform’, as Stephen Graham described the process in *A Private in the Guards*. The army was not constructed to contain a firm base on which to place and proclaim one’s individuality, and those that recognised this and resented it could do little to avoid it other than protest at their tribunal hearings and courts martial. One such was George Kaufman, who declared at his court martial in January 1917:

I do not think it right that a man should hand himself over body and soul, to a military authority which can command him to kill his fellow men – men with whom as an individual he has no quarrel, and who are as innocent as himself. I believe wars can only be made to cease by such a realisation.

Kaufman had been arrested as an absentee under the Military Service Act and, when he had refused a medical at Whitehall, had been attested without signing any statement to that effect and assigned to the 31st Middlesex Regiment. He was sent to Wormwood Scrubs for most of 1917, and the experience affected him deeply, particularly his concept of the individual in war. After his release from prison, he found that he had lost faith in the prospect of a future peace and the steady advance of civilisation. Instead, all he perceived ahead was further strife, confusion and darkness. He wrote to his friend Helen Wedgwood that he used, like a ‘good Fabian’, to seek fulfilment in life through the possibilities inherent in physical existence and material things. Now, however, rather like Bertrand Russell, he recognised that many impulses to pain and violence existed and sometimes emanated from within himself and other individuals. Therefore, peace could not come from the external, material world; from without, but from within. He concluded, ‘I am not meaning that I am now in favour of physical violence. But it seems to me far more an individual matter and not necessarily wrong for everybody.’⁴²

If physical violence was not regarded as wrong by some, this did not mean it became automatically right and the only other option available. One who wavered between these extremes was Lieutenant A.V. Ratcliffe of the West Yorkshire Regiment, educated at Cambridge and Heidelberg and a published poet. He was described as a man who possessed ‘a very high moral courage’ by a Lieutenant Wooler, whose letter was published posthumously in *The Microcosm*, a literary magazine founded by Ratcliffe’s sister-in-law and financed by his uncle, a former Mayor of Leeds. Ratcliffe’s own thoughts on the ethics of fighting were published in the same magazine before his death (he was killed in action at Fricourt on 1 July 1916) in an article in which he rationalised his

decision to fight and wear khaki, 'the dress of the pest slayer'. He wrote that, although he objected to helping the war by taking part in it, 'I cannot help helping', whether in an active or passive role. He was responding to the call of a 'dormant kinship' with other Englishmen fighting to protect their homes and willing to kill Germans not as individuals but as implements of something more powerful.

This deliberate dehumanisation of personality was a device to enable Ratcliffe to conquer his dislike of war as a concept and as a state of affairs. His stance contained an ironic element, given his support for the concept of individuality coupled with a knowledge, born of experience, of how war clashed with that concept: 'War is not concerned with the individual', he wrote, 'but with the whole sum of individuals, the state'. He stated that 'to submit to military tyranny, to give up that which one should value most in life – one's liberty – to measure oneself with other men not by the standard of ideals but by the standard of inches', as well as having to handle weapons and learn how to inflict death by various methods:

all these things in peace time are morally indigestible to me. My whole being revolts against war and the usages of war, for I love life, and war is the tyranny of death ... If I have conscientious objection to the subjugation of ego and to the vulgarisation of the standards of living and of thought produced by the military mechanism, I have a tenfold stronger objection to war.⁴³

Ratcliffe was a clear lover of life, an individual for whom the war meant a loss of personality in the military machine in its role as the facilitator of war, and who possessed a clear moral objection to the concept of war itself. His recognition of a further threat – that of a 'vulgarisation' of standards of life, and, by implication, of individual sensibility, is echoed again in the following section.

'Surrendering to the machine' –the coarsening of sensibility and imagination

In his Introduction to a volume similar to that of Guy Chapman's 'miscellany of the Great War', though published almost a decade earlier, C.B. Purdom stated that his overwhelming reaction to the various personal narratives of the Great War that he had edited was one of the senselessness of the whole thing. As a method of State action, it had no positive qualities, while on an individual basis, although men managed to retain in many cases their courage and spirit of self-sacrifice, these qualities had begun to lose their intrinsic value under the more or less constant sense of oppressive futility.

For Purdom, the war had been evil not only because men had been forced to suffer and die in it, but also because, 'it destroys the meaning of life'. To him, personal life could not be valued under the old standards any more and hence went into reverse while everything that had made it worth living faded away

when a man, 'surrenders himself to the machine'.⁴⁴ Thus a new kind of state was formed in which the freedom to act according to one's conscience was severely curtailed. This, in turn, could affect the very value of individual personality, especially when one was forced against one's will – in Purdom's phrase, to 'surrender to the machine' and submit to the mechanised processes (both in thought and action) of the war.

The ties of comradeship in the armed forces could be very strong and were genuine in most cases but, as Stephen Graham observed, 'there is a deep hypnotical effect produced by the great army machine. Moving in its splendour and terror before the eyes, it suggests the thought to the heart: You have ceased to be anything or to count for anything in yourself.' Graham suggested that some who found themselves in the army – and perhaps would have made some stronger protest against the demands placed upon them as individuals – had entered a 'false sleep' in the army's presence, but, when the army was absent, 'the painful process of fighting the illusion begins'. He saw the modern way of war as a mechanised process which included the human beings involved. The one needful thing for the private soldier was obedience while imagination and thought, along with fear, love and even hate were regarded as out of place.

