Spring 2016

"When We Come Back From the War I Will Have Changed."

Sam Robert Ketchum
Bard College

“When We Come Back From the War I Will Have Changed.”

A Study of the use of pronouns in Georgian Poets before and after World War One.

By
Sam Ketchum

Submitted to the Department of Language and Literature

SECTION A

ABSTRACT

~~~~~~~~~

The modern era often looks back upon the early 1900s with a nostalgia for the build of to modernism. With the mechanized world so ingrained it is hardly possible to envision a life without technology. One of the more important aspects of the modern era of literature is literally called the modernists, Ezra Pound, T.S Eliot, Samuel Beckett, W.H Auden, James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and David Jones are all considered members of the British modernist movement. They all write in empty scenes where no protagonist can be found, Eliot's "Wasteland," Beckett's "Waiting for Godot," and Pound's obsession with the object. Or these writers go the other way and completely focus their narration through the eyes of the characters such as in Joyce's "Ulysses," and Woolf's "Mrs Dalloway." Very little credence is given to the work of the English Poets in the build up to this movement. In 1913 when "A few Don'ts," was published by Ezra Pound there was already a vibrant world of poetical movement in England.

The modern conception follows pounds publication through to the modern era. Most of this has been done retroactively through the likes of T.S. Eliot who said of Pound "more responsible for the twentieth-century revolution in poetry than is any other individual[1]." Yet at the same time when Pound was writing there was a movement of Poets who received a much wider field of attention: The Georgian style of poetry was being formed around 1907 by individual poets. By the coronation of King George V in 1910 there were several groups of poets who had published poetry which explored similar themes of nature and love as the Romantic style of William Butler Yeats, Keats, and Byron Shelley. Yet these poets had developed their own style that smacked of the modern era. The work of these poets were codified in 1912 by the patron

[1] http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/ezra-pound

and statesman Edward Marsh along with the publisher Harold Monro. Banished to obscurity the Georgians are often seen as an extension of the Victorian and Romantic poetic movements. The Georgians differs greatly in style for the 10 year period for which the anthologies were published.

The Georgian poets, beginning with Rupert Brooke, choose to be different. In an increasingly urbanized world they moved out to the Welsh Countryside to write poetry that invoked a sense of nature and the grandeur of the English Landscape. Harking upon some long forgotten past which was being neglected during the turn of the century. These poems often focused on the individual perspective. Specifically the link between an individual perspective and the environment in which these narrators found around them.

One of the few Modernist perceptions of the First World War comes from the work of David Jones. A writer whose work "In Parenthesis," is considered by W.H Auden to be "a masterpiece," a work that did for the First World War what "Homer did for the Greeks and Trojans." Thomas Dilworth, the inspiration for Webster, called it "The greatest work of British Modernism written between the wars." T.S. Eliot himself even wrote the introduction for the book calling it "a work of genius[2]." David Jones himself though shares a great deal in common with the Georgian poets. He may never had the schooling, nor education, nor publication to be considered a Georgian poet but his poetic proses shares in the same themes. In addition to his focus on the distortion of nature and love of the homeland (Wales in the case of Jones) there is a sense of a muffled narrator. A similar condition that plagues the work of the war torn Georgian. In fact there is not no clear narrator in "In Parenthesis." As Jones says in his introduction to "In Parenthesis," "I have written it in a kind of space between space- I don't know between quite what- but as you turn aside to do something; and because for us amateur

[2] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/In_Parenthesis (will get a proper source after April 6)

soldiers… the war itself was in parenthesis…- and also because of our curious type of existence here is altogether in parenthesis[3]." This essay will focus on what caused these writers to struggle with their choice of narrator. A prominent feature of modernist poetry is the fracturing of the human condition. The changing use of pronouns alters how the reader interacts with the poetry.

SECTION B- INTRODUCTION:

B1-Subjects

This paper deals with a change that occurs within the English canon of poets. Of particular interest is the way that the Great War (1914-1918) affected the Georgian Poets. The work of the Georgian poets was codified in with the publication of their first anthology in 1912. The anthology itself was not a work by the poets but a collection edited by Edward Marsh; a close friend to Winston Churchill and a trained classicist[4]. The anthology was published by the Poetry Workshop in Bloomsbury. The owner Harold Monro was a Belgian Poet who had sponsored several books of poetry. In return for publishing the first anthology in 1912 Monro asked for half of the profits[5]. There were five follow up anthologies spanning till 1922.

From the 21st century perspective the Georgian poets seem like a forgotten footstep towards the modern styling. Seen mostly as an archaic collection of poetry from the children of landed gentry that focuses on the personal experience of the upper class along with the beauty of nature. Many of the Georgian poets indeed had the education to be inspired by the classic texts of antiquity, Horace, Ovid, and Virgil. This interest in the classics helped to facilitate the link between the Victorians such as Keats. The direct connection that these, often, elite poets have with the general population is minimal. The education and class difference pushed these

[3] "The Poetry of The First World War," edited by Santanu Das.Page 153
[4] "Poetry of The First World War," edited by Tim Kendall
[5] http://www.britannica.com/art/Georgian-poetry-British-literary-group

poets to a level of obscurity from the general population. With Rupert Brooke proving to be an exception.

The Great War had an irreparable change on how these poets saw the world and, thus, how they composed their literature. The main group of pre-war Georgian poets that this essay will be concerned with is the Gloucester poets. When browsing the canon of Georgian poets there are many themes which resonate, the poetry collective at Gloucester came to represent the core thematic values of what it means to be a Georgian poet. The Gloucester, or Dymock, poets published a serial magazine four times a year. Although the quarterly may contain the plays of Drinkwater, or a short story, the majority of pages are dedicated to poetry. The most prevalent form of personal pronouns used in the Dymock quarterly was the first person personal pronoun, roughly 66% of the items published in the Dymock poets quarterly use this pronoun.

The way that this essay will follow the changing use of the personal pronoun is through the circles and associations the poets kept, before and during the war. Although there are a wide variety of poets who will come to be identified within the Georgian anthologies, collated by Edward Marsh. The primary group of poet that would come to represent the Georgians would be the Dymock or Gloucestershire poets. Gloucestershire is located on the English border with Wales. The town is quaint and rural. Located far away from the mechanized modernized world of London and the literary community of the cosmopolitan centers of europe. The area is notoriously scenic with vast fields run all the way to the river Wye, the 5th longest river in England. The poets' retreat to this agricultural community speaks to the style of poetry that they aspired to make. This poetry neglected the world of the very people who published it, the Poetry Workshop was located in urbanized London. The poets lived around the village of Dymock near Gloucestershire from around 1911 with some sporadic travels and changes.

The Dymock poets are most obviously seen as a collective due to their quarterly publication called “New Numbers.” Their poetry centers around winding roads in the countryside, mountains, streams, and the ideal England.

The persons most often associated with the Gloucestershire collective were Rupert Brooke, the exemplar of Georgian poetry. American poet Robert Frost, arguably the most successful of the Gloucestershire poets. Lascelles Abercrombie who was a poet and journalist most notable for beating J.R.R Tolkien for a Professorship at the University of Leeds. Edward Thomas, a copious writer dealing mostly in reviews and critics until he met Robert Frost in 1913 after which he began to write poetry almost exclusively. Wilfred Gibson, a poet of some remark before joining the Dymock poets. Having published his own anthology of poetry in 1907 (“Stonefields”) something that only Rupert Brooke could also claim. Rupert Brooke teamed up with Edward Marsh to selected the poets who would become apart of the first Georgian anthology[6].

B2-Why Poetry

The turn of the century was a world filled with literature[7] from 1914-1918, there are books, newspapers, letters, and advertisements. Although the beginnings of film and photography were present during World War One the Great War is often synonymous with poetry. So, why is poetry the medium that is remembered? First of all of the poets who will be examined were soldiers. This was their full time job, meaning that their writing would be secondary to their work at the front. The troops would stand to at dawn and work through the night, fixing barbed wire and listen for the enemy. During the daylight hours however as soon as maintenance work was done the troops were restricted to their section of trench. Leaving some time for reading and

[6] “Poetry of the First World War.” Edited by Tim Kendall.
[7] http://ourworldindata.org/literacy/

writing at the front. As the war progressed there became a system for rotating the troops through from the front line to the reserve. Giving the soldiers time to review, submit, and publish the poetry they wrote at the front[8]. Quite often there would be great spans of boredom but those moments are not free time. Indeed, the Craiglockhart poets essentially spent their hospital time editing and rewriting poems they had scribbled down at the front. Therein lies the beauty of poetry, as it allows for the snapshot, the quick reflect in between the otherwise overwhelming elements of war.

To be more specific it must be hard for the individual soldiers on the front to realize their immediate experience[9]. This sense of immediate surroundings translates through poetry as there is no need for a detailed synopsis. The poems only give vignettes of life at the front. Focusing on those moments that break or describe the monotony of trench warfare; as in "Breakfast[10]," by Wilfred Gibson. This poems encapsulate a soldier's experience but only for a brief moment. This is because no single soldier could truly express the war as it happened. Thus these poems work like fragmented memories to the soldiers, many of which would go on to write prose books about their experience. The book of David Jones, "In Parenthesis," is an interesting addition to the canon of World War One books as it is a book of poetry which is written as if it were prose.

B3- Why Count Pronouns

[8] http://inthefootsteps.org.uk/articles/1914-18greatwar/lifeinthetrenches.htm

[9] With Sassoon's "Memoirs of a Fox Hunting Man," not coming out till 1928, and Robert Graves "Good-bye to All That," in 1929.

[10] "We ate our breakfast lying on our backs,
Because the shells were screeching overhead.
I bet a rasher to a loaf of bread
That Hull United would beat Halifax
When Jimmy Stainthorp played full-back instead
Of Billy Bradford. Ginger raised his head
And cursed, and took the bet; and dropt back dead.
We ate our breakfast lying on our backs,
Because the shells were screeching overhead."

Professor Pennebaker is a professor of psychology at the University of Texas at Austin. In his most recent book professor Pennebaker deals with the way in which people use personal pronouns. Most of interest for this paper is a section of the book “The Secret Life of Pronouns,” in which professor Pennebaker deals with how trauma affects how individuals use pronouns. In essence the more directly the writer deals with first person subjective pronoun the more at ease they are with the trauma they have experienced. The more a writer uses the third person subjective pronoun the more likely the writer is still repressing or unable to process their experience. Professor Pennebaker was able to come to this conclusion through using a similar word count process which will be utilized in this essay: “Linguist Inquiry and Word Count

From the use of pronouns a reader can understand their relation with the narrator, whether these events are occurring to a narrator or being relayed by a narrator. Pronouns can also innocuously instill relationship status between a reader their environment. The use of pronouns is particularly valuable when setting a story as it allows the narrator to clearly define themselves.

Examples of pronouns are: first person subjective pronouns, I, me, my, and myself, all directly link the speaker with their point of view. Making any story being conveyed a direct result of a subjective point of view.- relaying the action through the eyes of the narrator.

In the second person pronoun the reader is given an objective, neutral, description him, her, it; a distant subjective description he, she, it; or the narrator may directly communicate with the reader through the accusatory- you.

The third person personal pronouns are often inclusive such as the subjective third person pronouns we, us, and ours which can allow the reading to take part in the perspective the narrator, having ownership of what is being described. The third person personal pronoun can also alienate, differentiating the subject something else, such as the objective third person

pronouns them, they, theirs. In totality the use of pronouns are extremely important in defining a relationship between the reader and narrator as these words carry with them connotation which promote perspective, tense, identity, and location.

B4- Experiment Overview/Experimental Humanities

Before diving into an analysis of World War One poetry I would like to first discuss how this essay will approach the analysis of the subject. This essay will focus on a form of analytics which counts words. Specifically pronouns. Thus I would like to present the below analysis in the format of a science paper. This means that the underlying warrant of this paper is that the analysis is more of an empirical measure of the words chosen by an author rather than a why these words were chosen.

I feel that it is important that literature in the age of modern computers be able to utilize the tools available. There is a close reading has often been the favourite form of analysis for Literature. Yet this style is limited in what can be closely read as it calls for a passage or a section to be removed from the story as a whole. Focusing on the specifics words used to convey the action taking place in a limited setting. Words themselves are the basic elements, the building blocks, to literature. Thus when a literature is analysed it is these words, scenes in tableau, that must push a work forward. The computational power of computers can create programs which have the ability to search, tally, and order the use of words in an entire piece of literature. With this improved power of analysis even the thickest Tolstoy novel can be broken down into its elementary parts for inspection.

C. P. Snow, in an essay about “The Two Cultures,” says that a dichotomy has formed in academia, that between the sciences and the arts there is an almost impenetrable wall. The advance of technology has drastically changed how the average American Citizen engages with

Literature. No longer is literature a study that can be separated from the lab. The use of tablets, kindles, internet articles, and digitally formatted Literature should be seen as an opportunity. Now the that the works of English Literature have become integrated into the digital world a whole slew of scientific tools can be used to enable to the analysis of Literature. These two schism of academia shouldn't be separated as, now, both can work together to distill the essential elements of the human condition.

With the use of computer programs a word count can be easily generated allowing for almost any section of a story, and the format in which it is told, to be empirically dissected. With the level of computational power available in computers the adjectives, prepositions, verbs and nouns in a work of literature could all be counted, and listed, allowing the reader to distill the basic elements of a story through the very language used to create it. Professor Pennebaker, a psychology professor, uses a computer to analyze the mental states of individuals using a computer program called "Linguistic Inquiry and Word Count." To deny those who study and analyze Literature these tools is to bar the study of Literature entering the computer age. Leaving Literature as a regressive force that focuses on the examined life of the human condition without change.

Once the basic tenants of language are able to be dissected by computers the students of literature can practice the close reading which defines the academic practice over an entire novel. Extrapolating these skills over how a story is told in its entirety allowing the power of word choice innate in plot construction and in manifesting emotion to be analyzed more clearly. Giving depth to how the human experience is viewed outside of a single word, sentence, stanza, or paragraph.

SECTION C- EXPERIMENTAL DESIGN

C1- Choice of Pronouns counted

This essay will specifically address how the use of pronouns morph how a work of literature is set, told, and received by a reader. This essay will address the use of the first personal pronoun, (I, me, myself) in contrast, and in conjunction, to the third person personal pronoun (we, us, together). In addition this essay will also examine the use of the second person personal pronoun (he, her, you) in the works provided. The use of the personal pronoun is significant as it defines the relationship between the narrator and a reader thus dictating how a story is told, e.g. from which perspective is the reader experiencing the action occurring.

The first person personal pronoun of course drops the reader directly into the mind, and eyes, of a character which is experiencing the action of a work of literature- an individual's perspective. The third person personal pronoun relates to an experience which is occurring to a group of individuals, it is not necessarily located in one set of eyes but it is limited to one set of mind. Meaning that the narrator extends it's inclusive empathy to a series of actors present in a scene. Leading to a story in which the group is preserved in place of the individual[11]. The use of the second person personal pronoun creates a contrast as the impersonal address of he or she does not immediately draw in readers, simply it leaves the character somewhat blank. On the other hand the use of you in a piece of writing can drastically change the reader's perception, particularly when the reader themselves is being directly addressed. This usage not only invites the reader directly into the piece but opens a dialogue between the narrator and the reader.

C2-Choice of Poets selected

There are at least 15 Georgian Poets, according to the Encyclopedia Britannica. The number of poets who considered themselves Georgians or were published in off brand anthologies is uncountable. From the first official publication of the "Georgian Anthology," in 1912 until 1922

[11] An apt analogy for the difference between the first person personal pronoun would be this is what happened to me vrs this is what happened to us.

there are a large number of poets who will be excluded from this essay. The principal poets which have been selected are those member of the Gloucestershire poets who went to fight the war: Rupert Brooke and Edward Thomas. Wilfred Gibson, one of the most consistently published Dymock poets was not included in this essay as although he served he never left the home front during the war. The next group of poets that will be examined are those poets who met and wrote recovering from wounds received at the front. This group will be characterized as the Craiglockhart poets, after the hospital that they were recovering in. These poets include Siegfried Sassoon, Wilfred Owen, and Robert Graves. The reason why these two groups have been selected is because they, one: fought at the front, and two: collaborated on poetry magazines in which they published poems contemporary to the war. The last poet who will be reviewed is David Jones as his book "In Parenthesis," published in 1937 which puts his work out of the historical range of the Georgian poets. Yet his work is undeniably sourced in the Georgian poets. Also he fought in the same regiment as Siegfried Sassoon and Robert Graves at one point cycling through the same trench system, giving Jones the same flavour as these war poets. Giving a retroactive experience of the war poets.

SECTION D- RESULTS

D1- Edward Thomas

