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<CH>5 The ‘moaning of the world’ and the ‘words that bring me peace’: Modernism and the First World Warⁱ

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<A>Introduction: Modernism and the War

The First World War produced more than one kind of testament of experience, with more than one journey into print. This remains true whatever the current critical – and partial – consensus as to the relationship between narrative, language, and the literature of the war.ⁱⁱ

Herbert Read was unable to find a publisher for his war memoir in 1919 because people did not want to read ‘anything bleak’, but other writers had much more luck.ⁱⁱⁱ Readers in the early twenties feasted on, for example, Robert Keable’s *Simon Called Peter* (1921) and Ernest Raymond’s *Tell England* (1922). Such books offered patriotism, not originality. War was presented as a personal and moral development opportunity – a far cry from the modernists’ dazzling and deafening ‘equinoctial storm’.^{iv}

In the main it took some years for those texts which activated the relationship with modernism, or which struggled with a new force in language, to appear.^v Soon, though, they became culturally dominant: *the* war books. Keable and Raymond are little-read now. Heralded by Ford Madox Ford with *Some Do Not...* in 1924 (followed swiftly by Read’s *In Retreat* when the Woolfs finally published it at the Hogarth Press), this tradition gathered force throughout the rest of the decade and into the next. There was a mid-point climax in 1929 with the appearance of *Goodbye to All That*, *Death of a Hero* and *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Such texts may have been the result in print of a ‘turn in speech’ identified by Sam Hynes, brought about when ‘articulate men experienced the trench world and tried to record what they saw there’.^{vi} They certainly shattered a particular kind of silence about the war. (As indicated above, large numbers of patriotically popular war books appeared, and

were read, early on.)^{vii} But they often only emerged as a result of a protracted and painful debate within the minds of soldier-writers. Books like Frederic Manning's *The Middle Parts of Fortune* (1930), displayed a new vision, a new understanding, and new experience of war, though the words had taken time to come. Such territory was familiar to the modernists around and among them.

Modernism, Shari Benstock reminds us, was a 'literary, social, political, and publishing event'.^{viii} Its 'character', according to Herbert Read in 1933, was 'catastrophic'.^{ix} Malcolm Bradbury's *Modernism* was published forty years later, but also describes the 'cultural seismology' of the period (roughly 1890 to 1930) as an 'overwhelming dislocation', and a 'cataclysmic upheaval'.^x In the twenty-first century, 'renovation' is still identified as key to the modernist project, even while the extent of its complexity and variety is being tested anew.^{xi} In addition, over recent years – partly due to growing critical interest in technology and modernism^{xii} – the violence of modernism's upheavals has been increasingly identified as a consequence of the First World War. Critics have debated the extent to which the war exacerbated existing tendencies within culture towards 'truth-telling' or experimentation with formal possibilities.^{xiii} Some prioritise the business of Empire as well as war. Others, however, talk up the causative role of war in modernism's tendency to experiment with destruction.^{xiv} Modris Eksteins relates this specifically to temporal laws. When he writes that 'history as purposeful meaning [...] had not survived the war'^{xv} he reminds us of readings of modernism which emphasise the way war created a psychology of despair, or punctuated the sense of a stream of time. Such shifts are recognizably axiomatic for modernist writers, including many who thought deeply about the war, but did not fight – Virginia Woolf, for example, or H. D. Even H. G. Wells showed (as early as 1916) what the rupture of time might look like in a war novel.