Graham found it difficult to consistently maintain his precept that the individual man was better than the army in which he found himself in the face of military brutality of thought, word and deed. He observed how this brutality was supported by some individuals in the army who were not in themselves brutal but cultivated that spirit 'to get the army tone', a tone which he thought especially marked by a deficit of 'life'. Graham, on the other hand, sought to humanise himself by reading poetry by the fireside in the barracks, the sensation of which he likened to the soft, calm touch of a woman. This was in response to the coarseness of life at the barracks – he had sensed himself, 'becoming duller, less sensitive to sights and sounds, more a possession of the army, more ready to kill and destroy than to be and to enjoy'.⁴⁵ Not only were bodies in uniform (which, to him, betokened 'hard duty and bondage'), but souls also, and Graham worried that it would take longer eventually to demobilise the souls than the bodies, a process that, in his view, could be aided by an appreciation of poetry, love and Nature.

For Graham, war robbed the individual of important, natural characteristics: reverence, tenderness and, most of all, 'the hush of awe which should silence and restrain'. He highlighted the 'immense gulf' that seemed to divide two categories of being that he identified: firstly, the man who was creative in some way and possessed an awareness that the hardest part in the reaction to army discipline was (as we have seen in the case of A.V. Ratcliffe and others) 'the suppression of individuality, the unconditional surrender of the individualistic ego to the will of the nation'.⁴⁶ Secondly, the man who, in Graham's phrase, 'shoulders the rifle'. Both these states of being could be experienced by a single individual, as in Graham's case; 'When for the first time after many months I

took up the pen again and tried to write', he wrote, 'I felt that even my hands had changed.'⁴⁷

There existed a fissure, crucially exacerbated by the war, between the artistic individual and the ordinary soldier/citizen, through which much inspiration and initiative had drained. The war generation was deprived of its creative force and peacetime found men robbed of energy. 'As the floods of war slowly subsided', observed Lieutenant Colonel A.A. Hanbury-Sparrow, 'it revealed them for what they were, a land-locked lake, impotent to join the main stream of life; impotent to convey to it the deeper lessons of the war that they alone had sensed.'⁴⁸

Many of those who left jobs and home life to go and fight, whether voluntarily or under duress, had assumed however, not unreasonably, that if they survived they would return, their labours ended, to a life much as they had left it. 'I gained a comforting security that the possibilities of my old life were being preserved, held in trust against the day when I should be able to resume them', wrote Arthur Graeme West of the Public Schools Battalion on the occasion of his last weekend leave before embarking for France.⁴⁹ He, like so many others, possessed a certain confidence that this preservation of life at home would be their reward for taking part in 'The War to End all Wars', an activity that was, to some, an escape from the ordinary routine of life while to others, simply anathema. West's initial army training in March 1915 offended his sensibilities with its 'irredeemable ugliness', but this was perhaps not surprising in one who had a great love for beauty, Nature and books and was, as described in the Introduction to his published diaries, a 'quiet, effaced sort of individual' and, 'a man of marked individuality and keen susceptibilities ... he had a habit of independent thinking. He was an individualist who hated routine and system as devices for suppressing men's differences.'⁵⁰

West had been at Oxford when war had broken out; he had returned there in autumn 1914 to find most of his friends had already enlisted, and he acted on their example, as well as from an innate sense of duty. From then on his life became a succession of training and trenches which instilled in him an 'intense abhorrence' of army life. He never at any stage agreed with the killing (violence of any kind was also 'abhorrent to his nature') and returned to France with a commission in September 1916 with a deep sense of wrong, his pre-war belief in patriotism and the army having been severely shaken, with his former faith in its 'companionship, suffering courageously and ... noble necessity undergone' transformed to 'violent revulsion', while his personal concept of God had been reduced to that of a 'malignant practical joker'. He recognised that he had been under many delusions when at first he had joined up, but that most of these ('especially the religious ones') had faded under the 'bestly and degrading' nature of war.

Prior to returning to France, West had read Bertrand Russell's *On Justice in War-Time* and agreed with him that the war was trivial despite its vastness. He

also met some conscientious objectors in whom, along with philosophers like Russell, he found hope for the future ('the living force ... the light that must come sooner or later'). Rather like Bloomsbury, he believed that to bring happiness into the world was the only worthwhile aim of human activity, while action undertaken with any other aim in mind was wasteful, and he deplored the fact that many individuals could only see the war as the most important thing in the world, thus overlooking the ideal trinity of Truth, Beauty and Love.

A month before he returned to the front with his commission West contemplated desertion, 'pained, bored and maddened' by the fact that the army had an automatic right to demand that he give up his chance of obtaining happiness. He likened himself to a creature caught in a net 'by the proprietors of some travelling circus and forced with formal brutality to go through meaningless tricks'.⁵¹ He attempted to place his faith in the promise of a life begun again after the war and in Nature, which he thought would not suffer to see harmed 'a lover so loyal and keen-sighted'. However, he could not restrain himself from asking of what use a life of intellectual training and 'sensitising myself to exquisite impressions' had been if he were merely to be snuffed out at random for a cause so far from his own. He began to realise, under the weight of raw impressions, the 'absolute nonentity' of all he held dear and the lack of permanent value or goodness in the world he now observed. All existence now seemed at times futile and even his former life now appeared vacant and stale, 'when all books seemed to have been written, all pictures painted, all experience and sensation opened up for no good reason at all', and the world was, 'a silly blind drift, purposeless and unintelligible'.⁵²