~~~~~~~~~~

Edward Thomas is arguably the first of the Georgian poets to go to war. Thomas was only a newcomer to poetry before the war began meaning that his style and pronoun usage are unaffected from either the war poets who came before or the rhetoric of war. Thomas began writing poetry exclusively shortly before the war[12]. Although Edward Thomas was an avid literary critic and writer before 1914, most notably publishing a book in 1913 "The Happy-Go-Lucky

[12] 1913-1914
~~~~~~~~~~

Morgans;" Thomas was never a poet. When war broke out Edward Thomas joined the Artists Rifles in 1915, he was 37 at the time. Although Edward Thomas wanted to go to the front after he signed up he was reassigned to an officer's training camp[13] where Thomas acted as a map reading instructor. Although Edward Thomas had contemplated going to the front since the outbreak of war he did not see action until he requested to join the artillery. He was sent to the trenches in 1917. Unfortunately Thomas was killed by a shell that same year, at the battle of Arras, while serving in an artillery battery. This means that much of the poetry which Thomas wrote was a product of the home front. The war was very much on the mind of Edward Thomas. "Poems," a collection of Edward Thomas' poetry did not appear till October of 1917. The collection of "Last Poems," was posthumously released in 1918. The poems were typed up and sent to publishers by his confidante Eleanor Farjeon[14] making the anthology an edited version of Thomas's work. The poetry which Thomas wrote, and that which was published, reflects the basic aesthetic mold of the Georgian poets based in Dymock. Thomas's work undeniably does deviate from the Gloucester poets tinged by the sensation of war, which will come later to mark the war poets.

Thomas wrote most of his published poems within the time frame of the First World War. Thus, although he was not in uniform till 1915, and not at the front till 1917, Thomas's poems often reflect the troublesome questions of a country at war. Due to his abstraction from the front Thomas does not describe the war in terms of an all consuming mentality. Something that could be said of Siegfried Sassoon or of Wilfred Owen. Instead Thomas often reflects how the war is affecting the English landscapes which he loves so dearly, a residue from his days as a poet in Gloucestershire. This love of the countryside can be seen in "Roads." In the course of this poem Thomas describes the roads from idyllic country towns in England being turned into a war path.

[13] Where Thomas possibly met, and trained, Wilfred Owen.
[14] "Out of the Dark. Poetry of the First World War." Edited by David Roberts pg 68

Despite being manifestly about war the poem has some stanzas that sound as if they could have been written when Thomas was still walking round the village of Dymock by the river Wye:

"The hill road wet with rain
In the sun would not gleam
Like a winding stream
If we trod it not again[15]."

Later in the poem Thomas refers to the "the mountain ways of Wales," and how the clouds are like sheep. This poetry is worlds away from the desolate wasteland that Sassoon, Owen, and David Jones will come to inhabit. The smooth natural tones of the poem are more reminiscent of Robert Frost who had left the UK and returned to America as World War One began. Curiously Frost was still in correspondence with Edward Thomas. Even asking Thomas, his companion for many walks through the Gloucestershire countryside, to leave England and to join him in the United States. Yet, ironically, it is the love of the countryside which keeps Thomas in England. In his poem "This is no case of petty right or wrong," Thomas delves directly into his conflicting feelings of going to war against Germany. The poem was written after Thomas had an argument with his father about whether or not England should go to war. The poem struggles with the reasons to fight or not to fight on a scenic scale: "With war and argument I read no more/ Than in the storm smoking along the wind/ Athwart the wood." By describing the clarity of going to war as if leaving a wood Thomas directly links nature to his thought process. It is this scenic landscape with which Thomas cannot live without that contextualizes his thoughts. When Thomas's poem finally comes to catharsis it collapses into a cry of "God save England," it is because "her (England) that made us from the dust:/ She is all we know and live by, and trust." Thomas's desire to fight is not due to any loyalty with the English crown, nor is his opposition

[15] "Poetry of the First World War," edited by Tim Kendall. pg 58-60 "Roads."

motivated by hatred of the Kaiser. Edward Thomas is motivated to fight the good fight for the landscapes which shaped him. After reading Thomas's poetry one can understand how he was assigned to teach officers how to read maps.

The landscape that Thomas views with such fondness is the unfortunate casualty of his war poetry[16]. Although Thomas is aware of the human toll the war is taking, Rupert Brooke dying in 1915, Thomas is transfixed solely by what he can see. That is not the war in the trenches, nor the mud or the machine guns but the troops leaving their homes and marching towards the far off front. In "Roads," Thomas says:

"Now all roads lead to France
And heavy is the tread
Of the living; but the dead
Returning lightly dance[17]."

It seems as if Thomas is ignorant of what is happening at the front. The poem "Roads," begins with "I love roads." Thomas uses the first person personal pronoun because he is only citing what he is seeing. Even when Thomas does not use a personal pronoun, such as the above stanza, there is a lack of protagonist. This is due to Thomas describing the effect of those traveling on the road. The road which is symbolic of nature, and the landscapes which accompany it, are so rarely ascribed a pronoun. The Dymock poets in particular have a habit for describing nature without anthropomorphizing it. Meaning that the narrator quite often sounds as if they are omnipotent when they are, instead, engaging with the vastness of nature on a personal level.

When dealing with individuals characters in his poetry Edward Thomas often pins their actions against the landscape. This leads to a few instances of interesting juxtaposition where

[16] One notable exception is "Rain," in which humans are suffering under the actions of nature. Aka the rain.
[17] "Poetry of the First World War," edited by Tim Kendall. pg 58-60 "Roads."

an unidentified narrator regails the reader with stories placed within the first person personal pronoun (I, me) but quotes these stories as if they were personal experiences. One instance of Edward Thomas using this technique is in a reflection on Rupert Brooke poem. In part V. “The Soldier,” of his poem “1914,” Brooke says:

“If I should die, think only this of me:
That there’s some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England forever. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, and made aware...”

If we contrast this Brooke stanza with Thomas’s “No one cares less than I,” the parody becomes clear.

“ ‘No one cares less than I,
Nobody knows but God,
Whether I am destined to lie
Under a foreign clod,’
Were the words I made to the bugle call in the morning.”

The choice of Thomas to describe the foreign soil as clod makes it seem like it was a lump of clay. Something unformed, lacking nutrients and thus unproductive and unremarkable. This clearly juxtaposes Brooke who suggests that the body of English youth are made, and shaped by English soil, reflecting on the Christian idea of “earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.” “A dust whom England bore, shaped, and made aware,/ Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam, A body of England's.” By this definition Brooke implants a notion of nationalism within the concept of the poem. That by the elements that compose a body, from the nutrition that feeds it to the dirt which formed it, at a very base level, the body becomes part of the country that bore it as seen in the use of apostrophe: “body of England’s.”

Edward Thomas plays up this idea, suggesting that more than just the physical body of an individual an Englishman is composed of something ephemeral. That entrenched in the British Isles are British ideals, and these are what create English men. This interpretation depends on how literally you take Brooke when he discusses the dust being "shaped and made aware." Almost as Edward Thomas feels that it is the landscape of England which is responsible for creating an English individual. This sentiment can be seen in later war poems such as "Anthem of a Doomed Youth," by Wilfred Owen, which compares the inert landscape to thinning Englishmen "[T]heir flowers the tenderness of patient minds[18]." An image which makes a link between the character of a person, such as patience, and its impact on the world, such as blooming flowers. Meaning an Englishman is someone who is composed more of simply minerals in England. It is the product of centuries of book knowledge, the very soil of England enriched by the island's history. Making every soldier from every country such a special individual, except not English, Thus each death means that not the soil but a soul is dying,

In his poem Thomas is mocking Brooke. The title of his poem is "No one cares less than I," a title which undercuts the idyllic bravery which Brooke had created in the opening months of the war. Thomas' use of "I" encapsulates the first person subjective pronoun. Meaning that the poem takes place from the perspective of Thomas' narrator. In Thomas' poem he makes fun of Brooke by misquoting this famous stanza rom Brooke's sonnet "1914," at a morning muster. Turing the patriotic passion of Brooke into a patronizing experience. Thomas' depiction of a crass protagonist of the poem mocks the brave "I" of Rupert Brooke, for at a morning muster of soldiers , the need for patriotism is mute. This poem was written before conscription, Thomas himself an eager volunteer, applying to go to the front several times. No one at this muster needs to be reminded of the ultimate sacrifice which Brooke made. There is a further humor

[18] "Poetry of the First World War," edited by Tim Kendall. pg 153"

added by the mention of death at the morning bugle. Being that reveille, the morning bugle, is used to wake soldiers up it is often linked with rising and resurrection[19]. Striking home the thought if a dead man wonders where he lay. Thus Thomas believes, like his avatar, "I," that no matter where a soldier is buried, unless it is in England, they rest under a foreign cold. A condition that only matters to the family, and country they've left behind.

This contrast between the intellectual perception of England and the physical landscape of England fuels Thomas' use of quotation marks around the first person subject pronoun in his poems. Again, making painfully clear that the protagonist of his poems is not the soldier, nor the citizen, but the English countryside. For example in "As the team's head-brass," the narrator sits on a country farm and watches as ploughman works around a fallen tree. The poem concerns itself with a conversation between the narrator and the ploughman about the inability to move the fallen as all the young men have left the farm to fight at the front:

" 'From here?' 'Yes.' 'Many lost?' 'Yes: a good few.
Only two teams work on the farm this year.
One of my mates is dead. The second day
In France they killed him. It was back in March,
The very night of the blizzard, too. Now if
He had stayed here we should have moved the tree.' "

Again we see a lack of empathy from Thomas in his concern for the dead. The ploughman speaks in the first person personal pronoun "one of my mates," as if the loss of the ploughman's friend is insignificant. His friend is neither named or defined, just left anonymous as if he is one in a crowd of untold many. Edward Thomas in his poetry never introduces the dead man family, their Mother or sister as Vera Brittain had done in her memoirs of World War One "Testament of

[19] Particularly after the war in Commonwealth Remembrance day services. With the "Last Post being played to symbolize death, and "reveille," the renewal of life.

Youth[20]," where the family of the dead soldier goes through their kit bag. Edward Thomas instead draws the reader back to how humans affect the landscape. Thomas puts the reader in contact with one of the soldiers work friends, most missed because without his mate the ploughman is not able to move a fallen tree. Making it seem as if the real causality is not the dead trooper but the carcass of the tree strewn across an English field. Edward Thomas's shallow attitude towards the front and death is most likely a product of his detachment from what was occurring. The poems that were published concern themselves with Thomas's perspective of the English landscape, which only happened to be at war.

One of the poems which could be said to show a change in Thomas's attitude is "Rain." In this poem, still set in the first person pronoun Thomas pauses to think of all those affected by the forces of nature. Thus twisting the notion of nature and landscape which Edward Thomas has maintained in his other poems, that the landscape is active in the lives of people. Rather than humans being active on the landscape.

Rain
"Rain, midnight rain, nothing but the wild rain
On this bleak hut, and solitude, and me
Remembering again that I shall die
And neither hear the rain nor give it thanks
For washing me cleaner than I have ever been
Since I was born into this solitude.
Blessed are the dead that the rain rains upon:
But here I pray that none whom once I loved
is dying tonight or lying still awake
Solitary, listening to the rain,
Either in pain or thus in sympathy
Helpless among the living and the dead,
Myriads of broken reeds all still and stiff,
Like me who have no love which this wild rain
Has not dissolved except the love of death,
If love it be towards what is perfect and

[20] Vera Brittain "A Testament to Youth." Chapter 6 "When the vision dies."

Cannot, the tempest tells me, disappoint."

Although Edward Thomas does not directly reference the war one can infer that he is taking an all encompassing view. At it's closest point the front line in Belgium was only 140 miles away from London meaning that the occasional explosion could be audible in England. Being an artillery trooper it probably wasn't too difficult for Edward Thomas to imagine the struggles of soldiers at the front while sitting in a training camp in the rain listening to explosions. It is the rhetoric of powerless hope expressed above that resonates with later war poets. No one can stop the rain. Nor can anyone stop the death, yet one can still hope: "But here I pray that none whom I onced loved is dying tonight or lying still awake Solitary, listening to the rain." This love of the English landscape is transfixed from a mere admiration of beauty to a form of homesickness experience by the troops, as Ivory Gurney says in his poem "Billet:" "I get no good in France, getting killed, cleaning off mud." This connection to a nature which is prevalent in the poetry of Edward Thomas and the Gloucestershire circle would come to influence to poets to come as in Ivory Gurney's "Farewell:"

"Nor to hear of Gloucester with Stroud debating
the lack of goodness or virtue in girls or farmlands.
Nor to hear Cheltenham hurling at Cotswold demands
Of civilization; Nor West Severn jocking at East Severn?
No more - across the azure and the brown lands
The morning mist, or high day clear of rack
Shall move my dear knees- or feel them frosted, shivering
By Somme or Aubers - or to have courage from the faces
Full of West England, Her God given graces[21]."

D2- Rupert Brooke

~~~~~~~~~~

Young, talented, connected, and described by W.B Yeats as "the handsomest young man in England," Rupert Brooke was setting the Literary world of 1900 alight. Brooke went to Cambridge on a scholarship where he began to study classics before turning to English. While