Though it is in terms of technology particularly that this essay will address the inter-relationships between war and modernism, a sense of temporal rupture was broadly fundamental to the time. Approaching 4 August 1914, the narrative of Wells' *Mr Britling Sees it Through* becomes increasingly fragmented, 'frame-breaking' as real events demote the characters. Finally, time and progress are over-shadowed by the figure of war, looking very much like a statue by Jacob Epstein:^{xvi}

In this fashion it was that the great war began in Europe and came to one man in [the village of] Matching's Easy, as it came to countless intelligent young men [...]. The familiar scenery of life was drawn aside, and War stood unveiled. 'I am the Fact,' said War, 'and I stand astride the path of life. I am the threat of death and extinction [...]. There can be nothing else and nothing more in human life until you have reckoned with me.'^{xvii}

There is something attractive about the obstruction. Wells implies that the 'scenery of life' before was merely that; war, in contrast, offers a troubling and paradoxical vitality. Secret, or suppressed, until this point in time, its domineering and demanding energy will now be exacted from 'countless young men'. 'We English', Britling complains, 'are everlasting children in an everlasting nursery' (47). No longer: War's threat of death generates active (and, in time, newly communicative) adulthood where there was none before. Though few of the later novels reproduce Wells' sense of vitality, many of them share with *Mr Britling* a crucial and often overlooked reliance on the sounds of war as they go about their revisionist work.^{xviii}

<A>Modernist trauma: sound

This essay explores the proposition that the creative energies of modernism are, for the most part, inextricably bound to the experience of the First World War. Men and women fought, or suffered, or thought about war, and then used it in their work in ways that often refine and challenge our understanding of modernism. As binding relationships go, this might be described as a particularly tight one, in part due to the idea that, in Adam Phillips' resonant paraphrase of David Trotter, 'what we have learned to call modernism is more akin to a cumulative trauma' – the trauma of loss, of narrative disability, of madness, of the ongoing 'death of God'.^{xix} Jay Winter's study, among others, understands the war primarily through the trauma of loss: the 'Great War brought the search for an appropriate language of loss to the centre of cultural and political life'.^{xx} And there are also, of course, many examples of the 'cumulative trauma' of modernism in the narratives of war, as in this cataclysmal, maddened, extract from Frederic Manning's *The Middle Parts of Fortune*:

[T]he Hun searched for them scrupulously; the air was alive with the rush and flutter of wings; it was ripped by screaming shells, hissing like tons of molten metal plunging suddenly into water, there was the blast and concussion of their explosion, men smashed, obliterated in sudden eruptions of earth, rent and strewn in bloody fragments, shells that were like hell-cats humped and spitting, little sounds, unpleasantly close, like the plucking of tense strings...^{xxi}

This essay suggests, in addition, that we need to refocus attention on the ways that the experience of war, and therefore the development of modernism, were mediated through sound. Manning describes a trauma of all the senses in the face of war's extreme force; of the body, the eye, and yet more intensively of the ear. And so I take issue with Trotter's chief indicator of war's trauma – the 'proximity' sense of smell – in an essay on war fiction

published in 2005.^{xxii} The exploration of modernity Trotter uses for a source (Steven Connor's 'The Modern Auditory I') is interested in the primacy of the senses in the 'era of neotechnics'.^{xxiii} Writers about war borrow heavily from all the 'technologies of perception' (to use a more recent critic's phrase), that invigorated modernism generally.^{xxiv} Modernists are known for their attempts to realise Woolf's 'myriad impressions' – of sight and sound in particular, and touch in relation to sculpture and architecture.^{xxv} But as the quotation above from Manning might suggest, it is *sound*, not the perhaps more likely sight, or even smell, that Connor identifies as a 'disintegrative principle' in his essay on modernity (213). And it is the overwhelming experience of sound that Mary R. Habeck argues was most commented on by soldiers, particularly novices, as they entered the front.^{xxvi}

'I'm going stark, staring mad because of the guns', as Sassoon put it in one famous poem.^{xxvii} '[N]oise rushed like black angels gone mad; solid noise that swept you off your feet' in Christopher Tietjens' trench in *A Man Could Stand Up* (1926).^{xxviii} Connor cites Martin Jay on the war's 'chaotic, crowded, and cacophonous conditions' (209); in resounding confirmation of this modern summary, contemporary soldier Gerhard Gürtler wrote a letter home on how men 'hear nothing but the drum-fire, the groaning of wounded comrades, the screaming of fallen horses, the wild beating of their own hearts, hour after hour'.^{xxix} Equally crucial for soldiers, though, in terms of their relationship with sound, was the requirement to 'learn to hear all over again', or to 'hear it new' to adapt Ezra Pound.^{xxx} One way to try and stay alive was to determine the exact nature of each artillery threat – by listening to it. As a history of military psychiatry explains:

Each [shell] had its special noise and characteristics in the air [...] and its own special way of raining destruction on the ground [...]. The first thing you learnt [...] was how to tell the different types apart. There was the five-nine [...], the whizz-bang and the

four-two. There was the ‘minnie’ [... and] later on there were other new fangled-weapons [...]. Of all the things that preyed on the nerves and the senses [...] shellfire was the worst.^{xxxix}

Even from the relatively sheltered environment of London, Virginia Woolf wrote in her diary in 1917 that ‘having trained one’s ears to listen [for shells and guns] one can’t get them not to for a time’.^{xxxii} The germ of this experience is there in Septimus Smith, one of the most terrible fictional victims of shell-shock, who kills himself, on the day of Mrs Dalloway’s party, because he has been unable to stop listening as he was taught to by war.^{xxxiii}

Such experiences, in fiction or in the reality that cohered in and produced it, provide examples of the most dramatically heightened ways in which sound can act as a ‘disintegrative principle’. Shell noises not only threatened, but communicated information about, death. Hearers (usually) knew it; many broke down under the strain.^{xxxiv} The twin contemporary contexts of enhanced senses and technological facility, as discussed above, could only heighten them further. War as ‘threat of death and extinction’ elicits quintessentially modernist outpourings in print because of the new parameters of language in relation to sense, experience and representation but also because it was the ultimate mechanical symbol: standing astride the age as Wells imagines, and giving rise to high modernism and *The Waste Land*.

The remainder of this essay explores the ways in which sound (whether technologically manipulated or not) functions as a disintegrative principle in war writing. In three sections – ‘Communication’; ‘Shell-shocked culture’; ‘Boredom’ – I discuss the ways in which this essentially modernist concept manifested itself in texts, and in the contemporary cultural contexts which informed those books written by the returning soldiers when they did decide to speak.

<A>Communication

'The self defined in terms of hearing rather than sight is a self defined not as a point, but as a membrane; not as a picture, but as a channel'. Connor offers just such re-definitions of the self in the early twentieth century, making up for the perceived neglect of the 'intensely auditory experiences of modernity' (207, 209). A membrane presents little challenge to the external world; a channel likewise. This might, on many occasions, be a cause for celebration. For the men on the front line it was almost never thus: noise could be so invasive as to be maddening, or indicative of terror or suffering among one's comrades (the 'moaning of the world' of my title). Technology for testing the membrane was always close at hand. On the opening page of *A Man Could Stand Up* (1926), the third volume of Ford Madox Ford's *Parade's End* (which Bradbury calls the 'central', 'exemplary', modernist text of the 1920s),^{xxxv} Valentine Wannop, Physical Instructress, Latinist and suffragist, is on the telephone. It is Armistice Day and she cannot hear the speaker due to the 'intolerable noises' from the street. Nor can she place the speaker, for it is a voice she only 'seemed half to remember'. Nor can she understand the speaker – it is 'incomprehensible news'. In 1877 (two years after its invention) the telephone had been welcomed by *The Times* as bringing the 'whole human race' within 'speaking and hearing distance'.^{xxxvi} Like the railways before it, it could 'lessen the vicissitudes of time and space'; its social impact was liberating; it was a 'new toy'.^{xxxvii} But the war-time world is different. It is far noisier for a start, more complex; and this image of clarity and efficiency is the inverse of our view of Valentine on the phone. "I haven't," Valentine Wannop shouted into the mouthpiece, "the least idea of what you want or who you are": her telephone impedes her memory, is unable to compete against external noise, and occludes her understanding. It is a contextually aggravated version of Woolf's telephone experience, recorded in her diary, not on Armistice Day, but only two

weeks earlier, that ‘to my great surprise a voice upon the telephone developed into the voice of Lady Mary Murray’ (210).