On leave in London, he had a sense that both himself and the external world would not return to their former, pre-war states; he felt that both he and the city itself had been too deeply 'stained' by the war to revert back to normality and that, coupled to his loss of faith, his former softness had drained away, leaving him harder and 'more ferocious in nature', a process which he railed against and felt symbolised the effect of the war upon individuals:

Duty to country and king and civilisation! Nonsense! For none of these is a man to be forced to leave his humanity on one side and make a passionate destroying beast of himself. I am a man before I am anything else, and all that is human in me revolts.⁵³

There seemed a side to the war that denied or suppressed creative thinking and all that had been civilised in thought and expression, a war that, to some, increased in illogicality the further it progressed and the more it was observed with a critical eye. 'I have seen roads and railroads lined with unrecognisable creatures, living, cursing, dead and utterly forsaken, all struggling and trying to turn their blind efforts at what we call patriotism to some kind of individual peace', wrote Captain E.G. Venning of the Royal Sussex Regiment to his sister in the early summer of 1915.

To Venning, the war was stultifying in that it consisted only of 'meaningless orders obeyed by brainless heads', and he was much struck by the 'smallness' of

it all in terms of the individual experience contrasted with the whole 'mighty business'. He found that his pre-war view of the individual had not only remained but become stronger when set against the conflict: 'the individual counts', he was moved to reiterate, while noting the extreme meanness of the army's practise of 'aggressive herding'. Venning was almost glad that the war had acted on some to harden the individual's fragile carapace of sensibility as this prevented in some cases a full realisation of the futility of the situation. 'Happily', he wrote, 'one has no chance to think. The "why?" and "what is it all about?" trouble only the few'.⁵⁴

If one spent time analysing the situation, one might come to the conclusion that the only good aspects of a war-life were a warm billet and good company: the rest being not only a waste of energy but also a draining of energy, an increased roughness of personality, so that a warm billet was perhaps all that one was capable of enjoying. Any deep thought or analysis only led one to appreciate the 'unsettling influence' of the war and the, 'precarious tenure of our time, and the insignificance of any individual efforts'.⁵⁵

These comments were expressed by Stephen Hewett, a 2nd Lieutenant in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment who had won a scholarship to Balliol College, Oxford in 1910 and who had applied for a commission in December 1914. 'In this military life', he wrote while undergoing training at Windmill Hill Camp:

or perhaps I should say for everybody in this time of war, one is made to lose that old dependence upon what seemed the greatest element of happiness – the sense of permanence and stability and a singleness of aims in one's work and movements ... one is the worse for losing that sense. But now one must grow coarser or at all events harder.⁵⁶

Hewett's chief consolation during this process was the camaraderie of his fellow officers, which he likened to the friendships he had experienced at Oxford, although he realised that too many recollections of his former life and thoughts of personal ambition were 'unnatural' in the setting of the unreal time of the front and better left, 'until one can shut one's study door again, and know that one's time is one's own', although in this mixing of past academic memories and future hopes, he was well aware that the return of those days was anything but certain.

In common with E.G. Venning, Hewett commented on the 'littleness' of the life at the front: 'one develops a kind of myopia ... by which one's vision is confined to very little things'.⁵⁷ A man was forced to live from day to day and be satisfied with 'an animal life' amid the desolation of the theatre of war in which the things that decided the fortunes and major events of the war literally passed over the heads of the insignificant infantryman in the form of shells and other high explosives. Any interest that lay in dug-out life and the ruined landscape was confined to novelty, a novelty which quickly wore off and could only sustain the contents of a single letter, the writing of which had become difficult in itself. 'Another reason for my general slackness in writing letters (to everybody)

is the gradual coarsening of one's feelings, due partly to the sameness of one's experiences', Hewett explained. This process was inevitable, he continued, 'for, if one did not quickly lose one's first sensibility, one would have to knuckle under and come home.'⁵⁸

Hewett recognised that the experience of war was worse for those who appreciated life and for whom the pre-war period had meant a chance to do some work of lasting value, work which could not be accomplished by fighting. He commented to his sister Mary that the artist or individual who 'lives for the expression of beauty' stood to lose far more by the loss of their creative life than those of a religious persuasion and who 'enjoy a good which eternity cannot take away'. He felt that the war, at its close, in addition to leaving 'a scar upon the very earth' would also leave a 'stain on the imagination' of those who experienced it, despite the process of coarsening and hardening of attitude towards the crudeness and bleakness of the front. For, as he pointed out, it was not as easy to be hardened towards the pathos of things. One might get used to sights of terrible injury and death in the trenches, 'but the feeling of spring in a quiet orchard and repose behind the line ... have the power to make one *think*'.⁵⁹ It was perhaps better to be in the midst of action of some kind. Accordingly, Hewett led out his platoon in an attack on 22 July 1916 on the Somme and never returned.