[21] "Poetry of the First World War," edited by Tim Kendall. pg 125 "Farewell"
~~~~~~~~~~

there Brooke became the president of the Fabian Society (a socialist organization) and studied abroad in Germany. In 1911 Brooke had an anthology of his own poetry published by Sidgwick and Jackson publishing, which had an initial run of 500 copies[22], and soon became quite popular. With success already in his sails Rupert Brooke, along with editor Edward Marsh, set to publishing the work of Georgian poets. Brooke was pivotal in producing the 1912 anthology and was also published in the book which became a success. Bubbling with brilliance Brooke set off in 1913 to join some of the poets who were published in the 1912 anthology in the town of Dymock, near Gloucestershire. This lead to Brooke's inclusion in "New Numbers," the poetry collective's quarterly. In Gloucestershire Brooke refined his skill and what it mean to be a Georgian poet. Brooke, along with the Gloucestershire poets[23], became a staple for the anthology of Georgian poetry which continued to be published till 1922.

It's rarely any wonder that when war broke out that many turned to Brooke as a commentator. In addition to being famous himself Brooke was connected to influential people. In fact Brooke's friend and the editor of the Georgian Anthologies, Edward Marsh, had become the personal secretary to Winston Churchill. Through his connections to Marsh and Winston Churchill, Rupert Brooke was accepted into the Royal Navy Division on September 15 1914 without any prior military training. He was commissioned as a Sub-Lieutenant, in charge of 50 men, and sailing towards the defense of Antwerp by October[24] of 1914. Such a radical turn of events. Brooke went from an acclaimed poet, having a wide audience to read his published works, to leader of 50 British marines overnight. Most often Brooke is characterized as being naive to the coming war, certainly true when one compares his poetic style to the works of

[22] http://www.abebooks.com/POEMS-Brooke-Rupert-London-Sidgwick-Jackson/1261482489/bd
[23] Poets from this collective were regularly published copies of the anthology, from 1912-1922 and provided a base for the anthologies continued success.
[24] Overview of Rupert Brooke's from "The Poetry of The First World War," edited by Santanu Das. Page 69- "Early Poets of The First World War," by Elizabeth Vandiver.

Sassoon or Owen. Yet, Rupert Brooke never got to experience the brutality of trench warfare that would later come to define the Great War. Also one can't really blame Brooke for sounding patriotic after being given such an opportunity, in his immortal lines "Think only this of me: that there's some corner of a foreign field that is for ever England[25]", or "Think, this heart, all evil shed away, A pulse in the eternal mind no less[26]." The man was notorious for writing poems about eternal love and beauty. As in his 1913 poem "Love:"

> "Love is a breach in the walls, a broken gate,
> where that comes in shall not go again;
> Love sells the proud heart's citadel to Fate[27]."

Any picture that Brooke could paint about the war would still be floral. Further, Brooke was aware of his fame and any action that Brooke took would have captivated the eyes of the public. Meaning at some level, particularly given his use of objective personal pronouns when describing this death- "think only this of me," Brooke was suppressing his true feeling and was writing as a part of a tradition of British poets who wrote on war; such as Hilaire Belloc[28] and Alfred Lord Tennyson[29].

On the 4th of April 1915, eight months into the war, Dean Inge read a sonnet from Brooke's "1914," collection entitled "The Soldier," from the pulpit of St Paul's Cathedral on Easter Sunday. "The Soldier," seems like an appropriate choice for a church sermon as it carries some basic tenets of the Christian faith. For example in the poem Brooke meditates on how his body will once again become dust. A concept which is repeat in Christianity from Genesis to the Common Book of Prayer[30]. Also through objectifying himself in the first person

[25] "Poetry of the First World War" edited by Tim Kendall page 106 "V. The Soldier."
[26] "Poetry of the First World War" edited by Tim Kendall page 106 "V. The Soldier."
[27] http://www.rupertbrooke.com/poems/1912-1913/love/
[28] "Whatever happens we have got/the maxim gun and they have not."
[29] "The Charge of the Light Brigade," by Lord Alfred Tennyson
[30] "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.'

objective pronoun Brooke draws upon the romantic notion of the ultimate sacrifice. Endorsing that an individual's death can change the world. That, just like Jesus, the youth of England should stand forth and be prepared to die, like soldiers, in order that the enlightened (or as the Dean Inge might say Christian) ideas of England may spread across the world.

> “If I should die, think only this of me:
> That there’s some corner of a foreign field
> That is for ever England. There shall be
> In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;”

In a turn of fate Rupert Brooke died two weeks later on his way to Gallipoli, on the 23rd of April. Just as Dean Inge had preached from the pulpit Brooke made a corner of a grecian orchard for ever England. The soil not only enriched by Brooke’s decomposing body but enriched through his ideals and sacrifice. Buried on Skyros (a Greek Island en route to Gallipoli) Brooke’s funeral was attended by such figures as the sitting prime minister's son Oc Asquith and Patrick Shaw Stewart. Churchill even published an obituary in the “Times,” for Brooke three days later[31]. Due to the contrast between his published poems and his personal diary it becomes clear that the poetry, and fame, of Brooke was utilized for the war effort after his death.He was posthumously turned into a symbol for the romantic necessity of war. Later he became the headline for a martyred generation of British youth. A youth we now picture as going optimistically into the Great War. One might wonder how different the poems of Rupert Brooke would have been if he lived till 1916.

In his personal correspondence Brooke depicts the war with a resonance not defined in his published works. Brooke seems far from being overly optimistic or naive about what was happened at the front. A notable exception to this is when being told he was going to Gallipoli-

[31] “Poetry of the First World War,” edited by Tim Kendall pg 103

Brooke thought he was going to fight on the plains of Troy. Otherwise Brooke's letters are incredibly bleak. When recalling his experience at the fall of Antwerp he cites "Antwerp, deserted, shelled, and burning… ruined houses, dead men and horses[32]." In being briefed for the Gallipoli campaign Rupert Brooke is told to expect a 75% casualty rate for his unit. Before he arrived in Antwerp: "They told us at Dunkirk that we were all going to be killed[33]." Brooke is well aware of the brutality that will come define the bloody war ahead. From his correspondence Brooke says "It's a bloody thing, half the youth of Europe blown through pain to nothingness, in the incessant mechanical slaughter of these modern battles." There is no romanticism in Brooke's description of war as a "mechanical slaughter." It is the kind of description one would expect from a poet later in the war, one who had fully experienced the horror of the trenches.

The action Brooke saw at Antwerp was a siege. Himself and the Royal Naval division were essentially trapped. Despite seeing the horrors of shells, machine guns, and massive armies the poetry that Brooke writes after his experience in Antwerp are not so graphic as his personal correspondence. Instead they are very at peace with death, and seem to praise the upcoming, almost inescapable death. In his second sonnet written after Antwerp "Safety," Brooke says:

"We have gained a peace unshaken by pain for ever.
War knows no power. Safe shall be my going.
Secretly armed against all death's endeavour;
Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all."

This rhetoric accepts the individual death as a necessary sacrifice. Most clearly depicted through contrasting the third person subjective pronoun, "we have gained a peace," with the first

[32] "The Poetry of the First World War," edited by Santanu Das. Chapter 3 "Early Poets of the First World War," Elizabeth Vandiver- citing Brooke, "Letters, 632-3."
[33] "The Poetry of the First World War," edited by Santanu Das. Chapter 3 "Early Poets of the First World War," Elizabeth Vandiver- citing Brooke, "Letters, 632-3." pg 73

person objective pronoun, “Safe shall be my going.” Through objectifying himself, and his published works being an example for others, Brooke makes peace with death for the greater good. For a “peace unshaken by pain.” It is this kind of language which will resurrect itself for the First World War to be known as the War to End All Wars. Even Brookes depiction of death is in binary, because he is dead he is no longer in danger, and thus is the :safest of all.”

The first, and only, barrage of Brooke’s war poem’s came out after his time serving with the Royal Naval Division during October-December of 1914. It was entitled simply “1914,” the first sonnet in the series is called “Peace.” “Peace,” begins by identifying the brewing war as the defining moment of a generation “God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour/ and caught our youth and wakened us from sleeping.” Prior to the instigation of conscription in 1916 the British government began producing posters, and propaganda, designed to encourage citizens to enlist in the armed services. There is an infamous poster of Lord Kitchener, Secretary of State for War, pointing to the reader and saying “Brittons, (picture of Lord Kitchener) wants you. Join your country's army! God save the King.” Both the Kitchener poster and Rupert Brooke appealed to God. The poster of Lord Kitchener was already in circulation before Brooke left for Antwerp[34]. In the poster of Lord Kitchener God is identified as the protector of the King “God save the king,” and thus the state. Whereas in Brooke’s sonnet God is acknowledged as the stirrer of the coming generation and as who “matched us with His hour.” When Brooke’s poem is contrasted with the poster of Lord Kitchener it is possible to imagine the youth of Brooke’s poem being matched with the defense of the king. With this reading in mind one can really question the dual use of “caught,” in the poem. Making it seem as if the youth of England were far from volunteers but rather animals trapped and awoken by some greater power for the sole purpose of protecting the King.

[34] Possibly even before Brooke joined the army.

It seems that Brooke has trouble defining his war experience in his poetry. Although Brooke only served a short time in the war from his personal correspondence it is possible to see that he was definitely impacted by the gruesome experience. Yet the poetry Brooke publishes doesn't deviate much from the poetry he published before the war. In the sonnet from "1914," entitled "IV. The Dead," Brooke sounds unlatched from reality. The narrator takes on no personal pronoun and only "he," is mentioned once in the final stanza. The poem is not placed in a war setting, nor concretely placed in any location but the sunset:

"The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.
These had seen movement, and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone."

The subjects of this poem assumably "The Dead," have certainly lived. They have experienced all the qualities of life. Experienced the changes of time, had friends, been isolated, and have been animated. Even by Shakespear's standards they are human for they have been filled with music. So certainly by their death "All this has ended." This poem deals with the loss of human life which Brooke experienced at the siege of Antwerp. Although he writes it as if he was not dealing with dead. Rather he uses a lot of the same imagery in writing about the loss of a romantic fling. For example compare the writing above to the 1905 poem entitled "The Beginning.":

"My eager feet shall find you again,
Though the sullen years and the mark of pain
Have changed you wholly; for I shall know
(How could I forget having loved you so?),
In the sad half-light of evening,
The face that was my sunrising.
So then at the ends of the earth I'll stand

And hold you fiercely be either hander,
And seeing your age and ashen hair
I'll curse the thing that once you were
Because it is changed and pale and old.
And I loved you before you were old and wise,
When the flame of youth was strong in your eyes,
- And my heart is sick with memorise[35]."

In both poems Brooke references movement. In "The Dead," Brooke distances the dead from the living by using the third person objective pronoun, making the bodies objects. Still Brooke describes these bodies as having agency. Suggesting that, perhaps the spirits of the dead had observed their physical lives. "These had seen movement… Slumber and waking." In "The Beginning," Brooke ascribes his actions to his body: "my feet shall find you again." Distancing himself from his body through the first person subjective pronoun. As if his body was unconsciously wandering towards his lost love. Through identifying the body as the center of action Brooke takes away the a human element to the action. Not asking how or why but simply stating that these actions occurred as the body moved. Although both poems allude to the, rotation of the earth, sunrise and sunset in "The Dead," Brooke uses past tense. "The dawn was theirs." Brooke is making a point deeper than having seen the sunrise and set. Brooke later says that the "colours of the earth," also belong to the dead. Without the poetic form one could iterate that the dead have lost their ability to perceive. Not just that they are blind but that they already experience the rotation of the world, the passage of time, a life.

In "The Beginning," the narrator is reflecting on his memories of his love but also projecting forward to when he will see her again: "In the sad half-light of evening, the face that was my sunrising." Here the memories give the narrator hope whereas in "The Dead," the narrator doesn't give any reference to either memory or hope. Most likely because the narrator of "The Dead," sees that as empty and hollow which is why he can only record their action, even

[35] From Brooke's "Collected Poems 1916." Although the poem is dated 1905. Shown are lines 5-20.

then only in generalizations. The narrator of “The Beginning,” is full of hope of being reunited. Suggesting that this unification will stop time, the rotation of the earth: “So then at the ends of the earth I’ll stand and hold you fiercely be either hand.” Although the protagonists of “The Dead,” have surely lived, they have had actions which can be described as being human. Brooke uses a third person objective pronoun, them/their, which distances the individuals from their actions and turns each person into a collective- “them.” At one point the narrator even describe the dead collective as “these,” dehumanizing the tragedy of an individual death. Alienating the reader so far as to forget that these dead were once people. Through fusing an individual into an analogous group Brooke has alleviated the suffering and pain that any one of these dead’s family would enure.

The protagonist of “The Beginning,” seems much more lively because Brooke uses the first person subjective pronoun, which allows the narrator to inject their hopes, feelings, and fears into a piece of literature. Allowing the reader to truly empathize with the narrator as they are given a subjective first hand account of the protagonist’s experiences. In the poetry Brooke published before the war Brooke favoured the first person pronoun for his poetry. On average Brooke would use the first person pronoun 60% of the time[36]. Since Brooke died in 1915 he didn’t write a lot of poetry about the war, the only published, written work is the “1914” collection of sonnets and a fragment which was later published. So, there is not a lot to go off but when analyzing the collection of wartime sonnets, “1914,” the average number of times Brooke uses the first person pronoun is down to 42%[37]. Most often Brooke’s narrator buries himself in the third person, as one the individuals involved in an experience . Since Brooke was new to

[36] An average derived from his works in the compiled 1914 “New Numbers.” The quarterly printed by the Gloucestershire poets.

[37] An average of the use of first person pronouns used in poetry for the “1914” collection and an addition fragment. Given as a fraction it is 2.⅝. I used a half tally for the personal pronouns because in “II. Safety,” Brooke uses the third person personal pronoun throughout the poem and in the final stanza cites the first personal pronoun- “I.”

soldering it is quite possible that he is trying to distance himself from the fighting by using the third person pronoun.

D3-Siegfried Sassoon

~~~~~~~~~~

Siegfried Sassoon was never a member of the Gloucestershire poets. His pre-war works were never widely published and although he was educated at Cambridge Sassoon lived the reclusive life of a fox-hunting country gentleman before the outbreak of war. Although Sassoon did have some of his verses published privately. One of these publications made its way into the hands of Edward Marsh[38], the editor of "Georgian Poetry (1912)." After reading some Sassoon's privately published verses Edward Marsh organized a meeting between Siegfried Sassoon and Rupert Brooke[39]. After Sasson met the face of Georgian poetry, a younger more successful Cambridge graduate, Sassoon became disillusioned with his life[40]. This state of discontent is often credited as the reason Sassoon joined the army. He was in uniform the day Britain Declared war on Germany, making him the first of the Great War poets in uniform[41]. Sassoon was shown to be ahead of the curve in both his Military and Literary careers. Two things that worked in tangent for him, as highlighted in an extract from Sassoon's diary, "I am bound to get it in the neck sometime, so why not make a credible show, and let people see that poets can fight as well as anybody else?[42]"