As a textual symbol of modernism, the telephone in this instance demonstrates above all the notable desire for unreachable distance. A need, if you like, for a thicker membrane. Ford depicts Valentine’s ear trying to regulate and process the especially invasive and traumatically unclear noise from the phone while assailed by what is also ‘intolerable’ outside – but which also signifies the end of the war. Undeterred by Valentine’s shouted response, her interlocutor evidently wants very badly to deposit poison in her ear: gossip about her relationship with protagonist Christopher Tietjens that will inflict psychological trauma (it is important to note that other early reactions to the phone linked it both to insanity and witchcraft.)^{xxxviii} And although the message is tortuous and fragmented, it is lodged – after several pages – successfully within Valentine. Not only could sound work, via the phone, as a principle of disintegration in fictional ways like this (because of the way the technology manipulates distance and borders); it could also do so because the telephone was often even less successful at communicating clearly at the front. Here, as Ford would have known due to his service as an officer, there were increased stakes – in the disjunction between its symbolic promise of communicative ability and the possible reality in that kind of war. Ford chooses two runners to open *No More Parades* – mirroring Valentine on the phone at the start of the subsequent book – to show its seriousness.

Gary Sheffield’s and Dan Todman’s *Command and Control on the Western Front* details the mad scramble to get hold of as many instruments as possible in the winter of 1914-15.^{xxxix} Telephones were fairly suddenly conceived of as the main solution to problems of communication, particularly between commanders and the front line. And yet cables were not laid deep enough, generally because of the state of the ground. As a result, they were easily cut by the first hostile shellfire in any bombardment (for example at Neuve Chappelle in

1915), leaving stranded commanders waiting by phones for news that was never going to arrive, and reliant once more not on modern technology but on vastly more primitive and restrictive methods of communication.^{x1} The ‘final instrument of communication’, was too often not the telephone at all but the runner (Sheffield, p. 123). Pre-selected and trained, with particular attention paid to their knowledge of the terrain and trench systems of the battlefield, the runner was both the most basic and therefore perhaps a most human casualty of the failure of the communicative promise of the telephone. (Ford’s two runners are sat down on the floor of a hut at first; it is a sympathetic, *primitive*, quasi-domestic scene – but sent on an errand, by a Sergeant Major ‘whispering at’ their ears, they are killed almost immediately.)^{xii} When a distance needed to be maintained, in other words, it was quite possible that a telephone would cross it, however confusingly, to invade the autonomy and sanctity of the self in various painful ways; when a distance needed to be collapsed, a telephone could serve to signify the traumatising impossibility of communication. The phone lines themselves were obliterated by the most fearsome technological developments of the time: weaponry.

What is perhaps the most well-known section of Manning’s *The Middle Parts of Fortune* is clearly indebted to the techniques of cinema and photography. The ‘Once during the night’ sequence is a cinematographic replay of the scenes of the day. Bourne’s mind acts as a projector, and also visually arranges and orders events, countering the ‘sudden, vivid flashes’ experienced at the time. But it is sound that starts things off. It is dark, and before he can see anything, in his mind or anywhere else, he hears the whimperings and ‘half-articulate obscenities’ of his dreaming, shell-shocked comrades. The self is being defined as a membrane again, open to communicative acts, from one’s pals or from tormenting subordinates – as Tietjens discovers. Face to face communication posed as many existential challenges (just ask the runners-as-human-telephones) as telephonic varieties in the context

of war, and is a common focus for writers. The shock of one Australian poem, 'The Jester in the Trench', lies in its depiction of sudden death, as a well-known funny man is about to hearten his comrades with a joke. 'They heard no tale', Leon Gellert's poem recounts, 'No further word was said. / And with his untold fun, / Half leaning on his gun, / They left him – dead.'^{xlii} Signified in this way is both the interrupted communication war perpetrates (linking back to experiences on the phone) and, contrary to much of the propaganda about war, the terrible ambivalence of its friendships. The fun is 'untold' but the men leave their mate, with whom they had just been talking, quickly and move on. 'War began in comradeship', writes Sarah Cole, and ended instead in the distancing mechanisms of 'killed-friendship', or 'the tatters of speech', as James Dawes describes it, thinking about Hemingway's altered view of language post war (132).^{xliii}