For some, then, even the power of thought and imagination was sullied or immured by the war's drain on the senses. This was not true for all, of course; some were oblivious while others, such as the poets of the war, found themselves stimulated into creativity by their experiences – stimulated to protest in some cases. Many soldiers had, in any case, gone straight from school to slaughter, and the war was simply just another experience. But for some, it was different: 'I was far more immature than my contemporaries', recalled Monk Gibbon of the ASC (a non-combatant corps) who had left behind an open History exhibition at Keble College, Oxford for an army commission, 'but I had learnt to philosophise. And it was a bad moment to do so.' In the 'reign of unreason' that war had come to be, the individual soldier was lost if he attempted to find structured patterns of behaviour and motivation in the chaos around him. 'It is fatal for him to question his individual conscience', warned Gibbon in the Foreword to his memoir, *Inglorious Soldier*.⁶⁰

Like Stephen Hewett, Gibbon recognised that time spent not engaged in combat was time to think and hence dangerous time to the Army who were in the business of disciplining men's minds as well as their bodies. 'The men out here are not encouraged to think', he wrote to E.D. Morel of the UDC in August 1917, 'but at the same time the Army realises that every man in being allowed a certain amount of time off duty, is in danger of perhaps spending part of that time thinking.' Hence all the concert parties and cinemas existed to fill leisure time collectively and keep the men from escaping the system, the net result being that, 'man ceases to believe in his own individuality'.⁶¹

Gibbon, the son of a Dublin clergyman and who served fourteen months in France from July 1916, had already stressed this fact – that army discipline meant ‘death to individuality’ – in a letter to his sister during the previous winter. ‘The soldier today’, he wrote, ‘is a man goaded by his nation into fighting for so-called ideals; never given chance to see things in perspective, never given a chance to think for himself, never given an opportunity to consider the other side except in the most distorted form.’⁶² At this point in the war, Gibbon was afraid that if men did not start to think for themselves, the conflict would be prolonged for years rather than months. He had felt his sense of the logical to be affronted by his experience of the war which in turn had brought forth an anger at the injustice and tragedy he observed as well as an acknowledgement that his was a minority view and that most people who had lost a loved one in the conflict would not react kindly to suggestions that the fallen had been sacrificed for a mistaken ideal.

It was during the summer of 1917 (‘A summer of the seasons but a winter of the spirit’), after serving a year in France, that Gibbon suffered his most intense inner anguish over his role in the war. He found himself fighting to the north of Arras and on Vimy Ridge amid a landscape of desolation contrasted with ‘tragically accidental greenery’ when he wrote his second letter to his commanding officer asking to be removed from his position in the army. He had sent the first letter, supported by his friend Sir Francis Vane, at the start of 1917 and had been advised to give his ‘theories’ a rest and instead busy himself with ordinary duties. His second letter contained his resignation of his commission and stated that he had initially applied for military service under the influence of ‘brass bands and the daily press’. The letter also requested that he be given work in connection with the Royal Army Medical Corps.

For Gibbon, a righteous war was now a contradiction in terms, and patriotism was either sentiment or self-interest. He could find no justification for the slaughter and realised that whichever side achieved victory, the world as a whole was bound to be poorer materially as well as in spirit, as was the individual. In a poem written at Souchez, he had expressed his perception of the war’s coarsening effect: ‘We have hardened our hearts within us ... We have forgotten softness’. Sir Francis, who wrote to General Haig on Gibbon’s behalf, agreed with him; the war, wrote Sir Francis, was ‘a perversion of intelligence’ and ‘not in the least enabling to the individual, generally speaking – on the contrary, with the exception of a very few choice spirits, it is degrading’.⁶³

The War Office awarded Gibbon merely compassionate leave, though he was later admitted to hospital suffering from shell-shock and eventually sent home. However, he decided against taking up once more the open History exhibition at Keble College, Oxford, and so remained in the army, classified ‘permanent Home Service’.

Gibbon and the men like him provide evidence for a specific awareness amongst some soldiers of the effect of the military machine upon individual

minds: a coarsening or roughening of previously fine-tuned intellects or aesthetic sensibilities that was as unexpected as it was resented. The dead otherworldliness of the front and savage reality of armed combat was a world removed from any previous peacetime University Officer Training Corps or Military Training Programmes. Now some men were unable to think, work or appreciate former valued elements of life to the same degree as in their former lives. This recognition and the awareness of it echoes the sentiments of Bloomsbury, Bertrand Russell and other individuals observed in the earlier chapters, whether in the front line or in familiar surroundings.

Representatives of life, civilisation and the imagination

The value of life to a soldier at the front could become grossly exaggerated amid the constant danger of extinction. However, the opposite could also be true for some individuals. Some men who fought the war were in danger of losing their sense of the value of life. 'Religion, philosophy, the arts: what have they to do with us? Words, words', confided one soldier to his diary, when allowed time to reflect whilst at rest in Amiens. 'The war has cheapened life till it is of little or no value', he concluded.⁶⁴

To some observers the danger of conflicts involving the very value of life was obvious. To Stephen Winsten, a contemporary of Issac Rosenberg at the Slade, the position to take was clear: 'I could see the significance of pacifism, the destructive against the creative aspect.'⁶⁵ The reactions of Winsten and his wife to the war are an example of the struggle at work between creative and destructive forces during the war.

Winsten was a teacher in Wapping and worked on a voluntary basis for the National Council Against Conscription (alongside Lytton Strachey and the writer and critic Gilbert Cannan) during the first half of the war. He believed that some form of practical protest was the only response to a situation he found both to be ignoble and shameful. He refused the exemption which was offered by his local tribunal in 1916 (as this would mean the pretence of doing land work whilst in fact resuming his teaching and thus in effect a silencing of his convictions). This refusal came after he had already endured two months of solitary confinement in Wormwood Scrubs. He was then sent to Bedford Prison. His wife left the Central School of Arts and Crafts in protest at a proclamatory notice prohibiting German students from attending classes. She then joined the NCF and took a cottage near her husband's prison and found teaching work in the surrounding area. Winsten read and appreciated Bernard Shaw's *Common Sense about the War* and found himself thinking that, after the initial glorification of war, an attitude of common sense which might put an end to the conflict could only occur when the mass of individuals involved in it reached what was to him, 'a kind of moral sense'.