[38] "Poetry of the First World War: an anthology," Edited by Tim Kendall
[39] "Poetry of the First World War: an anthology," Edited by Tim Kendall
[40] "Poetry of the First World War: an anthology," Edited by Tim Kendall
[41] One must remember that war in Europe had been brewing since the death of Prince Ferdinand. Most recent to Britain's declaration of war, Russia had mobilized at the end of July with Germany and France following suit on the First of August. Finally Britain declared war on August 4th when the German army failed to leave Belgium, which they have invaded the previous day.
[42] "Out in the dark: Poetry of the First World War,"Edited by David Roberts.
~~~~~~~~~~

Before Sassoon could see action with the Sussex Yeomanry, the regiment he was initially assigned to, he was transferred to the Welsh Fusiliers. Sassoon's transfer to the Welsh Fusiliers probably did not change the outcome of the World War One but Sassoon's transfer was critical in shaping the poetry that was to throughout the war. Two of three poets who would make up the Craiglockhart Poets, in conjunction with David Jones all served in the Welsh Fusiliers. There is also an of twist of fate in how the Georgian poets who would build on the Gloucestershire style of poetry served with the Welsh Fusiliers, stationed across the Wye from Gloucestershire. While serving in the Welsh Fusiliers Siegfried Sassoon met and befriend fellow officer Robert Graves. Robert Graves would work with Sassoon to create many of the motifs that are viewed as the standards of World War One poetry; the empty morbid atmosphere, ensconced with Georgian sensibilities, and futility.[43] Both Sassoon and Graves would go on to write definitive process experiences of the Great War.

> "Sassoon's relationship with Graves would descend into decades long acrimony after the War, but at the time he credited his new ally with teaching him how to write naturally and idiomatically. Graves had seen action, and had tried to write realistically about his experiences; Sassoon's poetry, by contrast, had seemed to consist chiefly of fin-de-sicle dreaminess...[44]"

Sassoon's war poetry was popular during the war. He published two anthologies during the war which contained some of his war poems "The Old Huntsman and Other Poems[45]," and "Counter-Attack and Other Poems[46]." In addition some of his poems were published in periodicals such as "Cambridge Magazine[47]," "The Literary Digest[48]," and of course the

[43] Most notably the reoccurring theme of the rotation of the earth, e.g. sunset and sunrise. Along with a strange obsession with roads and where they lead to, a theme made famous by Robert Frost- who was one of the original poets at Dymock.
[44] "Poetry of the First World War: an anthology," Edited by Tim Kendall page 85.
[45] The Old Huntsman and Other Poems (Heinemann, 1917) cite "http://www.warpoets.org/poets/siegfried-sassoon-1886-1967/"
[46] Counter-Attack and Other Poems (Heinemann, 1918) cite "http://www.warpoets.org/poets/siegfried-sassoon-1886-1967/"
[47] http://www.lib.cam.ac.uk/exhibitions/Sassoon/War_Poet.html

Craiglockhart serial "Hydra[49]." Sassoon was also featured in the 1917 and 1919 "Georgian Poetry," anthologies. Sassoon already a recognisable voice for poetry before the war had even come to a close. Sassoon did reach the front till 1915 by which the war was already a static atmosphere of trench warfare. Due to the wounds he would received in 1917 Sassoon was never a part of the sweeping offensives that marked the final days of the war. Although Sassoon outlived the war he was wounded several times, giving him a few short stints in which to refine and publish his poetry. Due to the time period in which Sassoon was at the front the action that Sassoon saw was very atypical of what one could fathom about conditions in the trenches from the Great War: Barrages of artillery followed by troops going over the top into a hail of machinegun fire and then traversing the barbwire ridden desolation of no man's land. The Welsh Fusiliers saw action in Mametz Wood[50] and Passchendaele[51], two notoriously bloody battles. Noted for his bravery in action Sassoon was awarded the Military Cross and nicknamed "Mad Jack."

The poetry that Sassoon writes is highly self aware. In his diary Sassoon is quite concerned about what people will think of his actions: "I want to get a good name in the battalion, for the sake of poetry and poets, whom I represent[52]." Although Sassoon's poetry is highly emotionally charged, often utilizing the first person subjective pronoun. The almost constant desire which Sassoon expresses for greatness, or making a name for himself, leds Sassoon to be more inclined to use the first person personal pronoun when describing action. Sassoon uses the first person pronoun in his poetry on average 56% of the time. This is more often than the run of the other war poet's who will be explored. In an odd twist Sassoon also

[48]http://siegfried-sassoon.firstworldwarrelics.co.uk/html/periodicals.html
[49] http://siegfried-sassoon.firstworldwarrelics.co.uk/html/periodicals.html
[50] 4,000 British casualties. http://www.greatwar.co.uk/somme/memorial-38-division.htm
[51] 325,000 Allied casualties.
"http://www.bbc.co.uk/history/worldwars/wwone/battle_passchendaele.shtml"
[52] Sassoon's diary entry dated March 31st 1916. "Out of the Dark Poetry of the First World War." Edited by David Roberts.

uses of the second person personal pronoun at an alarmingly high rate. Often Sassoon uses the pronoun to describe the action of the protagonists but with this technique Sassoon also directly addresses the reader. On average Sassoon uses the second person pronoun 39% of the time. In his poetry Sassoon plays with the a dialogue between the narrator and reader.

Through using the first person subjective pronoun Sasson directly relates his experience to the reader. For example “I did this.” Allowing his emotion to be directly translated to the reader. While in some cases Sasson directs his narrations directly to the reader through the second person objective pronoun “you did this”. Which draws the reader into the poem by directly addressing communicating with them. This technique infuses the reader into the action of poem, making the audience of his poems an important aspect to his desire and style in writing. In some cases, by using both first and second person pronouns in a single poem, Sassoon creates a dialogue in identifying and separating the narrator and the reader.

Sassoon creates an environment where we- the reader - are directly addressed. This high frequency at which the second person objective pronoun is used (“you,” “him,” “her,”) becomes a unique feature specific to Sassoon’s style of poetry. Particularly once Sassoon begins to protest against the continuation of the war the ability to communicate directly with the reader gives his poems a palpable potency. Imagine during the war reading a poem which directly asks questions of to you, the reader, about how the war is being fought. One reason for the stylized choice is that Sassoon cites that the public’s ignorance of the conditions of the war allows the war to be prolonged without purpose (see excerpt below):

> “They glory in the mock-heroism of their young men. They glory in the mechanical phrases of the Northcliffe Press. They regard the progress of the war like a game of chess, cackling about ‘attrition,’ and ‘wastage of man-power,’ and ‘civilization at stake.’ In every class of society there are old men like ghouls, insatiable in their desire for slaughter, impenetrable in their ignorance. Soldiers conceal their hatred for the war. Civilians conceal their liking of it.”

A large chunk of Sassoon's poetry is aimed at placing individuals at the home front in the trenches, or at least giving them a taste. Sassoon prepares an atmosphere of danger and death, where ultimately no one wins as in "Counter-Attack," or sterile ineffective ineffectual scapes such as in "Base Details." These environments go beyond the imminent internal monologue of a soldier in the trenches, which Sassoon vividly expresses in some of his more personal poems such as "Night Attack." The poetry in which Sassoon embraces the use of the second person objective pronoun can be seen as Sassoon using a weapon of protest, designed to educate the ignorance of those who support a prolonged and poorly fought war.

Sassoon's poetry occupies an interesting position in its relation to the war. Since Sassoon lived through the war and fought at the front, until 1917. Sassoon's poems jump between being for war and glory then protesting against a poorly fought war. If one looks at Sassoon's personal diary it becomes apparent that Sassoon is genuinely interested in being an effective soldier:

> "Sitting in a trench waiting for a rifle grenade isn't fighting: war is clambering out of the top trench at 3 o'clock in the morning with a lot of rum-drugged soldiers who don't know where they're going - half of them to be blasted with machine-guns at point blank range - trying to get over the wire which our artillery have failed to destroy[53]."

This excerpt is almost like a definition of war. In it we find issues with Sassoon will later grapple with when he writes his more anti-war poetry, such as the failure of the artillery to clear a path leading to the death of drunk troops. Yet in this definition there is a palpable excitement for climbing over the top. Sassoon is so able to clearly define what he likes about war.

The Sassoon's tone becomes increasingly angry in 1916 when a college friend with whom he went to Cambridge with was killed at the front. David Thomas, who Sassoon was in

[53] Sassoon's diary entry dated April 4th 1916. "Out of the Dark Poetry of the First World War." Edited by David Roberts

love with was killed. Although the love was never realized Sassoon was equally devastated by the news. This inability to reconcile the death of his unrequited love caused Sassoon a lot of pain and aggravation, anger which he directed at the Germans. This concoction of feelings, anger over the death of an unrealized love and a desire for greatness, pushed Sassoon into writing poetry which exposed the pleasure he took from killing the Germans in what could only be thought of as lusty revenge[54]. "The Kiss" is a prime example of this type of behaviour. The kiss which the poem describes is actually a description of a bayonet stabbing a dazed German. From the use of the first person subjective pronoun we can tell that the narrator is expressing their feelings, along with the use of the second person subjective pronoun to describe his bullet "Brother Lead." Suggesting, at least at metaphorical level, that Sassoon has become a kindred spirit with bullets and bayonets- weapons of war.

There is a period of Sassoon's poetry which showcase this odd mix of a striving desire for greatness and undulating anger at the loss of his love. These feeling are not the predominant sentiment of all of Sassoon's poetry but it certainly has its place. The manifestation of anger and greatness comes in his desire to kill. Sassoon is rarely specific about who he wants to kill in his poetry. Instead of a festering hatred of Germans Sassoon appears empathetic to those who is fighting against. Often humanizing and presenting the struggles of war that the Germans are also facing. For example in "The Glory of Women," Sassoon reveals that his poem is actually addressed to both the women of Britain and Germany, specifically a German mother who is knitting socks while her child is being trampled further into the mud. If such a human scene had depicted an English Mother it could very well have been seen as

[54] An excerpt from Siegfried Sassoon's diary dated April 4th 1916 reads:
"I want to smash someone's skull… I can't get my own back for Hamo and Tommy that way. While I am angry with the enemy, as I am lately. I must work it off."

being against the war effor[55]t. Although the poem was published in December of 1918 in "Counter-Attack and Others Poems," one must remember that the war wasn't resolved until November.

Sassoon's poetry takes a definite turn against the war, against his turn to greatness in 1917. When his anger is focused on how the war is being fought. Sassoon's anger at the prolonging of the war is elucidated in his 1917 letter to Parliament "The Wilful Disobedience to Military Authority," This letter makes plain that the war which As through making the Hun seem more human Sassoon was giving the troops an excuse to empathize with their enemy.

A scene with similar sentiment can be found in Sassoon's poem "Night Attack." Where in the midst of describing a successful British assault on a German trench Sassoon's narrator using the first person subjective pronoun pauses to think about the dead:

"He was a Prussian with a decent face,
Young and fresh, and pleasant, so I dare to say.
No doubt he loathed the war and longed for peace,
And cursed our souls because we killed his friends."

The use of the first person subjective pronoun gives the poem's narrator an empathetic tone, as the reader is experiencing the scene through the narrator's subjective reality. When describing the dead Bosche the narrator hides the word pleasant between two commas, this punctuation signifies that the young and fresh German has been sufficiently described. Thus the modifier pleasant, which is a subjective adjective, comes as a personal reflection upon the dead. The narrator is so ingrained with the idea of his enemy being a brutal foe that thought of seeing one as pleasant surprises him. Surprises him in a way which causes fear, "so I dare to say," the

[55] Although there is conjecture, Sassoon decided not to published the poem "Night Attack," during the war for fear it "might be altogether too contentious." "Siegfried Sassoon: A Study of War Poetry." By Patrick Campbell. Page 110.

narrator sounds almost as he doesn't think anyone will believe him, or worse will be ridiculed for having such a thought.

Sassoon goes on, in the poem, to describe the British attack from the perspective of the dead German using the second person subjective pronoun for the next three stanzas, half the poem. Forcing the reader to live the imagined life of a German trooper for at least half the poem. This universality in the life of the solider strikes true for Sassoon, along with the other Georgian Poets. In fact in most of the poems that describe the front lines, and the atrocious conditions in the trenches, once could be amiss as to who the English were fighting. Sassoon gives only cryptic references the enemy as the Bosch, Prussians, or the Allemands. Simply that at the front there were shells, bullet shots, and people dying. Only three poems directly reference who the english are fighting, one of which is "The Glory of Women."

In his poetry Sassoon saves a place for distain only for the high ranking officers of his own army and for the ministry that support the war. In "The General," Sassoon makes light of the cheery demeanor of a General who comes to greet his soldiers on their way to the font. The bright eagerness of the General's "Good-morning; good-morning!" contrasts with the lugubrious melancholy of the troops who "slogged up to Arras with rifle and pack." As if even walking was a battle for them. The General's oblivious, or inconsiderate, understanding of the condition of his troops is reflected in the narrator's internal monologue: "Now the soldiers he smiled at most of 'em dead." The General is inordinately ignorant of his troops. This ignorance seems to be a major factor that contributes to Sassoon's rage. How can someone be expected to lead their troops efficiently in such a condition. Sassoon himself was a company commander. Garnering respect from the men who fought under him. So Sassoon's anger which in turn provides his depiction of the officers encountered in his poems should hold sway with the reader, as these are hyperboles of a first hand account.

Some of Sassoon's anger is directed to the people serving on 'the homefront,' whilst a vast reserve is dished out loquaciously to the high ranking officers and ministers who are engaged in the war effort. The poem "Base Details," reflects Sassoon's disdain for ignorance in the very title. Suggesting that where the Headquarters is, the base, there is a lack of information, only details. The subject matter of this poem is the lifestyle of a high level officer. The poem paints a picture that those men who live at the headquarters are blissfully ignorant of the realities of the war. The title itself gives an answer as to why the officers are ignorant of the action at the front. Since these officers are living away from the front, at a base, often a french villa or hotel, only the scantest second hand descriptions of trench warfare exist. "Base Details," is one of Sassoon's more pointed poems directed at the blubbering inadequacy of the military men planning the war:

Base Details
"If I were fierce, and bald, and short of breath,
I'd live with the scarlet Majors at the Base,
And speed glum heroes up the line to death.
You'd see me with my puffy petulant face,
Guzzling and gulping in the best hotel,
Reading the Roll of Honor. 'Poor young chap,'
I'd say - 'I used to know his father well;
Yes, we've lost heavily in this last scrap.'
And when the war is done and youth stone dead,
I'd toddle safely home and die - in bed."

This poem is actually a hypothetical. It begins with "if" suggesting an alternate reality and then is strengthened by the use the first person subjective pronoun throughout the poem. This gives the poem a playful tone beginning "If I were[56]." Using this style of hypothetical rhetorical Sassoon

[56] I've found four poems that directly use hypotheticals in the first personal pronoun. These are "To Any Dead Officer." "When I'm among a blaze of lights." Blighters," "Died of Wounds." The use of these hypotheticals are indicative of Sassoon's desire for those at the home front to understand the conditions in the trenches. This is actually switched in "When I'm among a blaze of lights," as Sassoon imagines a world which he is not at the front and there is seemingly no war..

disarms the reader, asking them to imagine a different world. Using hypotheticals is a technique that Sassoon uses in other poems such as in "[T]o Any Dead Officer," and "Died of Wounds. The funny thing about this poem is that it sounds like Sassoon wouldn't do anything differently in this hypothetical. If indeed this perception of the British Officer class as inefficient and inadequate were true Sassoon is an actual a exception. He was a company commander who had earned a military cross and was known for his mad courage displayed at the front[57]. Yet, this is exactly what the "scarlet Majors," were not doing. Sassoon uses the first person subjective pronoun to show how an individual could live in complete ignorance of the front. Set somewhere far from the trenches this poem praises the troops in a language of euphemism. A euphemism which exists due to ignorance. An example of this is calling the military offensive a "scrap," as if the fighting of the war was the same as a fight occurring on a school playground.

"Base Details," separates the narrator and the reader from the usually vivid and violent experience of war that Sassoon often depicts in the first person pronoun. Instead the reader is met with haughty dissonance. "You'd see me with my puffy petulant face, Guzzling and gulping in the best hotel." A similar form of dissonance can be found in perspective of young officers. Such as in Sassoon's poem "Wires," which describes a squad of soldiers resetting barbed wire in front of the trenchline. The final stanza is a direct allusion to the mindset of held by young offices. "Young Hughes was badly hit; I heard him carried away, Moaning at every lurch; no doubt he'll die to-day./ But we can say the front-line wire's been safely mended."

A product of this environment of ignorance was the propagation of new terms to describe events. Terms and phrases which, in essence, destroyed the ability to understand conditions at the trenches. By limiting language and changing how individuals speak, and therefore comprehend, anyone who had not served in the trenches would struggle to understand the

[57] "Out in The Dark: Poetry of the First World War," edited by David Roberts. Page 122

realities of trench warfare. Sassoon tends to try and combat this use of ignorance and doublespeak to open the eyes of those who are kept in the dark about the war. Hence why Sassoon promotes the use of the second person personal pronoun. Using “you,” Sassoon is able to directly transport the reader into the conditions of the trenches. Through Irony and descriptive experience Sassoon is able transfigure how individuals think, and therefore speak about the war. Sassoon’s willful despise of high ranking officers and priests can be explained as they promote the language of doublespeak. News publications, such as the Northcliffe press in an excerpt from Sassoon’s diary, also aggravate Sassoon. As the press is crucial in creating an environment of euphemism. One which pervades not only in the conscious of the public but also the soldiery.

During the process of World War One words, and phrases, began to enter the published language which promoted a state of ignorance. This ignorance was not designed in malice but it come about due to a lack of first hand account available to the public. An example of the rudimentary understanding which someone on the homefront would have ofthe war occurs in “Glory of Women,” In this poem Sassoon’s narrator focuses on a woman’s perspective of the First World War. For example as a British woman “You can’t believe that British troops ‘retire.’ ” Note the quotation marks above the word ‘retire.’ The use of quotation marks suggest that the speaker doesn’t actually know what retire means. They are quoting the word verbatim, as if they had read the word in a newspaper or heard it on the radio. The quotation marks go further to that the word is interchangeable. By putting the word retire in quotation marks Sassoon make clear that the read- “you“- doesn’t understand what the British troops do, whether it be to ‘retire’ or to ‘advance’. Thus Sassoon asks the reader to think about the language that they use.

Sassoon continues to pose questions to the reader by highlighting euphoric language in quotation marks. In “To any Dead Officer,” Sasson’s narrator contrasts the second person

personal pronoun (“you,”) with the first person subjective pronoun (“I”). The effect of switching between the two forms of personal pronoun (“you,” and “I,”) creates a story where the narrator is in direction conversation with the reader. In the fourth stanza of “To any Dead Officer,” the narrator describes the outcome of a failed patrol:

> “So when they told me you’d been left for dead
> I wouldn’t believe them, feeling it *must* be true.
> Next week the bloody Roll of Honor said
> “Wounded and missing” - (That’s the thing to do
> When lads are left in shell-holes dying slow,
> With nothing but blank sky and wounds that ache,
> Moaning for water till they know
> It’s night, and then it’s not worth while to wake!)[58]”

The back and forth between the first person and second person personal pronoun culminate in this stanza with the addition of parenthesis. The use of parenthesis creates an omnipotent feature which transcends the back and forth between the narrator and the reader. The narrator exits the dialogue of the story in order to explain what the “Wounded and missing,” on the Honor Roll means. Since the reader’s avatar (“you,”) has been listed on the Roll of Honor as “Wounded and missing.” It makes sense that Sassoon’s narrator takes the opportunity pause the poem to explain these military terminologies to the reader in a zone separate to the poem. This show that Sassoon was aware that beyond a dialogue with he needed to educate the reader to understand the idioms and euphemisms used by the army and the press.

If the information in the parenthesis was excluded from the poem the reader would be left to imagine what it would be like to be “Wounded and Missing.” The phrase makes it sound like there is still hope. The description given inside the parenthesis leaves the reader with a very specific image. The poem has been framed to show that without experience, or information, the

[58] “Out in the Dark Poetry of the First World War.” Edited by David Roberts. Page 121.

reader what be amiss as to what "wounded and missing," actually means. Being published in June 1917[59] Sassoon had become well acquainted with the reality of what wounded and missing ment. Coming to the conclusion that people would prefer to be told that than the truth.

"(That's the thing to do
When lads are left in shell-holes dying slow,
With nothing but blank sky and wounds that ache,
Moaning for water till they know
It's night, and then it's not worth while to wake!)"

Although one could make the argument, as many have, that Britain at the turn of the century was excited for war, almost believing that war was necessary. The naval arms race with Germany at the turn of the century acted as a great symbol for nationalism. There was a brewing anti-German sentiment which was ready to boil over to war. As seen in the signing of the Entente Cordiale, a treaty between Britain and France, in 1904 and "The Invasion of 1910," a book by William Le Queux about a German invasion of England, published in 1906. There was a great amount of effort that went into creating positive associations with war. When war finally came to fruition in 1914 there was no such thing as a government agency for propaganda. By the war's end the British government had created the Ministry of Information. In the years in between there beginning of the war and the formalization of the Ministry of Information[60] there were several agencies which promoted the pro-war line, By 1915 a government approved an agency which had opened in Wellington House, London, to improve the recruitment rate along with the war effort. In addition to the government agencies that existed before the Ministry of Information individual writers wrote with a pro-war stance such as

[59] "Out of the Dark: Poetry of the First World War." Edited by David Roberts.
[60] http://www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/theartofwar/inf3.htm

early Sassoon poems, Jessie Pope and the National Service League, which was a pressure group which lobbied for conscription and military training of Britain's youth since 1901[61].

Sassoon is frankly frustrated with the language of euphemism that is used in wartime Britain. The church was a key focus for the frustration of Siegfried Sassoon. He believed that the church inhibited individuals not at the front from understanding the realities of modern warfare. In a pamphlet published by the National Service League Canon J.H Skrine of Merton College, Oxford, puts forward a way of viewing the upcoming war.

"War is not murder… war is sacrifice. The fighting and killing are not of the essence of it, but are accidents, though the inseparable accidents; and even those in the wide modern fields where a soldier rarely in his own sight sheds any blood but his own, where he lies on the battle sward not to inflict death but to endure it - even these are mainly purged of savagery and transfigured into devotion. War is not murder but sacrifice, which is the soul of Christianity[62]."

Ultimately the church can only justify the war through the higher power of god. Aka the soul of Christianity. Sassoon sums up his feelings towards the church in the poem entitled "They." In this poem Sassoon isolates the church in respect to the soldiers who served. This is done through the majority of the poem being composed of quotation. As if there was a dialogue occurring to which the narrator is privy. The Bishop has both the first and last words whilst in the middle the returning soldiers confess to the Bishop the way in which they were changed by the war. In a humorous twist while the soldiers injuries are being listed one of them cites syphilitis.

---

[61] The Peace Societies Pamphlet of 1910 concerned with "Aims and Strategies of the National Service League." Cites the National Service League handbook "The hand-book of the league, viz., " The Briton's first Duty, the Case for Conscription," by its secretary, Geo. F. Shee, M.A., published in 1901, declared (p. 174), u Three things are required to assure the safety of the British Empire. These are : (1) A strong Navy, at least equal in strength to the combined forces of any two Powers ; (2) A highly trained, long-service Army for garrison and 6 police ' duties in India, and elsewhere ; and (3) An immense Reserve of men — a Pan -Britannic Militia — consisting of all able-bodied white men throughout the Empire." https://archive.org/stream/aimsstrategyofna00darb/aimsstrategyofna00darb_djvu.txt

[62] "Out of the Dark: Poetry of the First World War." Edited by David Roberts.

Not a wholly honorable disease to be afflicted in for a fight for good. The dialogue between the soldiers and the Bishop further makes it obvious that fighting against the Germans, Anti-Christ, is not necessarily a just cause; since the changes the soldiers received are not really a reflection of a change for the better. The Bishop simply replies that "The ways of God are strange!" suggesting some internal logic, of god, which is not even comprehendible for humans. Which not only endorses ignorance as the soldiers who are fighting for a cause which can not be explained without metaphor but dehumanizes the people who are dying which flies in the face of Sassoon's presentation of the 'average' soldier's life and misery.

They
"The Bishop tells us: "When the boys come back
They will not be the same; for they'll have fought
In a just cause: they lead the last attack
On Anti-Christ; their comrades' blood has bought
New right to breed an honourable race,
They have challenged Death and dared him face to face.'

'We're none of us the same!' the boys replied.
'For George lost both his legs; and Bill's gone blind;
Poor Jim's shot through the lungs and like to die;
And Bert's gone syphilitic: you'll find
A chap who's served that hasn't found some change.'
And the Bishop said: 'The ways of God are strange!"

Sassoon, himself, is only outraged at the Germans for one event and that was the death of his unrequited love. That love was a friend of Sassoon's from his Cambridge days, and a soldier in a neighbouring unit, name David Thomas. The death of David Thomas, in 1916[63], plunged Siegfried Sassoon into a period angst and revenge. Sassoon's diary reads on April 1st 1916 "I used to say I couldn't kill anyone in this war; but, since they shot Tommy, I would gladly

[63] "The Poetry of The First World War," Edited by Santanu Das- Chapter 5 "Siegfried Sassoon" by Sarah Cole.

stick a bayonet into a German by daylight[64]."This grief takes hold in poems such as "The Kiss." Where the first person narrator is drenched in evocative imagery and desire for death. "Sweet Sister[65], grant your soldier this; that in good fury he may feel/ the body where he sets his hell/ Quail from your downward darting kiss." From this point in 1916 Sassoon begins to question the war. Sassoon then begins to voice his dislike for the Generals and Priests of the British army in his poetry. With his letter of "Wilful Disobedience," Sassoon solidifies his position on the war. With his opposition to prolonging the war made clear to the Government, Sassoon was shipped off to Craiglockhart Hospital to be treated for Shell Shock. At Craiglockhart Sassoon was given a chance to refine his poetry. Refined in the presence of like minded poets who would come to shape the British perspective of teh First World War.

Sassoon is an enigma in relation to the thesis of this paper. Sassoon did envision a greater purpose for his poetry as seen in his desire for glory and focus on euphemisms. This purpose is realized not the use of the first person subjective pronoun "I," but in his use of the second person personal pronoun, "you," which is directed at the reader. Through engaging in a dialogue with the reader Sassoon first depicts the trenches then ousts the use of euphemisms through explanation. Sassoon captured the public's attention for the way he fought in the front, so it may not be too surprising that Sasson takes issue with how the war was being fought. Although Sassoon does engage the reader in a dialogue he uses the first person pronoun a whopping 56%[66] of the time. The reason of this may be derived from a comment Sassoon made on his own poetry: "I should say that the essential quality (of my poems) is that I have been true to what I experienced. All the best ones are truly experienced and therefore authentic. in expression[67]."

---

[64] " "Out of The Dark: Poetry of the First World War." Edited by David Roberts
[65] A reference to earlier in the poem where Sassoon's bayonet is anthropomorphised to "Sister Steel."
[66] Appendix 1
[67] "Out in the Dark: Poetry of the First World War." Edited by David Roberts . Page 139.

This individual that emerges in bland contrast to the violence around him creates the figure that will go on to protest the war. In the infamous letter that Sassoon sent to parliament in protests of the continuation of the war he uses the first person personal pronoun ("I"). Yet, the empathy and depth that conjugates itself in the poetry which utilizes the second person show as the use of "I" is justified by being said "On behalf of those now suffering." Thus, although Sassoon is an exception to the trend of using the 3rd person pronoun, he pushes for a wider understanding of those who are placed in his position. The ability to express not only rage at the those who kill his friends but regret the loss of a life deemed the enemy; to connect the hellish circumstances that he found himself in contrast to the wider world was what defined Sassoon as a poet. A poet who fought the war, protested against, it and gave his own personal experience in plain colloquial verse[68]. To quote Sassoon's prodigy Wilfred Owen "Shakespeare reads vapid after these[69]."

D4-WIlfred Owen