'Two Masters', a short story set after Gallipoli, in December 1915, provides examples of both Cole's and Dawes' views of communication at war. The narrator is deprived of his consoling but naïve trust in his mates' up-beat tales by the keenly sarcastic Ralston ('he had put out the little lights I thought were stars, and I would dream no more'). But he also hears later in a letter from Ralston that his 'heart is broken' by the fact he has had to kill a German friend while spying for his country – Ralston's nationality is betrayed when he slips into English quoting Goethe's *Faust*.^{xliiv} Language might be said to 'run out' in situations like these, under strains like these. Woolf's depiction of the quiet patience of wounded soldiers, waiting for the noise of 'Peace day' (19 July, 1919) to be over, is transmuted into the 'unspeakability' of war in *Jacob's Room* (1922).^{xliv} And yet words are put together, though the arrangement may be new.

<A>Shell-shocked culture

Is sound at war always experienced as trauma, and constructed as such in print? Some writing that it produced suggests that a disintegrative principle can also work, if never comfortably, at least regeneratively. Placing scenes from Wells' *Mr Britling* (245) alongside Barrie's play *The New Word* (1918), we find fathers and sons stripped bare of their social and semantic protections, their vocabularies pushed to a new extreme of expressive vulnerability by war. 'I'm going to cast a grenade into the middle of you', says Mr Torrance in *The New Word*, alarmingly, to his soldier son the night before he leaves for training. 'It's this, I'm fond of you, my boy'.^{xlvi} (Roger is horrified.) In Modernist texts, characters are also re-made in painful communicative acts. When Valentine comes to Tietjens, later on Armistice Day, she thinks that the phone in his empty house has 'probably been disconnected' (649). The thought brings both joy – they won't be interrupted – and terror – the physical connection that they will then make, is adulterous, illicit, new. And is only possible because the war has occurred.^{xlvii} The phone (of course) does ring. It is Valentine's mother. Both Valentine and Christopher speak to her in an excruciating confession of the fact they are about to embark on an affair. 'Her mother said, after a long time: "Have you *got* to do this thing?... My little Valentine... My little Valentine!" She wasn't sobbing. Valentine said: "Yes, I've got to do it!" She sobbed' (653).

In Ford's earlier masterpiece, *The Good Soldier* (1915), which does not take the war as its explicit subject but is nonetheless suffused by it, the traumatised narrator must negotiate his psychological state. For his cure, he imagines he shall 'go on talking', to a 'sympathetic soul', for days.^{xlviii} Dowell's instinct, for a man of 1915, is not surprising. Sound was, of course, fundamental to the 'talking cure'.^{xlix} Even from its early manifestations as hypnosis, acoustic apparatus additional to the human voice was necessary to the doctors who practised with their hysterical patients.¹ Freud clearly prioritised the voice in his psychoanalytic treatments, positioning his patients specifically to avoid eye contact so that the session could

proceed instead 'like a conversation'.^{li} Later, neurologists adopted similar techniques in their treatment of shell-shock. In most accounts of war neurosis, emphasis is given to the various ways it amplifies soldiers' psychological trauma. Here, though, I'd like to focus on the way in which the gradually evolving therapeutic response to war neurosis represents both the need for repression, and the healing powers of communication – however fragmented, painful, hesitant, and perhaps delayed, that communication must be. (Dowell knows that from time to time he will have to get up, walk around, disrupt the flow of talk; his curative, fantasy conversation is also happening years after the events he describes.) The disintegrative principle of sound, as embodied by the talking cure, is tied equally to the effects of war, and the building blocks of psychological reassembly.^{lii} Though the clinical encounter is, of course, a distinct entity, in the portrayal of trauma modernism similarly allies its appreciation of the disintegrative principle of sound to an understanding of regeneration. In sound there is hope. Laying himself astonishingly bare as he recounts his traumatising war memories, Tietjens admits first on the phone to Mrs Wannop that, post-war, 'One has desperate need. Of talk' (659). It is conversational, almost more than physical, access, to her daughter that he craves. And, while he has a mother's attention, he craves it from her as well. Other soldier-writers knew voices as a redemptive as well as a disintegrative force: 'They are more to me than life, these voices, they are more than motherliness and more than fear; they are the strongest, most comforting thing there is anywhere: they are the voices of my comrades' (Remarque, p. 232).