Another overview of the war from one who, like Winsten (though in a different way) stepped back from it was recorded by William Bell, an architect, who, towards the end of the war worked for the Friends War Victims Relief Committee erecting temporary accommodation for civilians displaced by the conflict around them. In the area of the liberated Marne he noted French and German graves lying together by the road to Chatillon and found himself forced to search for some kind of deeper meaning to the war, as a means of justifying the fact that former enemies were now side by side, equalled in death. 'In spite of all the diplomatic twaddle about world conquest', he wrote, '... One cannot look upon such tragic memorials without cogitating on the causes which have produced such pathetic effects.'

Bell found no end to justify the means and instead found it inexplicable that 'some harmless Prussian lad' should have been marched from some small hamlet in eastern Germany in order to fight to the death with an equally harmless young French boy, both now lying together as if brothers. Of course, they had been brothers – in humanity, he concluded, and not enemies. They had been sent by the real enemies, the statesmen, to blindly grapple with each other 'like fighting-cocks in the back-yard of an inn'.⁶⁶

Near Chateau-Thierry, Bell regarded salvage-dumps by the roadside made up of abandoned guns and heaps of scrap-iron. 'What a monument of misplaced energy was represented in this wilderness of waste', he found himself thinking, 'What a pygmy man actually is in the face of such damning evidence of his so-called greatness.' Then, like Patrick MacGill and Charles Douie, he compared the spoliation and waste around him to that of an earlier period of human history to illuminate the negative effect of 'modern' warfare: 'The primitive flint-bludgeons of the cave-dwellers that we see nowadays lying in the museums, are no more an anachronism than are those highly complex weapons of the modern trench-dwellers that lie on the green heights above Chateau-Thierry.'⁶⁷

When Bell surveyed the destruction of Rheims Cathedral he fumed at the 'colossal presumption' of modern man in laying waste, for modern motives, the evidence of the motives and ideals of an earlier age. He had much experience both of the actual military movements (such as the Allied armies' retreat from the Somme) and of the ruin done to people and communities as the conflict passed over them and this affected him deeply:

To have seen the physical suffering and the mental anguish caused to innocent people – civilians and soldiers alike – by Lord Roberts' quack prescription labelled War – 'the only natural tonic'; and to have witnessed the broken homes and blighted lives of those I have dwelt among during the past winter – is an experience both spiritual and physical, to which it is utterly beyond the compass of my vocabulary adequately to give expression.⁶⁸

Bell wrote his memoir of the war in the months immediately following the Armistice, and his thoughts naturally turned to the future and his hope that

'those who believe in the common brotherhood of Humanity' would 'blaze the trail of spiritual Principle' in order to set a blighted civilisation back on the true road of progress and understanding. He cited specifically several of those individuals whom, though thought of as 'outlaws' during the war by much of modern society, Bell felt represented the future of the 'newer' civilisation: Bertrand Russell, Edward Carpenter, Israel Zangwill, Patrick Geddes, Henri Barbusse and Siegfried Sassoon. This 'newer' civilisation would discard living soldiers as well as toy ones and would enable man to understand his adversary instead of trying to destroy him, while common humanity would be expressed by a shared appreciation of beauty and the processes of creation rather than destruction, as Russell had also hoped. Reason would triumph over material force: principle over policy and love over hate.

It had been largely the practicalities of rehousing the dispossessed that had informed Bell's war experience and gave him a needed stimulus to carry on during a reign of destruction which to Bell, especially considering his profession as an architect and creator, was horrific. In tandem with the practical process of reversing the damage done by the conflict was Bell's hope for a brighter future and a new civilisation to follow the old.

For many, the war had marked a transition between one era and another – most commonly, a transition from a time of achievement, progress and familiarity to one of random change and general uncertainty. The novelist Stephen McKenna, who, having attended Westminster School and then Christ Church College, Oxford (from 1906), had been fully part of the 'Edwardian Generation', saw this change as one affecting all aspects of life: socially, economically, politically, intellectually and ethically.

In common with William Bell, McKenna identified and praised the individuality of those 'spirits dwelling in isolation' who 'struggled to preserve detachment' such as D.H. Lawrence, John Masefield and Gilbert Cannan. Again like Bell and Patrick MacGill he highlighted the state of a modern civilisation convulsed and degenerated by war to resemble a 'society' of the distant past, commenting that during the war and especially during times of particular crisis such as the German offensive of March 1918, 'the restraints of modern civilisation were burst on the resurgence of primitive man'. Those of a sensitive nature (who had 'fared delicately and lived softly') were 'dragged back across the ages' to a state of self-seeking intrigue and intoxication. The tide of civilising influence had gone out leaving only a state in which, 'the bravery of the savage emerged hand in hand with the savage's philosophy, his licence, his superstition and his credulity'.⁶⁹ McKenna described the war, especially during its early period, as being 'organised fury' and, in this extremely focused and hence constricting atmosphere, he deplored the fact that, in terms of the experience of many writers, artists and thinkers, 'Meditation was not allowed to become articulate until the armistice', a state of affairs that some felt as an extreme pressure.