~~~~~~~~~~

At the close of 1919 Siegfried Sassoon was seen as the quintessential war poet of the era. He was not only a war hero but a man who spoke for the troops at the front. Sassoon was a decorated officer. He was acting against the continuation of slaughter, it is little wonder why Sasson was so widely read and published during the war. After the publication of Sassoon's "A Soldiers Protest[70]" he was sent to Craiglockhart hospital. While receiving treatment for Shell Shock Siegfried Sassoon befriended a fellow injured officer, WIlfred Owen. Owen and Sassoon connected on several points. Owen was, like Sassoon, a poet. Specifically a poet who shared an interest in the fomenting Georgian style. Owen drew his connection to this style not through

[68] To contrast any poem of Sassoon's against one of Brooke's stanzas from 1918 will show the lackluster coldness of description that identifies Sassoon as a modernist more than a Georgian.
[69] "Out in the Dark: Poetry of the First World War." Edited by David Roberts. Page 123
[70] "The Collected Poems of WIlfred Owen," Edited by C.Day Lewis.
~~~~~~~~~~

the work of the Dymock, or Gloucestershire, poets but through Keats[71]. Both Owen and Sassoon were infuriated with how the war was being fought. Both couldn't escape the mentality of the public which supported the war, a war which the home front knew little about. Yet despite Wilfred Owen's protesting, much like Sassoon he had been awarded the MIlitary Cross for actions and valor[72] and although he was not known as well known as Sassoon during the war- only four of Owen's poems were published during his lifetime[73]- Owen's experiences would become an almost universal description of the life and troubles of the modern soldier.

Wilfred Owen was born on March 18th 1893 on the English Welsh border. Meaning that Owen grew up in the very same landscape that the Gloucester poets would later venerated in their poetry. Wilfred Owen did not come from a wealthy family but a well read one, with Wilfred's father constantly reading everything from the bible to the newspaper. Wilfred Owen's mother was also apparently gifted with the artistic flare being noted a good technical painter[74]. Owens mother's love of art almost certainly transported into the work of her favorite son. A trait which could explain the brushstroke detail with which Owen describes his time in the trenches. The Owens were religious. The religious aspects of Owen's life would carry throughout to his poetry.

---

[71] "The Collected Poems of WIlfred Owen," Edited by C.Day Lewis. On page 21 there is an anecdote to send home the thought of Owen drawing on older English poets to achieve his modern style. "On June 4t, 1916, [Owen] was commissioned in the Manchester Regiment. His early training took place in London, where he visited the "Poetry Bookshop"-Harold Monro was "very struck," by some sonnets of Owen's, and "told me what was fresh and clever, and what was second-hand and banal; and what Keatsian and what 'modern." Also on page 15 C. Day Lewis examines the early work of Owen to prove that the poet has been obsessed with Keats.

[72] "2nd Lt, Wilfred Edward Salter Owen, 5th Bn. Manch. R., T.F., attd. 2nd Bn.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in the attack on the Fonsomme Line on October 1st/2nd, 1918. On the company commander becoming a casualty, he assumed command and showed fine leadership and resisted a heavy counter-attack. He personally manipulated a captured enemy machine gun from an isolated position and inflicted considerable losses on the enemy. Throughout he behaved most gallantly"

[73] The Collected Poems of WIlfred Owen," Edited by C.Day Lewis. Owen dies November 4th in 1918.

[74] "The Collected Poems of WIlfred Owen," Edited by C.Day Lewis.

The thematic understanding of a God with a great plan and purpose can be seen distorting the chaos of war.

Although Owen was accepted into the University of London he was unable to afford the tuition. Thus, relying on his religious knowledge, Owen worked for a Vicar in Reading from 1911 till the summer of 1913 in order to save for university. Becoming fed up with the antics of being a small town Vicar Owen left. The diaries of Owen from his time in Reading describe the conditions of the working class families in his vicarage. These descriptions hold the same emotive vigor Owen would later use to talk about the men under his command at the front. There is a line from Owen's vicar days which is eerily similar to a description the affliction of a pulmonary edema that occurs in "Duce Et Decorum Est," of a soldier caught in a gas attack. "A gentle little girl of five, fast sinking under Consumption- contracted after chicken-pox.[75]" To visually link the fluid caused by a sickness with the suffocation caused by gas shows the depth of empathy that Owen possess. Owen's poetry focuses on the suffering of the troops which are under Owen's commanded, just like his diaries focused on the people in his parish. Unable to help the population of Reading Owen eventually gives up his faith, writing "I have murdered my false creed. If a true one exists, I shall find it. If not, adieu to the still false creeds that hold the hearts of nearly all my fellow men."[76]

The empathetic soul of Owen is one of the clear markers of his poetry. Owen himself, in contrast to his two fellow poets at Craiglockhart hospital, prefers to use the third person subjective pronoun. 36% of Owen's work is written in the third person. This is a marketable increase from Sassoon who wrote only 15% of his poems in the third person[77]. Yet Owen got out of his relationship from Sassoon. Not rewrites, nor templates, instead Owen got inspiration

[75] "The Collected Poems of WIlfred Owen," Edited by C.Day Lewis.. Page 16
[76] "Poetry of the First World War," Edited by Tim Kendall [Oxford World's Classics] Page 16
[77] See Appendix 1

from the more experienced poetry of Sassoon. Whilst at Craiglockhart hospital Owen had a creative streak between August 1917 and December 1917 which continued past his release date till September 1918. This was one, if not the only, time in Owen's life when he worked with poets who were skilled in technical ability, writers who could help critic his work and shape his image. With the majority of Owen's poems being written during his time in Craiglockhart it becomes apparent that the hospital served as the center for one of the most influential poetic circles of the war.

One of the resonant features of the Georgian style of poetry is the omnipresence of nature, that in some way, shape, or form all things are apart of nature. The focus on nature draws the reader into the landscape. Inate in setting a scene is the realization that action is not simply occurring in nature but is moving with nature. In the work of the Georgian Poets the ideal notion of nature is when the landscape plays a key role in the narrative. One of the ways that this practice occurs in the poetry of the Georgians is the use of an ever present narrator. For example in Edward Thomas's poem "As the team's head-brass," where the poem concerns itself with the destruction of the English countryside as seen through struggle to move a fallen tree because the young men have left the farm to fight at the front:

" 'In France they killed him. It was back in March,
The very night of the blizzard, too. Now if
He had stayed here we should have moved the tree.' "

Owen capitalizes on the same sentiment of the young men who going off to war in "Anthem for Doomed Youth." The poem is set in the second person objective pronoun. In the poem Owen projects the hallmarks of English youth: church bells, choirs, pastoral lands, girls, and flowers.Of course the blooming youth are also objectified in the poem by the use of "them," which distances the reader from the individuals who are being discussed. In much the same way the

youth are being transported away from the familiar public school setting of England into a nightmare war. The bells that would signify class time in peace now come to symbol the death of soldiers. The choirs that would sing of England as Jerusalem now turn to "the shrill demented choirs of wailing shells." Surely these young soldiers are remiss of their idyllic youth but Owen distorts them. Making it seem as if this generation has already been sacrificed as martyrs. "What candles may be held to speed them all? Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes/ Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes[78]."

One of the inescapable ironies of a Georgian poet writing about the First World War is the how the use of personifying nature becomes an element of human pain and suffering. In Owen's poem "Exposure," the most poignant danger that the troops are exposed to is nature. Point blank the poem says "Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence. Less deadly than the air that shudders black with snow[79]." The poem places the reader alongside Wilfred Owen and his men somewhere in a trench on the western front during a desperately cold day in February 1917. The winter of 1916-1917 was the coldest winter in Europe since 1895[80]. With a mean of 39 degrees fahrenheit in February the troops in France were perpetually living around freezing temperatures with no shelter. The temperature was so cold that the soil froze, leading to stories about bullets ricocheted off the ground. This meant that no further trenches, bunkers, or modification could be built. The wondrous spirit of nature that Rupert Brooke had manifested in Georgian poetry is sublimated into the villain of Wilfred Owen's world. In "Exposure," Owen has personified Nature into an incarnation of Death.

"Pale flakes with fingering stealth come feeling for our faces-
We cringe in holes, back on forgotten dreams, and stare,

[78] "Anthem for Doomed Youth," "Poetry of the First World War," Edited by Tim Kendall [Oxford World's Classics].Page 153
[79] Poetry of the First World War," Edited by Tim Kendall [Oxford World's Classics].Page 165
[80] http://www.climate-ocean.com/book%202005/05_11-Dateien/05_11.html An academic essay on the impact of war on the weather.

snow dazed,
Deep into grassier ditches. So we drowse, sun-dozed,
Littered with blossoms trickling where the blackbird fusses.
Is it that we are dying?[81]"

In the second stanza Wilfred Owen directly contrasts the features of nature with that of an enemy, not so abstract or artistic as nature representing Death. Instead Owen depicts the dawn as a German attack. "Dawn massing in the east her melancholy army/ Attacks once more in ranks on shivering ranks of grey,/ But nothing happens." This projection of the sunrise has come a long way from the Georgian Poetry of Rupert Brooke. Instead of a euphoric experience Wilfred Owen is fearing the arrival of the sun, knowing the trenches which he and his troops occupy will be flooded. Remembering that the main opponent to the survival of Owens troops is the cold. It seems odd that Owen should fear the warm sunlight flooding his trenches. In the first stanza the reader learns that the troops can somewhat see through the night due to the use of flares. What Owen is afraid of is that his men will relax, "[s]o we drowse sun dozed." So deep in sleep that Owen even rhetorically asks "Is it that we are dying?" The constant repetition of the third person subjective pronoun "we," places the reader in the trenches with Owen. "We, are invited into the struggle of staying alive during an abdominal cold. Dealing with the cold is an experience with which nearly every human has dealt. This universal principle is how Owen seamlessly draws the reader into the trenches.

In "Exposure," what Owen and his men are experiencing is being removed from nature. This is a sentiment what made Georgian poetry so popular with the urbanized readership of London. While the men in the trench are sleeping the signs of spring are present "Littered with blossoms trickling where the blackbird fusses." For a fan of Yeats, and a boy of the Welsh countryside, for almost anyone but especially for a Georgian poet it seems wrong to equivocate

[81] Poetry of the First World War," Edited by Tim Kendall [Oxford World's Classics].Page 165

spring with death.Yet this language of the seasons representing stages of life have been popular in English literature since Shakespeare ("The winter of our discontent[82]"). So the image that Owen presents of humans against the nature redefines the narrative of war. Allowing the reader to be able to empathize with the men in the trenches in an us against them battle, not on some abstract level of fighting against Germans but with an experiential level, against nature, with which most people can connect.

Part of the struggle that the troops in Owen's poem experience is that they are often caught between a dream and reality. In the the first stanza Owen presents a contrast that strains on absurdity:

"Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that knive
Us…
Wearied we keep awake because the night is silent…
Low, drooping flares confuse our memory of the salient…
Worried by the silence, sentries whisper, curious, nervous,
But nothing happens[83]."

The image of staying awake because nothing is happening brings with it a certain insanity that is perfectly at ease in Owen's work. Again Owen finds a struggle that the reader more than likely has hands-on-experience with, staying awake. Nestled into the poem through the third person subjective pronoun the reader is dropped into a present tense culture. There are no questions, there is simply facts. Much like the soldiers the reader is never informed of the situation. Building upon this theme of dream of reality. Making the silence which pervades much more potent. As "drooping flares confuse our memory of the salient." Causing an inability to distinguish one day from another which is echoed in the refrain "But nothing happens." The perpetual boredom, the expectation of change, is something with which the reader can also

[82] "Richard the Third," Act 1 Scene 1. http://www.enotes.com/shakespeare-quotes/now-winter-our-discontent
[83] Poetry of the First World War," Edited by Tim Kendall [Oxford World's Classics].Page 165

engage. Showing that beyond the use of the third person subjective pronoun Owen focuses on creating connections between the reader and the characters with which they empathize.

The heightened sense of reality in “Exposure,” causes the tensions to be constantly high. The flares distort the night, there is a pervasive silence which is barely broken by whispers, it is cold, it is near dawn, and these tired soldiers seem to be half asleep. Owen creates a piece that, since it deals with war, cause the reader to expect an attack. Owen strings the reader along so that they, like the soldiers, will watch and listen for ‘the mad gusts of wind tugging on the wire/like twitching agonies of men among its brambles.” As if each sound will signal an attack. Yet, there is no attack. As the enemy in “Exposure,” is not the Germans but the elements. A foe with which each reader who has experience the winter or the rain can comprehend.

Wilfred Owen’s depiction of an unseen enemy is echoed in his poem “The Sentry.” This poem takes place in the epicenter of trench warfare. The location is a dugout held by Wilfred Owen and his platoon of Manchester Riflemen. As per his usual style Wilfred Owen first uses the third person subjective pronoun (“we”) to place the reader into the midst of the action:

“We’d found an old Bosche dug-out, and he knew,
And gave us hell; shell for frantic shell
Lit full on top, but never quite burst through.
Rain, guttering down in waterfalls of slime,
Kept slush waist-high and rising hour by hour,
And choked the steps too thick with clay to climb.
What mirk of air remained stank and sour
With fumes of whizzbangs, and the smell of men
Who’d lived there years, and left their curse in the den,
If not their corpses…[84].”

[84] “Poetry of the First World War,” Edited by Tim Kendall [Oxford World’s Classics]Page 153,154

Here Owen throws the reader with an almost tropical illustration of nature. Specifically, the exotic waterfall made out of something so viscous, muddy slime. This tone plays off the seriousness of the situation. As one would think the main danger of the shells would permeate the scene. A dug-out is common element in the German trench line. The dug-out was not utilized, often, by British troops as their soldiers were fighting an offensive war and thus didn't need the extra protection offered by a dug-out. Thus, Owen and his men capturing a dug-out is a prize. A dug-out provides more than adequate shelter against the German shelling. Also a dug-out is alien. This leads Owen to feel much concerned about the strange new problem the rain threatening to drown his men in a concrete bunker.

In the dug-out where Owen, his men, and the reader are hiding the air they breathe is filled with foreign smells: "with fumes of whizzbangs[85] and the smell of men." The air outside the dug-out is also turned into an unnatural chaos, with the downpour of rain mixed with the downpour of shells, it sounds as if some terrible tropical storm was knocking on the dug-out rather than the steady rain of the Western Front. Making poignantly clear that Owen and his men are being shelter against the forces of nature more than the shells. The troops out "under the shrieking air," is symbolic of the tumultuous state of nature. Later in the poem when Owen dehumanize his troops he does it using tropical imagery. Painting these wandering troopers like fish out of water "flound'ring about." The only traditionally English metaphor that Owen uses is a pun. Suggesting that he and his men have been "herded," into the dug-out by the blasts. This image of "herded." alongside the third person objective is striking similar to the description Owen uses in "Anthem for a Doomed Youth:" "What passing bells for these who die as a cattle."

Through entangling the reader in the poem as a third person Wilfred Owen paints the scene with the reader included as an observer to the action. This inclusive view is displaced

[85] A whizzbang is a term used by British troops to refer to a small caliber high explosive shell. Often fired from 77mm German Field Artillery. http://www.firstworldwar.com/atoz/whizzbang.htm

when Owen changes his his object description of a group to his own personal perspective reflected in first person subjective pronoun. In this change of pronouns there is also a change in tense. Owen draws the scene in the present tense and then withdraws to a personal reflection. The second stanza of "The Sentry," is concerned with the switch between the first and third person. In this stanza the realism which is often attributed with Wilfred Owen can be seen:

"There we herded from the blast
Of whizz-bangs; but one found our door at at last, -
Buffeting eyes and breath, snuffing the candles,
And thud! fump! thud! down the steps came thumping
And sploshing in the flood, deluging the muck,
The sentry's body, then his rifle, handles
Of old Boche bombs, and mud in ruck on ruck.
We dredged it up for dead until he whined,
'O sir- my eyes,-- I'm blind-- I'm blind, -- I'm blind.'
Coaxing, I held a flame against his lids
And said if he could see the least blurred light
He was not blind; in time they'd get all right.
'I can't,' he sobbed. Eyeballs, huge-bulged like squids'.
Watch my dreams still, -- yet I forgot him there
In posting Next for duty, and sending a scout
To beg a stretcher somewhere, and flound'ring about
To other posts under the shrieking air[86]."