<A>Conclusion: Boredom

It is important to acknowledge, in conclusion to this essay, that sometimes things went quiet. 'You hung about and you hung about, and you kicked your heels and you kicked your heels:

waiting for Mills bombs to come, or for jam, or for generals, or for the tanks, or transport, or the clearance of the road ahead', as Tietjens puts it (569).

It may well be true that the most 'frequently endured experience for most soldiers' was boredom.^{liii} (It can be a surprisingly productive aspect of the therapeutic encounter too.) As well as attending to their heightened, damaged senses, soldiers drank when they could; they had sex.^{liv} Lice picking was a necessity. Football and cards were popular, but so, *Parade's End* would have it, was sonnet writing (315). Though this activity may not have appealed terribly widely, absolutely everybody sang. Gramophones were sometimes available, even in the trenches. When they were not, the human voice, pluralised, connected the men in comedic, if bitter, tune. Communicative acts when the guns were silent by poets of faith and enthusiasm, and of terror, cynicism and doubt. Such acts were performed, if not in the hope of hearing the responsive 'words of peace' Paul Bäumer seeks from his comrade, then something related to them. The 'moaning of the world' has always made such a return, for whomever is listening, a formidable, but not an impossible, task.

<A>Notes

ⁱ Erich Maria Remarque, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, tr. A. W. Wheen (London: G. P. Puttnam's, 1929), pp. 72, 108.

ⁱⁱ Past, but not too distant, examples include Paul Fussell, John Keegan and Eric Leed on the war as an event which 'transformed language', a summary found in Jay Winter and Blake Baggett, *1914-1918: The Great War and the Shaping of the Twentieth Century* (London: BBC Books, 1996), p. 12; also Trudi Tate's observation in *Modernism, History and the First World War* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1998), that reading modernist writings and war writings together means the distinctions between them begin to dissolve (p. 3).

ⁱⁱⁱ Samuel Hynes, 'An Introduction to Graeme West', in Michel Roucoux (ed.), *English Literature of the Great War Revisited* (University of Picardy, 1986), p. 82. See also Vincent Sherry (ed.), *The Cambridge Companion to Literature of the First World War* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2005), p. 15.

^{iv} Amy Lowell's description, from her preface to *Tendencies in American Poetry* (1917).

^v This time-lag is discussed by many commentators (though it glosses over key texts: Henri Barbusse's *Under Fire* (1916), Rebecca West's *The Return of the Soldier* (1918), and Richard Aldington's *Images of War* (1919), for example). The reasons posed are many, and include the need for distance from the trauma by both reading and writing public, and the later contexts provided by the General Strike and the Depression.

^{vi} Samuel Hynes, *A War Imagined: The First World War and English Culture* (London: Pimlico, 1992), pp. 109, 114.

^{vii} Such as those by Keable and Raymond. See Douglas Jerrold's controversial essay on war literature, 'The Lie About the War' (1930), in which he argues that the earlier books contained 'more of the truth'.

^{viii} Benstock, *Women of the Left Bank: Paris, 1900-1940* (London: Virago, 1987), p. 21.

^{ix} Read, *Art Now* (London: Faber and Faber, 1933), p. 59.

^x *Modernism 1890-1930* (London: Penguin, 1991), p. 19.