'I have never had time to think', wrote R.H. Kiernan, who had joined up, in October 1917 aged seventeen, 'I have had nothing, nothing. I want to get back from all this, back out of it – and sit and think, and look at clean things.' Kiernan had attested rather than wait to be conscripted, following in the footsteps of his two elder brothers. At first, after training at Catterick Camp, he served with a Mercian Regiment but was then transferred to 'the Huntshires'. At Catterick he was often caught reading when off duty and this led to his nickname of 'College' and to some physical abuse, usually at night. He saw six months of active service near Ypres, the Marne and the Somme which was cut short when he was wounded in September 1918 and out of action from then on.

Kiernan's youthful enthusiasm and desire to emulate his brothers did not prepare him for his experiences in Belgium and France where, 'death seems to hang in the very air. We live in it, and it's always heavy round us, even when one is thinking of something else.' The grey sky of the dawn mirrored for him the uncertainty of the coming day, and his own future, while above the landscape constantly seemed to hover an 'awful spirit', and fear pressed him down and enveloped him like a 'shapeless shadow'. His only emotions were a strong desire to get away from all this and a sense of frustration that, as he said, he had no time to think properly. This was prompted by an analysis of Rupert Brooke's poem 'The Soldier', which Kiernan found that he could not empathise with. Kiernan felt that he did not possess Brooke's experiences of life, love and travel nor his opportunities to think and appreciate – hence Kiernan's 'I have had nothing' cry – borne of thwarted ambition and regret. Above all, he recognised that, at the front, 'every man seems to be living in a small life of his own', shrunken and contracted from the norm. This was not unfriendliness but the isolation of constant fear; 'I know that Death is talking to them all.'⁷⁰

The values of loyalty and comradeship still existed and were demonstrated, but sometimes only on the surface. 'It would seem as though most of those who come over here have a dual personality, a dream-life and a real one', wrote G.B. Manwaring, an officer in 'Kitchener's Army', in a letter back home of summer 1917. To some, the actualities of the war represented the real life, and the old life in England seemed imagined, but for others, the reality of home life was a source of strength when confronted with the nightmare of life at the front. Manwaring saw that, 'mine is not a nature that is really shaped for war', and that, in common with Stephen Hewett and Monk Gibbon, 'A vivid imagination is here a handicap, and it is those who have little or none that make the best soldiers.'⁷¹ He admitted his love of beauty in all its forms, the appreciation of which was almost like a religion to him, the 'gospels' of which were beautiful creations and the 'apostles' the great artists of music or literature. Like Kiernan, he used his time off duty at night to read and write in order to counteract the effects, worse in the still of the night, of the constant carnage and desolation all around which, 'must tinge one's mind towards gloom'. Manwaring found that

his imagination had become stained: 'One's pictures are set in sombre colours and one's pen reflects mainly their darker hues.'

Like William Bell, Manwaring's hope was that a new society would be born of the chaos and that, 'we who come back will do so with new standards and ideals', which could be used as the first building blocks in the construction of this new order. Only with this hope could the sacrifice demanded be worth the price paid in life, limb and ambition, a precept brought home to him by his job of censoring the letters of other soldiers. These 'dips below the surface of life' with their individual longings to return to families and normal life reinforced his own view of the war as a destroyer of life, beauty and the natural order of things. Mixed with his hope for a new humanity and faith ('whose prophets are the poets, whose Godhead is nature') was a fear that the war's effect would be *too* detrimental to the soul for a resurgence of the human spirit to occur: 'Will the present generation ever know contentment again, or will there come to them in the silence of the sleep time a vague yearning for "Life again?"'⁷²

George Baker, a former bank clerk from Kent, also championed the values of a threatened civilisation – to such an extent that he was eventually imprisoned for it after being caught up in the net of the 1916 Military Service Act. In common with Patrick MacGill, William Bell and others, Baker deplored the backwardness of the war's effect on society and especially the youth of that society. The politicians of Europe had, according to Baker, persuaded the young men of Europe to, 'dig two long and narrow ditches across Europe's face' and then had compelled youth to become, 'ditch-men and cave-men, and to translate Stone-Age barbarities into terms of poison-gas, liquid-fire, land-mine and aerial torpedo'. He felt no affinity with organised Socialism and with its tendency, as he saw it, toward uniformity, and he disliked what he saw as the same negative aspect of the NCF. He read and largely supported Shaw's *Common Sense About the War*, despite its 'war-acquiescence', and described anti-war MP Philip Morrell as 'my hero'.

Baker appealed to his local tribunal as a 'free-lance pacifist' with strident objections: 'For myself, I would be neither ditch or cave-man', he decided and instead 'stood for' civilisation against the encroachment of barbarism, peace against patriotism and love against hate. 'I had not a conscientious objection against war so much as an intellectual and emotional objection', he later wrote.⁷³ On these grounds he claimed total exemption from all military service, both combatant and non-combatant; however, he was only granted non-combatant exemption, and his subsequent appeal was turned down by the Canterbury Appeal Tribunal.