In dealing with the injured soldier Owen directly dehumanizes him. First listing the sentry's body amongst the items which fell down the staircase. As if the soldier was nothing more than another piece of equipment devoid of a soul. Owen then patronizes the soldier by describing his attempts to calm down the sentry's reaction to possibly being blinded as coaxing. An action would would take in calming a startled horse or cow. The use of hyperbole is key in the creation of the realism in which Wilfred Owen's poems live. When Owen uses the third

[86] "Poetry of the First World War," Edited by Tim Kendall [Oxford World's Classics]Page 153,154

person neutral pronoun (“it”) to describe the soldier’s, assumed, dead body Owen dehumanizes the soldier further by his description of dredging up the body. Certainly there was a lot of mud and water in the trench but to use dredge Owen breaks the war based languages and creates an absurd scene. As if these soldiers took out shovels and picks to dig up the mud around this soldier so that they could pick him out of the muck. This use of hyperbole not only acts as form of imagery but subverts the need to realism. When Owen says that they eyes of this blind soldier “Watch my dreams still,- yet I forgot him there.” What Owen is really saying is that the soldier died there[87]. Due to the blinded sentry being present in his dreams Owen literally didn’t forget him.

The entire poem until the 10th line of the second stanza is written in the third person. The shift to the first person is rapid, taking place in the active tense: “Coaxing, I held a flame against his lids.” In already being present in the dug-out the reader has been watching all of this chaos unfold. Yet, it is not until this point where the reader is met with a direct perspective. Sure the “snuffing candles,” and “waterfalls of slime,” are evocative imagery but suddenly the reader is holding a flickering light up to the face of a blind man, with eyes bulged like those of a squid. No warning, no allusion, simply a haunting image. Then the next three times Owen uses the first person pronoun it is to refer to his desire to forget. Certainly this places the use of first person in Owen as a reflection on the actions that he wishes to forget. Whereas the third person pronoun is used to set the scene and characterize the experience of war. This dichotomy in approaching the use of pronouns is quite common in people who have survived traumatic incidents. Often there will be nostalgia and respect for people who the individual has bonded with creating an inclusive experience, expressed in the third person pronoun. When it comes to incidents which cause depression the affected individual will often refer to the incident to first person, religating

[87] In a letter to his Mother Owen says that despite the conditons he only had one casulty: http://www.oucs.ox.ac.uk/ww1lit/collections/document/5233/4731

their emotion and experience to their own capacity[88]. This format can be seen explicitly in the last two lines of "The Sentry."

"Through the dense dim, I say, we heard him shout
'I see your light!'- but ours had long gone out."

Wilfred Owen was killed in action on November 4th 1918, leading his troops across a river[89]. The month before in October he was awarded a military cross for valor in action but not gazetted until 1919[90]. The voice of Owen is often the most clear narrator when talking about the First World War. Although Siegfried Sassoon may have come to embody the poet soldier during the war and in its immediate wake. There is something resonate about the poetry of Wilfred Owen. Indeed today Owen is the second most studied poet in English schools after Shakespeare[91]. Yet in dying before the war came to a close Owen was never able to see his dreams of peace fulfilled.

In fact Wilfred Owen even wrote a poem called "The Next War," when in 1914 H.G Wells had billeted the First World War to be "the war to end all war[92]." Quoting his dear friend and mentor Siegfried Sassoon to start Owen says "We laughed, knowing that better men would come, and greater wars; when each proud fighter brags he wars on Death- for lives; not men- for flags[93]." Criticing what would, and already was, accepted as the cause of the Great War: German Militaristic Nationalism. Owen would hold the same skeptical thoughts about his own national ideals as he would for his Christian faith, boiling down national prestige and pride to be as symbolic as flags. Since he died in 1918 Sassoon, Most of his poems were published posthumously by Edmund Blunden, and Owen's parents.

---

[88] "The Secret Life of Pronouns," by James W. Pennebacker.
[89] "The Collected Poems of WIlfred Owen," Edited by C. Day Lewis.
[90] "The Collected Poems of WIlfred Owen," Edited by C. Day Lewis..
[91] "Wilfred Owen: A Remembrance Tale (BBC Documentary." Presented by Jeremy Paxman 2007
[92] https://books.google.com/books?id=h9vF8W1dW48C&pg=PA10#v=onepage&q&f=false
[93] "The Collected Poems of WIlfred Owen," Edited by C. Day Lewis. Page 86

The magnus opus of Wilfred Owen's work is undoubtedly the poem "Dulce Et Decorum Est." The title of which is a line taken from a Roman poet named Horace the poem is largely about the benefits and pride of war but his specific line translates to "it is sweet and fitting." Owen's poem was written in August 1917 at Craiglockhart hospital in Scotland. This poem generates one of the more succinct paintings of combat in World War One.

Most notably in the poem there is no mention of an enemy. The first hallmark of Great War poetry is seen in the use of artillery, more specifically indiscriminate artillery fire. The lack of a present enemy suggests that tragedy could be the subject of a friendly fire incident. Wilfred Owen only uses two lines to describe the source of the gas as "deaf to even the hoots of fire, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped behind." Five-Nine refers to a caliber of German artillery which was used in World War One. These guns were, by 1917, in pretty bad condition. Germany been under a blockade since 1914 leaving few resources available for war production. Even Wilfred Owen is aware of the condition of the German guns go as far to call them outstripped, that rifling of the artillery had been worn away so badly that the gun became inaccurate. In Erich Remarque's book "All Quiet on the Western Front," a German account of World War One, the protagonist describes the shape of German artillery by 1917:

> "We are now in low spirits. After we have been in the dug-outs two hours our own shells begin to fall in the trench. This is the third time in four weeks. If it were simply a mistake in aim no one would say anything, but the truth is that the barrels are worn out. The shots are often so uncertain that they land within our own lines. To-night two of our men were wounded by them[94]."

The troops that Owen focuses his narrative around are, by the description given, on their way back from the front lines. "Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs and towards our distant rest began to trudge." These troops are on their way to the reserve lines or to go on leave. Yet the shells land on the troops while they are marching on open ground, so far from the

[94] "All Quiet on the Western Front," by Erich Maria Remarque Chapter 6 page 48.

trench lines in fact that wagons can traverse the ground. Suggesting that this was a rouge shell, not aimed at the retiring troops. This is why the troops were surprised by the arreance of gas: “an ecstasy of fumbling.” Further, no shells actually fall on Owen’s position. The wind may have simply blown the gas to Owen’s position. There is a fundamental vapor of information on the story’s antagonist, the gas. This anonymity of an enemy is a fundamental focus of Wilfred Owen’s writing, like nature in the “Exposure,” the gas builds the us and them mentality.

The title of the poem, and the associations that the poem carries set the reader to have certain expectations about the action to come. This is why Wilfred Owen uses juxtaposition, contrasting the literal reality with hyperbole, to send home the condition which the troops faced. The acumen to say that these soldiers “”limped on,” breaks through the language of metaphor to display a realism expressing the true character of the troopers. That with blood blisters, and trench foot, these troops endured by literally limping as they walked. By pushing the reader to envisioning these troops in some pretty crappy conditions the reader begins to pity o the troops before any action has occurred. Making it seem as if the odds were against these troops but Owen doesn’t express this image objectively. He uses the third person subjective pronoun “Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs.” Drawing the reader instantly into the scene placing the fate of the reader in sync with the British troops.

The depiction of the gas attack has in it the drama and depth of a play condensed into six lines. In this short snippet of a chlorine gas attack the reader is dropped into the action.

“Gas! Gas! Quick, boys!-- an ecstasy of fumbling,
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling,
And flound’ring like a man in fire or lime…
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a sea of green, I saw him drowning.”

One of the most apparent pieces of the poem is that no one is quoted as saying “Gas! Gas!” These lines, therefore, must either be the internal monologue used by Owen or a reflection from later on; made clear by the use of past tense in the last line of the poem, “I saw him drowning.” The transition to the first person pronoun suggests that this entire paragraph is a reflection of the event. This poem was written far from the front in Craiglockhart hospital where Wilfred Owen was editing the hospital magazine, the “Hydra.” So far removed from the experiences of combat it is certainly useful, and climatic to enter the narrator's internal monologue about the gas. A technique more often utilized by Sassoon or Graves.

The entire third stanza takes place the memories of the narrator. More than a reflection on the events that occurred this stanza pushes the link between remembering and obsessing. Again there is a play between the reality and dreamspace, specifically mention when the narrator states “In all my dreams.” Yet, certainly, there is some truth to the writer being haunted by this vivid memory of death. Remembering that this poem is an outcome of the treatment Owen received at Craiglockhart under Dr.Brock who favoured "the occupation cure" encouraging Owen to pursue his poetry. Showing that this memory was replying through the narrator's head. In the fourth stanza the narrator proposes a hypothetical “If in some smothering dreams you too could pace behind the wagon that we flung him in.” Almost asking the reader to empathize with the struggles of the narrator, as if Owen finds solace in expressing the image which haunts him.

In “Dulce et Decorum Est,” Owen uses the same technique of layering personal pronouns, from the third to first person, as he did in “The Sentry.” The first stanza of the poem uses the third person subjective pronoun “we,” and by the end of the poem Owen is using to the

first person subjective pronoun to directly address the audience[95]. This transition in pronouns not only creates a transition in perspective but encapsulates the style to which Wilfred Owen has been building. Just as with the bulging squid like eyes of the blinded sentry the reader is forced to see the vivid images which are hard to forget. It is this picturesque realism which will come to be remembered as a key component of First World War literature.

The first stanza, as has been previously discussed, begins in the third person subjective which invites the reader into the poem's setting. The second stanza takes place in the past progressive tense making the account seem to have a sense of immediacy and intimacy although it takes place in the past[96]. The play between dream and reality is realized in Wilfred Owen when using this tense. As it presents first hand events as they occur, in reflection. "Dim through the misty panes and thick green light/ As under a green sea, I saw him drowning." This use of the first person subjective pronoun, along with the mention of seeing through the misty panes of the gas mask, makes this an eye witness account. Yet this tangible realism is curtailed by the premise that Owen states in the third stanza, that this poem takes place "In all my dreams, before my helpless sight, He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning." Owen chooses to make clear that this image is a dream.

Both the narrator and reader share this vaporous experience of being a helpless bystander. Which is why in the final stanza Wilfred Owen makes sure to address the reader using the second person subjective pronoun "If you," Creating a dialogue with the reader in which he asks them to have a dream about a gas attack: "If in some smothering dreams you too could walk behind the wagon that we flung him in." As if pleading with the reader to share in this

[95] In Professor Pennebaker's book "The Secret Life of Pronouns," he suggest that the use of first person in trauma victims shows progress along with a realization of events: http://www.yalescientific.org/2012/03/the-secret-life-of-pronouns/

[96] The change beings signified by the ellipsis in the fourth line of the first paragraph.

experience. For Wilfred Owen did have dreams of this attack while at Craiglockhart[97] and it is because of these dreams of a gas attack that Wilfred Owen no longer believed in the old lie, that it is fitting and sweet to die for one's country.

The primary reason why Wilfred Owen uses the second person pronoun in this poem can be linked back to the use of “My friend,” in line nine of the fourth stanza. Initially Wilfred Owen had addressed this poem to Jessie Pope. Both the British Museum and Harold Owen (Wilfred Owen’s brother) have original versions of this poem where the title and dedicated are addressed“To Jessie Pope ect,” and “To a certain Poetess[98].” Jessie Pope was a writer contemporary during the war. She was writing before the war having her verses first published in 1907. Jessie Pope is not apart of the Georgian School of Poetry. Posthumously Jessie Pope is most famous for writing stirringly patriotic verses which were almost aimed at boosting recruitment. Such diddies include “Who’s for the game?”

> “Who’s for the game, the biggest that’s played,
> The red clashing game of a fight?
> Who’ll grip and tackle the job unafraid?
> And who thinks he’d rather sit tight?[99]”

These propaganda poems didn’t hold much weight with the like of Wilfred Owen in 1917. Calling a battle a “red clashing game,” not only is a terrible euphemism but shows a basic lack of understanding about how trench warfare is fought. In all of the Georgian war poets very few paint the battlefield as red, literally or metaphorically[100]. Most often drab colors such as black, grey, khaki, mud brown, or chlorine green are used to describe the scene. Jessie Pope exhibits the kind of knowledge about war one would gain from newspapers and maps. To the poets on

---

[97] According to letters to his Mum the gas attack occurred around January 12 1917 http://www.oucs.ox.ac.uk/ww1lit/collections/document/5234/4733

[98] “The Collected Works of Wilfred Owen,” Edited by C. Day Lewis. Page 55, 56.

[99] http://www.poemhunter.com/jessie-pope/biography/

[100] Laurence Binyon and his poppies being a notable exception.

the front Jessie Pope doesn't really know what she is talking about, and yet the final line of her poem mocks anybody who don't jump at the opportunity to fight at the front.

Again in the third line Pope's poem she refers to war like a sport, rugby most likely, to "grip and tackle the job unafraid." This form of propaganda which makes war alike to sports is not unheard of, many of the early recruitment posters were aimed at sports clubs[101]. Here though Pope is presenting a fallacy about war that builds upon the ignorance or fantasy that allows the war to continue. Presenting the war on the western front as just a game. It is to this kind of rhetoric that Wilfred Owen intents to address by the use of the second person pronoun: "you." Specifically if Jessie Pope, and those who promote ignorance, could walk behind the wagon that they dumped the dead soldier in and watch his eyes writhe in his head and hear the froth corrupt his lungs:

"My friend, you would not tell with such high zest,
to children ardent for some desperate glory,
the old lie: Dulce Et Decorum Est
Pro Patria Mori[102]."

Although, in the end, Wilfred Owen chose to remove his dedication of the poem to Jessie Pope because there were many poets at the time writing such recruitment versers, such as Sydney Oswald and Harold Jarvis[103]. Thus Owen's poem addresses anyone who would tell "children ardent for some desperate glory the old lie." Basically this poem is a push back to increasingly absurd techniques of propaganda aimed at getting troops to the front.

Wilfred Owen very rarely addresses the reader directly. Owen uses the second person pronoun the least of any of the personal pronoun option. Sassoon uses the second person

[101] See Appendix- 2 http://www.firstworldwar.com/posters/uk.htm, https://www.pinterest.com/jewels48162/wwl-british-recruitment-posters/, http://stantrybulski.com/2014/07/field-honour-gret-britain-jojns-fight/
[102] "Poetry of the First World War," Edited by Tim Kendall [Oxford World's Classics]. Page 154 155
[103] https://modernism.research.yale.edu/wiki/index.php/Dulce_et_Decorum_est

pronoun the much more than Owen, which matches with his often combative tone, trying to rid the reader of misconceptions through direct dialogue. Meanwhile Owen is much more empathetic when dealing with his readership. This can be seen in his inclusive tone created by using the third person subjective pronoun when narrating. Mathematical Owen only using the second person personal pronoun in 13 of his 44 available poems. Showing that Owen very rarely singles out the reader as an individual, as different to the group, through his poems.

A common tool utilized by Owen is to layer the use of personal pronouns in order to create a complex environment for the reader to engage in, rather than create a dialogue. First Owen will set the scene in the third person, making the reader an active observer. Then, Owen will switch to the first person in order to give the reader direct access to a memory or image which has embedded itself in his psyche. A positive of this inclusive tone is that it allows the reader to acclimatize to the strange setting before facing alien experiences. In “Dulce Et Decorum Est,” Wilfred Owen instead decides to use a new technique in the third stanza. Here Owen not only uses the second person personal pronoun but he directly gives the reader a hypothetical.

Perhaps this is the effect of working so close with Robert Graves and Siegfried Sassoon at Craiglockhart hospital. As both Graves and Sassoon use the second person to a greater degree in their poetry. Graves using the pronoun 47% of the time and Sassoon as second, using the pronoun 37% of the time[104].

It is thus little wonder in such a bleak poem with but one casualty that Wilfred Owen decides to engage in the psyche. With an all inclusive narration Owen retells the story as it happened in the third person “we,” The goal of the poem is educate those who energize the public to continue fighting as war propagandists, such as Jessie Pope. This desire to educate,

[104] See Appendix 1

to contradict the old lie, is the beauty of Owen. The poetry of Wilfred Owen is not as cynical as his hopital mate Siegfried Sassoon nor as distant as Robert Graves. The inclusive tone and empathy of Wilfred Owen serve to draw the fighting of the war to an individual human perspective. Asking what the public to think about the individuals who fight. This is what resonates and allows Wilfred Owen to still be one of the most studied poets in England.

D5-Robert Graves