^{xi} 'In the past two decades [...] the texts of modernism have been queered; racialized [...]; gendered, regendered and cross gendered; classed; globalized; postcolonialized; popularized' – though the focus for this essay at least remains a western one. David Bradshaw and Kevin Dettmar (eds), *A Companion to Modernist Literature and Culture* (Oxford: Blackwell, 2006), pp. 3-4. The term 'modernisms', as opposed to 'modernism', is also increasingly common.

^{xii} See Sara Danius' survey essay, 'Technology', in Bradshaw & Dettmar (eds), *A Companion to Modernist Literature and Culture*, pp. 66-78.

^{xiii} Critics such as, for example, Vincent Sherry, Jay Winter and Samuel Hynes. For a summary, see Jay Winter's *Sites of Memory, Sites of Mourning: The Great War in European Cultural History* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000), pp. 2-5.

^{xiv} See Sarah Cole's book, *Modernism, Friendship and the First World War* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2003), and James Dawes, *The Language of War: Literature and Culture in the United States from the Civil War Through World War II* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2002), p. 75.

^{xv} 'The Cultural Legacy of the First World War' in Jay Winter, Geoffrey Parker and Mary R. Habeck (eds), *The Great War and the Twentieth Century* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2006), p. 335.

^{xvi} *Rock Drill*, perhaps (first version, 1913).

^{xvii} Wells, *Mr Britling Sees it Through* (London: Cassell, 1916), p. 182.

^{xviii} Wells' method in *Mr Britling* is to show the 'loud report' of the Archduke's assassination being 'altogether inaudible' to Mr Britling and his companions at his country-house weekend (p. 76) – and then how things change.

^{xix} Phillips, *Side Effects* (London: Penguin, 2006), p. 264.

^{xx} Winter, *Sites of Memory*, p. 5.

^{xxi} Frederic Manning, *The Middle Parts of Fortune* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1990), p. 7.

^{xxii} The essay, 'The British Novel and the War' in the *Cambridge Companion to the Literature of the First World War*, has much to recommend it, however, including discussion of the lack of violence in war fiction.

^{xxiii} Connor's essay is in Roy Porter (ed.), *Rewriting the Self: Histories from the Renaissance to the Present* (London: Routledge, 1997), p. 204.

^{xxiv} Sara Danius, in her essay 'Technology', cited earlier, Bradshaw and Dettmar (eds), *Companion to Modernist Literature* p. 73.

^{xxv} The quotation comes from one of the most well-known passages in one of the most well-known essays on the subject, Woolf's 'Modern Fiction' (1919).

^{xxvi} Mary F Habeck, 'Technology in the First World War: The View from Below', in Jay Winter, Geoffrey Parker and Mary F. Habeck (eds), *The Great War and the Twentieth Century* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2000), 99-131 (p. 104).

^{xxvii} 'Repression of War Experience', in *Collected Poems, 1908-1956* (London: Faber and Faber, 1984), pp. 89-90. See also Ivor Gurney's 'On Somme'.

^{xxviii} Ford Madox Ford, *Parade's End* (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1982), p. 557.

^{xxix} Cited in Winter et al. (eds), *The Great War and the Twentieth Century* (2000), p. 202.

^{xxx} The first quotation is from Habeck, p. 105. Pound's exhortation to the modernists to 'make it new' is a first principle of modernism.

^{xxxi} Ben Shephard, *A War of Nerves: Soldiers and Psychiatrists 1914-1994* (London: Pimlico, 2002), pp. 33-4.

^{xxxii} *The Diary of Virginia Woolf*, vol. 1, 1915-19 (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1979), p. 85.

^{xxxiii} In Woolf's *Mrs Dalloway* (1925), a car backfires on a busy London street. Mrs Dalloway knows what it is, but for Smith it represents something different entirely. The post-war Robert Graves wrote that 'I couldn't face the noise of heavy shelling now. The noise of a car back-firing would send me flat on my face, or running for cover' (*Goodbye to All That* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1975), p. 220).

^{xxxiv} Shephard writes that 'by 1915, soldiers had learned that shells could come unannounced' (34). Even the keenest listener may not hear every shell.