After a failed attempt to go on hunger-strike in April 1916, Baker was sent to Shoreham Camp and passed around from the 16th Royal Fusiliers to the 3rd Eastern Company, Non-Combatant Corps, (while trying to resist various attempts by the Plymouth Brethren to make him 'see the light' of their particular religious outlook). Baker was then forced to load ships with food and drink for

the army at Newhaven and spent the winter of 1916-17 in Lewes before he was sent to Larkhill Camp on Salisbury Plain to build and destroy roads and then, finally, to Wormwood Scrubs where he met a few like-minded individuals. One was a painter known as 'Mac'. Baker was relieved to have met a man who, 'though he cared for peace ... cared more for creative beauty', and he compared his own experience and aims to those of men like Sassoon and Graves – 'I, whose prison-life was their trench-life's complement'. They were all individuals in whom 'the heart's desire was not Cause spelt with a large "C", but Beauty with a large "B".' Both he and 'Mac' grew angry when they regarded a spectacular sunset from the prison window, a reminder that the politicians had 'filched beauty' from their experience and were, 'biting from our lives the best days of the best years'.

Reviews of some of 'Mac's' (whose real name was Alan McDougall) translations appeared in the *Athenaeum* and *Saturday Review*, though by that stage 'Mac' was too weak to read them. To Baker, McDougall the former man seemed dead and in his place existed, 'a walking number in mis-fitting broad-arrows and shuffling shoes'.⁷⁴ The two lovers of beauty were reunited in Winchester Gaol, after Baker had been taken under guard to Bulford Camp near Stonehenge to face a District Court Martial, at which he was sentenced to eighteen months hard labour. Baker (who was not released until April 1919, aged twenty-four) finally reconciled himself somewhat to prison life as a method of showing his solidarity with the soldiers at the front via a shared lack of both freedom and an ability to appreciate the finer things of life.

This chapter has uncovered a collection of lesser-known individuals united by various themes of aesthetic, humanistic and moral opposition to the war and its effects. Monk Gibbon's lamenting of a 'forgotten softness' was characteristic of those who viewed the conflict as a coarsening of aesthetic sensibilities. For those who took, like George Baker, the trinity of truth, beauty and love as their ideals, the war effected, in the words of Stephen Hewett, a 'stain on the imagination' that proved hard to remove. Hewett also recognised that this effect was mirrored by 'a scar upon the very earth' – the warping of the natural world at the front, though to be deplored in itself, was also a physical expression of the inner mental turmoil that affected many individuals, particularly those of a sensitive or artistic disposition. The army was likened to a ravening beast without a soul which consumed individuals without thought, or it was merely a machine, the operation of which processed personality into uniformity.

Men found themselves sunk to the levels of animals (literally nearer to the earth) and were treated as such. In Chapter 4, we noted John Galsworthy's description of 'the herd of life' that he felt existed at the time, and the 'herding' of men became a common metaphor employed to describe the situation. In addition to the coarsening effect of the war, there existed also a recognition of a corresponding submersion of personality within the army machine and the

enveloping physical and mental landscape of the war. This decline in individuality and growth of personal isolation – with a soldier pushed into ‘a small life of his own’ (R.H. Kiernan) was mirrored in the eyes of some by a moral exhaustion – a degeneration of morality which seemed to set back the clock of progress. Just as nature had seemed to revert to primordial chaos, so the decline of civilised values pointed to a reversal of time and, as Stephen McKenna described, a ‘resurgence of primitive man’. What hope from this new ‘stone age’?

Notes

- 1 ‘A large majority [of contributors], though firmly convinced that what they do is right – or right in the sense that it is inevitable – show their detestation of war in its operation.’ Some of the letters contained ‘the cry of a violated conscience’. Housman pointed out that the men who fought and died in the conflict were not all ‘lovers of war, or believers in war ... many of them learned to hate the war, from having known it, as they could not have hated it before’. Those who ‘tasted war’ (and ‘in their souls turned from it in loathing’) had as much right to claim the Cenotaph as their memorial as those that died ‘more happily accepting war as a means and believing that good might come out of it’. Introduction, *War Letters of Fallen Englishmen*, ed. Laurence Housman (London, 1930), pp. 5–6, 10.
- 2 *Ibid.*, Captain A.I. Adams (to his sister), 9 July 1916, pp. 21–2.
- 3 W. Beach Thomas, *With the British on the Somme* (London, 1917), p. 275. Beach Thomas was an accredited war correspondent.
- 4 Stephen Graham, *The Challenge of the Dead* (London, 1921), p. 95, Graham was also the author of *A Private in the Guards* (London, 1919).
- 5 *War Letters*, ed. Housman, Lieutenant R.H. Pickering, 1 Sept. 1915, p. 215.
- 6 *Ibid.*, Sergeant James Duncan, 5 Sept. 1918, p. 98.
- 7 University of Leeds, Liddle Collection (UL,LC hereafter), file of Corporal H.L. Currall, typescript of letter dated 1 July 1918.
- 8 *Ibid.*, typescript of letter dated 30 Sept. 1917.
- 9 *Ibid.*, file of J.B. Herbert, diary entry, Sept. 1918. pp. 22–4.
- 10 *Ibid.*
- 11 *War Letters*, ed. Housman, Lieutenant B. Pitt, 31 March 1916, p. 216.
- 12 ‘Bombardier X’, *So This is War* (London, 1930), Feb. 1918, p. 148.
- 13 UL,LC, file of W.B. Kitching, diary entry, 18 April 1917.
- 14 *Ibid.*, diary entry, 5 Dec. 1917.
- 15 Norman D. Cliff, *To Hell and Back with the Guards*, (Braunton, Devon, 1988), pp. 63–6.
- 16 Charles Douie, *The Weary Road* (London, 1929), pp. 152–3.
- 17 Patrick MacGill, *The Great Push* (London, 1916), p. 253.
- 18 *Ibid.*, p. 251.
- 19 Wyn Griffith, *Up To Mametz*, (London, 1931), pp. 111–13.
- 20 *Ibid.*, p. 73.
- 21 *Ibid.*, pp. 73–4.
- 22 *Ibid.*, pp. 73–6.
- 23 *War Letters*, ed. Housman, 2nd Lieutenant W.H. Ratcliffe, June 1916, p. 225.
- 24 *Vain Glory: A Miscellany of the Great War 1914–18*, ed. Guy Chapman (London, 1937), p. x.
- 25 R.H. Mottram in R.H. Mottram, John Easten and Eric Partridge, *Three Personal Records of the War* (London, 1929), p. 140.
- 26 *Vain Glory*, ed. Chapman, p. xi.