~~~~~~~~~~

There is an underlying irony that rests with the description of Robert Graves as a “Later War Poet.” Most famous for his postwar memoirs “Goodbye to All That (1929),” Robert Graves constantly pushed away from his war poetry, even going as far as to suppress its publication and drastically alter his writing style to focus on prose and on the many subjects which didn’t share much relation with the first world war, including arguably his most famous book “I, Claudius.” Running throughout the poetry of Graves is a string of the staple themes and images which came to define Georgian poetry. It is within this, Georgian, style of poetry which wonders with nature and the minimization of the actions of man where Graves’ poetry resonates beyond his career as a war poet. Regardless of the distance that Graves himself created Robert Grave’s is indeed a true poet of the first world war.

A volunteer straight out of high school Graves’ joined the army in 1914. He wasn’t a noted poet until 1917 yet in that time Graves had forged an enduring friendship with probably the most famous contemporary War Poet Siegfried Sassoon. Both Sassoon and Graves fought
~~~~~~~~~~

as officers in the Welsh Fusiliers during the bloody battles Festubert, Mametz Wood, Fricourt, and Arras. Surprisingly neither one died, although Graves was once wounded so badly in the fighting that he reported dead in the Times. The injuries Robert Graves sustained made sure he would never fight again.Graves spent the rest of the war in Craiglockhart hospital where he attempted to recover[105].

While recovering from his injuries Robert Graves become a member of what became arguably the important War Poet commune. Craiglockhart hospital was transformed from a place of recovery to a place of creation. The trio of Graves, Sassoon, and Owen became the metaphorical heart of poetry for the First World War. Sassoon was acknowledged as the de-facto poet laureate for the war during his lifetime, Owen has become the posthumous voice of the soldier poet, and Graves in his autobiography "Goodbye to All That," gave an iconic prose depiction of the experiences of the First World War[106]. The connection between these poets resonated in each other work.

These poets certainly influenced each other's poems in both the writing and editing changes[107]. All three poets, most likely through the legacy of Georgian poets carried most strongly by Sassoon and Owens, chose to incorporate the landscape as a pivotal part in the imagining of the first world war. The difference in these poets' styles can be see not in what they are conveying but how these poets convey their experience. Where Owen prefered the use third person pronoun, and Sassoon the first, Robert Graves chose to relate his war experience in the second person personal pronoun: "him, his, you." This has a dramatic effect on how the poetry

---

[105] "Poetry of the First World War." Edited by Tim Kendall [Oxford World's Classics] Page 191, 192

[106] For example life in the trenches: ""Cuinchy bred rats. They came up from the canal, fed on the plentiful corpses, and multiplied exceedingly. While I stayed here with the Welsh, a new officer joined the company... When he turned in that night, he heard a scuffling, shone his torch on the bed, and found two rats on his blanket tussling for the possession of a severed hand." "Goodbye to All that."

[107] "Poetry of the First WOrld War." Edited by Tim Kendall. Page 85.

interacts with the reader. Whereas Sassoon paints his bleak experience in prose, or Owen pulls you into the scene, Graves carries a conversational tone.

In "It's a Queer Time," Robert Graves directs his experience at the reader using the second person personal pronoun: "you." This makes it seem as if Graves is chatting about his war experience like a story which even himself bares little interest in:

> "One moment you'll be crouching at your gun
> Traversing, mowing heaps down half in fun:
> The next, you choke and clutch your right breast-
> No time to think[108]."

The otherwise vivid experience of staving off waves of soldiers charging across a shell shocked landscape becomes, ironically, a detached retelling. The thought of being shot through the heart is dismissed as usual. There is no descriptions of dying men instead in "It's a Queer Time," Graves describes six instances of the moments that build up to a death in the trenches. Yet nowhere in the poem does a description of death or the tragedy of war factor in; before the last breath of life is exhaled the narrator changed the scene. Suddenly you, the reader, are transported from a dugout during a shelling to seeing your long dead friend walking towards you. What Graves is doing is dismissing the mechanics of war, he is not so interested in the miniscule details, the specs of blood, the details which define the realism of war. Instead Graves is focusing on how an individual thinks. Once you get shot there is "no time to think…yet [you] feel no pain...the whole scene fades away."

In transferring the images and experiences of trench warfare which Graves no doubtedly saw a hundred times over into poetry there is a reduction in empathy. Robert Graves is asking the reader to imagine the unimaginable. Hence why the writing is so conversational, the drama of the poetry is in scene, not in the style. In empathizing with the character described, you, the

[108] "Poetry of the First World War," Edited by Tim Kendall [Oxford World's Classics] Page 192

reader is being asked to shed disbelief at the horrors of war and accept it as a reality and the reality of the life of a soldier in World War One is that it is riddled with death. Thus these grotesquely vicious images of a charging army, or at a barrage of explosive shells churning up the ground, or the rattle of machinegun fire become everyday. Robert Graves is not trying to draw the reader into the reality of a soldier by describing their surroundings, he is talking to the reader as if they have already become accustomed to the drama of war. An unempathetic unwavering inspection of the real tragedy, the acceptance of slaughter.

In his published works there is only one poem in which Graves deals with the bodies of dead combatants. In "A Dead Bosch[109]," there is a reflection on the gritty depiction of war which we see particularly in Sassoon's "Night Attack[110]." Let these poems act as a control for the perspective of war. Both "A Dead Bosch," and "Night Attack," deal with the same assault on Mametz Wood, where both Graves and Sassoon faught[111]. Graves, in his poem, only gives two stanzas to describe this singular dead body, again this is the only corpse which Graves directly paints as dead. Sassoon in contrast devotes seven stanzas to the dead at Mametz Wood where he tells of the stench, the sounds of the wounded, the sight of piles of British and German dead before focusing on the body of a single dead German. These two poets are compiling the same experience, in fact possibly the exact same body, into poetry. There is little to no difference in the subject matter in which these poets are dealing. The difference between them, the rift in their styles, comes in how they choose to retell this scene.

Sassoon tells of the decent faced dead bosche, then goes on to imagine the last few hours of the dead soldiers life in the second person: "He stared into the gloom, a rocket curved,/

[109] Published in Robert Graves "Fairies, and Fusiliers" anthology of 1918.
[110] Although unpublished during his lifetime Sassoon wrote this poem sometime during July 1916 "Poetry of the First World War." Edited by Tim Kendall. Page 252, citing "The War Poems," by Rupert Hart-Davis (1983).
[111] Different Platoon but same Company and Regiment "The Welsh Fusiliers."

And rifles rattled angrily on the left[112]." The narrator fames this imagining of the dead German's life within the poem as being an extension of the antagonists first person experience: "I found him there in that grey morning when the place was held." Although there is level of inspirational empathy and wondering at the sight of this dead German. The way in which Sassoon frames the story in the second person does firmly square the difference between the English and German combatants as the reader is asked to become english "I" and imagine a German experience "him". The narrator never engages the reader in what this bosche, this enemy of the state, would- or even could- think of or dream of before he dies. Instead the narrator takes it upon himself to conclude that the life of this soldier wouldn't be too different from the life lived by his countrymen: "No doubt he loathed the war and longed for peace,/ And cursed our souls because we'd killed his friends." None of this introspection is present in Robert Graves' poem. Instead from the very first line of Graves' poem any illusion of the mindset of a soldier shattered:

"To you who'd read my songs of war
And only hear of blood and fame,
I'll say (and you've heard it said before)
'War's Hell!' and if you doubt the same,
To-day I found in Mametz Wood.
A certain cure for lust of blood[113]."

Through the use of the second person subjective pronoun Graves directly opens a dialogue with the reader. This use of the pronoun breaks the fourth wall, the illusion of the poem as a separate world, by directly engaging the reader: "To you who'd read my songs of war." Graves then uses parenthesis to add understanding to the thoughts that the reader is having: "(and you've heard it said before)." As if Graves' knows exactly to whom his poem is addressed.

[112]"Poetry of the First World War." Edited by Tim Kendell. Page 97.
[113] "Poetry of the First World War," Edited by Tim Kendall [Oxford World's Classics] Page 194

Further than anticipating what an individual reader will be thinking Graves makes fun of the entire culture of a society that has been at war for four years. The cliche that 'War is Hell,' has been transported into a phrase which, rather than reflecting the reality, holds true a stoic heroism. Suggesting that if war is hell, than those who fight in a war must be heroic by sacrificing themselves for the greater good. Creating a blood lust, either for the death of the enemy or for the pursuit of martyrdom. Regardless what romantic implications about the war may have attached themselves at the home front Graves suggests that he has found the cure in the actual fighting of the war. The cure is the sight of a dead soldiers amongst the trenches. No rhetoric, no stylized proposed simply a bland description:

"Propped against a shattered trunk,
In a great mess of things unclean,
Sat a dead Bosch; he scowled and stunk
With clothes and face a sodden green,
Big-bellied, spectacled, crop-haired,
Dribbling black blood from the nose and beard[114]."

No gritty propaganda over the death of an individual. No pondering over whether fighting a war will make a better world. Rather than imposing his thoughts on the reader Greaves leaves nothing but a bland description. The two stanzas of this poem contradict. In the first stanza Greaves literally asks the reader, in his conversational tone, to think about coming face to face with a dead body. The second stanza is simply a description of that event. These two stanzas[115] stack up very differently to the seven stanzas which Sassoon devotes to a dead Bosch.

It is right to contrast the works of Sassoon and Graves. Both were eager for war, joining up in 1914. Both fought the same campaigns, in the same landscapes, with the same regiment.

[114] "Poetry of the First World War," Edited by Tim Kendall [Oxford World's Classics] Page 194
[115] Written in English Setet scheme, aka the Shakespearean Sonnet

Both soldiers even recovered from the wounds at the same hospital, where they helped to edit and compose poetry. Sassoon and Graves share an almost identical war experience. There are no better comparisons to what would create the conditions for using a certain pronoun within their writing. As an example of the bonding and experience which create the conditions for writing poetry in the third person personal pronoun: "we," I would like to present Graves' poem "Two Fusiliers," which encapsulates the feelings of friendship and love compounded through shared experience. This poem of course is referring to Sassoon as the other Fusilier. A point which is made more clearly in the dedication of his post war anthology "Fairies and Fusilier," to the "Royal Welsh Fusiliers." The only living member of which Graves kept contact being Sassoon.

"By wire and wood and stake we're bound,
By Fricoust and by Festubert,
By whipping rain, by the sun's glare,
By all the misery and loud sound,
By a Spring Day
By Picard clay.

Show me the two so closely bound
As we, by the wet bond of blood,
By friendship blossoming from the mud,
By Death: we faced him and we found
Beauty in Death,
In dead men, breath[116]."

This poem is really a pleasant and carries a reasonably upbeat tone, given the topic. This poem falls into another category of war poetry. One meant for escape and expression. This style doesn't constitute the majority of Robert Graves' poetical work during the war. In fact the overwhelming majority of his poems are written in the second tense, with the poem being

[116] "Poetry of the First World War," Edited by Tim Kendall [Oxford World's Classics] Page 197

directed to “you,” the reader. This pleasant poem is a reminder of his friendship with Sassoon, the other fusilier. Graves uses the third person pronoun here as a means of not dealing directly with the war[117]. Graves is not using the second or third person pronoun to repress the experience of trench warfare. In contrast the entirety of Grave’s post war prose book “Goodbye to All that,”written in 1929 takes place in the first person: “I.”

Where it is rather clear that Graves was against the war, given the contents of his war works. Yet unlike Sassoon who went out of his way to publicize the stupidity and greed fueling the war effort Graves remains quiet. Funneling the majority of his angst and disapproval of the war into his poetry and prose. Most damming of which is an account of an incident he gives in his poem “Sergeant-Major Money[118];” where the murder of a strict Sergeant was covered by the army in order to protect the integrity of the platoons blubbering Lieutenant. Robert Graves also spoke up in defense of Sassoon while Sassoon was being court marshalled. Graves may have called Sassoon crazy, which probably saved Sassoon’s life, but it was necessary for Graves saw something that Sassoon couldn’t grasp. The style of first person pronoun heavy poetry which Sassoon used was sure of converting the ignorant in war-torn England by challenging thoughts with sharing experience. What we see in Robert Graves poetry is an attack at the style of propaganda which creating, and sustaining, a war like culture- the ignorance which Sassoon is arguing against. The Iconic image which plays upon the heart of every Individual, the poster of Lord Kitchener, calling “You,” to save your country[119].

In a poem which deals directly with the fallout of war Graves reflects with a tone and style that is not typical of his wartime poetry. The poem “Recalling War,” is written with a an omnipotent narrator. The poem provides vinyets and metaphors to the war, letting the gory

[117] In Professor Pennebaker’s book “The Secret Life of Pronouns,” he talks about the repression of experience being expressed in the use of the third person pronoun.
[118] “Poetry of the First World War,” Edited by Tim Kendall [Oxford World’s Classics] Page 197
[119] See Appendix 2

realism that usually marks war poetry to dissipate. This change in tone also marks a transference of technique. Whereas the previous poems, which use the second person, carries a conversational tone “Recalling War,” holds a higher level of rhetoric. There is neither a distinct narrator in the use of “I,””us,” or “we.” Nor is there is even a clear protagonist. The narrator is wistfully repeating the loose thoughts of the war that congregate in his mind. The conversational tone which Graves has previously used to subtly poke the reader into thinking about the images he presents as abnormal are not present. Instead there is a series of statements, “the amputee left his wooden leg.” Further this high style of rhetoric harkens back to the naturalism of Brooke.

SECTION E

E1 -DISCUSSION

~~~~~~~~~~

Pronouns are an essential part of identifying a narrator. Without pronouns the trouble of realizing from whose perspective a story takes place is further muddled. Whether it be in the simplest first person, past or present, the second person observer, or the third person inclusive; the use of pronouns clearly identify the relation of the narrator the reader. The poetry of the First World War certainly did challenge this concept by the inclusion of the second person “you,” to directly address the reader. As if the poem was trying to sell an idea, like a advertisement tries to sell a product.