^{xxxv} Quoted in Max Saunders' introduction to his edition of Ford's *Parade's End* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2002), p. xiv.

^{xxxvi} Cited in Herbert N. Casson, *The History of the Telephone* (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., 1910), p. 250.

^{xxxvii} Ithiel De Sola Pool, ed., *The Social History of the Telephone* (Cambridge, MA: The MIT Press, 1977), pp. 69, 9, 40.

^{xxxviii} De Sola, p. 209. Also, Ford has used phones similarly before. In *A Call* (1910), protagonist Robert Grimshaw's mental breakdown is instigated by one.

^{xxxix} Gary Sheffield and Dan Todman (eds), *Command and Control on the Western Front: The British Army's Experience 1914-1918* (Staplehurst, Kent: Spellmount, 2004), pp. 21-41.

^{xl} The resultant chaos – written messages were 'often long-winded and sometimes unclear', writes Martin Gilbert of this battle – was exacerbated by the fact that crucial messages crossed in mid-journey. See *First World War* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1994), pp. 132-3.

^{xli} Ford, *Parade's End* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1982), p. 301. Despite the kindly figure cut by Sergeant-Major Cowley, this depositing of information, because of its result, prefigures Valentine's poisoning exchange. When the runners are killed, and carried back inside, the scene is awash with blood, 'just like fresh paint, moving!' (307). It suggests other exponents of primitivism in modernism: Picasso, perhaps; Eliot too, in a different way.

^{xlii} In J. T. Laird, ed., *Other Banners: An Anthology of Australian Literature of the First World War* (Canberra: Australian Government Publishing Service, 1971), p. 4. See also Remarque, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, p. 315.

^{xliii} Cole, *Modernism, Male Friendship and the First World War* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2003), pp. 149, 187.

^{xliv} A. W. Wheen, 'Two Masters' (1923) in *Criterion Miscellany* no. 1 (London: Faber and Faber, 1929), pp. 18, 30.

^{xlv} See Vincent Sherry, *The Great War and the Language of Modernism* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1993), p. 275.

^{xlvi} Barrie, 'The New Word' in *Echoes of the War* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1918), p. 82.

^{xlvii} War has 'made a man of' Tietjens (668), a man prepared to acknowledge both his physicality and his need for talk. It is more complex than that, however, and Tietjens is also plagued by a sense that communications about sex and war are inter-related. The promiscuity of his wife during the war, and the ways in which news of it reached Tietjens in the trenches, and became confused with his duty (Tietjens was rumoured to have 'sold' Sylvia to Generals; Major-General Campion was said to have put Tietjens in harm's way because he 'wanted Sylvia Tietjens' (pp. 662-3)) mean that he has to discuss this thoroughly embarrassing mess – but can remain potentially exultant in his newly-realised, newly-expressed desire.

^{xlviii} Ford, *The Good Soldier*, ed. Martin Stannard (London and New York: Norton, 1995), p. 15.

^{xlix} Originally, one of Anna O.'s descriptions of her treatment with Breuer.

^l Machines were deemed necessary to reproduce the traumatic sounds, or physical experiences, resulting in the neuroses. See Andreas Mayer, 'Lost Objects: From the Laboratories of Hysteria to the Psychoanalytic Setting', *Science in Context* 19.1 (2006), 37-64 (pp. 41-3).

^{li} See Mayer's essay, p. 55. The key section of this essay is called 'Voice Control' and traces the soundscape of the consulting room.

^{lii} Pat Barker's *Regeneration* trilogy constructs numerous examples in her depiction of the work of W. H. R. Rivers with his shell shocked patients at Craiglockhart (including Siegfried Sassoon and Wilfred Owen).

^{liii} Dan Todman, *The Great War: Myth and Memory* (London and New York: Hambleton and London, 2005), p. 5. Others make a similar point.

^{liv} Joshua Levine's *Forgotten Voices of the Somme* (London: Ebury Press, 2008) has recently compiled many first-hand accounts of both.