- 27 *War Letters*, ed. Housman, Captain J.E. Crombie, 3 March 1917, p. 83.
- 28 Arthur Osburn, *Unwilling Passenger* (London, 1932), pp. 221–2.
- 29 UL,LC, file of Eric Pritchard Southall, defence of E.P. Southall and written for his court martial at Littlemore Camp, Weymouth, 19 Oct. 1916.
- 30 UL,LC, file of Revd C.G. Raven, letter to Burgess, Fellow and former Dean of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, 27 June 1917.
- 31 Stephen Bowen, *Forsaken – Confessions of a Priest who Returned* (London, 1931), p. 91.
- 32 *Ibid.*, pp. 232–3.
- 33 UL,LC, file of C.G. Raven, letter to Burgess, 16 June 1917.
- 34 Guy Chapman, *A Passionate Prodigality* (London, 1965), p. 1. Chapman's book was originally published in 1933.
- 35 *Love of an Unknown Soldier, Found in a Dug-out*, ed. John Lane (London, 1918), pp. 36–7.
- 36 *War Letters*, ed. Housman, Lieutenant A.C. Stephen MC, RFA, Sept. 1916, p. 261.
- 37 Charles Edmonds (pseud. of Charles Carrington), *A Subaltern's War* (London, 1929), letter of Oct. 1916, pp. 28–9 and letter of Dec. 1916, pp. 221–2.
- 38 Charles Berjew Brooke, *Letters from the Boy* (privately published, Imperial War Museum collection), 30 June 1916.
- 39 Frank Gray, *Confessions of a Private* (Oxford, 1920), p. 202.
- 40 Mottram, Eastern and Partridge, *Three Records*, p. 139.
- 41 *Letters from the Front*, ed. John Laffin (London, 1973), Captain Theodore Cameron Wilson, to Mrs Orpen, 3 May 1916, p. 8.
- 42 Imperial War Museum (IWM hereafter), file of Mrs H. Pease, 76/179/1, transcription of the defence of George Kaufman at his court martial, 19 Jan. 1917 and letter to Helen Bowen Wedgwood, 30 Oct. 1917.
- 43 UL,LC, file of Alfred Victor Ratcliffe, 'The Conscientious Objector', *The Microcosm*.
- 44 C.B. Purdom (ed.), *Everyman at War: Sixty Personal Narratives of the War* (London, 1930), p. vii.
- 45 Graham, *A Private in the Guards*, pp. 84–5.
- 46 *Ibid.*, p. 347.
- 47 *Ibid.*, p. 25.
- 48 Lieutenant Colonel A.A. Hanbury-Sparrow, *The Land-locked Lake* (London, 1932), pp. 299–300.
- 49 A.G. West, *Diary of a Dead Officer* (London, 1919), diary entry, 7 Nov. 1915, p. 4.
- 50 *Ibid.*, p. xiii.
- 51 *Ibid.*, p. 23.
- 52 *Ibid.*, p. 10.
- 53 *Ibid.*, p. 58.
- 54 *War Letters*, ed. Housman, Captain E.G. Venning, to his sister, May and June 1915, pp. 281–3.
- 55 Stephen H. Hewett, *A Scholar's Letters from the Front* (London, 1918), to F.F. Urquhart, 1 March 1916, p. 23.
- 56 *Ibid.*, to Mrs Robertson, 18 Oct. 1915, p. 3.
- 57 *Ibid.*, to Mrs Robertson, 11 April, 1916, pp. 52–3.
- 58 *Ibid.*, to Charles Robertson, 27 May 1916, p. 84.
- 59 *Ibid.*, to F.F. Urquhart, Fellow of Balliol, 2 April 1916, p. 51.
- 60 Monk Gibbon, *Inglorious Soldier* (London, 1968), p. xii.
- 61 *Ibid.*, letter to E.D. Morel, 20 Aug. 1917, reproduced pp. 332–3.
- 62 *Ibid.*, p. 194.
- 63 *Ibid.*, p. 227.
- 64 Edmonds, *A Subaltern's War*, diary, Dec. 1916, pp. 221–2.
- 65 IWM, Sound Archive, file of Stephen Samuel Winsten.
- 66 William Bell, *A Scavenger In France* (London, 1920), pp. 247–8.

67 *Ibid.*, p. 259.

68 *Ibid.*, pp. 92–3.

69 Stephen McKenna, *While I Remember* (London, 1921), pp. 144–5, 221.

70 R.H. Kiernan, *Little Brother Goes Soldiering* (London, 1936), pp. 120–4.

71 G.B. Manwaring, *If We Return* (London, 1918), pp. 17, 137.

72 *Ibid.*, p. 162.

73 George Baker, *The Soul of a Skunk* (London, 1930), p. 115.

74 *Ibid.*, pp. 199–200.