The post war poetry of T.S Eliot's “The Wasteland,” lacks a clear narrator. Indeed David Jones’ account of the first world war lacks a narrator These stories both deal with similar
~~~~~~~~~~

struggles to those experienced by the Georgian poets who went to war by they refuse to clearly define their narrator to the reader. These stories contain the elements of literature, the same as the poems of the Georgians. There are protagonists, and as indicated by speech and narration interactions occur between the characters and their environment. The most striking difference is that it seems the narrator is ignoring the reader. There is no direct connection between the narrator and the reader, often seen in the narrator identifying themselves in the first or third person:"I did this," "we did this." Even the radical concept of addressing the reader directly is completely forgotten.

Due to this distance that the Modernists put between themselves and it is quite possible that these writers are reacting to the overtly emotive personal poetry of the Georgians who went to war. Instead of first hand accounts of their actions and feelings these poets were armed with the ability to engage directly to a reader, for they knew that they had readership. Striving to be free from the constraints of the mainstream style, of the derelict memories of the war the British Modernist only produced one work of World War One Literature written by a combatant- David Jones.

Being at first a painter and then a soldier David Jones never considered himself a poet[120]. The work of the Georgians never directly impacted David Jones. Although he was a contemporary to Robert Graves and Siegfried Sassoon it seems that neither one compelled him to write his book. Yet ironically Jones' book would take place in the same location that Siegfried Sassoon and Robert Graves wrote about. All three soldiers having fought in the Welsh Fusiliers in the Mametz Woods[121]. Unlike Sassoon or Graves David Jones served as a private during the war[122]. The reason Jones decided to write down his war experience was in response to reading

[120] http://www.flashpointmag.com/shieljones.htm
[121] Poetry out of the dark
[122] "The Poetry of the First World War." Edited by Santanu Das Page 144

a translation of “All Quiet on the Western Front.” To which David Jones apparently said “I can do better[123].”

Although itself a work of the Modernist period, Jones’s “In Parenthesis,” was published in 1937[124], struggles with many of the same issues which haunted the Craiglockhart poets. Seen more directly in the title, “In Parenthesis,” suggesting as if something has been omitted, or rather that the reader has been invited into the perspective of the writer. Much like when Sassoon uses parenthesis in “To Any Dead Officer,”,quing the reader into what “Wounded and Missing Means.” THroughout the book though Jones carries on as if he is explain the war to no-one, for no one person is addressed through the use of pronoun.

> “The repeated passing back of aidful messages assumes a cadency.
> Mind the hole
> mind the hole
> mind the hole to the left
> hole to the right
> step over
> keep left, left.
> Once groveling, precipitated, with his gear tangled, struggles to his feet again:
> Left be buggered.
> Sorry mate- you all right china? - lift us yer rifle - an dont take it Honey - but rather, mind
> the wire here
> mind the wire
> mind the wire
> mind the wire.
> Extricate with some care that taunt strand - it may well be you’ll sweat on its unbrokenness.”

The void created by the lack of pronoun make the story messy, it reinforces the lack of relationship between the narrator and reader which a pronoun would establish. This, “In Parenthesis,” the reader is pushed through the book unsure of their position, unclear if the story

[123] http://www.flashpointmag.com/shieljones.htm
[124] “The Poetry of the First World War.” Edited by Santanu Das Page 144

is a fiction, a recollection, a letter, or a poem.

Section F.

F1 CONCLUSION

~~~~~~~~~~

Although the school of Georgian poetry made it through the war it didn't last long. The last Georgian Anthology being published in 1922. The style of each poem changed throughout the war but most inexplicably the relation between the reader and the writer changed. By the end of the war the most influential Georgian poets- the Craiglockhart poets- all held opinions against how the war was being conducted. In this reach to educate the home front readership, out of the Bloomsbury Poetry Workshop, these poets changed their style of poetry. The first person pronoun heavy poetry of the Dymock poets was stylized during the war. A reduction in the use of the first person subjective pronoun taking place during the course of the war.

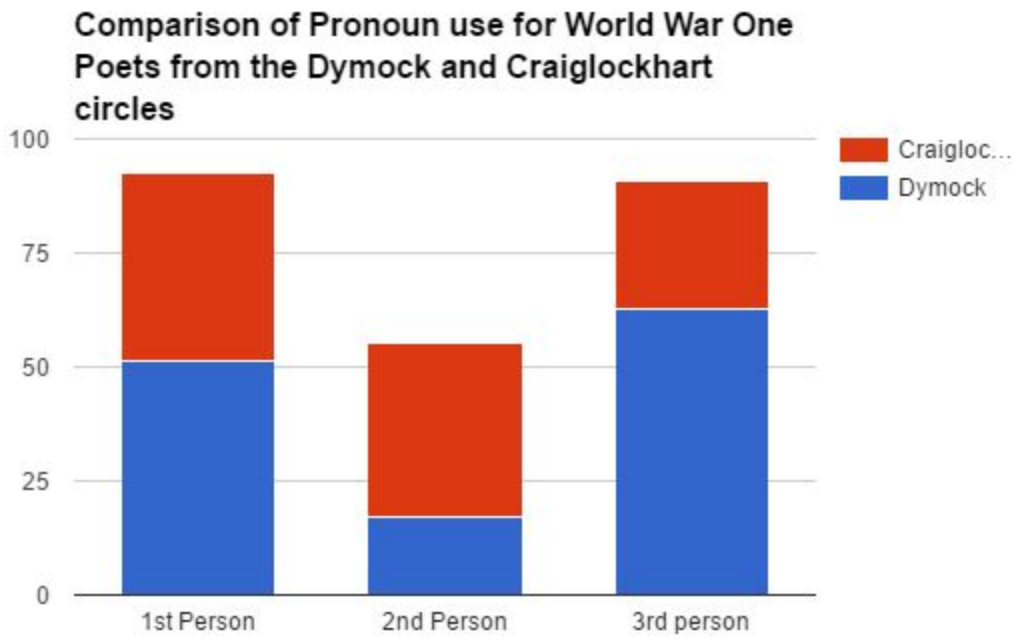
Personally I expected that the third person subjective pronoun would have shown the most significant change over the course of the war. The use of the third person subjective pronoun promotes an inclusive environment into which the readers of London would be able to see the trenches alongside the Georgian poets but the use of the third person subjective pronoun too was reasonably unchanged.

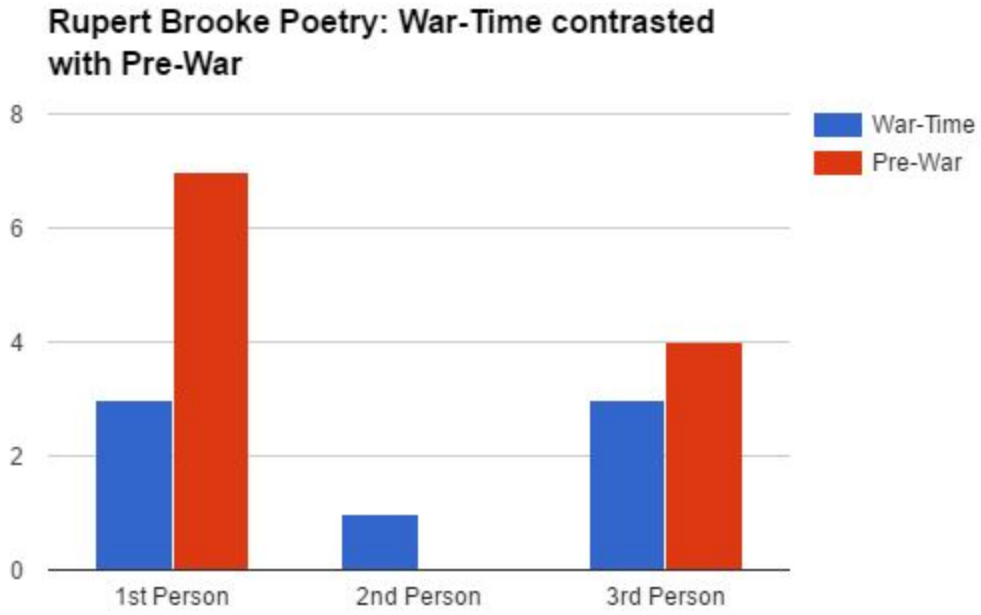
The major switch in pronoun use during the war came from the use of the second person accusatory- "you." The reason for this change is most notable in the sentiments held by the Craiglockhart poets. That the war was being unnecessarily prolonged and that the public were ignorant and thus allowing the war to continue. This desire to bring a close to the war begged these writers how they must convey themselves in order for the condition of the trenches to

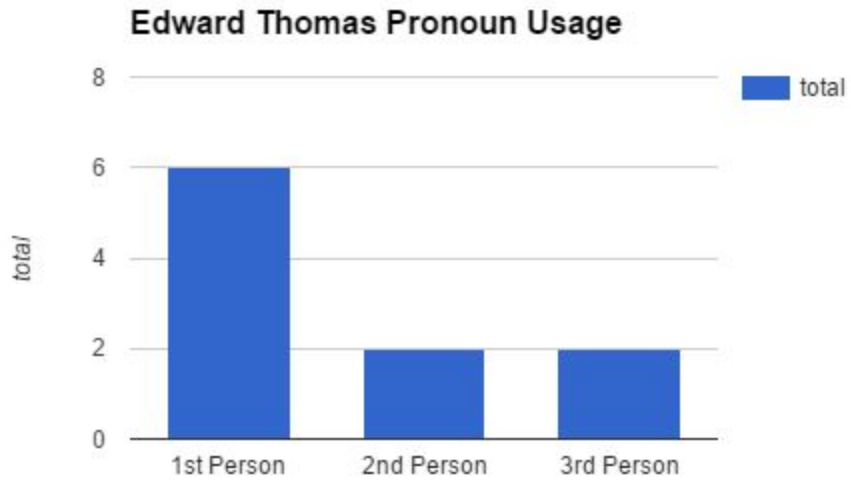
become familiar to a reader far removed from the action. Through utilizing the popular style of war propaganda such as the “Lord Kitchener Wants You,” poster. These poets were able to directly address the reader through the media of printed words. Although this style certainly did not last in the mainstream, the last Georgian Anthology being published in 1922. The style certainly had a great effect on the up and coming Modernist Movement. As these writers asked themselves how to frame the relationship between the author and the reader.

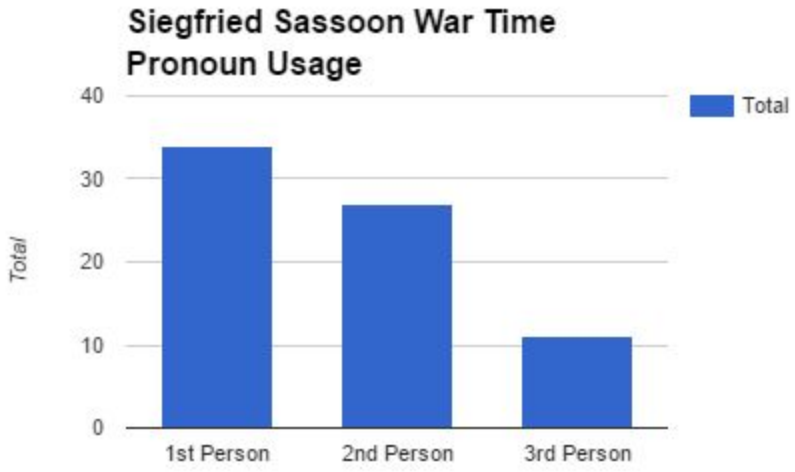
Section G

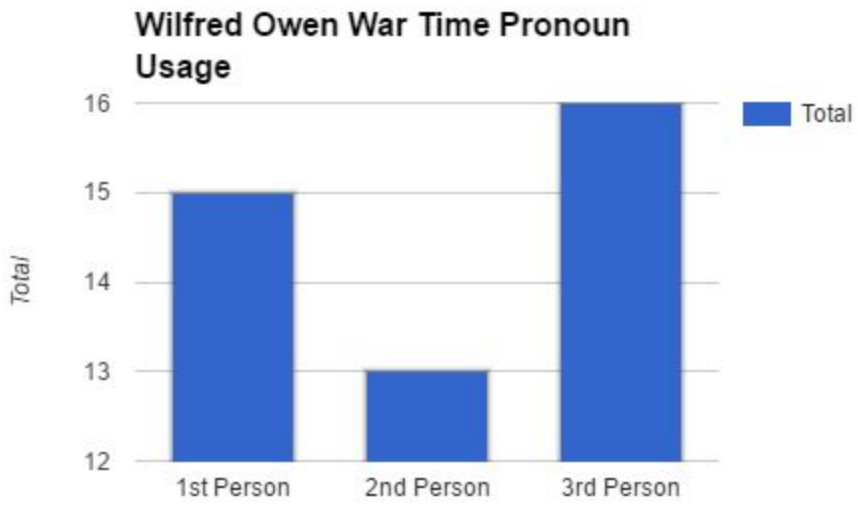
Appendix 1- Charts


Comparison of Pronoun use for World War One Poets from the Dymock and Craiglockhart circles
100
75
50
25
0
1st Person
2nd Person
3rd person
Craigloc...
Dymock


Rupert Brooke Poetry: War-Time contrasted with Pre-War
8
6
4
2
0
1st Person
2nd Person
3rd Person
War-Time
Pre-War


Edward Thomas Pronoun Usage
total
8
6
4
2
0
total
1st Person
2nd Person
3rd Person


Siegfried Sassoon War Time Pronoun Usage
Total
40
30
20
10
0
Total
1st Person
2nd Person
3rd Person


Wilfred Owen War Time Pronoun Usage
Total
16
15
14
13
12
Total
1st Person
2nd Person
3rd Person

Appendix 2- Posters

"This is not the time to play Games" (Lord Roberts)

RUGBY·UNION·FOOTBALLERS are DOING·THEIR·DUTY

over 90% have enlisted

"Every player who represented England in Rugby international matches last year has joined the colours."—Extract from *The Times*, November 30, 1914.

BRITISH ATHLETES!

Will you follow this GLORIOUS EXAMPLE ?

YOUNG MEN OF BRITAIN !!

THE GERMANS SAID YOU WERE NOT IN EARNEST

Extract from Frankfurter Zeitung –
"The young Britons prefer to exercise their long limbs on the football ground rather than to expose them to any sort of risk in the service of their country."

and GIVE THEM THE LIE !"

PLAY *the* GREATER GAME

and JOIN *the* FOOTBALL BATTALION